

GRANDFATHER'S MEMORIES 1904-1985

BY LESLIE LINVILLE

Member:

Kansas State Historical Association
Fort Wallace Memorial Society
Butterfield Trail Association & Historical
Society of Logan County, Kansas
Vice-President 1966-1973
Thomas County Historical Society
President 1970-1971
Hi-Plains Preservation of History Commission
Vice-President 1974-

AUTHOR OF
MY LIFE ON THE KANSAS PLAINS
THE SMOKY HILL VALLEY AND BUTTERFIELD TRAIL
VISITING HISTORIC SITES ON THE CENTRAL HI PLAINS
UP THE SMOKY HILL TRAIL IN 1867 WITH AN OX DRAWN WAGON TRAIN

11

12

13

Best Wishes

to
Mama

From

Mama and Grandpa

Leslie Linnelle

This Book is Number 6

Printed By
Leslie and Bertha Linville
Colby, Kansas

Typed By
Norman and Judi Linville
St. Louis, Mo.

Copyright 1985
Leslie Linville
Colby, Kansas

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO
MY FAMILY
MY WIFE BERTHA
WHO HAS STOOD BY ME FOR ALMOST 59 YEARS
OUR EIGHT CHILDREN AND THEIR SPOUSES
OUR GRANDCHILDREN
AND GREAT GRANDCHILDREN
THEY ARE A GREAT FAMILY

GRANDFATHER'S MEMORIES 1904-1985

CONTENTS

FOREWORD -----	1
INTRODUCTION -----	5
CHAPTER 1 WILLIAM HENRY AND ALICE TALLMAN LINVILLE -----	9
CHAPTER 2 BUILDING -----	19
CHAPTER 3 COUNTRY SCHOOL DAYS -----	21
CHAPTER 4 THE D.M.WILLIAMS FAMILY -----	29
CHAPTER 5 LOGAN COUNTY CATTLE TO PERU SOUTH AMERICA IN 1926 -----	33
CHAPTER 6 EARLY MARRIED LIFE -----	41
CHAPTER 7 THE DARK DIRTY THIRTIES -----	45
CHAPTER 8 A 1935 .06 CENT WPA CHECK -----	51
CHAPTER 9 MOVE TO THOMAS COUNTY -----	53
CHAPTER 10 KANSAS FARMERS UNION AND CROP INSURANCE -----	61
CHAPTER 11 HEALTH PROBLEMS -----	63
CHAPTER 12 MY RED LETTER DAYS -----	71
CHAPTER 13 HARVEST MEMORIES -----	77
CHAPTER 14 THE EVOLUTION OF FARM MACHINERY AND FARMING PRACTICES IN WESTERN KANSAS-----	85
CHAPTER 15 MACHINERY IMPROVEMENTS AND PATENT APPLICATIONS -----	93
CHAPTER 16 HUNTING -----	97
CHAPTER 17 WINTERS -----	100
CHAPTER 18 FEED CUTTING -----	108
CHAPTER 19 FINANCING -----	110
CHAPTER 20 HOUSES -----	112
CHAPTER 21 PRAIRIE FIRES AND WHEAT FIELD FIRES -----	113
CHAPTER 22 PRAIRIE DOGS, PRAIRIE OWLS (HOOT OWLS) AND RATTLESNAKES	115
CHAPTER 23 HISTORY -----	120
CHAPTER 24 RUSSELL SPRINGS -----	122
CHAPTER 25 JET PLANE RIDE OVER THE HISTORIC HIGH PLAINS -----	125
CHAPTER 26 POEMS -----	126
CHAPTER 27 FAMILY HISTORY SECTION -----	135
CHAPTER 28 ANCESTRY AND EARLY HISTORY -----	140
CHAPTER 29 LINVILLE FAMILY TREE -----	153



BLUFFS ON SOUTH SIDE OF SMOKY HILL RIVER (NORTH BRANCH)
SOUTH OF LINVILLE FARMSTEAD. PICTURE TAKEN IN 1920



JESSE JONES SOD HOUSE BUILT ABOUT 1907 ON
WEST SIDE OF SECTION 12-13-36 PICTURE TAKEN IN 1911



Leslie age 10, Doris, age 7,
Margaret, age 3, The Linville Brats

FOREWORD

During the year of 1960, when my health was so that I could do little work, I read a book of memories written by an older friend of mine. We had lived as neighbors, and his recollections brought back memories of those years. I thought how nice it would be to record family history as I knew it for my own children and grandchildren.

So, I started writing strictly for our own family. I thought that I would have fifty copies printed. On investigating costs, I found that I could have 500 printed almost as cheap as 50, so I had 500 copies of my first book, My Life on the Kansas Plains, printed. I never even thought about selling the book, but gradually others heard about it and wanted copies. Soon, it was scattered all over the U. S. and I was practically sold out.

A few years later I started my second book, The Smoky Hill Valley and The Butterfield Trail. I had studied area history most of my life, especially that of the area long the Smoky Hill River. I had been raised in that valley, and a friend persuaded me that I should tell what I knew about its history. It was not until 1974 that I had everything written. Then I grew braver and had 750 copies of this book printed. During the following years, all copies I had of both books were completely gone. I turned down orders for more than two years, then I had additional copies of the second book printed.

The success of those books inflated my ego until I had to try another book. This was Visiting Historic Sites on the Central High Plains; I had 1000 copies printed in 1979. By now, they are all sold. This makes me feel that I can write at least well enough that others would enjoy reading what I have written. I believe this because I have received hundreds of letters.

In 1983, I finished a project that had occupied my wife Bertha and me for quite a while. Our fourth book is titled Up the Smoky Hill Trail in 1867 with an Ox-Drawn Wagon Train. It is an imaginary story, based on historical facts and on my knowledge of the trail as I have traveled it in recent years. Again I had 1000 copies printed, and the book has sold well.

All of these books have been printed and bound at my own expense, and we have handled all the sales of the books ourselves. Although no publishing house has ever been interested in my scratchings, I am satisfied with the way things have gone.

Now, to explain this present book, which has evolved into our fifth. During the past 10 or 12 years I have occasionally written down some of my memories--for myself, or perhaps because someone has asked for an article about them. These notes, articles and just jotted down memories have been gradually assembled into one manuscript, and produced by my son Norman and his wife Judi on their word processing computer. The chapters are not in consecutive form like a true book, but are a collection of various ideas that may be of interest sometime in the future. The theme of this book is change, because in my lifetime of 81 years we have seen the greatest changes ever known to humanity.

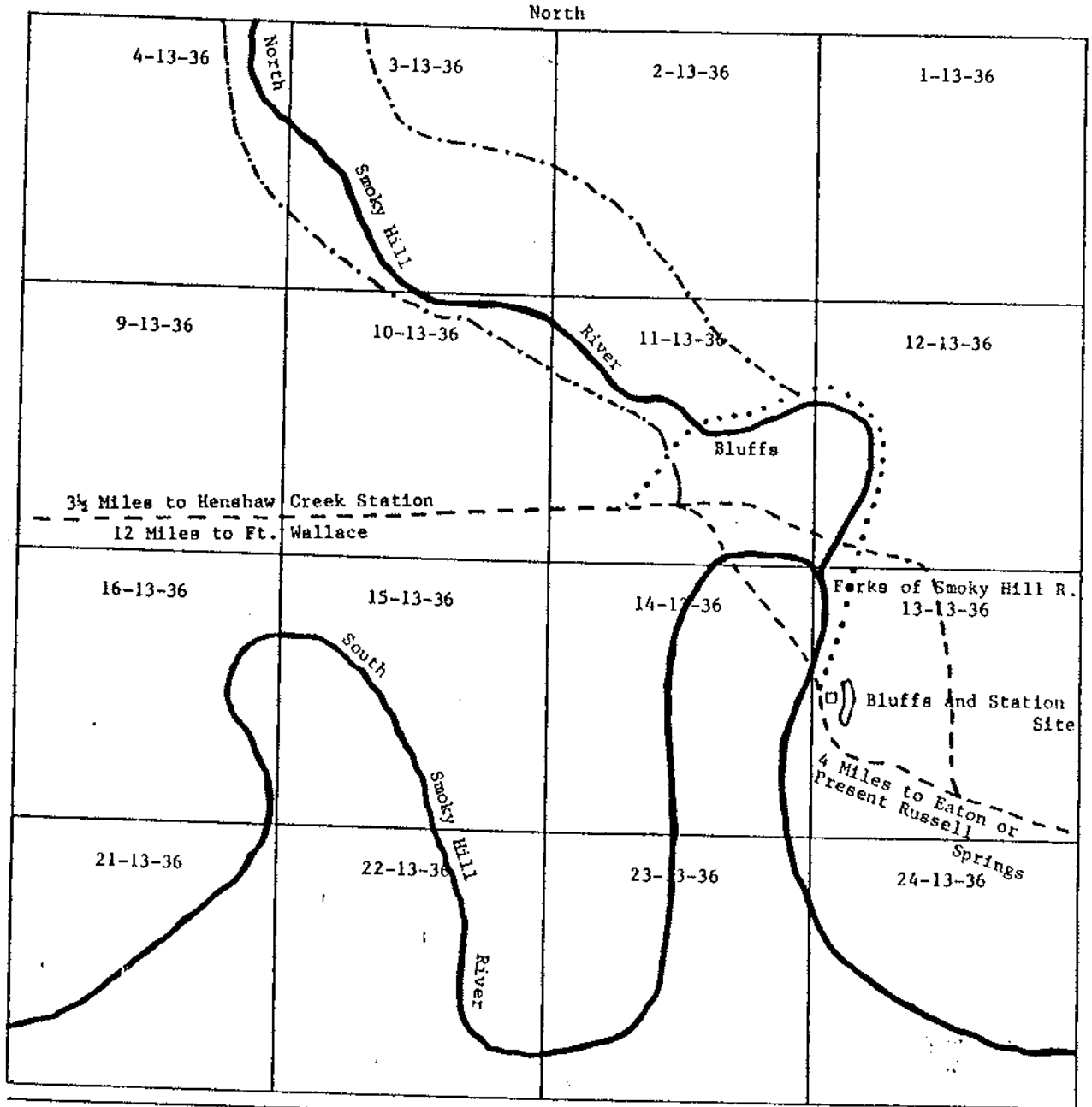
During that four-fifths of a century, we have come from the horse and buggy days when transportation speed changed from around six or eight miles per hour behind a team, to 600 miles per hour and more in our modern jet passenger planes. I have traveled both ways. In my childhood, there was no telephone, radio or T.V. Now, with proper equipment, we can talk around the world. Then, hospitals were practically unknown in Western Kansas, but now there is one in almost every city or county, with swift ambulance service for all. In the following notes I also talk about farming and other vast changes that I have watched and been a party to as our way of life has changed.

My wife was born in her father's homestead dugout. Some of our eight children also were born at home. A few years ago, it was unheard of for a baby to be born outside a hospital; but in the last few years with such high medical costs, certain people are beginning to have their babies at home in a comfortable family setting again.

Years ago, in the evening our lights were coal oil lamps. We could see very little, but I managed to do a lot of reading anyhow. Our heat came from coal-burning stoves that we fed constantly if we had coal. Often we were reduced to burning cow chips.

I could go on indefinitely about the changes I have seen in my life, but that is the subject of many of these memories. When I started collecting these articles, I thought that sometime I might use them to write a second edition of my first book. Now, most of these articles stand on their own, but I have repeated some of the family history from My Life on the Kansas Plains because when this is printed, there may be a lot of readers who have not read that book.

