

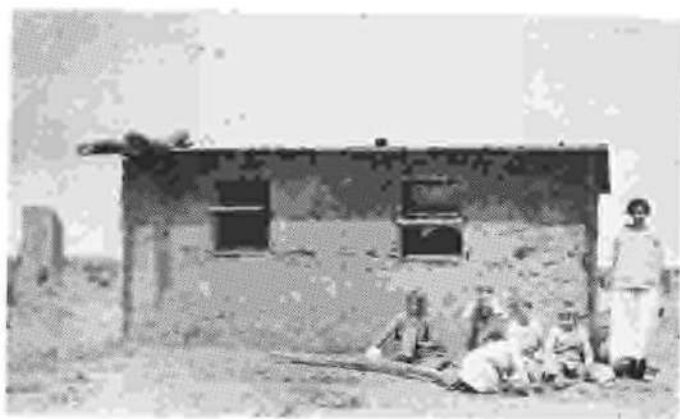
Early Settlers and Homesteads



Our first home in western Kansas, 12 miles south and 2 west of Big Bow. Melva Combs



March 1908—Noah Hilty house south of Johnson. Elam Hilty house in background. Irma Hilty and her rabbit and Zelma Hilty.



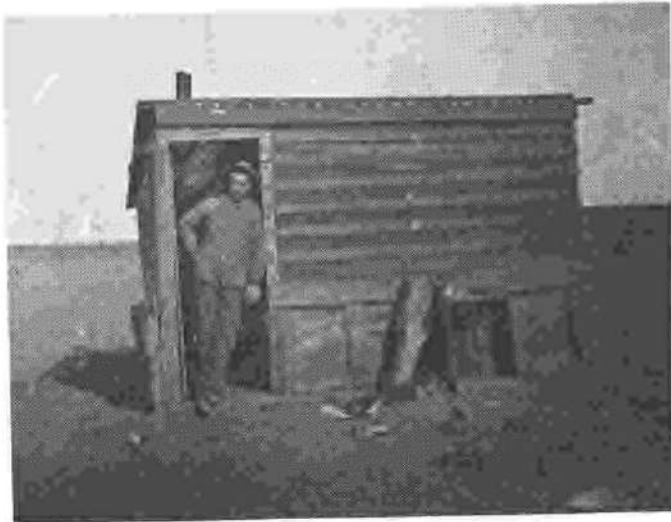
Ash Grove Sod School Dist 31, SE ¼ 26-30-40, early 1900s.



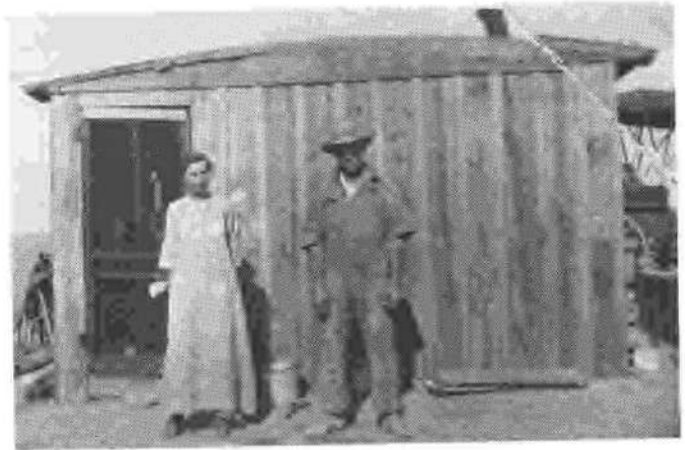
John Mauk Farmstead—1908, on or near Sec. 6-27-42.



Nettie and James Foote and neighbors enjoying watermelon on their homestead.



Mr. Henderson's home on the Claim. He didn't forget his guitar.



Guy and Emma Berkley, about 1918, neighbors of the Schmidt's.



Maxie Gum and Friend Becker in 1916.



Leonard A. Wilson farmstead—1921. Melvin in wagon, Leonard on horse, and Cora Wilson standing.



Old Schmidt Place-1916.



Sim and Marie Scrivner's first home in Stanton County, 1930. Marie and Anita.



Ronald M. Bennett's Claim Home. NE ¼ 35-29-41.



Rock house two of the Bolinger Kids were born in.

Early Settlers and Homesteaders

Although Mr. Cotterman recorded 2864 inhabitants in the county in 1887, with about 800 of those being households, few accounts remain to tell us about most of these early settlers. The following accounts have been gleaned from old newspapers, family histories, and accounts in *Kansas and Kansans*.

Benny Batt

Benny Batt came to Stanton County in about 1907 in the second settling of the County. He filed on the SE/4 13-28-41, 3 miles North of Johnson. The soddie pictured here was built by Mr. Batts with the assistance of William Walker, a Johnson builder in about 1921 or 1922, when the railroad was coming through the County. It was reported, that on the knoll southeast of the soddie were the graves of James and Lucille Woody, early residents, but old timers do not believe

History 18



All that is left of Red Cockrum's ranch on Bear Creek, located on NE ¼ 7-29-42.



Batt's homestead sometime around 1917, SE/4 13-28-41.

that they were connected with the ownership of the land only that Mr. Batt provided the cemetery plot. The stones have been moved to the Johnson cemetery at this time, but it is not known if the bodies were moved.

Although the soddie was standing in 1966, at the time of this picture, it has since fallen down and only a remnant can be seen.

Ref: *Johnson Pioneer*



Soddie built by Benny Batt on the North side of Se/4 13-28-41 in about 1921 or 1922, Picture taken 1966.

Henry Bearman

Editors Note: Henry Bearman is written in this book by his family, but because he was a gifted stone mason and helped to build many of the stone structures in this area, we wanted to include some of his history here...

August, 1985

Henry was 36 years old when he first came to Stanton County. He established his first homestead just 5 miles North of Johnson where the Dimitt family now lives. The seed of the mulberry tree, still standing, was planted by him, and is perhaps the oldest tree in Stanton Co. The only neighbor for miles was Luther Kriegh, who preceded him by a few months, and whose home, "the Palace of the Plains", Henry built. He also helped to build the old stone school house in Syracuse and Johnson, both have been torn down and modern school buildings built where they stood. While working on the Syracuse building he walked the 25 miles on weekends, to his homestead. Working days in those times were from sun up to sun down, 6 days a week; so most of the walking was done in the dark. For this he got \$1.00 a day. Working on the school building in Johnson was a snap—only 5 miles to walk, but this every day.

Henry kept very accurate accounts and the following is taken from an old ledger which was provided to us by the Roger Canny family:

BEARMAN

Acct. of Geo. Newmeyer.	276¼	
	2½	
	552	
	138	
Oct. 8 to hauling of rock 1 load		6.90
Oct. 9 to hauling of rock 1 load		4.60
Oct. 10 to hauling of rock 1 load		11.50
Oct. 11 to hauling of rock 1 load		
Oct. 12 to hauling of rock 1 load		
Oct. 13 to hauling of rock 1 load		
Oct. 14 to hauling of rock 1 load		
Oct. 23 to hauling of rock 1 load		
Oct. 24 to hauling of rock 1 load		
Oct. 25 to hauling of rock 1 load		
Oct. 25 Paid to Geo. Neumeyer cash		5.00

List of extras on School Building.

1st	Extra depth of trench and pounding the rock down	\$3.00
2nd	Extra cost on making win. frames	6.00
3rd	Extra work cutting rock to fit the boxing and window frames	6.00
4th	60 ft. of lumber for making boxing —	
5th	Two 2x4 placed in wall for hooks	.50
6th	For rock and lettering	4.00
7th	Material from Rileys	4.72
8th	For cutting cord and hanging weights	.50
	For bridging and collar beams, doing the labor	.75
May 23	to 40 ft. of lumber	96.25
	tar paper	12.00
		<u>108.25</u>

Acct. of L.H. Kriegh

Oct. 24	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 25	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 26	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 28	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 29	hauling of rock	2 load
Nov. 16	hauling of rock	1 load
Nov. 18	hauling of rock	1 load
Nov. 19	hauling of rock	1 load
Nov. 20	hauling of rock	1 load
Nov. 21	hauling of rock	1 load
Nov. 22	hauling of rock	1 load
Nov. 23	hauling of rock	1 load

Acct. of Joe Creasey

Oct. 8	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 9	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 10	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 11	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 24	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 25	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 26	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 28	hauling of rock	1 load
Oct. 29	hauling of rock	1 load
Nov. 16	hauling of rock	1 load
Nov. 19	hauling of rock	1 load
Nov. 20	hauling of rock	1 load
Nov. 21	hauling of rock	1 load
Nov. 22	hauling of rock	1 load

For hauling rock for School House money paid by H. Bearman \$237.60 84 loads

Michael Buhner—Early Pioneer

Michael Buhner was born in Fulton County, Ohio, January 17, 1861. His father Jacob Buhner, was a native of Switzerland and came to U.S. when a young man. In Fulton Co., Ohio, he married Catherine Theobold, who was born in the Province of Bavarita, Germany July 25, 1832, (and died Jan. 2, 1914); they had 8 children with Michael being their oldest boy. Michael obtained his early education in Fulton Co. Ohio and worked as a carpenter to help the family living expenses.

Michael arrived in Stanton Co. in 1886 and homesteaded SW/4 1-27-41 using a 10'x12' half dugout as his first home. Two years later he married Miss Elma Millsap, the daughter of Irenius and Mary Catherine (Dennis) Millsap of Hamilton County. Michael made ends meet by working for others in Stanton and Hamilton Counties, while his wife held down the homestead. He conducted a feed barn on his place to service the freighters who hauled goods from Syracuse South; his wife drew water from a 80 ft. well with a rope and bucket to care for the stock while Michael was working away to earn money to support his family. Michael erected a stone house and later the six room frame dwelling which still sets on Highway 27 one mile South of the Hamilton-Stanton County line.

Michael bought land for taxes and from other settlers and accumulated several quarters of land. He served as both director and treasure of Mitchell School Dist. 22 and for 14 yrs. filled the office of Treasure of Mitchell Township; he was affiliated with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and was past Noble Grand of Johnson Lodge.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Buhner were: Robert F. (Bob), Clara (Slabach), Leslie V. (Les), Columbus C. (Crissie), Michael Jr. (Mikey), Minnie Catherine, and Alice May who died in infancy.

