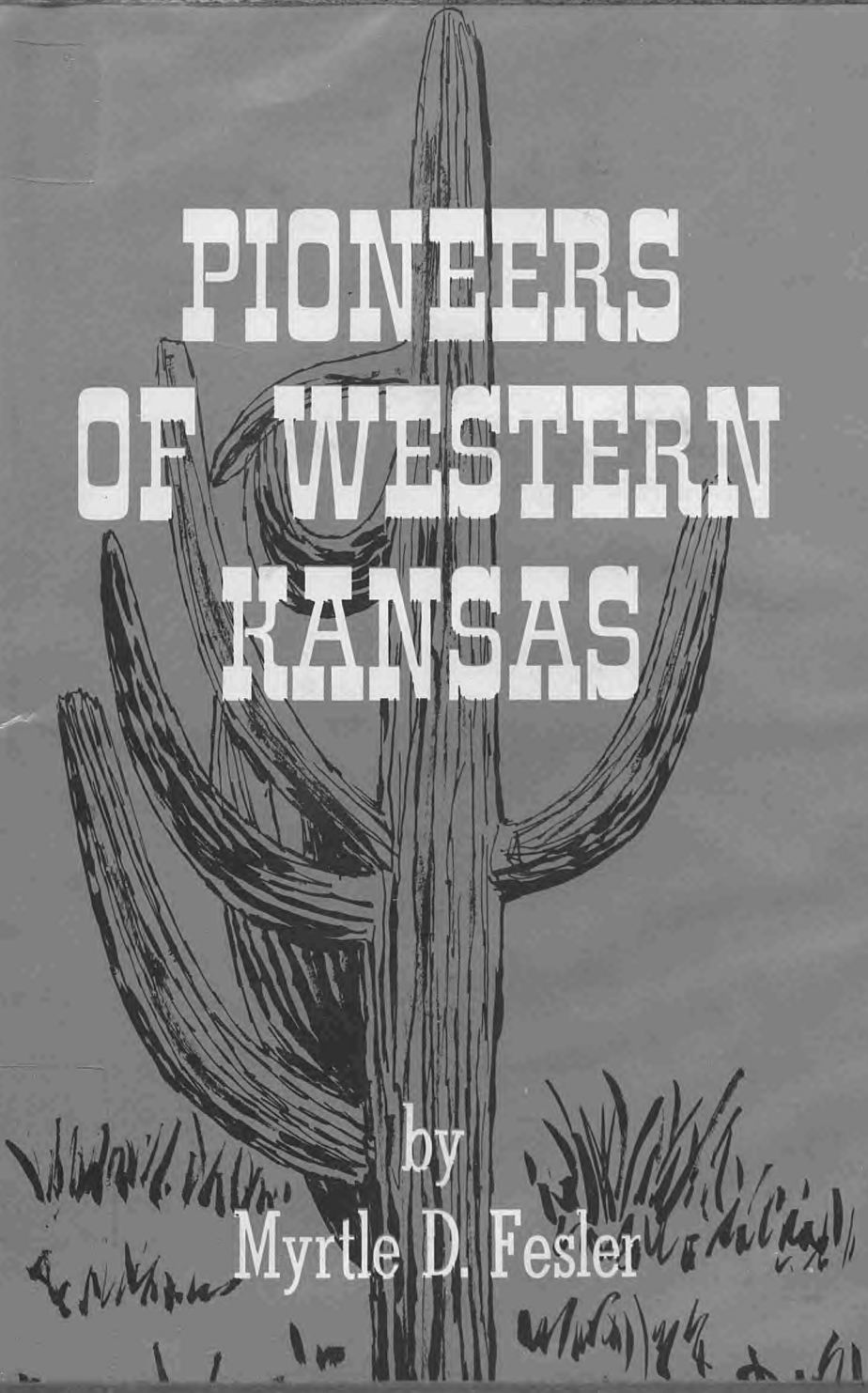
PIONEERS OF WESTERN KANSAS



by

Myrtle D. Fesler

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Pioneers of Western Kansas is Myrtle D. Fesler's affectionate eulogy of those stalwart and indefatigable American men and women who crossed the plains in prairie schooners during the westward trek after the Civil War and who, despite the inimical forces of nature, scarcity and want Indian raids and depredations, stubbornly held to their purpose and contributed towards shaping the American Dream into a reality.

Mrs. Fesler confines her intimate history to certain counties and parts of western Kansas, a region she knows and loves best. Relying on her own knowledge and observances, plus the actual stories of surviving pioneers and her historical researches, she has written a rich, factual and experience crammed account of the people and places in Kansas' Rooks, Ellis, Graham and Trego Counties.

Her story deals with the nature of the western Kansas landscape, with its fauna and flora, with the first, early attempts of the new settlers to wrest a living from the stubborn earth, with the white man's makeshift settlements

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PIONEERS OF WESTERN KANSAS

Preface

The main elements of history of any community pertain to what the people did, saw and understood. These individual experiences are the richest material from which a story can be drawn.

Some personal experiences that hold much interest are included in this book.

A few words regarding the biographical sketches to emphasize the original prospectus. The biographies have great value in describing the history of pioneers. They are the most important portion of any historical effort. We regret the fact that the biographies of some pioneers are missing.

The information in the following pages came from personal contact, correspondence and the Historical Society.

The author wishes to thank all those who kindly helped her in her research.

M. F.

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Pioneers of Western Kansas

When Horace Greeley gave the advice, "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country," he could not have foreseen the magnitude of the western movement. His vision, prophetic as it was, could not have witnessed two hundred thousand people migrating to Kansas alone within the limits of a single year. This migration did not come from the crowded districts of the old world but from different portions of our own country. They were mostly from the northwest States. Iowa ranked first, Missouri second, then Nebraska, Wisconsin, New York, Michigan, Indiana and Pennsylvania, in that order. What was the motive which impelled this vast army to leave comfortable homes, pleasant surroundings and all the advantages of settled institutions? Why did they place a thousand miles or more between themselves and their relatives and friends and commence the difficult task of making a home in a new and comparatively unknown country? While nearly all of them came to secure homes, it was by no means only the utterly homeless who went west. The inmates of the crowded tenements of our eastern cities still remained in their old haunts. Even the unemployed mechanics of the manufacturing centers did not, as a rule, go west. It was principally from the rural communities these settlers came. The farmers of the east began to realize that they could no longer compete with the west in the raising of grain and stock.

The best eastern farms under a high state of cultivation produce no larger crops than can be produced on the prairies of Kansas the first year. The difference in the cost of land, as well as the cost of cultivating and harvest-

ing, is one to ten in favor of Kansas. It is a fact that the interest alone on the value of an eastern farm, for one year, will purchase the same amount of land in Kansas and also put in a crop that will yield as much money as the eastern farm, and with much less labor of cultivation and harvesting. It is cheap lands, ease of cultivation and large production that are turning people westward and the movement will continue until an equilibrium is established.

Western Kansas is pre-eminently the paradise of the lungs. Ordinary physical effort brings no sense of exhaustion. Even violent action gives little weariness to man or heart. There is the same sense of amplitude and freedom in the play of the lungs in this dry, clear, rarified atmosphere that there is in the range of vision. Sleep brings perfect rest. Rest gives health. The climate has helped many who were victims of consumption, asthma and bronchitis. After years of physical weariness and pain in the eastern states, the pioneer of this high, open plain country feels again the fullness and freshness of happy youth. And there is something more than sunshine, pure air, and cool nights and health in this western country. It has a soil of almost uniform consistency and high fertility. The short, rich buffalo, mesquite and gama grasses cover the native prairie and no place is so high or so broken that it does not furnish splendid pasturage. And pasturage is perpetual; the cattle graze all winter long. When an exceptional snow storm comes, the cattle and horses take shelter in the timber until the storm is over. Most of the cattle in western Kansas never taste hay or grain. They winter on dry buffalo grass as successfully as in the panhandle of Texas. The herd law does away with the necessity of fencing. The native prairie is easily broken with a single team. The settler can raise sod corn, potatoes and

other vegetables the first summer, thus making pioneer life self-sustaining at the offset.

The people are self-reliant, progressive and brave. One need not go out of these settlements to find intelligent men and women, good society for personal or public enterprise. There are good schools, churches and mills from Bull City westward for several miles.

The average pioneer was not easily discouraged. If one venture failed, he tried another. If the wheat fizzled out, he put out rye or some feed crop. If preaching did not pay, he turned to peddling or politics. When misfortune struck these pioneers, they did not become sullen or stubborn, but were usually cheerful elastic and flexible. Most of them had talents and opinions and were always eager to learn. That sort did not perish. They firmly believed in an over-ruling Providence.

It is said that some people left Kansas. Of course, they did. Some people would leave heaven itself for the sake of moving. Those who came and left were mainly two classes. One class was made up of those who did not secure the positions which they had proposed to take. They had high opinions of their own importance. When they had started from "away down east," they had expected to be met at the State line with bands, music and banners, and to be placed at once in the Legislative Halls and on judicial benches, installed over churches and treated in all respects in accordance with their own estimate of their extraordinary ability. They were civily treated, allowed to choose their own locations and pursuit, and to engage with others in the race for fortune and position. They soon discovered that their pretentions were cooly disregarded, that they had no advantage over others and that whatever prizes might be gained must be won by hard work. In the face of active and able competition, by de-

grees, but surely, they subsided. They returned to the east and told mournful stories about the barbarism of Western Kansas.

The other class consisted of those who found the style of living, the grade of society, and the general condition of things entirely above their old standards. They thought it unnecessary to have so many school houses disfiguring the virgin landscape, or to have bridges every few miles instead of being allowed to exercise the inalienable right of freedom, which was to ford a stream. A representative of this class was seen headed eastward. He had an old wagon, drawn by a horse and a mule, with an ox in the lead. On the wagon was painted, "Leave Kansas or Bust." Two dogs were in the wagon and two under it. Trudging behind were several children ranging from three to nine, and a woman wearing a sunbonnet and a pull back. That man who left Kansas acted wisely. Even if he could have worried along with the school houses and bridges, he never could have felt at home in a State which enacts and executes game laws and builds its chimneys inside the houses.

The average Kansan, by principle and tradition, is a champion of civil liberty and free institutions.

Rooks County

The boundaries of Rooks county were defined by the Legislature of 1867. The county took its name from John C. Rooks, a soldier of the 11th Kansas Cavalry.

Early in 1871, the first settlers arrived in that community. Five of them were the McNulty brothers, James, John, Joseph, Thomas and Frank. The other five were Tunis Bulis, John Powell, Seal Northrup, Captain J.

Owen and John Wells. All became permanent residents except Captain Owen and James McNulty. The next spring they were joined by the J. W. McConnell family. Mrs. Bulis and Mrs. McConnell were sisters. They helped the pioneer women in getting adjusted to the frontier life.

Stockton

The broad open prairies were very inviting to the stockmen and thousands of cattle grazed over the hills and valleys. The early settlers being largely stockmen, they named the town Stockmen but later removed the "M." Hence the name became Stockton.

Rooks County was organized on November 26, 1872. Governor Harvey selected Stockton as a temporary county seat. An election was held December 31, 1872 with Stockton and Lowell the contestants for the county seat. Stockton received 95 of the 147 votes cast.

The first reliable census was taken in 1875 and totaled 567 souls living within its borders. The population in 1880 was 8112.

It was in 1878 that the tide of immigration really started for Rooks County. Hitherto through advertising and by the direction of parties interested in material ways, the great mass of immigrants who came west of Mitchell County were pushed on up the north branch of the Solomon River into Smith and Phillips Counties. Rooks County and the entire south Solomon Valley were represented in the north fork of the Solomon as being poor and unproductive. These representations were believed and Rooks County was generally shunned but in the fall of 1877 the home-seekers began to drift to the Southwest where they found a beautiful, brown and hazy October

in the Solomon Valley. Did ever mortal look upon a lovelier vision? Long vistas of bronzed prairie and gold crowned timber belts winding with the river away to the crimson sunset. Clouds of blackbirds in musical soireé, campfires and herds of cattle. What a matchless picture of Indian summer in western Kansas!

By 1878, the advantages had become known and settlers came with a rapidity unknown to her neighboring counties. The first house built in that section was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McNulty in February, 1871. It was there that Myrtle McNulty was born on Christmas evening, 1871. She was the first child born in Rooks County. The first death in the county was that of Erastus Foster, who lived two miles east of Stockton. In 1873, he was the first to be buried in the Stockton cemetery which is situated on a hill at the northeast edge of the town. A regular caretaker is now employed there. Old-timers still remember the Masonic funeral of Dr. J. S. O'Donnell, which took place one Sunday afternoon in 1896. Not only were the Masons out in full regalia, but a special train was chartered and the Beloit Knights of Templars came up bringing Manifold's Military Band which led the procession. As was the custom on such occasions, funeral dirges were played going to the cemetery and more lively music coming back. There was not a woman to be seen as the women did not go downtown on Sunday in those days.

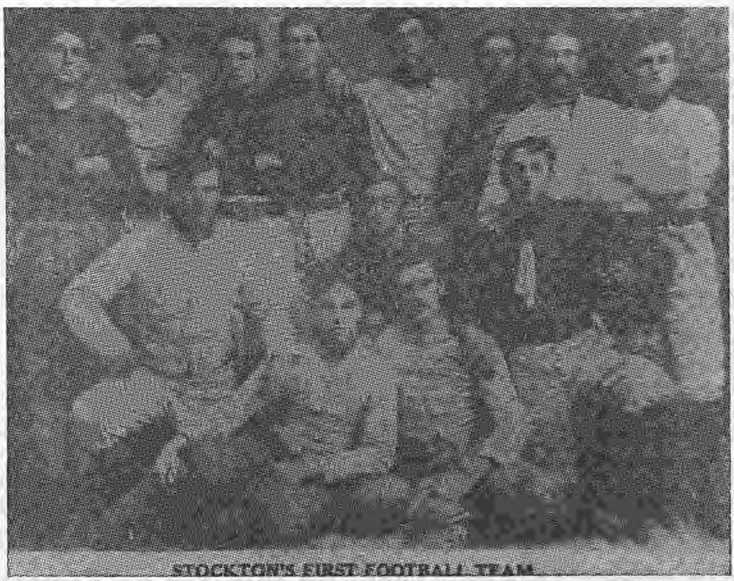
The first post office was established in 1872. James Finnigan was the postmaster. Mail was carried on horseback from Cawker City by way of Bull City and then on to Stockton.

The famous log hotel was built by Joseph McNulty for a home and was soon converted into a hotel. It became famous as a hostelry.

S. C. Smith built the first frame house in Stockton in 1872, hauling the lumber 150 miles.

The first newspaper was *The Stockton News.* The first issue was dated April 21, 1876. It was edited by J. W. Newell. *The Rooks County Record* started on December 6, 1876. W. L. Chambers and Tom McBreen were the editors. *The Record* is still in circulation. Leon Hamilton is the editor.

The old stone courthouse, 42 by 52, was erected in



STOCKTON'S FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM

Back row—(from left to right) Ustel Hubble, Sam Gardiner, Chester Ingle, Frank Gardiner, Arthur Pickens, Frank Phelps, Billy McNulty and Carl McNulty. Second row—Arthur Adams, Jack Shaw and John Nehr. Front row—Olmer Adams and Professor Ireland.

1881 at a cost of $4,000. Court had been previously held upstairs in the J. Q. Adams Building that stood on the corner where the Charles Waller garage is now located. A new courthouse was built in 1921. It was completed at a cost of $300,000. It was built of Bedford stone. The interior is beautifully finished and it is one of the most imposing buildings in this part of the State.

The first school began in 1872, taught by W. H. Barnes. Planks were laid across stumps for seats in a sod school house. The children were attentive and happy. The first high school was established in 1891 under the direction of A. V. Lauderbach, Superintendent of the Public Schools. The high school was conducted for the first few years in the old Stone school house. The first graduating class was in 1896 with two graduates, Katherine Schruben (Felter) and Edith Magee.

The first football team was organized in 1899 and what a contrast there is with the suits and equipment we use today but the coach and team cooperated and put forth great effort and created much interest in the County.

Churches

The early Settlers brought their religionus interests with them and congregations began to spring up rapidly. The churches have been one of the most important factors in the life of the town and community. In the early days they contributed the chief meeting places for the citizens and were responsible for much of the culture and education of the town, besides being an influence for good throughout the years.

The Catholic Church was the first Church building

in Stockton in 1878 and stands as one of the oldest churches in that section of the country.

The Congregational Church was organized in 1876. Their first church was built in 1879. Captain R. S. Osborn did most of the work on it. He also acted as pastor for a number of years. In 1906 this Church was blown down and shortly afterward the present church was built.

The colored Baptist Church, known as the "Pleasant Green Baptist Church," was organized with six charter members. They were Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Martin, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. George Dorsey, Margaret Watts and Melinda Johnson. The Reverend T. W. Green was the first minister. They built up an attentive, interested congregation. Stockton has always had a variety of churches and here people can find the church of their choice.

The Methodist organization built a fine new church in 1911. It has been an active institution since 1879. The Christian Church was organized in 1885. Their first building was dedicated in 1886. It was constructed of lumber hauled from Bull City. A new church was begun in 1910. The cornerstone was laid in March and on July 24 of that year it was dedicated with R. C. Harding as pastor. The church was valued at $18,000, and $15,000 of that amount was raised on dedication day. Rex A. Harmon was pastor for many years after 1934. The church has always had a large membership.

The same religious atmosphere is still reflected in Stockton that was instilled there by their pioneer forefathers.

The Rooks County State Lake 2½ miles southwest of Stockton was established in 1934. The area of the park is 333 acres. The lake covers 67 acres and contains 635 acre feet of water. The Fish and Game Commission

stocked the lake with bass, blue gill, croppie and channel cat. Good fishing, picnicking grounds, camping and shelter houses provide attractive entertainment at this lovely park.

Many civic organizations are represented in Stockton today. They all work to promote the progress and improvement of Stockton. The Chamber of Commerce, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, Lions, Masonic Lodge, Order of the Eastern Star, Odd Fellows, Rebekah, Professional and Business Womens Club, P.E.O., Veterans of Foreign Wars and Auxiliary make Stockton a well-rounded community with a continued effort toward civic progress.

J. W. McConnell

Among the earliest pioneers was J. W. McConnell and his family. They came to Rooks County in 1872. Their story is so interesting and they were so well known in Stockton and vicinity that we shall relate some of their early day history.

The McNulty brothers, Tunis Bulis and John Wells located in and around the townsite of Stockton in 1871. Mr. Bulis picked out a homestead for the McConnells who came after he traded his land in Mitchell County on which he had taken a pre-emption right for 105 head of cattle and $5.00 in money. Bulis and McConnell went into partnership and in the summer of 1871 came to Osborne and put up forty tons of hay. They started from Mitchell County with 175 head of cattle and intended to winter them at Osborne, then go to the homestead in the spring. But before they got to their hay, they learned that it had all burned in a prairie fire so there was nothing to fall back on but the range.

In the party were John Wells, Lyman Randall, Jack Rowell, Jimmie Morrison, Tune Bulis and J. W. McConnell. Jimmie was a hired hand and worked for John Wells for several years. Together they had 900 head of cattle. Hunters had told them that Rooks County was overrun with Texas cattle. Wells and Bulis went on to see how the range was and were caught in a severe snow storm on November 17th. It was knee deep on the level and it took them three or four days to get back to their camp. They reported lots of cattle in Rooks County. They stayed there. The snow stayed on the ground all winter. It was the hardest winter they had ever seen. The consequence was that they got to Rooks County in the spring with 63 head of the 175. When spring came, they drove to their claims. They lost 15 calves and 3 old cows to the wolves. The rest pulled through in fine shape. They arrived at their claim on May 9, 1872 and were getting fairly well organized when they discovered part of their cattle gone. After taking inventory, they found that 18 or 20 of their choicest animals were missing—the very top of the herd had passed out of their possession. They scoured the country but never found hair or hide of them. They learned later of a famous outfit of cattle thieves over on the Saline River who always had a supply of fat beef for the soldiers of Ft. Hays. It was a terrible loss to them and it took a long time to get back to where they had started.

The succeeding years were full of hard scratching and tough times, a familiar story to all who came later. They saw Indians from time to time. One Otoe tribe camped in their grove for several days but they had no trouble and were not afraid of them. When they needed fresh meat, Mr. Connell would go out on the divide and shoot an antelope or a buffalo and they were never short of

that king of food. He tells of an experience hunting which we feel sure he will never forget. "One day when our meat supply was low, I saddled my pony and started south toward the divide. I did not see any thing until I got on the Plainville flat. There I saw a herd of buffalo. They were on a level prairie so I could not approach except by running into them with my horse. The pony I was riding was extremely afraid of buffalo and I knew I could not run her into the herd so I tried to get as close as possible, jump off and fire into the herd before they could get away. I carried out my plans, which came very near carrying me out and off. I crowded the pony up to within twenty yards of the herd. They were on the run and so was I. I carried a small lariat forty feet long on the horn of my saddle all coiled up with the other end around the pony's neck. When she refused to go any closer, I jumped off the other way at full speed. I felt the rope slip under my foot but thought it would stop when it came to the end. The loop flew up and caught me around the ankle. I was jerked back to the ground in an instant and was dragged at a rapid rate across the prairie at the end of my forty foot rope.

"Fortunately, I had nice, smooth buffalo grass to be dragged over. I reached for my knife to cut the rope but it was gone. I then grabbed on the other side for my revolver, intending that the pony should die with me but it also had slipped from the holster. I looked ahead and saw we were headed straight for a buffalo wallow with bunch grass around the edge. I determined to make a final stand for my life. I raised myself up and then brought myself down with all the energy I could, at the same time grabbing at the bunch grass frantically with both hands. That brought the pony to a standstil. I lay very quietly until she was over the excitement, then I worked cau-

tiously until I got the loop from around my ankle. I was within a few hundred feet of the rough ground at the head of Elm Creek, south of Twin Mounds. I got up and took the back trail, a plain mark over the grass for a quarter of a mile. I picked up my cartridges along the ground. Then I came upon my pistol and farther on my gun. Not a buffalo was in sight. I had decided I had all the buffalo hunt I wanted for that day and went home with no trophy of the chase.

"When I first came to this country from Mitchell County, I did not suppose it would ever be settled by any but stockmen. For some time the settlers came very slowly. Soon after we came plans were laid to organize the County. A census was taken to find out the population. Carlos Barnes did this work. They said he found sufficient names by listing the dogs and cats and some buffalo to organize. Then came the herd law and my little herd became a nuisance to me, so Bulis and I traded them for a saw mill. We moved it into town and took Jim French in as a partner. We had it running in nice shape and in 1874 along came the grasshoppers. They cleaned the country of its inhabitants as well as all vegetation. Nearly every one went back to his wife's folks and we couldn't sell a board. I traded my interest to Bulis for his homestead and some stock and turned my attention to farming.

"On July 4, 1876, a centennial celebration was held in Stockton. We were too poor to dress well enough to go so our observance of the day consisted in driving out to Twin Mounds. We rigged up the wagon. With my wife and four children, a jug of water and a basket of coarse grub, we drove as close to the top of the mounds as we could get. We had neither whiskey nor beer, ice cream nor cake. We had to content ourselves with the simple

viands and healthful drink we had brought. After eating with healthy appetites, I took care of the children while Mrs. McConnell walked to the top of the Mounds. She viewed the landscape and when she returned, she reported having seen something off toward Elm Creek but could not tell whether it was an antelope or wolf. I took my rifle and left, walking in that direction. I discovered a bunch of antelope and I decided to get one. In a short time I returned with one on my back. We were out of water and the kids were crying for a drink so we hitched up and struck out for the nearest water we knew about, which was Big Spring. We refilled our water jug and gave everyone a drink and started for home. We had all had a very enjoyable day. While we were skinning the antelope, L. B. Hill and his wife of Stockton drove in. We gave them a quarter of the meat to take home. They said they wished they had been with us instead of at the tame affair in Stockton."

Mr. McConnell passed away on March 24, 1921 at his home in Stockton. He had lived on the claim he homesteaded in 1872 until 1919 when he moved to Stockton.

He had served his country for 3½ years, having enlisted in Co. H-2D. Cavalry, November, 1865, at Ft. Leavensworth. He was the father of Mrs. Theodore (Fannie) Schneider of Palco, Kansas. He had four other daughters and four sons.

The name of Whit McConnell was a household word along the Solomon in the days when Kansas was young. He hunted buffalo over two thirds of the length of the State during a period of 16 to 20 years and was a natural son of the wild, preferring the free life of the plains with all its dangers and hardships to the safer haunts of civilization. He was utterly fearless in the presence of dangers and hardships, which in the pioneer days he often

encountered when the red man went on their bloody raids, he narrowly escaped himself. It is known that his trusty rifle brought low several of his savage assailants. But he was one of the kindest of men, his cheery smile and good humor being his characteristics from youth to old age.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Schneider

How does it feel to be 89½ years old and to have observed your 64th wedding anniversary on February 13, 1960.

In the case of A. G. (Abe) Schneider of Stockton, the anniversary date is nothing to get excited about; why not hold off celebration until next year? Then the total will have reached 65, and can be celebrated along with the centennial of Kansas and the 70th anniversary of Abe's coming to Rooks County, at one time.

As for the 89½ years, well, Abe still is a cagey individual, on the lookout for untoward events which might work to his disadvantage. When a female reporter in search of an interview recently offered him a lift from town to home, she didn't gain entrance to that home until Abe first had ascertained if Ev, his wife, were there to lend propriety to the visit.

Home is a comfortable residence in north Stockton which the Schneiders completed in 1953. Prior to that date, they had lived on the ranch one mile south of the old town-site of Webster. When Ev was a bride, the ranch land totaled 160 acres. Today those 160 acres and 365 more of Schneider land lie under the waters of the Webster Dam, as does the town of Webster they knew for more than 50 years.

Would you, too, like to strike out on your own at 21 and, at retirement time, have amassed more than 2,000 acres, a lot of cattle and some of that green stuff which doesn't grow in pastures? Here are some events from Abe's life which may be significant.

First, you'd do well to inherit some spirit of adventure, as did Abe from his father, Fred Schneider, who came from his native Germany to New Jersey in 1831 and later walked the Allegheny Mountains to reach Kansas in 1854. He crossed the Ohio Valley at a time when settlers were few and gained passage down the Mississippi to St. Louis by promising to help fuel the vessel. He helped fuel it, all right. He and his fellow crew members got into a race with a side-wheeler (theirs was a stern-wheeler) and to get up sufficient steam to pass their adversary, added great chunks of salt pork (from the cargo) to the fire which had been flickering feebly from wet, green wood.

Advocate of Free Street

From St. Louis, the elder Schneider traveled first to St. Joe where he joined company with three other men, all homestead-bound for Kansas. Fred, a Hessian, had a two-fold purpose in coming to the vast plains territory, not yet organized as such, and boasting only 700 some settlers. He had heard of the turmoil in Kansas and wanted to have a part in making it a free state, an ambition he had been advised to keep to himself if he wanted to stay healthy.

They settled near Atchison, Fred's claim being about 20 miles from that point. Each morning he would look out across the clearing for smoke from the other cabins, to see if his companions were still there. Each had a

fireplace, and a blaze kindled by borrowing coals from another's fire.

Before the slavery issue in Kansas had been settled, Fred Schneider was the target of bushwhackers who left him with an abdominal wound of such severity that he was scarred, front and back, where the knife went in and where it came out again. Since no vital organs were involved, he recovered without medical care.

Here, on this homestead, George Abraham Schneider was born, one of 10 children borne by the mother, Henrietta, also a native of Germany, who came first to New York and met Abe's father while she was visiting relatives in St. Joe. Abe was delivered by an Indian midwife who had more than 500 births in the region to her credit.

As a lad in school, Abe, by his own admission, was not a good student. He "liked to star-gaze and throw paper wads," and most of the time his application was not equal to the salt on the fried meat sandwiches in his dinner pail. He loved to read, however. The daily newspapers were his favorite source of reading. He was a faithful follower of Sol Miller of the Troy Chief and Ed Howe, who gained more fame.

After "using up" the books in the rural school, Abe made a half-hearted attempt at further formal education in the rural colleges of Holden and Hyland, and then worked at home for a time before becoming fired with a desire to go to western Kansas "to make a fortune raising wheat." By then, land prices were high in the east, cheaper farther west. He reached Stockton via the Missouri Pacific Railroad, then walked 16 miles to reach the home of his brother, Val. He was nearly 21 at the time.

Custom Grain Drilling

Trying to gain a financial foothold, Abe bought a grain drill, one of the few in the community. After drilling his own ground, the quarter section south of Webster which he acquired shortly after arrival, he took on all the custom jobs he could find.

They'd start out early in the morning, he and his seven wild mules, with a wagon-box full of grain furnished by the farmer who wanted the drilling done, and they'd work as long as daylight held, Abe changing off the mules, two at a time. He charged 50 cents an acre and every day that he covered 20 acres it meant another ten dollar bill in his pocket. He had four or five jobs ahead, most of the time. When he finally decided he'd had enough, he found himself four miles north of Phillipsburg. It was Christmas eve.

Do you want to know how he and Eva met? Well, Eva, daughter of Joseph N. Mullen, carpenter and early day settler in the Stockton community (she, too, was one of ten children), was teaching at the old Sam Bray school about the time Abe began trying to make a farm out of his quarter section. One of his first acts was to try to discourage farmers in the vicinity from driving over his property with their wagons, carriages and such. You doubtless are too young to remember, dear reader, but in those days there were few roads and no fences, and when someone wanted to go, he just took off in a bee-line across country.

In an effort to make travelers respect his property lines, Abe took a log pole 18 inches through and set it five feet deep in the ground, leaving it just high enough to snag the axle of any wagon trespassing his farm. The

attempt was not too successful; the first farmer group to go through removed the log and took it with them.

One day Ev and some girl companions were in the neighborhood with team and buggy, Ev at the reins. Her friends were timid souls and warned Ev not to try to cross the Schneider land. Ev set her firm mouth, whipped the horses and detoured around the log pole on two wheels, leaving a shouting and gesticulating Abe behind them.

Later, Abe was to ask, "Why did you do it?" Ev answered simply, "I wanted to get across."

Abe had been batching for four years in the little 4-room frame house when he brought his wife there. The place looked it. He had been busy elsewhere and had not replaced broken windowpanes or mended sagging doors. Together they made it livable; Ev continued to teach for four years.

Modest Start on Herd

Later they were able to build a more pretentious farm house (cost, $11,000 in 1922) but first there were the hard years. It took Abe ten years to learn that he could not make it on wheat alone. There were periods of drought, when the threshing machine Abe had bought for $45 on a foreclosure stood idle and farmers had to go to town for seed wheat. Abe was trying to get a start in cattle and sometimes he couldn't raise enough fodder to feed them. After he rented additional acreage, some of it bottom land, he could be assured of at least a little corn. As he traveled the country with his threshing machine, he kept an eye out for calves. One season the machine earned him 50 head. This was the modest beginning of the Schneider herd which today is made up of Hereford

cattle. Schneider's son, Abe Jr., of Norton, and his son, Don, of Stockton, now manage Abe's ranch land, in addition to their holdings and the cattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Schneider's other grandson, David, is barred from farming pursuits because of an allergy. He recently earned a master's degree from the University of California and at present is program director for a television station in Wichita.

There are two great-grandchildren, the sons of Don and his wife, the former Donna Veverka of Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Schneider, Sr., remember productive years as well as lean ones. Let Abe describe it. "Finally, we got a year. Wheat began to volunteer in August and, when November came, you could tie a knot over my head, and I'm a tall man."

He was a tall man in many ways. He took an active interest in all affairs relating to the home town of Webster where they bought their groceries, collected their mail and went to church; and he considered himself the daddy of the consolidated school there.

Despite Mr. and Mrs. Schneider's lack of interest in their 64th wedding anniversary, the day did not go unobserved. A member of the family tipped off the local newspaper, *The Rooks County Record,* which printed an item about the forthcoming event. The day was filled with callers, flowers, gifts and cards.

Perhaps Abe's continued zest for life lies in the fact that he has never expected too much of his fellow man. "We're all honest, except for being a little crooked," he's apt to observe with dry humor.

The heydey of farming has gone, according to Abe. In those days there were no income taxes. And how does Ev sum it up? "Don't neglect the spiritual side of life," she said in parting.

Webster Dam

The Webster Dam, one of the very important units of the "Missouri River Basin Projects," is located eight miles west and one and a half miles south of Stockton on U. S. Highway 24, on the South Solomon River. It is almost midway between Cedar Bluffs Dam on the Smoky Hill River to the south and the Kirwin Dam on the north.

The dam is 10,600 feet long, cresting 154 feet above shale. The top of the dam is 30 feet wide, accommodating one of the finest county-supervised highways. A 116-foot bridge spans the spillway. The base of the dam, at the maximum point, is 900 feet wide, 43,000 cubic yards of concrete and over 5,000,000 pounds of steel and other metals were used.

The river above the dam drains approximately 1125 square miles. 8,500 acres in Rooks and Osborne Counties may be irrigated from the lake above the dam, which is called Lake Stockton.

The lake is a fisherman's paradise with boating, water skiing, swimming and camping. Cabins are being built and docking launches are all around the lake. There are many other recreational possibilities. Rooks County is justified in being proud of this wonderful accomplishment.

Work was begun on the dam in March, 1954, and completed in July, 1956 at a cost of approximately $6,000,000.

Where once along the river roads fine farm homes and ranches were located and the little town of Webster existed, all that can be seen now is a large body of water.

Webster at one time was a prosperous, progressive town of 500 population and was once classed with Stockton and Plainville as one of the three towns in the county of any importance. The first post office was established on

Dec. 8, 1879, with John Stephenson as the first postmaster. The last stamping was June 30, 1953. Margaret H. Northup was the last postmaster. This post office was never known by any other name.

At the peak of its prosperity when hopes ran high for a railroad, a more promising little town could not be found. There were four newspapers, *The Webster Eagle* with H. J. Lightfoot, editor, *Webster Enterprise, Merchants Journal* and *The Webster Blade*. A Rook's County Atlas was also printed in 1904-05.

It had two hotels, The Webster House and the Fulkerson House and four grocery stores which were run by H. Davis, Bray Grocery, Curtis and Co., and Z. B. Kauth. There were three livery and feed barns operated by E. Walker, G. U. Wescot and S. F. Wilson. A blacksmith shop was owned by W. R. Chandler and sons. There were also Baroff, Real Estate, the Bank of Webster, J. J. McComb, hardware store, J. Q. Adams, lumber yard, Howell Bros., drugstore, S. H. Baldwin, furniture and harness, S. Morrow. The physicians were Dr. J. H. Voorhis and Dr. H. R. Kendall. The churches were Baptist, with Rev. A. E. McComb, pastor, and the Methodist, Rev. J. F. Johnson, pastor. The societies were the G.A.R., W.R.C., and S. of V. The first school was established in 1882. George McCubin was the first teacher. Other early teachers were Matt Keer, Vandy Bruton, Minnie Mathews and Ustel Hubbel. In 1914 a consolidation was made with the rural area and a new schoolhouse was built. Webster will long be remembered for the fine teams they had, both boys' and girls' basketball teams and other fields of competitive school work.

Webster looked forward to the coming of the Missouri Pacific Railroad in 1884-1885 but its hopes for a boom

were shattered when the line terminated at Stockton. Among the railroads projected for Webster were The Salina, Lincoln and Western; Chicago, Nebraska, Kansas and Southwestern; Denver and Rio Grande, Gulf, Plainville and Northern, Topeka Stockton and Northwestern, Rooks County Railroad Co. Grade was made in 1907 from Plainville to northwest of Webster but no rails were laid. Railroad excitement had almost faded but while they waited for rumors of a railroad, they amused themselves by pitching horseshoes.

In 1920 the main highway was moved two miles north, leaving Webster isolated. A few years later, oil was discovered two miles south of Webster which brought some excitement and prosperity to the town and community. In 1950, R. E. A. came to Webster and has given much service and pleasure to the rural district.

John McCormick homesteaded in 1879. This is the only land in the reservoir area that had been in the same family until the government took it back in 1954.

In 1953, Harry Griffin moved all the bodies in the Webster cemetery. Two hundred were moved to the Webster addition of the Stockton cemetery and 29 were moved to other parts of the State.

The last medical doctor in Webster was Dr. H. C. Brown. The last churches there were the Baptist and the Methodist. The last business places were the stores of Albert Richardson and The Blakemore. A new schoolhouse was built before the dam was completed. It is one mile south of the dam. The Albert Richardson store was moved to a location near the school. The Blakemore store is just below the dam, near the caretaker's home, which was used as the office of the Reclamation Bureau while the dam was being built. One church was moved to the

location by the school and community services are held there. About ten families live there. They have a filling station and a welding shop.

An air strip 2,600 feet long and 200 feet wide is at the south end of the dam. Cabins are being built around the dam and hundreds of young trees have been planted. Modern conveniences and other attractions make the Webster Dam a real pleasure resort for old and young. Recreation is available for everyone. Although the main purpose of the dam is flood control, irrigation, recreation, fishing, boating and wild life are all a part of it.

Codell

In the extreme southeastern corner of Rooks County lies the double township of Paradise. It was first settled in the late sixties and early seventies by a few pioneers, but the main boom came in 1878 and 1879 when all the homesteads were taken up. Some also took timber claims.

It seemed to be the custom for several kinsmen to come in a group and take homesteads adjoining each other. Some purchased homesteads from their neighbors who become discouraged and went "back east," thereby leaving the community with a few fairly large land owners. But for the most part, a "quarter section" was the average size farm.

The origin of the name "Paradise" appears to be unknown, but it no doubt was given the name because of its beauty and desirability as a place to establish a new home. As those who are natives of that locality can well attest, it is a delightful little valley. It has fertile soil and is a desirable place to build a home. The kind of a home that cradled America. It no doubt looked like a land

of Paradise to those early pioneers who were in search of new homes; hence, the name "Paradise."

The township lying east and west is traversed by a beautiful little creek, The Paradise, which is well supplied with timbers, except the extreme western part. The timber was a welcome asset to the early settlers. Several made log cabins from it and all depended upon it, more or less, for fuel in winter.

The earliest settlers were George McCord who came in 1868 from Illinois. He was a scout and cowboy and helped drive cattle to Wyoming and Montana. The others were the Zeiglers (Fred, George and Andrew), The Woodrufs, The Pearsolls, Willis Johnson, The Drakes, The Lambs, The Leightons, The Parks, The Camps, The Wades, The Smiths (George and John), The Chases and The Floreys, who took farms in east Paradise township.

Andrew J. Florey was the first postmaster at Floreyville. Fred Zeigler came directly from Germany and homesteaded in 1870, three miles east of the present day Codell.

Lambert Darland homesteaded one mile west of Codell. There were few, if any, claims taken before 1870. The Darlands knew no settlers west of them when they came in March 1874. The original patent to the farm is still in the family name, signed by President Hays.

The epoch of settlement covered the years 1868 to 1878. The second period began with a rush of settlers in 1878, who soon took up all the desirable land as homesteads and timber-claims. About the beginning of the epoch 1878 to 1888, the settlement crystallized with the establishment of a post office March 24, 1875, called Floreysville, located one mile north and three miles east of Codell. On February 24, 1879, the post office was changed to Motor, the first town to be established in Paradise Township. It was one mile east of Codell. It

became quite a settlement with two stores, one run by Johnson and Leighton and the other by John Darland. There was a blacksmith shop, a wind-driven grist mill, run by Will Lamb, a saw mill run by Mr. Chase and the postoffice.

Later when the new railroad refused to build a depot at Motor, the frame buildings were moved to Codell. Several of the sod buildings could not be moved.

The name Motor given to that town meant "a moving force." Instead of its moving things forcefully, it was destined to be moved to a new location and its name changed to Codell.

The name Codell was selected by the Union Pacific Railroad and means dell or glen; hence, "a retired glen."

In 1887 and 1888, the U. P. Railroad ran a branch line from Salina to Oakley. The survey ran just south of Motor and because of the failure of the railroad to agree on a price for the townsite, the railroad refused to build a depot near the town, but built one three-fourths of a mile west. It bought land for a townsite and named it Codell.

The postoffice was changed from Motor to Codell on June 4, 1889. The late Dave Watkins carried the mail between the postoffice and the depot.

Jasper Parks was the postmaster at Motor. No pigeonholes were used at the postoffice in which to keep the mail. Almost everyone would be at the office when the mail came in, and the postmaster would look through the letters before junk mail. He would call out the owner's name similar to present day army call.

In the early days Paradise township had seven schools which were Pleasant Ridge, Camp, Conger, Codell, Center, Mt. Ayer and Hoagland.

Today there is a single district school, No. 11, at

Codell, serving all the territory. District 11 was organized in 1879 at Motor in a sod building with hand-sawed logs for benches.

A subscription school with 23 pupils preceded this newly established school, taught by Mrs. Mary Netherland, in a log building located on the land presently owned by Mrs. Florence Stevenson. In 1894 a two-story building was built in Codell which served until 1910, when a two-story building over a basement was erected which was destroyed by a cyclone in 1918. The present school building was built as a W. P. A. project in 1938.

As was the usual situation in early settlements, the church appeared on the scene along with the school. The Methodist and Baptist denominations were first, each using the same building, alternating services and, at times, combining their services which were held in the school building. In 1908, both congregations made new edifices. The Baptist church was built on the present location and the Methodist in the northeast part of Codell. Both were beautiful buildings and each congregation was justly proud. The Methodist church was destroyed in the 1918 cyclone.

Perhaps the oldest continuous resident of Paradise Township is E. A. Darland, who was 3 months old when his parents moved there in March 1874.

The little village of Codell went through an experience, the effects of which rated sufficiently to make Ripley's "Believe It or Not," column. It had a cyclone three times in successive years on the 20th day of May. The three years were 1916, 1917, 1918. The first year the twister passed at the west edge of town in the late afternoon. It was visible to many people, but no damage of consequence resulted. The second year it passed very close at the east side of town in midafternoon and was viewed by many.

They all traveled from the southwest to the northeast. The third year it came after dark, zeroing in on the town and wiping out a large part of it. A mile northeast of Codell, Mrs. Walter Adams and infant were killed. No other casualties occurred but much property damage resulted, the school, the M. E. Church, the parsonage, the hotel with lodge hall above and three or four residences, all totally destroyed. Many other buildings were badly damaged.

At one time Codell had many business places that do not exist today, such as a newspaper, the Codell State Bank, which withered in the depression when several other nearby banks failed, two lumber yards, a machine shop, an implement company, a telephone central office, three stores, a hardware store, a hotel, a restaurant, a harness shop, a doctor and a barber.

About 20 years ago oil was discovered in the township. Some of the wells were short-lived, some are still producing. While there has never been an enormously big production, taken as a whole, it still is quite an asset to the landowners and it furnishes employment to a large number of people.

The cyclone of 1918 was a hard blow to the town, the effects from which it has never fully recovered. In spite of other deterrent influences, Codell still remains a peaceful, friendly little village with the best of school and church facilities.

L. P. Darland

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Darland, having a desire to gain a home on the prairies where there was more freedom and greater opportunities, left their Iowa home with their two children in a covered wagon in the fall of 1873. After a long and tedious journey, they arrived on Kill Creek in Osborne County, Kansas.

Early in the spring of 1874, with their meager belongings, they again headed southwest and settled on Paradise Creek, one mile west of what is now Codell.

At this point, an old bachelor, Mr. Wilinheimer, was living in a log cabin but, becoming discouraged with his surroundings, decided to leave the country. They bought his relinquishment.

The next morning, Mr. Darland and Mr. Wilinheimer started for the land office at Cawker City to get the transaction of the land completed. Leaving Mrs. Darland and the two sons, John, aged 6 and Earnest, three months old, and a boy, Jack Musgrove, 14 years old, who had been herding cattle, they arrived at the Kill Creek Postoffice that night and drove on to Cawker City the next day, little dreaming of what was happening at home.

It was at this time that some of the thrills and experiences of their new life began. This was the first experience for Mrs. Darland. About 11:00 the morning after the men left for Cawker City, Mrs. Darland was rocking the baby when suddenly two Indians on horseback dashed by the door, going on down to the Creek where the other two boys were. She looked out of the south window and saw that the hills were covered with Indians, with horses on the gallup, tent poles and blankets flying. Alone with three children and no near neighbors, all she could

do was to trust to luck. She said, "No tongue could ever express my feelings."

The Indians came to the house and Mrs. Darland put a large box in the door, trying to keep them out. They tried to get in and she shook a rolling pin at them. They said, "White Woman scared," seeing that she was pale.

The baby was in the cradle. One Indian said, "Pretty white papoose." Some of the squaws seated themselves comfortably on the bed.

She was greatly relieved when she learned that the entire band was in charge of a government agent. They had been on a hunting trip and were on their way back to their reservation in Nebraska. They had stopped at Fort Hays on the way and, as many of the Indians were patronizing and celebrating quite freely, the agent in charge could scent trouble and got them out of Hays after threatening to call out the soldiers who were stationed there.

An old squaw became quite sick while they were there, so sick that they could not continue the trip; so they camped along Paradise Creek. A big snow storm came and they were there four days before the old squaw was well enough to ride a horse, at which time they left for their reservation.

They were peaceable, but like the average Indian, were given to stealing. One morning one of the Indians proposed trading some blankets, calico and other material which the government had furnished them for corn. They had only a few bushels but she sent out the fourteen-year-old boy to trade them part of it. While he was making the trade with one of the Indians, she saw several of the squaws tucking ears of corn under their blankets and called the deal off.

They were not at all particular about what they ate.

They tackled a Texas steer that had been dead for three weeks and ate several more dead cattle which they found along the Saline River. They baked their bread in ashes.

On the third day Mr. Darland returned from Cawker City and found the Indians camped all over the place. He did not know whether his family was alive or not, but found them well and holding the fort against 350 Indians.

In 1874 came the grasshopper year. That fall, after a dismal failure of crops because of the grasshoppers who had swept the country, they, disheartened and discouraged, left for Missouri, taking with them a pet buffalo calf that attracted much attention in the various towns farther east. They sold it in Ft. Scott for $45.00 and were glad to get the money.