Leslie Linville
Colby, Kansas



1859-1870 map of Smoky Forks Area showing river and old trails as I have been able to trace them on maps and as I remember them and have recently retraced them. The area was not surveyed then but established later and marked in for comparison.

Routes to Sheridan



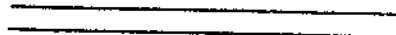
Green Russell's route in 1860

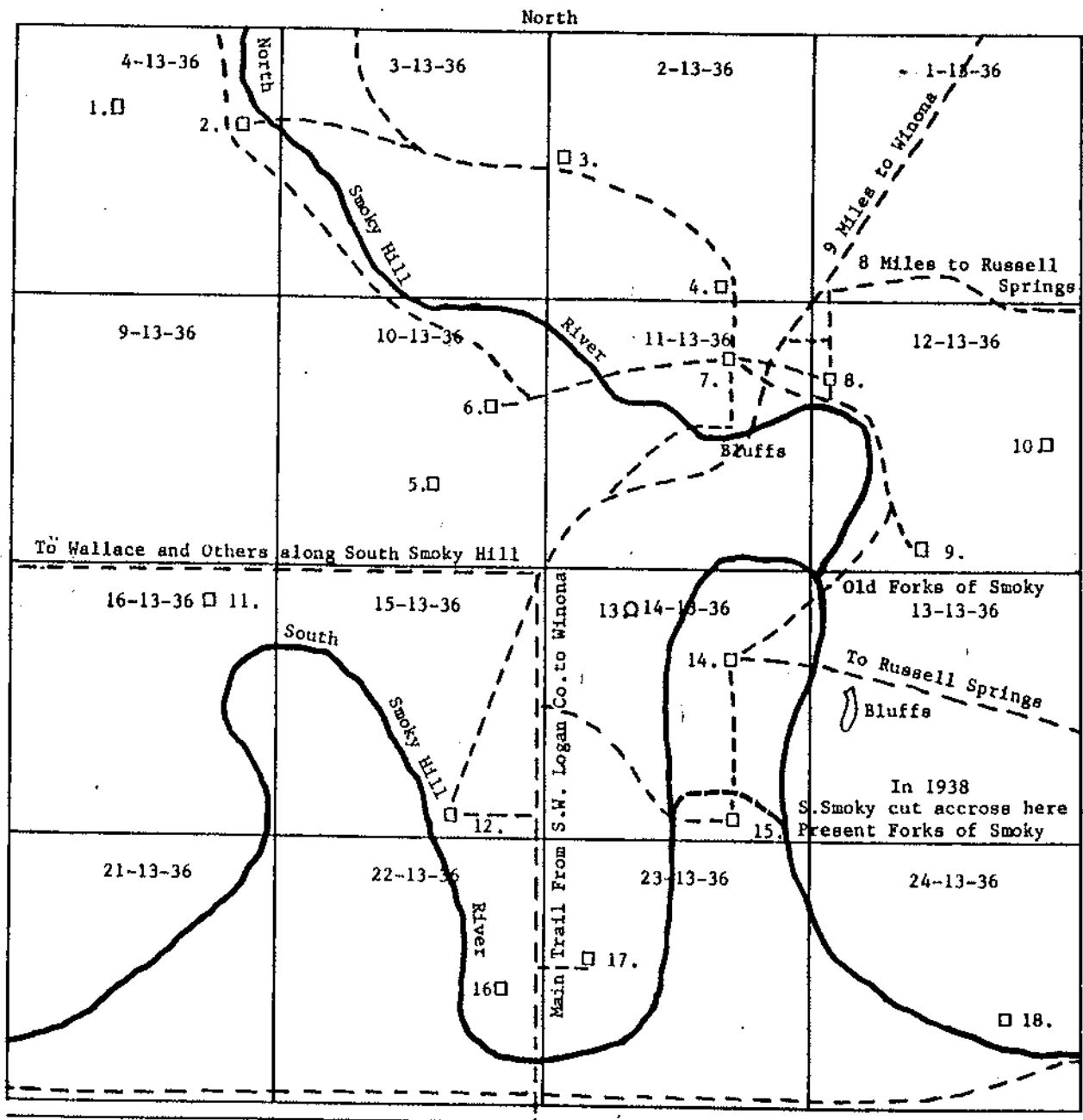


Main Smoky Hill or Butterfield Trail



Present K-25 Hi-Way





1912-1915 Map of Smoky Forks Area.

Broken lines — — — mark the trails as we traveled them when I was a child. There were no graded roads then so we cut across where ever it was handy and passable.

- | | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. D. Williams | 6. Stallsworth | 12. Cad Burdick |
| 2. L. Burdick | 7. W. H. Linville | 13. Old dug well |
| 3. Ed Burdick (Vacant) | 8. J. Jones | 14. V. Mastin |
| 4. Sod house built by W. H. Linville about 1915 for help. | 9. Smoky Forks School house. | 15. F. Ricketts |
| 5. Remains of old stone buildings. | 10. Remains of old stone buildings. | 16. F. Matheney |
| | 11. L. Sheer | 17. T. Logan |
| | | 18. Was rebuilt in 1918 |
| | | 19. Present K-25 Hi-way |

5

INTRODUCTION

AN OLD WESTERN KANSAS FARMER'S MEMORIES

It was the middle of June 1911. My parents William and Alice Linville, with their two young daughters Doris age four and baby Margaret, and I, Leslie age seven had just moved to Father's ranch. The ranch was located ten miles southwest of Winona Kansas, in the valley of the north branch of the Smoky Hill River.

We had moved there from Beloit, Kansas, and had traveled to Winona by train in a passenger coach. Our furniture and other belongings had been loaded in a box car, called an immigrant car. This car traveled over the same rails as our coach.

Most of the distance from Winona to the ranch was covered with a mat of short thick grass on either side of the trail. The trail was nothing more than a double set of ruts made by the iron wagon wheels and the hooves of the horses.

As we descended into the valley from the northeast of the farmstead, the only buildings visible were the small four room wooden frame house in which we were to live, a large barn, a all wood stave silo and a small, cement building that was called the milk house. The only trees were over a half mile west where there was a large grove along the river. South of the buildings were some stone and shale bluffs on the other side of the Smoky Hill River.

After reaching the home site Father pointed to an old building a fourth mile east. It had queer dirt walls and it was barely visible because it looked so much like the surrounding area. He called it a sod house. Later I learned that a Mr. Jesse Jones, his wife, Mattie two daughters, Jewell and Opal, and a small son named Charlie lived there. It was a strange place in which to live, but I later found it to be very clean and comfortable, even on the hottest days. I also found that sod houses had been the homes of most of the early settlers on the plains.

As I said, I had been raised in Beloit where the only livestock we knew were the pretty fancy-stepping horses and ponies that pulled the buggies and coaches around town. There were also huge dray horses which pulled dray wagons that hauled freight from the railroad depot to various places of business. Occasionally a neighbor man had taken me to watch him milk the family milk cow which he kept on vacant lots a short distance from his home.

As a boy of seven the move to the ranch was a wonderful change of lifestyle to which I would become accustomed. The

changes were drastic. Instead of my shady yards and the sidewalks on which I had played there was not a tree within one half mile. Nor was there a hydrant which could be opened to sprinkle ourselves such as those in Beloit. Here we had horses; mares with colts, cows with baby calves, sows with cute baby pigs and hens that protected their babies with fierce pecks. There were acres of wild flowers of every color and variety which I could pick and take to Mother and which she always kept in vases all over the house.

I could often find birds' nests in the tall buffalo grass with eggs of many different colors and shapes. The snow birds built little cup-shaped holes in the ground lined with grass. The meadowlarks often made a shade or protective cover over their nests, while the killdeer barely made a nest at all, but their eggs were so artfully colored that they were as hard to find as the other nests. One give away was that when I approached a meadowlark or killdeer nest the mother bird would leave the nest and put on a very convincing show of being badly injured and not able to fly, trying to lead me away from the nest until it suddenly took flight. The cutest of the baby birds was the baby killdeer that could run and hide almost as soon as they were out of the shell while the mother bird put on her act of being badly injured.

That great big river, the Smoky Hill, sometimes ran under sandbeds for considerable distances. At other places it was a stream of water three or four inches deep and a yard wide. There was a nice pond a quarter of a mile south of the house in front of the easternmost bluff. In this pond I sometimes caught a nice cat fish or sun fish eight to ten inches long. Those bluffs on the south side of the river were a great temptation, but I seldom got to play and hide there because my parents were afraid of rattlesnakes which were thick everywhere. Wonder of wonders, we got a dog named Buster, and he became my constant companion and watch dog as I wandered the hills. Buster quieted my parents' fear and they allowed me to run at large.

Of course there were many minor tragedies such as when a wasp stung me when it was caught at a window by five small fingers. There were times on hot, summer days when great numbers of large, red flying ants swarmed around the chimney tops and fell down the chimney. There were billions of flies at all times, and in the fields the grasshoppers kept the ground bare as they ate all the vegetation. There was the time I was playing in a nice sand pile and the red ants began to sting me. I ran yelling to Mother, who jerked off my clothes and scraped the stinging devils away.

Yes, I learned many things as that first summer on the ranch progressed. Since then, I have learned more about my parents and our way of life there in that lonely valley and, as the years have rolled by my knowledge has increased.



William Henry Linville
1870-1943



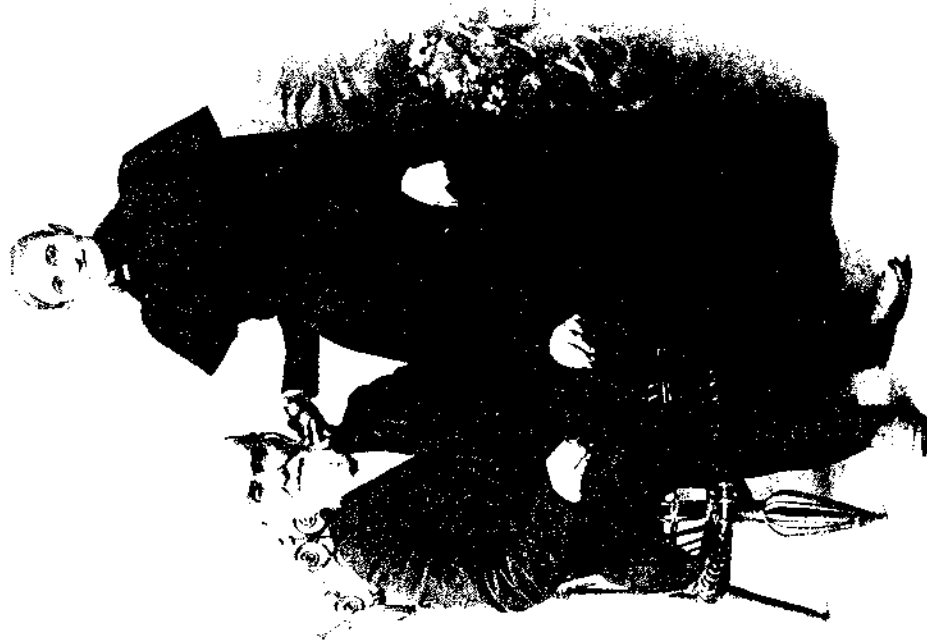
Alice Mae Linville
1880-1957



Alice Tallman Teacher in
Page City, about 1900
Taken from a Glass Negative



HENTON F. TALLMAN IONE (FRANCISCO) TALLMAN
1893-1974 1896-1938



PARENTS OF HENTON TALLMAN
WILLIAM HENRY TALLMAN ELIZABETH (SOFTMAN) TALLMAN
1865-1897 1869-1922

Chapter 1

William Henry and Alice T. Linville

My father was born September 17, 1870, in northwest Missouri. I know very little about his youth, but I believe he was raised on a farm near St. Joseph. His father, Marion Jasper Linville, had a large apple orchard and it was in connection with that business that Father first came to western Kansas in 1890. Also, his father had some registered Brown Swiss cattle and my guess is that those cattle had some connection with his purchase of the ranch on the Smoky Hill River, southwest of Winona, Kansas.