Ref: Kansas and Kansans History 19

The Carters

William Carter came from Albany, Ky., in 1886 and built the first farm house in Pleasant Valley, northeast of Johnson. Four children came with their mother, Emma, in the spring of 1887, and two more were born here.

The Carters were the parents of Jennie, Mae (Simpson), Lulu (Elwood), Jim, Sid, and Ira. They attended school in a dugout two miles from home. They grew up and married here, and their off-spring continued to build the county. Since the Carters had the only well in the community for awhile, they provided refreshment for travelers, neighbors and livestock, and the first election was held in the Carter home, as it was the only house big enough to hold the voters.

An article in the Stanton County Journal, March 17, 1913 stated that "Sid Carter left for Syracuse this week to make arrangements to join the Wild West Show of Col. W.F. Cody at Philadelphia. In the contract Mr. Carter is to furnish ten wild west steers and riders, which will be quite an attraction for our eastern friends."

Ref: Johnson Pioneer

R.I. Cockrum as Remembered

Vesta Konkell, daughter of Mr. Cockrum has contributed this interesting account:

There is no doubt a good many interesting things could be told about R.I. Cockrum, throughout his lifetime. He went on the range at the early age of twelve, so I am sure he met many problems which shaped his life and developed the character he was.

He was a self educated man, believing in high principles, always striving for the betterment of the community, home and friends. He served a number of years on the school board of Bear Creek school. He was very active in the Masonic Lodge, and in his later years, was made an honorary 33rd degree Mason. He considered this a high honor.

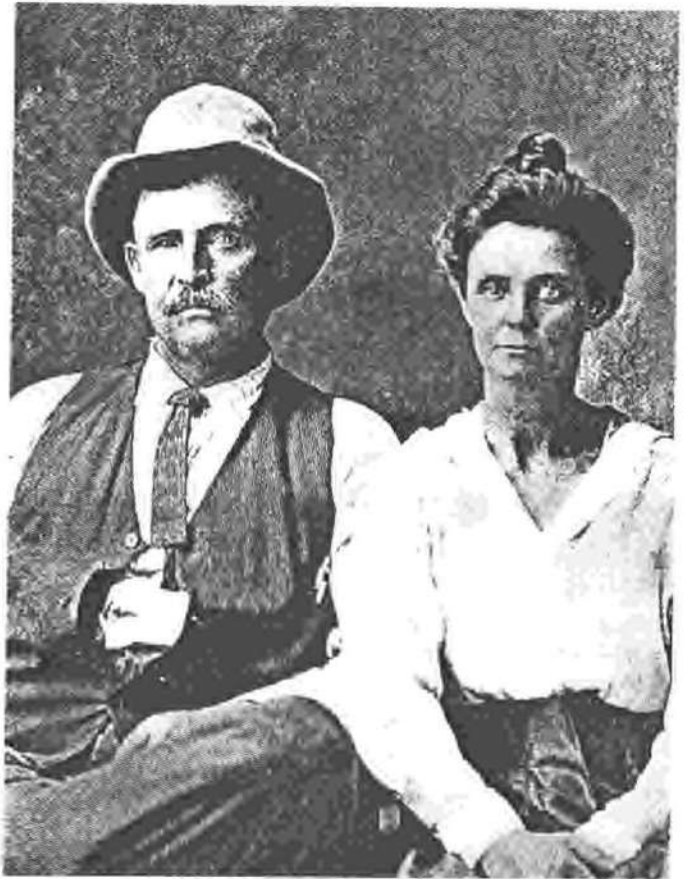
Throughout his life he extended a helping hand to many, young and old. In his progressive years he shipped many carloads of cattle to Kansas City. On one of these trips, he visited the orphanage there, selected a seven year old orphan boy who returned with him to make his home in Mr. Cockrum's mother's home. This boy grew to manhood on the ranch and was considered a member of the family.

During the years, at different times, three other orphan children were brought to the ranch from Kansas City to make their home at the ranch. Two children stayed a short time, they were unhappy and seemed unable to adjust to ranch life, so they returned to the orphanage. The twelve year old boy remained at the ranch and grew to manhood.

Through hard work and good management, the ranch progressed and grew to a nice size, with small outlying ranches. Cockrum often helped someone out who had a family and needed a job and a start in the cattle business. He would hire them to take charge of these small ranches and they always became very close friends.

The welcome mat was always out. Many a freighter from Syracuse to Stonington made the ranch their overnight stopping place. Until the bunk houses were built, the warm kitchen was furnished for the freighters, to roll out their beds and a hot breakfast was served them the next morning. All winter long, they were coming and going; the barn was always full of freighters' horses.

A big size dipping vat was built on the ranch and in the summer time, neighbors from miles around brought their



R.I. Cockrum and Wife, Dora E. Nance.

cattle to be dipped. This was a very active time at the ranch.

Another exciting time was branding. There was a continuous stream of cattle coming and going. This lasted for several days until all the calves were branded.

In the late fall, a general roundup was held, then the weaning of calves took place. There was corral after corral full of bawling calves. Yes, there was a lot of work and business going on, but somehow there also seemed to be time for pleasure.

A race track was built on the ranch for training a few race horses and plain old cow ponies. A few of these horses were entered in the Fourth of July races, held in Johnson.

Bear Creek ran through the ranch for several miles. At one point near the ranch house, a lovely grove of trees grew, making a beautiful picnic spot. Several Fourth of July picnics were held there, with neighbors coming from far and near. This was a day of delight to look forward to. There was lots of homemade ice cream, plenty of good fried chicken, plenty of ice cold beer for the men, lots of fire crackers. In horse racing, neighbor was matched against neighbor.

The Fourth of July picnic of 1913 was one of the most outstanding ones.

The picnic grounds were south of the creek. Everyone was having such a good time that no one noticed that in the distance, a heavy rain was falling. The creek came up. By the time all the horses were hooked to the wagons so all could cross the creek, it was a mad rush. The last wagon crossed with water running into the wagon bed, almost turning the wagon over. It was now raining hard and everyone was dripping wet; the lady in the last wagon lost her new hat in the creek.

Everyone returned to the ranch house to get out of the rain. Imagine how the house looked—people running in and

out, but no one seemed to mind—it was a time of enjoyment.

I shall never forget the scream of one lady. Crying that her baby had swallowed a poison pad from a fly trap, we were soop pouring milk by the glass down the child, in an effort to counteract the poison. Just then someone found the missing pad under the table. So to everyone's happy relief, and a child full of milk, it was decided to call it a day, and people began to depart for their homes.

I am sure many more happy times followed in the busy and exciting days on the ranch. After several years, Mr. and Mrs. Cockrum moved from the ranch. In the different places where they lived, their lives seemed full, making new friends and yet, not forgetting the old friends.

R.I. Cockrum

Mr. Cockrum was such a colorful figure in this area, we are inserting some of the information gleaned from the old newspaper files so that some of the proud western heritage of this man will be remembered.

August 15, 1902

E.E. Cockrum is moving from his ranch in Colorado which he sold to Dr. C.L. Rea last spring, to a place a mile west of Mr. Bullock's place. He has moved several small buildings to the place and has lumber on the ground to erect a new building which will cost about \$400. (E.E. Cockrum was the father of R.I. Cockrum)

1902 Election Returns: J.A. Wartman defeated R.I. Cockrum for county clerk. Nov. 14, 1902 (letter to the editor)

Mr. C.E. Van Meter, editor

To my friends, the loyal ones, in the past election I extend my thanks and would be pleased to shake your hands, but to the enemies who insulted my father by challenging his vote, I wish to say I am doing business at the old stand and should they hold grievances against me, please call. I understand that parties insinuated that I was after the office and would use fraud to attain such, but if anyone can prove that I did I will admit he is a gentleman and pay him for his trouble.

I understand that because I am a cowman and connected with the cattle industry that if elected would injure the county. I can say I am a friend to any business man, anyone who will promote business, whether cowman or agriculturist, so with the kindest regard to my friends and especially those who believe in prosperity.

I am fraternally yours,
Richard Cockrum

July 26, 1907

Notice of a picnic to be held Aug. 10, at the grove about ½ mile southwest of R.I. Cockrum's place.

October 8, 1909

A rather sensational little shooting scrape between R.H. Grantham and M.H. Vandbur both of Stanton County, took place just over the Colorado line. Sheriff Carrithers tried to serve papers on Vandbur, whereupon Vandbur pulled a shotgun on the Sheriff, telling him to "Git". Grantham leveled his gun Vandbur—during the shooting fracas in which all three took part, Grantham received a charge of shot in his hand and arm and Vandbur got away. The Sheriff then deputized R.I. Cockrum and Arthur Johnston and started after Vandbur. (Vandbur was caught, heard and released)

June 10, 1910

Cockrum Buys Turner Bros Brand

R.I. Cockrum, on of our prominent ranchmen in the west part of the county, informs us that Cockrum Bros. has

bought the Turner Bros. of Baca county, their entire brand of cattle consisting of about 350 head involving a consideration of something better than \$10,000. The Cockrums have the reputation of being long headed business men and there is no doubt but what they will make a big thing out of the deal.

Sept. 10, 1910

A Stanton County Bank

During the last week a subscription list has been placed in circulation among the people of this county with the object in view to institute a bank at Johnson. \$10,000 capital, stock at \$100. A bank is one of the things which we need badly—the subscription list at present is at the store in Johnson where all desire to take stock may subscribe.

June 28, 1912

Petitions (for a high school) will be sent to the following places for signatures: Chas. Reece, Pana; Finley Yinger, Fletcher; R.I. Cockrum, Monon; Thos. Van Fleet, Fisher; Thomas Smoot, Johnson.

Apr. 11, 1913

R.I. Cockrum has offered to donate the County some land shallow to water for experimental irrigation purposes. As soon as the session laws are published the county Board will then be in a position to take some action.

Apr. 25, 1913

Cockrum Bros. are expecting to open a bank somewhere this spring, and if the Johnson people show their interest in the right way we may as well have this institution as for it to go to Stonington.

May 24, 1913

The directors of the new bank are to be R.I. Cockrum, Chas. Heinlen, D.E. Pointer, Alex Trotter and H.P. Jones.