Three months in Missouri and they were ready to come back to the log cabin on Paradise Creek. Once more they turned their horses westward. When they arrived at the cabin, an old cat which they had left behind welcomed them back. They were glad to get back to their home on the prairies and they never left it again, being perfectly willing to take their chances in the land of the Indians and buffalo.

"It was mighty lonesome," Mrs. Darland said. They often went up on the hills and looked across the country to get a glimpse of anything that might be moving. Often they would see covered wagons, some of them perhaps buffalo hunters moving here and there across the plains. Any sign of life looked good to them.

Many times they saw buffalo roaming over the prairies. Antelopes were frequently seen. Two or three years after they came, however, they were all gone. But during that time, Mr. Darland killed eleven buffaloes and many antelopes, which kept them supplied with meat. One day Mr. Darland saw three buffalo grazing about a mile north

of their cabin. He mounted a mare that he called "Bird" and gave chase. It ended some twenty miles away from home, far up on Medicine Creek, where he was violently thrown from his horse. The gun rammed in the ground and the mare ran off. He walked the twenty miles back home. The mare was found six days later at the home of one of the settlers down on Paradise creek.

Mrs. Darland said, "I shall never forget my first trip to Stockton. It was in 1875. We made the trip in an old two-wheeled cart. The wheels were taken from an old wagon between which a rude box was constructed. It was entirely a home-made affair. It took us two days to make the trip. We never saw a house until we reached Elm Creek. Stockton and Hays were our closest trading points."

When they settled on the Paradise in 1874, there was not a house between their place and the Colorado line. There were a few settlers down the Paradise, among them were the Zeiglers, the Camps and the Drakes.

A year or more after the Darlands came, some people by the name of Roberts settled a mile to the west of them. Mrs. Darland made her first trip to Hays with Mrs. Roberts. They took one hundred pounds of butter and sold it at 35 cents per pound, mostly to the soldiers at the Fort.

They had many privations and hardships and thrills. "Snakes," Mrs. Darland said, "I never saw the like. They even came into the house through the big chinks between the logs. Many a night when I awakened, I felt across the bed and across the baby's face to see if there were any snakes. One morning when I awoke, I saw one securely perched on a salt sack which was hanging from a nail behind the stove." She mentioned several other equally thrilling incidents of their pioneer life.

Their first school was held in an old log house on the

Perry place, now owned by the S. R. Tucker family. The first Sunday School was in a dugout on the Roberts' place and the first taxes they paid was ten cents. How different that is from today!

Mr. and Mrs. Darland were true pioneers of the early settlers in western Kansas. They saw many come and go. Mr. Darland had two brothers who left several times and Mrs. Darland remarked, "They kept us poor getting them back to Kansas. Some people talked of going hungry in Kansas but we never did and we never regretted having come." The homestead is still in the Darland family

Mr. and Mrs. Darland are among the few pioneers left to tell stories that never grow old.

The scenes and happenings of those days have passed into history but for generations to come that history will be read with the deepest interest and the future generations will be glad to have that privilege.

Plainville

Plainville was known as Paradise Flats until 1878. Paradise Flats derives its name from the fact that it is a large, level plain, situated at the head of Paradise Creek. The buffalo, deer and antelope, once so plentiful, caused the settlers to give it the name of "Hunter's Paradise."

The beauty of this stream, the surrounding country, and the splendid growth of native timber that skirted its banks, superior to any other in western Kansas, gave credence to its name.

It occupies most of the southern half of Rooks County and extends westward into Graham County.

The farms are among the best in the State and have become some of the most valuable in the world with their

resources of agriculture, live stock, all kinds of fruit. Then came the production of oil. Paradise Flats has had a good share of the production of "black gold."

Here the instinct of the human souls found solace in the fields and groves. Here on these farms was born a confidence in the stability of the institutions and continued happiness in their homes.

In times of panic, they would sow in unshaken confidence that the harvest would not fail. In times of flood they would look forward in patient assurance that the water would recede from the land, leaving fields, temporarily devastated, greatly enriched.

In times of drought, bending their ears to the earth, they could hear the sound of an abundance of rain, although the only cloud in a brazen sky was no bigger than a man's hand.

In times of prosperity and peace, they would enjoy true neighborliness and reverently thank God for his goodness and love.

The history of Plainville, like all history, is divided into epochs or distinct periods of time, around each of which are grouped its facts and incidents.

The events incident to the early settlement of the country were the most stirring and trying in its history. It was a period of adventure and daring bravery on the part of the fearless pioneers who faced the dangers and privations of pioneer life that posterity might inherit the blessings of a modern civilization.

Those who lived through the events of that period are not likely to forget the days of drought or the winters of want and discontent.

But as the country settled, there was a brighter outlook and new enterprises occupied public attention.

The epoch of pioneer life has passed and out of the

trials and adversities have grown an industrious, intelligent, God-fearing race, the equal of which is found nowhere on the face of the earth.

They have fully demonstrated the motto of Kansas, "Ad Astra per Aspera," which fully translated means, "To the stars through difficulties."

Those wild prairies our fore-fathers found are now covered with farms, towns, schools and churches of many denominations.

Most of the inhabitants have modern homes in both town and country and live in comfort, peace and security. Their farms are equipped with modern machinery, with tractors and trucks.

The north half of the original townsite of Plainville was first settled upon by W. I. Griffin on July 1, 1876. He was the first settler in Plainville and Mrs. Lydia R. Griffin, his wife, was the first lady resident of the town and township. For some time, she was the only woman on the prairie between the Solomon and Saline Rivers, a distance of 25 miles. At the time the Griffins settled there, B. L. St. Clair was located three miles east in another township.

In June 1877, Wm. Bradley homesteaded and in March 1878, George Slason, C. R. Durfee and E. Gale became residents of the Plainville township and were followed by A. M. King and many others from Benton County, Iowa. During the same year, T. W. LaCore settled five miles west and with him came quite a colony from Cook County, Illinois.

In May 1878, the Plainville Postoffice was established with W. I. Griffin as postmaster. He soon started a store which was the only trading point between Stockton and Hays City, a distance of 40 miles.

In November, another store was started by A. J. Nixon.

In the spring he sold out to Marcum and Byers. In January 1880, they sold the store to Weeks and Chatton.

Dr. V. M. Gray was the first doctor. He settled there and began the practice of medicine at this time and was followed by his son, I. W. Gray; in August 1880, he erected a store building and put in a stock of drugs. A large portion of the building was leased to Adams and Pence who put in a large stock of general merchandise.

In the fall of 1880, Marcus Cooper erected a store building which was occupied by C. J. Balcum, with a large stock of merchandise. The second story was used by Mr. Cooper for a broom factory.

The first blacksmith shop was opened by Luther Davenport and his son W. L. Davenport. In about two years they were followed by John Jessee.

Among the early settlers were Mr. and Mrs. Barney Martin. Mr. Martin came to Rooks County in 1868, where he homesteaded and took a timber claim. Mrs. Martin came in 1873. These were the days when the deer, antelope and buffalo could be seen in great numbers on the prairies and were hunted for meat. Flour was hauled from Beloit or Ft. Hays. The grasshoppers did not allow vegetables or crops of any sort to grow.

They were married at Ft. Hays and spent many years on the ranch which they still owned when they moved to Plainville, where they spent their last years.

Other early settlers that came from the year of 1873 up to 1880 were D. J. Fowler, James Beardsley, John Hughes, Byran Berry, D. C. Anthny, B. F. McCarroll, R. M. Rowse, J. L. Drake, M. J. Bair, Albert Benedict, A. H. Posegate, Joe Westhusin, Wm. Weaverling, G. W. Husted, C. Hazen, Mrs. Eunice Fike, Mrs. J. Gick, C. E. Winters, N. F. Shaw, C. G. Cochran, Hiram Keas, Warner Parkhurst, Gayer Starbuck, George Stuckey, Wm. McClay,

R. J. McClay, I. Burkholder, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Slason, C. A. Mayhew, M. A. Merritt, J. A. Collins, J. L. Haskins, Henry Overholser, Rev. L. W. Mickey, S. K. Wise, I. F. Ordway, Nelson Bomgardner, G. W. Green, J. W. Travis, W. R. Green and mnay others. Many of these saw the little city of Plainville progress from one sod house and post office to the thriving, fast-growing city of today. Its fine schools, churches and central location in the midst of the oil-producing area has brought many new lines of business to Plainville. It now has a population of over 3,000. The Rural Hospital was built in 1955. It is operated as a district hospital and is tax-supported. It is a 20-bed hospital with six bassinets and has two Plainville physicians and two Stockton physicians. It has proved to be a big asset to Plainville and surrounding territory.

Methodist Episcopal Church

This circuit was first organized in the spring of 1878 under the following circumstances. On the 16th of February 1878, G. F. Slason, C. R. Durfee and E. M. Gale arrived on what was then known as Paradise Flats in Rooks County, Kansas. On the 19th of March, they were joined by L. W. Mickey, A. M. King and his family and Mrs. Mary Durfee who were followed in a short time by the families of Slason, Gale, and Mickey. These families all came from Vinton, Iowa, and were members of that church there. After arriving on the Flats they felt the need of a church organization and applied to the presiding Elder, Rev. R. A. Carruthers of Kirwin district, Kansas Conference, for a pastor to organize them into a society and minister them in holy things. For this purpose, L. W. Mickey, one of their own number and a local Elder in

the Methodist church was appointed to take charge. The first meeting was held in front of G. F. Slason's sod house on March 24, 1878 in the open air, some sitting on boxes, others on trunks and buffalo grass. This was the first Methodist Class in Rooks County. Its members were C. R. Durfee, Mary Durfee, George F. Slason, A. M. King, Sarah King, E. M. Gale, L. W. Mickey and L S. Mickey. The first regular meeting was held on March 31, 1878. Reverend L. W. Mickey preached the first sermon on the circuit and continued to be the minister until 1881. The salary was $150.00 per year which he never got. The first church was built in Plainville in 1879. It was of sod and located where the First National Bank now stands. The church had no floor and the trustees let the school board use it, so the district put in a floor and seats.

The first Christmas tree was displayed at the church that year. It caught fire but the flames were put out by John Jesse before any damage was done.

The first funeral was that of a boy named Conger, who died from the bite of a rattlesnake. He lived on a farm one mile west and one south of Plainville. He was buried there and his grave is fully protected.

On March 29, 1879, the first marriage was performed when R. M. Rowse and Matilda McClay were married. During the second year of Reverend Mickey's ministry there were seven marriages.

Reverend Mickey closed his third year in 1880 with 98 members and 20 probationers in the church. At the close of the conference year in 1886 the record showed 201 members and 48 probationers. The pastor received $271.32.

G. L. Rarick came as pastor. He found the charge without a parsonage. After much earnest work a parsonage

was built for $700.00 on lots donated by A. M. King. These lots are now owned by E. L. Hockett.

On April 29, 1887, the trustees voted to build a new church building. Asbury Evans secured the job. It was finished and dedicated on December 25, 1887.

The membership continued to grow through the years. With faithful workers and more prosperous times, a large modern church was built in 1907. It was completed and dedicated in 1908.

In 1959, plans were again made for a new church. Lots were given by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Meredith and a new church was erected at once. It has been completed and dedicated. The members of the church deserve much credit for the effort put forth to get this beautiful new church, at a cost of $300,000.

Catholic Church

Many years ago some Irish Catholics took homesteads south of Stockton. Father Frederic and other missionary priests occasionally said mass for them there in a sod house.

Little by little, the number of these Catholic pioneers increased and soon Father Pujoz and later Father Mainville, both residents of Zurich, had to come to Plainville to hold services there every other Sunday. After a short time, the little mission became so prosperous that Father Mainville left Zurich and moved to Plainville.

In 1894, Father Varnholt took charge of the erected church, to which he administered until 1904. Under his direction, both the church and small house were enlarged.

Plainville Public Library

Kingsley says, "Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book, a message from the dead—from human souls whom we never met, who died perhaps thousands of miles away, and yet they speak to us, amuse us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers. We ought to reverence books, look at them as useful and mighty things."

Emerson says, "We owe to books such general benefits as come from high intellectual action. They become the original organic culture of the times."

Some such thoughts as these must have been in the minds of the W. C. T. U. ladies of Plainville when they began to agitate the public library question in July 1901. Meetings were held and in April 1902, officers and a librarian were elected.

Miss Florence Ackerman was chosen librarian. She served in that office for several years. She was especially fitted for the job due to her knowledge of books and her literary ability.

Contributions were generously made by the citizens by subscriptions for shares.

The library has continued to grow through the years. A notable feature of the library is the collection of clippings made into scrap books by Miss Ackerman on various topics, art, history, biographies, poetry, noted days, noted places and many others.

The library was first located in rooms upstairs over the First National Bank, which C. G. Cochran let them use until the association saw fit to build, at which time he would furnish lots.

Remembering that the choice of books, like that of friends, is a serious duty and that we are as responsible

for what we read as for what we do, special attention has been given to the procuring of the best books for old and young, so that no one need feel afraid to let their children become subscribers.

That standard has been carried on down through the years and almost every type of reading and information can be found at the library. A fine building was erected and good librarians have given of their time and interest to keep the library standards high.

Schools

There is no city in the State where the educational spirit runs higher than in the city of Plainville. While it was the sixty-ninth school organized in the County, yet it was the first one fully accredited as number one in the State University and still stands at the head of the list.

In 1901, in the four-year course in the high school, there were five in the twelfth grade. The school spirit ran high. They had two literary societies organized which did excellent rhetorical and literary work. In 1910, the building was condemned as being unworthy. Bonds were voted for a $25,000 school. It was modern in every way with water closets, lavatories and fire protection.

Plainville was awarded the honor of having the first standard grade school in Rooks County. Mr. Cassett was the County Superintendent and made the award.

Plainville still maintains its high standards with fine high and grade schools.

C. G. Cochran

The history of C. G. Cochran is not only written in memory of his pioneer experiences but it also reveals the innermost revelation of a life well spent.

Casey Gregory Cochran was born in a log cabin in Lucas County, Iowa, on August 19, 1862. The only child of John and Martha Cochran, after the death of his mother, he lived with his grandmother, Mrs. Susan Fletcher, until he was thirteen years of age. Within that time he received all of his schooling in the public school of Marion Co., Iowa.

At the age of thirteen, he started out for himself working on a farm by the month. For three years he clerked in a general merchandise store at Columbia, Iowa.

In 1879, he married Emma J. Shaw of Columbia, Iowa in 1881. With their infant son, Forrest, they moved to Rooks County, Kansas, and located on a homestead six miles southeast of Plainville and immediately went to work to make it a home and a farm. Their possessions were very limited and their house was of sod with the earth for a floor. By industry and strict economy, their financial condition steadily improved. With a yoke of oxen, Mr. Cochran began turning over the buffalo sod to prepare the land for wheat raising. In 1884, he had what was then considered a large acreage in wheat and the yield was good.

On August 1, 1884, in company with N. F. Shaw he bought and took possession of a small stock of general merchandise in Plainville, which was the commencement of his business career in Plainville and northwestern Kansas. Under their industrious and careful management, the store was a success from the start.

On November 5, 1887, they bought from Williams, Boogs and Company, their private bank in Plainville, known as the Citizens Bank. A few years later it was incorporated under the State banking laws of Kansas. In June 1904, it was nationalized as the First National Bank of Plainville. Soon after entering the banking business, they sold their store.

After a short time, Mr. Cochran found that the bank did not give vent to his energy so he bought half interest in a hardware store and he soon bought his partner's interest. For 24 years he owned and operated the largest hardware and implement store in northwest Kansas. This was the business he loved most.

During the early years of his business career, he began to accumulate farm lands and ranches until at the time of his death he owned many thousands of acres of good farms and ranches in Rooks and Ellis Counties, stocked with pure bred Hereford cattle.

In 1911, he began to expand his banking business until at one time he owned a controlling interest and was President of the following banks, Damar State Bank, Damar, Kansas; Zurich State Bank, Zurich, Kansas; Farmers State Bank, Walker, Kansas; First National Bank, Ellis, Kansas; First National Bank, Victoria, Kansas; Ellsworth State Bank, Ellsworth, Kansas; Citizens State Bank, Hays, Kansas; First National Bank, Plainville, Kansas, and stock in the Liberty Trust Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

In the early twenties, in order to decrease his responsibilities, he sold the Zurich, Damar, Ellis and Victoria banks. The greatest part of his business life, extending over forty-two years, was lived in Plainville. There he took a prominent part in all community interests.

In 1916, the Cochrans moved to Hays, Kansas, where they had a beautiful home and where they welcomed their many friends with genuine hospitality.

Few men gave more time and help to committees of various charitable and civic enterprises of the city. He would serve with equal enthusiasm on a drive for any church, hospital or college. He did not discriminate on account of creed, race or color. People loved him for it. This was demonstrated by the throng that passed by his bier with tear-dimmed eyes.

He was one of the first Masons initiated in Paradise Lodge 290, A.F. & A.M. in Plainville, Kansas. His funeral was conducted by the impressive ceremonies of the order.

His great financial and business success is not what will be longest remembered by those who knew him best. It made no difference to him whether their condition was high or low; he always took time to listen to their problems and troubles. He was always ready to give good advice and to try to direct and help them in the right way.

He was never identified with any church but the officials and members of all churches came to him for advice and financial help.

He always kept a watchful eye for stray and neglected boys and would question them to find out what the circumstances were and in a number of cases, he provided a place for them to sleep and plenty to eat. He would try to get work for them and a respectable place for them to stay.

Father Henry said on the brink of his grave, "I promise you, we will keep his grave as a grateful nation keeps the graves of our soldiers. France covers them with poppies and roses and we, too, shall again and again visit this, our Friend's last resting place, covering it with flowers and prayers."

Noah F. Shaw

Noah Shaw and his wife, Josephine, came from Columbus, Iowa, in 1879 and settled on a homestead seven miles southeast of Plainville, where they lived for three years. They sold it and for several years he was a factor in the business life in Plainville. He was a merchant until 1887 when he became cashier of the Citizens Bank, where he served for fourteen years. When the First National Bank was organized in 1901, he became Vice-President and also director.

In 1908, Mr. Shaw bought the Plainville department store, the leading establishment of its kind in Rooks County. Patrons came from a radius of thirty miles east and west of Plainville and fifteen miles north and south.

He invested heavily in Kansas land as well as 640 acres in old Mexico.

He was a member of the Masonic and Woodman lodges and was active in the Spiritualist church and served as mayor of Plainville for several years.

The Shaws had two daughters Muriel, who married Dr. Ralph Cowgill and Ariel (Mrs. James Colby).

J. W. Travis

Perhaps there was no better known man on Paradise Flats and in Plainville than J. W. Travis and his family. He came with his wife, Florence Starbuck Travis, and small son, Ora, to Rooks County in a covered wagon in 1878 and homesteaded a few miles east of Plainville. Here three daughters were born. They are now Mrs. Clio Williams, Mrs. Ethel Wilson and Mrs. Mabel Rude. They moved to Plainville in 1904. Besides his interests in the

bank, he was an auctioneer and for over 50 years his voice was familiar in the sale rings, not only in Rooks County but in a number of adjoining counties. As a pioneer, he watched the progress of the country from the days of the ox team to that of the automobile, from forded streams and winding roads across to the prairies to concrete bridges and a fine system of highways, from the old sod schoolhouse to an excellent system of higher education with a good brick school house in every town and city. He knew well the road of the pioneer from poverty to the plentifulness of old age. He took great pride in watching the progress of his pioneer home, from the humbleness of its beginnings to the high degree of prosperity of today.

W. F. Hughes

W. F. Hughes had the distinction of having been born in Rooks county. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hughes, moved to Paradise Flats on March 15, 1878 from Tennessee. They homesteaded six miles east of Plainville. Here W. F. Hughes was born in a dugout in 1879. He received a liberal education and taught in the Rooks County public schools for several years. He was an enthusiast in educational matters.

In the early days of the attempt to Americanize the Philippines, he sought employment with the government in the educational department and was assigned to the position of supervising teacher over a district containing twenty schools, requiring thirty teachers. Upon his return he has served as cashier in the Farmers and Merchants State Bank where he was capable and faithful. He later moved to Stockton where he was also in the banking business and spent the rest of his days there.

S. R. Tucker

Mr. Tucker was one of the most successful stock raisers in Rooks County. He came to western Kansas in 1894 and located near Codell. He raised alfalfa and made a study of it and found it to be very successful and a very profitable adjunct to his stock business. He raised both high-grade cattle and hogs which were prize winners at the County fairs. He was one of the strong men of Rooks County, being Director of the Farmers and Merchants Bank in Plainville and also an auctioneer. He later had interests in the Codell Bank. He was interested in public affairs and especially athletics. He lived to be 92 years old.

W. R. Green

W. R. Green came from Iowa and homesteaded in Twin Mount Township in 1878, where a sod house was built, and a prairie was broken. He made a start on what became a fine farm of 400 acres. The family moved to Plainville in 1897, where he became manager of a co-operative store which he later purchased. It was merged into the firm of W. R. Green and Sons. That firm was composed of W. R. Green, G. M. and U. S. Green and C. B. Merrill. It was located on the first floor of the Woodman hall.

In 1906, the store was re-organized. The firm was composed of D. R. Worley, George F. Greene and Jim Chamberlin. George Greene was the manager of the store. He grew up in Kansas. His education gave him an early tendency to lead an austere and gold-spectacled career. He held an instructorship in the college of Agriculture at Amherst, Massachusetts, and he was instructor in horticul-

ture at Manhattan for three years. But his energy and business acumen found a more congenial exercise in general merchandise.

The partnership was later dissolved and Mr. Greene became the owner. The store has continued to operate in the Green family. It is now owned and operated by the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Green. They are Miss Verda Green, Mrs. Margaret Keith and Mrs. Velma Mayhew. The store was remodeled in 1959 and is now an up-to-date dry goods store.

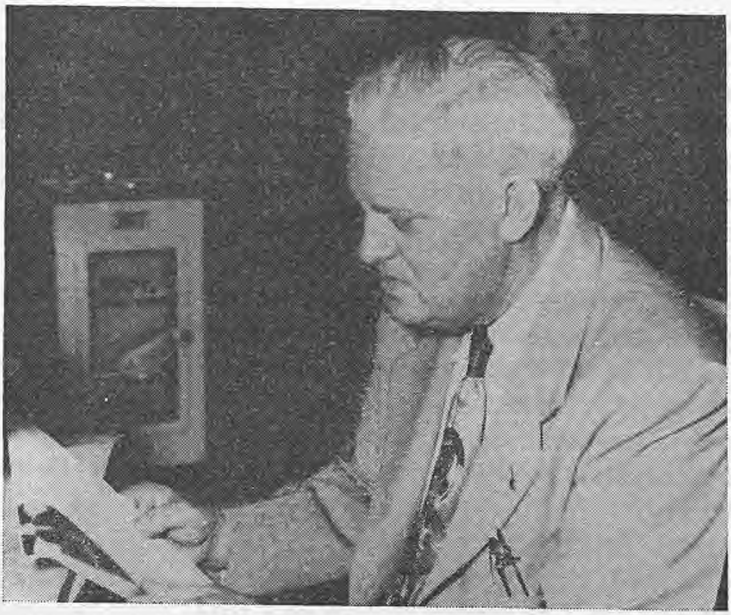
Dr. E. C. Petterson

Dr. Petterson located in Palco in 1924 and embarked upon a career of service that endeared him in the hearts of all who knew him. In 1936 he, with his family, moved to Plainville, Kansas, but he continued to serve the people at Palco, Damar and Zurich as well as a wide area around Plainville. He served faithfully and well.

He was a tireless worker. The strain of carrying on his practice without relief or rest during and after the war years had a telling effect on his health, but he was always more concerned with the welfare of his patients than his own.

Unaware of the seriousness of his illness, the entire community was saddened and shocked when word spread of his death on January 14, 1956, at the age of 61 years. He was survived by his wife, Mary Frances, and his three children, Mrs. Helen Johnson of Plainville, William D. Petterson of Washington, D. C. and Connie Petterson of Norman, Oklahoma, who had given constant assistance to help relieve his heavy load.

But peace and contentment finally came to the man who devoted his time, talents, energy and surely his life, to the needs of his fellowmen.



Dr. E. C. Petterson, as we remember him—at work.

"Doc Pete," as he was affectionately called, contributed in a large degree to the betterment of any community in which he lived. He felt himself above no one. His very appearance commanded respect. He walked and talked with dignity, but he was never proud or haughty.

Doc Pete's avid interest in sports stemmed from high school days when he played with the victorious Beloit football team that "took all comers." At K. U. he played

center and lettered in that position on the varsity squad. His loyalty to sports followed him to Palco and Plainville where he served as team physician. He admired good sportsmanship and was silently proud to watch the youth he had delivered into this world excel in scholastics and athletics.

He stood high in the medical profession in Kansas, as was well attested by his position as chief of the medical staff of the Plainville Rural Hospital, County Health Officer, County Coroner, Official Union Pacific Railroad surgeon and staff member of Hadley and St. Anthony hospitals at Hays and Graham County Hospital at Hill City.

Dr. Petterson lived only slightly more than threescore years—but he lived them with unsurpassing usefulness.

His pleasing gentleness of nature, coupled with his many other outstanding attributes and, above all, his professional service to all of us, regardless of time, weather, or individual, will long be marked in the annals of area history.

Dr. J. U. Catudal

One of the early settlers and pioneers who served the people in Plainville and surrounding country and towns was Joseph Ulric Catudal. He was born in the parish of St. Cyprien, Napierville, Quebec, Canada, on Nov. 14, 1860. He studied in the village school and then attended the Classical College of Masson-A-Terre Bonne in Quebec until eye trouble developed in 1876. Thereafter he studied with a private tutor to finish the classical course and then

made a pilgrimage to the famous shrine, St. Anne-de-Beaupre and recovered his eyesight.

He entered the College of Medicine at Victoria University at Montreal and was graduated in May 1885. The same spring he came to Kansas, stopping at a French Colony at Clyde. He came to Plainville on July 4, 1885, where he started his medical practice. There were no hospitals or modern conveniences of any kind at that time and much of his practice was county calls from miles away, as far as Damar west and equally as far in other directions. These calls were made either on horseback or with team and buggy but he always gave the best service possible under conditions.

In 1886 he married Malvina Berland and they had one son, Leo. Malvina died in 1892 and Leo passed away in 1894. Following the death of his wife, Dr. Catudal went to Paris, France, to take post graduate work in medicine and surgery at Sorbonne University. He returned to Plainville in 1893, after eighteen months of study and resumed his active life as a doctor.

In 1893, he married Rose Berland, a sister of his first wife and they had a family of four children, Josephine Catudal (Mrs. Jake Lagesse), J. Emery and H. Marcell Catudal and Anna Leona who died in infancy.

In 1897 they moved to Salina for five months but he had developed such a liking for the country practice in Western Kansas that he returned to Plainville for the next four years.

In 1902, Dr. Catudal, with his family, moved to Hays and practiced his profession there until 1910. Again he returned to Plainville to resume his physician's activities among his old home folks. He also opened a drug store.

Dr. Catudal was a busy physician but he also found

time to busy himself with many community enterprises. The Rev. Father Henry, in his funeral sermon, spoke of the doctor as a very foundation stone of the parish, a personal friend and a man among men.

Dr. Catudal was a charter member of both St. Joseph Council of the Knights of Columbus of Hays and of St. Anthony's Council of Plainville. He was a Grand Knight of the local Council for six years. He was medical examiner for Hays, Damar and Plainville Council. He was the first man to receive the Honorary K. of C. degree in the west half of Kansas. He was a member of the Modern Woodman Lodge, The Catholic Benevolent Legion, and the Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

Each generation accepts things as they are and takes everything for granted. It seldom questions how this thing or that came to be as it is. It probably never occurs to many persons today that St. Anthony Hospital at Hays upon "Gospel Hill," one of the finest institutions of its kind in the State, hasn't always been there. Many of the older residents of Hays perhaps remember the time when plans were first made to establish a hospital in that city and of the part Dr. Catudal played to bring about a realization of those plans. Without his vision, determination and enthusiasm, it is not likely that Hays would have had a hospital for many years. Almost from the day Dr. Catudal came to Hays, he looked forward to the founding of an institution, the need of which he then was more acutely aware perhaps more than anyone else. He saw his dream come true and lived for more than a quarter of a century afterward.

Whether he regarded it as such, we do not know, but many of his friends look upon the establishment of the hospital in the light of a personal achievement of his,

although it is true that there were others in this cause who were as untiring as he.

When old age came upon him and he was critically ill, Dr. Catudal turned his eyes once again to the institution he loved and requested he be brought there for medical aid. His wish was granted and he ended his days in the city in which he had pioneered for so worthy a purpose and where he saw his dream come true.

Zurich, Kansas

A beautiful little town located seven miles west of Plainville, Zurich is on the Union Pacific Railroad. Highway 18 goes through the main street. It is a busy, prosperous trading point. It has a good grade school which employs seven teachers. Hot lunches are served in the school which have proved to be very successful and beneficial to the students and teachers.

The post office was established in 1880 with Mrs. Armenda Webb as the first postmaster. John Webb named the town Zurich, but just what suggested the name to him we do not know. In 1881 there were some Catholic families living in Logan Township. They were visited that year by a priest for the first time. He was the Rev. Father Frederick. Later they were visited by Fathers Molier, Fortier and Revier. They came by turns. In 1887, Father Pujoz arrived. A church and parsonage were built in Zurich.

Some of the priests who ministered to the congregation were Father Pujoz and Father Mainville, 1887 to 1890. Father Guillaume, 1890 to 1893. Father Corriveau to 1896, Father Varnholt to 1902, Father Corriveau to 1903,

Father Santiere 1904, Father Harpin to 1906. During these years, between certain nominations of priests, the parish was attended by Father Monge, McConnell and Perrier.

Some of the early settlers who were founders of the church were Archille Saindon, Fabian Deslongchamp, M. N. Thyfault, Telesphore Desmarteau, Octave Mongeau, Francis Thibault, Augustine Boisvert, Napoleon Boudreau, Henry Marcotte, Sr., and many others.

They could all relate the hardships and trials of the early days which were too hard and strenuous to be forgotten. The small congregation utterly suffered from the hardships which marked the first period of the history of Kansas.

Several times the settlement was believed to be on the brink of ruin, but it raised itself up again, exhibiting the energies and surprises of vitality displayed by a youth unwilling to die.

Today, having escaped from the perils of the early days, it has resumed a quiet normal course and its conditions have become exceedingly prosperous. In 1950, the cornerstone was laid for a new church. It was completed and dedicated on May 23, 1951. It has a large attendance.

The congregation has always been composed of English and French-speaking elements. The majority of the Catholics live up to the teachings of their religion and are a credit to it. They enjoy the affectionate esteem of the good, honest people who do not partake of the same belief.

James O'Conner had the distinction of being the first merchant to establish a general store in Zurich. William Graham was head clerk of the store. He married Matilda O'Conner and had also taught in the Zurich school.

M. S. Graham always had strong faith in the development of this country and saw it transformed from a wild

prairie into a well tilled and productive country. He operated one of the most extensive grain markets on the Union Pacific Railroad. He had one of the finest homes in Rooks County. He was a patriotic, public-spirited citizen and always took an interest in anything that he thought would benefit his home town and community. He was an official in the Zurich bank and spent many years serving on the school board, besides taking care of the extensive grain business in Zurich and surrounding communities.

Many new modern homes have been built in the past few years and most of the older houses have been remodeled, making modest, comfortable homes.

The people living in this little town are friendly, sociable and congenial as were the early settlers who organized Zurich in 1880.

D. J. Steeples

David James Steeples was born on January 27, 1873, in Chicago, Illinois. His parents, Francis O. and Mary Ann Steeples, came from Edinburgh, Scotland in 1872. Mr. Steeples had come to the United States in 1871. He could see many opportunities here. He returned to Scotland where he and Mary Ann were married on April 5, 1872, at Edinburgh, and left immediately for the States. They arrived in Chicago soon after the big fire. A builder, he built the Post Office building soon after their arrival.

David was born there in 1873, his sister Helen in 1875. She passed away at the age of two. The family moved to Des Moines, Iowa, where their son Francis O. was born on March 31, 1878.

Mr. Steeples built the Iowa State Capital building

and in the winter when he was free of his building contracts, he traveled with a minstrel show, "much to his wife's disgust." His health failed and he could not carry on in his building profession, so they decided to move to Western Kansas.

They came to Rooks County in the spring of 1879, homesteading on the quarter section north of what is now known as the old Steeples home and got 80 acres across the road as school land. They built a sod house on the homestead. Here their son Francis passed away on Sept. 16, 1879. Their daughter Nell was born on Sept. 27, eleven days later. Mr Steeples' health continued to fail. He was stricken with what was then known as Stone Cutters' consumption. He died in April, 1881 at their home, west of Zurich.

This must have been a trying time for the young widow and mother; to be in a new settlement, in a strange land, with two small children and grieving over the loss of her husband and two children.

Mr. Steeples and his son were buried on the homestead west of their house and were left there until 1945 when Dave decided to move the bodies to the cemetery, which he did with the help of Ralph Trible and his son Chester.

In 1882, Mrs. Steeples was married to Sam Burns. Their son George was born on Sept. 8, 1883. A daughter Ethel was born on November 15, 1885, a date Mr. Burns long remembered. He was in Hays that day when one of the western Kansas blizzards came in with a strong wind and blowing snow. It was impossible to see the road, so he walked, leading the horses, groping his way, and reaching home near morning and thankful to be there. Mrs. Burns and the new baby were doing well. Their youngest daughter Olive was born on March 19, 1889.

They built a sod house across the road on the school land. There they lived for several years, later moving to Plainville where they operated a hotel. At this they were successful but Mrs. Burns was never happier than when they were on the farm, driving either oxen or horses to a lumber wagon.

They spent their last years in Colorado where they both passed away.

Dave Steeples married Myrtle Fulcher on November 27, 1898. They started their married life on his father's homestead. Here their first baby, Edith, was born. After Mr. and Mrs. Sam Burns and family moved to Plainville, they moved across the road to the place they made their home and they bought the 80 acres south of it. Here their seven other children were born, Chester, Wallace, Alveda, Wayne, Mildred, Olive and Freeda. They did much to beautify the place with trees and shrubs and added improvements. This farm is known as the old Steeples place. The fourth generation is now living on it—first Dave's parents, followed by Dave, and then Chester. Today. Duane, Chester's younger son, and family live there. A lovely modern home has replaced the old frame house, which sheltered the four generations.

On March 14, 1914, his wife Myrtle died, leaving upon his shoulders the sole responsibility of rearing his large family.

His appreciation for all the natural things of life and his sparkling sense of humor lent him unbounded strength to carry on his great burden. He sang in the male quartette and he and his children formed what was called the Steeples' band. These memories will never be forgotten by his many friends.

Seldom does a man leave behind him in this world

so much beauty, created by his noble strength and love of the soil. He lived close to God in his feeling for growing things. His spirit lives on in the vast fruit orchard which he planted and in the many trees and shrubs. His purple lilac bushes are enjoyed by hundreds of people who come to see them every spring. They stand as a lasting memorial to his memory. Having lived to be past 80 years old, his long life was one of great courage and integrity. Although he was high in accomplishing the necessary things in life, he was never unmindful of the bright and beautiful things, God's true gifts—music, flowers and laughter. That was why everyone loved him.

The History of Sutor Hereford Farms

The parents of the Sutor Brothers, known as Martin and Henry, came from Belfast, Ireland. Their parents immigrated to America in the year 1853, first landing in Cayuga, Canada, where Martin was born. As they grew to manhood and were seeking adventures of a pioneer life, they came to Rooks County, Kansas, in the year 1878, taking up timber claims and purchasing land from the railroad companies. They grew to be large land owners, owning over one hundred quarters. Aso soon as they were located in Rooks County, they started in the cattle business, mostly longhorns at that time. Later on, in the year 1898, they purchased their first pure-bred Herefords and from then on during their lifetime they continued to improve the Hereford breed.

It was not unusual for them to handle six hundred to eight hundred head. They also fed many carloads of

cattle which usually topped the market. A large number of hogs were raised every year. They were also extensive wheat growers being the first to use the header, which was of a great advantage for those who engaged in farming many acres.

They employed several hired men and housekeepers as they continued being batchelors through their lives. They were very good, helpful neighbors and always interested in community affairs. They were large stockholders in the First National Bank of Palco, Kansas, for they helped to organize the bank.

They also owned a lumberyard and several residential properties and became quite extensive in the loan business.

When they came to this country, their first home was a dugout which they lived in for several years. As pioneers, they were molested with ratlesnakes but were very happy when they could go out in their backyard and shoot a young buffalo for their food. Later on they built a four-room stone house which they lived in until 1918, when they built a large, modern home which they resided in until their death.

Henry passed away in 1934 and Martin in 1937. Another brother, Wm. Sutor, father of Earl Sutor, came to Kansas in 1878, was married and had a family of nine children. He was not an extensive cattle-breeder but was a breeder of fine draft horses and raised many acres of wheat. He died in 1917.

In 1938, after their deaths, the Sutor brothers' holdings were all sold at public auction. The main ranch composed of 3200 acres was purchased by Earl Sutor, who continued the same cattle and farming operations, seeking at all times to purchase better breeding stock to improve the herd which consisted of 200 head of pure-bred Herefords

at that time. He also was an extensive wheat farmer, planting approximately 1500 acres.

Later on, as accumulations grew and his son Darrell married and moved to a residence on the ranch, it has been operated as Earl Sutor and Son or Sutor Hereford Farms. To date they have increased their cattle herd to 900 head of registered Herefords and always buying better herd sired for improvement in the breed.

They are stockholders and members of the American Hereford Association, of which Earl has been a member and stockholder since 1947. They are also members of the Kansas Hereford Association which Darrell now serves as Vice-President; also both hold memberships in the Kansas City Hereford Club. At present they own and operate 7000 acres of crop land and grass.

Extensive improvements have been made on the ranch buildings. There are now four large cattle barns, two residences and four tenant houses on the original homestead.

They are both stockholders and directors of the First National Bank of Palco. They are stockholders in the Co-op Elevators in Zurich, Plainville, and Hays.

In 1939, there became an oil boom. Oil lease companies came in and leased this land for oil but no development took place until 1949 when they started in a small way on the old Henry Sutor timber claim. Since then, this has developed to be a very prosperous enterprise. Earl Sutor now has on his holdings 86 producing wells on the old Henry and Martin Sutor Ranch, once known as Sutor Brothers and now Sutor Hereford Farms.

Earl Sutor, in 1952, built a residence in Plainville, a fast-growing town, and moved from the ranch. He also built a six-room modern dwelling and a 24 bed ultra-

modern motel in the Fischer-Sutor addition. He also carries on the tradition of community improvement.

Another brother, John, lived at Galesburg, Illinois. He never moved to Western Kansas but his three sons Frank, John and Martin participated in the Mart and Henry Sutor Estate. They all own land in Western Kansas and have oil production on a part of it. They all visit in this community occasionally and have many friends they visit. They look after business interests in Palco and other sections of the country.

Palmbergs

John A., or Fred, as he was better known, came from Sweden in 1867, and settled in Wisconsin. He decided to go west and take advantage of taking a homestead and tree claim. In 1878, he landed in Rooks County, Kansas, where he filed a timber-claim in Walton Township on the west half of Section 22 south of Zurich. He soon had a nice herd of cattle which he had on open range during the summer months, sometimes going as far as Gove County and over to Castle Rock.

On September 3, 1882, he married Ida Johnson. Their first home was a "dug-out." In 1890, they built a three-room stone house.

They had no children but when his brother and wife passed away at Linkaping, Sweden, leaving three small children, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Palmberg had the two oldest children brought to America. The youngest child remained in Sweden where he was reared by relatives.

The two children came to America with an Aunt, Mrs.

Malin Peterson, and her five children. She came to join her husband who had come ahead of them.

They first went to Duluth, Minnesota, where their Uncle Fred Palmberg called for the children, Thure and Anna, and brought them to his home south of Zurich. There they were reared by Uncle Fred and Aunt Ida, whom they always called Papa and Mamma as long as they lived.

Thure continued to live on the home place. On December 15, 1913, he married Margaret Nordquist of Duluth, Minnesota. They had four children, Mrs. Helen Darnell, Albert Palmberg, Mrs. Edna Mayhew and Fred Palmberg. Thure passed away on Jan. 30, 1944.

Pywells

William Pywell and Sarah Ann Holland were married on August 7, 1877, in London, England, where they were both born. They immediately came to America, living at Fairfield, Nebraska, for one year, then moving to Rooks County, Kansas, in 1879, settling west of Zurich where they took a timber claim in 1879, which still has several acres of timber.

In 1881, they purchased school land across the road from their tree claim, where they soon had a comfortable home and other good improvements and a four acre orchard which consisted of apples, cherries and peaches.

The farm was well fenced and they were successful with poultry, cattle, hogs and horses. They endured the hardships of life together, earning a living for themselves and their family.

They had five children. Charles settled just across the road, south of the timber claim. He married Vina Stithem

and they raised a family of five children, all of whom live in Rooks County. Percy has the home place with his wife Effie. They have spent their entire married life there and raised their family. Mabel Burgess and Daisy Mendenhall are deceased. The youngest daughter, Effie Hubbard, lives in Wichita, Kansas. The Pywells were proud English people, but good neighbors and citizens.

The Joseph S. Sparks Family

Another pioneer family in Rooks County was the family of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Sparks and their four children. Having felt the call of the west, they emigrated by covered wagon to Kansas in 1878 from Toledo, Illinois, and settled in Rice County, Kansas, where they spent one year.

In 1879, they moved to Rooks County, where they homesteaded one mile south of Zurich. There they spent the rest of their lives raising a family of nine children, later, taking four grandchildren into the home and giving them parental care. Mrs. Sparks also cared for four grandchildren for several years. She gave them a comfortable home and a mother's care.

They knew much about pioneer life on the plains. They endured the hardships and the good times with the spirit and determination of the courageous pioneers and their efforts were crowned with a goodly degree of success.

They improved their farm home as the years went by. They soon had the essential comforts of life and accumulated several other tracts of land which enabled them to give each of their children a financial start in life as they established homes of their own. But they were never too busy to help a friend in need and their kindly deeds and

friendly spirits have lived on in the hearts of their friends and loved ones.

Mr. Sparks lived to the age of 86 and Mrs. Sparks lived to the ripe old age of 92. They both died in their old home where they had spent so many busy, useful years.

Mr. and Mrs. William Adams

The pioneer life of Mr. and Mrs. Adams, who came to Rooks County in 1879 from Ludlow, Missouri, was similar to that of other early day settlers. They filed a homestead claim on Section 6, southwest of Zurich and established a home there. They found it to be a rugged life and were not accustomed to the hardships and privations which they were forced to endure, so after a few years they sold their homestead and moved to Section 28, which lies adjacent to the south side of Palco.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams sang, so they were a part of any community program. They did extensive work in the Methodist Church and school affairs. Mrs. Adams had taught school in Iowa before her marriage. She was capable and enjoyed taking a part in the activities.

Mr. Adams was a Civil War veteran and was always present and active in the G.A.R. Meetings. He served as Palco Police Judge for several years.

They later sold their farm at Palco and moved to Plainville, where he dealt in real estate and acted as City Police Judge.

In 1914, he was elected to County Probate Judge and they moved to Stockton. After serving two terms in that office, they returned to their home in Plainville in 1918 and enjoyed spending their last days among their relatives and old friends. Both continued to be active in the

Methodist Church as long as it was possible for them to do so.

Their oldest daughter, Jessie, married Patrick McCauley, who was also a pioneer and also a veteran of the Civil War. He enlisted in Company B, 7th Illinois Cavalry and served from Dec. 1863 to November, 1865.

In 1877, he decided to move west to Kansas. He came in a covered wagon alone, bringing many of his possessions. He filed on the northeast, Section 8, which was one mile west and two miles south of Zurich. He later purchased the northwest quarter of Section 8, that was school land, and acquired a timber claim on the Southeast Quarter, Section of Section 8, and there they made their home, raising a family of ten children. Most of them have always lived in Western Kansas.

He was a member of the G.A.R. and took an active part in it. He always worked for better schools, better roads and a better community. If there was one person who knew the history of the country well it was Patrick McCauley.

He arrived in time to see and experience all the early day hardships and problems of the pioneers, but he had the determination and stamina to endure all these ordeals, and his example and constant encouragement given to those more easily discouraged were often factors that led to progress in the community in which they lived.

Mrs. McCauley passed away in 1912 and Mr. McCauley in 1915.

Palco

The town which is known today as Palco had its earliest beginning in the settlement known as Cresson. Very little accurate information concerning it is available. The approximate location of Cresson was one mile west and one mile north of the present site of Palco, which would have been on the farm now owned by Ignatius Pfannenstiel.

When the settlers came, they had no mail service closer than Stockton. In 1878, Mr. and Mrs. George Swain put a few groceries in a small room on their farm and made arrangements to handle the mail. The post office was given the name of Cresson. Around 1883, rumors spread throughout this territory that the Union Pacific would extend a spur from Salina westward. Speculation was that the railroad would run through a region almost directly south of Cresson. For this reason, the residents of Cresson moved the settlement to a point about one mile west and half a mile south of the modern Palco and named the new location New Cresson. Several other business places and a school were added to the store and post office. Mrs. Anna Brown had been appointed postmaster at New Cresson and Cyrus Brown carried the mail here.

In the spring of 1888 the residents of the little town watched anxiously while the railroad was being built through the neighborhood hoping it would come near that location, but when it branched off toward the north instead of going straight west, as they had hoped it would, these enterprising businessmen packed up their belongings and moved their families and buildings to the railroad in the fall of 1888.

Not wishing to call the town by the old name, the

railroad officials, Palmer and Cole, began suggesting suitable names but failed to agreed on a name. Some one suggested that they use the first letters of Palmer and Cole's names, the result being P-a-l-c-o. Thus the town was named Palco.

B. B. Bomgardner and Frank Ross broke the first sod on the townsite. They took the contract to dig the basement for George Trible's store and Mr. Ross finished the basement. The first store building to reach the new town was moved in by George L. Trible. It was a small structure 16 x 24 with a residence portion the same size of the store.