Father accompanied a boxcar load of apples from his father's farm to Monument, Kansas, in the fall of 1890. He was sent to look after the selling of the apples, and he evidently liked the country and stayed. In those days it was common practice for orchardists to ship their apples by car load out west where no fruit grew. They sold them directly from the rail car to the purchasers. This practice continued until recent years when trucks began hauling the produce.

Each fall when the cars came in word would be sent out that they had arrived. The farmers would then go and purchase the winter's supply for their families. Often there would be several varieties of apples, cabbage, and other garden products on these cars. The products would be taken home and stored in caves that were on almost every farm. A cave was a room dug in the ground which had roofing boards covered with dirt. The entry way was covered by a wooden door which covered steps dug in the ground to reach the room. These caves were freeze proof and these products would keep all winter or until consumed. The canned goods that each farm wife had prepared were also stored in these caves as was much of the home-produced and home-cured meat. That was energy saving because it took no artificial energy to store the products.

My mother, Alice Mae Tallman, came to Logan County Kansas, with her parents, the H. F. Tallmans, from Smith County Kansas, in the spring of 1886. She was six years old at the time. They drove a covered wagon across the distance, taking ten days to make the trip. They settled on a homestead one mile southeast of Page City and lived there until sometime in the 1890's when they moved to Monument. They purchased the Monument Hotel and Grandmother Tallman operated it until about 1912. Grandfather Tallman and his brother Will owned and operated a hardware store just to the south of the hotel. The hotel and store buildings still stand in 1985.

Father had a small store in Monument also, which he operated until it burned down sometime around 1900. He also engaged in the real

estate business around Monument and continued that business for many years.

My parents were married October 2, 1902, and moved to Beloit, Kansas, where Father had a store and was also in the real estate business. I was born January 23, 1904, in Beloit, Kansas.

I never knew what induced my father to purchase the Logan County land. Maybe he bought it about the time he moved to Beloit, but sometime around 1904 he bought Section 11-13-36 and started improvements. I understand that the house was moved there from another location, but I never knew from where. A large barn was built in 1906 and he hired a family to live on the place. They took care of the cattle and planted the alfalfa fields and other crops until we moved onto the place in the spring of 1911.

I think that Brown Swiss cattle had something to do with Father's returning to the farm because he had a herd of them when we moved there in 1911. They had originated from his father's herd in Missouri. I remember Grandfather Linville visiting us a few times in those early years, but I do not believe that he had any connection with the cattle at that time.

Father's interests were always with the dairy cattle and dairying more than with the farming. Beside the house and barn, there was a small so-called milk house and a wood stave silo twenty four feet tall. That silo was probably among the very first silos built in western Kansas. It stood for many years but seldom had anything in it. Each summer the wood would shrink as it dried out and the hoops had to be tightened. When it was filled, a silage cutter was used. That was a machine that cut the bundles or stalks on the spot and blew the silage to the top of the silo where it settled down. The cutter was powered by a large single cylinder, stationary engine with a belt connecting the two. There were no tractors or movable engine power in those days and it was a complicated arrangement. There were no field cutters pulled by modern tractors or self-propelled cutters in those days. Those were the days of MAN POWER. Feed was hauled to the cutter from the field in wagons drawn by horses.

Now, I realize that this is getting to be a very disjointed account of our early farm life, but if I do not keep it in something like an "as it happened" account, then I am afraid I will leave out something of importance.

There was a nice pond directly under the tall bluff at the east end of the series of bluffs south of the home buildings. This pond was three to four feet deep and as the sun could seldom shine on it to melt the ice, it made an ideal ice pond. Depending on the cold of winter, the ice sometimes froze to a depth of twelve inches, but any time it froze four or five inches in thickness it was possible to put the ice away for the following summer.

This is a lost art today, but it was a regular winter job when I was a boy. Not that I ever did much of the work, for we were in school and the work was heavy and cold.

As soon as the ice would support several men's weight, then the

operation would begin. First, the snow was scraped from the ice. Then, a long plank was used as a marking guide and the ice marked in three foot squares for the saw to follow. A hole was chopped in the ice at one corner so that the ice saws could get through to start the cut. The first block was junk, for the saw had to cut both directions.

Ice tongs were used to remove the pieces of that first block and then the man using the saw would stand astraddle the marked line and begin sawing along each line. The saw was about five feet long and had teeth that were approximately one and one half inches long. As each block was cut loose from the ice bed it was pushed to the edge where other men with ice tongs could grab it and drag it from the water.

Near zero degree weather was the preferred time to put up ice. Almost as soon as the ice was drug from the water, the water on the block would freeze and thus reduce the chance for the men to get wet.

A wagon pulled by a team was backed up to the bank and a long timber was extended from the back end of the wagon to the ice in the pond. This timber was used as a slide, up which two men would push the ice block. The timber made for quite easy loading.

When the wagon box was full, the team was driven to the ice house and the ice was unloaded in reverse order to the loading. It was put into the ice house which was a dug out hole in the ground with a roof over it. The ice blocks were stacked tightly together, and the cracks between them were filled with broken chunks of ice to keep out the air. There was always a space left between the ice and the wall of the ice house. Straw was packed there to serve as insulation. When the cave was filled to capacity then all the stored ice was covered with straw.

When ice was properly stored and cared for during the summer months, it would keep all summer. When we needed ice it was removed from the cave and the straw was scraped from it. The straw had to be packed back in the place from which the ice had been removed.

We always milked from ten to thirty five cows. Each bucket full of milk was carried to the small milk house where it was separated in a hand-turned separator. Much of the skim milk was fed directly to the calves or hogs and the cream was cooled and placed in ten gallon cream cans in which it was taken to the cream buyers in Winona. This was common practice among most of the farmers of that day. They bought their groceries with the cream and egg money, not depending on one particular crop. It was diversified farming.

My father had another use for much of the cream and milk produced on that farm. In that small milk house he kept a five gallon ice cream freezer and several ice cream tubs. This freezer was a hand turned machine. The outside container was wood that surrounded the main turning can in which the ice cream mixture was frozen. There was a space about three inches wide between the can and the wood tub in which ice was packed. The can was turned and had a mixer inside it that kept the contents circulating until it was frozen. I turned that darn crank so much that I could do it and sleep at the same time. After freezing, the ice cream was transferred to the five gallon can in the packing tub and repacked and hauled to market by lumber wagon or spring wagon. We

often had two or more of these tubs loaded and delivered to Winona or Russell Springs at a time, for it was a popular delicacy in the restaurants and hotels where it was served. Many picnics were held along the river, and for most occasions some of our ice cream was used. Today if I am visiting with some of the older generation or those of my own age, they will remind me of how much they enjoyed that ice cream.

Under no circumstances would such an operation be allowed in our present government control, but I never heard of anyone getting sick because they ate ice cream made by our family, and it was enjoyed by all. It had much more cream in it than any that can be purchased today. That business came to a close during World War I when rationing was imposed on sugar and no more was available for such use.

Ice was also used to keep the butter, milk, cream and other products cool at the house. It was carried in about twenty five pound blocks to the house and placed in one compartment of the ice box to keep it and the contents cool. As the ice melted, the water ran out a pipe in the back and into a pan used to catch it. This pan had to be emptied frequently.

In rereading the account of the ice cream business, I thought that I should emphasize the fact that the ice cream was made almost entirely from our own milk and cream. Dad did send to a dairy supply house somewhere in Ohio and purchase a powder. He put a small amount of that powder in each freezer to make the ice cream stand up better when served. It was not used to dilute the milk or cream. As I remember he used about a quart of cream to three quarts of whole milk. The cream was separated from the milk so that the average butterfat test was approximately 35%. That was the test of all cream that was sold to the cream buyers in town. That made a very rich ice cream, far from that which we purchase today. The only other ingredients used were sugar and flavoring.

We sold this ice cream in gallon lots for \$1.00 per gallon or in the five gallon packed tub for \$3.75. That included delivery to Winona or Russell Springs in what we called a spring wagon pulled by a team of horses. A spring wagon was a light buggy type vehicle with springs under the box that was probably six feet long and two and one half feet wide. The running gears were heavier than most buggies, but lighter than a wagon.

Our telephone service (when it was in operation) consisted of the old crank type telephone owned by Father, as was the miles of private line. Some of this line ran on the top of fence posts. Occasionally, the top wire of a barb wire fence was used. Each post had a small insulator on top and the wire was tied to it. If a wire became broken, then the whole line would sag for a long distance, and it was up to us to repair our end of the line. Each customer owned his portion of the line, but connected onto a company owned portion near town. The exchange was privately owned and operated by one person, usually the wife or daughter of the owner. All telephones had dry cell batteries in the box and had to be hand cranked to put them into service. Each

customer on the line had a certain number of rings such as two longs and a short or other combination. Everyone on the line could listen in on any conversation. If there was an emergency then a continuous number of short rings would alert everyone that something was wrong. Perhaps it was a prairie fire, or there was a car loaded with coal on the track which the farmers could buy more cheaply directly off the car, or perhaps there was a car load of apples on the track. News like that was told when a line ring was given.

I have never been able to figure out how the entire neighborhood knew that Dad was lost in a snow storm one night in December 1911. Evidently, we did not have telephone service or else our line was down. Dad had walked to the Cad Burdick farm in the evening to use his phone to call some men to come help put up ice. Cad lived a good two miles southwest of home and Dad got lost on his return home when the wind came up and the snow blew. He fell over a bank under a big drift and since that was the warmest place he could find he stayed there until the next morning when he found his way home. His feet were badly frozen and he lost some toes, but he survived. The doctor was there almost as soon as Dad arrived home. I have had several tell me that they kept a lighted lamp in their windows that night to guide him to their place if he could see the light. Remember, electricity on the farm had not even been dreamed of.

One of our main summer pastimes on that farm was working with the alfalfa hay. There were about one hundred acres in the alfalfa fields on the second bottoms of the river. For several years after we moved there every bit of work except the mowing and raking was done by man and horse power. Teams were hitched to the mower and rake to pull them. But the shocking and loading on wagons to haul to stacks or to the barn was done by man power. That included pitching it onto the stack and stacking it so that the stack would stand and shed water.

This work involved several additional men in season, and it seemed we always had one or more hired helpers. Some of these were local men or boys who were regular help in season, but others were drifters who might work for a day or two and then move on. For a few years some of these drifters became organized and were known as I.W.W.'s, which stood for International Workers of the World. This translated easily into "I Wont't Work." I remember the names of many of the local men who worked there for they remained friends the rest of their days. They are all gone now.