Progressive News, June 28, 1913

R.I. Cockrum and H.P. Jones were out the first week soliciting subscriptions for bank stock. (Same issue) 4th of July Picnic at Cockrum's Grove, Bear Creek: Races in the morning, Picnic dinner, Horse races in afternoon, Big Dance at night.

Johnson City Pioneer, Mar. 5, 1920

Last week a deal was consummated whereby the interests of R.I. Cockrum, J.V. Cockrum and Mrs. M.E. Cockrum in the Johnson State Bank were taken over by W.E. Wright, Chas. Woodley, Chas. Raney, Grant Raney, M.E. Marple, W.L. Watson, R.J. Shetlar and J.E. Clark.

New officers were elected as follows: Chas. Heinlen, president; Grant Raney, vice-president; J.B. Cockrum, Chas. Heinlen, Chas. Woodley, Grant Raney and W.E. Wright, directors. J.B. Cockrum continues as cashier. This gives the bank as stockholders some of the most substantial farmers in the county...the Cockrums will continue to devote their attention to their ranch west of Johnson.

In Memory of a Cowboy's Top Horse

*It's hard to believe you are really gone
Across the divide to that range beyond.
But your once proud head is quiet now.
You've held your last herd, outrun your last cow.*

*I bow my head as the fact goes home
That of all the cowponies I may ever own
I'll never find one more faithful than you
Or more willing to do what I wanted him to.
I'll always recall with a hump in my throat
What a job you could do on the end of a rope,
And how quiet you'd work cutting cows from a herd,
Yet how fast you could be when I gave you the word.*

You were more than a horse, you were a friend
 Who always stood by me right to the end.
 But I guess the Big Boss on the range in the blue
 Was badly in need of a horse like you.
 So he borrowed you, "Pard" for a roundup or two
 On that swell Range of His up there in the blue.
 Angel cowpunchers will ride you up there,
 But I know they will give you the best of care.
 Until my work is done on the range down here
 And I've turned my last cow and roped my last steer.
 When I cross that last river I know you'll be
 All saddled, and waiting on the bank just for me.

—Joe Beckstead

Sent to R.L. Cockrum by Mrs. Inez Hixson, wife of John Hixson of Holly, Colorado. Said to have been published in the Lamar Record, April 2, 1948.

Tom Grissom

The following was taken from the files of the Stanton County Telegram concerning the T.M. Grissom family of early Stanton County.

Stanton County Telegram: Goguac, March 30, 1888

T.M. Grissom, at present engaged in the merchantile business in Wayland, will next week remove his entire stock to this place, and place them in the block erected for him. The post office at Wayland has been discontinued.

Stanton County Telegram, Goguac, May 11, 1888

Thomas M. Grissom has been appointed postmaster at this place. In the General election of Nov. 5, 1889, T.M. Grissom was elected Stanton County Treasurer. General Election of Nov. 5, 1889, T.M. Grissom was elected Stanton County Representative.

Taken from the Syracuse Journal, 2/21/57

"The Grissoms were early settlers near Goguac", Syracuse Journal 2/28/57 "Also present was Dessie Ginlay of Syracuse, a daughter of Tom Grissom, one of the founders of Goguac, and a merchant there while the town boomed in the late 1880's. She has made her home in Syracuse for years and is a cousin of Dr. C.B. Grissom, both of who were born at Eli, a town three miles East of Johnson.

Harvey C. Gray

Born in Boone Co. Indiana, October 5, 1844, he married Mary Ann Long November 7, 1867. He drove a prairie schooner out to Kansas from Indiana in 1883. After various farming failures in Eastern Kansas, he moved to Stanton County in 1886. He pre-empted a claim on 1-27-40; his farming attempt did not produce enough to pay the mortgage and he deeded the property back to the mortgage company. He went to Hamilton County and tried again with the same result. He returned again to Stanton Co. purchasing a school tract in NE/4 36-27-40 deciding to raise livestock at which he had much better success, and gradually began to recoup his losses.

Harvey was director of the school district, Justice of Peace, and Trustee of Mitchell Township. He also served as Sheriff of Stanton County for 7 years. He was quite successful at raising fruit and vegetables; his cherries, peaches and cabbage were exceptionally good.

Ref: Kansas and Kansans

Harry Hammond

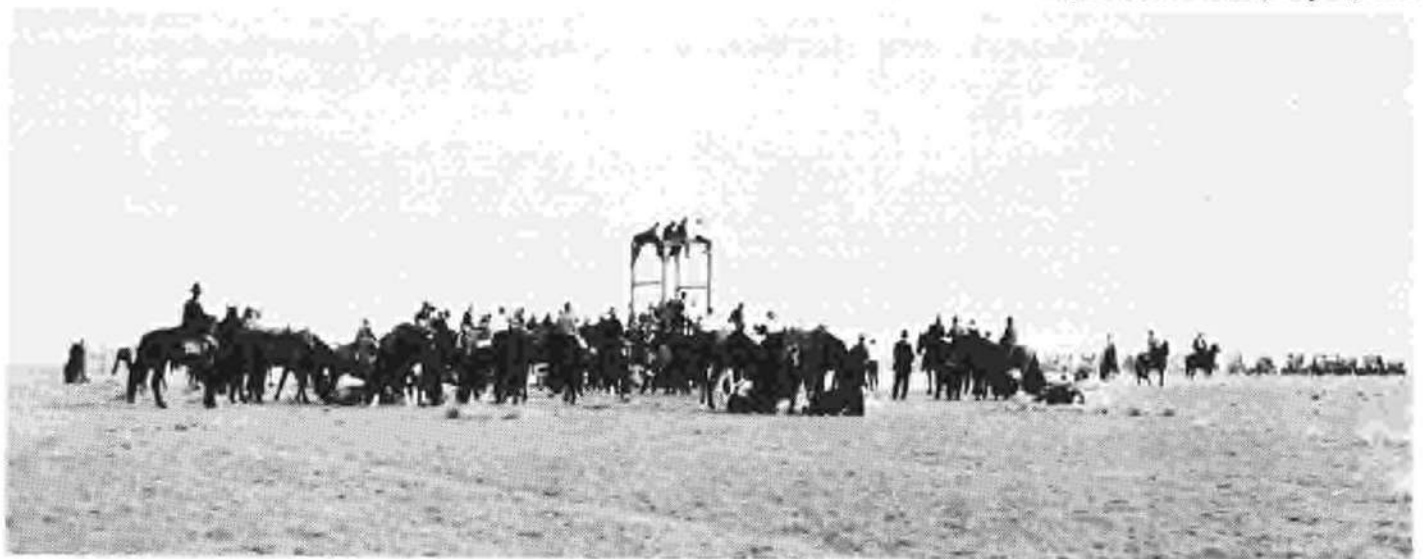
Harry Hammond, the son of Andrew and Mary Hammond, was born May 3, 1889 to a pioneer family which settled Northwest of Johnson. His mother died in his infancy during an epidemic, and he was reared living with his father on the claim. He attended school in the ghost town of Mitchellville, northeast of Johnson, when there were still two buildings besides the school house. The rest had been moved to Johnson. He and his father raised mostly cattle and broomcorn, which they marketed in Syracuse. The original Hammond land remained in the family's until the early 1950's when it was sold to Harry Payne.

At one time he carried mail by horseback three times a week between Edwin and Fletcher, both now ghost towns, and he farmed all his life.

Harry Hammond was a veteran of WWI, and he lost a son, Lyman in the Korean War. In his youth he played baseball on the Mitchell team and others; he never lost his enthusiasm.

Harry married Gladys Von Hemel of the Manter district. They had nine children, Ted, Jack, Jay, Mary (Lake), Clinton, Eugene, Raymond, Laurene (Stringer) and Lymon (killed Korea).

Ref: Johnson Pioneer, July 24, 1958



4th of July races, 1914, at Johnson City in county-wide celebration.

Andrew Hammond- Harry Hammond

Andrew Hammond came to Stanton County in 1885. He filed a preemption in SE/4 11-27-41 and filed a homestead on the NE/4 of 11-27-41; here he built a stone half dugout of 2 rooms. He later exchanged this land for the SE/4 of 33-27-41 and this became his farm headquarters. He came by wagon with a party of settlers from Brown Co. Ill. Some of the families included in the party were the Peters and Raney's.

Andrew worked as a carpenter in 1885-86 in Syracuse helping to build the town; he started digging wells and found considerable work. In June 1887 he married Mary Tapp, sister of Grant and Charles Raney. Mr. Hammond served as treasure of School Dist. #22, of Mitchell for a few terms, he was appointed Justice of the Peace of the Township and was also elected County Corner.

Mrs. Hammond died in November, 1900, by her first husband she had three children: James, Albert and Sallie; her marriage to Mr. Hammond produced one son, Harry who served in Company K of the Third Kansas Regiment in WWI.

Ref: Kansas and Kansans, Johnson Pioneer

Charles Heinlen

Reuben Heinlen, Civil War Veteran, brought his family to Stanton County in 1886, only to fail as a farmer on his first location 12 miles northeast of Johnson. His fortunes bettered as he went into livestock, and he handed on this wisdom to his son Charles. Charles was born October 4, 1870 in Putnam County Ohio; he became a farm and ranch hand at age 20 and worked for several years at this profession; On December 8, 1894, he married Amanda Wartman, daughter of James A. Wartman, another early pioneer family, and homesteaded in Sec. 8-29-42 and built up one of the best herds of whiteface cattle and Percheron horses in the area. He served as treasurer of school dist. #5 and was director of the Johnson State Bank, and was its president at the time of his death in 1925. Mrs. Heinlen died in 1951. They had no children.

John Jefferson

There were six Jefferson homesteads, one by father John and five by his sons as they became of age; Perry, Horace Alexander, Lucky, David, Henry and Jesse.

John Jefferson born in 1838 and Harriet Marris, born in 1844, fell in love while slaves on a Kentucky plantation and slipped away to freedom and marriage in Missouri about 1859. Their oldest daughter, Maranda, born in 1860, married in Missouri and did not come to Kansas. One son died in Missouri.

Free citizens since 1859, John and Harriet dreamed of having a place of their own, so they loaded their six children, five boys and a girl, Lucy, into a covered wagon and made the long trek to western Kansas.