Mr. Trible was married shortly afterward to Miss Etta Gish, they being the first bride and groom in the city of Palco. Other residents who moved their buildings were Mrs. Anna Brown, postoffice, Frank Ross, flour and feed store, George Swain, general store and residence, D. A. Brown, bank, Valnry Grey, hardware store. Others who built at once or moved buildings to the new townsite were W. W. Willey, flour and feed, V. O. Gibson, livery barn, Billie Jones, blacksmith shop, Lee Pickenpaugh, residence, William McColm, residence, and later the Beaver store building which in a short time was destroyed by fire. This was the first fire in Palco.

Dr. and Mrs. Northup settled in Palco about this time. The doctor and George Trible put in a stock of drugs. Mrs. Northup started a millinery store. The Cyrus Browns moved in from the country and lived in the bank building. The bank was discontinued after a short stay in the town. Mr. Brown was the first mail carrier after the railroad went through. Lee Morris and Sam Poore built the first grain elevator and George Trible was the manager. This elevator was operated by a horse.

The first resident on the Palco townsite was Ben Baldwin, a bachelor who lived in a dugout on Main Street. The first sod residence was erected by Sam Jolly. Frank Ross moved a building from the country for use as a hotel. Before moving this building from New Cresson, a Sunday School class had been held in it. Reverend W. C. Jordan had organized it with two members. They were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross. It was continued after moving to Palco. In 1892, a small parsonage was built. It was one of the two buildings left at the time of the prairie fire in 1893. George Trible's store and residence was the other one left. But the Palco people were of the "never say die" caliber and began their rebuilding plans at once. They built better buildings than those that had been destroyed by the fire.

Shortly after the prairie fire, the schoolhouse was moved to Palco from the old townsite. It was a one-room structure which served the needs of the pupils in the community. Josie Gish was the teacher but it soon became apparent that more room was needed, so in 1902 a $2,000 building was erected. It had a fine location on an elevation overlooking the town and surrounding country. It had an enrollment of 80 scholars. Charles Wilson was the principal and Miss Jennie Smith was his assistant. This building burned on February 6, 1922. A Consolidated High and Grade school building was voted at once, taking in many of the rural districts. It was approved and was completed and dedicated on May 23, 1923. Three school busses were used to transport the country students to and from school. The town grew and more school districts came into the Palco Consolidated school, so it was necessary to have a high school separate from the grades. In 1954 a half million dollar building was erected east of the

grade school and six school busses are required to haul the students.

In 1895, the Evergreen G.A.R. Post and Ladies of the W. R. C. built their own hall, a two-story building, the hall being upstairs. George Trible rented the first floor of the building for his store. The veterans held their meetings regularly every two weeks and the Sisters of the W. R. C. met immediately after the Post meetings. The old boys were proud of these sisters for much of their success was due to these ladies. With their encouragement and energetic help they built the hall costing more than $1,000 and paid most of it at that time. The balance was paid from rents from the hall and store.

The Modern Woodman and Royal Neighbors soon had strong organizations at Palco. The M. W. A. had a membership of 100 and they met at the G. A. R. hall.

Another pioneer storekeeper was Ben Cobb and his son, Henry, who occupied the store room that George Trible had vacated. They, with their wives, were a benefit to the town from a business standpoint as well as for their religious activities during the early days of constructions.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reade came to Kansas in 1882, homesteading two miles east of Palco on what is now known as the Eddie Marcotte farm. They spent the first ten years there, then moved to Palco and built a hotel which was completed about March 1, 1893. They were getting organized when a prairie fire came the next week, on March 12, 1893. The building and its contents were a total loss but Mr. and Mrs. Reade were among the first to rebuild. They erected the two-story Columbian Hotel on West Main Street and a livery stable on the same location, which proved to be a good business in itself. They

operated these business places for several years; in 1905, they sold out to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Leck. Mr. Reade operated a general store for some time in the store room under the G. A. R. hall.

George Shields put in the first barbershop and George Trible was his first customer. Frank Ross was considered a pioneer postmaster. He took the office when Anna Brown left. He built a new building for the office on East Main Street. Mr. and Mrs. Ross lived there until the time of his death in 1914. He was postmaster for 26 years. The building still stands today on the same location and is occupied by Eugene Renner.

Oren Anthony and Jim Chamberlin came to Palco and put up a joint building on East Main Street suitable for a barbershop and restaurant. Oren was the barber and Jim managed the cafe. Oren built a modest residence south of their business places. It was located where the "Township Hall" now stands. In a short time, he was married to Miss Dollie Bennett. They had one son Lawrence who was a small boy when his father passed away. Lawrence was graduated from the Palco High School in 1925. He married Miss Zelma Rardin. They, with their family, live in Portland, Oregon.

First National Bank

In 1903, Charles L. and Otis Miller came to Rooks County, Kansas, from Illinois and established the First National Bank at Palco. A new building was erected on West Main Street. It burned in 1928; the present building replaced it in 1929. Mrs. C. L. Miller came to Palco as a bride. They had two children. Ruth, who is now Mrs.

Nolan Kuehnl, spends most of her time at her home in Oklahoma City, Okla. but she still owns the old Miller home in Palco. They are there with their son Charles part of the time. Paul, who is married and lives with his wife Virginia in Palco part time, also has a home in Santa Ana, California.

C. L. Miller served as president of the bank until a few years before his death. Otis left the bank several years ago to devote all of his time to the oil business. He has been very successful over a large territory.

The First Newspaper

The Palco Enterprise was launched on March 16, 1905 by Bert and Garfield Inlow. Bert later bought his interest and Frank Payton entered into a partnership with Bert. They also ran a real estate office in connection with their paper, which became very extensive in Rooks and surrounding counties. *The Enterprise* continued to enjoy a good patronage and became an excellent county paper. Bert took over the complete editing again in 1910 and continued the publication until February 1915, when he sold to Lulu B. Ross, who changed the name to *The Palco News*. She continued with its work for some fifteen years when due to failing health she sold it to *The Plainville Times*. *The Palco News* was discontinued. But Palco has always had a correspondent for that paper, keeping the people here and all over the United States informed of Palco activities.

In May 1906, the board of County Commissioners were petitioned to incorporate the city. The first city election was held on August 28, 1906, with the following results:

Mayor, Robert Kirkendall, Councilmen, George Trible, C. L. Miller, B. F. Hinkhouse, J. E. Robeson and George Gish. Police Judge, L. C. Coddington. The first sidewalks appeared in 1907, which was a big improvement.

Elevators

Lee Morris went into the grain business in Palco in 1893. He was a successful grain dealer. He also handled coal and did some real estate business. He came to Rook County in 1878 with his parents and spent his early life on the farm north of Palco. He married Lota Heaton of Palco in 1895. They had five children Leo, Lettie, now Mrs. Elvin Lambert, Edith (Mrs. G. Roach), Lura (Mrs. Guy Sparks), and Gladys. Lee was in poor health, so in 1904 they moved to Oregon where Gladys and Mr. Morris passed away in 1905. Mrs. Morris returned to Palco with her four children where she made her home until she passed away on December 6, 1956.

Three new elevators were built in Palco in 1908. The Robinson Elevator was operated by Joe Robeson for a short time. Jack Cunningham came in 1909 and was manager for two years. Arthur M. Fury took it over to manage in 1911 and had it for several years. In 1912, he was married to Emma McCrary of Brownell. They spent most of their married life in Palco. He was in the grain business at Alexander, Kansas, for a short time. But Art and Emma had enjoyed living at Palco so they returned to their home and old friends. He later became interested in the oil business and worked along that line, dealing in leases and investments and accumulated several hundred acres of land. They had one daughter Marilyn, who is now Mrs. Robert Rostocil. She lives in Zurich with her

husband and two daughters Cynda and Lynn. Art passed away on September 21, 1958. Mrs. Fury still lives in Palco. The following honors were awarded Mr. Fury:

HONORS MEMORY OF A. M. FURY

Dr. W. Clarke Wescoe, Dean of Kansas Medical Center plans to install a plaque in one of the research laboratories in memory of A. M. Fury who was a long and devoted friend in the affairs of the Medical Center, so that all who visit the laboratory may be made aware of the esteem in which he was held.

The Western Star Elevators

The Western Star Elevators, which was built in November of that year, was operated by Ex Rodgers for many years. Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers and their son, Alcide, were the friendly, neigborly sort of people who enjoyed their friends and neighbors. They were never too busy to help in sickness or distress. Their doors were always open to their friends and many pleasant hours were spent in their home. Alcide was a graduate of the Palco High School, class of 1921, where he was active in athletics and other school affairs, as he was at Fort Hays State College also. Mr. and Mrs. Ex Rodgers later moved to Paradise where they were close to their son Alcide and his wife, the former Miss Frieda Van Diest, of Prairie View and their two children, John X. and Judith. Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers are both deceased.

The Farmers and Merchants Elevator was built in 1908. It was managed by Earnest Stull who had recently

moved to Palco from his farm. He later became the owner and continued its operation with the help of his sons, Azel and Forrest, until the time of his death in 1955. It was then sold to the Norris Grain Co. who had purchased the Robinson and Western Star Elevators. Storage bins were added to store 90,000 bushels besides the elevators. It has been under the management of Willis Gibson since 1942. Mr. Gibson was born and raised in the community. He with his wife Edith have lived in Palco most of their married life. They had three children. Their son, Dwain, enlisted in the Navy in January 1943 and was assigned to the *U.S.S. Bunker Hill.* The ship was commissioned on May 25, 1943 and left for the South Pacific. They entered the Okinawa battle, after 58 consecutive days of fighting, the attack occurred which resulted in his death. Burial with full military honors was made at sea on May 12, 1945. Maxine Gibson, now Mrs. Donald Wise, lives in Plainville and has three sons. Iolene, now Mrs. Kenneth Satterfield, with her family, resides in Liberal. All three were graduates of the Palco High School.

Palco Grain Company

In 1959, ten Palco business men organized a Co-operation for a new elevator in Palco, which was erected with a storage capacity of 350,000 bushels and then storage for 209,000 was added in 1961. The co-owners are George Price, Darrel Hinkhouse, Walter Houpt, A. W. Ashbaugh, Bruce Germany, Frank Kortan, Earl Hinkhouse, Hugh Meade, S. S. Zeigler and Nolan Kuehnl, with Gus Samuelson as manager. This was a fine improvement for Palco and will be of much benefit for the farmers in the community and surrounding territory.

The First Lumber Yard

Robert Kirkendall and his family moved to Palco from Osborne, Kansas, in 1900 and went into the lumber business. It was predicted that such a business would not succeed in Palco, but Mr. Kirkendall made it pay and pay well. His trade steadily increased so rapidly that he added a complete stock of hardware to his store and the institution was soon one of the most important in Palco. Building increased rapidly in Palco and surrounding territory. Mr. Kirkendall was an energetic man and well liked as was his family. They enjoyed many years in business and social life in Palco.

Dr. C. E. Barber came to Palco in 1902. He built an office and residence, which is now the home of Mrs. A. M. Fury. Later he put in a stock of drugs in partnership with Joe Knipp.

In 1910, he moved to Plainville to take up his practice, selling his drug store interest to Dr. R. E. Teall, who also established his residence and practice at Palco and became an extensive land owner.

He moved to Kansas City in 1924 but he still has his land holdings here and has oil production on many of his farms.

First Telephone at Palco

In 1904, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Rogers, their son, Virgil, and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Coddington with their four children Earl, Laurence, Effie and Lucy, living at Powersville, Missouri, decided to make the big venture that many of their relatives and friends had taken in the

previous years—to go west to Kansas. They chartered a shipping car and came by railroad to Rooks County, Kansas.

Each family brought their household goods and some livestock, with other essentials necessary to establish their homes. They came and cast their lot with the people at Palco.

True, there were more opportunities for homeseekers to own their own homes in the west. They found in many ways that living conditions were much different from what they had been accustomed to in Missouri. One thing, in particular, they missed the telephone. They had brought their own phones with them and were surprised to find that the community had no service. They installed their telephones and soon had communication between the two homes three miles apart. Much interest was created when their relatives and friends saw the advantages of the telephone service. In a short time lines were up and telephones were installed in the business places and most of the homes in Palco, as well as the rural area. Many of the lines were connected with the barb-wire fences.

Today we have the dial system with the telephone office in Plainville. The service is excellent.

Dan Coddington is the only one of the four parents who lived to see the new system. They had a daughter Pearl who was born in Palco. She is now Mrs. Oscar Samuels and lives in Idaho as does her brother Earl. Effie, now Mrs. Roy Moore and Lucy, Mrs. Cletus Veatch, live in Palco. Lawrence and his family live in Hill City. Mrs. Coddington passed away several years ago at their home south of Palco.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Rogers and their son Virgil are deceased. They had a son, Ralph, born in Palco in

1905 and one adopted daughter, Inez, now Mrs. Don Seward of Caldwell, Idaho.

Although these two families were not considered pioneers, they did much to help with the progress at Palco and were good citizens in the community.

First Rural Mail Carrier

Fred Morton was the first mail carrier in Palco on Rural Route 1, where he served the rural patrons faithfully and well for eleven years. At that time, the route was taken care of by team and buggy or similar conveyance. The forty-mile trip was made six days each week regardless of winter blizards or other hazardous conditions.

Emma Morton, his wife, served as substitute carrier and executed her duties equally as efficiently as did her husband. She told of one experience on the route which she always remembered. Opening a mail box to reach into the box for removal of outgoing mail, she found to her dismay a snake resting comfortably on the mail. Many other incidents were experienced during her service but this was the most gruesome of all.

Fred was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Morton, who came to Rooks County from Kankee, Illinois, in 1878, when Fred was ten years old.

Cyrus Morton and family were among the first settlers in Rooks County when the country was new and unsettled and knew the hardships of pioneer life. He was one of the carpenters who helped to put up new buildings in Palco after the prairie fire on March 12, 1893.

Fred married Emma Gish October 21, 1890. They had two children, May and Roy. May is now Mrs. L. O. Marcotte. They have always lived in the community.

Roy followed in his father's footsteps by carrying mail on the rural route from Palco since 1922 and is still serving at this time.

Fred Morton passed away in Feb. 1949; his wife, Emma, died six weeks later.

Electricity

On January 10, 1919, the electric current was turned on in Palco, which was another step forward modernizing our little town.

City water was supplied in 1939. It has been a big benefit to Palco for many reason. Yards have been beautified, trees can be grown now for both shade and fruit, and the fire hazard has been diminished since we have a fire department and plenty of water.

One old settler spoke of the times when they had more time than occupation or money and how they would gather on Main Street in Palco in the evenings and play games such as drop the handkerchief or blackman. Many a pleasant evening was spent at the Ross home. They were the possessors of an organ. They all enjoyed singing with everyone joining in. Another told how the men and boys gathered for their Saturday afternoon baseball games and for many years Palco claimed the distinction of Sundayless baseball games. He said, "Those were the happiest times of our lives."

Joe Frazier was called the "sport of the boys." He was active in arranging wrestling matches, horse races and jumping matches. His jolly laugh was contagious. Croquet was a popular pastime among the men. The charter members of the Croquet Club were J. E. Bomgardner, George Trible, Frank Ross and R. C. Edelblute, later members

were Harmon Hinkhouse, Jim Stull, Dr. Northup, George Swain and Ed Plomondon. They took their croquet seriously and many heated arguments took place at these games.

Palco is situated in the southwestern part of Rooks County on the Salina and Oakley branch of the Union Pacific railroad. It is 15 miles west of Plainville, 25 miles southeast of Hill City and 25 miles north of Ellis. The strip of country lying north of Palco lies far and away from any town. The Saline River is 10 miles south of Palco and the Solomon River is about the same distance north, making the country ideal for stock raising. Plenty of good wheat land provides the cereal crops which are raised extensively. Never failing good water can be produced on any townsite, which has been a real asset to the town. In spite of the terrible fires, droughts, depressions, and other deterrent influences, Palco has continued to grow. It has the best of church and school facilities, which makes it a desirable place in which to live.

George L. Trible

The history of the village of Palco is perhaps more completely a history of the personal record and experiences of George L. Trible than any other one man. He was the first man on the townsite and was in business there continuously selling merchandise and dealing in real estate, and in every other respect measured up to the ideals and opportunities of its first citizen.

He was born in Haubstadt, Indiana, on July 6, 1863, the oldest son of William N. and Mary Jane Trible. He had a brother James Newton and a sister Rosetta. Their grandfather was a native of Scotland. He was born in 1787.

He came to this country and first settled in Kentucky, later moving to Haubstadt, where he died in 1865.

William Trible, father of George, James and Rosetta, died in 1868 when George was five years old. In December 1870, his mother was married for the second time to Eli D. Bryant. By this union she had six children, four of whom grew to maturity. They were Sylvester, Andrew, Cornelius and Marjorie.

George was educated in the public and normal school at Republican City, Nebraska. When he was fifteen years old he, with his mother, step-father and family, moved to Graham County, Kansas, where his step-father homesteaded 160 acres and bet Uncle Sam $18.00 that he could live five years on the land. Uncle Sam won the bet. George lived with them for two years and after they had given it up, George paid out on same. After having proved up on this tract of land, he went farther west and became a rancher near Denver, Colorado. Returning to Kansas, he ranched for two years in Sheridan County. In 1888, he made his pioneer venture at Palco, where as already noted, he was the first man on the townsite. He built a modest frame store and dwelling and for many years he had a continuous experience as a merchant, with many changes in development and improvement and keeping up with the progress of the community.

In 1897 he built a larger store which burned in 1900. It was replaced by another on the same location. It too burned in 1911. The building erected to replace this one was 50 x 150 feet with a 50 x 50 foot basement and three large warehouses.

On April 15, 1889, he was united in marriage to Mary Etta Gish. Their son Clarence was the first child born in Palco, which was August 7, 1892. They had three more children, Vera, Earnest and Georgia. They all live at

Palco except Earnest, who lives in Stockton, where he has been County Clerk for many years. Although many who settled at Palco became discouraged and departed, George Trible remained faithful to his determination and choice of location and prospered accordingly. He helped many through the hard, trying years by giving credit. Many were never in a position to repay him.

He gallantly fought to the end when he died at the age of 76 years of pneumonia. Mrs. Trible lives in the old home and at the age of 89 is still active.

L. C. Coddington

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Coddington came to western Kansas in the spring of 1878, homesteading 3½ miles southeast of Palco, where they lived a pioneer life and made the first dugout home in Walton township. They had two daughters, Eva and Anna, when they came west. Two more children, Florence and Clarence, were added to the family circle. The Coddingtons were active in organizing the first school in the township and in establishing the Seven Day Adventist Church in 1883, which was held in the one room sod school-house. Later a frame structure was built in Palco.

Lute was a Civil War Veteran, having served in Company C, 42nd Regiment of the Missouri Infantry. His father, Daniel S. Coddington, and four brothers, James, George, William and Dave also saw service in the war. The five sons were all members of the "Old Abe Camp," Sons of Veterans. It is doubtful if there is another camp of the Sons of Veterans in the United States which had five brothers in its membership, all of whom were soldiers in the Civil War. James, William and George served

through the Civil War with their father in the 18th Missouri Infantry. Dave served in the 47th Illinois Infantry and Lute in the 42nd. He was the youngest of the five brothers and was only seventeen at the time of his enlistment but not one of the family of six, the father and five sons, were killed in the war. The total length of service by the father and sons in the Union Army was equivalent to 19 years for one man.

Lute passed away at his home in Palco on Dec. 3, 1930 at the age of 84. Mrs. Coddington passed away on Oct. 31, 1930, one month before her husband. They had all the experiences of the pioneer life; they worked hard and prospered accordingly. Their home was always open to friends or strangers alike and they were never too busy to aid others when the call for need came.

John Gish, Sr.

It seems singularly appropriate that the prosperity of western Kansas as a rule should be distributed most liberally among those who have been longest residents and who went through its period of hardships and pioneering. The fact is that only the abler, more persistent and generally the more fortunate of the early settlers reaped the full rewards of their early foresight and judgment. One of these successful old timers was John Gish.

Mr. and Mrs. Gish were among the first pioneers who came to western Kansas in 1878, homesteading on the land adjacent to Palco on the west. They spent the rest of their lives there raising a family of eleven children. They experienced all the hardships of pioneer life but never worried about making a living regardless of weather conditions and other difficulties; they had faith in the

new country and felt sure the productions of the land would be ample for all. Their doors were always open to relatives and friends and many were the strangers who enjoyed the hospitality of their home. They always felt welcome. Mr. Gish would entertain them with jokes and anecdotes and they would leave with a brighter outlook on life. Such was the contagion of his cheerfulness. Droughts, hot winds and crop failures only formed the nucleus for more of his incomparable jokes and when he passed away at the age of 79 years, he died without the infirmities of old age. The community lost a good citizen with the passing of Mr. Gish.

Mrs. Gish continued to live in their old home for several years with her daughter Josie.

James Trible

James Trible, like his brother George, came with his family to western Kansas when the country was new. He helped his mother and step-father in the struggle for survival, when the going was rough to eke out a living for the large family.

He married Mary Jane Davis at Pleasant Green, Phillips County, Kansas, and they immediately came to Rooks county in a covered wagon. They settled a half mile north of Palco on the land that had been homesteaded by Mr. and Mrs. Holsclaw and he later bought ½ section of school land.

Mr. and Mrs. Trible lived there all their married life and were the parents of thirteen children. Two boys and one girl died in infancy; the other ten grew to maturity in the old home. The main part of their house was the first frame school house built in Palco, which they purchased

from the school district and moved to the farm. Later an addition was built to provide more room for the large family. The Tribles were active in church and school activities, one daughter Lulu was in the first graduating class in Palco High School.

Jim always regretted the fact that his mother was buried north of Wakeeney in the Franklin Cemetery, as it was difficult to care for the grave as they wanted it to be. After he passed away, his son Ralph remembered his wishes. With the help of George Martin, they moved the body to the cemetery one half mile north of Palco where Jim and his three babies were buried.

Mr. Trible passed away on Dec. 28, 1942. Mrs. Trible continued to live in her home for many years but as the years passed, she was afflicted and it became necessary for some one to be with her, so Ralph and his wife, Gladys, with their family, moved into her home and cared for her until she passed away on October 12, 1958.

Ralph and his family still live on the home place. A beautiful park and athletic field has been developed just south of the home. They have tennis courts and picnic facilities in the park, with swings, merry-go-round and other amusements for the children. Picnickers come from miles around to enjoy the advantages of this beautiful park, which stands as a monument to Mr. and Mrs. James Trible and their family.

Daniel and Cordelia Dussalt

Daniel Dussalt was born at St. Thomas, Canada, and moved, with his parents to the United States when he was a young boy, settling in New Hampshire.

Cordelia Arpin's parents were also from Canada. They moved to the United States, settling in New Hampshire. Cordelia was born along the way. No definite birthplace was given.

They both grew to adulthood in the same town and married there. In 1881, Daniel came to western Kansas to help a widowed sister, Mrs. Mary Lacosse, who lived in Rooks County, four miles north of Zurich. Eighteen months later his family joined him in Kansas.

In 1881, they dealt for land northwest of what was then Cresson. It was a pre-emption, where they lived for many years raising a family of five children, Fred, Mary, Minnie, Eva and Joe.

The farm is now owned by Gilbert Balthazor, a young farmer who live there with his wife and children.

Although the country was fairly well settled, they still experienced the hardships of pioneer life. But with faith and courage, they were able to surmount the difficulties of hot winds, droughts, dust, grasshoppers and many other problems of the pioneers.

Minnie is the only member of the Dussalt family living in Rooks County. She married Mack Roberts and they made their home in Palco where Mack had a blacksmith business. He passed away suddenly on August 5, 1928. Mrs. Roberts lives in their old home. Most of her children live in the community, but she lives alone. Although her eyes have failed and her health is not good, she loves to have her family and friends call, greets them warmly and bids them come again.

J. E. Robeson

Joseph Edwin Robeson came to Rooks County in 1879, homesteading on land adjacent to Palco, in the section now owned by Wallace Steeples.

It appears that 99 per cent of the pioneers were energetic; Mr. Robeson was no exception to the rule. While he still owned his farm, he went into the merchantile business, which he operated until 1897 when he sold his store and started buying grain.

In 1901, he erected a new elevator. It was considered at that time, to be a large elevator since it held four carloads and was equipped with a gasoline engine and other modern appliances.

He later became a real estate agent and sold property and land in Rooks and surrounding counties. He proved to be a very successful business man. At the time of his death, he owned several buildings in Palco and several sections of land.

His parents died when he was a small boy, and he was an only child. The facts regarding his early years are rather obscure. He was born on May 8, 1857, in New York and with his parents moved to Black Hawk, Colorado, during the early gold discovery. Both his parents died within a few weeks of each other of what was then known as mountain fever. They were buried at Golden, Colorado. The homeless boy, eight years of age, was taken to his mother's brother overland to Iowa. Another uncle took him into his home and gave him a father's care until he became a man. He told many of his friends in Palco of the care and training given him by his uncle for which he was always grateful.

In all his many business dealings, Mr. Robeson was always honest, fair and just in his treatment of his

fellowmen. He was generous almost to a fault. His native refinement and respectability were expressed in his manner of living. He did not squander money, yet he lived well.

He and the late Harley Meade served together on the school board at Palco for twenty years. They always worked together for the best in education. A high standard was always maintained in the teaching force and for the equipment. It was during these years that the high school was organized and placed on the accredited list with the State Board.

He served on the board of county commissioners for eight years; during that time, a fine courthouse was planned, built and paid for.

Palco lost a staunch upright citizen when Mr. Robeson passed away on July 25, 1927, at the hotel operated by Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jennings, where he had made his home for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Darnell

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Darnell, pioneer residents of Palco, Kansas, enjoyed the honor of celebrating their 75th or Diamond Wedding Anniversary on last New Year's Day, Friday, January 1, in their home at Palco. They were married on New Year's Day, 1885, at Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Darnell was born on April 15, 1865, at Marysville, Mason Co., Kentucky. He will be 95 in April. Mrs. Darnell was born at Sardis, Robinson Co., Kentucky, May 11, 1868. She will be 92 in May. Over 60 guests were present for the day and signed the guest book and others came and greeted these fine people during the week or over the week-end. Johnny Darnell, a grandson, attended the guest book. Rose Mary Gilson, a great grand-daughter,

Brenda Kern, Mrs. Ron (Helen) De Garmo and Mrs. Ray (Maxine) Campbell, granddaughters, served the cake and coffee.

Open house was observed from 2 to 5 in the afternoon. The day's festivities began with a family dinner at noon, with 16 present. Many beautiful flowers, cards and gifts adorned a front room table. The dining room table was graced by a large appropriately decorated wedding cake, which was served with coffee to all guests.

Over 200 letters were received by the Darnells from 20 states, with personal messages from President and Mrs. Eisenhower, ex-president Harry Truman, Governor and Mrs. George Docking, Senator Andrew Schoeppel, Sam Morris, national temperance leader, and others. Telegrams were received from Senator and Mrs. Frank Carlson and Representative Wint Smith. All of these were of a personal nature and meant much to this happy couple. Gov. and Mrs. Docking offered a postscript in handwriting that they would have 40 years more yet to go to celebrate such an occasion. Eight long-distance telephone calls came from Idaho, Washington, Missouri, California and other distant places.

The Darnells have six living children, 14 grandchildren and 31 great grandchildren. Altogether, there are 75 in the Darnell clan, says Mr. Darnell. Those of the family present for the day or week-end were the children: Mrs. Millie Gilson, Emmett, Idaho, Mrs. Harry E. (Ethel) Benson of Boise, Idaho, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Darnell, Bogue, Kansas, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Darnell, Boise, Idaho, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Darnell, Emmett, Idaho, and Mr. and Mrs. (Edna) Leonard Kern of Plainville, Kansas. The grandchildren and great grandchildren present were: Mrs. Lorene Darnell, Brenda, Tommy and Billy Dale and Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Darnell, Marilyn, Caroline, Larry and

Jerry of Bogue, Kansas, Mr. and Mrs. (Maxine) Ray Campbell, Donald Dale and Ronda of Plainville, Kansas, Mrs. Henry (Hope) Denton and Janice, Newcastle, Wyoming, and Mr. and Mrs. Ron DeGarno, Kevin and Janice, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Mr. and Mrs. Darnell have been long-time members of the Methodist Church of Palco and keep a lively, friendly interest in its welfare. This beloved couple have a deep interest in the community, state, nation and world. Their active, kindly interest in the welfare of others has been very helpful to their local pastor and others of the community. They are surely the most wide awake and youngest old couple we have in the Palco community. This happy couple wish to extend their sincere thanks to all who helped to make this, their 75th wedding anniversary, a joyous success. The community, the state and nation wish for them many more years together of happy married life.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hinkhouse

Frank Hinkhouse came to Kansas with his parents from Iowa in 1878 as a small child and grew to manhood in Rooks County on the homestead one mile east and one mile south of Palco.

He was united in marriage to Matilda Belisle on November 22, 1900. She was a native of Illinois, coming to Rooks County with her parents in 1880. They have spent their entire married life in Rooks County, except for the winters they have spent at St. Cloud, Florida, where they have a home.

Their first home was three miles northeast of Palco where they lived a short time. After purchasing a farm two miles southwest of Palco, they soon had good im-

provements and made their home here until 1918 when they moved to Palco, where they owned and operated a general merchandise store for some time.

Mr. Hinkhouse, being a successful farmer and businessman, accumulated several sections of land, many of which have produced oil.

A son, Milan, was born in 1913. He was a graduate of the Palco High School of 1931. He was married to Florence Casey in 1936; they made their home in Palco.

Milan passed away in 1947 after an illness of several months. His wife still lives in the lovely, modern home they built at the time of their marriage.

Frank and Matilda enjoy good health. They spend the winter months in Florida, but return in the spring to look after business interests in Palco and enjoy being with their old friends.

They celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on Nov. 22, 1960, with open house at the Palco Township Hall, where several hundred people came to congratulate them on their long happy married life.

The Great Fire

One of the most destructive prairie fires in the history of this region originated from a box of ashes carried from the Toye farmhouse thirteen miles southwest of Hill City on March 12, 1893. No one surmised that any live coals were embedded in the ashes. But some were there and were fanned into flames by a high wind which prevailed during the entire day.

The fire started around 11:30 P.M. In less than four hours it had crossed Graham County into Rooks. The wind changed to the northwest and carried the fire into

Ellis County and traveled as far south and east as Wilson, Kansas, licking up everything in its pathway, destroying homes, barns, hay and stock and laughing at the puny efforts of man to stay its progress. Fire guards presented no hindrance whatsoever. The air was full of fire and the sight was truly awful in its grandeur.

Snyder, a bachelor near Bogue, made an attempt to get his horses out of the stable in a draw and was engulfed in the roaring sea of flames. His body was burned to a crisp. George Burns, badly burned, passed away the following Wednesday. Two unknown men were found dead on the prairie. Sylvester Scannel, Oscar Lilly and William McKenna were fighting fire on Scannel's farm four and one half miles south of Palco, which is now Harold Tucker's farm. They were horribly burned. Scannel mounted his horse and tried to get away from the fire but his horse fell, plunging him into the midst of the flames. His clothes were completely burned and his body was seared and blackened all over. He walked a mile and a quarter to his home and died the next morning at five o'clock. Oscar Lilly was badly burned about the head, breast and upper part of the body. His life was despaired of, but he lived. He had no ears; his nose was also gone. Mr. McKenna was also in a serious condition but he lived. Thomas Gill was badly burned about the face and shoulders. Three children of Wm. Jones were burned. Skin fell from the face of one, but they all survived. Many others were badly burned. Seven lives in all were reported lost.

It was impossible to get a correct list of the losses. C. A. Fesler, who went out there on Monday, said it was beyond description and was worse than anything he has ever seen.

At Palco, the flames jumped the railroad track and

reached the town before people could realize it. Building after building quickly ignited and in a brief time most of the place was in ruins. The fire reached this point at 4:30 in the afternoon. After it had passed, there was nothing standing but George Trible's store, Rev. Mitchell's house, Mrs. McColm's house, two grain warehouses and a small white building belonging to George Swain. The thriving little hamlet was practically wiped out. The losses were very heavy, reducing everyone to actual want, who an hour before were in comfortable circumstances.

Liberal Donations

A subscription paper was circulated in Stockton on Wednesday for the relief of the sufferers and was liberally signed. Everyone was ready to help to the extent of his ability and by noon of the following day, the collection had reached the sum of $357.40, of which $265 was cash, the balance in merchandise. It was sent out with the following letter of transmittal:

> Henry Kerns, County Commissioner;
> Samuel Wickwire and Henry Sutor,
> Trustees of Northampton and Walton
> Townships:—
>
> I enclose you list of money and merchandise subscribed by the citizens of Stockton for the relief of the sufferers in the late fire in the southwestern part of Rooks County. This is tendered in the right spirit as a free will offering and expression of sympathy to those who have suffered by fire the loss of their homes and other property; we also extend

our heartfelt condolence to relatives of those who lost their lives, and others who were burned and maimed, making them sufferers for life. It is the wish of the donors that you, in your official capacity, use these contributions impartially where in your judgment you think best.

C. A. Fesler and others

It has been suggested that the township trustees, while assessing, take contributions from the farmers in the shape of grain or produce.

Fire in the Southeast

Another fire started on Sunday evening in Paradise Township, within two miles of the Osborne County line and went sweeping down Paradise Creek, doing much damage in this and Osborne Counties. A man saw the Palco fire 20 miles away and, thinking it was close by, started a back fire which got away from him. Adam Smith lost feed and a stable; C. L. Kroh's fine grove on the creek was burned, an estimated $500 damage to the timber; Putnam & Cooley lost 30 tons of hay, a stacker and other implements; Mr. Cooper in Osborne County lost a stable, wagon, farming implements and hay, his house being saved by hard work. The extent of the fire was not known. It may have been the one which went down into Russell County and burned seven men to death.

Funeral of One Victim

The funeral of Mr. Scannel was held on Tuesday at one o'clock at the late residence of the deceased in Walton Township. Friends were present from the surrounding country as far as Plainville. Mr. Fesler conducted the services which were very affecting.

Mr. Scannel had lived in Rooks County for 15 years. He was a good neighbor and citizen and a kind father. He had a host of friends in that part of the county where he was known.

Greenmound

In August 1878, Benjamin Cobb and his son, Henry, his son-in-law, Al Cox, and several others from Rosendale, Missouri, decided to go to western Kansas with a view of taking up homesteads. Benjamin Cobb and Al Cox filed on some land twenty miles southwest of Stockton, Kansas. Henry selected a quarter of land joining his father's but since he was not of age, he could not file on it. He thought he could hold it by settlement. They returned home and Al Cox and Henry Cobb began making plans to move to Rooks County, Kansas, by Oct. 1. Several in the community decided they would like to go west with them when they heard there was lots of good government land subject to Homestead.

On October 1, 1878, a caravan of five prairie schooners could be seen wending its way from Rosendale, Missouri, headed west. The eastern Kansas land was nearly all taken up so the caravan had to go farther west to obtain homesteads. The good claims and choice locations were being rapidly filed upon, so every day was valuable. Land agents

and land offices were busy. Not every one was honest. Some claims were bought and sold, some claims were jumped. Everything was new and exciting.

The driver in the seat of the lead wagon was a young man, 20 years of age. He seemed to be in a dreamy, reflective mood, yet his expressive face showed that he was an active type. It was he who was largely responsible for this adventure to western lands and homesteads. His name was Henry Cobb. He was unmarried and was leaving behind friends, parents and companions.

The caravan consisted of five wagons, 13 persons, old Brindle, the cow, a hen with two chicks, and a dog, Shep. The horses were fresh and newly shod. The steady clack, clack, clack of their shoes on the road fell merrily on the ears of the travelers as they proceeded on their way.

There had been a frost and the wooded hills were flaming with autumn colors. The oaks and sumacs wore scarlet; the maples flounted their golden colors and the elms their rich brown and amber tones. How beautiful the winding road through the hills appeared. The corn in the valleys were bending down with the weight of great ears. The roads were plain and wide but, as they moved from east to the west, they became narrower and dimmer. They led from city to town, to town to village, from village to homestead and finally disappeared into the prairie grass on the very frontier.

That evening about six o'clock they reached the Nodaway River. It was rather deep but could be forded at this point when not swollen by rains. It proved to be belly-deep for the horses. They all went across safely. Shep decided to swim across rather than ride in the wagon. He came out on the other side, frisky and happy, and made the water fly by giving himself a vigorous shake. When they were safely across, Henry gave some instructions for making camp as he had already had some experience with

camp life. This was not his first trip to Kansas. That evening when supper was over and all were assembled around the campfire, Shep lying near the fire to finish drying his damp hair, some one suggested they should elect a leader for their company. He said, "Every train of emigrants should have a Captain." Every one thought it was sensible that a man should be in charge who would have authority to settle disputes that might arise, to make plans for the general good of the company and to insure as far possible a successful trip. A short business session was held and Henry Cobb was unanimously chosen as their leader.

The second day, after a night of rest, the caravan was on its way rolling westward. They crossed the Missouri River that day on a steam ferry at White Cloud, Kansas. Only two in the crowd had ever crossed the Missouri River on the ferry. It was an exciting adventure to drive five covered wagons on to the ferry as the horses were nervous and shy about going all loaded. The whistle blew and the boat slipped quietly from its mooring. Shep missed the boat and landed in the water and had to swim across which he did as easily as he had swum the Nodoway.

They arrived at Stockton two weeks after they had left their homes in Missouri. They felt very happy and proud of their accomplishment. They were camped on Dibble Creek and talked over the events of their journey and of the fine shape in which they had all come through with the exception of old Brindle who could not stand the long trip. Al Cox had sold her along the way. They also discussed the joyful anticipation of reaching their destination the next day. A motion was made that they hold a short prayer meeting and thank God for his watchful care over them on the long trip. They all felt it was fitting and proper to do so. Henry Cobb suggested they sing some familiar song and they all joined in singing "Beulah

Land" and "We're Going Home Tomorrow." When they started singing, people from other camps came over to join them. Henry Cobb offered prayer and then called on volunteer prayers. There were several short prayers, mostly from their own camp. There was more singing and then the meeting was open for testimonials. This gave every one a chance to say a few words. Some of the visitors from the other camps who were there that evening later became their neighbors when they reached their claims. Some of them went on with them the next day. They were Rev. Streeter and his family, Dr. Hill and his family, the Bacus family, Cy Brown, Willis Brown, Isreal Morris, Will Stephens, Frank Cook, Will Bennett and Chet Van Deusan. All of these families settled on Lost Creek and belonged to the Greenmound Community.

When they were about ten miles southwest of Stockton, Henry stopped his train and told everyone to get out of the wagons. He would show them where his claim was located and where they would camp that evening. "We are really on a high divide here," explained Henry, "but the community looks flat." He asked if they could see the high mound off yonder to the southwest. They all said yes at once. "It looks green. It is covered with pine trees," someone said. "No," replied Henry, "that's sagebrush you see, but it stays green the year around. Suppose we call it Greenmound."

So from that day on the mound was called "Greenmound" and the vicinity was known as the Greenmound neighborhood. It still bears that name today.

The Indian Scare

After the horses had eaten and rested awhile, the boys decided they would like to ride over the prairies and see what the neighborhood looked like.

They rode to the top of Greenmound from where they could get a good view of the country for miles around in every direction. They could see to the north for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. A long, low range of hills north of the Solomon River appeared blue and smoky in the distance. Off to the south the land looked level and undulating, fading away into the blue autumn haze. To the west was a low range of hills. These men had never been any place where they could see so far in every direction. It was a thrilling experience. They rode down from the mound and rather aimlessly rode off to the southwest, admiring the level prairie lands which in their vision could in a few years be broken up and turned into grand fields of beautiful wheat and corn. There were no trees to clear away before plowing and turning over the fertile virgin sod. What a grand country to farm this was!

They had arrived at about the present site of Palco, which was about four miles from their camp when they noticed a covered wagon on the trail from Ellis to Kirwin. It was approaching rapidly. The boys wondered why the occupants were in such a hurry. The mules that were hitched to the wagon were moving at a sweeping trot. As soon as the men in the wagon saw the boys on horseback, they stopped, jumped out and unhitched the mules, threw the harnesses off and mounted them. One of the mules started bucking and threw his rider. The boys rode over to see what the trouble was. They said, "There is a band of Indians on the warpath coming. They are only a few

miles away." The men were trying to get to Stockton and thought our boys were part of the Indian band. They thought they would have a better chance of escaping on horseback than in a covered wagon. They hitched their mules back to the wagon and were off again and warned the boys to get back to Stockton as fast as possible for protection. They wheeled the horses around and went rapidly back to camp. They told the group the Indian story. There was wild excitement in the camp. They rushed madly about getting their equipment back to Stockton before the Indians overtook them.

Henry Cobb remembered now, with a sinking heart, that they were without guns. How foolish they had been to think there was no danger. Perhaps it was too late. If they could reach Stockton, they would have guns and ammunition and enough men to make a stand against an Indian raid. They warned everyone along the road. Families dropped everything they were doing and fled in wild excitement. It was sundown when they got started. Soon there were twenty-five or thirty families in the fleeing band. They were thankful when darkness settled down upon them, thus making it impossible for the Indians to see them from any great distance. Some of the neighbors had guns and that added somewhat to their security.

They arrived at Stockton about midnight. The horses were almost worn out. Everyone was excited and exhausted but here they felt safe for here they had guns, ammunition and means of protection.

The next day they heard that the Indians had passed through the country farther to the west, near the present site of Hill City. They burned some houses and killed a few people. They were a war band of Sioux Indians and they were on their way back to the Black Hills.

The morning they left Stockton to go back to their claims, Silas Harris and his son Edgar could not be found. They had left Stockton the day before, not telling anyone of their departure. The Indian scare was evidently too much for them and they decided to go back east where things were a little safer. They heard later that Harris had returned to Missouri.

The Dugout on the Prairie

The caravan now consisted of only four wagons since Silas Harris and his son, Edgar, had left. They drove back to Henry's claim on Tuesday, following the Indian scare on Sunday evening. They decided the best thing to do first was to build a small house on Henry's claim, which was by the big spring. There would be plenty of water there for themselves and their horses. One house would serve as headquarters for all until the other boys had time to look around to locate claims. They decided on a one-room house, sixteen by twenty feet in size. It was to be half dug out and half built up with stone.

The new house, or dugout, was not beautiful but it looked good to our little band of campers. It was warm and cozy and gave them a place to eat and sleep until they could all locate claims.

Others in the Greenmound vicinity were Jess Milligan, Isreal Morris, Chet Van Dusen, George Heimer, Will Stephens, Frank Cook, Will Bennett, Dr. Hall, John Cobb, Deacon Hall, David Lambert, Frank Alvord, John Combs, John Baldwin, W. L. Colum, James Butler, Sam Poor, Joshua Landers, Henry Newell, Ed Clack, Lou and Gene Harbaugh, Milt Fesler, Jim Stull, Mark Bonner, Gus Zeigler, Frank Hutson, Philip Henry, Cy Brown, Willis

Brown and their families. Others came and went; some could not stand the strain of pioneer life.

Henry Cobb and others left their claims that winter and worked in Stockton and other places to make money to help get started in farming and make a living.

When Henry returned in the spring of 1879, he found that a man by the name of Lacey had come in and filed on the land Henry had been settled on and had built his dugout house. He hoped to hold it until he was twenty-one years old and could file papers, but he could do nothing, so he lost the land. He was very disturbed but being young and courageous and always busy helping the other settlers with their houses and other problems that arose, he did not give up. It was at this time that Deacon Hall decided to come to Rooks County and file on homesteads. Henry, Al Cox and Matt Criss met them at Beloit. The trip required six days to make in the covered wagon. It was seventy-five miles to Beloit and they could make, on an average, of twenty-five miles each day. Deacon Hall bought Mr. Lacey's homestead rights, giving him two hundred dollars for the relinquishment. He gave Henry a hundred dollars for his house and the expense he had put into the claim.

Ben Cobb went to Kirwin and filed on a homestead. They planned to move their families to Rooks County at once and he asked Henry to accompany them back to Rosendale, Missouri. This was agreeable to Henry as he now had no land and he thought this would give an opportunity to visit with homefolks, relatives, and friends, and above all he would see Fannie Hall, the girl he had left behind when he moved west.

Henry was very busy helping his father and Deacon Hall get ready to move to Kansas. He saw Fannie every day but he was not very happy for to his great surprise

and disappointment he found that Fannie did not appeal to him. His love for her had faded. He told her of his feelings toward her. She was very sad about it and said she thought his sentiments would change when they were together again.

While there, Henry went to see his cousin, Ben Lambert, and hoped to see Lina Baldwin, Ben's sister-in-law. He had known her for several years. Her mother, Kate Baldwin, was a widow. Henry spent the evening at Ben Lambert's and then called on the Baldwins. He enjoyed meeting them and hoped to do so again.

Al Cox and his family decided to go back to Missouri and work for his father where he could have a year around job. They were finding the hardships of pioneer life very trying and uncertain. He turned his claim over to Henry. He said, "You had bad luck with your claim at the big spring. This will give you a chance to go ahead here. In July, when you become twenty-one, you can put your papers on this claim."

Henry was very glad to get the claim and felt he should pay Al and Rosie something but Al said, "No, you have done so much for us that it is a pleasure to give it to you." So Henry continued to break sod and farm during the spring and summer and work in Stockton during the winter months. He earned extra cash with which to improve his farm and get the land in shape so that he would not have to leave during the winter to find work and could become a real farmer. He wanted to stay on the homestead the year around.

The Sod Church

In the spring of 1879 the settlers organized a Sunday School. Church services followed Sunday School. They met at Jess Milligan's dugout. Benjamin Cobb was their preacher. Much interest was shown and when a revival meeting was held, they had several converts. Soon they began planning how they could build a sod church to give more room to the fast-growing congregation.

In the spring of 1880, the men decided it was time to erect the building. Now the question arose as to where it should be located. Henry Cobb offered to set aside two acres of his land in the southwest corner of his farm. This was for a cemetery and a building site for a church. His offer was accepted. The next day a group of men met to select the site for the church.

The question arose as to whether the building could be used for dances, political meetings or for any public affair. There was a difference of opinion among the men. Some thought it should be used only for church, school, literary society or gatherings of high moral character. The discussion continued for some time. Some maintained that a community center building should be open to the public for many purposes. Finally, Henry said that in as much as he was donating the land, he wished to specify that dancing and card parties at least should not be allowed. And he was also opposed to any other meetings that were not of a high moral standard.