It was quite an event when Dad purchased the first buckrake. This machine had teeth that extended out in front, and it was powered by horses hitched on each side. The teeth could be pushed under the loose, raked hay and it would carry the hay to the stack where it could be pitched up on the stack by man power. The operator of this machine sat at the rear and guided the team where he wished. After getting to the stack, the machine was backed out from under the load and returned to the field for more hay. That saved pitching the hay onto a wagon and again from the wagon to the stack.

Next came the overhead stacker that was mounted on a large center

pole. By using a team hitched to a cable that revolved over the pulleys, the teeth with its load of hay was elevated and swung to the top of the stack and dumped. These were not too successful for they had to be reset after each stack was built and the hay was always dumped in one place. The portable Jay Hawk stacker soon took its place and was quite successful. These machines were much like the buckrake, but with the aid of high framework and cables that wound around a drum. The hay could be placed where needed on the stack and the machine was easily moved from place to place.

Only once did I ever work with a hay baler. We were baling hay from the stack in the winter and were using a horse powered hay baler. The motive power to operate that machine was provided by hitching a horse to the outer end of a long pole that extended about twelve feet from the baler. The horse walked in continuous circles around the baler and that transmitted power to the machine. Those days are gone forever, I hope.

We did a little row crop farming. All planting of corn and other feed crops was done with a horse drawn, one row lister. Cultivation was done by use of sleds that fit in the lister row astraddle the planted crop. These sleds had knives that extended out at an angle to the side so that they cut the weeds on the lister ridges much as our modern under cut knives. Harvesting the crop, if one was raised, was done with another sled type cutter. Here the sled had a short knife on one side that was guided down the lister row so that the knife cut the stalks and they were caught by a man riding on the sled. He caught them in his arms and laid them on the sled in a pile. When the load got large the team was stopped and the cut stalks were carried to the shock. This was slow, hard work, but there were few row crop binders in the area.

Most of the country south of the Union Pacific Railroad was considered as cattle country and it was in native grass. In fact, it was considered that wheat could not grow south of the tracks, but anymore they raise some wonderful wheat crops there. There were several large ranches all along the river, ours being one of the smaller.

We had four sections of rented land north of the home section and kept range cattle there. That pasture was watered by a spring in approximately the center of the pasture. Cattle also had access to the river by a gate being opened when necessary. Riding the fences on horseback and keeping track of the cattle was another chore that took much time. Riding the fences meant that you rode around the pastures looking for broken or down wires that let the cattle get out of the pasture.

Most of the cattle kept in large ranches were white-faced, but occasionally herds of Mexican cattle were shipped in. Some of these came directly from Old Mexico and others from southern Texas. They were smaller, of mixed colors and were generally quite wild.

Ours was truly a diversified farm. Mother had her garden, her chickens and turkeys, besides helping with much of the other work

around the farm. Her household duties also included cooking for the hired help.

Butchering several head of cattle and hogs was another of Dad's projects. Practically every bit of meat we consumed was raised there on the farm. Even rabbits that were so plentiful were good eating when young. The beef and pork were cured in various ways. Cut up and trimmed, the pork was salt cured and often placed in barrels kept in the cave or portions were ground up and made into sausage.

I have shot and helped butcher many head of cattle and hogs. Often when we butchered someone in Winona or Russell Springs would want meat in their store. Sometimes they would take a quarter or half at a time. Other times Dad would have to cut the meat into smaller portions.

Such butchering practices would never get started in these days, for the government would be on our necks before the animal stopped kicking. It was common practice in those days and again I never knew of anyone getting sick.

Think of all the skills, the opportunities and connected activities the present one-crop farmer has missed. We continued all these practices long after we were married and had a family. Locker plants and deep freezers were undreamed of then. I wonder how many of our modern young farmers could butcher an animal, even if they were able to kill it, stick it, or cut its throat.

The dry years of the early 1920's and the depression after World War I, which occurred during the same years, about ruined Father financially. He was not alone in this for many of the large cattlemen of the area also went under financially. My folks moved to southwest Missouri and Father lived there until shortly before his death, when in January, 1943, I brought him back to our farm near Colby. He passed away March, 1943.

Today, there is little standing on the old farm on the Smoky. Mr. Roy Plummer purchased the land sometime in the early 1940's, after various others had lived there after we left in 1929. Mr. Plummer remodeled the house. When the Plummers moved to Colby they just moved the house and contents and set it on lots that I sold them in the 600 block of South Range, just east of the fairgrounds.

The large barn had blown down during a severe windstorm sometime before 1960 and the other buildings have gradually deteriorated and disappeared. There are two stubby old Russian Olive trees standing northeast of where the house stood. Dad cut branches from trees at the Sam West place, southwest of home near Twin Butte and started those trees in 1917. There are a few cottonwood trees still standing east of where the barn stood that we started about the same time. There are several Chinese elm trees planted more recently around where the house stood. The prize tree of all died just a few years ago. It was an immense old elm tree that had been broken off several times when I was a youngster by cattle rubbing on it, but it always came back. It stood just southeast of the house and had a limb spread of seventy five steps. It finally gave up the ghost when every other part of the old

farmstead was gone.

Thus have gone all those old ranches, not only along the Smoky but all over the area.

In 1919 and 1920 there were the following prominent farmsteads or ranch headquarters: Just west of our home Cad Burdick built a nice stone house and other buildings in 1916. The house still stands, but it was deserted for several years. One mile northwest of that was the Leslie Burdick place which has been deserted and gone to pieces for many years. One half mile west of that was the site of the D. M. Williams place, Bertha's parents. Next, two miles north of the Leslie Burdick place was the Long place. Miles Orton moved onto it about 1916. It was headquarters for a large cattle operation. Then, one mile above that to the northwest was the largest and finest ranch along the river. It was originally the M. B. Williams ranch. It was sold to Heafield and then to Bob Armstrong sometime in 1917. Ruins are all that are left of it. A mile south of our farmstead was the Vern Mastin place and below that was the Fred Ricketts place. Southwest of those places was the Tom Logan ranch and the Frank Matheney farmstead. There were other places further west along the South Smokey.

During my years on that farm I drove horses hitched to every piece of machinery that was used--from one horse buggies to six horses hitched to a grain header. I also rode many different horses, sometimes for as many as 12 to 15 miles a day, for looking after the cattle was an everyday event.

I should also mention, in connection with those Brown Swiss cattle, two or three other happenings that greatly affected me. I will tell of these later in detail when I tell of my trip with Brown Swiss cattle to Peru and Chile, South America. I will also tell of my little mix up with the Brown Swiss bull that almost ended this story back in the year of 1929. Finally, I will tell of how I disposed of all my registered cattle during the early dust storm years of the 1930's when I had to dispose of them because we could not raise feed for them.

These stories will follow.

STACKING HAY, THE OLD FASHION HARD WORK WAY

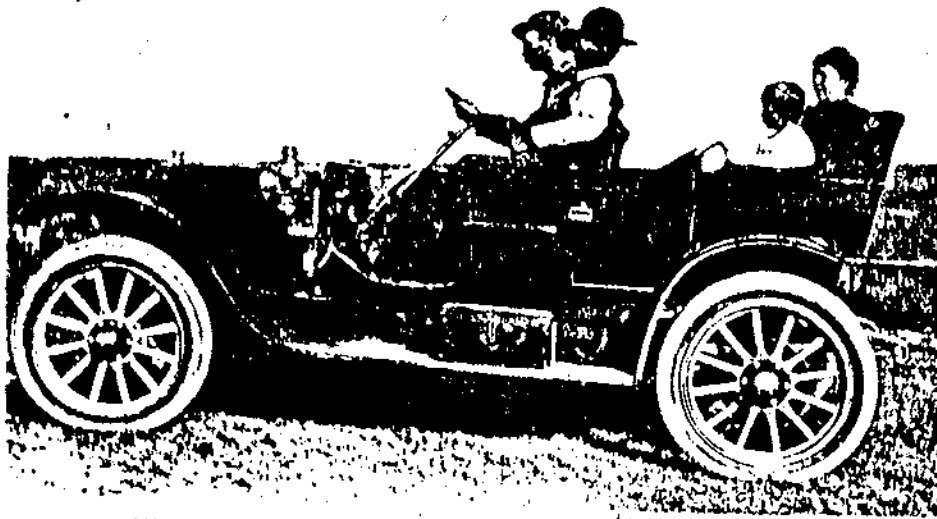
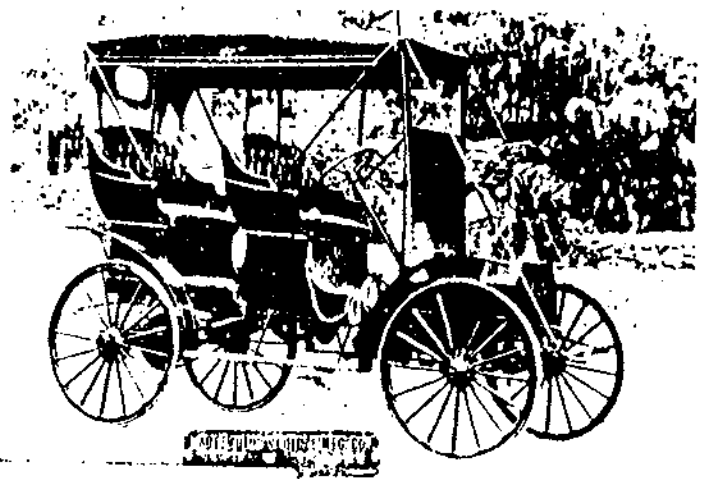


Morrison Williams and Leslie Linville stacking alfalfa at ranch about 1923

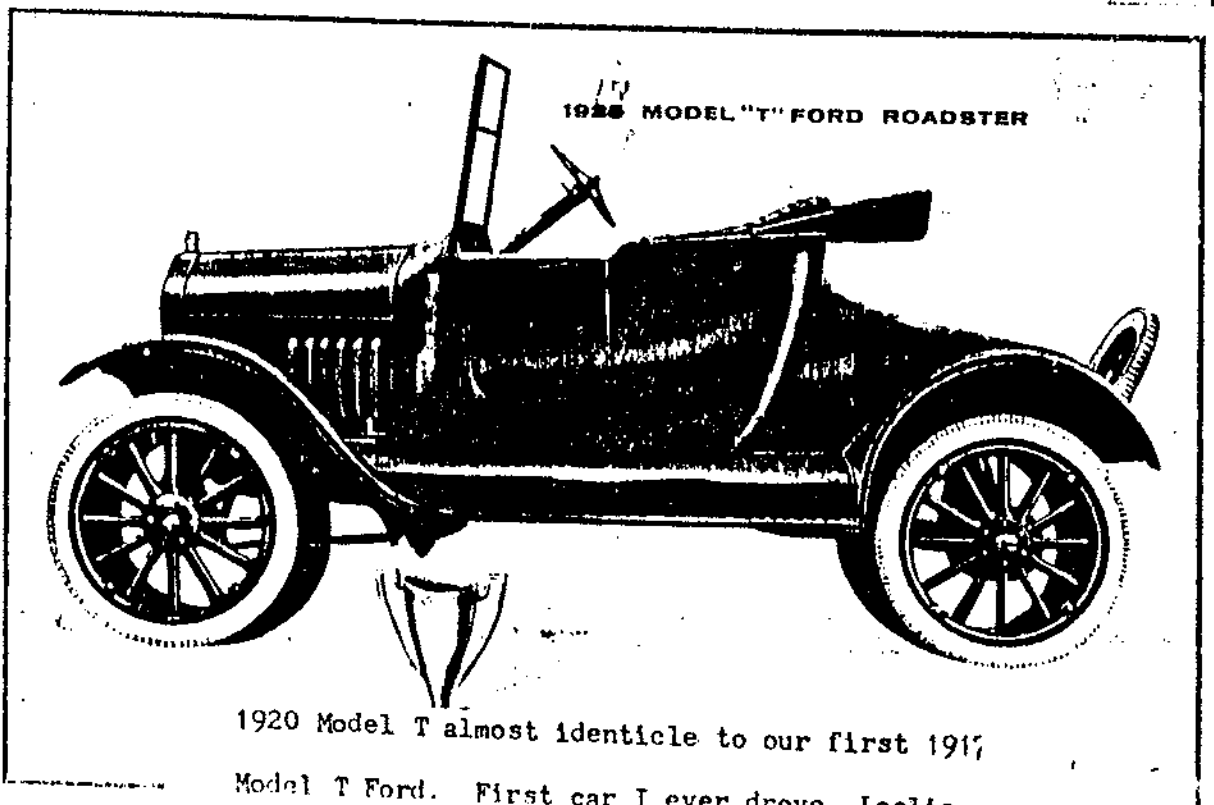
This Paragraph Taken From
"My Life On The Kansas Plains"