Richfield was a boom town in 1886 and the Jeffersons homesteaded in the northwest part of what became Morton County, NE/4 10-31-42. Their neighbors were the Joshua Bitners of Stanton County.



Ella, Johnnie and Henry Jefferson-1945.

The Jeffersons lived in a dugout, hand dug a water well and planted trees to break the monotony of the prairie. A large peach orchard grew on their homestead. Rock from a Stanton County quarry was used to build corrals.

Son Henry was two when he came to Kansas. He was a fiddler for old time dances and participated in many community and social affairs. The Jeffersons found work to supplement farming at the brick kiln in Richfield. They quarried stone on the old Ten Ranch in Southwest Stanton County; they also freighted from the railroad at Syracuse to Richfield and Roanoke, then a town on the Stanton Morton county line. This trip was a five day journey, taking two days each way and a day to load wagons in Syracuse. There were stops on the way to rest tired teams. Roanoke had a livery stable, as well as a hotel and stores for a rest stop. The Williams livery stable in Johnson was another, and between Johnson and Syracuse were the Bearman ranch on Bear Creek, the Luther Kriegh dugout on the West side of Highway 27, and the Buhner ranch on the Stanton-Hamilton county line.

The Jeffersons were among the first black families to settle in this western Kansas area, they proved that courage and hard work were more the measure of men than their color, others followed, among them to live in Stanton County were: Wallace Guliford, Alexander Williams, Wallace Jennings, Samuel Brown, and William Brown.

The Jinkses

A romance between a cowboy and the hired girl on the old Plummer ranch culminated in the marriage of Lewis A. Jinks and Etta Anderson. Lewis A. Jinks was the son of Mr. and Mrs. C.N. Jinks, who homesteaded on the SW/4 16-28-39 in about 1888, and Etta was only eight years old when her parents came directly from Sweden to a claim in Grant County, during the same period.

Lewis and Etta Jinks were the parents of Charles, Orville, Edward, and Albert (Slim) Jinks. Lewis and Etta worked hard and their industry resulted in a ranch of their own, The T-Down, ten miles east and three north of Johnson, and here their sons grew up in the ways of the old West, remaining cattle men in the face of increased farming.

In a conversation with Albert (Slim) with the Johnson Pioneer staff, he said "My grandfather, Charles Nelson Jinks did little farming, except feed for the horses, he was primarily a rancher. My grandmother Jinks died when us kids were pretty young. She's buried in Golden Cemetery, I always

worked with my Dad until they decided to sell the ranch I decided I'd be a barber, used to have a little shop with Bill Hatcher in the Theater in Johnson. I didn't stay with it too long, it wasn't my line; all the Jinkses were ranchers. I can remember when I could set on a horse and ride all the way to Garden City and never hit a fence. Chris Molz and sons had the first tractor in our neighborhood, but our folks never did have a tractor, feed was all we raised.

I did bareback riding, calf roping. Bucking horses then they kinda had chutes, but not like they do now, and they used to put a gunny sack over the horses eyes til you got down on him, and these horses were wild! Ralph McGillivray used to break horses here for the government."

Albert (Slim) Jinks passed away on July 18, 1975, in Stanton Co. Hospital.

Ref: Johnson Pioneer

John D. Kirkpatrick Family

Editors Note: The following was written to Editor of leading newspaper, Johnson, Kansas June 11, 1959 by Mrs. Nina K. Davis of Visalia, California.

Dear Editor,

I am writing to inform you my father's family was the



John D. Kirkpatrick Family-1892. Sitting: Mother, Frank, John D. Standing: John, Nina.

very first family to settle in what is now Stanton County. John D. Kirkpatrick took up land in Stanton County in May of 1885. The family moved out from Iowa in August 26, 1885. The only other resident was a batchlor, John Kohill, who had a dugout two miles north of us. We had the W/2 of 15-28-40, five miles Northeast of what is now the town of Johnson. There was a town located one-half mile West of us by name of Veteran. It was later moved to the site of Johnson, and named for Cap. Johnson of Kendall. It was just a town site when we came out, but some well drillers started putting down a well and in the spring of "86" people began moving in and Johnson became a flourishing little town.

George, Charles, and Horace Sellers (brothers) put in the first grocery store. Other grocery stores were soon doing a flourishing business. Randalls, -Elders carried both groceries and dry goods. A town named Eli sprung up in the Spring of "87". It was located three miles East of Johnson and two miles south of us, I have a deed to one of the lots. People began to clamor for County Government and to be divided from Hamilton Co.; it was a big county then. There was an election held in the fall of "87" that divided the Co. East and West. Some contended for a division North and South with Kendall for the Co. seat, but the East-West won and then came the county seat fight between Johnson and Eli in 1887. There was a great many more votes cast than were inhabitants, some of the ballots were cast in honor of departed relatives in the East, but Johnson won and became the Co. seat and Eli, died an natural death. I remember some of the first County officers names, but not all, as I was about 12 years old when the County was organized.

I have some very vivid and fond memories of my native state, and wish I could visit the old town once more. Do you ever have old settlers reunions? If so I would love to be remembered to some of the old timers that helped make Stanton Co. a safe and sane place in which to live. If you think this information is worth publishing, I would be grateful, as I want to share the progress that has been gained, (through hardships and prosperity). I also am proud to be one of the first children to live in Stanton Co. There were three of us, sister Luella, brother John, and myself. Mother's brother, Sam Phillips and daughter, Irene. Seven lonesome, homesick souls that dared face the hardships of a new country, and some of them still alive to tell the tale.

You might be interested in the knowledge of the first triplets born in Stanton Co. They saw the light of day in a sod dugout in the little town (or rather, berg, with one residence a store, and Post Office) by the name of Roanoke. It was located about ten miles S.E. of Johnson. The parents name was Winte.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Nina K. Davis

The Krieghs of Stanton County

Editor's Note: The following story was written by McKinley Kriegh and sent to Mrs. Pearl Jossierand in 1932.

Luther H. Kriegh Sr., his wife, and children came to North Stanton County around 1886; building a stone house in NE/4 of SE/4 1-28-41. The stone was laid by Henry Bearman, it was a stopping place on the stage road, they called their home "The Palace of the Plains," it was torn down in the late 1960's: located just south of the Ivan Nicholas farm and known to many as the Tallman place.

Mrs. Kriegh was a schoolteacher, and held County offices. Their children were Mr. E.R. Coffey, Mary (Webb),

Anna (Osborn), Katie (Crawford), Philip, Luther Jr. and Agnes (Allen). Father, L.H. Kriegh was Postmaster at Edwin in 1899. Perhaps the most colorful was Phil, who had the mail contract south from Syracuse to Richfield for years, before moving to Hutchinson.

The controversial dugout that sat for years along Highway 27 North of Johnson, (NE corner of NE/4 35-27-41) was built by Phil's son, Herschel, who worked for a number of years in R.E. Bray's store in Syracuse before starting his farming operations. The dugout was later used as a Post Office called Floto with Maud L. Kriegh as Postmistress for several years around 1910.

McKinley Kriegh, another son of Philip's, drove the stage coach between Syracuse and Konantz, Colorado with the mail for his father until 1911, when he attended Salt City Business College in Hutchinson. He took a Civil Service job with the Interstate Commerce Commission, studied law and obtained a degree from the National University Law School in 1915. When War was declared in 1917 he volunteered; returning, he opened a law office in Washington D.C. Moving to Springfield, Missouri he specialized in income tax and accounting which later resulted in a job with the Internal Revenue Service again in Washington.

Hosea and Emma Milburn

It would take a year to trace all the descendants of Hosea and Emma (Whaley) Milburn. The Milburn's located where Stanton, Stevens, Grant and Morton counties join in 1885. Arriving with two wagons, some livestock, a wife and six children, about all the increase Hosea saw for a while was in his family. He had 12 and the next generation brought 71 grandchildren. Hosea farmed, raised livestock and freighted, and with the help of his wife reared the large family who continue to influence the four-county area. Hosea and Emma had Oscar; Ira, who married Pansy Hubbard; Viola (Hubbard); Ida May (Smith-Worthington); Pete, who married Faye Gillum; Maud (Simmons); Louis, whose wife was Lena Johns; Virgil, who married Mamie Sullivan; Kate (Pearce); Archie, whose wife is Ruth Malone; Gladys (Youngren); and Marjorie (Clarkson).

Editors Note: The following is taken from newspaper items.

Ira Milburn carried mail from Dermot to Johnson.

C.C. Mills

C.C. Mills probably was the first permanent settler in this part of the country, while it was still attached to Hamilton County. C.C. Mills staked his claim on Little Bear Creek just over what is now the Hamilton-Stanton County line in about 1884. His homestead was located one-half mile East of Highway 27, on the Hamilton side of the County line on Section 36-26-41. The property is currently owned by the Melvin Combs family.

Shade Denson preceded him in the special election, but Mills was the first Sheriff of Hamilton County to be elected in the general election of 1886. Hamilton County at that time included all of Stanton and a strip twelve miles wide off of Kearney County and a like strip off of Grant County.

He was active in early day politics, and was county commissioner when he died in 1935 at the age of 83. He married Clara Spease Whitney, and they were the parents of



C.C. Mills

Govan, who was killed as a law officer in Syracuse, Joel Wayne, and Glenn, who died as a child.

Christian Molz

The Christian Molz family is written in detail elsewhere in this book but we thought their story is interesting and important to the progress of Stanton County; that we would include some highlights here.

The original homestead was located on the S/2 23-27-39; they conducted a general store at the town of Eli when the exodus of settlers began. Day and night the long procession of homesteaders "going back to God's country" filed past the store on horseback, in carts and covered wagons, going East. The County merchants stood by as the "open accounts" passed by.

With the Molz store closed, the next move was back to the homestead to engage in the cattle business. The years passed and the herds grew. Those were the days when the mortgage loan people swallowed up three-fourths of the farms in western Kansas. But the sun shone and the rain fell in later years and this cattle man, who now owned 17 sections of land, flourished. His herd of cattle now numbered a thousand head.

When the Stanton County range was broken up Molz and Sons bought a tractor, and later they bought a second one. Thus the cattle raiser became a grower of wheat on an extensive scale.

Charles Norlin Family

The Charles Norlin family came to Stanton County about 1906 to enter the mercantile business. They operated the Norlin Bee Hive for a very short time and later bought the St. Elmo Hotel in 1911 and renamed it the Hotel Norlin.