Some suggested it be built on top of Greenmound. It would be strictly a community center and open to the public for any purpose the public wished to use it for. The majority present were in favor of limiting its use to high moral purposes and specifying that dances and card parties should not be allowed. A few of the men favoring

the Greenmound location left. The ones remaining went to work on the building. The next day they all came back and agreed to abide by the suggestions that Henry had made.

Nearly every man in the neighborhood helped to build the house and therefore felt free to use it. Dances and card parties were the only things prohibited. It was generally called the Sod Church or the Sod School House. Many interesting happenings and experiences can be recalled by those who attended the civic affairs held there. It is dear in the memories of the early settlers of the Greenmound neighborhood.

Henry Cobb Takes a Wife

In the fall of 1881, after Henry had his wheat planted and his fall work done, he decided to go to Missouri for the winter. He wished to see his relatives and old friends he had left when he had gone west three years before. Among his friends was Kate Baldwin and her family of six children. He had always enjoyed their friendship and went to call on them. Her oldest daughter, Lina, had grown into young womanhood and Henry soon began to find his visits there very interesting. They also found him a very interesting visitor.

Henry had before this time had several romantic friendships among his friends in Missouri and Kansas but he soon firmly convinced himself that they were only passing infatuations. Henry and Lina were both of high moral character. Their mutual interests soon developed into a congeniality that convinced them that they were meant for each other. Lina was interested in Henry's experiences in western Kansas and was willing to marry

him at once and return with him to his homestead. However, Kate was reluctant to give her consent for Lina to go so far from home. She admired and respected Henry and she would gladly sanction their marriage if they would live near Lina's home. After much persuasion and a promise that Lina could return to Missouri if she found life impossible on the plains, they were married on March 23, 1882 in her home church. After many tearful farewells, Henry and Lina started back for his homestead in Rooks County, Kansas.

The trip was of course much more interesting to Henry than were the three previous trips he had made. With his bride at his side, he talked of the many plans he had made for the future. The young couple were soon settled in their home. Lina was a natural-born homemaker. With her love and ability, she soon had the dugout home so comfortable that everyone enjoyed calling there. Because of her sincere Christian character and friendly personality, she soon met and knew everyone in the Greenmound community and was loved by all.

Henry and Lina worked diligently in the church and all civic affairs in the community that were of a high standard. There was never a time when they weren't ready to help their friends and neighbors. The weather was never too bad or a task too strenuous for them. They lived in the Greenmound community for ten years. They worked hard and prospered accordingly. They had a nice, two-story home and were perhaps living more comfortably than the average settler but to their disappointment, they had no family.

They traded their farm to Mr. Ordway in Plainville for a general store. They both worked hard at their trade and made many friends but their old friends at Greenmound were still dear to them. After a year at Plainville,

they were persuaded by a delegation of old friends to move their store to Palco. They did well there and in a short time he was joined in his work by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cobb, who had sold their farm. Mr. Cobb wanted to spend part of his time preaching. After several years in the store, they both longed for the East, where the hot winds did not blow and where there was more precipitation. After many days of consideration and serious thought, they sold part of their stock of goods, took a part of it with them and moved to eastern Kansas.

Their relatives and many loyal friends were grieved to see them go but wished them good luck and knew their loss was another community's gain.

The Feslers

C. A. Fesler, a veteran of the Civil War, having enlisted in November, 1863, served in Company 1 of the First Regular Illinois Light Artillery. He was wounded once but recovered and was back on active duty when he was captured and held prisoner for some time. He was honorably discharged in July 1865, after two years in the service.

He was originally from Belmont, Ohio, but had come west to Lewis, Iowa, after the war where he met and married Emma Baxter on March 5, 1868. He lived in Lewis, Iowa, until the spring of 1873.

There had been favorable reports from the west of available homestead land. Iowa was so thickly populated and so much land taken up that renting was almost impossible. With a team and covered wagon, Milt, as he was familiarly known, his wife and three litle girls, Ellen, aged four, Asenath, three, and Euphemia, one, bade fare-

well to their relatives and friends in Iowa and started on their long trek to Kansas. They decided to try their luck in Barton county. After many long, tiresome days on the road, they arrived at Great Bend, Kansas. They inquired about weather and crop conditions in that community and after they looked over the situation from many angles, they decided to settle there.

They rented a small farm suitable for farming and cattle. It was difficult to manage with one team of horses and very litle money. On December 22, 1873, their first son Henry was born. The little girls were very proud of their new brother.

By careful management and hard work, they accumulated enough to start a herd of cattle. Crops had been good there that year. There was plenty of feed and it looked as if they were off to a good start. But 1874 was a bad year. It was dry and hot. The wheat did not turn out well and then there was very little feed. Some of the settlers left but the ones who stayed experienced a long, cold winter and not much to look forward to during the coming year.

The Feslers lost most of their cattle. The cattle that were left were so poor and weak, they could hardly get around. In the spring of 1875, the Feslers moved to Little River, Kansas. There were more opportunities for work there. They were now trying to make a living and to decide where they would settle permanently. The country was new and living conditions for the pioneers were not all that could be desired. They had a dugout built in a bank at the edge of town and meager furnishings from the covered wagon. They tried to make it as comfortable as possible.

On November 11, 1875, while Milt was away working, their fourth girl, Jennie, was born. Mrs. Fesler was alone

with her other four children. Being practical and experienced, she managed to get through the ordeal with a struggle for survival for herself and baby. In this age of hospital care for all people, it seems miraculous how the pioneers carried on under such adverse circumstances. The pioneer women were the worthy daughters of hardship. They accepted philosophically the hardships of pioneer life, resolving to make the best of everything, regardless of how hard or difficult the going might be. Compared with the pioneers, the women of today live in the lap of luxury, surrounded by conveniences unknown at that time.

In the fall of 1877, the Feslers, found the going rough at Little River, Kansas. Work was scarce and renting a farm impossible. They decided to move on. Their faces were turned westward. The lure of free land and a home was strong in their hearts. The pioneer spirit seemed to thrive and grow in their lives. The term "homestead" sounded good to their ears. Leaving Little River, they traveled north into Ottawa where Milt found some work. They decided to spend the winter there. On December 3, 1877, another son, Frank, was born. The family now consisted of eight people.

In the spring of 1878, leaving Mrs. Fesler and the six children at Bull City, which is now Alton, Kansas, Milt went on west into Rooks County. After looking the county over for several days, he decided to choose a location four miles northeast of New Creston. He went to Kirwin, Kansas, where the land office was located and filed his homestead papers on the land and he soon filed on a tree claim. A dugout was made and a shallow well dug in a draw some distance away. Later a well was dug by hand to a distance of sixty feet for water. The family

then moved to their new home in the Greenmound neighborhood.

The prairie looked very bleak and lonely but they soon found that the settlers around them were all new to the country like themselves and it proved to be a friendly neighborhood. They organized a Christian church, started school classes in the homes for the children until they could manage to build a schoolhouse. They soon had a cow. The family could now enjoy plenty of milk. A few chickens added to the source of living with egg production and meat occasionally.

Sod had to be broken for a crop. It was a slow process with only one team, so the first year only a few acres was put to corn and a garden spot. The next year, 1879, more sod was broken and the crops did well. They bought a pony which helped out with the farming. Most supplies came from Hays, which was forty miles southeast, or from Bull City, forty miles northeast, but few trips were made as corn was taken to the mill. Large quantities of corn meal was always on hand. The supplies that were purchased were coffee, sugar and flour, which had to be used sparingly. Everything possible was raised in the garden and much was preserved in as many ways as they could manage. Corn and beans were dried in large quantities. These crops did especially well on the sod. Potatoes, pumpkins and squash were usually sure crops and were used in many ways. Turnips were buried in trenches and parsnips left in the ground all winter. When more of these commodities were raised than were needed, they were shared with less fortunate neighbors.

Misfortune hit the Feslers the next year when lightning hit the farm, killing the team. Finances were low and there was no way of getting a new team, so the farm-

ing was done that spring with the pony and cow. This cut milk production, which was badly needed for the children. A new baby girl, Bertha, had been added to the family. She arrived on March 9, 1880. However, as in previous years, they managed to get their crops taken care of and when winter came they had a huge pile of cow chips gathered for fuel together with some logs or driftwood hauled from the Solomon River for the extremely cold weather. More sod was broken and crop acreage increased. A team again worked the farm and a cow was added occasionally to increase the start of a herd.

The hot winds and lack of moisture during some years cut the production of crops until feed was a serious problem.

The blizzard of 1885 has become a classic as far as blizzards in western Kansas go. Whether it was worse than present day storms one would not know, but the stories of its fury have lived through the years. Hearsay has left impressions that are vivid and terrifying. The fall of 1885 seemed different from the ones of the preceding years. There were unusually high winds, and an early frost in October. The fur and hair on the animals grew thick and there were many other indications which meant that a hard winter was to follow. Cow chips were gathered by the wagon load. Some were stored in the barn and cave to have ready in case of storm. Rabbits and prairie chickens were plentiful and several jars were canned. Everything possible was done in preparedness for a long, cold winter. It seemed that all was in extra good shape for the winter, whatever it might be.

The days passed and fears were lulled by the unusually fine weather in late October and early November. There was little wind; it was not very cold and there was no snow. This condition continued until November 16,

when a drastic change came during the night. By morning, it was cold and blustery; by mid-afternoon, there came a raging blizzard which lasted until the next morning. The dugouts were buried. Cattle that were in sheds did not fare so badly as those on the range where hundreds perished as did hogs and poultry. Mrs. Jim Samuels, a school teacher in Ellis County, lost her life and reports came of numerous deaths over the country as the storm covered a wide area. The storm, with its disastrous results, seriously affected the whole country. Some who had the means left the country and those, of necessity, who remained were a discouraged people. However, no more such storms came. In time, the people who stayed prospered; others were induced to come and today our prairies are referred to as the "world's bread basket," owing to their great production of grain, stock, minerals and oils.

In 1887, sorrow entered the Fesler home when the baby girl, Velma, who was four months old, suddenly passed away. She had never been a sturdy baby but her condition was not realized to be serious until they found that the little one had passed away in her sleep.

In 1892, Milt ran for his first county office, which was Rooks County Treasurer. He was elected and served two terms in the office. They did not give up their life on the homestead. Mrs. Fesler and the family remained on the farm. The family consisted of twelve children besides little Velma who had passed away. Their two oldest girls, Ellen and Asenath, were now married and Euphemia helped her father in his office job. This left Henry, Jennie, Frank, Bertha, Thomas, the twins, James and Allen, Ray and Guy. They carried on with the usual routine on the farm.

Friends often accompanied Milt home from Stockton and enjoyed the free range of the plains and the hos-

pitality of the Fesler home. The years passed. With plenty of help from his seven boys, he kept adding to his farm holdings until he had accumulated 1050 acres. There was good pasture and plenty of farm ground. They raised an abundance of alfalfa. The hardships of early pioneer life had really paid off.

In 1902, the ranch was sold at Greenmound and land adjacent to Palco was purchased, where a large farm house and barn were built. A large orchard with various kinds of fruit was started. The new home and some modern conveniences made life easier and more pleasant, but Milt's health had begun to fail and the boys were gradually drifting away to other interests and homes of their own. In 1908, the home place was sold to their son Frank who carried on where his father had left off. But tragedy struck in February, 1910, when Frank was accidentally killed while working on a threshing machine trailer wagon. He left his wife, the former Mabel Acheson, and a two-year old daughter, Carol. This was a terrific blow to the family and community. Frank was a good family man and highly respected by all.

Milt and Emma Fesler continued to live in their home at Palco, where he passed away in 1919. She continued to live there for several years and her daughter, Asenath Meade and family lived with her for some time. She spent three years with her daughter, Bertha Fike and her family at Mount Vernon, Missouri, returning to her home at Palco to spend the last four years of her life with her son Ray and his family who still own the home and live there. She passed away on August 14, 1935, at the age of 87.

Harmon Hinkhouse

Harmon Hinkhouse came to Kansas in 1880, homesteading one and one half miles southeast of Palco. Like all other early settlers, he knew all the trails and hardships of pioneer life. Harmon was born in Dissen, Province of Hanover, Germany, on February 7, 1841. He came to the United States when he was seventeen years of age and lived with his brother in Cedar County, Iowa. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Union Army on September 16, 1861, a member of the 11th Iowa Infantry, in which he served for three years.

After his discharge from the service, he was married to Hanna Peterka, who passed away in 1878, leaving five children, Mary, Anna, Celesta, Frank and Ben. He later married Josephine Robinson who passed away in November 1928. They had six children by this union, Edward, Lottie, Roxie, Stella, Ray and Roy.

They lived on the homestead until 1909 when they built a new home in Palco. It is now occupied by their daughter Mrs. Roxie Rardin.

The farm home is still in the Hinkhouse family, owned by a grandson Darrel Hinkhouse and wife. The land is now dotted with oil wells. Darrel and Dorothy are proud of their purebred Hereford cattle of which they have a fine herd.

Harmon Hinkhouse, or Daddy as he was known to friends as well as to his family, was inclined to be a bit gruff at times and would swear like a trooper, but he was big-hearted and independent and provided well for his family. He passed away in August 1931.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Stithem

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Stithem and eight children, Sarah Elizabeth (Lillie), Alice, Earnest, Etta, Dan, Henry, Sam and Margaret Anna, came to Rooks County, Kansas, in a covered wagon from Bedford, Iowa, in the spring of 1880. It was a long, tiresome trip with cramped conditions for traveling. They were three weeks making the trip. Arriving in Rooks County, they filed homestead papers on a claim seven miles southeast of Palco where they spent the rest of their lives in western Kansas.

They had been there only a few days when the baby, Margaret Anna, who was two years old, became ill. It was difficult to determine the cause at first but it soon proved to be measles, which she had contracted along the way. Because of the cold, damp April weather and no doctor to be had, and in spite of all the care they could give her, she passed away on April 12, 1880. This was a severe blow to the family. There was no cemetery close by and no way or means of getting a casket. Al Meade, who had homesteaded the 160 acres 2½ miles east of Palco said, "We must have a cemetery," so he gave a corner on the northeast of his claim and with the cooperation of their relatives and friends, Margaret Anna Stithem was the first to be buried in Pleasant View Cemetery.

There were many trying days ahead for the Stithems with their big family, no income and a new baby due to arrive in October. Mr. Stithem secured work at Hays in a harness shop. He had learned the harness trade at Council Bluffs, Iowa, several years before. He made the trip on foot to and from Hays, a distance of 33 miles, and carried the necessities for his family. He slept on the floor at the harness shop and put in many long hours.

Six more children were born after they came to Kansas.

They were Melvina Stithem, now Mrs. Charles Pywell, Jane Stithem Hadley, Jesse Stithem, Dora Stithem Burgess, Omer and Carl Stithem.

Mr. Stithem passed away on December 25, 1920. Mrs. Stithem remained in the old home with her son Omer until March 30, 1931, when she passed away at the age of eighty-three.

J. C. Bomgardner

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bomgardner are numbered among the pioneers of western Kansas. In November 1878, Mr. Bomgardner came from Chillicothe, Missouri, and filed on a homestead 1½ miles south of Palco. He prepared a dugout to live in and made ready for his wife and children to join him in the spring of 1879.

Mrs. Bomgardner, with two daughters, Ora and Etta, and three sons, Bert, Walter and Jake, came by train to Hays, Kansas. They stayed that night in Hays waiting for Mr. Bomgardner to come for them and take them to their new home. They slept on the floor in a livery stable office which was located where the First National Bank now stands on Main Street. His brother, Baltser Bomgardner, accompanied him to Hays. They took two wagons for the family and their belongings. He bought a side of meat and a sack of cornmeal before they started home, the gray wolves trailing them most of the way. When they got to their dugout and unpacked, they found they had fifty cents in cash to start their new life in the west. They picked wild berries and plums that summer and canned some for winter use along with a sack of apples and peaches which were dried for future use. Buffalo chips were used for fuel. They were busy but like most

of the early settlers were interested in their home and family and were not unhappy even though they found their living conditions much different from what they had been accustomed to. The prairies seemed bare compared to Missouri with its many forest and fruit trees. They missed the forests.

The Indians had not yet vacated our country when the family arrived, but they were strong, courageous people. They had faith in the country and the productiveness of the land. They always stood by Kansas. They were always ready to help their friends and neighbors and many were the strangers who enjoyed the hospitality of their home.

J. C. Bomgardner was born in Gala County, Ohio, on November 7, 1839. He enlisted in Co. D. 47th Illinois Infantry on August 6, 1861, serving for more than three years when he was honorably discharged from the army. He married Sarah Hatfield of Condon, Iowa, January 19, 1865. They spent the first thirteen years in Iowa and Missouri before moving west to homestead. After retiring from the farm, they lived in Palco and enjoyed their old friends and church affiliations.

Four more children were added to the family circle after they came to Kansas. He passed away at the age of seventy-seven. Mrs. Bomgardner lived to be 96 years old and although she was almost blind, she enjoyed her home and family and was active all through the years.

Israel Morris

When word came to the East of the free homestead land in the West and the big rush came in 1878 in western Kansas, Israel Morris was one of the pioneers who came to Rooks County where he settled the land twenty miles southwest of Stockton. He filed his homestead papers for that land and established his home there. He spent the remainder of his life there.

He was born in Ohio, on November 23, 1844. He moved with his parents to Andrew County, Missouri, when he was four years old and there he grew to manhood. He answered the call of his country at the age of nineteen and enlisted in Co. E-4th Missouri and served as a soldier in the Civil War. He was discharged at the close of the war.

On October 22, 1867, he married Mary E. Turner. They continued to live in their community. Two sons, Lee and Oscar, were born of this union but the home was saddened when Mary passed away on October 22, 1876, leaving the little boys motherless. Israel was faced with a grim responsibility. But with strong determination and the help of relatives and friends, he carried on and kept his children together, although at times, difficulties were great and discouragement came. He never gave up and was grateful ever after for the help and encouragement given him at this time.

When it was possible for him to do so, he went west in search of land as he could envision opportunities there that were not possible in Missouri. The farm he chose and filed on was one and a half miles east of New Creston, or two miles north of where Palco now lies.

In June, 1879, he was united in marriage to Artie T.

Dunkerson, who came west to the homestead. They soon had a farm home that was as comfortable as it was possible to have in the pioneer days.

They also had two sons, Charles and Clarence. With four healthy boys around, there was always plenty of activity at the Morris home. Isreal and Artie soon adapted to the early settlers' way of life. Hospitality was one of the cardinal virtues of the West; even utter strangers were always welcome to the Morris table and bed even though they might be supplied at a sacrifice. Rarely was payment expected or given in return.

Isreal was a man of wide acquaintance. He was public-spirited and active in the affairs of his community and country. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge and tried to live up to its teachings by being a good friend and neighbor to all his fellowmen.

James F. Stull

James F. Stull was born at Mount Sterling, Kentucky, in 1846, where he grew to manhood. He enlisted in the Fifty-Third Kentucky Infantry in January 1865 and served nine months in the Union army. He was mustered out in September 1865.

He married Maria Mitchell who was also born at Mount Sterling. They moved to Indiana in 1869 where they engaged in farming. They moved to western Kansas in 1878 where they took a homestead in the Greenmound community. They were real pioneers and suffered all the experiences of the hardships of the early settlers.

They were the parents of eight children, Earnest M.,

Oscar and Luther, twins, Luther and Edwin, who died in infancy, Myrtle who died in childhood, Maude Stull Cruthers, Etta Stull Rardin and Ralph.

Earnest Stull was eight years old when they came to Kansas and where he spent the rest of his life. He attended the rural schools in his home community and later the academy at Stockton. He taught in the country schools in Rooks County for nine years, later taking up farming. In 1896, he married Della Cobb of Palco, a daughter of John and Maria Cobb. They moved to Palco in 1908 where he worked an elevator. He followed this business until the time of his death. Mrs. Stull passed away in 1938; his death occurred in 1955.

Problems of the Pioneers

There was no doctor closer than Stockton so if anyone were hurt or ill, they were of necessity cared for in the home. They helped each other in the community when the need should arise. When the new babies were due, Mrs. Benjamin Cobb, or Aunt Cynthia, as she was familiarly known, was a staunch standby at all times. She was never too busy or too tired to answer a call of distress. Many of the new babies and their mothers were cared for by her capable, loving hands.

Ina Bonner, the five-year-old daughter of the Bonners, was bitten by a rattlesnake while playing with her three-year-old sister, Alta, on some sod piled in their yard. When they discovered what had happened, although they were alone and in fear and despair, they knew not what to do. The snake had struck Ina just above the ankle. They put

her foot and leg into a bucket of mud as they had no medicine for snake bites. "What shall we do, Mark?" cried Malinda. "I don't know," said Mark, "but I think I'll go over to your brother, Henry Cobb. He might have something or he could go for a doctor." Mark leaped on his horse and rode rapidly away. Henry said he would go to Milt Fesler's for some whiskey as he knew Milt always kept some on hand in case of snakebite. Henry mounted his riding horse, Prince, and rode rapidly to the Feslers, two miles away. Milt was just driving in from the field as Henry drove up. "What's up, Henry?" asked Milt. "I never saw you ride so hard before." "Snakebite, Milt. Have you got any whiskey?" "Yes, I always try to keep some on hand. I just got some yesterday."

Mrs. Fesler dashed into the house and came rushing out with a half gallon jug of whiskey. "Here it is, Henry. I guess you know how to use it, don't you? Hurry, every minute counts."

Henry took the jug and sped away. It was six miles to Mark Bonner's place. Prince was lathering and foaming with sweat as he rode up to Mark's. Henry leaped from the horse and ran to the house. Ina was delirious. Her leg was spotted. Malinda met him at the door and said, "Oh, Henry, I'm sure she is dying and there's no hope for her." "There is hope as long as there is life," he told Malinda. "Now you all be quiet and let me take care of Ina." He lifted her foot from the mud and washed it off with warm water. He placed her gently in bed. The case really looked hopeless. He held a teaspoon of sweetened whiskey to her lips but she refused to take it. Henry coaxed and pleaded with her but failed to get the child to take it. Finally he held her nose to make her swallow the whiskey. He repeated the dose every few minutes but

she seemed to be losing ground as time passed. Henry gave her larger doses a little farther apart. He was trying to get her drunk on the whiskey but it did not seem to take effect. Henry's wife went for his mother. They drove up about midnight in the lumber wagon. He told his mother what he had been doing and asked if she knew anything better or had any suggestions to make. "Nothing, unless we bathe her wrists and limbs in whiskey," replied Aunt Cynthia. They kept this process up all night. There was no apparent change until about six o'clock in the morning. Ina's cheeks grew flushed and she became more restful. Henry called his wife and mother to the bed and drew their attention to it. "God bless her little heart, there is a change for the better," said Aunt Cynthia.

Henry went to inform Malinda that Ina was better and to weep no more for Ina would live. She arose quickly to look at Ina. "Yes, there is a change. She looks better." She looked at her leg. The spots were leaving. Malinda put her arms around Henry's neck and kissed him. She said, "You have saved Ina's life."

The next morning the spots were all gone. When she awoke, her eyes were bright and clear. In two weeks the wound was healed and the little girl was well again.

But things did not turn out so well for another family near Greenmound. Mr. Clemmons was a brother of Uncle Billie Jones's wife. They were preparing to move to the farm one half mile north and one mile east of Palco, which is now known as the Charles Gish farm. Mr. Clemmons and his six-year-old son, Frankie, went to the place to do some repair work. When his work was done, they started home in the lumber wagon, a distance of three miles. He noticed that the boy was pale. "Are you sick, son? You look pale."

"Awful sick, Papa. Hurry home to mamma. I want to see Mamma."

"Did you eat or drink anything at the house, son?"

"Yes, I took something out of a bottle."

He wheeled his team around and drove rapidly back to the house. There he found a bottle labeled strychnine.

"Is this the bottle you took it from?" the man asked in alarm.

"Yes, Papa, let's go home to Mamma."

He laid the whip to his team and drove as fast as he could. He saw that Frankie was quite ill, so he stopped at the Cy Brown home, one mile north of the place they had left. His mother was rushed to the Brown home, but there was nothing they could do. Clarence Morris was a witness to his suffering and related how the little fellow died in agony.

Fuel was one of the most difficult problems the early settlers had to deal with. The wood supply was limited to a little along the river banks several miles away.

When the newcomers first arrived, there were plenty of buffalo chips on the prairie. The chips were dry and made a quick, hot fire. However, they burned out quickly and it took nearly a sack of chips to cook a meal. These chips were soon exhausted and the new settlers did not have enough cattle to furnish many chips.

Farther south along the Saline River there were large herds of cattle. The settlers in the Greenmound vicinity made many trips to these pastures on the Saline River. Some of them went as far as twenty-five or thirty miles away to haul wagon loads of cow chips for winter fuel. If they were financially able to do so, they bought a ton of coal to burn in the coldest weather and during severe storms. For the most part though, cow chips were the main source of fuel.

The following poem was written by one of the early settlers:

THE CHIP THAT'S OLD AND GRAY

Oh, yes, we live in Kansas
And we're happy, don't you see?
Just because we love the sunshine
And the prairie, wide and free;
And the wintry wind, so piercing,
Shall not harm us, let me say,
For we build a fire to warm us
With the chip that's old and gray.

Our house is just a sod house
But it's plastered, don't you know?
And its walls are white and spotless
As the freshly fallen snow.
And its very snug and homelike
Even on a winter's day,
When we build a fire to warm us
With the chip that's old and gray.

Though our bill of fare be scanty
For the 'hoppers left the grass
To eat up our beans and cabbage
And the other garden "sass,"
Yet we are quite contented;
We've no doctor bills to pay
And our fuel, it's the same as ever—
Just the chip that's old and gray.

The homesteaders were following on the heels of the Indians and buffalo. The hunters and trappers were still

in evidence. The Indians and buffalo were leaving the plains. Some antelope were still to be seen in wild-eyed excitement. They ran hither and thither, not knowing where to turn or go after thousands of years of unmolested freedom on the prairie. They were now being disturbed. They were bewildered and afraid, awed by the oncoming hordes from the east.

The Indians, traders and trappers were being pushed farther west. The Indians had made their exit or were rapidly doing so. The buffalo were moving north and west. The antelope lingered a little longer. The prairies were strewn with the skulls of buffalo and their bones. The hunters ruthlessly destroyed the herds for their hides.

The Indian had possessed the land for centuries. He killed only for his need, food and clothing. He had hardly scratched the soil. He built nothing more permanent than a teepee. As God gave it to him, so he turned it to the white man, who with his family and his all, was here to stay. All the fertility that had accumulated through the ages was still there untouched. Until now, since time began, a plow had never turned a furrow in the fertile soil. The caravans of covered wagons were bearing the pioneers to the west for homesteads. These were the real pioneers, eager, hardy, resourceful, brave and determined.

It was an epoch-making part of history in the development of agriculture in the west. They moved undaunted into the west and wrestled from the soil a living. It was sometimes bounteous and sometimes meager. Through good years and through bad years some of them stayed. They labored, saved, went hungry, went ragged. Often it seemed that the prairie would win and swallow them up or drive them back, but those who stayed won the battle. Trails became roads, railroads stretched across miles of

prairie, towns became cities, then one by one came the telegraph lines, telephones, buggies, surries, automobiles, radios, airplanes and modern homes until civilization and modernism swallowed up the frontier and the West.

Grasshoppers

To the pioneer homesteaders, struggling to wrest a competence from the virgin plains, nature at times seemed hostile. In the spring, floods sometimes menaced the cabins or dugouts. In summer, drought and hot winds often withered the promising crops. In the fall and at other times, prairie fires often swept furiously across the plains, jumping creeks and sweeping everything in their paths. Crops, fuel, food for man and beast, homes and even whole towns. And in the winter came the dreaded blizzards. These manifestations inflicted great damage because the pioneers were new and in a strange country and were unprepared to meet such difficulties.

In 1874, the great calamity surpassed anything that had come before and caused such great damage that on the plains it is called "The Grasshopper Year." The grasshoppers came suddenly. They were traveling with a strong wind. They were high in the air with their wings spread. They were carried along with very little effort. They appeared from the North. Their ravages reached from the Dakotas to Texas and penetrated as far east as Sedalia, Missouri.

The spring and early summer of the grasshopper year had been very favorable for crops. Small grain such as wheat and oats were already in the shock.

Late in July, about noon, it was noticed that the sun was slightly darkened by a cloud in the northeast which

looked like dust or smoke. Gradually, grasshoppers began to alight here and there and then, suddenly, they fell like a driving snow, filling the air and covering the earth, the buildings, the shocks of grain and everything in sight. Their alighting on the roofs and sides of buildings sounded like a hail storm. They alighted on trees in such great numbers that their weight broke off large limbs. The chickens and turkey at first were frightened and ran for cover. Recovering from their fright, they tried to eat all of the insects. At first, when a hopper alighted, a hen rushed forward and gobbled it up and then, without moving, she ate another and another until her craw was distended to an unusual size and she could hold no more. When a nice fat one came near her, she would instinctively make a dash for it, then pause and cock her head as if to say, "Can I possibly hold another?" The turkeys and chickens ate themselves sick. One pioneer reported that a herd of forty hogs and a flock of fifty turkeys fattened on nothing more than grasshoppers and prairie hay. The pork and turkeys had a peculiar taste of grasshoppers.

At times the insects were four to six inches deep on the ground and continued to alight for hours. Men were obliged to tie trees which were denuded of their leaves. Having the bark stripped from their smaller trunks, they died. The water in the creeks, stained with the excrement of the insects, assumed the color of strong coffee. The cattle refused to drink until compelled by extreme thirst. When the grasshoppers left, the whole country was a scene of vast ruin and desolation. The waving fields of corn in twelve hours' time were reduced to bent over stalks, entirely denuded of their leaves. The grasshoppers usually stayed from two days to a week and then on a fair day left with the wind. They came again in 1875, 1876, and

1877 but never again did they become the scourge they were in 1874.

The results of the grasshopper plague were marked. Lots of people left the country. It was a common sight to see the sides of the wagons ornamented with humorous or catchy phrases or comic poetry, such as "From Sodom, where it rains grasshoppers, fire and destruction," and "Going east to visit my wife's relations." Akin to this was another bad result. The news of the plague, printed in the papers together with the woeful stories told by those who left, gave the country a bad name and greatly deterred immigration. A country which was so destitute as to call for aid certainly did not appeal to the homeseeker.

To the mind of the clergy, this great calamity proved to be a blessing in disguise. It made the individualistic frontiersmen see how weak and helpless man was in the face of God's providence.

The scourge temporarily resulted in dire distress and groveling poverty for the settler just starting life anew in a strange country with no capital. One lady said, "We always had plenty to eat, such as it was to keep from starving." It was cornbread seven days a week. Father traded a neckyoke for a bushel of potatoes. Mother would boil one or two for the younger children and the older ones would eat the peelings." Another, recalling this period, called it the sorghum and hominy winter. "We would not even have had the hominy if the corn had not been shipped in." They appealed to relatives and friends in other states and also to the State and Federal Governments. Committees from the east visited the plains and reported the situation as they saw it and it was not long before contributions began to flow generously in response to the appeals. They did not consist of delicacies but, for the most

part, were low-grade flour, cornmeal, bacon, cast-off or second-hand clothes, bedding and the cheapest kind of groceries and dry goods. Churches and individuals sent boxes to acquaintances and fellow church members. Governor Osborn of Kansas called a special session of the legislature and a State Bond was voted. Over $70,000 in cash was distributed among the suffering. The administration of such relief work was difficult indeed. At such times the worst of humanity comes to the surface. Selfishness, envy, jealousy and covetousness were manifested. There were many accusations of partiality and preferences. Of course, in some instances, the charges were well founded. Some abused the aid and displayed a mean, grasping disposition.

The winter of 1874 and 1875 dragged out in dreary length. The skimpy little driblets of coal were supplemented by hay, weeds and cornstalks. The people hailed with joy the first approach of spring. The green grass springing from the prairie brought joy to the lean horses and cattle and the first vegetables brought happiness to the "relief-fed" population.

Many and varied were the methods proposed to combat this great plague. In 1877, the Grasshoper Act, passed by the legislature, placed the grasshoppers in the category of public enemy and required all able-bodied citizens to rally to the fight of the pest. The act provided that every supervisor of each road district should, when the grasshoppers came out, notify every able-bodied male resident in the district between the ages of sixteen and twenty to perform two days' work to eradicate the insects. There was a fine of ten dollars to penalize anyone refusing to work, so gradually the grasshopper plague was reduced to conditions as they are today. Some years are worse than others but there have been no serious plagues.

Veterans of Past Wars

Most of the men of the pioneer days in Western Kansas had lived or fought through the Civil War or were, at most, a generation removed from the conflict of 1861-1865.

After Palco was organized in 1888, a hall was built for the Grand Old Army of the Republic and soon after that the Womans Relief Corp. was organized. This not only brought veterans and their wives together but created an interest in the whole country around, with ties that were never severed and memories that were fondly cherished.

Memorial Day, May 30, was almost sacred in the hearts of these people. Early in the day the veterans and their families went to the cemeteries to strew flowers over the graves of their departed comrades. Firing squads let loose three volleys over each grave. People came from miles around for this occasion. After the ceremonies and decorating the graves in the cemetery, the streets were lined in Palco. Relatives and friends congregated all morning. Some had basket dinners; others ate with relatives or friends and the newcomers to the community had the opportunity of meeting the settlers and making friendships that lasted through the years.

The afternoon activities opened with the parade, led by Isreal Morris on his beautiful white riding horse, he proudly carrying the flag which waved bravely in the breeze. The Boys in Blue—the still vigorous Grand Army of the Republic. But for these men now assembling, the North American continent would have been split into halves, with two nations uneasily living side by side.

The men were followed by the Auxiliary, the Ladies Relief Corp., proud to be a part of this observance on Memorial Day.

Then came the children, marching two abreast, each proudly carrying a flag, all feeling very important as they madly skipped along in the slightly wavering line and the small boys, each with his own fervent wish for a war so that he too could be a hero.

"Marching Through Georgia" was usually the marching song, but they always managed to have "Tenting Tonight" and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" before they were seated in the hall. The program opened with group singing of "America," followed by some capable younger person giving the "Gettysburg Address." Patriotic readings and a flag drill by the children, with interruptions occasionally by the old soldiers giving another "Hip, Hip, Hurrah," which they boomed with such vim and volume that the walls would fairly ring. Someone read the famous order of General John Logan, establishing Memorial Day. A minister or some able speaker gave a touching and impressive address, a eulogy paid to the brave, departed comrades. The speaker would dwell at length on the virtues bred in the hard crucible of war. Another song possibly and it would be over until next year.

Following behind our graybeards were the young blades who fought the Spaniards down in Cuba or in the far-off Philippines. William Rardin, Al Rardin and Dave Green went from this community and all came back safe. The casualties were not so heavy in this war, for which all were thankful. Al Rardin is still living. He is in San Antonio, Texas, at this time, 1958, with his son Ted and his family and can tell many interesting experiences of the Spanish-American war.

Take any year before 1914. One observance was much like another. The foregoing was a sketch, a composite

picture of this very special day, one whose nostalgic flavor has faded into the shadows since the first World War.

This war was a real test for young men, the brave descendants of their forefathers. They did not falter when Uncle Sam called them. They responded at once for training. Many were sent across the waters to fight for our country and many of them did not return.

Words do not come easily when we speak of the first Memorial day after the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918. The boys in khaki had been added to the parade. Some were back who had been gassed or wounded. We knew they were thinking of their departed comrades across the water as the sorrowful yet triumphant stars and stripes flew at half-mast over the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial, with the names of our gallant young men that had served in this war, the "Gold Stars" at the top. This memorial was presented to the community by Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Teall, who had been here several years and who had known them all.

Then came World War II, when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, on December 7, 1941, killing 2,343 of our Army, Navy and Marines. An additional 960 were missing. On Dec. 8, the United States Congress declared war on Japan. Again our boys were called on to defend our country and had to go across the water. Also now our young women were taking an active part in the conflict. There were the auxiliaries, the Waves, which is the appointed Volunteer Emergency Service, the WACS—the Womens Army Corps, the WAF—Womans Air Force and many others. They served gallantly; many of them are now sleeping in foreign lands or at sea.

But now came the atomic age and it was very different from former wars. The loss was terrific and the cost was

tremendous but we were victorious. Germany surrendered on May 7, 1945. Then came the atomic bomb, which was by far the most powerful and destructive development of any weapon ever used in any war. The first one was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, causing death and destruction beyond human imagination. The second one hit Nagasaki on August 9, 1945. The Japs were convinced that it was a losing fight; they surrendered on August 14, 1945. This was indeed a day for rejoicing but it also was a sad day for those who had lost their dear ones in the struggle, yet proud to know they had answered the call to defend our country and had given their lives patriotically that we might have the safety and security that we enjoy today.

Hardly had we emerged from World War Two than we found ourselves involved in Korea. We had casualties there but it was an action of no long duration.

As we pass down the years, we see no old soldiers of the Civil War. Many of the veterans of the other wars are not with us, but Memorial Day is still observed and is still a special day in the hearts of the American people.

Damar

Damar is a small town of about 400 population, located about 20 miles west of Plainville and 45 miles northwest of Hays. It is on Highway 18 and the Union Pacific Railroad, which was laid through on the branch from Salina to Oakley. The town was plotted in 1888. How they decided what the name should be appeared not to be of much importance and was by-passed temporarily. When reminded that the town had not been named, the railroad

official replied "Oh! Dam-er—let it go." Hence, the town was named Damar.

It is known as the Arcadia of Western Kansas; the people are of French-Canadian descent. They went from Canada to Illinois, on to Concordia, Kansas, and then to the present site of Damar.

They came in covered wagons drawn by oxen. Among some of the first settlers who came to the settlement to homestead the wild prairies and make their homes were Francis St. Peter, Dave Plante, Leon Hebert, Joe St. Peter, Peter Simoneau, Charles Newell, Ezra St. Peter, Stenis Morin, Joe Burton, Frank Beaumu, Daniel Dussault, Adolph Sennesac, Ambrose Desbien, Mitchell Morel, Archie Saindon, Henry Berland, Joe Burton and Jake Saindon. Most of these people stayed and built sod houses or dugouts which all had dirt floors. The roofs were made of branches and hay. Water was hauled from the creeks.

The settlers worked hard breaking the sod and planting crops in the spring and summer months. Then the men would go east to Ilinois to work in the factories through the winter months and return to their claims in the spring.

The first grains harvested were hauled by oxen to Ellis and Logan. The men would bring back what groceries they could get and which were most needed. When sickness came, it was almost impossible to get a doctor because it was many miles to reach one, and with no telephones or conveyances except horseback or a team and wagon, home remedies and the remedial suggestions of kind neighbors were often the only medical help for the stricken ones. During protracted illness the neighbors offered their help and two or three "sat up" with the patient every night. When death came, kind neighbors closed the eyes of the deceased.

There were no undertakers except in the large cities. The neighbors came and "laid out" the body, washing and clothing it and making it look as presentable as possible. The arms were folded and held in place until the body was rigid. If death occurred at night, the burial was usually the next day, if possible, as there was no embalming and the body disintegrated quickly. Friends "sat up" with the body, applying to the face of the corpse a wet cloth of vinegar to deter mortification as much as possible. Ministering friends placed the body in the casket which was carried on a wagon usually. If there were flowers on the prairie at time of burial, the women brought some to garland the coffin. It must have been hard for the bereaved ones to return to a bare shack to face the hardships of frontier life without a helpmate, parents, or a little child, the light of the home.

The railroad came through in 1888. The depot was erected and many new business places sprang up in the little village. The first post office was established in the depot. Some years later a building was erected and George Dandurand was the postmaster, followed by Albert Poliot who served the town and community as postmaster for several years. Arthur Arpin was appointed to that position in 1940 and is still serving.

The first rural mail carrier at Damar was H. C. Saindon. After he had served for several years, his job was taken over by his son Fred Saindon, who retired in 1956. The vacancy was filled by Edmond Roberts, who is the current mail carrier.

A bank was organized by R. L. Ordway and A. D. Manny. It was later sold to C. G. Cochran who operated it for several years. In 1920 the bank stock was sold to Maxim Newell and others in the community. It was op-

erated by Mr. Newell until the depression came in 1930, when its doors were closed.

Damar has always been predominantly Catholic in religion. Very few Protestant families have lived there. The first mass was celebrated in the home of Francis St. Peter in 1884 by Father Louis Mollier. Damar was a mission at that time and continued church services in the St. Peter home until 1887 when the first church was built. It remained a mission until 1903 when Father Louis Guillaume was appointed its first pastor in residence.

The first church was built in 1887, one mile south and one mile west of Damar, where the church cemetery is located.

When the railroad went through and Damar was established, the congregation decided to move the little frame church from the original site to what is now Damar. This church accommodated the congregation until 1912 when the cornerstones were laid for the present day church. At that time money was scarce due to crop failures and because the citizens were trying to get organized under many hardships. Progress was slow from 1913 to 1944. The years between 1944 and 1952 brought more prosperity to the community and enabled the people to spend an additional $175,000 for the complete refurnishing of the church which now has a copper roof, beautiful paintings and stained glass windows.

The community of Damar is proud of its beautiful church which is now a familiar landmark of the countryside for miles around. The present pastor is a monsignor.

They also recently built a $40,000 rectory and a $35,000 convent to replace the old rectory and convent which had been standing for over 50 years.

The Sisters of St. Joseph have taught in the Damar

Public Schools since 1904. In 1934, a new modern grade and high school was constructed to replace the one which had stood since 1904.

Edward Berland

Edward Berland came with his parents from Canada in 1878. They lived in Cloud County for a short time, and came to Rooks County in 1879. His father home-homesteaded land 2 miles south and one half mile east of Damar.

Mr. Berland worked as a carpenter in Chicago several months each year. While he was away, Edward took care of the livestock and helped his mother manage to get through the hard winters in western Kansas.

In 1889, he was married to Louise Newell of Damar. He homesteaded and timberclaimed the east half of Section 20-10-19, south of Zurich, where he built a comfortable home for his bride. They reared a family of six children.

Mr. and Mrs. Berland and their family were in Damar the day of the prairie fire on March 2, 1893. They expected to find their building and belongings completely gone, but a neighbor Ex Saindon had gone to their place and burned fire guards which saved the buildings. Mr. Saindon had also put their livestock (a cow and calf) in a dug-out barn, thus saving their lives. The neighbors in those days were considerate of each other and each took a personal interest in the other.

Mr. Berland began to farm wheat and raised Percheron horses, which were rare in the west.

He accumulated several sections of land in his life time. He always had great faith in the Kansas people and the future of western Kansas. With this philosophy, he

was able to surmount the many difficulties of pioneer life, such as droughts, grasshoppers, dust storms and winter blizzards. He carried on with faith and courage which was an inspiration to those more easily discouraged.

He was a member of the Zurich Catholic church. He helped to organzie the Zurich Telephone Company, the Farmers Elevator and served many years as a school board member.

He regretted seeing people move out of Kansas. He always maintained "no place could give more than Kansas had to offer the people."

His sons Fred, of Hays, and Henry, of Palco, still own a large portion of the land.

Oil was discovered on their land some years ago. which added much to their revenue. Members of their families farm and live there, carrying on the principles set before them by those courageous pioneers.

The Joe St. Peter Family

The Joe St. Peter family were among the first seven families that came to the Damar settlement in covered wagons in 1877. They homesteaded the farm one half mile from Damar, where Mr. and Mrs. Leo Desmarteau live. They experienced all the hardships of pioneer life, but like many others who came, they had the determination to endure the rugged life of the frontiersmen.

They had no place closer than Stockton to get provisions or mail. The settlers usually doubled up on the trips as it was a long, tiresome journey by team and wagon. Mr. St. Peter had one experience on such a trip which he never forgot. He walked from his home to join Mr. Dandurand, with whom he was making a trip to

Stockton. After making their purchases, they arrived back at the Dandurand home about 9:00 that night. Mr. St. Peter started on his way. He was some distance from his home when he heard the howling and growling of wolves. They soon surrounded him. He had no means of fighting them off except to take off his overcoat. He whirled it toward and around them while trying to edge himself closer to home. Seeing that his efforts did not frighten them and that he was becoming exhausted, he remembered his dog at home. He raised his voice to the highest pitch and called "Puppy" several times. He had very little hope that his voice could possibly carry for such a distance but Puppy soon landed in their midst and scattered the wolves right and left. Mr. St. Peter trudged home and knew that had it not been for Puppy the wolves would have devoured him that cold winter night.

Mr. and Mrs. St. Peter had a family of eight children, of which only three are living. Mrs. Silica Manny, who lives alone in her comfortable home at Damar, was nine months old when she came with her parents, who trekked their way over many miles from Illinois to western Kansas. She married Adalore Manny. They had a family of ten children, some of them living in or around Damar. She has been a widow for many years but she lives close to her church and the members of her family live nearby. She enjoys her beautiful yard with its many lovely flowers and trees and she visits with her family and friends.

Mrs. Mary Plante is the oldest resident in Damar. She was 90 years old on October 2, 1960.

Bill St. Peter, the only son living, was born in 1881, four years after his parents came to western Kansas. He married Rose Hebert. They lived near Damar, where they raised their family. Mrs. St. Peter passed away and Bill

later married Sennie LaSarreau. They have lived in Damar for several years. Bill was a pioneer son who lived through many of the early day experiences and realizes the vast difference in our mode of living today.

Fort Hays

It was a desolate place when Fort Hays was established. There were no whites between there and the north pole, none for several hundred miles south, none this side of Denver, Colorado. Although wild game was plentiful, including wild turkeys and prairie chickens, the Indians wanted none of it. They wanted buffalo which would make them strong. They thought the wild turkeys and prairie chickens would make them weak-hearted. White men had no use for their psychology. The Indian was communal; the white man was for individual rights. The disagreements brought on a battle as the two theories could not survive in the same country.

The first settlement of Ellis County was an Indian village, a mile or so west of the present Hays. The first white settlements were at Butterfield Trail, which followed along the north side of the Smoky River.