Father's relatives and I remember that Father had one of the first autos in Mitchell county. I remember a few times when we rode in it and then it was evidently shipped in the emigrant car that the folks moved their possessions to Logan county in. For many years it sat at my Grandfather's place in Monument where it gradually rusted away or parts were taken from it until it finally disappeared entirely. It was an A.B.C. car and those letters were across the front of the radiator and if it had been kept until today it probably would be worth as much as any present day new car. It was not large and had high wooden wheels with solid rubber tires and I believe a small two cylinder motor. I played around this car and an old Buick that my Grandfather had kept in the same place at Monument many times and can still remember some things about each. The Buick had a horn that was made to work by squeezing a large rubber bulb and that compresses the air and made a noise.

The 1908 ABC. (right, above) was a high-off-the-ground auto with carriage wheels and a single-chain drive. This car was equipped with (or blinded by) one of the first windshields. The shield was made of leather and isin-glass, could be rolled up when not in use, and probably reduced the driver's visibility to almost zero.



My Grandfather; H.F. Tallman driving his new 1910 Buick car. Man with him not known Leslie Linville in back seat riding with his grandmother Mrs. H.F. Tallman. (Ione)



1920 Model T almost identicle to our first 1917 Model T Ford. First car I ever drove. Leslie

Chapter 2

BUILDING

Another project that consumed much of the men's time on our farm was the building of houses, barns and sheds for the protection of livestock. Practically all the walls were built of sod or stone, for this material was readily available. On the uplands sod was used almost exclusively. It was available anywhere a wall was to be built. Labor was the only investment, and the walls were strong and fireproof.

Father only built one small, two room house with sod. It was built to house the families of the men hired to work on the farm and was some distance north of our home.

I was not old enough to work on the building at that time, but I watched and in recent years I did assist when Vernie Kear, a neighbor, was repairing and rebuilding some of the sod buildings at Sod Town just east of Colby.

The pioneers used their sod breaking plows to turn the grass land upside down in long strips. These strips were then cut into two foot lengths to form blocks. Breaking plows undercut a strip 12 inches wide and from 2 to 3 inches deep, according to the thickness desired. There was a sharp blade that stood upright to the undercutting blade. Its purpose was to shear the cut sod away from the uncut grassland. The undercutting blade was attached to a base that elevated the cut sod onto steel rods that pushed the cut strip to one side and also turned it so that the grass side was down.

Then a man with a sharp, flat-blade spade cut the strips into two foot lengths. These were loaded on flat-bottom wagons or in some cases on sleds that were taken to the building site.

A space the size of the building was cleared of all grass. The walls were marked and the doors were marked so that no sod would be laid there. Construction started by placing a row of cut sod blocks crossways on the marked lines for the walls. Since the blocks were each two feet long, that meant the wall would be two feet thick. Two strips of sod were placed side by side lengthwise on the first layer. One was cut into foot-long pieces so that the ends would not be the same length and the crack would not extend straight across the wall. Window and door frames were placed where desired and the sod jugged solidly up against them to hold them in place.

When the walls reached the desired height, the ends were built a little higher so that a ridge pole could be placed lengthwise of the building and thus give a slope to the roof. Boards were placed, sloping up from the side walls to the ridgepole, then covered with tar paper which was covered with sod. These buildings were warm in winter and cool in summer. They dotted the plains during homesteader days and after. Now few are left.

Many of the hills along the valley had outcroppings of stone and shale. The stone ledges made fine building material and had been used for construction from the early trail days. Fort Hays

and Fort Wallace were built of this material, as were many other buildings. Stone from the bluffs was still used long after I grew to manhood. Although I did none of that work as a child, I watched and knew the process. In WPA days, during the 1930's, I did work in the stone quarry to get out rock for the court house addition, a bridge and other WPA projects. This is almost a lost art today, for I was asked recently to identify a certain piece of iron. I was able to identify it as a feather used in quarrying.

Since considerable time was consumed by men working with stone on our farm, I think I should devote a little time to explaining this work, for it was one of the many projects on our farm.

There were three or four bluffs along the river south of our farm that had outcroppings of stone that was usable. There was usually dirt and pieces of rock on top of the layers that had to be cleared away until a ledge was exposed. The first ledge was usually thin and useless. Each ledge was separated by a thin layer of dirt or pulverized material that made it easy to work the ledges. The upper ledges were thin, but the lower ones got thicker as work progressed downward. Some of the lowest ledges were so thick that they could not be cut by the tools we had.

A straight line was drawn on the flat surface of a ledge, then at regular intervals along the line, depending on the thickness of the ledge. Then holes were drilled by using a hand-turned augur with a 3/4 inch bit to penetrate the stone. These holes went through the thickness of the ledge. The rock was soft and easily drilled. When the line of holes was completed, feathers and wedges were inserted into the holes. Feathers were long pieces of iron that had been rounded on the back to fit the curve of the hole and had a bent-over piece at the top to prevent them from going too deep. Each feather was placed so that the flat inner side was parallel with the line of holes. Two feathers were used in each hole, with a wedge between. After these were all in place a man with a sledge began tapping each wedge alternately until they were tight. When a certain point was reached, the ledge would part with what sounded like a grunt. A crack would appear all down the line. These lengths could be broken into blocks by using the same method. The blocks were then saved with a stone saw so that a smooth, flat face was obtained for the wall.

A wall was built or laid in much the same manner as the sod wall, but a cementing material was used between the blocks to hold them in place.

In rare cases in the early days cement was used, but generally this material was made with a mixture of sand and native magnesia. This magnesia was found in beds in the bluffs. When it was mixed with water it made a very sticky mass that when mixed with sand made a good plaster that held for years.

Some of these old rock walls on the old farm are still standing in 1985.

CHAPTER 3:

COUNTRY SCHOOL DAYS

I was visiting with my old country school mate, Blue Hastin, and his wife Velma. They told me that one of our old school teachers had passed away at Leoti. She was Mabel Bowie, and she had taught our country school in 1916, I believe. I was then in the sixth grade and was twelve years old. Blue told me that Mabel Bowie had been born in 1895 so she was only about twenty-one years old when she was our teacher. We were a wild bunch of boys who roamed the country at will during the noon hour. She must have had her hands full and was probably very glad there were only three of us boys--Blue Hastin, Emmett Rickets and myself. Emmett died February 5, 1935, in California.

There were no fences within one half mile of our school. We had hills to hide in and we did. We had no playground equipment, just a homemade ball and a stick for a bat if we wanted to play ball. We played ante-over the school house. In winter, if there was snow on the ground, we could ride a sled down a high hill nearby.

Our school house sat on a bunch of rocks that were the foundation. The wind blew between the rocks and helped air condition the building. There was one place in the rock foundation where we boys could crawl through to get under the building to chase out the rats and skunks. We also retrieved articles which pack rats had carried under there. The school house sat in the middle of a large pasture. Because there was no yard fence, the cattle would often come and rub on the building or lie in the shade on hot days.

I went back to that location a few years ago with a friend who wanted to know where our swings were. Who ever heard of a swing except where there were trees? We certainly had no trees closer than the river which was one-fourth mile west. There was little evidence that a place where kids were supposed to get a little education ever existed on the bare hill top, just a few scattered rocks and old nails.

The school house had been moved into the western edge of the Russell Springs School District Number 17. It took care of the education for the children of the four or five families that lived along the river too far from Russell Springs to attend there. I don't believe there were ever over twelve or fourteen pupils who ever attended that school at one time. The teacher taught all the different grades besides being the janitor. That job included building the fires in the old heating stove in the morning, sweeping and cleaning the school house and being playground supervisor if she felt she could control the fights which sometimes erupted. Yes, those country school teachers earned their \$30.00 to \$40.00 per month. Our school terms were never over eight months long and usually were just seven months. Often, when there was special work at home, we were kept there.

Our school was known as the Smoky Forks Country School because it sat on the hill about one-fourth mile east of the old forks of the Smoky Hill River.

I don't remember of there ever being a school program in the evening. If one was held, it was in the afternoon, but they were

few and far between. Almost all of the students walked from their homes to the school. The distance to our house was a good mile, but others walked further. One winter there were two children who lived on the Tom Logan farm, over two miles southwest of the school.

In those days all school pupils who lived any distance from home walked and carried their dinner, generally in a syrup pail. Who ever heard of a free meal? We never had a hot meal unless the lunch in the pail froze before noon so that the syrup pail had to be set on the heating stove at noon to thaw. You see, after arriving at the school house, the wraps, lunches and drinking water were kept in the entry way, which was a small room at the front of the building, into which no heat was allowed to escape.

There was no water available at the school house so we carried our water in those syrup pails, with each family using the water they carried but drinking from one common cup.

Consolidation did not come into the picture until my last years in high school so I never had a chance to ride a school bus. Anyway, we were attending high school in Winona, but we lived in the Russell Springs District, so we paid our own transportation expenses.

Coal was the fuel used in the large heating stove that sat in the middle of the room. It was hauled from the railroad to the school by some farmer who had the time. It was generally hauled in early fall and shoveled from the wagon to a small shed called the coal shed and it was stored there until needed. It was then carried into the school house in the coal buckets, a bucket at a time. Usually it fell to the older boys to carry a bucket when it was needed. Boys generally did not mind that much, for it gave them an opportunity to get outside and take their time getting back into the room. They might even hide out for a time, playing hooky.

The boys sometimes used a little trick in the school room as a sudden waker-upper. Someone would drop a loaded 22 caliber rifle shell in the coal bucket, and when it landed in the stove along with the coal it would explode with a loud bang. Now, a loaded 22, when confined in a rifle barrel with no place to go except the open end of the barrel, was a dangerous object, but when it was not confined the explosion was scattered in all directions and was not dangerous except in close proximity. It made quite a noise. Practically all the boys carried several in their pockets for they were constantly hunting with their 22 rifles. There were a few old desks lying around outside the room. There were holes through the base of the legs where screws went to hold the desk to the floor. These holes were exactly the right size for a 22 shell to pass through, except for the rim of the shell. When 22 shells were placed in these holes and a thrown rock hit the base, it would cause an explosion that again was noisy and which caused some excitement. Of course, the teacher was always trying to find who caused the noise, but it was hard to detect the person.