Their children were Leonard, Eleen, Carl, Ruffus, and Marie.

Leonard served in World War I and, on his return from the war, married Barbara Kippes.

Both Carl and Marie met early deaths. Mr. Norlin died September 12, 1919.



The Norlin family-Back Row, L to R: Leonard, Eleen, Carl, Ruffus and wife, Mr. Norlin. In front, Mrs. Norlin and Marie (about 1916).

George Pearce

George and Ellen Pearce came to Stanton County March 1, 1887 from Tennessee, homesteading in the southeast part of the county. Their son, Willard, was one year old. Ellen was part Cherokee and proud of it, as are her descendants.

George was an early county superintendent of schools. He and his sons also were well-drillers.

Their children were Willard, Loma, Belle, Lucy, Luther, and Claude. They married into other pioneer families, and their stories are among the most colorful here.

Willard married Kate Milburn in March of 1911, Loma married Will Aller. Belle became a Stoner, Lucy a Dorsett, and Luther married Maude Womble. Claude married Fannie Milburn.

William A. Pickett

An early settler at Roanoke, William A. Pickett was elected county treasurer in 1898 at which time they moved closer to Johnson. He proved up NW $\frac{1}{4}$ 14-30-41 July 20, 1906.

His son, W.E. Pickett visited Johnson in 1958 but could find little that he recognized. He remembered that he and his sister started school in the old stone school house and the total enrollment was then six. The other four were Agnes Kriegh, daughter of the teacher, and Carrie, Harvey and Russell Van Meter.



The Norlin Hotel stood where gas company building is now. Back Row: Ruffus & Wife, Eleen & Marie, Leonard. Front: Mrs. Norlin & Mr. Norlin.

All these families lived outside of Johnson, so at that time no one slept in the city limits; the Van Meters, Krieghs, and Picketts maintaining what town there was at the time.

John H. Plank

John H. Plank was born April 11, 1841, he was a veteran of the Civil War and was one of the earliest families of Stanton County when the county was first settled. Their original home was northwest of Manter, where a house stands not quite square with the world, (located on the NE/4 8-28-42). The story was told that Mr. Plank, arriving from St. Louis to put up what then was one of the best homes in the County, looked at his watch at noon, noted his shadow as straight North, and laid out the site for the house, but he had failed to consider change in time from St. Louis and the house was "an hour off due North." Mr. John Plank took an active part in the contest for the county seat at the time Johnson won the county seat election. Mr. Plank moved his family to Seattle, Washington in about 1915; he had two sons, and two daughters. One of his sons Charles A. Plank returned to Stanton county and lived on a farm a mile North of Manter and was a mail carrier there, leaving in the early '30's. He was widely known as a singer and entertained at early day parties and community gatherings. Charles Plank had two sons, Clessie Plank and Ivan Plank who married Georgianna, a sister of Forrest Walker and one daughter, Mrs. Rodney Tears.

When the T.I. Millers came to Stanton county in 1921 they bought the Plank homestead with the house "an hour off due North;" it later became the home of Clyde Harmon and the Howard Campbell's. The house was moved into Manter in 1976 and became the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Loader.

John Plummer

John Plummer was an Irishman, and a clerk in a bank in England before coming to America to live in Illinois. The family still have his account books, showing where he



John Plummer about 1931.

"bound out" his three sons to neighbors in Illinois. One son, young John, was born in Rosmanogue, Ireland and attended Blackburn University in Illinois. He also invented a reaper to harvest Illinois crops.

In 1888 the senior John Plummer brought his three sons, John, Sam, and William to Stanton County. His intent was to breed hot blooded Goldust driving horses. However the sun bathed prairie did not lend itself to fancy horse breeding. The English bank clerk had been a fencer in his native land and with an ordinary lath demonstrated his prowess on the prairie by holding an adversary at bay. He had ridden to hounds, and his American substitute was chasing jack rabbits and coyotes across the prairie on horse-back. This resulted in a lifelong feud with his neighbor, Phil Kriegh, who objected to horses galloping over his newly sown and sprouted crops. The original John Plummer homestead was filed on the SW/4 of 32-27-40.

Young John Plummer never married but was in charge of the Stanton County holdings, known as the JP Cattle Company. An original partner in this company was Major Russell who had built Fort Russell for the Army. (See article under JP Cattle Company).

The man who as a boy in Illinois, had invented a reaper, built a subsoiler, similar to those sold commercially today, which he used in the raw sod, to hold moisture in the ground where annual rainfall was 16 inches and evaporation a year was up to 36 inches. He produced feed when nothing else grew.

Two young nephews, Paul Plummer, son of Sam, and Warren Plummer, son of William, came back to work in the Stanton County holdings, and, after the death of John Plummer in 1939, the land was divided between the two remaining families and Paul and Warren became the respective managers. By this time, the big acres had been turned to wheat production. With the coming of irrigation, they branched into other crops along with their basic wheat and cattle operations.

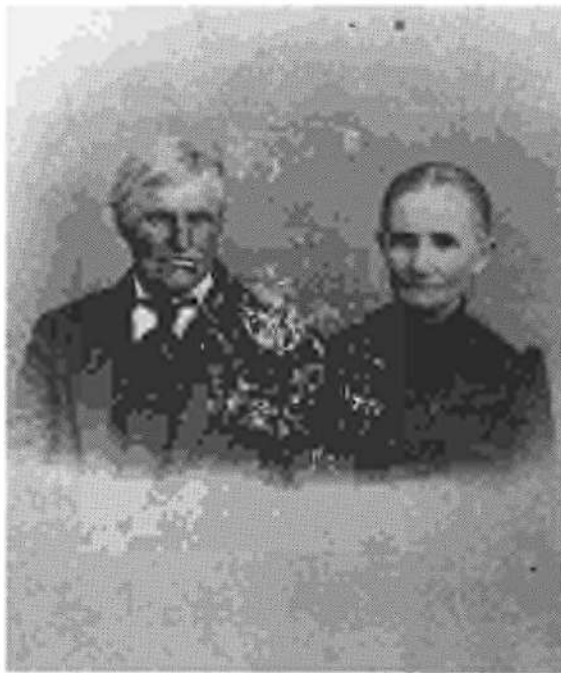
Thomas W. Pudge

Thomas W. Pudge was born February 5, 1859 in Hereforshire, England. In 1881 he sailed from Liverpool to the United States. From Boston he came to Kansas; he was always interested in the raising of fine cattle and the advertising of the Santa Fe Railway Company which described the railroad lands here, interested the resourceful and enterprising young man. He settled on land in Grant County which bordered Stanton County and was an officer of Joint School Dist. #29 of Grant and Stanton. He and his wife were active members of the Nazarene congregation of Gognac. He married Mary L. Scovelle of Stanton Co. Their children were Mabel, Flossie, Harry, Ray, Fred and Elmer-twins; Salome, Delores and Lucile. Mabel married Lawrence Hipple, Flossie married John Doll, Harry married Mary Parker, Ray married Grace Makey.

Ref: Kansas and Kansans

James and Sarah Raney

James Raney was a native of Kentucky, born across the Ohio River from Madison, Indiana, June 8, 1820 and grew up there on a farm. There was no opportunity to acquire an education, and as a youth he did not even learn to read or write. When a young man he went to Indiana and was married there to Sarah Cordry (she was born June, 1822).



James and Sarah Raney about 1890. Mother and Father of Grant and Charles Raney of Stanton County.

About the time of the Civil War, they moved to Illinois and engaged in farming; their lives were spent in a quiet unofficial way raising their family.

In October 25, 1885, their children, Charles Raney, Lucy Wyatt, Mary Tapp (later Mrs. Andrew Hammond), Lydia Stone (later Mrs. Arron Cole), son John Raney along with others, Frank Peters and Andrew Hammond among them, arrived in Stanton County (then a part of Hamilton County) and entered their claims. The following year in May, 1886, James and Sarah along with their younger daughters, two grandchildren, and their son, Grant Raney arrived in Stanton County (still a part of Hamilton County) having made their journey by rail into Syracuse.

James filed on a homestead in the W/2 of the SW/4 Sec. 15-27-41; their first home was a dugout and it served as their home for several years. They later moved to Syracuse where James engaged in the livery business. He passed away in 1896, Sarah died in Stanton County in April 1915. Both are buried in the Syracuse Cemetery.

Their children were: Sarah E. who died in Kansas, unmarried. Mary, who first married John Tapp and later Andrew Hammond and died in Kingman, Kansas, her only son Harry Hammond was a soldier in the National Army (WWI). Lydia, who first married Arthur Edward Stone and later Arron Cole (Stanton County Attorney), her son, Arthur Stone farmed in Stanton County many years. (See Lydia Ann Raney Stone story in this book) Lydia Ann died in Syracuse and is buried there. Lucy who married Thomas Wyatt and later John Kyle and died in this area. Charles H. Raney, father of Fred, Sadie (Schmidt) and Helen (Winger) Raney. John Raney who died in November 1888 and is buried in the Syracuse Cemetery, and Grant Raney father of Grace, Nell, Edith, James, Ethel and Arthur Grant Raney.

Ref: Kansas and Kansans

Submitted by Carl, Virginia, Wayne, and Lee Raney

Lydia Ann Raney Stone

Lydia Ann Raney was born December 12, 1854, in Madison, Jefferson Co. Indiana, the 6th child of ten, of James and Sarah Ann (Cordry) Raney. She married September 1, 1872, in Sersailles, Brown Co., Illinois, Arthur Edward Stone, who died April 4, 1883. To this union five children were born in Brown Co. Illinois: Theodore (9/5/1873), Jenny Pearl (1/3/1876), Lucy Elton (3/7/1878), Marietta (7/18/1880) and Poot, humorously, James Arthur (6/19/1883).

The Raney's were of Irish decent, and it is believed that James Raney's father, who settled in Kentucky across the Ohio River from Madison, Indiana, was the immigrant to America.