Ft. Fletcher was started on October 11, 1865. It was fourteen miles southeast of Hays. On November 17, 1866, the name was changed to Fort Hays in honor of General Hays, who had been killed a short time before in the Battle of the Wilderness. General Winfield Scott visited Fort Hays on May 3, 1867 and in a report suggested that the post be changed to a point near where the Union Pacific Railroad would cross Big Creek. On June 3, 1867, a flood came drowning several colored soldiers at Ft.

Fletcher. General Hancock ordered the Fort changed. The flag was first hoisted on the new fort on July 4, 1867.

Seven thousand acres were surveyed and laid out as a reservation. The fort could not hold all the soldiers. There were cantonments at different parts of the reservation. One regiment of troops from Fort Hays patrolled the Kansas Pacific. The historic fort was the headquarters of the government for reducing the tribes and preparing the country for settlement. General Custer had his headquarters at Fort Hays from 1866 to 1871. In 1867, he was sent northwest on a scouting expedition, reaching a point near Fort Wallace. There he learned of a cholera outbreak at Fort Hays, so he turned east. He took an escort of 100 men and went to Fort Riley, where his wife had gone. Gen. Hancock, having been defeated, wanted to lay the blame for the Indian victory on some one, so he ordered General Custer relieved of his command for one year.

General Hancock was transferred to the east. Lieutenant-General Sherman was commander of the Brigadier-General. He had charge of the Kansas, Oklahoma and Nebraska territories. His old friend General Custer was again called to service and put in charge against the Indians who had killed hundreds of western and central Kansas settlers. General Sherman established headquarters at Fort Hays and remained there until danger from the Indians was over. It was quite an honor for Fort Hays to be a Brigadier-General's headquarters.

Black Kettle and his party of braves had visited Fort Hays and smoked the pipe of peace, sworn friendship and obtained supplies from Colonel Yard. They left Hays and camped north of Russell on the Saline River the first night. As soon as they reached the settlements, they began to murder the whites. Then they went to the vicinity of Spirit Springs, starting the next day to murder settlers

in the Solomon Valley, east. They captured two white women and left for their winter quarters on the Washita thinking they were safe from harm but their reckoning was wrong. General Sherman asked the Kansas governor to call for a regiment of volunteers in the cavalry to assist General Sherman and General Custer, the 19th Kansas Cavalry. Twelve hundred strong were mustered in at Topeka on October 20, 1868.

The Indians must not have been watching them for General Custer with his six hundred troops surprised Black Kettle and White Rock and 103 Indians. Fifty-one lodges were destroyed and 500 horses were captured. As soon as the Kansas troops joined him, General Custer proceeded against the thousands of Indian warriors. He parleyed with the Indians. They could not attack as they wished to rescue Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. White, the white women from the Solomon whom the Indians had captured on their raid. The Indians wanted a ransom before delivering them. When Custer saw that they were planning to escape, he captured three of the leading Cheyenne Chiefs. Their names were Fat Bear, Dull Knife and Big Head. They were put in the Fort Hays guardhouse to be held until the white women were released.

The women were returned to Fort Hays and sent to their homes. The guards went to release the Chiefs from their irons. They did not understand English and thought they were being taken out to be murdered. Fat Bear plunged a knife into Sergeant Hogan's back and in the melee, Fat Bear and Big Head were killed. Dull Knife was wounded but recovered and was sent back with others to their tribes in Oklahoma.

From 1871 to 1873, General Custer was stationed with the Seventh Cavalry in Kentucky. In the spring of 1873, he was ordered by General Sheridan to go to the

Dakota Territory to operate against the Sioux, who under Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, had formed a federation of the Dakota and Montana tribes. The Federal forces were divided into three parts. They were to attack the next day. Custer was sent ahead with 600 men to discover the Indians. He found their camp and decided to attack at once. He did not know the number of Indians. There were 5000 of them, all armed. He divided his force into three parts and charged the center with his command. It was surrounded and not one escaped.

The Hays City Star was the first paper to print the story of the massacre of General Custer and his heroic band of 261 soldiers. It was printed on July 6, 1867. An old friend from Hays was the telegrapher at Wallace, Kansas. As soon as the news came, he had already started to print the paper. He went ahead and put it up in type and as soon as the paper appeared, officers rushed over from Fort Hays. They could not believe the message was true until they telegraphed Leavensworth and found the information to be true.

Rome, Predecessor of Hays

Rome was founded on April, 1867 by Col. W. F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody.

The late Senator Simon Motz said in a write-up that Rome had a population of 500 a week after it started. Railroad construction agents in Kansas City made Rome a clearing house for laborers. It was a busy place.

Cody put up the first house. Rose and Cody built a two-room stone drugstore. Rose was postmaster and Cody was mayor and marshal. Soon there were about twenty-

five buildings south of the creek, also a multitude of tents and dugouts.

The Butterfield Stage Line announced it would put in a station at Rome. It was the longest continuous stage line in America. It ran north of the Smoky Hill River, through Ft. Fletcher and the Philip ranch. Great was the rejoicing at Rome. Also, when it was announced that Ft. Fletcher, which had been changed to Fort Hays, would move to one mile southeast of Rome, for seven or eight months Rome "howled." It was the only town in Ellis County and the western half of Kansas.

When the Kansas Pacific was ordered constructed from Ellsworth to Parkfort near Wakeeney, the Indians declared it should not be. They murdered six employees of the Kansas Pacific near Victoria. They killed two men south of Rome, and Park and his hired men at Parkfort. Several soldiers were wounded and many other indignities were committed. The laborers and hunters all fled to Rome for protection. During this period, Rome had its greatest population.

At the request of Lieutenant-General Sherman, Governor Crawford called out a battalion of volunteer cavalry on July 1, 1867, in company with the regular troops. They began a campaign against the Indians. The Indians were defeated and a treaty of peace was signed on October 28, 1867.

One day a stranger came to Rome. He was very much interested in the town. Cody thought he could sell him plenty of lots so he took him buffalo hunting and let him ride his horse "Brigham." The next day he announced he was President of the Kansas Pacific Townsite Company. He liked the town and said he would give Cody one-eighth interest in the site if they would turn it over

to him. Cody was indignant, told him what he thought and went buffalo hunting. When he returned, he found six mule teams of the Kansas Pacific hauling houses over to Hays. Dr. Webb had called a meeting of the citizens. He told them the company would put a depot at Hays but never in Rome. Also, he said that the company was building their railway shops in Hays. There was a bitter fight between the two towns. Some refused to move to Hays. The Kansas Pacific, to head them off, raised the railway grade three and one half feet through Rome. It shut them off from traffic with the Fort. Some people remained in Rome until the following spring. Enemies called Rome the "Walled City" with the railway grade on the south, the creek on the east, north and west. Rome was the terminal of the Kansas Pacific for a short time.

After the population of Rome shifted to Hays, Cody moved his family there. The only place he could get was the Gibson house. It was the former Perry house at Rome.

No murders were ever committed in Rome. Doubtless, Col. Cody was a restraining influence. But after moving to Hays, he was gone most of the time and society got so tough in Hays that Mrs. Cody and her little daughter, Arta, moved back to St. Louis.

The Kansas Pacific Rairoad reached Hays on Oct. 16, 1867. The Kansas Pacific Townsite Co. put in a townsite a mile square, one half mile east of Rome and named it Hays after the fort. Hays was established on November 23, 1867. The first paper established in Hays was *The Railway Age*. It said, "Hays will be seven months old June 23, 1868 and has a business directory of 99 firms." It soon had 1000 inhabitants.

A sign has been put up near Cody's headquarters in Rome bearing Cody's picture. It is the result of the

activity of Bill Phillip. He is also engaged in marking the old Butterfield Trail.

Where Blue-Coated soldiers once drilled to fight the Indians, golfers now enjoy the green coated turf of the old parade ground.

The city of Rome disappeared in 1867 when the "Big Creek Land Company" was organized for the purpose of laying out a town. The Kansas Pacific Railroad conveyed by deed to William E. Webb the original townsite of Hays on October 26, 1868. In 1873, Hays City was legally filed. That was the designated name.

In the first year of its existence, Hays City attracted a population of 1,000 persons in spite of its unsavory reputation. Those who came to seek homes in the west and who meant to be permanent citizens soon realized the folly of trying to establish law and order when they were outnumbered by a lawless element. With things pretty much in hand, a law and order committee of citizens lost no time in doing something to remedy the dilemma in which it found itself. In 1869, the people employed "Wild Bill Hickok" to clean up the town and restore a peaceful way of life to Hays City where murders had been nightly occurrences. "Wild Bill," a two-gun man, had been an Indian scout for years. He lost no time carrying out his orders and for four months made the unwelcome sign to thugs and gamblers, one to be respected in Hays City. Finally, however, when his duty led to an encounter with Tom Custer, brother of General George A. Custer, and a number of his drunken soldier friends from Fort Hays, it became necessary for the brave and spectacular Hickok to escape by night, never to return.

In the words of those who were there when Hays City became "railroad's end" in 1867, the place was a wild,

lawless, turbulent spot. The majority of its citizenry were gunmen, women of ill repute, desperadoes, murderers and gamblers augmented by many soldiers of old Fort Hays who came to town to "whoop it up" when they had leave from military duty. Hays City had the reputation of being the worst town in Kansas. There was little regard for human life and Hays City was literally bathed in blood during the first few months of its life.

Saloons and gambling houses were more numerous than legitimate places of business and there was practically no restraint on its conduct.

In his diary, dated July 1867, Matt Clarkson, who with his brother George arrived to cast his fortune with the west, wrote: "There were 22 saloons, 3 dance halls, one little grocery store and one clothing store. We think nothing of seeing one or two dead men on the streets nearly every morning. Some were soldiers from the fort. There is no law except the law of the six-shooter. The first three sheriffs of Ellis County were killed in the discharge of their duty."

The Lone Grave

In Ellis County there exists a legend, weird to the imagination—yet not to be denied. It deals with an angel of mercy, much like France's beloved Joan of Arc, who cared for sick soldiers at Old Fort Hays during the cholera epidemic of 1867 and until the disease claimed her life. Buried in a lone grave on a hilltop southwest of Hays, she was seen after death walking in the green valley outside the Old Fort where she frequently took early morning strolls.

The following is the story of the sutler's wife and her shocking reappearance—or her spirit—as told by Police Chief Bob Maxwell of Hays, exactly as he recalls hearing it from the late John A. Schmidt, pioneer of Hays and authority on early days in Ellis County:

Schmidt farmed the land where now is located Fort Hays State College at the southwest edge of Hays. He was the father of 12 children and much respected as a master folklorist of the community.

Schmidt related that when Old Fort Hays was being used by cavalry soldiers, there was a sutler (one who follows an army and sells provisions) who carried on his business at the Old Fort. His name was Ephriam Polly. He had a wife but no children.

The period was 1867 when sickness and hardships imposed by cholera had many of the garrison soldiers at the Old Fort bedfast and near death. The post was medically understaffed and the need for nurses acute.

Mrs. Polly was described by Schmidt as a woman who frequently wore a blue dress and matching blue bonnet. She was one to see her duty and answer the call of the sick and suffering. Consequently, she became a hospital matron at the Old Fort.

This angel of mercy worked days on end without sleep, cooling the brows of the fever-ridden soldiers and caring for them as only a nurse can.

Enchanted with the western scene, Mrs. Polly would frequently take early morning walks from the Old Fort dispensary southwest through the valley to her favorite spot atop a high knoll overlooking the military garrison. (This spot can be seen today a mile and a half south of College Hill near Hays.) She would then return to the Old Fort to administer to the needs of the sick.

Mrs. Polly kept up this procedure for a long time until one day her resistance to cholera ebbed and she succumbed to the sickness.

As she lay on her death bed, Mrs. Polly's last request to her husband was to be buried on "her hill" overlooking the old Fort—the place where she had so unselfishly given of her time and effort comforting the dying and nursing others to recovery.

The loss of this woman was deeply felt by the men of Old Fort Hays. To show the high regard in which she was held, she was given a funeral with full military honors.

The woman's last request was met and she was buried in a lone grave atop the hill she claimed as her own.

Years later, when the John A. Schmidt family farmed the land where now stands Fort Hays State College, a supernatural event took place.

Schmidt owned a herd of cows. It was his daily job to bring them in from the pasture early in the morning and in the evening for milking. He normally had his milking chores done by sunrise.

He would get up early, saddle his horse, call his dog and go after the cows while the family arose and breakfast was prepared.

Schmidt's dog was a bold animal and "not afraid of the devil himself," according to Maxwell.

One morning while Schmidt and his dog were bringing in the cows, which grazed near the hill where Mrs. Polly had been buried, an unexplainable chain of events took place. It was just getting daylight when Schmidt spotted what he believed to be the figure of a woman walking through his pasture in a westerly direction. She was within 100 yards of Schmidt.

Thinking it might be a neighbor woman, Schmidt shouted a greeting and spurred his horse to catch up with

her. When he had traveled about 50 yards, Schmidt's dog let out a yelp and ran for home.

Schmidt couldn't understand the dog's behavior. He urged his horse on toward the woman. His horse became terrified, snorted, fought the bridle and attempted to rear-up.

Meanwhile, the woman showed no sign of recognition and continued on her way as if no one were around. Schmidt said he was close enough to touch the woman with a stick but she just continued walking. She wore a blue dress and blue bonnet.

Near the top of the hill was an abandoned trapper's shack. The woman entered the shack.

Figuring he had no business pursuing her further, Schmidt rounded up his cows and returned home. When he arrived, he learned that the family had seen the woman from the yard.

The rest of the day Mrs. Schmidt and her children kept an eye in the direction of the shack but never saw the woman leave. When Schmidt came home from his work that evening, he was told of this. Schmidt and his brother-in-law decided to investigate.

It was nearly sundown when they rode to the shack. They tried the door and found it difficult to open. Once inside they found nothing but dust and cobwebs. There was no sign of the woman.

"Nothing had been disturbed and we could tell that no one had been in that shack for some time," Schmidt related.

To this day no one has explained this uncanny event.

Perhaps the spirit of Mrs. Polly still lingers around the hill that was her earthly retreat. Who can say what lies beyond the realm of human understanding?

The late Frank Stout says he was eight years old when

his parents moved to Kansas in 1878. One day a gentleman wanted him to drive him to places around the town. On the trip he asked to be taken to Elizabeth Polly's grave. He admired the scenery and was pleased with the way the grave was cared for. He said he would report it to the people back in Missouri.

When he was gone, an old resident, Douglas Brown, told young Stout he had known the man all the time, but was afraid to mention his name or recognize him for fear of reprisals.

The stranger he had taken around was the noted outlaw—Jesse James.

Boot Hill

A monument to the lawlessness that persisted in Hays City was "Boot Hill," where 45 men and women who had died violently with their "boots on" were buried.

Boot Hill, now a quiet, respectable residence block, was between Main and Fort Streets on West 18th Street. In the late twenties and early thirties, when foundations were being dug for homes in the block, the bones of many who died violently were unearthed. The County Commissioners had these bones gathered together and buried in one grave at Mount Allen Cemetery. In one account of "Boot Hill" is this pathetic paragraph: "There is one more, a little child, sleeping on Boot Hill, a victim to the lawless society in which it existed, innocent of any crime and fleeing for safety from a drunken street brawl. The little one had but scarcely crossed the threshold of the building on the corner of Main and Fort Streets, ere it fell, shot through the brain by a stray bullet from a pistol in the hands of one of the "roughs" fighting in the

street. Old timers were fond of saying Dodge City had stolen Hays' thunder in the establishment of a Boot Hill which was not authentic as the one in Hays was.

Negro Trouble

For many years there was a tradition in Hays that Negroes dare not stop in the city. This belief grew from an unfortunate episode in 1867 when military supplies arrived by freight and was unloaded on what is now West 10th Street. Two guards relieved one another at 12 hour periods, stationed there to see that nothing was stolen. One of the guards, John Hays, was shot down without warning by one of three drunken Negro soldiers. He was killed. The three had come to town that night and after drinking freely had attempted to enter a house of ill repute. Upon being refused admission, they became quarrelsome and decided to kill the first man they met. Hays was the man. The three Negro soldiers were identified the next morning at the Fort. They were arrested and brought to Hays City where they were locked in a cellar for safe-keeping. That night a party of men broke into the cellar, marched the three to a railroad trestle, half a mile west of Hays City, placed ropes around their necks and dropped them between the ties, where they hung until morning. The bodies were taken to the Fort to be buried in the Military cemetery.

In 1874, Negro troops attempted a raid on Hays but were repulsed by townspeople who had been forewarned, but not before six of the colored troops were killed. This episode marked a change in the character of Hays City and afterward law and order prevailed to a greater extent.

However, the pioneers did not come to western Kansas

to spend their time defying lawlessness and it was not long before they took things in hand to try to clean out the outlaws and set things in order. In the 1880's and early '90's the docket became less bloodstained and the crimes recorded more petty as civilization came to Kansas. Stealing became more of a common offense in later years than bodily conflict. The docket in the early 1890's reads more nearly like the ones which may be found on table of any justice of the peace today.

A Few "Firsts"

The first courthouse, a one-story building which included a jail in the basement, was built in 1868 on the site now occupied by the City Building, costing $240.

M. E. Joyce was the first Justice of the Peace in the County. In 1867, a murderer confessed his crime and surrendered. A day was set for the hearing. There was a huge crowd there when the murderer appeared. When the case was called, Joyce asked "Guilty or not guilty?" To their surprise the man answered, "Guilty." Whereupon Joyce thundered, "You are a d--- fool and I will discharge you for lack of evidence."

The first marriage in Ellis County was in 1868, the marriage of Elizabeth Duncan to Peter Fondell.

John Bauer was the first child born in Hays City on January 29, 1868.

At the first meeting of the County Commissioners, 37 licenses to sell liquor were granted in two days.

The first bank opened on January 1, 1880, by Heil P. Wilson.

The first newspaper, *The Railway Age,* was established

in 1867 by Joseph Clark. A copy of this paper is preserved in The Fort Hays State College Museum.

The Fort Hays Normal School opened its doors to students on June 23, 1902, with two faculty members William S. Picken, principal, and Anna Keller, assistant principal. An account of the occasion said, "Amid great rejoicing, the flag was unfurled from the same flag pole to which Sheridan, Custer, Miles and others lifted their hats to Old Glory floating over the parade ground which now has become the Campus of the State Institution."

Thirty-four students enrolled the first day of the school, the late Jennie Ward Philip having been the first. The old fort hospital was the first school building and all classes were held there.

In April 1911, St. Joseph's Military Academy was established in a stone building on West 13th Street, now the Girls Catholic High School. The Academy later was known as the "Catholic College" and was established to offer a Catholic education to the young men of Hays City and other areas. The enrollment was small at first but it, too, has grown to be an institution of considerable importance, winning honor recognition each year from the United States Army for its military training.

Thirty years ago a million dollar college building and dormitory was built on the west edge of Hays and later a fine field house was added to its facilities. It is under the supervision and instructions of the Capuchin Friars and draws students from all parts of the United States as well as from several foreign countries. There are 25 priests on the faculty.

In the school system there is a large high school, four grade schools in use and a fifth under construction, in addition to the Girls Catholic high school operated by the Community of St. Agnes.

Fort Hays Abandoned

As the Indian menace became less a part of the life of the frontiersmen, the maintenance of military outposts became less necessary, so on April 7, 1889, the Fort Hays Military Reservation was deactivated. It was said to have been a sad day, indeed, in Hays when the last of the soldiers and officers entrained for parts unknown.

On March 28, 1900, Congress passed an act granting the military reservation of 7600 acres to the State of Kansas in these words, "That the abandoned Fort Hays Military Reservation, and all the improvements thereon situated in the State of Kansas be granted to the State upon the conditions, that said State shall establish and maintain perpetually thereon, First, an Experiment Station of State Agricultural College. Second, a western branch of the Kansas State Normal School, and that in connection therewith the said reservation shall be used and maintained as a public park."

Thus were laid the plans for the Fort Hays Kansas State College campus and farm on a portion of the original reservation, the largest dry farming experimental station in the world, "The Fort Hays Experiment Station." On another portion grew "The State Frontier Historical Park." Each have played a significant part in the development of Western Kansas.

Not all of the history of Hays City was a series of hair-raising episodes. Not every one in town was lawless. The elements of civilization, religion and education entered early. The first religious service was held in Tommy Drum's saloon on north Main Street in 1873, the bar having been covered with a sheet. However, prior to this time regular religious services were held at Fort Hays and

ambulances from the fort came to Hays City on Sunday mornings to convey anyone interested in church services to the fort to listen to the Chaplain who was known in town, by the irreverent, as "Holy Joe."

In 1873, the Presbyterian Church was organized and in 1879 the first Presbyterian Church of stone was built on West Seventh Street. A portion of that church still stands with the keystone bearing the date 1879.

The first services of the Methodist Church in Hays City were those conducted by the Rev. Leonard Bell in Tommy Drum's saloon. The first Methodist Church was built on the corner of Seventh and Oak Streets in 1886.

Through the efforts of D. C. Nellis, the Trinity Lutheran Church was organized on November 10, 1878. The first services were held in the schoolhouse. A new church was built at the corner of Fort and 13th Streets and dedicated on October 3, 1880.

St. Joseph's Catholic Parish was organized in 1876. First services were held in one of the barracks at Fort Hays once each month. In 1879, a small frame building for church services was built on lots now occupied by the large stone St. Joseph Church.

The First Baptist Church was organized in 1883 by the Rev. A. L. King and their first services were held in the school house. A new church was erected in 1887 at a cost of $4,000 on the site of the present Baptist Church at the corner of 12th and Fort Streets.

Hays City in its infancy was plagued by hordes of criminals and law-breakers, desperadoes and gamblers. In 1879, fire swept the downtown area destroying the first hotel, the Gibbs House, as well as other places of business, but the spirit of Hays City was well implanted in the settlers at that early date, so they set about rebuilding the

devastated buildings and added to them a number of new ones of substantial character. Hardly were they finished and occupied than a fire in 1881 took half a dozen additional buildings. Then in 1895 eighty business buildings in downtown Hays were razed by the most disastrous fire the city had ever known.

Because of fires, grasshoppers, prairie fires and blizzards, to say nothing of droughts and searing heat to try the fortitude of even the hardiest of the pioneers, many left to return to their homes in the east. But the men and women who made western Kansas stayed to battle the elements because they felt the spell of the prairie and were sagacious enough to realize the potential of a vast fertile area that was yet virgin soil and that promised much for a future of freedom and independence.

The only person living who was in Hays in 1867 when Fort Hays and Hays City had their beginnings is Mrs. J. H. Middlekauff. She came there with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Casper Hawickholst, at the age of five and her memories of all that has gone since are sharp and accurate.

Hadley Memorial Hospital

In 1886, the late Hill P. Wilson gave the site for the first Methodist Church in Hays. The church expansion made larger quarters a necessity, so in 1924, when the new present day Methodist Church was erected, the idea of a hospital in the old church building began to take shape. The idea became a reality in 1925. It became the "Hays Protestant Hospital" as it was known for several years.

In 1941, an addition was built to the old building, costing $50,000. It was dedicated on May 1, 1942. It provided more conveniences and much needed room.

In 1949, a gift of $275,000 from Mark, Dollie and Lily Hadley made possible the new modern wing to the hospital which opened in 1951. The name was changed to the Hadley Memorial Hospital.

The old church building, however, was retained as an auxiliary to the new building and served in that capacity until May 1959, when it was razed to provide a parking lot for the Hadley Memorial Hospital and Rehabilitation Center.

Austin Evans came to Hadley Memorial Hospital as Administrator. He was a 1950 graduate of Yale University, holding a M.S. degree. He was immediate past president of Kansas Hospital Association and a member of the executive of the Midwest Hospital Association, also, a member of the American College and Hospital Administration. His ability and experience, his keen interest in the hospital and patients and his friendly, considerate attitude toward everyone has made him a successful administrator during his administrative years at Hadley Hospital.

Graham L. Davis was invited by the Hadley Board of Trustees to chart a future course for Hadley Memorial Hospital. Mr. Davis, noted hospital authority and past president of The American Hospital Association, came to Hays in 1954. He saw the resources and surveyed the needs for long-term patient care facilities. His entire life had been devoted to helping hospitals fulfill their service responsibilities, particularly in rural areas.

Mr. Davis was thorough and deliberate in outlining Hadley's program. He sought information and advice

from doctors, trustees, hospital administrators, farm and industrial leaders, public health personnel and educators throughout the State. He conferred with officials of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in Washington, D. C. where his recommendation was finally made that Hadley Memorial Hospital build Kansas' first Comprehensive Rehabilitation Center.

The city is ideally located geographically. Kansas City is 320 miles to the east, Denver 350 miles west. Those are the closest sites that have chronic illness centers.

The financial resources of the Hadley Endowment Fund gives the hospital an annual income; it provides a stable fund without which the Center could not be built.

Rehabilitation authorities recommend towns, rather than cities, for such centers. This is because one of the important aspects of rehabilitation is social adjustment, which is more easily accomplished in small communities.

At this point, the future programs and planning were without the vision, experience and inspiration of Graham L. Davis. He died on July 4, 1958, following a car accident. The hospital field lost one of its greatest leaders. Kansas will long remember this man whose genius brought together all factors to create the State's first Rehabilitation Center.

Ground was broken for the Hadley Rehabilitation Center on September 23, 1956. Ground breaking for a hospital can be accomplished only by the trustees. Once they break the ground, the die is cast. Planning terminates and a veritable army of skilled experts take over.

Acting on the Doctor's requests and the recommendations of Mr. Davis, the Trustees voted to go all the way in building the most complete and modern Rehabilitation Facility in the country. Many centers were visited.

The United States Public Health Service assisted with the plans and program. No expense was spared in providing the finest facilities, equipment and staff. Total cost $1,368,000.

The Hadley Rehabilitation Center opened early in 1959; dedication service was held on May 11, 1959.

Many patients with chronic diseases or injuries which have left them disabled or paralyzed have received much benefit. Because of the proper staff and facilities, 90 percent of the severely disabled have been helped through the active, intensive treatment needed day in and day out. Some have learned to take care of themselves and others have returned to gainful employment.

In April 1959, Hadley Hospital was selected as a Poison Control Center, one of eight such places in the State. Most cases, incidentally, involve children who have taken poison internally. The most common of these cases are dosages of aspirin, pills of various kinds, gasoline, kerosene, rodent and insect poison. Doctors agree the main reason for most poisonings is carelessness; often parents leave poison medicines within the reach of children. Two cases were treated in 1959; one was for rattlesnake bite, the other for cyanide poisoning.

The center has a complete library on file on various types of poisoning symptoms, so that treatment can be administered at once, no matter what the poisoning may be, in an adult or a child.

In the January issue of *The American Hospital Supply Corporation's Bulletin,* Hadley Memorial Hospital and Rehabilitation Center of Hays was designated as "Hospital of the Month." Of the hospital, the bulletin says, "Near the site of the historic Fort Hays outpost where many a pioneer blazed the trail into the vast unknown stands the

Hadley Memorial Hospital's new 4-story rehabilitation center addition, an outstanding example of a rekindled pioneer spirit by citizens of Hays, Kansas, and the surrounding area."

Great programs require great ideas and great men. The history of Hadley Memorial Hospital shows that it had its share of both.

MARK HADLEY (1873-1949)—*Philanthropist and Hospital Benefactor*

The new addition to the Hadley Memorial Hospital, which is in reality a monument to the Hadley family, has recalled a tragedy in the family little known today.

The vast wealth of the members of this family stemmed

from a farm on the Saline River which was purchased by a widow of Jewell County, Kansas, in 1888, from Nate Shores near Turkville.

There she expected to rear her family of six children, three girls and three boys.

The story of the tragedy, recounted in *The Ellis County Republican* of June 16, 1894, reads:

One of the saddest accidents we have been called upon to record happened on the Saline River near the Martin post office Sunday morning.

Mrs. Sarah Hadley and daughters Lily and Hattie attempted to cross the river about a mile above Meir's Mill dam. The heavy rains had filled the river bed almost to overflowing. They were driving a team and lumber wagon and were on their way to attend Sunday school at the Stone school house in District 9. Willie Dillon who was herding cattle nearby told the following story:

"All three of the ladies were sitting on the seat in the front end of the wagon. When the team plunged into the water, the wagon went to the bottom and the front end of the wagon went down, throwing them all into the water."

Mrs. Hadley and Hattie soon disappeared from view but Lily fell over on her back and floated downstream until her clothes caught in some brush and undergrowth, which held her above water. She was held there more than an hour and most of the time she was unconscious until help came to her relief. An alarm was given and in a short time a number of neighbors instituted a search for Mrs. Hadley and Hattie.

The mother's body was found a short distance from where she went down but the body of Hattie was not found until late in the afternoon some distance below, lodged in brush and driftwood.

All were taken to the William Dillon home. Lily was prostrated with congestion of the brain.

A funeral service was preached at the Dillon home Tuesday morning by Rev. Shotwell. The bodies were taken to Plainville for burial where another sermon was preached at the Methodist church.

In the church, the Sunday School and the neighborhood, Mrs. Hadley and her daughters were leaders in everything that was good. It was said "That no two persons who be named in the community would be missed so much as Mrs. Hadley and her daughter."

Oil was discovered on the Hadley farm several years ago. It brought them a large revenue and with other commodities through the years they became immensely wealthy. From July 1951 to May 1952, the oil income was $119,003,70.

The Hadleys were generous with their wealth and made many substantial gifts to various worthy causes. Some known gifts were $275,000—Protestant Hospital, 1949, $570,000. Hadley Memorial Hospital, $115,000 to Central Conference of the Methodist Church to be used as a fund for retired ministers. Under the provisions of the Hadley will, the hospital continues to receive the royalties from the oil wells which is estimated at from two to three million dollars. The hospital has already received $934,693.

Mark Hadley was born on Sept. 4, 1873, and passed away on Oct. 11, 1949.

Fourth of July Celebrations

A couple of generations ago Hays was a gay old girl. She took the 4th of July celebrations, as well as others, seriously and with a spontaneity which today would lead the celebrants to the jailhouse. As a matter of fact, when one reads an account of some of the Fourth of July antics in Hays half a century ago, written by one who participated in them to carry out a tradition set by his father and other oldsters, one wonders how Hays stands the tame life it leads today.

The stories of early day happenings in Hays around the Fourth of July and other times, as told by H. W. Oshant, one of the pioneers of Ellis County, who came to Hays in 1876, are related by Fred Oshant.

Firecrackers in those days and up to as late as 1920 were made as large as 10 inches long and up to two inches in diameter. A favorite stunt was to place one of them under a wash-tub and see how high it would blow the tub. A crowd was watching this stunt in front of Tommy Drumm's saloon when a piece of the tub flew over and cut off all the fingers of one man who had his hand on one of the posts that supported the wooden awnings in front of every store and saloon on "Main Street," now West Tenth.

The crowd then went to a restaurant where the Jack and Jill store is now located and someone put a large firecracker in the hip pocket of one of the Negroes from Ellis who had come to Hays to celebrate. It blew his pants completely off. He was badly hurt and scared as well, so the crowd took up a collection and bought him a complete new outfit of clothes. Another trick was to pack a large size pipe, about two inches by one foot long, with powder and stick it in one of the couplers between box cars. This

created the desired noise and excitement but had to stop after blowing the couplers off of several cars.

The best and loudest noise-makers were made by getting two anvils from George Brown's blacksmith shop and putting as much powder under one of them as possible and setting the other anvil on top of it. This noise-maker was equal to six or eight cannon, but besides being a noise-maker it was a window-buster, breaking most of the windows on both sides of the track, which now is the 100 block of West 9th and 10th Streets.

One very dry year the citizens conceived the idea of trying to make it rain, so Mr. Oshant built a large kite and, having had experience handling dynamite during his two years work on the D. & R. G. when it was building southwest of Leadville, Colorado, in 1878 and 1880, he fastened ten sticks of dynamite with long fuses to the tail of the kite. This was tied to the saddle of a horse ridden by George Brown with about half a mile of light rope. When the fuse was lighted, he rode the horse as fast as it could go. The kite sailed high into space but the explosion did not bring forth the desired rain so the experiment was repeated later. The whole town turned out as well as some rural folks to witness the event. The rope broke when the kite was only about half up and it came sailing down towards the crowd, which scattered in all directions. Results: nobody hurt, just a large hole in the ground where the dynamite exploded. This ended the attempt at rain-making.

And speaking of night fireworks—the election year when Grover Cleveland was elected, a big parade was planned after a picnic to celebrate the event. This was a "torch-light" parade. A man carried kerosene torches to light the streets, as there were no street lights then. The Hays band was seated in a large hay-rack drawn by six

horses. As the band wagon passed the livery-stable, south of the court house, another hay-rack was tied to the band-wagon by a long rope. On this wagon Mr. Oshant had set up the scenery from the opera house all around the sides of the rack. He had a big box of fireworks, skyrockets, roman candles, and fire crackers, also a large chute in which to rest the sky rockets to be shot into the air. The parade circled the block and started down what is now Main Street. When the band-wagon was about opposite the Strand Theatre location, the band playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," Mr. Oshant lit the largest roman-candle in the lot. The horses drawing the band wagon became scared and started to run. The sparks from the candle fell into the box of fireworks, setting them all afire and they all started going off at once, sky-rockets flying through the canvas scenery, people ducking them. The roman candles and the scenery started to burn. Mr. Oshant got out safely, but the wagon and scenery were soon a mass of flames.

The driver got the band-wagon turned off on a side street and someone cut the rope attached to the band-wagon, leaving the fire-wagon to burn.

During the late twenties and early thirties when Fred Oshant was operating a variety store, he sold fireworks for ten or twelve years. At that time the Golden Belt Fair Association was having their fair on the grounds where the college stadium and housing is now located. Mr. Oshant contracted to put on night fireworks displays for the Fair Association. He did that for two years for the Fair Association. The next year he was paid by Henry Felton and De Maye. The next year the State College contracted for the largest display of all, which caused a near tragedy.

An aviator named Curley Smith was barnstorming

around Hays with an old Curtis OX-5 Jenny. Smith and Paul Oshant got some of the most powerful crackers and several of the large bombs and took them up with them. As the band and parade were marching toward the fair ground about noon, Curley Smith began lighting the crackers and bombs from a cigar, dropping them from a safe height over the parade. After dropping several crackers, he lit one of the bomb fuses but, thinking it wasn't lit, he brought it back into the plane to re-light it when it went off blowing off the fingers of one hand and deafening Paul in one ear, from which he never fully recovered.

The last year of the fair in Hays, the American Legion had Mr. Oshant put on a "Sham-Battle" for them. Two trenches fifty feet apart were dug and all the Boys Scouts were engaged to participate in this. Each were supplied with a sack of powerful crackers and punk and a row of bombs were set up between the trenches. All the fair ground lights were extinguished and a large magnesium aerial flare was set off, revealing the two trenches manned by "Yanks" and "Krauts" who started lobbing their grenades at each other. Mr. Oshant manned the row of aerial bombs, interspacing the battle on the ground with an occasional block-buster, search-light shell and star-shells. The grand finale and windup of the display was the "machine-gun attack." This was a string of ten thousand 2 inch firecrackers, strung along the board fence enclosing the race track and facing the grand-stand which magnified the sound. The sound effect was appalling to the uninitiated.

Those displays, at today's price of fireworks, would cost from one to two thousand dollars.

Settlers from Russia

In 1876, sturdy farmers from the Volga region in Russia, seeking new homes in America, came to Ellis County settling in communities similar to their home across the sea and gave to them the picturesque names of the homeland villages . . . Schoenchen, Herzog, Liebenthal and Munjor.

The hard-working, freedom-seeking men and women taught Ellis County farmers how to grow wheat, inadvertently adding much to the economy of Hays. They reared large families and became an industrious segment of the population.

They lived isolated in their inland settlements, in their prairie worlds, in their small block houses, speaking their mother language, German-Russian. With their separate religion and schools and intermarrying, they were until a decade ago as provincial and antiquated as the day they left the Volga in 1876. Such a policy of isolation was necessary in order that they might preserve their old country heritage of long life, health, peace and unity, and after death eternal happiness. Hospitality was not one of the virtues of their households. The precincts of the home were sacred and there were great hordes of uncles, aunts and cousins.

The visit of a stranger was an adventure into an old world of patriarchal domain. Within the house, the white walls shine; the huge cook stove is polished to jewel-like brilliance, and the table decked with bright oilcloth. A few chairs complete the frugal furnishings.

The father is the main spokesman and between puffs on his odorous pipe, he recounts in realistic detail the number of bushels of wheat which he harvested last crop, the number of children he has, giving the names and ages

from oldest to the youngest, and full details of the first communion of little Hieronymus.

In fifty years, the quest for peace and unity has ended. In their present day lives, only the church has remained immutable and steadfast throughout the century. The Fathers say the same masses and the same prayers are heard. The parish records, however, show an infringement of the names of English and Scottish saints upon the nomenclature of good Catholic Saints. The Jameses, Donalds and Georges are replacing the Peters, Simons and Pauls. The younger sons are straying from the plow into academic halls. The daughters desert the home for the typewriter. But so long as the prairies shall grow wheat, so long as the "Herr Gott" remains in his heaven, and so long as peace and unity continue, it is still the country these good citizens respected and cherished.

Ellis, Kansas

Ellis was established in 1867 on Big Creek as a railroad tank and pumping station. It was named for George Ellis of the 12th Kansas Infantry.

The original plat of Ellis was recorded on September 9, 1873, by Holland Wheeler, civil engineer.

Ellis is a division point on the Union Pacific Railroad. It was a cow town in the days of the Texas cattle trade. It was also a disembarkation point for many colonists coming to western Kansas by railroad.

Some day when the skies are not clouded, climb to the top of reservoir hill and look out over the city. You will be like the old plainsman who went back to visit his old home in the East. When asked how he liked the country in the west, he answered, "Don't know." He could not see

Ellis for it has more trees to the square yard than any other town in western Kansas. Now as you gaze out over the town, in your imagination sweep away all the trees, the buildings, the streets, the bridges, the railroads and every indication of modern living, and behold in your mind's eye a very beautiful, level, grassy, plain valley, through which meanders a clear stream . . . a valley which father time and mother nature spent many ages in preparing as an ideal site for the beautiful city of Ellis.

You see this little valley as the buffalo saw it for countless years. Toward evening they followed the old rutted buffalo trail from the uplands to the south around the west shoulder of the hill to the northwest to the creek where they quenched their thirst in the cool, unpolluted waters. Then rest upon the valley floor until morning again calls them to the uplands.

You look upon it as the Indians viewed and loved it as, in their journeys back and forth, they pitched their teepees along the bank of the little stream and enjoyed its restfulness and seclusion. For the Indian, before he was debauched by civilization, had a keen sense of natural beauty.

There are some who think that some of Coronado's men may have scanned it seventy-five years before the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. It is very probable that some of them did explore Big Creek as far as the little valley, for how else could we account for the presence of a steel rapier engraved with Spanish figures which one of the early settlers unearthed while spading in his garden?

You see it as the solitary trapper who visited it periodically in his business of gathering the pelts of valuable fur-bearing animals such as mink, muskrat, or beaver for all those flourished along the little stream.

There is within the recollection of some of the earliest

citizens a colony of beaver in the corporate limits of Ellis, namely, the little inlet that bounds on the west. It is the "Point and Cedar Crest."

You survey it as the band of Kansas Pacific surveyors saw it when they laid their lines for the first Railroad through Kansas. Quite naturally, they laid their lines right through the middle of this valley.

Every foot of progress was made at the price of blood for the Indians claimed the Smoky Hill as their best hunting grounds and fought bitterly every step of the coming of the stage coach lines and the railroad.

The site of Ellis received its baptism of fire, when on August 5, 1867, Captain Neeley's construction camp, 15 miles west of Hays, was attacked by 200 Indians who, after a severe fight of two hours, were repulsed. But, although every mile had its fights, the rails stretched continually westward. At certain points where the railroad crossed a stream rude pump stations were placed to supply water for the engines. A pump man was left to tend each one. One was established where the railroad crosses Big Creek. The Indians soon killed the man and burned the pump, tank and everything there. Another station was placed three miles further east and a squad of soldiers was stationed there to protect it.

By spring of 1870, the railroad had reached Denver and the division points were readjusted and in July of that year, Ellis came into existence at one of these points approximately half way between Kansas City and Denver. A large stone roundhouse and extensive shops were established there and all trainmen changed there. As the need of an eating house was urgent, John H. Edwards, general ticket agent for the railroad from Ellsworth, Kansas, was sent to Ellis to build and manage a temporary one, to be known as the Kansas Pacific House, until a

permanent building could be completed. It was placed on the south side of the track and was of frame construction. In 1872, the temporary structure burned and some railroad coaches were assembled and used until the big stone building which was already started could be finished. The main part of that building was 111 feet long, 34 feet wide, of two stories. To the north and west a big yard was fenced in, which contained a large kitchen and store room. Attached to the main building were a laundry, coal shed, and other buildings. It was opened as the Ellis House in 1872, with John Edwards as manager.

He and his wife and grown daughter were very cultured people and did everything they could to bring social life and entertainment to the early settlers.

Changing railroad traveling conditions, dining car service, along with other changing conditions made it no longer profitable and the railroad, desiring to get it off the tax, declared it expendable and offered it for sale in March 1935 to the highest bidder with the condition it be removed from the railroad right-of-way. C. F. Erbert purchased the entire set of buildings for $460.00.

The first school was a private school kept by Mrs. Dan Moore. She held two short terms in 1870 and 1871 for the few children who lived in Ellis. A small schoolhouse was built in 1872; Miss Fanny Hemminger was the first teacher there.

People kept coming but few stayed, as they could not adjust and endure the rigors of pioneer life.

Mother Smith

Among those who came to Ellis with the railroad was Mrs. Martha Smith and her seven children Mary, Angeline, Laura, Josephine, William, F. J. and Jennie. They arrived on August 10, 1870.

Mrs. Smith was widowed in July, 1858, while living in Rusk, Texas. In 1860, due to the unsettled condition of the country (it was the beginning of the Civil War), she decided to take her family to Green County, Illinois, where two uncles of the children were living. As there was no railroads, their only way of getting there was by boat.

Mr. Smith had been a Master Mason, so she applied to him for help. The family was taken to Alexandria, Louisiana, by team and from there they took a small Red River boat called "Andy Fulton" to New Orleans. There they took a Mississippi boat which was the last boat to run the blockade. They were six weeks getting to Alton, Illinois, where the uncles met them and took them to Litchfield, where they lived until August 4, 1870. Mrs. Smith longed to get her family where they could establish a home of their own, so when the railroad men offered her transportation and a two-story bunkhouse, rent free, for one year she decided to come west. When they arrived, not a building of any kind or a tree was in sight. The bare prairie and sunshine greeted them. They were so disappointed and discouraged that they all sat down on a pile of railroad tile and cried. The company offered to give them passage back if they wanted to return east. They did want to go back but decided to stay. There were about a hundred men there and they all lived in box cars for a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chapman and

Mr. and Mrs. Henchey and four little boys soon joined them and lived in box car row.

The bunkhouse was completed that fall. It was a two-story frame building with twenty-four rooms. Most rooms had two beds, which they got at Brookville, Kansas. The rooms were all taken in two days. Everyone called Mrs. Smith "Mother," and she truly was a mother to all.

There was no church in Ellis for several years. A minister came occasionally but his pulpit was a dry-goods box.

The first Indian scare came soon after the completion of the bunkhouse. A hunter came in late one afternoon and reported that a tribe of hostile Indians were coming from the north. He thought they would sure strike Ellis. That meant it was necessary to get ready to fight. As the ammunition was low, the company sent an engine and car to Fort Hays for soldiers and ammunition.

There were ten women in Ellis then, and when the engine and car left for the ammunition, twenty-five of the brave men climbed on the car and left. When they were six miles east of Ellis, the engine left the track and all were dumped from the car.

The ones left in Ellis had no place to go. They had a few guns and a small amount of ammunition, so they stayed at Mrs. Smith's house. They guarded the house from all sides, waiting for the soldiers with ammunition. About day light the Indians crossed the track west of Ellis or they all would have been killed.

Buffalo was still plentiful when Mrs. Smith and her family came. On their way to Ellis, a few miles west of Hays, the train had to stop to let a herd of buffalo cross the track. It was a large herd of several hundred. They moved slowly, with heads down, in a rocking motion.

Their hoofs made a rumbling noise and their breathing was loud and hissing. They had three bedding places around Ellis. One was on the north side of Big Creek about where the Catholic Church now stands. The other was on the west side where the ball grounds are and the third where the school buildings now stand. The herds would come in after dark for water and bed down along Big Creek for the night; around daylight they would begin to get up a few at a time and move off, grazing along the way. For several years they could be seen grazing in every direction but after the men would shoot some for meat, it frightened them away and they would not come so close for some time. There was plenty of antelope and some deer. There was no game such as rabbits, prairie chickens, quail or wild ducks, for they follow where there is small grain. There were lots of coyotes, prairie wolves and a few black timber wolves roaming the plains and living on the buffalo. They were very bold and occasionally some ran through the yards.

Big Creek had an abundance of water and teemed with catfish, sunfish and suckers, but the settlers were afraid to go far to fish. They never crossed on the north side of Big Creek unless some man carried a gun.

As soon as the town of Ellis was platted, Mother Smith bought four lots where Weisner's store now stands and built a two-room house.

There were no wells in Ellis at that time. The Company pumped its water from Big Creek; later it dug a well near the shops. Mother Smith had a well dug in her backyard. The water was fine. They drew it with a rope and bucket. It was Whittier's poem, "The Captain's Well," for it quenched the thirst of man and beast. That was the first well in Ellis.

In the spring of 1871, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan and their family of six sons and three daughters moved to Ellis. Like all the rest, they had to find a place to live. They first lived on the ground where the old hotel now stands. Later, Mr. Jordan took up a homestead west of Ellis. They lived there for several years; later they moved the house back to town. Richard Jordan and Mrs. Smith's daughter Mary were married in November 1871.

Their marriage ended in a terrible tragedy in the spring of 1872. While on a buffalo hunt, they were the victims of an Indian massacre. The men in the party were scalped and the warriors captured Mary and carried her away. The government parties never found her. She was never seen again; all that was ever found of her was her sunbonnet. They buried it with her husband.