I graduated from the eighth grade in the spring of 1919 but had to go to McAlester to take my eighth grade examinations since they were held in various schools around the county. Eighth grade graduation exercises were held in the Township Hall in Russell

Springs for all the kids from the country schools in Logan county. I rode my horse to Russell Springs to attend graduation and returned home about midnight.

I was fourteen years old when I graduated from grade school. Since moving to the farm in 1911 I had never been farther from home than to Oakley, which was about fifty miles to the northeast. I was fairly well acquainted with western Logan County, for at various times we had visited different places, but not east of Russell Springs. I had gone with my father to Sharon Springs once or twice so I had passed through Wallace. It was not until later years that I knew where the Ft. Wallace Cemetery was located.

Model T cars were just entering the picture and they were not too reliable. About the only roads we had were old wagon trails that crossed the prairie at will. People just did not get around then as they do today.

My parents wanted me to attend high school, but as I remember it I was indifferent. We lived in the Russell Springs school district and it was about seven miles to the school there while it was ten miles to the school in Winona. Winona was our main trading center, for it was on the Union Pacific Railroad and it was a little larger than Russell Springs.

There was a problem with where I was to stay in Winona while going to school, but this was solved temporarily when the Russell Springs school board hired a recent high school graduate from Winona to teach our country school. She had been living with an aunt and uncle in Winona. He was section foreman on the west Union Pacific section and they lived in the west section house.

My parents made a deal that the girl would stay at our place and I at the section house during the school days and each would go home over the weekends. That arrangement did not last long. Evidently I did not like it there and stayed at the John Postal home until in the early Spring. Postals were old friends of my parents and grandparents.

In the early spring I started driving my dad's Model T car back and forth to school. It was what was then called a Roadster, now known as a pickup except that it was not enclosed. It had a folding buggy top cover over the seat that fastened to the top of the windshield with hooks. The windshield stood straight up and down and was hinged in the middle crosswise so that only the bottom half could be used if required. The side curtains could be buttoned on if needed, but there was always plenty of air space left between these various connections.

There were no such things as heaters or anti-freeze. We covered the radiator with a blanket to keep it from freezing in severe weather and we always drained out the water when we got to school if it was cold enough to freeze.

The tires were 30 inch by 3. inches and were mounted on the wheel on what were called clincher rims. They had to be taken off the wheel with a tire iron. If we had a flat we sometimes just pulled the tire and tube off and drove on the rim.

The motor had to be cranked by hand with a crank that hung out the front of the machine. The motor sometimes backfired and many an arm was broken when that happened. It took much cranking to get the motor started.

These were but a few of the problems that we faced as we

drove to high school. I could fill pages of accounts of happenings as I drove the rest of my high school days until the spring of 1923 when I finally made it through high school.

I was probably as green as any country school kid who ever started to a town school. There were only two or three out of that great big crowd of possibly thirty other students in the entire high school for whom I even knew the names. Most were from Winona or the country from north or east of Winona.

There were only three houses between our farm and Winona. One stood about half way, and it was vacant most of the time. The other two were closer to town. Therefore it is easy to see why I was not acquainted with the other pupils. We never attended many programs or meetings in town for it took at least an hour and a half to drive a team to town. That left little time for such activities. With the advent of the Model T we could make it in twenty-five to thirty minutes if we had no flat tires or other trouble.

Raymond Stover lived six miles north of Winona. Margaret Stone and Hazel Marsteller lived southeast of town, and Edna Elmborg lived in Winona. They, and myself, made up the freshman class along with one or two others who lived in town, but I cannot remember their names. Hazel and Edna dropped out in a year or two and we were joined about our junior year by Patsy Archer. There were four of us who completed the four year course in the spring of 1923.

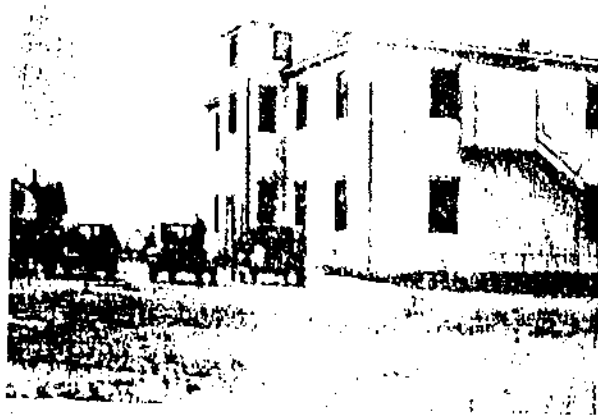
During those four years we had five different instructors. Professor Lester Brevster was superintendent. Mr. Earle Greene was principal, and his wife taught Latin and English, I believe. The last year I attended, Mr. Greene and his wife did not return, and Leo Watson took Mr. Greene's place. I had no classes under the lady teacher who took Mrs. Greene's place.

When I started to high school I had never seen a basketball game nor even seen a basketball, so I had some experiences getting into the game. There were no auditoriums to play in then. Two header beams with back boards, with baskets fastened to them, were erected out doors for the playing field. If the wind blew, we tried to adjust to that. If it was cold, we ran hard enough to keep the circulation up and tried to keep warm. Even then our hands got cold and we fumbled the ball frequently. Yes, playing was fun. There were not enough of us to have a football or regular baseball team so that was out. We did play games with Oakley, Monument, Russell Springs and Weskan occasionally, but as for going any distance from home, that was out.

Going to high school was fun. I learned a lot, especially about associating with others. But when I left the school room in the spring of 1923 I never again attended school.

I might mention here that the building in which we attended school in Winona was a two storey frame building built over a basement in which all classes were held, from first grade through high school. The basement was divided into three rooms. The west half was a large classroom. The east half was divided into two rooms--one part for the domestic arts class and the other was the furnace room in which the coal burning furnace was housed alongside a small room or bin in which the coal was kept for easy access by the janitor.

The ground floor accommodated all grade school classes on each side of a large stairway. The top floor was one large room with the stairwell in the middle and a small stage on the east side. This large room could be divided into two rooms by a hinged folding wood partition. It was in these rooms and the basement rooms that the high school classes were held. The pupils passed back and forth and up and down those stairs between each class. It became quite noisy when they used the stairs for they were wooden and made considerable noise when several students traveled at the same time.



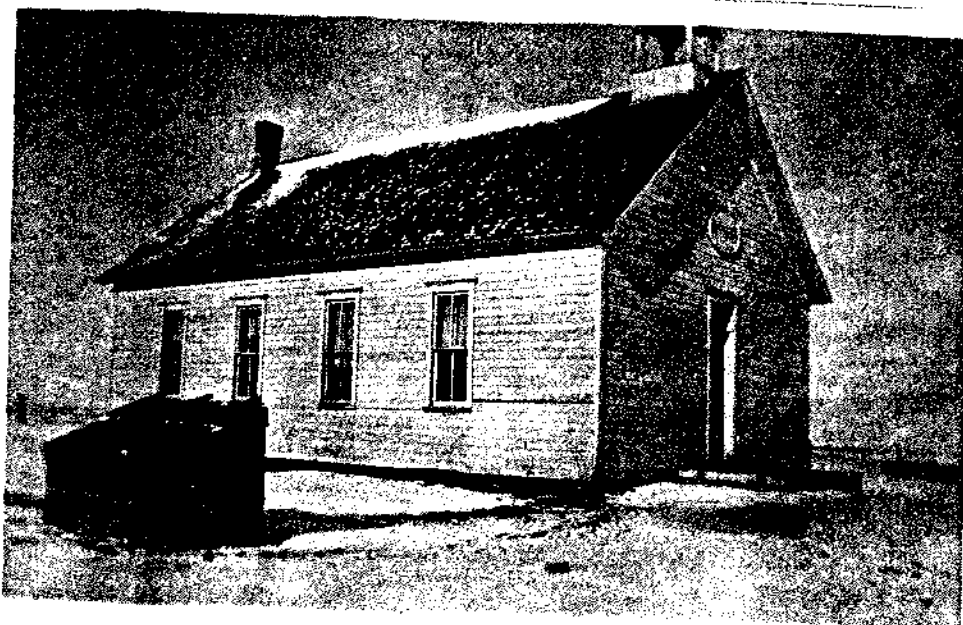
Winona School about 1921



Winona High School Freshman Class 1919, Edna Elmborg, Hazel Marstellar, Margaret Stone, Leslie Linville Raymond Stover.



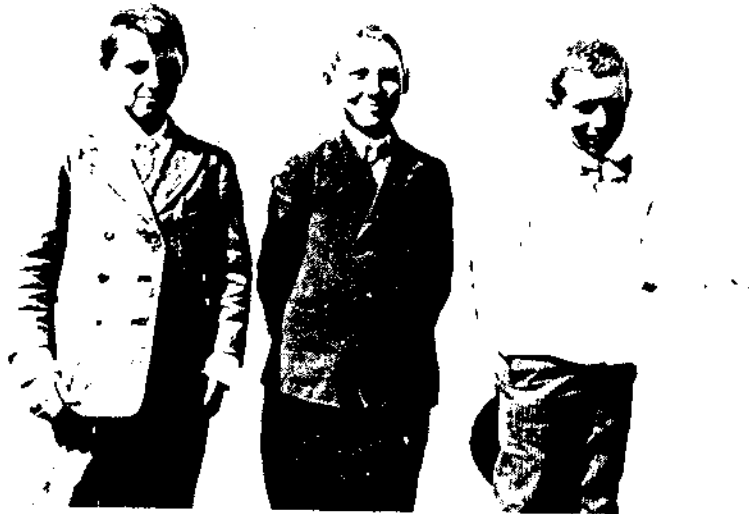
SENIOR CLASS OF 1923 WYONA HIGH SCHOOL ON SNEAK DAY MAY 1923.
FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, RAYMOND STOVER, PANSY ARCHER, MARGARET
STONE, LECIE LINVILLE. RAYMOND DIED AUG. 1, 1983. THE GIRLS
LIVE IN CALIFORNIA.



LONE TREE SCHOOLHOUSE
SIMILAR TO SMOKY FORKS
COUNTRY SCHOOL



Smoky Forks Country School, Logan Co. Kans. about 1916
Front row: Margaret Linville, Gladys Nolind, Doris Linville
Evelyn Mastin, Charlie Jones, Iva Mastin, Back row teacher
Elma Youtz, Clarence Mastin, Blanche Risketts, Mabel
Ricketts, Opal Jones, Jewrl Jones, Emmett Ricketts,
Hazel Mastin, Leslie Linville,



Clarence (Blue) Mastin, Emmett Ricketts, Leslie Linville. The three "wild" boys that attended Smoky Forks Country School 1911-1918



The same three 60 odd years later. Emmett died Feb. 5, 1985 in Calif.

Chapter 4

THE D. M. WILLIAMS FAMILY

How many of us who are living today, who were born on their parents' homestead years ago, can go back to the exact site of their birth and find it almost as it was those many years ago? That experience happened to Mrs. Leslie Linville a few years back. Here is her story.

In the early 1900's there were two brothers living in Marshall County, Kansas. They decided to GO WEST. They located homestead sites in Logan County, Kansas, and sent their possessions to Winona by train. It was the nearest village to their location. These brothers were Delsy and Archie Williams. Delsy was married and they had a small son who had been born in 1903. They made the move to Logan County in the year of 1905.