The following information was dictated by Lydia Ann Stone:

"When I decided to migrate to western Kansas in 1885 from Brown Co. Illinois, I had been preceded by two brothers and two sisters: Mary Tapp, Lucy Wyatt, John Raney and Charlie Raney, who had come in covered wagons and arrived here in October the 25th, and I arrived in November (by train called immigrant car) with my unmarried sister Sarah Raney and my three younger children: Lucy Elton (Mrs. James Pratt), Marietta (Mrs. Walter P. Darr), and James Arthur (known as Arthur, married to Mabel Woodley). They (the brothers) had taken up land some 25 miles from Syracuse in what is now Stanton Co. and I came to get land near them. (Her children were frail and the doctor had told her she probably would not raise them to adulthood in that Illinois climate) Hamilton and Stanton Co. were both enacted in 1873; however in 1883 several counties including all of Stanton Co. by an act of the legislature were discontinued and became a part of Hamilton Co., but again by an Act on March 5, 1887, the original boundaries were restored and Stanton Co. became a separate county. As a result of these Acts, Lydia Ann's land originally considered in Hamilton Co. was later, of course, a parcel in Stanton Co.

"There was no bridge across the Arkansas River and we had to ford the river and wind among the sand hills to get South. There was no road, only a winding trail, just a track or two to where my brothers and others had taken their land. I had only been here a few days when a prairie burned from the Cimarron to the Arkansas River. It was a terrible sight and cattle and horses just burned on the prairie. The cattle



Stone house built by Charles Raney, brother of Lydia Ann in the late 1880's for his family: eight miles North and one-half East of Johnson, located on the SW corner of SE/4 13-27-41. Charlie later built on the road to Syracuse, now Highway 27, and a preacher by the name of "Mundt" lived here. About 1908 or 1909. It is still partly standing.

and horses ran in front of the fire until they were exhausted and dropped and died."

"My house consisted of a dugout that my sister had built across the section line (NE ¼ 24-27-41) and just before the flames swept over, a brother plowed a small plot around the dugout." (The blackened prairie remained a huge, dark mass of charcoal until the powdery snows of autumn covered it.)

This new home underground was certainly unlike the good, two-story frame house Lydia Ann and her children had left in Brown Co., Illinois. The dugout consisted of two small rooms, entered by way of a trap door, which, when raised led down a flight of dirt steps to another door through which one entered a dwelling. The first room had wide 12 inch boards on the floor; but the second, a bedroom, had only a dirt floor partially covered with a rag carpet woven on a loom. The living room furnishings consisted of a roughly hewn table and a couple of chairs made by her brothers, and the bedroom held two beds, more roughly made handiwork of the brothers, with slats but no springs and on which rested the straw-tick feather bed. To complete these furnishings, Lydia Ann had purchased from the \$42 she had upon her arrival in Syracuse a little square stove, which had four lids and perched arrogantly on four spindly legs. This was used to heat the dugout as well as to cook the meals. Sometimes driftwood was found on the prairie to burn as fuel in the little stove, but more often than not the fuel consisted mainly of buffalo chips gathered by the three small children: Elton, 7; Etta, 5; and Arthur, 2. (In addition to the stove Lydia Ann had purchased out of her \$42, lumber to cover her dugout.)

"In January, 1886, I was here during that terrible blizzard, my sister, I and three children were snowed in. We were nearly air-tight, and we could not possibly have gotten out if my brother hadn't come and dug us out. The storm lasted three days and nights and in about seven days we had another blizzard. The only way we could tell it was day from night was through a little spot of light about the size of a dollar that showed on the floor by the chimney where the stove pipe went through the roof and a bit of mud had fallen out. We suffered no ill effects except my sister was not well and was extremely nervous and walked the floor and wrung her hands. That time I tunnelled out a broken window pane and dug the doorway out so we could get fuel and water. (Lydia Ann was only 4 ft. 11 in. tall and weighed about 80 lbs.) There was a crack that snow blew in and we could get all the water we needed from melting the snow."

Lydia Ann's two older children, Theodore and Jennie, had remained in school in Illinois but came to southwestern Kansas in May of 1886 with their grandparents, James and Sarah Ann Raney and their uncle, Grant Raney, brother of Lydia Ann.

"About this time town companies had begun to organize town sites and one was laid about three miles from my claim called Edwin, on Bear Creek. The agent asked me to move there and stated he would give me a little lot if I would build a house to give meals, which I did; and this was the beginning of my public life. That Town Company sold out later to the Johnson City Town Company, and they moved all the buildings F.O.B. to Johnson City, including the house where I lived. Afterwards I sold this house for \$600 and built a story and half house on my claim near Mitchellville, which was another small town (which had sprung up in that vicinity) where I lived until I had proved up my claim." (NE/4 24-27-41) (This one and one-half story home was later moved to SE part of Syracuse by Lydia Ann.)

"I built that story and half house to make a living for my family of five little children. I kept freighters, and this was the

first place to stop on the trail to get a meal going south from Syracuse. As time went on, travel got less, so I moved."

"The first spring I was here, there was a Sunday School organized by a Methodist minister, whose name I cannot recall, the school was taught around my cook stove. Also, the first school was taught in the basement of my house. From there I moved to Johnson City where I required a lot in lieu of the one in Edwin and I ran a bakery for one year. From Johnson, in 1889, I moved to Syracuse where I could get more work and where I have resided ever since."

"My children had recovered their health with the exception of the two older girls (Jennie and Elton), who had mountain fever."

"I have never been sorry for all that I have been through. I have never asked assistance of anyone and never have had a dollar's worth of aid except my own earnings and my house was the shelter of people whether they had money or not. We lived a very primitive life and I was very contented and happy as I had hopes of the country and to the present day I have never lost it. My children were a sickly bunch of children and it did wonders to them, which added to my happiness, and I would never go back to Illinois and have never had any desire to have gone back."

The rest of Lydia Ann's interesting story was lived in Hamilton Co., at Syracuse, where she married Attorney Arron Cole, a widower, on January 18, 1891. Judge Cole, as he was called, had also homesteaded in what is now Stanton Co. and I believe, was County Attorney at one time. He died April 8, 1911, and is buried in the Syracuse Cemetery. Lydia Ann, so widowed, inherited his quarter section of preempted land on which his claim house was located, which in the early 1930's became the home of the J.A. Stone family.

People traded land so all of one person's acreage would be in close proximity. As a result, when Lydia Ann quietly and peacefully died, while sitting in her little rocker and visiting with an old friend, on February 6, 1935, her estate included the following real estate in Stanton Co.: NE/4 Sec. 9, NW/4 Sec. 10, and the SW/4 Sec. 3, all in Twp. 27 South, Range 41 West. These three quarters, together with the SE/4 Sec. 4-27-41, which had been homesteaded by Lydia Ann's older son, Theodore and later purchased by her grandson, Raymond Stone, formed a square 640 acres, although, not all in one section, and were farmed in the 1930's and 40's by Raymond and his father, Arthur Stone, the younger son of Lydia Ann. The three estate quarters were sold in 1943 to settle her estate. However Raymond Stone retained his quarter section and farmed or leased it for another thirty years.

Lydia Ann's life from 1889 to the time of her death in Syracuse was as interesting as her years in Stanton Co., but that, of course, is a part of Hamilton Co. history. She is buried next to her husband, Arron Cole, in the Syracuse Kansas, Cemetery.

Submitted by Mallie Pratt

Charles H. Reece

Charles H. Reece came to Stanton County in 1887, a farmer and rancher of Roanoke Township.

He was born April 22, 1872 in Indiana and first came to Kansas with his family when thirteen years old. He homesteaded in Grant County SW ¼ 7-30-38. On January 23, 1894 he married Maggie Trimble, daughter of Mrs. Jane Trimble who homesteaded in Stanton County in 1887.

He brought his bride to a sod house, 12 x 16 feet. Their

team consisted of a pair of broncho ponies, they had a second hand wagon, a cook stove, a home-made table, cupboard, bedstead and four chairs. The well was a barrel sunk into the bed of the creek.

He was a farmer and rancher and served as an officer for School District #31 (Ash Grove) since its organization.

The Reece children were Versa J., Cora E., J. Gilbert, Hazel A., Glenn A., C. Munden and William A.

Ref. Kansas and Kansans

James B. Reynolds

James B. Reynolds was born in Rock Island County, Illinois, March 27, 1858. When eighteen months old, he had polio which left him severely handicapped. He came to Stanton County with his brothers, Henry and Charles in 1886, he looked after the business interests of all while his brothers did the physical labor.

He entered local politics and held various county offices and conducted a Real Estate business. He was an accomplished violinist and moved about his various tasks with the aid of deer horns to pull himself about.

He married Sadie Aller, daughter of a pioneer family. Their children were Edith, William and Clarence.

Ref. Kansas and Kansans



Jimmy Reynolds nearest the camera, with part of deer antlers he used to push himself around. His house was located next to the courthouse and is still part of the Bill and Grace Brown residence-1916.

John W. Schmidt

John W. and Mary C. Schmidt came to western Kansas in the winter of 1886. They homesteaded SE/4 24-27-43. They hauled water from Bear Creek for several years, then Mr. Schmidt dug a well by hand. It was one hundred and thirty feet deep.

During the late 1800's and early 1900's, Mr. Schmidt was postmaster of the Fisher post office. For years this mail route originated at Coolidge.

After Mr. Schmidt's death in 1910 his widow and the three sons, Sam, John and Ralph formed a company and operated the Schmidt Ranch. It was dissolved in 1917.



The Schmidt Brothers-1918. Lower Left-John, Lower Right-Sam, Standing-Ralph.

Buell Scott

Buell and Lotta Scott came to Stanton County in 1909 and homesteaded on NE/4 21-29-41. A small dugout was their first home and the two oldest children, Elsie and Ray, were born there.

As a boy, Buell was intrigued by steam engines and he developed a well drilling outfit which he trailed behind a motorcycle. He brought this rig to Stanton County to drill water wells. As a hydraulic engineer, he operated the first irrigation well with a steam engine of the Rea ranch northwest of Johnson in 1910.



Buell Scott

He drilled many of the wells in western Kansas and eastern Colorado and, later, drilled a number of irrigation wells and sold pumps and engines for irrigation purposes.

He set up a county abstract book and continued in the abstract business until 1917.

He was in the farm implement business from 1925 to 1927 and did the first farming in this area with steam tractors. He opened the first hardware store in Johnson and later sold it to T.M. Deal. He sold Chevrolet cars for nearly 40 years. He wrote fire and property insurance from 1910, and did tax work from the time the income tax laws became effective until 1952.