Walter Percy Chrysler

Ellis is the boyhood home of Walter P. Chrysler. He was born at Wamego, Kansas, on April 2, 1875. He moved, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chrysler, his brother Ed and sister Irene, to Ellis when he was a young boy. Their old home still stands in Ellis. It is located on Highway 40 in the first block west of Main Street, a two-story, yellow frame house.

Walter Chrysler's career as a big business man started in Ellis, Kansas, where his first experience was pushing a grocery delivery cart. Until he was fifteen years old, he augumented the family's slender income by this means. Then he walked into the Kansas Pacific roundhouse and applied for and received a job at the magnificent wage of five cents an hour.

After graduating from high school, he asked for a job where he "could learn something" about how engines are made. Step by step, he advanced in his knowledge of mechanics and his wages increased accordingly. He loved to tinker with machinery, to create things. By the time he was out of his teens, he was a journeyman mechanic and was receiving twenty-two cents an hour.

Building things with his own hands was a hobby that led the native Kansan to the top in the motocar industry. Once he wanted a shotgun but had no money to buy one. He built it himself and it shot as straight and true as the costly models in hardware stores. There are still people living in Ellis and surrounding territory who remember how young Chrysler shot ducks and rabbits with his home-made gun.

Making his own tools was one of Chrysler's duties as a railroad mechanic. He had no blueprint in those days, but he learned all there was to know about locomotives, even to the point of making a model complete in every detail, which to the time of his death was a prized possession.

Capable of getting a job in any roundhouse, he went out to see what methods were used in other places. He got a job in the Rio Grande and Western Railroad roundhouse at Salt Lake City, Utah. While there he returned to Ellis and married Della Forker, a girl who had faith in the former delivery boy who, by this time, had learned to perform miracles with machinery.

Walter Chrysler's meteoric rise to fame and fortune after he left Kansas is part of the business annals of the United States. By the time he was thirty-three years old, he was superintendent of motive power for the Chicago Great Western Railroad System. Soon after, he became

manager for the American Locomotive Company at Pittsburg; two years later he was general manager of that company.

Back in the days of 1905, when the motor car was in its infancy, Chrysler paid $5,000 for an automobile, which he admitted tearing down forty times just to see how it was made and how it could be improved.

In 1911, the Buick Company, most important in General Motors organization, was in a precarious condition. Charles W. Nash, head of General Motors, needed a "business doctor" and asked Chrysler to tackle the job. He did, at a much lower salary than he was then receiving. Eight years later, he left Buick which had become one of the leading cars, and became Vice-President of General Motors Corporation in 1919.

He left General Motors and went to the Willys-Overland Company which had a debt of $45,000,000. This he reduced to $18,000,000 in one year. He then went to Maxwell Motor Co. where his money-saving ministrations were sadly needed. Then he followed the Maxwell-Chalmers merger from which developed the Chrysler Motor Company of which he soon become head.

Mr. Chrysler went to Europe for ideas before deciding on the type of car he would manufacture. He bought out the Engineering Corporation of Zedar, Skilton and Breer of Newark, New Jersey. These three partners took an active interest in the new motor company.

The Chrysler building at Lexington Ave. and 42nd Street in New York was completed in 1930. It is 1046 feet high and has 77 stories, making it the third highest building in the world.

Mr. Chrysler maintained residences in Great Neck, Long Island and New York City.

On his infrequent visits to Kansas, Walter Chrysler spent much of his time visiting old friends at Ellis and other places.

He died at his Long Island estate on August 18, 1940.

The Raynesford Family

Howard Raynesford found the settling of this western country a most interesting period. He came with his parents from Connecticut in the spring of 1880. They experienced some difficult times. There were many Indian scares but no serious trouble after they came. The Indians did come often to demand food and clothing and usually got it, but there were no bad fights.

The Raynesfords had a ranch with a range of almost unlimited territory. They soon built up a large herd of cattle, hogs, and sheep, but the blizzards of 1885 and 1886 almost wiped out their entire herd of cattle, over 600 head, and twice as many sheep, also a large number of hogs. One large outfit called the "Smoky Hill Pool" lost thousands of cattle. It completely broke them all.

The storm on November 16, 1885, in which Mrs. Jim Samuels perished, (I have described it in detail in another chapter), had hardly cleared away when on January 6, 1886, a more severe storm hit suddenly. The day dawned bright and sunny and children were playing outside with no coats when suddenly a sharp cold wind came from the north, bringing a sharp, biting snow which cut off all visibility and piled snow drifts as high as twenty feet. Cattle froze standing in their tracks.

A blizzard in those days was really severe. The snow was made of sharp ice crystals which drew blood when it

hit the face; no animal save the buffalo could endure it.

Before coming to Kansas, the Raynesfords had farmed one of the largest farms in the Connecticut Valley, which was 60 acres. Leaf tobacco was the main commodity. After their great loss, Mr. Raynesford decided to go back and buy that farm. When he returned some time later, he said no more about the Connecticut farm. Later, when someone asked if he were making the move, he explained that the farm there was so small, he could hardly take a full breath on it. The wide open spaces had got into his blood.

In spite of blizzards, grasshoppers, droughts and dust storms, they stayed and never regretted that they chose western Kansas for their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Raynesford

Howard Raynesford was married in 1905 to Emily Nelson, a dressmaker, who came from Illinois to join her family, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Nelson and eight brothers and sisters.

Mr. Nelson was born in Sweden, but had been in Illinois for several years. They had followed a relative here to establish a home in the west. They purchased a farm one half mile west and eight miles south of Ogallah. Mr. Nelson was a devout Lutheran. He wished first of all for an adequate, comfortable home for his family, but of equal importance to him was a place to worship for his family and others in the neighborhood which had become known as "Little Sweden." He walked four miles daily and spent long hours quarrying rock for the structure. He enlisted the help of others of his faith and $1200.00

was allocated for the building, which stands today, a monument to the man who insisted upon a spire and cross for the building when others, feeling the need of economy, voted the idea down. He built the spire himself in order to have it. The church has stood on the prairie for 60 years, an inspiration to Lutherans as well as to others of different faiths. It was called "The Emmanuel Lutheran Church."

Emily Nelson was the eldest of the nine children in the Nelson family. She operated a dressmaker's shop in Illinois, which she disposed of when she came to Kansas, but she was soon established as a dressmaker in Ellis. She made the entire wedding outfit for Mrs. Walter Chrysler, as well as many others besides her own when she and Mr. Raynesford were married.

Mr. and Mrs. Raynesford have lived active, useful lives in the community, enduring many droughts, blizzards, grasshoppers and floods. The dust storm period of the 30's was another trying time. Many were discouraged and some left. It was decided something must be done to stem the tide of discouragement, so Mr. Raynesford was called on to give a good pep talk at the annual Kansas Day celebration, which he did. It was so successful that he was called on to speak on various occasions. He spoke to the Rotarians, at churches, schools and club events. The people never seemed to tire of hearing his interesting speeches and many of the discouraged souls found encouragement and incentive to carry on.

Twice he attended Kansas Day gatherings at Long Beach, California, and he has donated a poem which was written by a former Ellis citizen. It voices the nostalgic esteem in which the Sunflower and Meadow Lark are held.

Mr. and Mrs. Raynesford celebrated their golden

wedding in 1955. They have one son who is an aeronautical engineer in the Research and Development branch of the Air Force at Hollywood, California. He comes occasionally to visit his parents and he is always thrilled with the beautiful countryside of these wide plains of Kansas. He says, "Mountains are awesome, but our plains are inspiring."

The following poem was written by a former Ellis resident:

DEAR OLD KANSAS

Homesick tonight in the West-land
Longing for comfort and rest.
Weary of all the grandeur
Of nature in beauty dressed.
Homesick for dear old Kansas
And a sign of her wind-swept plain,
Wishing with all my heart to be
Where the sunflowers bloom again.
Lost here in the scent of roses
And the orange blossoms' sweet perfume,
Forgot in the song of the ocean,
As it breaks under the western moon.

Ah! sweeter to me, far sweeter
Are the meadowlark notes as they ring;
Soothing and restful as vesper bells
Are the notes that quail coveys sing.
Talk not to me of your Western skies,
Or your landscapes no artist can paint;
There's nothing like a Kansas sunrise
To gladden the hearts of the faint.

When you are downhearted and weary
And about to play your last chord,
How the spirit of Kansas calls to you
And life doesn't seem nearly so hard.
So if homesick I am for the homeland
As I walk by the western sea

Or gaze on the towering mountains,
But one thing arises in me
And that is a longing for Kansas,
Strong as any prisoner's sorrow.
For, though windy and dry,
There's hope in the sky
And a glad heart to meet the tomorrow.

The Meadowlark

Many birds make Kansas their home but one bird, the Western Meadowlark, is known as the Kansas State Bird. It was elected State bird by the school children of Kansas on Kansas Day, 1925. On that day the Meadowlark was given 48,395 votes by the school children while the rest of the birds received 72,796.

Children love the Meadowlark because it never complains. It is never cross, no matter what sort of weather and no matter what it has to eat. It comes out after a storm and its songs are loud and cheerful. It sings just as loudly and as sweetly for the girl in the gingham apron as for the woman in silks and satins.

Many other birds fly away when snow time comes but Meadowlarks live in Kansas the year round. On bright, sunny days, after a winter storm, they run about on the prairie singing and looking for food.

When snow or frost are on the ground, the Meadowlark eats the seeds of weeds but as soon as the spring rains start and green things, worms and bugs start working, they change their food.

It's the farmer's friend. Each summer it eats thousands of worms, bugs and grasshoppers. They would eat the crops were it not for the Meadowlark.

Some birds quit singing when the hot July andAugust days come but not the Meadowlark. It picks up bugs and grasshoppers as it runs along, stopping between bites to sing thanks for the food. Spring, summer, autumn or winter, the Meadowlark sings in every county in Kansas. And that is why the children elected the Western Meadowlark to be their State bird.

The Sunflower

As the Meadowlark was chosen our State bird, the Sunflower was elected to be our State flower

There are people who rave about the twilight hush and the wonderful scent of the deep pine woods. Still there are others who thrill to the tropical splendor of trim rows of palms lining a palatial residential street, but all of these sink into utter insignificance in the presence of the ecstasy engendered by the magnificent splendor that fairly overwhelms the fortunate autoist who chances to travel some of our peaceful country roads that are heavily bordered with thousands of the miniature Suns, that face you as you approach, turn with you as you pass, and follow you as you go.

The Sunflower grows on rich bottom lands; it grows in the rocky hills; it grows at the edge of wooded streams or on the wide open prairie. No matter how hot, the

Sunflower keeps smiling. No matter how cold the rain or how hard the wind blows, the Sunflower nods its head as if to say, "It's allright."

The Sunflower has a dark brown face. Around the face is a border of flower leaves as yellow as the sun itself and they point outward like rays of light coming from the sun.

Whether a man be rich or poor, it makes no difference to the Sunflower. It will grow in the cornfield of the best farmer of the land or in the wood patch of the laziest man in Kansas. Around the course where the city people play golf, the Sunflower comes up without being planted and all summer it nods its head at the breeze. It grows in the hedgerows fencing the field where the farmer harvests his crops and it nods its head at the farmer in the same friendly way in which it nods at the city man.

Many a plodding farmer who lacks a sense of beauty looks upon the beautiful Kansas native as a weed pest and seeks to destroy it, but like the Phoenix, it rises from the ashes to flourish and lend beauty to all the landscape.

Though despised by the tiller of the soil, it does have its usefulness. A field covered with Sunflowers prevents wind and rain erosion and provides shelter and food with its wonderfully rich seeds to the farmer's true friends, the birds. They find plenty to satisfy their needs for grain in the seeds instead of mooching on his crops. The birds destroy many insects and pests.

In our sometimes windy snowstorms, a patch of sunflowers will stop and hold several feet of snow which later will provide the necessary moisture for spring planting, while the bare fields blow almost clean.

It was certainly a great boon to the early settler on the almost treeless and woodless plains as its dried stalks

made ideal kindling to start the buffalo chip fire. It contained enough resinous matter to make an intensely hot fire. Many farmers and ranchers allowed a small patch to grow fairly near the house to provide this necessary kindling.

Yes, in the modern world the beautiful sunflower may be considered a weed pest, but in the pioneer days on these bleak prairies, it provided not only a welcome patch of color but some almost indipensable necessities.

Long before the white man came to Kansas, the Sunflower was here, a brave, patient, cheerful and sunny thing—a fitting emblem for Kansas. That is why we claim it as our State flower. Long may it flourish.

Graham County

For the benefit of the younger generation and to refresh the memories of the older people, the following information was taken from authentic files and given by people who knew.

Graham County was created in 1867. It was named in honor of Captain John L. Graham, Company D. Eighth Kansas Infantry, who was killed in action at the battle of Chickamuga, Sept. 19, 1863.

It was one of the thirty-four Counties to be created by the Legislature of 1867, and was organized for civil purposes on April 1, 1880. Previous to the coming of the white man, it was occupied by the Comanche tribe of Indians. The first white settlers in the county arrived in 1873 and 1874, and were herdsmen from Norton and Rooks Counties.

The earliest homesteaders arrived in 1877 and settled along Bow Creek in the northeast corner of the county.

Though most of them were from the middle west and were accustomed to the prairies and climatic conditions, there were among the homesteaders men and women from farther east who found it hard to accustom themselves to so great a change. A typical picture of a homesteader's domicile was a sod house or a dugout made in a bank of a steep descending hill, covered with dirt or gravel, through which ran a rusty stove pipe. Around the foot hills, near a brook or spring, stood a straw stable, poor, indeed, lopsided and makeshift, but shelter for his team or cow.

It was not nature alone that these people battled—the sudden windostorms, tornadoes, blizzards, prairie fires and crop failures. It was a desperate homesickness for their homes in the east and the burden of debts and mortgages, the epidemics that decimated the settlers in a new country where doctors were few and far between, and the ever present fear for their families.

Yet there were many consolations. The community spirit that bound them together with their community socials and the bar-raising political meetings. Churches were soon organized that preached a practical Christian brotherhood on the plains. Gay weddings and other social affairs, with laughing children, made their days more bearable. But not all of the settlers could adjust their lives to that type of living. Many gave up and returned to the east.

There were no fences. It was possible to ride in any direction and never be obstructed by a wire fence. The roads were trails across the prairies which were covered with buffalo grass.

The sun's rays in summer reflecting on the light grass made the heat almost unbearable. The settlers made the most of their living by gathering buffalo bones and

hauling them to Wakeeney where they recieved as much as $6.00 per ton for them. A long sod stable was built at Wakeeney that would accommodate about twenty teams at one time and a camp house was built for the freighters. It was not an uncommon sight to see piled, ready to be shipped, ricks of bones 200 feet long and 20 feet wide and as high as they could be thrown. The bones were shipped east where they were ground for use in fertilizers and other commercial uses.

The old homestead law provided for a small filing charge to be paid by the homesteader who must live on the land for five years continuously, after which he could obtain a warranty deed to the 160 acres. If he wished to deed the land before the five years were up, he could buy the land for $1.25 per acre. Many of the settlers took out timber claims. By planting trees on the land each year for five years, they could receive the deed. Locust and ash were among the more common trees to be planted. Occasionally in the county at the present time we can still see the remains of these old timber claims.

Roscoe was the first town plotted in the county. On April 5, 1879, Millbrook was started three days later and Hill City on June 16 of that year. Roscoe was the largest town in the county at one time. It was located north and east of Hill City. It had a hotel, three stores, a drug store, a blacksmith shop, post-office, livery stable and several residences. Mrs. Flynn Mausby was the last storekeeper there. Shortly afterward the town was abandoned. The remaining buildings were destroyed by a prairie fire which swept that part of the county.

Millbrook was located southwest of Hill City and was the first permanent county seat. There is nothing to be seen of Millbrook today except a large stone house where Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Chipman lived. It played a

very important part in the early history of the county. It was the scene of many exciting times.

The first settler near the town of Millbrook was A. C. Fountain. In 1880, Mr. Fountain was elected register of deeds of the then organized Graham County and served for seven years.

The first post-office in Graham County was located on Bow Creek in 1873, in the northeast corner of the county, in the Fred Fryman home. That was seven years before Graham County was organized.

The United States Postal Guide of 1881 listed twenty-two post offices operating in Graham County. They were Beech Grove, Bertie, Cortez, Elrick, Fargo, Gettysburg, Happy Hollow, Hill City, Houston, Kebar, Lamasco, Millbrook, Nyra, New Albia, Nicodemus, Olene, Roscoe, Smithfield, Star, Valdor, Whitfield and Wildhorse. The post offices in the county today are Hill City, Morland, Bogue and Penokee.

After the railroad went through, new towns were plotted adjacent to the railroad and some were renamed. The other post-offices were gradually eliminated until only the four mentioned were left. Nicodemus was the last to be discontinued, on November 30, 1953.

In many of the counties a fight usually developed in the early days of county government to see where the county seat would be located. Graham County was no exception. The fight was between the towns of Millbrook and Hill City. Roscoe, Nicodemus and Gettysburg had aspirations, but lost out early in the fight. Gettysburg threw its strength to Millbrook, while Roscoe and Nicodemus conceded their strength to Hill City. Millbrook won the original bid for the location of the county seat. A series of efforts to obtain relocation of the county seat to Hill City began in 1887, when petitions were filed with the

County Commissioners, asking for another county seat election. A remonstrance by the citizens of Millbrook against such an action on the petition resulted in the board of County Commissioners deferring any action. One of the big drawbacks that Millbrook suffered was the lack of water. A well was drilled 400 feet deep but it did not produce enough water to supply the needs of the town. For eight years the town of Millbrook continued to grow and prosper in spite of the rivalry with Hill City and the insufficient water supply. Then on the night of August 4, 1887, the town was struck by a cyclone which almost demolished it. It killed several people and seriously injured several others. The courthouse was among the buildings left standing.

After the cyclone another petition was presented and the Commissioners ordered another election to be held March 6, 1888. In this election there were 786 votes in favor of moving the county seat to Hill City; 121 were cast for retaining it at Millbrook. On March 10, 1888, Hill City was declared the county seat of Graham County.

The people of Millbrook gradually abandoned the the town and drifted to the new county seat. The town of 400 was no more.

The courthouse and the square, with the exception of a tract 73 feet in the northeast corner, were donated by Mr. Pomeroy in November 1888. The remainder of the square was purchased for $500.00 the next August.

The first meeting of the County Commissioners was held in the new Courthouse on January 8, 1889. The Courthouse, built in 1888, has weathered the elements and was still standing and in use in 1958. A great deal of the business of the citizens of Graham County was transacted there and many people served the public there. But on March 25, 1958, a giant step was taken when the

citizens of Graham County voted to build a new courthouse, which was carried by a two to one vote, at an estimated cost of $365,000. It was completed and dedicated on August 5, 1959, with ceremonies on the Courthouse square, with Judge C. E. Birney as master of ceremonies. A few of the citizens of Graham County who attended the dedication were able to look back to the year of 1888, when they saw the dedication of Graham County's first Courthouse. Among them were Rose Justus, Frank Dunwoody and Hattie Allison of Hill City, and Carl Kobler of Hays.

A flag raising ceremony by Boy Scout Troop 162 opened the ceremony. The 49 star flag went up for the first time over the new courthouse. It was one that had been flown over the United States capital in Washington D. C. It was brought to Hill City with the compliments of President Eisenhower. Senator Andrew F. Schoeppel, speaker at the dedication, spoke with great sincerity to the crowd assembled. He especially saluted those who had endured the harships of the early days in the county and made possible the progress we see today.

There are still a few in the county who actually participated in some of the blood-curdling experiences and events which make the history of Graham County fascinating. The stories have been handed down, even to the youngest generation, until they have become almost a tradition. Among the most exciting were the Indian scares, the grasshopper plagues, cyclones, prairie fires and blizzards, all of which took their toll and created many problems for the early settlers.

Nicodemus

In 1876 W. R. Hill, a white man, came to western Kansas from Indiana. He was speculating in land and was attracted by the large fees the homesteaders were paying for assistance in locating the land, filing the papers and other help that was needed in getting settled on a claim.

In Topeka, Kansas, he met some Negroes who had discussed the plight of the colored people in the south. Several were interested, so they organized a group called the "Exodusters," led by a Negro man named Benjiman (Pap) Singleton. After establishing a location, they named it Nicodemus. It was not named for the Biblical character Nicodemus but for the legendary Nicodemus who came to America on a slave ship. He later purchased his liberty. They said he was very wise and prophesied and foretold them many things that were to come, such as wars and many changes in their lives. Since some of the predictions came to pass, they naturally heralded him as great and named the settlement for him.

In 1877, W. R. Hill traveled through the reconstruction-torn South trying to induce some of the colored people to go west and settle on government lands. He painted some highly appealing agruments as he talked to the Negroes individually and in their churches. Several hundred of them decided to risk their last small amount of cash to buy railroad tickets to the country where they had been assured prosperity, with wild horses free for the taming, wild game in abundance to supply their meat, houses at no cost, buffalo chips for fuel and the marvelous fertile land where almost any crop could be grown.

The first colony of Negroes arrived at Ellis on September 17, 1877. They trudged their way across the prairies

to Nicodemus. They were weary from their tiring trip. Great disappointment was evident when they saw no sign of a town or life at Nicodemus, but since they had been slaves, work was not new to them so they all went to work making dugouts and getting settled. The first home, a dugout, was made for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams, Sr. In this dugout, their first baby Henry Williams, was born. He was the first child born at Nicodemus and is still living.

The second colony of 300 families arrived at Ellis on March 3 1878, having left Payne Station, Kentucky, under the leadership of W R. Hill, assisted by Rev. Dan Hickman and wife. Mrs. Hickman told of the many hardships and heartaches they experienced on the trip to western Kansas. It was night when they arrived at Ellis and most of the children in the group were sick. They had trouble finding places to house them. "We found a colored minister, Rev. Peter Roundtree, from Tennessee, who happened to be there. He secured shelter for us that night and the next day they put up some tents so that we could care for the children. Their illness proved to be measles. Many of them died due to exposure and lack of facilities to care for them. After two weeks we managed to get some teams and wagons to take us across the country as many were too weak to walk the long distance. There were no roads, only deer trails and buffalo wallows. The trip took us two days. We had to travel by compass for directions and the men built fires and occasionally fired guns to keep the wild animals from coming too close.

"When we got in sight of the Nicodemus settlement some of the men shouted, 'There's Nicodemus.' I was weary and worn from the long trip, caring for the sick children and the strain and uncertainty of what lay ahead, so I hailed the news with joy. I looked everywhere but I

could see nothing but some smoke coming from the ground. I said, 'Where's Nicodemus' Someone answered, 'That's it, where the dugouts are.' The scenery was not beautiful in any way and such a wave of homesickness came over me that I began to cry. My folks hated to see me leave for the west and a strange country, so they persuaded my brother, J. A. Lewis, to go with us and help me with the family. He not only helped me but several others with their sick children. That evening we pitched our tents at Nicodemus and tried to get settled. A good friend of mine, Raz Kirtley, who had come from Kentucky with the first colony, sent for me to come to her dugout and urged me to stay until I was able to go to our own home. By that time I had regained much of my strength, having been so exhausted by our long trip from Kentucky and the sickness and death of some of the children. No words can describe the suffering and heartaches of the ones that had to lay their children into bare graves with not even a box to protect their little bodies. They could not spare any of their clothes or bedding as they did not have enough to care for the sick children and make them comfortable. So the ones that passed away were wrapped in anything they could find or spare. Some gathered grass or leaves to put under and over them for some protection from the bare earth.

"My husband filed papers on a claim west of Nicodemus. He and my brother prepared a dugout and tried to make it as comfortable as possible with the very little they had to work with and then the children and I went with them to our new home.

"I was very homesick and unhappy in this strange, bare country with nothing but prairie. Hearing the coyotes at night seemed almost weird. Days, weeks, months and years passed but with our family of eight children growing

up, I was always busy and too tired at night to grieve for long, so I finally became reconciled to our western home."

Rev. Hickman preached in the Baptist church. The friends they made there helped them to get adjusted. They eventually got a better home and were founders of the Baptist church at Hill City, where they built a large congregation and were very influential citizens. Rev. Hickman was chairman of the board of County Commissioners during the heated county seat fight between Millbrook and Hill City but he had a way of making friends and had no enemies when it was over. He was the first and only colored County Commissioner in Graham County. They had three daughters who were school teachers in Graham County, in Nicodemus and vicinity. They were regarded as capable and were highly respected. After twenty years spent in Graham County, Rev. and Mrs. Hickman moved to Topeka, Kansas, where he secured work in the State House. They were connected with the Shiloh Baptist church there. They always kept in touch with their friends at Nicodemus and in their minds and hearts many pleasant memories lingered throughout the years.

Nicodemus organized the first school in Graham County in 1878. Z. T. Fletcher, Clark Samuels and Jefferson Lindsey comprised the first school board. School started with one teacher; later two were employed.

The Baptist Church was organized in March 1878 by Rev. Morris Bell of Georgetown, Kentucky, who came with the second colony. Rev. S. M. Lee, who came with the same colony, was the first pastor. Many pastors have served since.

Mrs. Ed Smith and her baby were the first to be buried

in the Nicodemus cemetery. She was a great aunt of Mrs. Ola Wilson who lives at Bogue.

Elementary schools have been held continuously since they were first established in dugouts in 1878. Students of high school age attend schools at Hill City and Bogue.

Several people of prominence have come from the settlement. E. P. McCabe, who was attracted to the community from Chicago, served two terms as State Auditor from 1882 to 1886. He was the first Graham County citizen to hold a state of office. W. L. Sayers, John Q. Sayers (brothers) and a nephew, George W. Sayers served as county attorneys. J. A. Deprad was Graham County's first county clerk. Serving as clerks of the District Court have been John Hawkins, J. E. Porter, W. L. Sayers. All of the above mentioned colored people served in World War I, except J. Q. Sayers. Many of these early pioneers were veterans of the Civil War, having fought on the side of the Union to free themselves. They also fought in the Mexican War, World War II, and the Korean conflict. In spite of Hill's early hope for political action by these settlers, the group had to spend most of their time wresting a living from the soil. It was often laughingly said that a lot of them were like the little boy in a story about a traveling politician crossing the plains of Kansas. For some obscure reason, the politician had a badger in a cage fastened under the wagon. Three small colored boys were fascinated by the animal. The traveler asked the biggest boy what his politics were. "I'm a Democrat," he answered promptly. The same question was asked to the second boy. "I'm a Republican," he said hopefully. The third boy had surmised that nothing had come to the other two by their statements so when his turn came he answered shrewdly, "You give me that

badger you got tied under your wagon there and I'll be anything."

Nicodemus, which originally boasted a population of 1,000, has never had any white residents. At one time two white men kept stores there but did not live in the community. Today the town has shrunk until it is a very small community. There is an elementary school with about ten pupils, a church, a community hall built with WRA help. A few homes are there but no stores.

The postoffice was established in 1878 with Mrs. Jennie Fletcher as the first postmaster. It was a sad day for the people at Nicodemus when the postoffice was discontinued on Nov. 30, 1953. During the post office's existence, they had seven postmasters.

The telling blow against the town's hopes of becoming a real business center came in 1888 when the Union Pacific Railroad declined to build through Nicodemus. The colonists hoped next that the Missouri Pacific might be extended west from Stockton but this too failed to materialize. Several established businesses left Nicodemus for towns that were springing up along the railroad, and those who stayed on their claims or had businesses in Nicodemus eked out enough to exist. The farms in the part of the county along the Solomon River have raised good wheat and corn crops and many have alfalfa and other crops that are difficult to raise in other parts of the county. They have modern farm equipment and comfortable homes and they feel, despite all the hardships and suffering, that their efforts were not in vain.

U. S. Highway May Bring Life Back to Historical Nicodemus

Nicodemus, the only completely Negro town in Kansas, may be on the way to becoming "the town it used to be."

The relocation of U.S. 24, in 1958, will take the main highway along the north edge of Nicodemus. The possibilities of Nicodemus as a tourist attraction should not be overlooked. There are still remains of the old dugouts used by the first settlers, the first house that was built there and several constructed of soft, yellow sawed stone. There is too the picturesque everyday life of the small hamlet on the prairie close to the Solomon River.

These Negroes are just a small portion of the forty thousand colored people terrorized by the Ku Klux Clan and impoverished by the economic condition of the South.

Nicodemus was once an up-and-coming trading center with a population of an estimated thousand, but its problems were many. Few people could read or write and it was difficult to wrest a living from the arid prairie.

At one time, Nicodemus boasted two newspapers *The Western Cyclone,* and *The Enterprise* but the little town gradually declined. In the nineteen eighties the population was one thousand; it was ninety in 1957.

The new highway constructed in 1958 may well be the turning point for the historic town of Nicodemus.

Lena Hicks Penny

Lena Penny, full of years and living by a wholesome philosophy, is a highly respected citizen in Ellis. She lives alone and is enjoying the length of her days. She was born in Georgetown, Kentucky, on December 2, 1867.

She came with her parents, Emmett and Ellie Hicks, to western Kansas in 1877 with the first colony of Negro settlers under the organization of W. R. Hill. They were a courageous pioneering family who felt they should have a chance to homestead on land of their own since they had not been many years removed from slavery. Her grandparents were slaves on the Burton plantation in Kentucky where the crop was tobacco. Her mother played with the white folks' children in the mansion on the plantation and was happy there.

They homesteaded northeast of Hill City in the dugout community where the colony lived a stark life and suffered the hardships of pioneers. They eventually, though slowly, thrived. They worked and hired themselves out in border counties where they were able to earn enough cash to build more comfortable homes. The only bright spot in their lives was "Emancipation Day," the three-day carnival in observance of their freedom from slavery and of the occasion which brought it about. It was held at Nicodemus on the south fork of the Solomon River, the only settlement wholly of Negroes in Kansas. With her parents and family, Lena Hicks always attended this celebration on August 1st. "We really kicked up our heels," she recalled with a broad grin. With the happy abandon of a pixie, clapping her hands in a slow rhythmic beat, she performed a dance, a fancy little jog step and a slow sliding shuffle. "We danced on a wooden platform with lights strung up in the trees overhead," she recollected. "An' we ate the best southern fried chicken y'all ever tasted, and we talked with all the visitin' folks. Yes, Sir! It was all mighty fine, mighty fine." She chuckled when asked if she was a superstitious person. "I ain't scared of nothin' but if anything done come up my way, I'se gonna take my time lookin' into it," she replied. Shuffling around

her home wearing a red bandana tied haphazardly around her head—the knotted ends holding only about half of her short braided pigtails—she no doubt was the picture of her grandmother around the Civil War period. She was bending over an ash pan filled with ashes she had just removed from the bottom of her heating stove when asked what her favorite food might be. She stopped for a moment, glancing over her shoulder with an impish grin. "Lawse, Honey, I like any food that is di-gestible, and the most di-gestible," she admitted gleefully, smacking her lips, "is possum and sweet taters." She hurried around to slip on a new dress she had received on her birthday and combed her hair. At 91 her moods would change like quicksilver—gay and mischievous, then suddenly dignified and sharply intelligent.

Lena Hicks married Robert Penny. They spent their entire married life at Ellis. They had five children. Among their friends they numbered the auto magnate, Walter P. Chrysler, who never forgot them. Long after his death the cash gift at Christmas time never failed to arrive. In August of 1955, when the boyhood home of Walter P. Chrysler was opened as a museum and the late Jack Chrysler attended the dedication ceremonies, he requested among other things to meet members of the Penny family of whom he had heard his father speak.

Walter Chrysler was the local marble champion and in later years, after he had become world famous, he returned to his boyhood home for a visit and challenged "old Bob Penny" to a marble game which was played in the dust of Main Street. Walter Chrysler was the winner.

Scattered about through Mrs. Penny's home are a few treasured antiques, including a tall, transparent apothecary jar in a jade green, a rose china cracker bowl and á

kerosene lamp with a milk glass base. "I know they is old," she confided, "because some of them belonged to my Mammy." She cupped her hand around the bowl of her kerosene lamp. "We is gettin' old together," she said simply as she adjusted the wick. She loves to listen to spiritual music and admits "arthritis has sorta settled down in mah bones." In a quick change of mood, she chuckled softly, "But enough bout dat." She declared with positive assurance and a decisive nod of her gray head, "My mind doan know anything but good stuff and I ain't one bit scared to meet the Lord!" Walking along with the aid of her curved handled cane, she was about to prepare her meal on a little coal-oil stove, the portable tin oven over one burner for the intended baking. She escorted me to the door with the grace and dignity of a plantation hostess. I thanked her for the interview. "Lan' sakes, child, you done been welcome any day," she replied. Before closing her patched screen door, she predicted with a parting word of humor and pathos, "Missy, I be just like them old landmarks in the pictures: here today, but done gone tomorrow."

Reverend Roundtree

One of the most able leaders of the second colony who came to Nicodemus was Rev. Peter Roundtree. He wore a brand on one cheek as punishment for having been caught getting some educational instructions from his Master's son. He was teaching him how to read and write.

At a state fair in Michigan his pleas for help for the colored people of Nicodemus brought several car loads of food, clothing and some money.

Atlthough most of the colonists had to begin work at

an early age, some of them managed to get an education and some of them have college degrees. Perhaps one of the most noted of thse was E. P. McCabe, who was elected State Printer and served in that capacity from 1885 to 1889. He later became a territorial official in Oklahoma.

R. B. Grave Scruggs

It was to this struggling young settlement which had been named Nicodemus that R. B. (Grave) Scruggs came in 1878. His story underscored the love of the land which they all felt and illustrates how perseverance and courage in some cases conquered disheartening obstacles. "I was just a green boy, never way from home," Scruggs recalled "But I thought this was my chance to own a real piece of land." Like other former slaves who homesteaded in this all-colored community in Kansas, Grave Scruggs never regretted the hardships. His first job was driving a freight wagon between Nicodemus and Stockton. The wages were 25 cents per day. The following years found him taking work wherever he could find it, in livery barns in Stockton and Ellsworth, odd jobs in Bunker Hill and railroad work in Salina. All this time he was proving his own claim near Nicodemus. It was in the grove of trees on his farm that the annual Nicodemus picnic was held on August 1 to celebrate Emancipation Day. It always drew large crowds of colored people from miles away and many white people also attended this big celebration. It was a signal for all former residents of the community, their relatives and friends to drop everything and head for Nicodemus, where they were certain to meet many old friends and acquaintances, a carnival company usually set up in the grove for the three-day affair, one day before to get

warmed up and one day after to recover. Fried chicken stands, watermelon booths and other concessions were on the ground. There were always dancing, baseball games and speakers for the occasion to complete the attractions. This was the only visible stirring of the spirits of the settlers, and they looked eagerly forward to this occasion.

Mr. Scruggs worked and saved through the hard, trying years and lived to see his land which was worth $1.25 an acre grow to the value of $40.00 and perhaps more per acre today.

Needless to say, this Utopia was not all it was painted. Accustomed to a different type of farming and unused to the rigors of northern winters, many of the settlers gave up and returned to their native South. Others left their families to hold down their claims and sought work elsewhere. Some worked on the railroad, which was pushing westward and some did odd jobs in Stockton and other places, but they received little help from the white settlers who resented them bitterly. W. R. Hill, who was blamed for bringing them to this part of the country, was forced to flee under fire. He was gone for several months but when he returned later, he was held in high esteem and Hill City was named in his honor.

The severe hardships and disappointments of the country included blizzards, droughts, grasshoppers, lack of cash and Indian scares. These were shared alike by white and colored settlers. Mr. Scruggs said he believed, however, that many of the colored people had less equipment and smaller cash reserves than the white settlers. Mortgages became increasingly necessary and increasingly menacing for members of both races. Mr. Scruggs summed up a weakness he saw in many Negroes. "When a white man got a mortgage," he explained, "he work along an' get him a dollar or two ahead an' pay off the mortgage,

but when a colored man spent the money the company give him, he just give up and work for the company. He don't never get his land back." Fortunately for the community of Nicodemus, this was not true in every case. Several farms in the community like the one Scruggs owns still belong to the early colored pioneers or their descendants.

Mr. Scruggs passed away in 1954 at the age of 93. He spent his last years in comparative ease. He married first in 1889. He and his wife built up their holdings until they owned 720 acres of land at the time of her death. They had two daughters. Both preferred to live in Denver, which has been a gathering spot for many former Nicodemus residents. A few years ago Mr. Scruggs surprised his friends by marrying a young school teacher, herself a widowed mother of a son who is now playing professional baseball on the west coast.

Did the people of Nicodemus ever resent Hill's too rosy representation of the life they would find here, Mr. Scruggs was asked. "Oh, no," he said definitely. "No matter how bad it got, I never heard a word against Mr. Hill. We was just so proud of th' land."

Hill City

Aside from Hill's ambition to establish a settlement for the Negro people, was his desire to settle a town near the center of the county to be made the county seat and named for himself. For this reason, he took with him to begin the settlement at Hill City, Merrit Hicks, John Glen, John Jackson, Bert Knowles, Edd Grimes, John Brown, Rev. O. Hickman, Will Grown, Grantville Smith, Blue Williams, Edd Williams, Durkee Butler, Tom Bonty

and their families, also some others, and settled around Hill City in 1878. The town was laid out, surveyed, and started with the intention of its becoming the county seat but at times it seemed hopeless, it being the smallest town in the county. Nicodemus was larger and had more business, but it pooled its influence with Roscoe in support of Hill City for the county seat. Their strong point in the argument was that it was located on the north side of the river.

Word went out that Hill City was really on a boom. The people were astonished and wondered where Hill was getting money to foster such a building program. They knew Hill had very little money himself. They did not know that he had met J. P. Pomeroy at Atchinson, Kansas, and, after he had told him of the little town near the western border of the State, he had become interesed in its progress. Having surplus money, he decided to help. He advanced money to start the boom and by the first of September, the town had made such rapid progress and had grown to such an extent that it could hardly be recognized.

In 1886 a large stone building was erected on Main street and named the Pomeroy House. It comprised a dry goods and grocery department, a drug store, a butcher-shop and a hotel. A business street was laid out leading north from Main Street to Hill's addition and named Pomeroy Avenue.

Many new houses were being constructed in Hill's addition and also in other parts of town. Many had moved into the county and settled in Hill City. The people of Roscoe had decided to withdraw from the race for the county seat and most of them moved to Hill City.

The first settler on the land that became Hill City

was John Stanley in 1877. The first home was built in Hill City in the McGill addition and it was a soddy. This was in Feb. 1877.

Lucian McGill was the first boy on the townsite. That was before Hill City was organized. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. McGill, came to this part of the State in 1878 and homesteaded a farm that was later made an addition to Hill City. Lucian was born there on August 3, 1884, in a dugout located in what is now the alley a half block north of Main Street, a short distance south and east of the present high school building. The first boy born in Hill City after its organization was Murray Wallace.

The first girl born in Hill City was Birdie Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hill. She was born in the spring of 1879. She passed away at the age of three and was one of the first to be buried in the Hill City Cemetery. The first was the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clubb in 1880. The first man buried there was John Inlow in 1880.

The first postmaster was W. J. Crawford, who was appointed in 1879. The first newspaper in Hill City was published on May 15, 1879. T. H. McGill was editor and Messers Beaumont and Garnett were the owners.

The first church organized was the Congregational church in 1879 by Reverend Osborne from Osborne, Kansas. He also erected the first church building in the west part of town. It was later sold to the A. M. E., a colored congregation, and still stands.

Other churches soon organized the church of their faith and in a short time the new settlers could choose the church of their choice in which to worship.

There was great excitement in Hill City when word

came that the honorable J. P. Pomeroy was to be the city's guest. He had advanced money to start the boom and now he was coming to look it over in consideration of doing even more if necessary. He was invited by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hill to be their guest along with the Reverend and Mrs. Hickman and several others. Mr. Pomeroy was pleased with the conditions and continued to invest his money in building and real estate in Hill City and the surrounding country. He conceived the idea that if Hill City had a courthouse it would have a better chance of winning the election so he gave the land and donated the courthouse, which was of native rock. It was very attractive; there was nothing like it in other towns.

While Pomeroy's strategy undoubtedly did help to bring the county seat to Hill City, a feud soon developed between Pomeroy on the north side and Hill, the boss, on the south side. This developed into one of the hottest town fights in the State. It carried on into the county elections and even into the school elections. This lasted well into the 1920's. But as the buildings began to fill up the draw separating the two sides, it helped to obliterate the intense feud and when the high school building was built practically on the line of demarcation, a lot of fire was put out.

When Mr. Pomeroy moved away from Hill City, he retained much of his interest there. His help proved to be a great asset to the town and community.

A memorable date at Hill City was November 18, 1888, when the Union Pacific Railroad operated the first passenger train through the county and ran at the south edge of Hill City. It played an important part in the progress of the town. There were many regrets by the people at Hill City when on June 30, 1958, passenger

service was eliminated on the Union Pacific Railroad after nearly seventy years of service.

Hill City has always been keenly interested in good schools and churches as well as in all civic organizations. These have been large factors in its success and prosperity.

Hill City Schools

It has not been definitely determined where the first school house was built in Hill City, but a two-story, wooden frame building once stood where the grade school building is. When this burned down in 1900, the native stone structure, now replaced by a modern brick building, was built. Its new building was finished in 1947.

In the beginning, provisions were made only for elementary instructions, as there was no demand for high school. In 1906 the high school section was added and instructions held in the upper story of the grade building. All were under District 15 and five teachers were hired for the whole school, under one school head. A proposal to establish a county high school was placed before the Graham County electorate on June 15, 1916, and was defeated.

On July 4, 1920, a rural high school was organized. The high school of District 15 was discontinued but the grade school kept this District number. The present high school building was dedicated on November 12, 1923. The program was built around the Armistice Day theme and fitted the occasion very well since the name, "Memorial High School," honored our war veterans.

In 1959, an election was held to vote on a new high

school building and was carried. On March 1, bonds were let for a $700,000 building.

The first graduating class in Hill City was in 1909. Members were Celia Piper, Lottie Dezell, Helen Hockersmith, Lodema Messick, Maude McManimi, Rosamond Bondy, Nellie McGill and Barbara Harwi. Mrs. Kathryn Pricer was a member of the second graduating class.

One of the most successful football teams in the history of the Hill City High School was in 1923 when they won 6, tied 2 and lost 1. Some of the outstanding players were Bob Morris, Ivan Parker and Leo Robinson. In 1943, Hill City had an undefeated team and untied.

Hill City, being a county seat, has a good school enrollment and the city and community are staunch supporters of athletics. The grade school enrollment hit a new high for the 1958-59 school year with over 700 students.

Presbyterian Church

The first Church service was held in July 1876, near the Houston Post Office by J. M. Brown. The one in Hill City was started in 1879 in a building located where the Rex Apartments now stand. The building then was called the Blue Front Store.

On March 13, 1877, a group of families living in sod houses and dugouts three miles west of Hill City organized the First Presbyterian Church at Gettysburg, in the newly organized Graham County.

The Presbytery at Hoxie, Kansas, changed the name from "Gettysburg" to the "Hill City Presbyterian Church." In 1888, Rev. Atkinson came as pastor. He was an elderly man, much admired and loved by everyone.

During the next two years they built the present church. It was dedicated in 1890. A charter was granted on May 6, 1890, and is recorded in the State Historical Society at Topeka, Kansas.

Since that time the stone Manse has been built and the Guild Hall has been added to use as a Primary Sunday School room and other church and community projects.

Hill City has always had a good membership and attendance which has made the Church outstanding. New members and strangers are always made to feel they are a part of this place of worship.

Today they have churches of many denominations in Hill City and the rural communities. Four young men have gone from the Christian Church into the field of Ministry. They are J. D. Brumbaugh, Lynn Lyon, LaVerne Morris and Hilland Stewart.

Industries

Graham County has long been noted for many commodities. In 1906 the Hill City Mill and Elevator were established. It was a fine large mill with all the modern methods of processing and handling the grain and making flour. It was owned largely by the farmers in the county and was managed by men who had the skill and ability to make the business a success in every detail, to make it pay the producer and the consumer. It was a big boost for Hill City.

Coal

In 1905, coal was discovered on the Hardman farm near Hill City and in 1911 two veins of coal were discovered southwest of Hill City on the William Knouf farm.

Cheese Factory

Back in the first years of the century, a cheese factory was in operation which gave employment to many people. It was located near the depot but has been gone for many years.

Another industry which Hill City can claim was a merry-go-round factory which existed during the 20's. Later, H. D. Clayton patented his model of the merry-go-round and did a creditable business for some time. Only a few workers besides Mr. Clayton worked in the factory.

Overall Factory

In October 1933, the "Big Trex" overall factory which was located in the basement of the present Trexler Store turned out, six dozen complete overall and shirt to match sets in one day's work. The factory hired eight full-time workers during the time O. E. Trexler, now retired, was owner and operator but the depression that descended on us in 1935 made many changes. Our country had in no way overcome the depression starting in 1928 until the drouth and dust storms prevailed upon us. Old-timers admit they had never seen anything like it. The crops

were poor and not many jobs were available. Money was scarce. Many people experienced trying times. In fact, there were none in these parts who did not feel the effects of the depression and dust storms.

Eight hundred families were on the Graham County relief rolls in 1935, which is perhaps an average of the same amount in the counties around. Many could not have existed without the help. The population all over western Kansas decreased at that time. Eventually the rains came and crops produced as usual and in a few years the people had fairly well adjusted, but no one who ever went through one of the black dust storms could ever forget it.

In addition to the bountiful farming and livestock raising interests in Graham County, the production of oil in large quantities in recent years has added greatly to the county's progress.

In March 1938, a producing oil well was brought in on the Art Morel farm with a potential test of 2105 barrels per day. Since that time, oil has been produced all over the county. Many of the first wells drilled are still producing and new fields are being developed at this time, 1961.

Hill City Oil Museum

Much interest was created in Hill City when the oil museum plans were started in March 1957. More than 200 oil firms took part in the planning and completion. The money was raised by selling shares to different oil firms, businesses and individuals at $25.00 a share. The opening date was just a little over a year's time, May 3, 1958. The Hill City Oil Museum is the only one of its

kind in the nation. The Museum tells the story of oil from beginning to end.