The brothers filed on homesteads on the west half of section 4-13-36. Most of the homestead land had then been claimed and this half section had a deep draw running from west to east across the middle of the section. They divided the land into two strips, each a fourth mile wide and one mile long. South of the draw was good, level land which they broke out for a field, using the old single blade breaking plow, drawn by two horses and guided by one man.

Delsy took the east strip and on the hilltop near the field he constructed a dugout to live in until better accommodations could be built. Archie constructed his dugout in the draw further west, since each had to live on his homestead for five years to make it legal. The north part of the land was left in native grass pasture and has remained so to this day.

Delsy's dugout overlooked a view to the east toward the Smoky Hill River, almost a mile away. In all other directions was bare pasture land with no residences in sight. There were no fences or homesteads within a mile, nor were there any means of communication except by personal contact. All the water they used had to be hauled in barrels set on a sled and hauled from a dug well in the bottom of the draw.

Two dugouts were constructed in the top of this hillside, one for the family to live in and one for the protection of livestock. In the dugout that housed the family, in March of 1906, a baby girl was born to Delsy and Dona Williams. She was named Bertha Aleen. Sometime later, a sod house was constructed on the south side of the draw, and the family moved into it. The old dugout was allowed to revert back to almost its original native condition.

In the year of 1910, the family moved to a large ranch, three miles north of the homestead. There, Delsy worked as foreman for the ranch. This ranch was owned by Reverend M. B. Williams, no relation to Delsy Williams. M. B. Williams was quite a noted evangelist, having been associated with the noted Billy Sunday. He was from the east and knew nothing about farming or ranching. He lived in a fine, large house while the Delsy Williams family lived in a small four room house. A large barn was built. There were other improvements, making this a prominent ranch in those early days. It was built in the valley of the

North Smoky Hill River and not far from the stream.

Rev. Williams had studied law and medicine. He had hunted wild game in Africa. In the large house he kept his books and also trophies of his hunting expeditions. In later years he was elected State Representative from Logan County. Nothing now remains of those fine ranch buildings.

During the summer of 1911, all the alfalfa hay that had been raised in the fields along the valley was sold and nothing was left to feed the cattle during the winter storms. The winter of 1911-12 was a very severe winter, with great drifts of snow. It was almost impossible to get around except by snow boats. These were flat-bottomed sleds, pulled by teams. Rev. Williams was enjoying the sunshine in Florida and his cattle were starving in western Kansas. Delsy wired him to ask what to do with the cattle. He wired back, telling Delsy to plow the snow off the grass so the cattle could get to the grass. Needless to say, the cattle drifted around the buildings and starved and froze to death by the score. The ranch was sold in 1912 to a man from Chicago. Delsy continued to live on the ranch until 1917.

In the spring of 1917, the Delsy Williams family moved back to the homestead where a small, frame house was built near the north end of the land. This site was chosen because it was closest to the Lone Tree School which was one mile north and almost a mile west of the home. It was out in the middle of large pasture lands.

The family lived in this house until the older children were in high school, when they moved to Winona. Soon after this, or about 1923, all the buildings were moved away from the homestead and everything reverted to pasture. If one did not know the locations of these two different sites it would be hard to locate either.

Bertha was married in 1927 to Leslie Linville, and while they always lived within 50 miles of the original homestead they never found occasion to visit the site until late years. It is still in pasture and rather inaccessible.

The original dugout site is the only indication that there had been a home there. There is a shallow depression in the ground to indicate where it was. With the aid of a metal detector, a few scraps of metal were located about one foot underground. An iron wheel that served as balance and a hand crank for the old single hole, hand-cranked corn sheller were found. Also found was an old iron teakettle that had a piece broken out of it.

Around the site of the later frame house other articles were found, including a perfect radiator cap for the old Model T Ford car which they had purchased in 1917. It had probably been lost over 50 years before. Also found was the beam of the original breaking plow.

This is the way many of the early homestead sites in western Kansas have disappeared, but most have gone by way of the plow which has completely eliminated all trace of the original homesteads. Many of the modern building sites are on the original locations but nothing remains to show where the dugout or sod house was located.



Delsy and Dona Williams
Bertha's Parents



Sam And Sarah Williams
Bertha's Grandparents



The Williams Family on the ranch.



The Williams children in the Smoky.



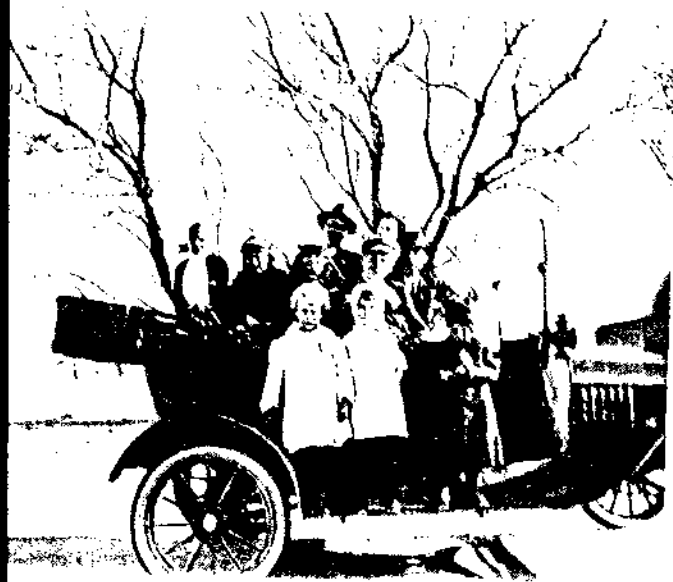
BERTHA AILEEN WILLIAMS



MORRISON EDWARD WILLIAMS



MARY LOUISE WILLIAMS.



WILLIAMS 1917 FORD WITH
FAMILY AND FRIENDS

CHAPTER

LOGAN COUNTY CATTLE TO PERU, SOUTH AMERICA IN 1926

Years come and go and few of the present generation realize how much living conditions, transportation methods, time elements of travel, costs and other conditions have changed during the past sixty years. The present generation of young people, those under 50, many of whom are traveling all over the world, are receiving and paying high prices for everything, never stopping to think of how great an experience it was for a young man to travel with a shipload of cattle from Logan County in western Kansas, U.S.A., across the Gulf of Mexico, then down through the almost new Panama Canal and along the west coast of South America and across the equator sixty years ago.

Part of these cattle originated right here in Logan County. Since I was the man who got to go with them and kept quite a complete diary of the trip from start to finish, I will try to give details, including travel time, expenses and interesting side-lights of this trip that I made in 1926.

The summer of 1926 was one of those summers when little rain fell, pastures were short and there was little feed in prospect to take the cattle through the winter. To add to the cattlemen's troubles, the preceding years of the early 1920's were bad. Many cattlemen were forced out of business due to the disastrous prices following the slump that came after World War I.

Father was away from home for a few days when a cattle buyer came to our place wanting to purchase some registered cattle for shipment to South America. He was a representative of the Cerro-de-Pasco Copper Company, with headquarters in New York City. This company owned thousands of acres of good pasture land in the Andes Mountains of Peru, at the very headwaters of the Amazon River. They were buying registered Herefords, Angus and Brown Swiss cattle and as many bulls as possible to breed up the native South American cattle on their ranch. Their principal business was copper mining, but with the large acreage in their control they were also trying to improve conditions.

Eventually this man assembled a herd of 614 cattle that came from Le Veta and Meeker Colorado, Bozeman Montana, and our load from Winona.

I knew what we had to sell and I drove this man around the county in my Model T car to see some of the other farmers who had purchased bulls from us. During these short trips we visited and he finally asked me if I would like to go with the cattle when they were shipped out. An attendant was supposed to go on the same train to see that the cattle were cared for and transportation would be provided by the railroad company at no expense.

Never having been far from home I was eager to go although the man could make no promises as to how far I could go or where the final rail destination would be in the U.S. He said there was a possibility I could go on the ship that would deliver the cattle to Peru, but that would depend on the steam ship company. They might have their own crew to take care of the cattle while on the ship. If possible, and if I wanted to go, he would try to arrange

that I go all the way. He was able to do this.

Sixty years ago, one did not just phone some trucker to come get your cattle and have him deliver them to their final destination. The only means of moving them from the farm to the railroad loading yards was to drive them. This was the way I started that trip of over 12,000 miles.

Most of the land between our farm and Winona was then in native buffalo grass and we had only rutted trails for roads. So, we planned to start the cattle from home at noon. It would take approximately three hours to drive them to Winona. We did not want to tire them before they were to be loaded that evening for shipment to Kansas City the first stop. I rode my saddle horse on this first leg of the trip. Before it ended, I had traveled by caboose and passenger cars on the train, trolley, taxi, steam ship, automobile, had a short ride on a hand-pumped section hand's vehicle and even rode behind a one horse carriage in Panama.

The cattle were rested in the railroad pens at Winona until the train arrived and then loaded into a cattle box car. We left Winona at 9 P.M. on September 27, 1926. The cattle could not be hauled on the cars for over 24 hours between stops for rest, feed and water. So when we arrived in Junction City about 4:30 P.M. the next day we had to unload them and rest them until 10 P.M. Then another train took us on into Kansas City where we arrived at 4:30 A.M.

The cattle were unloaded again in the Kansas City Stockyards. As I had never been there before I spent the day looking over the yards and hunting up a representative of the steam ship company that was to take the cattle beyond the railroad terminal. I did not know the final destination in the states, for no one knew where the steam ship would dock to take on the cattle. Here I found that we were to load out of Galveston, Texas, and I was given shipping instructions and papers to cover the trip from Kansas City to Houston.

I was completely worn out by evening and as soon as I could find which train I was to be on going south, I hunted up the caboose and laid down on the long seat on one side of the car and immediately fell asleep. I was suddenly jerked to my feet and almost carried out the rear door by another cattleman who thought that an approaching locomotive was going to crash into our car. Just as the engine got almost to our car it swerved to one side on a switch track. The cattleman had not seen this switch.

We left Kansas City at 10 P.M. on September 29 and arrived in Ft. Worth, Texas, on October 2. That meant that I had been on the road for five days, during which time I had slept only on a narrow seat along side the caboose of various trains, with little chance to clean up. All that I had to eat was when I could grab a sandwich at some stop and my total expenses had been very small. I was to receive a salary of \$4.00 per day as long as I helped take care of the cattle and this also applied during the time we were on the ship.

The cattle were unloaded in the stockyards at Ft. Worth and we waited until a special train came in from Denver with the rest of the cattle that were to go south. They arrived, were fed and rested. I met the other men who were to be my companions for the rest of the trip. But as yet we did not know if we were to go on

the ship. Two of these boys were from Bozeman Montana, one was from Le Veta Colorado and an older man was from Hecker Colorado. The man who had purchased the cattle was also on that train. He too continued on the trip and stayed in Peru when we left.

We had a special train from Ft. Worth to Houston consisting of 14 cattle cars. We made the 300 mile trip in 13 hours, arriving there at 2 A.M. on October 5. In Houston we found that the stock yards were not large enough to hold the entire herd. Some of the cars were sent to a small switch station just outside the city that had some yards. I went with that bunch and the station was called Englewood. Again, there was no place to sleep or eat so our accommodations were where we made them.

The yards were built of lumber about five feet high and we three boys who were with these cattle were all from the north and had never seen a Brahma before. One pen held several head of steers and we rushed up to the fence to see them and immediately stampeded them. They sailed over that five foot fence without a bit of trouble but found themselves in another pen so it did no damage. We laughed about it later but felt foolish at the time.