At one time he owned and published the *Johnson Pioneer*. He held many public offices, clerk of the district court, city treasurer, treasurer of the Johnson Cemetery. He served on the school board for 20 years. He was instrumental in starting the Johnson Co-op.

He was elected to the State Legislature in 1918 and 1920. He did not seek that office again until 1928 and then served continually through 1940. In 1942 he became the senator from the Southwest District and served until 1950.

One of the early private pilots of Stanton County, he really enjoyed flying and was still flying at 83, one of the oldest active pilots in the nation.

Mr. Scott died in 1975.

The children of Lotta and Buell Scott were Elsie (Brehm), Ray, Edith (Daniels), and Buford.

Life On A Claim

In February, 1887, my grandparents, Cyrus and Alice Sherwood, took a claim on Stanton County, eight miles southwest of Johnson. When they moved there they had two small sons, Oscar and Eldon. My mother, Flora Estella (Sherwood Blackburn) was born in the dugout they lived in, on January 19, 1888. On the first day of March in 1887, my grandmother made carpets on the loom her father had made for her, then sat outside and sewed them together to cover the dirt floor of the dugout. They drove pegs in the ground along the sides, then nailed board strips to them and tacked the carpet to the strips. This dugout was twelve by fourteen feet and contained two beds.

My grandfather farmed fifteen acres but couldn't make a living. Then he found out Johnson needed some town wells dug and got a job doing that. He would get up in the dark on Monday mornings and walk to Johnson to dig the wells. He would stay there all week then walk back to the claim on Saturday evenings. As I remember him telling about it he dug three wells, all by hand. When this job was over he took another driving a freight wagon between Hartland, Ulysses, Johnson and Syracuse. These jobs left my grandmother alone most of the time and their claim had no water well. Each morning before the children woke up, she would carry two buckets to the neighbors, three-quarters of a mile down hill for two buckets of water. Carrying it back uphill, she made sure those two buckets of water would do for she, the children, and the chickens that day. One day one of their good neighbors brought her a barrel of water.

Grandmother told of a blizzard they endured while there. She used to laugh as she told of bringing the two horses, the cow, and the chickens into the dugout where they all lasted out the storm together. In May of 1888, my grandparents, unable to any longer make a living on their claim, left Stanton County and moved to Scott County, Kansas where grandfather found work on the railroad.

Submitted by Clyde W. Blackburn
Leoti, Kansas

Editor's Note: At age 56, Ida Milburn Smith decided to write her life story which follows.

My Life Story

I started this August 1, 1937.

I was born May 8, 1881, in Chautauqua County, Kansas, near Sedan. There were 14 of us children, the oldest boy, Oscar, died when he was a baby. There were 13 of us that grew up to be young folks, then two brothers died, one 18, and one 13, then one brother got hurt riding broncs at a picnic and died. The rest of us all living.

Well, I was the fourth child and I sometimes think the older children have the most work, but not always. I can remember so many things that happened back there when I was a small child.

I remember how the blanket Indians came by our house in tribes, and they would make trades with my Father, and also Mother would give them milk and onions or a chicken; just anything would please them. We children were afraid of them, when Father and Mother weren't around.

I also remember how father would drive in the creek up to the wagon bed, to haul water, sometimes. I don't know what he hauled it for, because we had drinking water. Anyway, he let us girls go along sometimes, and I sure did get scared when he drove in the creek.

So many little things happened then that I thought was great. I was about five years old when we left there. We just started to school and the first day I went I thought we never would get to go home, but Ira, my oldest brother, told me not to cry; we would go home pretty soon. There were three of us at school, Ira, Viola and myself. I also remember how my Grandma Milburn would come over to see us and how tickled I'd be. She brought me a new pink dress with cherries in the design. I never forgot how she washed me and combed my hair and put the dress on me and how proud I was.

I never saw any of my grandparents, but her. My Grandma Whaley (my mother's mother) died when mother was a few weeks old. Mother never had any brothers or sisters. There was a lady by the name of Gail (?) Chrisman that raised my mother. Mother's folks came from England, but she was American-born. They think Grandpa Whaley started back to England and got drowned, for she never could get trace of him. They put ads in the papers and tried to find him every way. He left when Mother was about eight years old, and he thought lots of her. He was a shoe-maker, and she told me the last she remembered of him he came and took her measure and was going to make her a pair of shoes. Mother's mother was a dressmaker so that's all I know of my Grandma and Grandpa Whaley.

My Grandpa Milburn was a stonemason and so was my father, but I didn't know Grandpa Milburn. He died when my father was a young man. I guess there are still several stone buildings in Cowley and Chautauqua Counties that he built.

My father took a notion to come west, as he had awful poor health back in Chautauqua County. There were, I think, just five of us children then: Ira, Viola, myself, Pet and Logan. I think Maud was born out here. I'm not sure. Father came west and filed on a claim and then made a dugout in the bank of the creek called North Fork. Then he came after us. We have one team of mules, Pete and Beck, and they were sure good ones. I think there were two teams of oxen. One of our old ox yokes is still at Rolla, Kansas at the bank, as a relic. We also had one old white Indian pony and a few cows. Ira rode the pony and drove the cows, and did we have a time!

When night came us children had to sleep so crowded up I thought I'd die before morning. It was coming fall and was getting cool, if I remember right. Well, we finally got here to

our claim and was my mother blue! She said to Father, "Now how can we live here—neither wood nor water nor anything!" She didn't know that we had to pick chips to burn, and besides, go a long ways to pick them. I guess it was terrible when they first began to settle up this country.

We had a terrible blizzard that winter or the next (I can't remember), but my father was gone after a load of chips and was gone a day or two, he had to go so far. Well, Mother and Ira did the chores the best they could that evening, and it was so bad there wasn't any place to put the two shoats, and we sure didn't want to lose them as we needed them so bad for meat, so they brought them in the house, and my, my, they were a sight! They were very tame, so they would get under our beds and raise up the slats, and I thought that was awful. Guess I was afraid of them.

The blizzard sifted in at the cracks and the floor was all wet. Sure was an awful night. When we got up the next morning, we couldn't get out. We didn't know what we were going to do, but thanks to a neighbor that lived about a mile away. He came and dug us out. Our house looked like a great big snow bank.

There were sod houses and dugouts, and houses made with sod, dug up with a spade, just made round and drawn in at the top like a tent, hadn't a board in them. The people sure had hard times then. Then, in a few years, lots of the people left, but we stayed through all the good and bad years.

Next winter they made a school house in another place northeast of us in the creek bank, and we had benches to sit on, but no desks like they have now. Our teacher's name was Allie Ruby, and she was a good teacher. We only had three or four months of school, those days. My father and mother were the only school board for several years; no one else to be it, so many moved away.

My father finally made us a two-room sod house up on the ground where he later traded for lumber houses and put them together and had a little different house. It's still standing there. The south room was our school house for a long time. I went to school in it, and the north rooms were moved from old Taloga, west of Richfield.

We children had to plant can and broom corn in the furries(sic), while Father plowed it under. Sometimes, after a rain, we had to replant and two or three of us would fill our pockets or take a bucket of grain, and we would stomp a place with our bare heels and put the seed in, then some others would come along with a hoe and cover it up. We raised lots of castor beans, and my, how I hated to top them; they stink so bad! We topped them about like maize, only had to go over them three or four times. We would pile them out in a pile and the sun would dry and pop the beans out of the outer covering. We had to cut and shock all our feed by hand, then when they got to making sleds to be pulled with a horse to cut feed with, we thought it was a great invention. Then they got mowing machines and binders and headers.

We girls had to cut feed just the same as the boys; also cut broomcorn, too. We made lots of sorghum, too, when we could raise the cane. I hauled cane to the mill about all one fall. We made molasses until after Christmas. We sold it for 35 cents a gallon, and it was real sorghum. Wish I had a barrel now!

We used to have some awful prairie fires, too. I saw one come through our country down where Father lived when I was about 13. It started up in Nebraska, and was a high wind, but no dust like we have now. Well, it burned up lots of stock. They had to shoot lots of the stock after the fire as their hides were burned off. Horses will run right with a fire, don't know any better. I also remember one that came through by

our place and we had been making molasses and had pumas scattered through an orchard we had had a hard time to get started, and the pumas got a-fire.

The wind used to blow in those days just as hard as it does now, only no dust. I remember when I worked up East of my father's place, about two and one-half miles. I was about 13, then too. There came a terrible hard wind, and there were some old buildings that would lean over just like they were going to blow down. We could hardly walk against the wind. Well, the wind went down in the evening, and we had to get out and gather up grown chickens. They had blown quite a distance from the house and lodged wherever they could.

Another time I was working out at another place just about two miles North of this one, only it was winter time, and did I get homesick! Worse than I ever did. There were just an old man and woman there, and the man carried the mail from Dermit to Ulysses with horses and buggy. Well, it came an awful snowstorm, about a foot and a half of snow, and the man got caught away from home and never got home for several days. The house had about 12 rooms in it, all on the ground, and they had some cows and horses and chickens. The old lady was rather cranky and tried to work me to death. We put the horses in one room and the cows in one and the chickens in one, and they had chips in one. My room was next to the horses.

I wasn't afraid of the stock, but the noise they made at night made me nervous, and the old house was rather spooky anyway. Some well-to-do people came here, thinking they were going to make a lot of money, just like the suitcase farmers did, only these folks built some nice buildings and had to leave them. These old folks were just living there—I don't think they even rented it.

Well, I couldn't go home; the snow was so deep, and I would of had to of walked and besides, she needed me. I had to draw water for the stock with a bucket and rope. She wasn't able to help, so there I was. I'd go in my room and cry because I couldn't go home. I slept several nights with my clothes on to keep warm, and the bottom of skirts all wet and froze. I let them hang out of the bed. We wore dresses then almost to the floor. It was awful the way we had to dress.

Well, I lived through that scrape and she never could get me again. She and he have been dead long years ago, and the old house was tore down and hauled away.