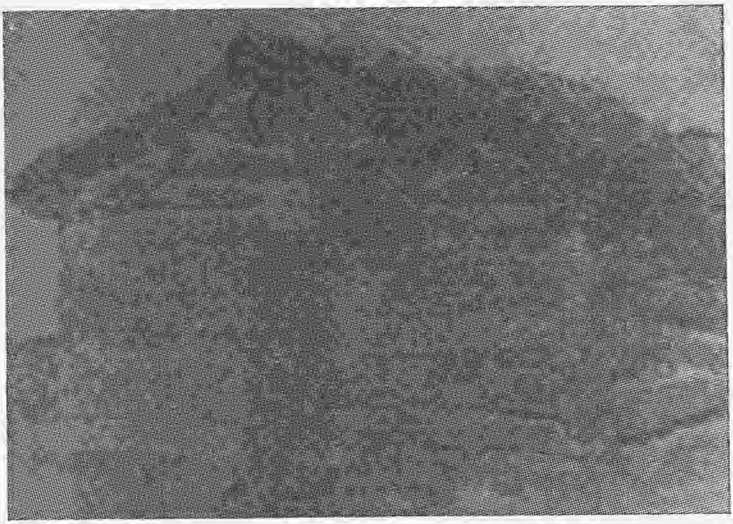
An 80 feet tall derrick straddles the building in which are displayed relics of the oil business from the time of its discovery to the present date. Also peg board walls are used throughout to facilitate arranging displays for the souvenirs in the front office and also the Chamber of Commerce office.

Kansas-Nebraska Natural Gas Company

Natural Gas service was first brought to Hill City in 1947 by the Kansas Nebraska Natural Gas Company. At that time the company was small, but a growing industry, it reached its pipelines out to bring service to many communities, farms, businesses, industries and institutions in the Great Plains area. At the end of 1947, the company had 509 employees and 30,450 meters. By the end of 1954, they had 732 employees and 52,429 meters and at this time, 1959, they are still expanding. They obtain the gas from the Hugoton fields of Kansas and Oklahoma, the Unruh field in Kansas, the Big Springs field in Nebraska, the Sidney field in Nebraska and from Northeast Colorado.

C. E. Hoyt

C. E. Hoyt, who was born in a dugout on the banks of Bow Creek on November 22, 1885, is now living at Sun Valley, Idaho, with his son. His father, D. C. Hoyt, came to this part of Kansas in 1878 and the first school house was built on their land.



THE SCHOOL OF MY BOYHOOD

When the August days are waning,
And September's drawing near,
Then my thoughts revert to childhood
With its school days ever dear;
Where I first received my teaching
In the old log school house there.
With its axe-hewn walls, and chink-in,
There's no school can e're compare.

How I trudged there with my primer,
And my pencil, and the slate.
Not forgetting the dire caution,
Should I happen to be late,
To stay in for fifteen minutes
At some period of play time,
Made me eager to be present
For the roll call and in line.

There we romped and played at recess,
Wading in the brook's cold rills,
Before the falltime's chilling breeezs
Wafted o'er the dale and hills.
How good the plums and wild grapes tasted;
Ne'er a thought of cramps or aches,
But some choicest dainty offerings
To our teacher, we would take.

Now that we are swiftly passing
To the vale where all must go,
Would that I, again an urchin,
In that sacred place might know
That as a child, free and happy,
Never break the golden rule,
Then may I answer "present"
At the roll call of that school.

Rose Justus

Another well-known and well-liked early day pioneer of Graham County is Miss Rose Justus. She has lived there for seventy-eight years.

Miss Rose was born in Maysville, Missouri, in 1875 and came to Graham County when she was six years old. She remembers quite clearly the details of the trip. That was before the railroad came to Hill City and the family came from Cameron, Missouri, to Wakeeney by train, then traveled across the prairie by wagon to Hill City.

She is one of six children of the family of Mr. and Mrs. James Justus and is the only surviving member of the family.

The James Justus family homesteaded five miles south-

east of Hill City. Their first home was in a dug-out, which they never liked too much. But she remarked that the lovely new wheat in October made up for their disappointment over their dwelling place.

They could see the few buildings which comprised Hill City in the distance but they did most of their trading at Millbrook, which was nearer and larger.

She says the first decent-looking house she remembers being built in Hill City was constructed by W. J. Crawford, Hill City's first postmaster.

She attended school in a sod schoolhouse near her home and when she was thirteen years old, the family moved to town. She completed her schooling in Hill City.

She helped her father in the post office for several years. James Justus was one of the early day postmasters. After completing her common schooling she took the examination for a teacher's certificate. She passed the requirements and taught school for seven years, later taking a business course at Wesleyan Business College in Salina. After completion of this course, she worked for several years in the Boston Department store.

In 1916, she opened a ladies' clothing and millinery store which she operated for over thirty-five years. It was located west of the court house where Doctors Marchbanks, Kobler and Smith have their offices. The store was known over a wide area in the 1920's for its splendid line of merchandise.

She retired in 1952 and makes her home with a nephew, Bill Justus and his family. She enjoys good health and doesn't look her age. She says that she has enjoyed a happy and wholesome life. May you have many more happy years, Miss Rose.

Bert and Susie Drury

Bert Drury was for a long time the depot agent at Hill City with the help of his wife Susie.

Bert played Santa Claus to Hill City youngsters for different Christmas programs over several years. His health forced him to give up the pleasure.

Their lovely home on Highway 283 is always beautifully decorated at Christmas time and their yard is always well cared for and beautiful. "Bert and Susie" celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on July 31, 1951, and still enjoy their many friends and nice home in Hill City.

Dr. Lottie Findley Law

Dr. Lottie R. Findley Law grew up with Graham County or it might be said that Graham County grew up with her. She was responsible for the health and happiness of a great many of its citizens through 52 years of her service as physician and surgeon.

On March 30, 1952, the county honored her by setting aside that day as "Doctor Lottie Day." Open house was held at the grade school auditorium in Hill City with registration from 2:00 to 3:00 P.M.

Dr. Lottie said, "They should have named me Dora Dozen because I was the youngest child in a family of twelve." She was born in Osage County, Kansas, in 1880, and came with her family to Graham County when she was six years of age. The family made the trip from Linden to their new homestead southeast of Morland by covered wagon. The trek took 21 days to drive the cattle and make the journey to Graham County.

The first winter Lottie started to school in a little sod schoolhouse near the homestead. Her older sister was the teacher and two of her brothers were digging a well nearby. One day the boys heard a crash and rushed to the spot where the schoolhouse had collapsed. The dirt roof and sod walls had caved in. Lottie was buried under the fallen building. She fell with one hand over her nose, so she had a tiny bit of breathing space. When one of her brothers walked across the ruins, she cried, "You stepped on me! My head's west, my feet east, and my face is south." Hastily, the brothers dug her out and found her lying in the position she had described. After a bit of blowing, she was able to breathe again. She wanted to go home for the Findley's dug-out had a big ridgepole in the center of the room and there was little danger of the roof falling in.

In the years that followed Lottie attended three months of school a year near her home. Then she and her sister Nettie walked three miles to Moreland for three months of precious education a year.

Her mother died four years after the family moved to the homestead. Perhaps it was then that young Lottie decided she wanted to be a doctor. At any rate, that was her dream and the goal toward which she worked from an early age.

After completing grade school, Lottie took the Normal School examinations and taught school one year. Her teacher's certificate gave her credentials for entering medical college and her father gave her a horse which she sold for $100.00 to finance her entrance into the world of medical knowledge.

Lottie entered Kansas Medical College at Topeka, living with Judge John S. Dawson and his family until she found a room "suitable for a young lady" in the house next door to the Dawson home. She borrowed money to

finish college and insured her life for a sum large enough to make payment in case she died before repaying the loan.

She spent two years at Topeka and finished her Medical schooling at Woman's College in Kansas City, Missouri, where her sister was taking a course in pharmacy. It was a great day when Lottie received her sheepskin and her M.D. Several members of her family were on hand to see her graduate.

Her first year as an M.D. was spent in "Practice Internship" with her brother-in-law, Dr. Sherman Lockridge, at Centropolis, Kansas, north of Ottawa. Dr. Lockridge called her "Little Doc" and saw that she got the practical training which she would need to carry on alone.

In February 1902, Dr. Lottie returned to Graham County and bought the office fixtures and instruments belonging to Dr. Ivan B. Parker, another brother-in-law. Dr. Parker and his family moved to Oregon but later returned to Hill City. He was a practicing physician here until his death.

After buying her first medical equipment and "hanging out her shingle," Dr. Lottie never ceased acquiring the latest instruments and machines for her office work. Her office was rated the most up-to-date and fully equipped doctor's office in the western half of the State. "You can't do good work without good tools," was her comment. She also kept up with new methods and new medicines through special training and up-to-date medical publications.

In 1908, Dr. Lottie took a summer's training in Vienna, Austria, with her brother, Dr. Marcus Findley, who celebrated his 50th anniversary as a doctor at Salem, Oregon, in 1946. Their special course was in eye, ear, nose and throat work.

In the early days of her practice, Dr. Lottie made her

calls by horse and buggy. She had two teams; one a team of Indian ponies, the other a long-legged pair of horses. Day and night they were ready to take her to sick folks in all parts of the county. Often she would come in from one call, have her driver change the harness to the other team and go right out on another long trip to help some suffering patient. Often all the sleep she got for days were naps in the buggy on the way to and from her patients.

She purchased her first car, one of the first two in Hill City, in 1904. It was a one cyclinder Olds and was steered with a bar. She still had to keep her horses, for the roads were very unreliable for car travel. Besides, the car could not always be trusted to be willing and ready as were the horses.

She had to take along repairs and equipment to free the car when it high-centered on the rutted trails over the country.

Her next car was a little Maxwell, then a Lambert, a turtle back Ford, an air-cooled Franklin, and so on. She kept pace with the best means of transportation available down through the years. "It took a lot of living to be a doctor in the horse and buggy days," said Dr. Lottie in an interview recently. "I thought it would be easy when I got a car, but it meant more places to call."

The amount of work and the equipment required to get ready for a long winter drive in those early days is amusing to the younger generation. Dr. Lottie had two soapstones which were kept hot to put at her feet when riding in the buggy. She often wore a horsehide coat over other wraps to keep out the biting wind and snow. And there were lap robes, overshoes, leggings, mittens, caps and scarves. She also had to carry with her the medicines and instruments she might need.

For many years she took most of her patients who needed serious operations to a hospital in Kansas City. The surgeons there knew her well.

There is a story told here of one patient Dr. Lottie had left at the hospital. A young doctor there asked the surgeon on the case if he thought the patient would live. "I don't dare let her die," snapped the surgeon. "That little lady doctor would tear me limb from limb."

The lady doctor had no thought of fear when a patient needed her. At one time she was called when a mentally sick man had shot and killed another man. Dr. Lottie rushed into the house. She found the dead man and the mental case dying from a self-taken dose of laudanum. Her friends chided her for not being more careful when entering the house. She said, "I did not think of being afraid."

No accurate count has been kept of the number of babies Dr. Lottie has brought into the world but there were many.

Those who attended her golden anniversary March 30, 1952, found a special registration book provided for their names. The doctor's first set of twins were the J. G. Spencer babies, Rex and Grace, born on June 7, 1904. Rex is now a mortician at Hill City and Grace is welfare director in Clay County, Kansas.

Dr. Lottie treated both white and Negro patients with the same efficiency, promptness, and sympathy, and everyone held her in esteem. In her fifty-two years of service to the sick people of the county, she never failed to answer a call because of the patient's color, creed or financial condition.

Styles come and go through the years and doctor has enjoyed them all. When someone was speaking of hats,

she was asked which style she preferred of all that she had seen. Promptly came the answer, "Bareheaded."

Of the twelve Findley children, eleven lived to be grown, four are still living. Four of them were interested in medicine, two as doctors, two as pharmacists. Two of the sisters also married doctors. Dr. Lottie made a home for her aged father until his death.

During World War I days, Dr. Lottie was wooed by a young man about town, Ray Law, who is now vice-President and a director of the Farmers and Merchants Bank in Hill City. In 1920, after he was discharged from the army, they were married. Both Ray and the doctor have a genuine love for people and especially for children.

Ray established a pony farm a mile south of Hill City. Community youngsters are free to visit the farm, ride the ponies, get acquainted with animal life at the farm, and keep out of mischief.

In 1922, Ray and Doctor Lottie Law became the parents of a son, Findley, who is now an M.D. Two years later, the couple lost a baby daughter.

Few women have lived as full and interesting a life in their younger days as Dr. Lottie lived after she was forty. She still carried on her large medical practice, found time to enjoy her home and family, and developed several hobbies. She has a turning lathe in the basement of her office and in spare moments she is found planning or finishing some lovely article of wood. She also did beautiful needlework and much reading. A part of her collection of rare and interesting articles are displayed in a glass cabinet. Many children went to her office "afraid of the doctor" and stayed to admire the armadillo, the coconut with a monkey face, the funny seashells, and other items, while the doctor told them of their history.

She also had a large cage of canaries and love birds, and quite an aquarium of fish which served to amuse the patients and brought pleasure to her. Articles from her hobbies were on display at the open house celebration on March 30, 1952.

It was a happy day for the whole family when their son Findley announced that he wanted to become a doctor too. In spite of a long interruption for war service, he stuck to the course and became an M.D. He is married and has two children, a son and a daughter.

As a woman physician, Dr. Lottie has found her life immensely interesting, but not an easy one. Prejudices against women in professions were much harder to overcome in the early 1900's than they are today. However, she gradually earned the admiration and respect of her medical colleagues and the love and confidence of her patients. Her sympathetic nature and deep devotion to her work certainly assisted the medicines and treatments in making her patients well again.

Dr. Lottie doesn't look to be 79 years old. She has a brisk step and keen wit. She still has the lilt in her voice that has inspired confidence in her ability as a doctor down through the years. She retired from active practice in 1954.

Ex-Sheriff Jones and Ex-Banker Mort

A Damon and Pythias friendship which existed for more than fifty years between two well-known men of Hill City helped to bridge for them the difficult period of years and provided many hours of lively enjoyment which included a recounting of the past. They always took an active business interest in the present.

The two were Bill Jones, one time Sheriff of Graham County, and Ivan Mort, retired banker and one of the most influential citizens of his home town.

They both came to Hill City as small children to make it their future home. Early they had an attraction for one another. Jones leading the exciting life of a peace officer in a day when there was plenty going on to banish any thought of boredom in his endeavor. And the other, the conservative business man had a keen eye for business and enormous capacity for enjoying the experiences that make a Sheriff's life one of danger and of never ending interest. Jones, according to his friend Ivan Mort, was never afraid of anything. This characteristic not only intensified the excitement of the many situations in which he found himself but engendered them as well. Plenty went on in the lives of these two men to cement their admiration for one another and no crisis arose in which they did not consult one another and share the joys or sorrows that accompanied their triumphs or reverses.

Some days the two men spent hours playing a game of pitch, a reminiscing party or consultation over business in which they had a partnership, that of moving houses into town from the country, remodeling and selling them. It gave them something to enjoy and worry over for neither would be happy for a moment if life were static.

A thrill both Jones and Mort enjoyed recalling was the one which brought fame to the Sheriff and a heap of excitement to the banker. It won recognition for Jones from the F. B. I. and a leading story in one of the largest detective magazines in the nation. That was the Hocker murder case which was solved by Jones. The murderer was caught and imprisoned by him and the case "buttoned up" within a short time after it became a nationwide sensation.

It was in the year of 1934 that George Hocker, a well-to-do rancher in Graham County, was found dead in his house where he lived alone, never having married. No motive for the crime could be discovered, Hocker having been a friendly man. No one had a grudge against him as far as was known. He had been dead for several days when found by his brother, Charles Hocker, who lived a short distance away and had been notified by the mail carrier that mail had not been removed from the George Hocker mail box for at least three days. The time was in January and the body was frozen when found.

The greatest excitement prevailed in Hill City when news of the crime was circulated. Bill Jones was then Sheriff and he went into action at once. So keen was his perception of what had happened that he solved the murder in his own mind before the news was cold.

A young man by the name of Chester Morris who had worked on various farms in the vicinity of Bogue had been seen there again after an absence of several years. His actions and his conversation were suspicious to the Sheriff who determined to question the boy. Morris was 22 years old. A series of questionings led to a complete confession. Jones was on his way to Lansing with his prisoner at 9:30 the same night the confession was signed. Chester Morris was sentenced to 20 years but was paroled after serving 15 years to a sister in Texas.

"He was a bad man and a killer. His sole reason for killing Hocker was to rob him and the fact that he planned to kill my son while he was a prisoner of mine did not increase my admiration for him," Jones said, recalling the crime which was one of many he solved during his 12 years in office.

Bill Jones could tell stories by the hour which would make Graham County stand out in the history of western

Kansas as a place where there was never a dull moment. They had days that were full of excitement and they loved them. His son helped him whenever he needed him. It goes without saying that Ivan Mort was in on all of them too.

Jones recalled four murders in Graham County during his term of office and in every case the murderer was caught and punished. Jones had the reputation of being a sheriff who "always got his man."

He lived alone for several years. He did his own cooking and housekeeping even though he was crippled by arthritis. He entertained callers by the dozen. His favorite caller of course was Ivan Mort, who was a banker in Hill City for 31 years, after which he was postmaster for 14 years. His appointment came through the influence of the late Katheryn O'Laughlin McCarthy of Hays. His favorite recreation is fishing, which he does for pure enjoyment but his real pleasure when he isn't playing pitch is searching for fossils in the hills of Graham County.

In 1940 he discovered strange tracks in a washed-out shale bed to which he called the attention of George Sternberg of the Fort Hays State College Museum. The tracks were identified as those of a sabre-tooth tiger and of dozens of other prehistoric animals which wandered over the plains of Kansas many years ago. Plaster casts of some of the tracks were made and are now in the museum here. On Sunday, July 12, 1959, George T. Barrett of Salina brought a group of Sisters from Marymount College on a scientific trip to Hill City. Twelve were in the party traveling in two cars. They visited Ivan Mort to see his collection of specimens which includes a camel's track in marl or yellow ochre, fossils of various kinds, a buffalo skull, rocks, shark's teeth and many other fine specimens.

He is always pleased to have callers to view his fine collection and to visit with old friends but he was deeply saddened by the loss of his old friend Bill Jones who passed away in 1957.

Mrs. Lucille Bundy

April 7, 1960 was a day when the whole town turned out to do honor to a woman who has given her life to the perpetuation of the culture of a bustling little city which numbered but 600 when she arrived there 54 years ago.

The mayor of Hill City, Ralph Bethel, proclaimed that day as "Lucille Bundy Day." Members of the city commission, members of the Library Board, Librarians and her friends were present at an open house in the Hill City Library to honor her. Also there for the occasion were television and radio station representatives and a number of distinguished persons. It is seldom, if ever, that a town sets aside one day to honor a woman although it occasionally does for an outstanding man, usually a doctor.

But Mrs. Bundy is an unusual and outstanding woman. Her influence has been far-flung and completely practical. She has presided at the birth of 2,689 babies and hers has been the sole responsibility for the collection of 12,000 excellent books for the public library. All of this has taken place over a period of years, of course, but it has been a never flagging endeavor and one that has paid fabulous dividends.

Mrs. Bundy arrived with her husband, the late Dr. J. Arthur Bundy, at Hill City, on May 1, 1906. She had completed a course in professional nursing at Kansas City and had hardly set foot in her new home when she joined her husband in his medical work.

Dr. Bundy delivered the babies and Mrs. Bundy did the nursing. They never lost a mother in all the years they worked together. Another important thing, she never charged a cent for the work she did for the mothers and babies. She always considered it a pleasure and she enjoyed every minute of it. She often said, "What could bring more joy to any one than to know he or she had been instrumental in starting a healthy little human being on its fateful journey?" Money could never pay for that.

Her husband was a pioneer doctor in Graham County. Mrs. Bundy said, "Dr. Bundy felt he was destined to be a doctor." He was the best natured person imaginable. He weighed 330 pounds. His geniality was in proportion to his weight and he loved everybody.

In 1938, Mrs. Bundy began a crusade for books for a public library in Hill City. A great reader herself and a lover of good things, she felt only the best would do for the library. She had in mind all of the people of the community, so she started a campaign to obtain books from far and near and designated what she wanted. In the years she has been collecting books, she has written thousands of letters to persons of prominence and has received valuable books from 23 foreign countries as well as from practically every state in this country. She was not hesitant in asking for the literature for the Hill City Library which will be enduring and will be as good years from now as it is today. Recently she received six books from Mamie Eisenhower, one from Tom Dooley, one from Franklin D. Murphy on Kansas wild flowers, one from Richard Nixon, "The Theodore Russell Treasury," eight books from Mrs. Olive Beech of Beech Aircraft at Wichita, one from Red Skelton, Shirley Temple, Claire Booth Luce, Groucho Marx and one from General Sutherland, and so on through a long list of notables. The donors have

inscribed the book or books they have donated, an imposing list of autographs.

She keeps her scrapbook with the autographs in the bank for protection. Some time ago visitors asked to see her autographs and she proudly showed them. She was called out of the room for a few minutes and after they had left, she discovered the signature of Paderewski had been taken away.

Reminiscing about her early experiences as a nurse in Hill City, Mrs. Bundy said there were no hospitals in the city when they came and that babies were delivered at home. There were three doctors in town, one a woman Dr. Lottie Law, Dr. Bundy and another doctor. She did all kinds of nursing. Small pox, pneumonia, typhoid fever, every disease to which the population was prey and of course the babies. In the course of the years, Mrs. Bundy delivered eight babies alone. She said, "I was scared to death," but they all lived through the ordeal of the experience. There were few refinements and necessities of childbirth in the homes, so she always carried a layette in her OB bag. She slept in dirty beds and was subjected to all sorts of inconveniences, but the babies came through all right and that was the important thing. The babies have repaid her by sending books to the library, which is paramount in her life now. "I don't want any flowers when I die," she said. She has requested the babies she helped to get a start in the world each send a book to the library.

The babies and books are not the only activities with which Mrs. Bundy has been busy through the years. She has been aware of and deeply interested in every good thing for Hill City and, as a consequence, was chairman of the library board for 26 years, was librarian for six

years, chairman of the crippled children's committee for six years, Red Cross chairman for four years and scout advisor for a number of years.

The Lucille Bundy Day really had a double significance. It was planned because of National Library Week and the appropriateness of honoring her on such an occasion. Also, it was her eighty-fifth birthday. The years have brought her many of the miseries of age, arthritis, neuritis and bursitis. She is confined to her home much of the time, but her spirit is as young as it ever was and her enthusiasm for writing to authors, persons in prominent places, and those she knows will be interested in her work, has not flagged in the least.

She does her own housework and lives in her comfortable home alone with a toy Manchester, "Tiny," who watches her every move with the eye of a caretaker.

She remarked, "You know when people get old, they get funny and I don't want anyone to know how funny I am, so I'm going to live here as long as I can with someone coming in to help straighten things out occasionally." She bade her visitors a hearty goodbye and urged them all to come again.

William and Ellen Morris

William and Ellen Morris both came to western Kansas as children with their parents. His folks homesteaded in Graham County, near Bogue. They settled in Rooks County, where they both grew to maturity. She taught in the rural schools before their marriage on October 6, 1887.

They homesteaded in Graham County, where they

lived a few years, later moving to Kearney, Nebraska. Here three sons, Howard, Arthur and Earl, were born.

They returned to Kansas in 1893 and lived in the Greenmound community in Rooks County until 1902, when they bought a relinquishment on a homestead in Graham County. It was in that county that they spent the rest of their lives.

On a branch of Wild Horse Creek in the rolling country near Bogue, Mr. and Mrs. Morris reared their family. One daughter Emma now is Mrs. Clarence Olson and lives at Stockton, California. She has one son. Also, six more sons were added to the Morris family there. Frank, LaVerne, Kenneth, Herman, Robert and Harrold. Howard, Arthur, Earl and Harrold are now deceased.

The home life they created for their family was moulded by love, strengthened by discipline, and made steadfast by hard work and the sharing of family responsibilities.

In addition to being a farmer, Mr. Morris was a thresher. He brought the first steam engine thrasher to Graham County and, with the help of his sons, threshed for farmers for miles around.

He taught his sons to work, to know and understand farm machinery, and accept responsibilities for sharing in the farm and household. He ruled his home with firmness, he accepted his responsibilities to his family and neighbors and participated in the Grange and Farmers Union. He held township offices, worked hard for Prohibition and other measures he felt would make for a better life for his family and friends.

Mrs. Morris had a quiet strength and steadfastness of her own. Her family remembers her patience, understanding and love. Called "Mother Morris" by her daugh-

ters-in-law as well as by her own children, she counciled love and forbearance and had a deep concern for the spiritual life of her family.

In 1930 the Morrises moved to Hill City where they spent their last days in a modern, comfortable home. Their son, Herman, lived with them until they passed away. Mr. Morris passed away on January 29, 1935, at the age of 74 and Mrs. Morris passed away ten years later at the age of 76.

Enoch and Rebecca Fox

The story of Enoch and Rebecca Fox is a true story of pioneers, one of the hard winters, dry summers and off the farm work to earn money to live and buy cattle. It is also the story of building a home, raising a family and being fortunate in not losing any of the children.

It started in Vinton, Iowa, where Rebecca King married Enoch Fox on July 5, 1878. She was 19 and he was 25. Soon after the wedding they were Kansas-bound. There was a caravan of 12 wagons and they arrived at Belleville in November. The families wintered there. In December the men went to Graham County and filed on homesteads and tree claims. The Fox homestead was N.E.¼ of 31-8-24.

In March 1879, three families (the Foxes, Slades and Leeches) moved into a dugout in Gettysburg until each family had a house built on the homesteads. At that time Gettysburg consisted of one store, a post office, hotel and land office building.

The three families cooked and ate in the same dugout. Two women and four children slept there and the rest

slept in the covered wagons. There were five members in each of the Leech and Slade families, two of the Foxes, Enoch and Rebecca.

Texas longhorn cattle roamed the prairies at that time and were dangerous, so the women and children stayed close to the dugout. Enoch hewed soft, yellow native rock with an axe and built a house 10x12 feet, laying it up with native lime for their first home. On the way out from Belleville the Foxes stopped at Beloit, Kansas, and bought a cookstove, cooking utensils, a walnut table, three chairs and dishes. This was the equipment that Mrs. Fox set up housekeeping with in their first rock house. Their bed was a seedcorn bin in one corner of the house, the corn covered with a cornshuck tick.

The first year Enoch broke prairie, put in sod corn and built a sod stable but the corn did not grow. In July 1879, Mr. and Mrs. Fox drove their mules back to Iowa where Enoch ran the threshing machine he owned there. It had been Rebecca's first stay away from home and she was terribly homesick, so were the mules. Mrs. Fox has often said that as they neared their old home the mules brayed and she bawled.

Their first child, Elmer, was born that fall in Iowa (1879). The following March, 1880, they started back to Kansas with their mules and covered wagon. The trip back took three weeks, counting the week when it was impossible to travel due to a severe snow storm. That spring Enoch broke more sod while Rebecca followed with a sod handplanter and planted corn in the furrows. They raised a good crop that year.

In 1881 there was a crop failure and everybody left. Only three families stayed. The Foxes bought two cows and managed to stay but sticking it out meant working away from home too. Enoch freighted meal flour, meat

burg and Millbrook, making some money with which he started buying cattle. During the poor crop years, Enoch and occasionally a few potatoes from Nebraska to Gettys- would harvest around Ellis while Rebecca kept things going at home.

After a complete crop failure in 1882, they both worked in Saline County during the harvest. Enoch threshed and Rebecca cared for their son and cooked for the threshing crew for 71 days. That fall they bought more cattle and feed for 130 head when the grass was covered with snow. Enoch nailed boards together in the shape of a capital A, hitched mules to the point and dragged it over the prairie. The cattle followed behind and ate the grass where the snow was cleared away. They got through the winter in good shape.

In 1886, the Foxes lost most of their cattle in a blizzard that lasted for three days and nights. In 1888, they took filing and built a sod house with no floor. Their daughter Myrtle was born there. They started to farm more extensively, to raise corn and wheat along with their cattle and bought more land. When Enoch died in 1919, they owned 4200 acres of land.

In 1890, they had a stone mason saw stone for a 1½ story house, 18x20 feet, near the first house. Katie was born in the new house. In 1897, they added three rooms to the west side of the house and in 1907 three rooms were added to the east side. This eight-room house still stands in fairly good condition.

After the death of Mr. Fox in 1919, Mrs. Fox moved to Morland, Kansas, where she made her home until 1945. Then she moved to a house on the E. E. Fox farm and later to the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. P. Goddard. Her oldest daughter, Myrtle, Mrs. Jim Keith, passed away a few years ago.

Mrs. Rebecca Fox, Graham County's well loved and respected eldest citizen, celebrated her 99th anniversary on March 27, 1958.

From oxen to jet planes, from candlelight to atomic energy, from ground to space travel, Mrs. Fox has lived through an age of miracles and a period of unexcelled progress in the history of mankind.

Mrs. Fox's eyesight has failed in late years and her hearing is not so good, but she still takes an interest in happenings around her. She enjoys visits from her family and friends. For the past five years she has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. E. P. Goddard and Mr. Goddard northwest of Penokee, Kansas. The Goddards purchased the original farm homestead which her parents took in 1878.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Goddard started a purebred Hereford herd of cattle with five registered cows. The herd has grown through the years and E. P. Goddard and his sons have become well known for their high quality registered Herefords. Mrs. Fox's son, Elmer Fox, is well-known as a stockman and farmer of Graham County.

Mrs. Fox had 11 grandchildren and 21 great grandchildren to help her celebrate her 99th birth anniversary on March 27, 1958. Grandma's hobbies were fishing, crocheting rugs and making quilts. Many of these lovely rugs grace the homes of her loved ones.

She passed away on Feb. 14, 1959, just six weeks before she would have celebrated her 100th anniversary. It is hard for her sorrowing relatives and friends to find the silver lining through the cloud of gloom which enveloped the entire community when word came of the loss of our beloved Grandmother Fox.

She was raised in the Seventh Day Adventist faith.

Later she was a member of the Morland Methodist Church.

"The pearly gates were opened, a gentle voice said, 'Come,'

"So with farewells unspoken, she gently entered home."

The Kobler Family

The history of the Kobler family, as given by the oldest son Carl Kobler, is more unusual than the history of the average pioneer settler and creates much interest.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kobler were both born in Switzerland. They came to the United States in 1870, were married in 1874 and began their married life on a farm in Muscatine County, Iowa.

"In the spring of 1879, Father came to Kansas and filed on a claim in what is now Graham County. It was located nine miles southwest of Hill City, although at that time there was no trace of a town there. He started some improvements constructed of sod, some native stone, and a small amount of lumber. In the fall of 1879, Father loaded all of our personal effects, household goods, livestock, machinery and various miscellaneous items into an emigrant freight car and he came with it while Mother and the three children, I, Carl 3½ years old, Eda Magdolene, 2, and Earnest, 6 months old, rode by passcoach. We arrived at Wakeeney in September 1879, where we stayed for several days. After several trips to the claim in the only conveyance available, a lumber wagon, we finally got settled in our new home.

"Our livestock consisted of a team of horses, four

cows, two pigs and a few chickens. The farm machinery consisted of two walking plows, one of them a breaker, a wooden harrow, a Keystone hand drop, two-row corn-planter, a mower and hay rake. The last four had wooden frames. No one had a lister in those early days and this one planter was the only one within several miles around so it was kept busy for about three months of every season. Income for its use was ten cents an acre. When I got older, I would go along with the planter and get twenty-five cents a day to do the dropping. This was the first money I had earned, so it looked like a million to me.

"In 1884, after making proof on the claim, my Father secured another quarter section of land termed "a pre-emption filing," which is still the old home and is now owned by his son, Arthur and family.

"What is now Graham County was at that time a part of Rooks County. This was all open, unoccupied prairie at that time. There were, however, a few hunters, cow men, and outlaws living in shacks, dugouts or soddies located in strategic spots over the whole frontier. The buffalo were all gone when we came, but there were still many bands of antelope roaming the prairies. Bones of the slaughtered buffalo still littered the countryside. Only the hides and hams were used and the rest of the carcasses were left to the elements and carnivore eaters, the wolves and the buzzards. The terrifying prairie fires were a menace. Often the grease-soaked soil would glow for hours after the fire had gone. I picked as many as twenty-two rifle slugs on a single spot where a buffalo had been killed but I never found a single skull with a bullet hole in it.

"Many of the settlers came in covered wagons or prairie schooners, another name for the covered wagon.

The wagons were drawn by horses and oxen or occasionally mules, with the livestock following in a common herd, especially if several families moved at the same time.

"One thing that intrigued me as a child was a place just across the Solomon River from what is now our farm ranch. It was 'The Old Sod Fort.' The story of the clash with the Indians and the origin of 'The Old Sod Fort' was related to our family in 1879 by an old buffalo hunter by the name of Thompson, who lived in a dugout on the south bank of the Solomon River. A detachment of U. S. Army troops, under the command of Col. Sumner, and numbering about 500, came across country from the Northwest, probably North Platte, in search of the wayward and marauding Cheyennes. Scouts had reported the Indians were somewhere along the South Solomon River. The main trail was along the north side of the river. The unruly Cheyennes had made their camp somewhere on the Saline. Rather than be surprised in camp, these warriors, all on their favorite mounts and well armed, were waiting on the south bank of the South Solomon among the willows and cottonwoods. They had left their camp several miles on the south. They were waiting for the soldiers and evidentally intended to hit and run. This encounter did not last long. When the Indians were discovered, the command ordered battle formation. During this interval, the mounted Indians came out of hiding, crossed the stream and advanced toward the soldiers, readied for the conflict. An Indian guide with the army is supposed to have fired the first shot.

"When the Indians saw that they were outnumbered, they scattered. Most of them went south across the river and some of them mired in quicksand on the sand bar near the stream. A few Indians were killed, wounded or captured. There were a few wounded soldiers. The army

camped there for some days before moving southward. Before leaving this point the commanding officer, Col. Sumner, ordered a detachment of about a hundred soldiers to remain to care for the wounded who were unable to travel. To be better protected from surprise attacks and bad weather, the men made a structure, later known as 'The Old Sod Fort,' completely constructed of materials obtained locally. The enclosure was 80 feet wide and about 120 feet long, with a sort of block-house about 25 feet square extending outward from the north wall and opening into the main enclosure. The walls were about two feet thick and six or seven feet high, except the block-house, which was somewhat higher. Flats of sod were used in building the walls. The roof of the block-house was made with a ridge log in the middle and an intermediate log on either side extending the full length, over-jetting the ends. Smaller willows were used for sheathing, then a covering of grass which was held down with flats of sod, and lastly a topping coat of clay soil. This structure remained in fair condition for about twenty-five years. After the U. S. Army abandoned this spot, it was used as a stopping place for cattlemen and wranglers. Also livestock traders used it while trekking long-horns and mustangs to northern pastures in the sand hills and the niobrara, then on to the market.

"I remember one time in particular when some wranglers had brought a herd of mustangs from the Southwest. They had a public sale and also did some trading there. They had plenty of bucking broncos. There were a hundred or more wild horses corralled. One beautiful gray stallion cleared the seven foot wall and was free. A rider would go into the lot and lasso the desired horse, bring him out and then snub him to a big post. There he haltered and either saddled or harnessed him

and he was taken away. Two fellows drove up in a buckboard, swapped their gentle team for a team of wild horses, changed the harness, hitched them up and were gone. The last we saw of them was when they passed over the hill to the west, the team on the dead run and the men hanging onto the buckboard.

"The ground where the old Fort was has been in a field for half a century. I, myself, leveled the remains of the Fort.

"There were no pasture fences, so it was necessary to herd the cows. The horses were picketed on ropes to graze. I was the oldest child in the family and at the age of six began to herd cows with a good shepherd dog. We kept them away from growing crops.

"All the roads were trails following the lines of least resistance, either ridges or hollows or both. If we wanted to go somewhere, we would just start off in the desired direction. It was seven miles from the claim to Millbrook, the county seat and trading post for us. Many of the commercial transactions were by barter as there was not much cash to be had. We exchanged eggs and butter for the needed necessities at the store where we did our weekly trading. Most of our food was produced at home. We had our own corn and wheat and many times did I take the old team and wagon and plod off to Mill on a two-day trip with a few bushels for meal and flour. We never heard of such a thing as baker's bread. There was however stick candy, and sweet crackers, also soda crackers by the barrel. Once when I was at the Prout store, a monstrous tomcat hopped out of a barrel half full of crackers. I said, 'Does that cat eat crackers, Mr. Prout?' Mr. Prout answered, 'No, he just sleeps there to keep the mice out.'

"There were a few gunmen, mostly transients and

occasionally of the two six-gun variety, to be seen at times. One of the large cow outfits stopped once for a few days two miles south of our claim to rest and graze their herd. They carried six-guns. Two of the cowboys mounted their broncs and rode over to Gettysburg five miles away. They found some firewater and were soon quite happy. One of them said he liked cheese so he bought a 40 pounder and started back to camp carrying the big cheese under his arm. When they were within a couple of miles of the camp he said, 'Hey, Lobo, that's your damn cheese. Carry it yourself.' The other said, 'Well, I'll make it lighter,' so he dismounted, set the cheese upright in the saddle, stepped away a few paces and emptied his six-gun into it as a target. Then he mounted his horse again and said, 'It's lighter now; I can manage it.' They rode toward camp. When they arrived, one of them said, 'Looks like everybody's gone. Let's find out.' They fired a few rounds in that direction. Turner, the cook, came dashing out of his tent with a Winchester and replied by firing a few rounds. They threw up their arms and came on into camp. Turner politely informed them, 'The next time you two devils do a trick like that, there will be two targets and a shot apiece will be all it takes when old Bessie barks.'

"Horse thieving was not unusual among some of the roughnecks. There was still a trail between Indian territory and the Black Hills. Accomplices were stationed along the trail and helped one another when necessary. One of our neighbors by the name of Chaney was supposed to belong to the ring. He was a gunman who was kind to his friends and unrelenting with his enemies or those opposed him. My Father said, 'We must always be friendly to Mr. Chaney; it might help some time,' and I guess it did. Father went out after his team but they were not on the picket ropes. On the third day, he went to Mr. Chaney

and told him about the loss of his team and how desperately he needed them. Chaney said, 'Listen, John, just keep still. Go home and in two or three days you will find your team again.' On the third day, Dad was informed by a lone rider that a team of his description was on the prairie about ten miles south, just north of the Saline River. There he found them, sweaty, but safe.

"The year 1883 was a dry one. Many left to find work that winter. Some came back the following spring, but some did not return. I remember one covered wagon had this sign, 'To Kansas or bust' and just below it read, 'Now I'm busted so back to Wife's folks. Goodbye, Kansas.'

"The railroad grant gave the Kansas Pacific (now the Union Pacific) every alternate section of land on either side of the railway. This reduced the number of homesteads but afforded more open range. We were within the railroad limits. We always had plenty of food, occasionally limited variety. There was a small amount of wild fruit and usually a fair supply of wild game with no restrictions.

"Saturday was always trade and visiting day at Millbrook. Father would throw two or three forks of hay into the wagon with a comforter for the children to ride on. With Father and Mother on the spring seat, we were off to town on Saturday morning. There, and at picnics and celebrations, people over the country came to get acquainted and soon knew each other quite well.

"Our first post office was Turnerville on Brush Creek at the home of Harrison Turner. This place now belongs to James Wagoner. Some of our early neighbors on Brush Creek were the Keiths and Reynards. The Keiths were Scotch and Alec Keith, who was then about 30 years old. He was out herding cows one day with his neighbor, John

Reynard, and they played mumblepeg for keeps. That evening Alec came home without his pants. His wife asked, 'Have ye been robbed?' Alec replied, 'Bin robbed, his na, na, nit thet. Thet blosted John win all my money, me pipe and me tobacca and me pents but he loan me pipe and tobacca and said wid bring me pents and tomarra so I win em back.' "

Like all other pioneer families, they experienced the trails and hardships of the frontier days, droughts, blizzards, grasshoppers and prairie fires but they, like many others of the early days, felt there must be brighter days ahead.

Eda Kobler-Higer, the oldest daughter, tells of a harrowing experience when she was seven years old. "On July 4, 1885, Father prepared to go to Wakeeney for a load of lumber for the house he was building on a 240 acre tract of land he had recently acquired. He removed the wagon box from the running gears and put it on the ground so we youngsters could play in it. He then put three wide planks on the running gears, a box of food for himself and a sack of grain for the horses, Fanny and Morgan. He would stay overnight in Wakeeney to rest his horses before starting home with the heavy load. In the later afternoon, Mother decided to ride Charley, our trusty riding horse, over to Turnerville to the post office to get the mail. It was a distance of two and a half miles from our house. The Alex Brock family came with biscuits to bake in our range oven. The Brocks had just arrived two days previously in a covered wagon and were living in a tent while they made a dugout two miles northwest of us. When the biscuits were baked, the family left and Mother arrived soon afterward. It was now getting dark. Her first question was, 'Where is Willie?' I replied that he was in the house asleep but twenty-one months old

Willie was not there. He had awakened and, not being noticed by us, had silently strayed away. I was frantic since he had been left in my care.

"Uncle Jim, my three brothers, and I had no idea where he had gone so the all-night search began. Neighbors helped in the search and when daylight came, the news spread and others joined us. As the neighbors lived two, three and four miles apart, only a few knew about it. Below our house was a stream fed by several springs and the heavy rains had washed out deep holes which had filled with water. Mother took a long handled rake and combed these ponds along the draw which was about 1½ miles long but baby Willie was not there. Mother came back about 2:00 a.m. She was crying and praying, 'Oh! God in heaven, save my baby from the howling wolves and rattlesnakes.' We found some small barefoot tracks in the dust of a cow path, south of our corral and also some were discovered in the main road near the path. This road led to the southwest from our sod house and then westward for miles. Uncle Jim left immediately on Lady, our buckskin saddle pony. He said as he left, 'Mary, I'll ride until I find your baby either dead or alive.' Oh! how I shuddered at the word dead and I felt responsible too as Mother had cautioned all of us to take good care of Willie as he might run away looking for her.

"About two miles southwest of our place Uncle Jim found him asleep in the road. Evidently he had followed this road until he was completely exhausted and had fallen asleep. They arrived home about 8:00 that morning. The poor little fellow had cried so much that his little face was dirty with mudded tears. His feet were full of thorns and scratches, his plaid dress was soiled and torn. His hair was full of dirt and trash, but oh! how happy we all were that he was found safe and was at home again.

He had not been molested by coyotes or the dreadful rattlesnakes, of which there were many. 'Thanks to God for his safe return.' This was Mother's prayer ever after.

"Mother passed away in 1920 and Father in 1924. There were nine children in the family, seven sons and two daughters. The youngest son, Fred, died on October 18, 1918, at Laurence, Kansas, while in training at United States camp there during World War I. The rest are living and can recall many of the experiences of the pioneers."

Bogue

Bogue, a small progressive rural town seven miles east of Hill City, was called Fagan in the early days. It was plotted by the Union Land Company on September 18, 1888 and given the name of Bogue. It was not incorporated until 1910. It has been an up-and-coming little town with good schools. The first was a sod room. Maude Bundy was the teacher. The pupils were Leah Neeley, Lynn Dunwoody, George Neeley, John Higgenbotham, Will Dunwoody, Charlie Neeley, Ralph Higgenbotham, Earnest Neeley, Mabel Cooksey and David Cooksey. The town now has a fine modern school. The Bogue High School was the second in the county and it was organized on April 20, 1920. It was a great day for Bogue when over 300 patrons from the community were present for the dedication. After the inspection of the new building, a basket supper was served under the supervision of Mrs. Green and Mrs. Kenyon. President W. A. Lewis of the Hays Teachers College delivered the main address of the

evening. The Pastor of the Hill City Methodist church also appeared on the program. They had various exercises and musical numbers and the crowd enjoyed listening to the old-time fiddlers. The Bogue High School has been outstanding in athletics and musical progress through the years.

Bogue has proved to be a good business center, being centrally located with a good bank and good schools. It has long been noted for its good stores and cafes. People have come from miles around to shop and patronize these up-and-coming business places. Bogue is rated as one of the modern rural towns in Graham County.

Mrs. Harm Schoen's Story

Mrs. Harm Schoen, mother of Mrs. Emma Flicker of Bogue and Andy Schoen, of Lenora, Kansas, and grandmother of Mrs. Margaret Kenyon, of Bogue, was awarded first place in a factual pioneer story contest sponsored by the native sons and daughters of Kansas.

"Mr. and Mrs. John Blankenship and their three small children left their home in Missouri to make a new life on the plains in Smith County, Kansas, in the fall of 1871.

"Dad had made the trip west several months in advance to look the country over and selected this particular farm because of the rich virgin soil and abundance of native grass.

"The trip overland by covered wagon, loaded with provisions and their sole belongings, required three weeks time with mother doing most of the driving and holding

a three months' old baby in her arms and Dad plodding along behind on foot, lending encouragement to the cows which had not been previously taught to lead.

"Immediately on arrival in early November, Dad started construction of a home made from cottonwood logs, chinked with mud. Fortunately, an earlier settler who was a single man, offered our family the use of his home while our future home was being constructed.

"It was a man's world and mother did not see another woman until Christmas day when another settler and his family from Smith Center drove over and spent Christmas day with the folks in their newly constructed, one-room, with sleeping accommodations in a loft above, home. After the house was completed they had visitors who came frequently. They were wandering groups of Indians usually asking for food and clothing. While they were semi-civilized, they were not to be trusted and there was always the fear of the theft of livestock.

"In the early spring of 1872 Dad broke out his first land with a breaking plow which he had brought tied along the side of the wagon. He used oxen for the tough job of turning over the new sod. The land was good and the first corn crop was planted by means of a hand planter.

"In order to get ready cash, they milked cows, skimmed the cream from crocks and gallon jars and produced butter with a wooden churn to sell to neighbors and nearby city folks of the pioneer towns springing up in the area. The butter brought ten cents per pound.

"Mother's first luxury was a set of dishes purchased at a store several miles away and brought home on horseback in a milk pail. They were the result of a $5.00 gift from her father back in Buchanan County, Missouri.