Talk about dresses: we hardly ever had anything decent to wear. My sister Viola and I managed to get hold of a piece of cheap serge dress goods. We only got \$1.00 and \$1.50 per week for working out, and couldn't afford very good cloth. She got brown and I got navy blue. We lined them with cambric and put about a six-inch stiffening at the bottom of the skirt, which had about nine gores. It sure was a job to baste and fix them. The waist was a tight bask (basque) that was quite the style then. They had whalebone in most all the seams of the waist and was lined, too, and trimmed with buttons and velvet. The waist opened down the side front. The skirts almost drug the floor. Just imagine what a mess around one's feet and legs! But that was the style then.

We never wore bustles or hoops. They did in my mother's time, and I saw some of them. They wore bustles in my time, but I never. Then too, they wore leg-o-mutton sleeves, took about two yards to a sleeve. Us girls wore mostly denim dresses. We had to work out so much, we had to dress in something stout. We were sure proud when we got a new dress.

We also went barefooted until we were grown girls. I guess we had some kind of old shoes to wear to school and when we went places, which was seldom until we were grown. I used to hide when someone would come. I was

ashamed for them to see me barefooted. Sometimes I'd stay about all day, if the folks wouldn't call me, and I'd wish and wish they would leave, because I'd get so hungry.

Whenever Father or Mother called us, we knew to come or answer. Mother hardly ever whipped us, nor scolded either. She was a most wonderful mother. But Father would whip us if we didn't toe the mark. But he was a good, hard-working man.

Mother used to sew by hand for several years, and would make Father's and the boys' underwear out of white Canton flannel, when they could afford to buy it. I guess other times, they went without. We always had to wash on the board and they were sure hard to get clean on the sleeves. We older girls had to take our turn at the board. Mother scolded me a little one day because I never got the sleeves rubbed clean on the boys' shirts, and I cried and cried about it. I couldn't stand for Mother to scold me. I'd rather took a licking from Dad. I always loved my mother. I never got any candy or anything but what I'd divide with her, but she wouldn't hardly ever take any.

When I got older, and got letters, I'd always ask my mother to read them; sometimes she would and sometimes wouldn't. When talked to about dances, she would say she would rather we wouldn't go, but she said she would not let us go. Father never cared, only he would say, when we would go, "Now you girls behave yourselves." We know that was the law, because he was pretty strict.

Father used to hitch up our team of mules, old Pete and Beck, to the wagon and take us all to Sunday School whenever he could. We all had a Testament and song book. At night he had family worship, and he or Mother asked the blessing when we ate. He was a Dunkard, mostly, and Mother was for a long time, then she joined the Nazarenes, and then, I think, some other church before she died.

Anyway, those were happy days, even if we did have to work hard.

We used to have lots of spelling schools, and my, how us kids would practice to see if our school could spell down some other school, and lots of times we would. We all knew the alphabet on our hands, and our teacher was a good one, and also my brother Ira was a good speller, and they would hardly ever let us kids miss a word. That might have been wrong, but we thought what they did was all right.

I could tell just lots more things that happened when I was a girl. I finally got to "having company," and got married, thinking I wouldn't have to work so hard. But it was worse than ever. I got a man that never cared, or didn't know any better than just work me nearly to death.

We went to Missouri and stayed about three years, and our oldest child was born there in 1900. Her name is Gladys. But I got homesick to see my folks, and, besides, I never liked it there. Billie's folks thought I was an old mule and could stand anything. I got tired of being bossed around and we came back to Western Kansas. We worked out in Colorado about a year, and then came and herded sheep about a year for Father, then herded for Bill Morrison for about a year.

We finally decided to file on a claim and have a home of our own. (The claim was six miles south and six and one-half miles east of Johnson.) Well, then I did really have a hard time. Billie worked away from home so much—he thought he had to, to make a living—but I thought we could have got along. It made it hard on me, as we had a few sheep and a few cows to herd, and I, Gladys and Hosea. Orrin was born 1st day of June, after we came on the place in the spring of 1904.

Hosea was born at my father's place on March 7, 1903. The winter Hosea was born, we were herding sheep for my father, and at the time he was born, we had an awful snow,

about two feet deep. Sure had a time getting the doctor. Ira and Lin (?) went after him. They had to drive a spring wagon from Hugoton, and the doctor walked a lot of the way to keep from freezing, but guess they saved my life. It was sure a hard trip. Mrs. Saul came over, too. I lay sick for about three weeks, and my good old mother was my nurse.

When we moved on our claim it was bare as the floor, only it had grass and soap weeds on it. The first thing we did was build a chicken house, and had a time getting lumber to cover it with. We lived over east on the Luckey place for awhile, while we fixed a place to live. We finally bought a little one-roomed house, and my father and Ira moved in, so we got moved in it. Then I began to slave to try to have a home and living for my family. We hauled water from Plow Camp west of us for quite awhile, then Billie and Bert Luckey dug us a well. I sure was glad, too. We picked chips to burn. I guess I've picked a hundred loads of chips myself, and my children picked lots of them too. Billie never picked so many—he never liked the job. He'd rather do other work so the rest of us picked most the chips.

Some winters when we didn't have much meat, we would catch rabbits when it came a big snow so the dogs could catch them easy. We would dress a lot of nice fat ones and salt them down. If there was a snowbank close to the house, we would dig in it and put our barrel in and fill it full of dressed rabbits and just bury it in snow. That would stay quite a long while in winter. Then I would hang up a lot of the hind legs to dry, towards spring, and it tasted pretty good. I have also jerked beef and mutton so to have it last longer. We generally did this when it was warm weather. We just took a big panful of hot salt water and we cut the meat in strips as long as we could, and then dipped them in the hot salt water, then hung it out to dry. Then we put it away in a clean flour sack, and it was pretty good, too. I've cleaned and cooked lots of land terrapins, also prairie dogs and squirrels. When one lived here like we did, you get hungry for meat. We generally butchered beef and hogs, too. We always were big meat eaters, and are yet.

When I was a child, we children would go to the creek, which was always dry, only when it rained, and brought it up, which was only about once a year. Well, we would dig Indian breadroots to eat, and we liked them. They are better in the winter time, if we could find them.

I also remember how my mother would make vinegar pies and use sorghum for sugar. She made her own vinegar from sorghum, too. I tell you, we were glad to get anything then. We children hardly ever got any sugar. My father used to freight lots for to help make our living. He would be gone four and five days at a time. I've seen my father start out from home with only a jug of buttermilk and some corn bread. That's all he had, and had hardly enough clothes to wear. But he struggled along and finally got us all grown up before he died.

He and Mother are buried just about two and one-half miles east of our old home place, in the Dermot Cemetery. We sure had hard times, but I was lots happier then than I am now.

I am setting here now, August 28, 1937, trying to write, and the dust is blowing until I can hardly see town, about a quarter-mile away.

(The house was located in what is now Blk 109 S. Lake Street, just N.W. of Tarbet Ready Mix and Construction.)

We had accumulated quite a lot of stock and stuff after we came on our claim, by living hard and many hard struggles, but we had terrible blizzards and lots lots.

One time in 1904, in the winter, I was along with my three

little ones (Orrin the baby.) It came one of those terrible blizzards. Billie had went to Syracuse after feed and grub for us. He got caught there and couldn't get home for several days. I sure did have a time. We had one little stack of feed, and we had three or four cows on the lift when he left. He intended on being back before the feed give out, but the cows died. I couldn't do anything with them and we hadn't any close neighbors—and anyway, they had a lot of the same trouble.

Ida Smith passed away in 1947.

Tom (Thomas) Smoot

Tom Smoot was an early settler in Stanton County. He obtained patent on NE/4 24-30-41 in 1902. HE was a freighter from Roanoke to Syracuse and Elkhart.

He came to Stanton County to benefit his wife's health, moving from Shelby County, Missouri.

He started a store on the porch of his house in 1906 and then built a building to house the store. A big Christmas dance was held in the store building the year it was finished.

While the Smoot place was often referred to as Roanoke, the town of Roanoke was located three miles south of the Smoots. When Roanoke was deserted, different farmers had the post office in their houses and he got the post office when he bought his farm.

There were four Smoot brothers, Sie, Luke, Jim, Wade, and a sister, Mollie.

Wade homesteaded 36-30-41 and the brothers and Mollie's husband, Mr. McFey, farmed together.

Wade married Mary Josephine (Shaw) Saylor, a widow, who worked for the Williamsons at the Carleon Hotel. She proved up a claim in Colorado just south of Two Buttes by living on it week-ends. They were married January 14, 1918.

Wade served as County Commissioner for District 3 from 1932-1936.

The Wade Smoots had no children, but helped raise twenty-five children.

Willie Earl Wright

Born near Blue Mound, (Linn County) Kansas, April 16, 1883, Willie came to Stanton County in 1905 at the age of 22. He homesteaded NE one-fourth 31-28-39. His brother Daniel joined him also homesteaded in Stanton County. He lived in a half dugout on his claim for six years and then moved to NW one-fourth 34-28-39.

Willie and Daniel were associated together in the cattle business for several years. Willie continued in the cattle business and in 1916 was elected county commissioner and served with Grant Raney and Robert Friend.

Willie married Bessie Jinks January 29, 1909. Their children were Orville M., Raymond O., Melvin and Waldo Eldon.

Ref. Kansas and Kansans

Spanish in Stanton County

Historically, Spanish-surnamed people have been here since the 1500's. Part of New Mexico history is part of Kansas because it was the Spanish who first touched and disrupted the native population of the plains. The first permanent colony in New Mexico was founded in 1598 at San Juan by Juan de Onate. A few years later, in 1610, Governor Pedro de Peralta established the capitol at Santa Fe. In the 300 years between Coronado and Santa Fe Trail days, there were ten recorded expeditions east from New Mexico into this region.

As I began to ask people in Stanton County when Chicanos came to Southwest Kansas, it was evident most agreed that it was during the building of the railroads. Later it was agriculture that invited migrant workers to Southwest Kansas and Johnson.

Some of the early Spanish-surnames in Johnson were the Sosa's, Guerrero's, Sanchez', Partida, Carillo, Gonzales, Rios, Fira, Garza, Duran, Ybarra, and Hernandez. Many of these families are in Johnson today. The 1980 Census figures detail the Hispanic population in Stanton County as 250.

The term Chicano is not widely accepted. More recently, the term Hispanic has been more accepted and is more inclusive of other Spanish-surnamed people from South and Central America, Puerto Rico and Cuba. The term Chicano describes the Mexican American.

Submitted by Jose' M. Olivas