"Our family did not lack food previous to the grasshopper plague in 1874. Meat was plentiful and simple foods such as sow belly, corn bread, sorghum molasses and pumpkin pie appeared often, especially during the winter months.

"I was the first child born in our family after their arrival in Kansas. I arrived in 1873 and a few years later attended a subscription school in a dugout. We sat on cottonwood boards, laid on cottonwood blocks. The teacher's pay was $15.00 per month and board. Parents of the students took their turn at keeping the teacher. I was always glad when it came our turn.

"For entertainment during those pioneer days, neighbors visited back and forth in their homes. Spelling bees and group singing gave young people an opportunity to make friends and enjoy life.

"Life on the farm in those days with no mechanical aids for housewives was none too easy. We kids often left home while Mother was bent over a wash board. We found her still washing clothes on our return from school.

"My greatest travel adventure as a child was an eleven-day trip by wagon to Missouri to visit relatives. It rained nine of the days while enroute and we were uncomfortable most of the time due to a leaky wagon cover. In spite of the weather, we enjoyed the trip. It was something different to remember the rest of our lives.

"In later years a school was built two and one half miles from our home. We attended on horseback riding two to the horse. When the horses were needed, we walked to and from school.

"No church service was available during those early years. Sunday School was held in the schoolhouse. Our neighbors, the Hollanders, did have a church and we were

welcome to attend but the services were conducted in the Holland language so we could not understand the sermons.

"Yes, those were the good old days of the early 70's, but having reached the age of 85 years, and having seen today's modern conveniences, I prefer the life and customs of today which of course will some day be the 'good old days' of 1959."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buss

For many years the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buss has created much interest because of its taxidermy museum. The Busses collected specimens through the years and have enjoyed the experiences of searching and the effort of putting them on exhibit for their many friends and tourists who have driven miles from their course of travel to see the museum. It is located six miles southwest of Bogue.

Mr. and Mrs. Buss have both passed away but we hope the collection will be preserved. Their collection of stuffed birds, reptiles, and animals are, for the most part, wild life found in Graham County. Included are badgers, coyotes, skunks, raccoons, owls, prairie dogs, eagles, blue birds, red-winged blackbirds, pelicans, herons, prairie chickens, horned toads, pheasants, lizards and turtles of different species. Another collection includes a mammoth tusk found in 1934 and other geological and paleontological specimens.

Bogue Methodist Church

Men, having always felt the need to worship God, founded a great nation in whose constitution the right of each individual to worship God in his own way was guaranteed. Within that nation, on the sunny plains of windswept Kansas, a group of people in Bogue found that they had outgrown meeting in the public schoolhouse and with the efforts of the entire community, a one-room church was built and completed in the year 1910.

There were not enough of any one denomination to maintain the church, therefore a united effort and splendid cooperation was established, which has carried over into the entire community. By careful propagation and leadership through the years, it has been a "whosoever will may come to this Church." The Sunday School was known as the Bogue Union Sunday School.

The church was dedicated as Methodist property since the State laws required it to be the property of a denominational body. Methodist ministers served the congregation until 1923. After World War I, many people grew indifferent to religious growth, and the little white church had dark days. From 1923 to 1925 no services were held in the church.

The church property was in danger of being sold when a new group of trustees were elected, namely H. A. Young, Ray Kellogg and R. R. Kirkpatrick. With the help of the Rev. J. G. Beecher of the Church of God on the Redline, they influenced a group of the people to reorganize the Sunday School.

The Ladies Aid was organized in 1926 under the leadership of a Catholic lady, Mrs. James Bergin, as the first president. It has long been the strong arm of the church and in 1950 subscribed $1000 to the fund for a new

church. Several of the charter members are still active in the organization.

Several ministers served the church and it carried on through the second world war. Many were the prayers offered there for our service men and women, our nation and finally the United Nations.

In 1945, Rev. D. W. Ester came to the church. He stirred up interest to remodel or build a new church. He was most zealous in his belief that a new church could be built. When Rev. Ray Bressler came in 1948, interest crystalized and in Sept. 1949, the congregation committed itself to the building of a new church. People were faithful to their pledges and R. R. Kirkpatrick, the treasurer, was a most able and faithful steward to collect the needed funds.

Later a new, modern parsonage was built and the Bogue Methodist Church has been pushing forward. The results have been fruitful. The Rev. Gerald Martin has been there since 1955. He also serves the Methodist Church at Zurich.

A beautiful dream has been realized. The people's prayers had been answered far beyond their highest expectations.

Prairie Home Methodist Church

In the history of the churches in Graham County, none has proved to be of more interest than the Prairie Home Church in Happy Township.

About 40 families from that part of the county felt the need of religious services for themselves and to instil in their children the religious training that would be a good influence through life. On a particular Sunday in

June 1879, while the tall grass rustled in the gentle breeze and the singing of the locust could be heard along the wagon trail that stretched across the vast prairie, a flock of prairie chickens rose and glided swiftly into the far horizon. Occasionally a little swift was seen darting into the grass. In the distance to the north, a train of prairie schooners wound its way slowly into the west. They came by wagon team, horseback and on foot to the little sod house on the homestead of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Van Dyke to organize the first Sunday School.

The Van Dyke home was located one mile south and four miles west of where the Prairie Home Church is now located. At that time the Van Dyke home was in Bryant Township and a part of Rooks County as Graham County was not organized until 1880 and Happy Township formed in 1889.

The first two houses in the township were built by J. R. Furbeck and Mr. Wallace and were the only houses between Millbrook and Wakeeney in the fall of 1878. Happy Hollow post office was established in 1879. N. Crank was the postmaster. The first birth was Bell Furbeck, daughter of Ed and Alice Furbeck, in the fall of 1878. She was born in a covered wagon standing in the yard of Aaron Mort.

The first to die was Mrs. D. A. Dickey. She was the first to be buried in Prairie Home Cemetery.

The Sunday School was organized with H. C. Mosley as superintendent, Nannie Shinn, secretary and treasurer. The organist was Nettie Van Dyke. It continued there until 1884, when it was moved to the Dr. Crank place, three miles west of the present church. A little store and postoffice were located there. It was a stopping place for freighters from Wakeeney to Norton.

In 1885, two preachers held services in different parts of the community. The first services were held in the Abija

Cox basement. Mr. Cox and Mr. McCaslin worked together in conducting the first big revival which resulted in the organization of the Methodist class that still continues as the "Prairie Home Methodist Church." They were now in the Salina District Conference and Dr. M. M. Stolz was the presiding Elder.

The cemetery plot was laid out in 1885. Aaron and Charlotte G. Mort gave a deed, recorded Dec. 22, 1885, for the east half acre. F. C. and Rachel A. Olmstead gave a deed on Feb. 2, 1886 for the west half of the cemetery.

The Togo post office was first operated in the George McVey home. Later it was moved to the T. L. Olmstead residence, where he also operated a store for many years. This was a very popular place. People from miles around gathered there on Saturday afternoon to trade and watch a ball game. Many social events were held there through the years. On December 16, 1913, the store and contents burned to the ground.

In 1901, a tabernacle meeting was held by Rev. W. C. Jordan and Rev. James. Bert Law and Ned Mort made a three-day trip to LaCrosse for a large tabernacle. George McVey and Edd Mumert furnished the teams and wagons. The tabernacle was erected near the Prairie Home School house. Many people came. Some camped nearby, to attend the meetings. Due to an accident with a gasoline lamp which let burning gasoline fall into the straw on the floor, the tabernacle was burned to the ground. The meeting continued in the schoolhouse. The organ was destroyed by the fire. Nevertheless, the results of this great meeting has lived and come down through the years.

In 1903, the Reverend S. W. Taylor started the church building movement, he having been sent for that purpose. In 1905-1906 many new families moved into the community, mostly from eastern Kansas. They became in-

terested in the religious activities of the church. A large congregation had built up by this time.

The Ladies Aid was organized on March 26, 1908 and was named "Willing Workers." By 1910, many more had moved to the community and soon found their church home at Prairie Home Methodist Church. In 1911, the Reverend J. Morton Miller, shepherd of this flock, a deeply religious man, soon felt the need of a revival. August found a very forceful revival in progress in Johnson's Grove. Large crowds attended and many more people accepted Christ as their Savior and went from there happier and with a full determination to live a Christian life.

On August 10, 1911, seventy people were baptized and taken into the fellowship of the church. Some were sprinkled at the grove, and the rest went to Happy Creek, one mile north of the Owing's place, to be immersed. As a result of this revival, more room was needed for worship. Again the church building movement was discussed with Rev. Miller. After much planning and soliciting, the erection of the church was started in the fall of 1911. The building plot was donated by Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Law and located on 3/14 of an acre. On July 10, 1913, Mrs. Hilda Law signed a deed giving the acre of ground. Through donations of material and labor, the building of the church so long dreamed of, went ahead and as time and funds permitted, the church was finished.

The first wedding held in the church was in August 1917, when Miss Lenora Ostercamp of Wakeeney, Kansas and Robert Fritts of the Prairie Home Community were united in marriage.

On April 16, 1926, John and May Diebolt gave a deed for the addition of half an acre on the west side of the cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mumert celebrated their golden

wedding anniversary on May 8, 1935 with open house for their many friends.

The church has carried on through the years with a good membership of active sincere members. The Sunday School has a very active group and has operated continuously with keen interest under the leadership of its able leaders.

The Prairie Home Ladies Aid, organized on March 26, 1908, and given the name of Willing Workers voted in 1940 to change to the name of "Women's Society of Christian Service." They keep the organization active and interesting. They have a foreign missionary program once each month, a regular study club, a worship and missionary lesson. Their memebership and attendance are good.

The Upworth League, organized in 1901, has always been active and helpful in every project promoted to help the church and community and took part in the Booth Festival in connection with the Hays hospital, which is now the Hadley Memorial Hospital.

They organized the Methodist Youth Fellowship in 1954. They meet every Thursday evening.

Many of the founders of this church moved from the community and others came. Perhaps most of the pioneers have passed to the Great Beyond but their examples of Christianity and its influence will carry on down through the years.

Red Line Church of God

In 1896, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Jones came to the community in Morlan Township to visit relatives in the Brown family. While there, they held a meeting in a schoolhouse and several families were converted. Among

them were the Columbus Cox, Hayden Bass, L. W. White, A. E. Drotts and Oscar Gustafson families. Services were held at the Crocker, Cooper and Sunnyside schoolhouses. In 1906, a tract of ground was donated by Columbus Cox on his home place where a church building was erected.

The farm is still in the Cox family. After the death of Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Cox, their son Orr and wife bought the farm. Orr passed away on December 31, 1958, his wife Winnie still lives in the old Cox farm home. Her son Claude and family live just across the road in a comfortable modern home.

The congregation grew. By 1930 it was necessary to remodel the church building and add more room. J. W. Brown, with the cooperation and assistance of the people in the community, finished one building. It was dedicated on October 26, 1930. Reverend J. G. Beecher was the pastor and the Reverend A. G. Lovell was the guest speaker.

On Feb. 9, 1917, J. W. Brown and Veta White were appointed to draw plans for a parsonage, which was built soon afterward and a well was drilled at that time. The sidewalks were laid in 1920. The first lights were gasoline lamps; in 1938 a wind-charger and 32 volt system was installed and the congregation enjoyed much better lighting. Now they have electricity through the R. E. A. Also natural gas has been installed to replace first a coal furnace and later propane. The old clock, which is still in use was presented to the church in 1915 by the Young People's Sunday School Class. Their teacher was R. Z. Cox. The first musical instrument was loaned to the church by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ford in 1917. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ford are now deceased. This organ was also used in camp meetings held in Beecher's Grove when E. G. Masters

was the evangelist. The first piano was bought in 1920; another was purchased in 1930, another in 1945 and the one now used was bought in 1954.

The pastors who have served this church are Rev. Wilson, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Dougherty, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Mayfield, Rev. and Mrs. George Neal, Rev. and Mrs. L. E. Neal, Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Gordon, Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Beecher, Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Wilburn, Bessie Brown for three months, Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Swaggerty, Rev. and Mrs. Earl Osner, Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Riley, Rev. Richard McCool. The minister at the current time, 1959, is Rev. O. Borden.

Some of the pianists have been Linda Germany, Ethel Gustafson, Eleanor Noah Jackson, Winnie Cox, Viola Germany, Letha Potter Metheny, Margaret Gustafson Ninemire, Jeraldine Bomgardner and Myrna Gustafson.

The Sunday School was started without the use of quarterlies or any help from printed literature but they have grown in efficiency and now have the best in equipment and help.

Many camp meetings have been held in Beecher's Grove. A vacation Bible School and children's work have been carried on for years. The first vacation Bible School was held in 1930 under the leadership of Ethel Gustafson. The next was held in 1936 and has been conducted each summer since that date.

Under the leadership of Mrs. W. W. Wilburn, the first Missionary Society was organized and is still active at this time. Workers who have gone from this congregation to greater fields of labor are Rev. J. G. Beecher, B. D. Brown, N. L. Beecher, Bessie Brown Willowby, Orvall Beecher, Melvin Acheson, Nellie Germany, Corrine Ikast and Dwite Brown.

They celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the congregation on July 9, 1946, with Rev. R. C. Caudill of Middleton, Ohio, as guest speaker. Rev. W. A. Swaggerty was the pastor at that time and many former pastors and friends were in attendance.

New pews and pulpit furniture was installed and dedicated in 1954. This was given by the young people of the church in memory of one of their members, Robert Gustafson.

For several years they have been paying the first semester tuition for any of their young people who enrolled in one of their Church colleges.

The influence of the Red Line congregation has reached beyond the immediate community and has endeavored to help some of the nearby congregations as well as the State and National work.

The founders of the church have all passed away but some of their descendants have carried on through the years—Carl and John Gustafson and their sister, Mrs. J. W. Brown, whose parents Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gustafson were among the founders of the church. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown and their family have given of their time, means and untiring efforts to make the Redline Church of God a temple where every one feels welcome and many have come to worship.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gustafson celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary on Feb. 20, 1955. They have six children, Roy, Bert, Ben, George, Hazel Stewart and Mina Todd, who were all present for this occasion with their families. Mr. and Mrs. Gustafson have spent their years on the farm and are active in their home and church life. Mrs. Gustafson is a sister of J. W. Brown.

John Gustafson and his wife, the former Ethel Ford,

with their family, have always been faithful, dependable workers in the church and community, ever ready and willing to give of their time and means. They have always lent a helping hand when needed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown (by C. E. Gustafson)

Emma Gustafson and John William Brown first met in the summer of 1891. They attended school in what was known at that time as the "Brown School"—a little stone schoolhouse about 16′ x 20′. At one time there were over thirty pupils enrolled. Charlie Miller of Hill City and the late Chief Justice John S. Dawson were two of their teachers. The school terms were six months long. College degrees, in those days, were very hard to get. For most people, the eighth grade was the finish. Will and Emma both finished the eighth grade. Will wrote on the teacher's examination and passed it but did not have the dollar it took for a teaching certificate. William P. Callison, well known in our community, was one of their teachers also.

School sports included baseball with homemade balls and bats, Black Man, Drop the Handkerchief, and Tag. As most young people, they threw snowballs and maybe a dipper of water in each other's face. One big event was skating on the pond which was southwest of the schoolhouse. At one time Will and Emma were skating together and Emma fell down causing Will to fall also. They struck the backs of their heads on the ice which caused Will to be unconscious for several hours.

Will left for Colorado in the early spring of 1897 to find work and spent nearly two years there. During this time letters came quite regularly to Emma Gustafson.

After Will's return, he took over his father's farm. During the remaining time until 1900, he made visits often to the Oscar Gustafson home. On one of these visits he remained a little late and one of those nice snow storms came. He had on low cut shoes and of course the snow went over the tops. Emma's father had lots of fun teasing Will about his snow shoes.

The great day came at last—March 4th, 1900. It was a very frosty morning with fog, too, when Will came with his buggy and team to get Emma to go to Hill City. (I went horseback, it was a very chilly ride.) They were married at the home of Will's parents by Probate Judge Palmer. Just a few relatives were present. They returned to Emma's parents' home, had supper, and went to the G. S. Brown homestead where they made their home until the fall of 1905. Emma worked for the D. C. Kays in Morland where she earned the money to buy her wedding dress of navy blue serge (French) and other accessories, which she purchased at Kay's store.

During the time they lived on the homestead, Will raised cattle quite extensively. He had two sections of grass under fence. He farmed heavily and broke hundreds of acres of virgin soil from which he raised cattle feed by planting it to kafir corn. It was here that their first child, Naomi, was born. Their house was built in the side of a bank with a rock front.

There were three rooms. The middle room caved in on the west side so Naomi called it her "broken home." I worked for Will most of the winter at 50 cents per day. I broke prairie and furnished three horses at $35.00 per month. This was in 1902.

In the year of 1904, John Brown, C. D. Brown, W. P. Callison, Oscar Gustafson, Will, and I purchased a horse power threshing machine. We ran this outfit for 25 days. It

had seven sweeps, two horses to each sweep. One end of these sweeps were connected to a master wheel which had cogs on one side. This wheel was connected to other gears which were connected to a tumbling rod, which ran the gears connected to the cylinder of the machine. It required three men to operate the machine—one man to drive the horses from a platform in the center, one man to feed the separator (the grain was placed on tables on each side and the man who did the feeding pulled it to the center, broke it up and pushed it into the cylinder), the third man took care of the separator. Everything was greased by the use of squirt oil cans and axle grease. We took turns with each job. E. E. Peck, J, E. Kinzer, and I ran it for twenty-five days and then we hired a steam engine for that crop of threshing. We still fed it by hand.

By this time, C. D. Brown, John Brown, and Oscar Gustafson had too much of the threshing machine and sold out to W. P. Callison, Will, and me. The next spring, we sold one fourth interest in the machine to W. F. Stearns and we brought a Case steam engine. We bought a new feeder for the separator and a blower to take care of the straw. We ran the outfit that year without a cookshack. The next year we built a cookshack which was operated by Emma and her little daughter, Naomi. Then J. W. and I sold out to Stearns and thus ended the first threshing experience.

Will, Emma, and Naomi went to Malvern, Arkansas, in January of 1906 to visit relatives. While there, Will purchased the lumber to build their home and other buildings. Their home which he had purchased was 1 mile south and 2½ miles west of Palco. They returned from Malvern in March and soon after started to build.

The Browns worked hard to make a pleasant home for their family. It was here that they acquired the rest

of their family. Laura was the first one to be born in the new house. Next came a little girl who did not live. The first son, Oscar, arrived the year of the severe snow storm in 1912. Bessie was next to add her bit of sunshine. Robert Paul came and gave much joy in his four short years. Dwite was the last but not the least. He arrived on his Daddy's 47th birthday and his sunny smile has been a great help along the way.

Will and Emma have given generously of themselves through the years to their home, community, and church. They were never too busy to help one in need nor their house too full but what there was room for one more. Beside his farming, Will did a lot of carpenter work and truck gardening. He ran his own threshing outfit for quite a number of years.

In the fall of 1933, they moved to their present location where they have been in business continuously. Ten years ago today, they celebrated their 50th anniversary in balmy 75 degree weather. In spite of the cold, snowy weather and bad roads, there were 165 guests who came to help them celebrate their 60th at the Red Line Church of God on March 4, 1960.

Logan, Kansas

The history of Logan is one of interest; it reveals some of the experiences of the pioneers.

Ben Darling and a companion were looking for a suitable location in the west. After leaving Kirwin, they traveled over the country. As they were passing along, Ben remarked that if he found no better place between Kirwin and Lenora, he would return and locate there. He was referring to the present town-site of Logan. They

returned. Ben Darling was the first white man to settle on the land where Logan now stands. His name is still remembered by many. Others who homesteaded the land that is now occupied by Logan were Fred Newman, Charles Blakley, Charles Cook and Henry Gandy.

The town was first known as Deeversville. It was established on Sept. 16, 1872. Benjamin Darling was the first postmaster. On June 2, 1873, the name was changed to Logan. Fred Newman was the town-site agent who laid out the town and Gil Hoover named the town Logan after his General, John A. Logan.

Some of the early settlers before the railroad were A. Larrick, A. D. Miller, Fred Albright, Sam Albright, Nicholas Noel, D. Scranton, Hook Marion, Jacob Post, R. Hastings, Thomas Dye, J. J. Wellrout, Ben Mar and Roach Leighty.

William Gray was the first postmaster at Logan. He was appointed on Nov. 3, 1873. Gus Krafft and Asa Larrick had the mail hauling contract. They carried it from Kirwin, at times on foot. The mail was put up in big tubs and anyone expecting mail looked through it to find their own mail. The room in which the mail was held had buffalo hides for a door.

Logan is on the north fork of the Solomon River. The town has all the natural advantages to make it a good business center. It is now an enterprising, go-ahead western town. They have as fine a water power as can be found in the entire length of the Solomon River. Logan is surrounded by a good farming country and has many advantages that have helped to induce its growth and prosperity and to insure for its business-men a good patronage and for the neighboring farmers a desirable trading point.

Some of the famous firsts in Logan; the first houses

were dug-outs built in the banks with roofs made of timber, sawed by hand from nearby trees. They had no doors or windows in the pioneer homes.

Peter Hansen put in the first saw mill, which he owned and operated. Fred Albright had the honor of being the first single buggy owner in the county. It was the first one shown in Logan.

In 1874, a frame building was built by Bill McClellan, Peter Hansen and Noah Weaver. The frame and shingles were of cottonwood, sawed at the Hansen sawmill. The finish lumber came from Kearney, Nebraska. This building was first used as a general store and meat market. There was also a bakery established about the same time, operated by John and Tom Wilson.

The first person to be buried in the Logan cemetery was George Knox. He did not live in Logan. He was passing through the town and got involved in a poker game. He was caught cheating at the cards. The local card players did not approve. His was the first grave. The first woman to be buried there was Mrs. Sarah Gray on June 2, 1872. She was one of the first settlers in Logan.

Frank Newman ran the first hotel. It was located behind the bank. The present bank was built in the same place. Eberhardt and Davis operated the first hardware store, built in 1879. The first paper was published by W. H. Gray. The first doctor was Dr. Wilkinson. Stephen Robinson started the drugstore. Dan Levengood had the first furniture store. In 1881 Bowmen and Hansen shipped the first grain out of Logan. Wheat sold for 40 cents a bushel, corn, 15 cents and 20 cents. In 1879, Bill McCell hauled lumber from Bloomington and started a lumber yard. That same year Joseph Mayne started a blacksmith shop.

Logan's first school was organized on May 12, 1873.

Rufus Hastings taught the first term in a log house which was located just south of the present day Presbyterian Church. His salary came from subscriptions and sometimes it was buffalo meat. Alpha Gray Hansen taught in 1876 for one term. She taught in the Shurtz store room. By 1877 there was a definite need for a new schoolhouse so the district built a frame building of one room. It was built by W. D. Working and was located north of where the present grade school building is now located. This building was adequate for several years, then came a large enrollment and the lower grades of the school were moved to Gandy Hall. Frank Baker was in charge of the school from 1897 to 1899. A two-year high school course was added to the school system and an extra teacher was employed. Merle Templeton was the only graduate in 1902. A Junior High School building was erected in 1938 and in 1955 a new high school was built. This is the present day high school.

James McKay and Nancy Aterberry were the first couple married in Logan in September 1885.

The first white child born in Logan was Walter Logan Grafft.

The wonder of the day came when Al and Lou Dougherty put in the first plate glass window.

Hugh Weaver installed the first telephone in Logan in 1875. The wires were made of common wrapping twine waxed, stretched tight and each end knotted and pulled through an oyster can. The can was used as a transmitter and receiver also. It extended from his store to his private rooms upstairs. A short time later came the telephone system.

Elmer Dye had the first automobile in Logan. It was a Buick.

Fred Albright was one of the first settlers at Logan.

He was determined to see buffalo in the wild. He had been logging in Wisconsin. It was a hard, rough life. He decided he wanted to see a man respected for what he really was and not for the amount of liquor he could drink or his fighting ability, so he followed the advice of Horace Greeley. With a good team and wagon, he and his father started for the promised land. He was many times tempted to stop and settle along the way but the buffalo lure was ever before him so he pushed on. About sunset on October 2, 1872, they saw a dugout in a bank near the Solomon River. "Where is the town of Logan?" they inquired of a man they saw lounging near the door. "It's right here," he replied, "and I am the merchant." He identified himself as Gus Kroft. Fred asked, "Well, where are all the people?" Gus replied, "After buffalo meat. A herd just passed. We will have buffalo meat for supper." "Well," said Fred, "we have gone far enough. Here we stop."

They camped on Cactus Creek, near the townsite that night. The next day, on October 3, 1872, they located their claim two miles north and two miles west of Logan and there he lived. His land was never mortgaged or sold. He had his share of pioneering, buffalo hunting, freighting and Indian scares. He was dried out and burned out, but prospered in spite of all. He saw the town grow from one sod house and one crude dugout to a thrifty, modern town. He married Lillian Blakley, daughter of Charles and Anna Blakley, a school teacher at Logan. She had taught school in Phillips, Norton and Rooks Counties in Kansas. She taught school in the Davidson District, 10 miles north of Logan during 1886. Early in the morning of the blizard, it had not looked bad, but by 8 o'clock it was snowing and blowing from the north. Lillian felt that she had to go to the schoolhouse and at least start a fire in case some of the children had started

for school before the storm had developed. Mr. Davidson would not let her go but went himself and started the fire. It was only a quarter of a mile away, but it was all he could do to get back home. The snow was so dense that he could see nothing. Many perished in the storm as well as thousands of head of stock. The storm lasted three days and nights; fuel became a serious problem and everything possible in the house was used for fuel. Some even cut the ridge poles and furniture for fuel. Many stayed in bed to keep from freezing. She had had many harrowing weather experiences during her teaching years but this was the worst.

The following paragraph was taken from Ripley's "Believe It Or Not":

Mrs. Lillian E. Albright of Logan, Kansas, was a school teacher—

her mother was a school teacher
her grandmother was a school teacher
her husband was a school teacher
4 sisters were school teachers
2 children were school teachers
1 grandson and his wife are school teachers.

Mrs. Albright passed away in 1949. Her father, Charles Blakley, was seriously injured on the main street of Logan when his horse threw himself and his rider to the ground with such force that it ruptured an artery. Mr. Blakley lived a week but passed away on Sept. 7, 1884, leaving his wife and six daughters. The eldest was Lillian. She was 15 years old.

Fred Albright was a civic-minded person. Although the life of the pioneer was trying and strenuous, his philosophy of life was to make the best of everything.

He had a keen sense of humor and a friendly disposition which made him popular with his friends and neighbors. A quotation from an article written several years ago stated that Fred Albright was always seen on the dance floor because he was so much taller than the others. When he was 102, he entered a contest held by the *World Herald* of Omaha in 1952 for the "oldest farmer" in this region. He won third prize; he should have taken first, as he was by far the oldest in the contest. However, he was not permitted to count all the years he had farmed during his lifetime; only the years of farming in the Logan area counted. As he was a young man of twenty-two when he came to that community, there were others who had come as children with their parents in 1871. Therefore, he could not claim first prize.

Mr. Albright vividly remembered the Easter storm of 1873. It had been a mild, pleasant winter with many sunny days, but when spring came, the region was desperately in need of rain. The settlers began to worry about the soil condition. On Easter Sunday, April 13, out of the clear sky the worst blizzard they had ever had came howling out of the North with wind, rain, sleet, and snow. The temperature dropped rapidly. It struck terror to their hearts for no one was well prepared. Their buildings had been hastily built of whatever material was available. On the prairie it wasn't much.

Fred had a snug little dug-out but his barn was just a shed on the south side of the bank, partly built of sod and covered with branches of trees, coarse swale grass and sod. He covered his horses with buffalo hides, tied on with the hair side down, so that they were able to endure the storm and cold. He had a small stock of hay but he could not get it into the shed. The wind took it whirling away when he tried, so he got sacks and crammed in what

he could to feed his horses and a cow. He also had some corn, but even though there was not much of it, they survived. The poor critters that had neither feed or shelter perished.

Hansen and McClellan had a large herd of cattle south of Logan on the range. They saw that they were doomed so they hired men with teams and wagons to haul feed to them. The wind scattered it far and wide. They built a shed but the livestock was afraid of it and they could not get them in. The smell of pine seemed to drive them crazy and they drifted before the wind for miles. They fell over the banks of a big draw toward the south. Some had broken necks and they piled up in heaps. A few got under a large cliff but most of those that didn't freeze to death died of starvation. Only a few survived. Thus perished a great cattle enterprise for Logan. Some thousands of head had been shipped in to winter south of Glade, Kansas, but they met the same fate. Some meadow larks and killdeers found shelter and survived but most of the birds and animals either froze or starved to death. After four days of the blizzard, the sun came out and the devastation was soon forgotten.

Mr. Albright spent the last years of his life at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Esther Suhr, at Logan. He passed away on Jan. 9, 1954, at the age of 104 years. His is truly a story of pioneer life.

Peter Hansen was another one of the first settlers in Logan. He came to this country from Denmark at the age of 20 so that he could live in a free country. He first went to Wisconsin where he started hunting buffalo and working in a lumber camp. He later came to Kansas and settled in Logan. His first home was in a dug-out on the river bank. In those days everyone lived in a crude way. Later, Mr. Hansen met Alpha A. Gray, a school teacher.

They were married on Sept. 1, 1878. Before he was married, he started a saw mill and a grist mill which grew as the years went by and which operated on a large scale. The Hansens had four children. Two of them, D. G. Hansen and Miss Katy Hansen, live in Logan. They endured blizzards, droughts, grasshopper plagues and dust storms but the little town of Logan was founded by sturdy pioneers and has stood the test through the years. It is a thriving business center and an up-and-coming western town with a population of 875 citizens.

Mrs. James Samuels
by Kate Howe Davidson

In the blizzard of 1885 in western Kansas, Mrs. James Samuels, a teacher in a rural school, was lost and perished. The following are personal recollections of that event.

"My father and my brother, Lou, came to Kansas from Illinois in the fall of 1879. Father took up a homestead in Trego County, three miles west and seven north of Ellis, where the large two-story house made of stone, which my father and brother built in the early nineties, still stands. Mother and we younger four children, Charles, Will, Frank and myself, came in the spring of 1880. It was here we lived at the time of the following event.

"Mr. and Mrs. James Samuels and their family lived about three miles southeast of our home. In the fall of 1885, they built a ilttle sod schoolhouse on Section 14, Township 11, Range 21, in Trego County, Kansas. This was about two and one half miles north of our home. In building a sod house, they always trimmed down the

sides, which left small pieces of sod and dirt. These pieces of sod and dirt were piled about eight or nine feet from the schoolhouse. It was to this pile of sod that Mattie Winn and myself owe our lives.

"The schoolhouse was a short distance off a deeply rutted road which was traveled between Ellis and Nicodemus, Kansas. There was no direct road to the schoolhouse. A little to the west was a draw in which was a nice spring where we got our drinking water. A short distance to the east and north was the head of a little draw running to the north about a half mile. To the south was another draw running west.

"School opened that fall with Mrs. Samuels as teacher. The pupils were Florence, Bertha and Fred Hallock, Jennie, Louella, Frank and Earl Douglas, Will, Frank and Kate Howe, the three Scrivner children and Mattie, the teacher's daughter.

On November 16, Mrs. Samuels and Mattie were to stop at our house after school and Mr. Samuels and the two younger daughters, May and Maude, were to meet them there for supper and spend the evening.

"When we got up on the morning of November 16th, it was storming. Father said we could not go to school as there would not be anyone else there, but Mr. Samuels came by with Mrs. Samuels and Mattie, so father let us go with them. Brother Lou was to come after us that evening. When we got to school, Mr. Samuels built a fire for us and left. He left two horse blankets and a quilt so they would be warm and dry to use going home that night. We had only a little coal in the pile by the side of the schoolhouse but a big box inside to put coal in and a coal bucket. Before school started, we carried all the coal inside. The storm kept getting worse. By one o'clock we could not see anything outside. Father started

brother Lou after us about two o'clock as he wanted us to get home. Lou had never been to the schoolhouse but had herded cattle all over that part of the country and knew about where the schoolhouse was located. When he reached a point where he thought it should be, he left the road and circled out and around until he came to one of the draws, then worked his way back to the deep rutted road and tried again. At last he gave up and went home. Balls of ice and snow formed over the horses' eyes until they could not see. Lou had to walk and lead them. Following the old road by feeling the ruts with his feet, he came to some fresh plowing of ours and followed it to the house. He got home a little after four o'clock. The next morning some of the wagon tracks could be seen less than seventy-five feet from the schoolhouse.

"Mr. Samuels tried to walk to our house that night but the storm was so bad that he could not make it and was forced to go back home and wait until morning.

"It got dark early and we had no light at the schoolhouse except the light from the stove. Mrs. Samuels read some stories and poems to us until it was too dark to read anymore. She had a gospel hymn book and she could see enough by the firelight to lead us in singing a number of old songs which we all knew. I do not remember the titles of any of the stories or poems but I do remember several of the songs we sang which included, 'Happy Day,' 'Jesus Lover of My Soul' and others.

"It was six o'clock when Mrs. Samuels got up and put on her coat over her shoulders. She said, "I'm going out and see if I can hear Lou coming." That was the last thing she said to us. After awhile, when she did not come back, we stepped outside and called. We went back, expecting to come to the east end of the schoolhouse but we ran into the pile of sod and dirt, which kept us from

going past the schoolhouse. We knew where we were when we found that; so Mattie stood on the edge of the dirt pile and I took her hand and stepped away as far as I could get and circled around until I saw something dark in front of us. We got to the side of the schoolhouse and followed it around to the door. We were so glad to get in and never put our heads outside again all night.

"We did not have desks to use but sat on benches and laid what books we had beside us. When we got tired of sitting up, we put benches together and spread the horse blankets and quilt on them. I set the alarm clock, fixed the fire and we all lay down. The clock would tell us the time when the alarm went off. We would lay there until we could not stand it any longer, then we would set the alarm ahead for another half hour after seeing what time it was, fix the fire and lay down and talk for awhile. That was the way we spent a night I shall never forget. Minutes were like hours to us. I was fifteen, Mattie was thirteen, my brother Will twelve and brother Frank ten. We were the only ones in school that day.

"The next morning the storm was over but the weather was bitter cold. Everything was snowed under. Big drifts were in front of the barn door. They had to be shoveled away before they could get the team out. Mr. Samuels walked over to our place early that morning. He was so cold that Mother had him put on some heavy socks and a scarf around his neck and drink some hot coffee while Father and Lou got the team ready. Mr. Samuels seemed to feel that something was wrong and kept saying, "What if something happened to Sally." He wanted to walk on and not wait for the team. Mother told him she was sure we were all right, but probably hungry. They knew we had plenty of coal as she had asked me that morning before we left for school. When they got to the

schoolhouse, the sun was coming up. Mr. Samuels was out of the wagon and running to us before the team had stopped. He asked, "Where is Sally?" When we told him that she had been gone all night, he never stopped to ask any questions but started running first one way and then another, not knowing what he was doing.

"We started for home with the team and went north to Grandpa Samuels, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Hallock and got them out. Some of them went to tell others. When we got home, brother Lou notified the neighbors to the north, the Cockrells, the Bairds, the Hughes and the Barnes. They sent word to others. When I think of it now—no phones, no cars in those days and still they got so many out in such a short time! They came from Ogallah, Ellis, Hays, Wakeeney and all over the country for miles around. We served hot coffee and over forty people stopped at one time.

"Ten days later, about ten o'clock in the morning, they found her in a draw about half a mile south of the schoolhouse. Elmer Griffin found her. Mr. Cutler and others dug the snow away and carried the body to the schoolhouse, where it was prepared for burial. It was kept there until after the burial, which was held the following day in Ellis. The streets and roads were lined with people. The church was full. I remember one song they sang—'Home of the Soul.'

"We kept Mattie at our home for three days after the storm. Mrs. Dan Horton kept Maude and May. They wanted to keep the girls together so they went to live with Grandma Samuels."

Frank Eaton

Frank Eaton was a pioneer who came in 1878 to Trego County, Kansas, and settled on a homestead on the north bank of the Saline River. He married Sarah Samuels on May 29, 1881. They spent their entire married life on this farm, where they raised their family of seven children, Edna Phares, Olive Cook, Lexie League, Lois Noah, Virgil Eaton and Byron Eaton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Eaton and their family were active church members in the community in which they lived. Mr. Eaton held Sunday schools at different schoolhouses. He furnished all the supplies and was the superintendent. The family always attended Sunday school. Many times Mrs. Eaton would stay at home to prepare the Sunday dinner, as Mr. Eaton loved to have company and enjoyed Christian fellowship.

Mr. Eaton passed away in 1921 after living a good, useful life. Mrs. Eaton continued to live on the old homestead for several years with her daughter Olive and her husband, Walter Cook, who later bought the old home. Oil was discovered on the land and has brought in good revenue.

Mrs. Eaton was born in Missouri. She was a war baby. Her mother could get no clothes or necessities for her baby, but a neighbor nearby lost a baby. After the child's death, she gave Mrs. Samuels the few things she had prepared for her little one.

The Samuels family came from Missouri in a covered wagon when Sarah was 16 years old. They settled on land adjacent to Frank Eaton's claim. Frank and Sarah were married shortly afterward. Both families were highly respected citizens in the community.

The Noah Family

Ira Noah of Wakeeney is proud and happy to be part of the vast ancestry known in 1870's as "Noah's Ark." The "Ark" was located on the original homestead of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Noah in the Walnut Grove community, 10 miles southeast of present-day Beloit.

Mr. Noah passed away in June 1919, when he was close to 90 years, and Mrs. Noah followed on New Year's Day in 1921, when she had reached almost 75. The following story of the Noah family was told by granddaughters who were daughters of Grant Noah.

Grandfather was a handsome man with a long white beard. He often was very stern and his word was instant law but he was also very kind and loved hard work.

He had learned blacksmithing in his younger days, then he served two years with the Union Army. He left his wife and six children in the care of 16-year-old Mary Catherine, who was often called "the angel" of that home.

Mr. Noah was called home because of the death of his wife in the spring of 1865 and learned that Mary Catherine had promised her that she would care for the children until he could be discharged.

Later in 1865, he and Mary Catherine were married and were to know 55 years of happy married life. To them were born 16 children, making a total of 21 for "Noah's Ark." The little boy, Charles, died in infancy.

In 1871 William H. Noah brought his family to Kansas. They came from Glenwood, Iowa, and first lived in a semi-dug-out home. The children went to school in a dug-out.

In 1877, Mr. Noah built the "Ark," a three-story stone home. Later he acquired a sorghum mill and a general

store. In one corner of the store was the Walnut Grove post office. He was postmaster for six years.

Mrs. Noah often "kept store" for her husband when he was busy in the fields. She would take the baby and older girl to care for it, and her sewing machine, then she would sew during the "lulls."

She often told of the times when she "packed a tub of food" for picnics. She could never take the food that other people took, she said. Instead of a pie and some sandwiches in a nice basket, she had to take several of her "long" pies baked in a bread pan and a whole ham among other things necessary to work up appetites.

She loved to tell of a certain Grant. He was the proud possessor of a new tailor-made suit. The schoolmaster was also a tailor and he had made the suit. One day Grant decided to wear the suit to school. He spent so much time getting ready that he was late, so he decided that he would knock on the door rather than just walk in. He knocked loudly. When the schoolmaster opened the door and saw who was there (and late at that), he exploded, "If I hadn't made that suit, I'd wipe up the floor with you." The rest of the day seemed rather uneventful.

One wonders how the parents could remember the names of their children well enough to call each one properly. They were Henry, Grant, Lucy, Benjamin, Jessie, Marcus, Mary, Carrie, Alonzo, Thomas, Laura, Ira, Katy, Rosa, Violet and Hulda, besides the first five who were Sarah, William, George, John and Harriet. They all lived to be married and have homes of their own.

It was the daily chore of Henry, Grant and Lucy to comb and braid the hair of the younger children and pack a separate school lunch for each.

On Sundays when they went to church they carried

their good shoes and walked barefoot until they reached the church then sat in the grass to put on their shoes and stockings.

In summertime when their mother took some of them to gather wild choke cherries and plums, she left others to do the chores and housework and prepare the meals. At first there were not enough chairs to seat them at the table, so their father made long wooden benches that seated 8 to 10. These were in the family for years and served many purposes.

And then there was the winter in the very early days while they lived in the dugout. A sudden blizzard came up and they were hosts to several uninvited cowboys who had been caught out in the storm while herding cattle across Kansas. They were nearly frozen and were crowding around the one small stove and pushing the children to the back of the room.

When the foreman saw the situation and learned that there was only fuel enough for the one night, he ordered each cowboy to take a child on his lap "and keep him warm or you'll land out in the storm." Evidently he was obeyed for no one perished.

Many years later when three of the young Noah boys were to be married, their mother decided to have a comfort tying party so that each could have a new comfort as a wedding gift. So she invited everyone from far and near, children, too. On the first floor of the "Ark" were the women quilting and sewing carpet rags.

On the second floor were all of the married young people tying comforts. When grandmother Noah saw how much fun they were having, she proceeded to drum up two more comforts for she said, "I need some, too." So they tied 5 comforts in one day.

Of course they all had to eat. She served them several baked hens with dressing and many "long" pies, among other things. Then fearing that she would not have enough, she sliced up one tender smoked ham. It was one of the gala days of the year for the community.

Grandfather Noah had studied medicine in his youth but he came to the conclusion later that God had supplied man with all the necessary herbs and plants to learn how to use them. He never had a doctor for any ills nor for the arrival of any of his 22 children. He learned how to concoct syrups and apply packs and give correct dosages to keep his family healthy.

When he was 76, he decided he was too young to retire, so he and his wife went to west Kansas (near Palco) and began farming. Those were the days when farm machinery was still unusual. He acquired 3,000 acres of land and felt that he had something to leave to his children. Several times a year they would buggy "back home" to visit the folks, stopping overnight with friends. They took their time and had themselves a ball on each trip.

When he was 86, he was roofing a house one day and had a stroke. This led to his death three years later. The Rev. Mr. Madden said of him, "He was a stalwart pioneer, truly typical of his day. He loved hardship rather than ease and pleasure."

Less than two years later the Rev. Mr. Madden paid a tribute to "the angel of the home."

He said, "Seventy-four years of life when lived with the energy and enthusiasm of the deceased make a very decided contribution to the world in which she lived."

Today about 100 cousins gather in a family reunion each year at the community house at Bogue. They have a lot of food, fun and family chatter but none find it necessary to pack their dinners in a tub.

Of the 21 children of William H. Noah and wife, only 3 are living today. They are: Ira Noah of Wakeeney, Mrs. Rosa Cantrell and Mrs. Hulda Bennett, both of Limon, Colorado.

Dust Storms in 1935

Drought conditions which prevailed during 1934 and 1935 in this section of Kansas and also in Nebraska and Oklahoma were said to be responsible for the number of dust storms which poured over the country.

Following a day of squally weather on March 15, 1935, during which only the fields blew, a strong north wind struck about 6:30 P.M., bringing with it an almost solid wall of fine, pulverized silt which was driven and blown into houses, barns and business places. The fine dust made a fog which made breathing difficult at times.

The storm abated somewhat about 11 o'clock that night, but the wind continued its relentless whirling of dust most of the next day. As the sky was already hazy with dust, the storm could not be seen approaching. Many were caught in the storm and suffered dangerously before they were rescued.

The sickly yellow twilight caused by the fog of dust was changed to inky blackness almost before one realized what had happened. Automobiles were stalled and occupants were forced to remain in them or seek nearby shelter.

Livestock suffered in fields and buildings and many reports came in of the loss of poultry from suffocation.

Many suffered from pneumonia which was caused by breathing in so much dust-laden air.

Housewives and business men scooped dirt out of their

houses and business places by the bucketfuls. We could hardly get a clean-up job done before another storm came. Dust piled up as high as the top of fence posts and cattle could walk out of their pastures. Machinery was buried and was never recovered.

These storms continued until the middle of May 1935, when rain came.

Old timers for the most part gave up and admitted they had never seen anything like it. Township roads and county roads were so drifted that travel was impossible. Rural schools were closed at times, and the town schools used lights sometimes all day.

These experiences will never be forgotten by those who had to endure them.

Conclusion

These were the men and women who made America great. They were willing to travel in covered wagons to open new frontiers because they wanted something better for their famiiles and a chance to earn security in the west where there were many opportunities for those who had the determination and stamina to work for it. As we observe the changes that have been made in this area of which we have written in this narrative, the past seems almost unbelievable.

Where once there were mere trails, there are now great highways over which almost continuously, day and night, pass beautiful touring cars, trailers, trucks and transportation vans, all at an incredible rate of speed.

The once vast grass-covered plains have become wheat fields. Oxen and horse labor have been replaced by machines, the product of man's ingenuity.

Replacing the humble homes and sheds of the early times are many fine buildings for both man and beast. The houses are modern in every respect. They have running water, electric lights, electric or gas heat, one or more bathrooms and every convenience the mind of man has conceived.

Hundreds of oil wells have been drilled and are producing untold wealth.

We of this generation can only surmise the changes that will take place in the future. In our day, let us strive to lay a foundation on which a society for the betterment of all peoples may be established.

continued from front flap

rude schoolhouses and primitive churches and with the gradual emergence of law and order, civilization and prosperity.

Many of the old-timers, still alive, have regaled the author with stirring stories of their own adventures during the early expansion period. The reader will meet hundreds of interesting frontier personalities and their families in these pages. Here, too, the reader will learn of the humble beginnings of the family of Walter P. Chrysler, the automobile magnate, who settled on the Kansas frontier; of the unique town of Nicodemus in Graham County which was totally populated by Negroes; of the growth and development of such places as Palco, Hill City, Hays, Plainville, Stockton and Logan.

Mrs. Fesler's descriptions of the great grasshopper plague of 1874, of prairie blizzards, tornadoes, snowstorms and the devastating dust storms of the Depression Years convey convincing pictures of the harsh and often outrageous fortune the hardy citizens of our nation's "breadbasket" have endured.

Pioneers of Western Kansas is a book of living history. It records lovingly the growth and progress of the great "Sunflower State" and vividly portrays the men and women who broke the plains and planted a new life where once the wilderness sprawled and the Indian held sway.

Jacket design by Ladd Fraternale