On October 8 we reloaded the cattle and left for Galveston, where the ship had berthed at the pier. When we arrived we immediately started unloading from the cars and drove the cattle up ramps onto the ship deck. From there we drove them down other ramps into the very bottom of the ship. I believe there were four decks where pens had been built and each deck was filled as the cattle were driven in. The pens varied in size according to available space, and they held from four to 18 head each. Each animal was vaccinated as it passed down the ramp. The ship's name was the Genevieve Lykes, and it was the first ship I had ever seen. It looked huge to me. Here we found that we could accompany the cattle to Peru.

We finished loading the ship by 4:30 P.M. and by 6 P.M. the ship left the pier. We were soon out of the harbor and on the Gulf of Mexico. We were all worn out from our travels and labor and soon found our bunk beds midship.

Upon arising the next morning, we ate breakfast and then started tending the cattle. A small herd of hogs had also been loaded and they were on the upper deck in the very prow of the ship and some of us boys went up there to tend them. By that time we were on the open water and the ship was hitting big waves and pitching up and down. We had not noticed this motion amid ship, but here it was rather violent. We felt like we were on a cork, bobbing up and down and very soon we were violently sea sick. We somehow finished our work and went back to the others who wanted to know what was the matter. We sent them up there and in a short time they returned, just as sick as we had been. The crew of that ship was really enjoying our discomfort and razzed us unmercifully. We had to tend the cattle regardless and we spent three very uncomfortable days while we were crossing the Gulf of Mexico. Then we became accustomed to the motion and got our SEA LEGS.

Before the cattle had been loaded feed and water had been loaded on the ship. Feed consisted of baled prairie hay, cottonseed hulls, meal and a small amount of corn chop which was all mixed together. The meal and grain mixture was placed in the

long troughs that were fastened to the sides of each pen. These troughs also served as water troughs. We filled them from hoses attached to the supply tanks. We were sailing on the water, but fresh water had to be taken in tanks for the livestock. The baled hay had been stacked in every available empty space all over the ship. When it was fed it was simply tossed into each pen and the cattle ate what they could before it was tramped into the accumulating mess underfoot. Of course, as the ship pitched and rolled, the water in those troughs spilled out and soon there was a real mess underfoot.

On our voyage across the Gulf, we found that the ship's crew was of a very mixed nationality. The captain was a German. The mates were American, but the rest of the crew were mostly from south of the border: Mexicans, Columbians and other Central and South American nationalities. We had trouble understanding the lingo at first. They were a tough, devil-may-care bunch. They were not familiar with taking care of cattle so most of that work fell to we five. On the other hand, we did not try to sail the ship, but we did do all the exploring possible. We had full range of the ship.

After leaving Galveston we sailed in a southeast course until we passed close to the coast of the Yucatan Peninsula, along the coast of Nicaragua and Costa Rica and several small islands.

We entered the harbor of Colon Panama, at 12 P.M. October 15, after being seven days in crossing the Gulf. There were other ships in the harbor ahead of us also waiting to go through the canal. Since no ships were then allowed to go through during the night it was 9:30 A.M. before we were allowed to enter.

The Panama Canal was only about ten years old then and a lot of construction work was still going on. We boys were on deck every chance we had to watch proceedings and the scenery. Going through the locks was a great experience, for the ship was raised 48 feet from the Gulf side of Panama to the Pacific side. This was accomplished as the ship was towed into the different locks. The gates closed behind it and then the tank or lock filled with water, thus raising the ship several feet. There were several of these locks and as each one was filled, the gate ahead of the ship was opened and the ship was towed into the next lock.

It was 48 miles across the isthmus and we were not allowed to leave the ship, but we saw tropical birds, alligators, snakes and monkeys. There was heavy tropical forest and vegetation. Many natives came aboard, trying to sell curios, tropical fruit and other items. We paid \$1.00 each and bought a full bunch of bananas which we ate.

The Pacific Ocean was quite rough and we were sea sick again. We sailed along the coast of Columbia on October 18, and along the coast of Ecuador, and crossed the equator on October 19. Here we could begin to see the high Andes Mountains. I had never seen the Rocky Mountains, only 250 miles from home, so I can always say that I saw the Andes Mountains first.

October 20 and 21 we sailed along the coast of Peru and we arrived in Callao harbor at 12 P.M., October 22.

This harbor is the main Peruvian harbor and Callao is only a few miles from Lima, the capital of Peru. The arrival of the

cattle in Peru was a great event in that country. The president of Peru and his cabinet came out to the ship and welcomed us to Peru. Imagine our president going to see a load of cattle arriving.

The cattle were unloaded and again loaded into cattle cars on a narrow gauge railroad to be transported over the Andes Mountains to the very headwaters of the Amazon River, which was to be their future home. That was the last we saw of the cattle. Several years later, I saw a picture of the Brown Swiss cattle in a breed magazine, showing them in their pasture, and I was able to recognize some of our herd.

We had lost 14 head of cattle on the voyage. As each one died, it was hoisted up and dropped overboard for the sharks to finish.

We were paid for our time and allowed to take a trolley into Lima for a few hours. If we had had our papers in order and had wanted to continue across the mountains and stay for at least three years, we could have, but none of us elected to do that. In order to return to the U.S.A., we had to stay on that ship or pay transportation otherwise. We all kept to our regular berths but had to work helping clean the ship of the terrible mess made by the cattle.

Orders were received by the captain to proceed down the west coast of South America to Chile to return a load of nitrate and copper to a harbor in the U.S. So we were put to work as soon as we left Callao harbor cleaning the ship.

There was a lot of baled hay that had not been fed and this was simply tossed over board. One day we could look back as far as we could see and mark our course by the bobbing hay bales. All cleanings were also tossed overboard. Water pollution? Yes!

We left Callao harbor in the evening of October 23 and sailed on down the coast to Iquique, Chile. We arrived at 8 A.M., October 27 and were there until 6 P.M., October 30, 6,000 miles from home.

During those days in Iquique the ship was loaded with nitrate and copper. We had no work to do so we watched the loading and made a few trips into Iquique. It was a small dirty city and we spent little time ashore.

The cargo loaded in Iquique Chile, was nitrate taken from the Chilean mountains. It was in sacks that contained 220 pounds each. The dock workers were not large men but when they tossed one of those sacks on their shoulder and walked to where it was to be stacked it looked like it was easy. Not for me.

Also there was considerable copper loaded. Several tons I am sure. It came in bars or cakes of 100 pounds each and could be stacked easily. When I think of that copper today and the present price of copper I sure wish I had collected a few of those bars.

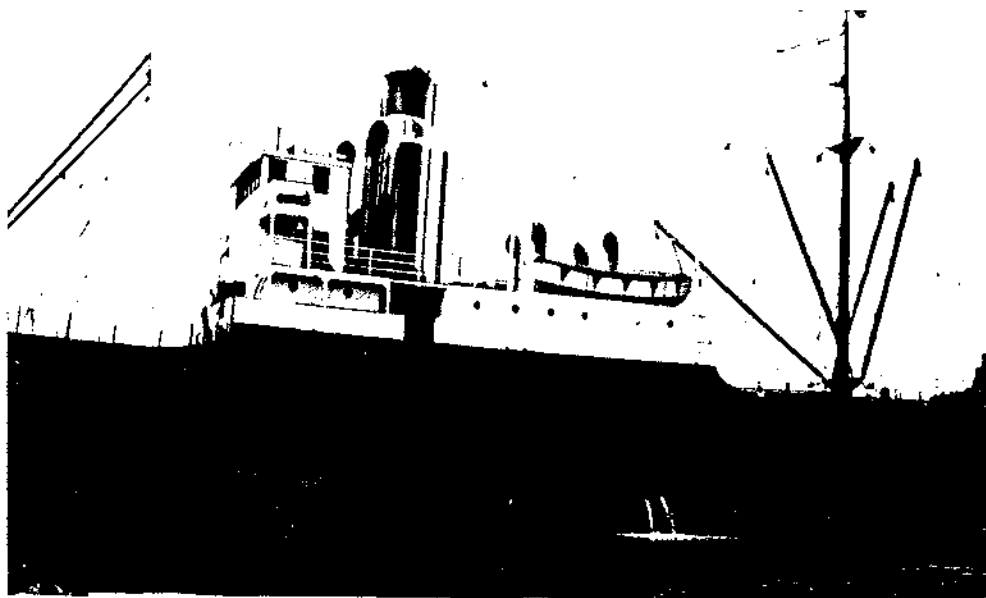
On leaving Iquique we sailed in a northwest course to Panama harbor where we arrived at 6 A.M., November 8. Here we boys were allowed to leave the ship and take a train across the isthmus. Thus we gained enough time on the ship that we could spend some time and money in Colon but we had to catch the ship before it left the harbor.

We arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi River at 5 A.M., November 17, and were there until late afternoon going the 90

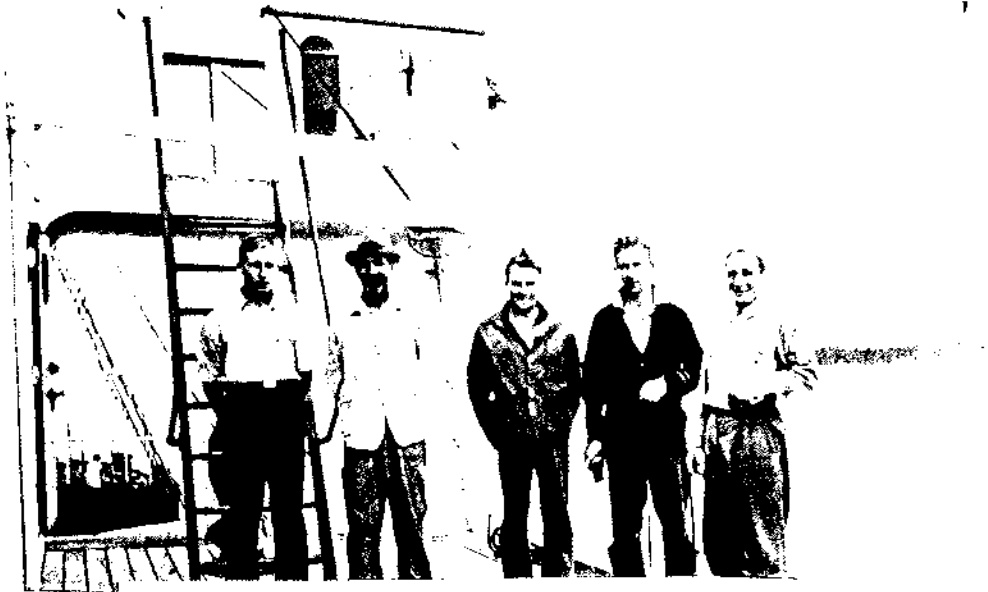
miles up the Mississippi delta to New Orleans. Here we stayed a couple of days before taking trains to our various homes. I arrived home November 25, after visiting my grandparents in southwest Missouri, so I was gone two months on this trip.

I had left home with \$25.00 in my pocket and spent a total of \$157.00 for the entire 12,500 mile trip, about half of which was paid me for wages. The balance I wired my bank back in the states. The money was spent for souvenirs in Peru, Chile, Panama and New Orleans, hotel room and eats for two days in New Orleans and railroad fare from New Orleans back to Winona.

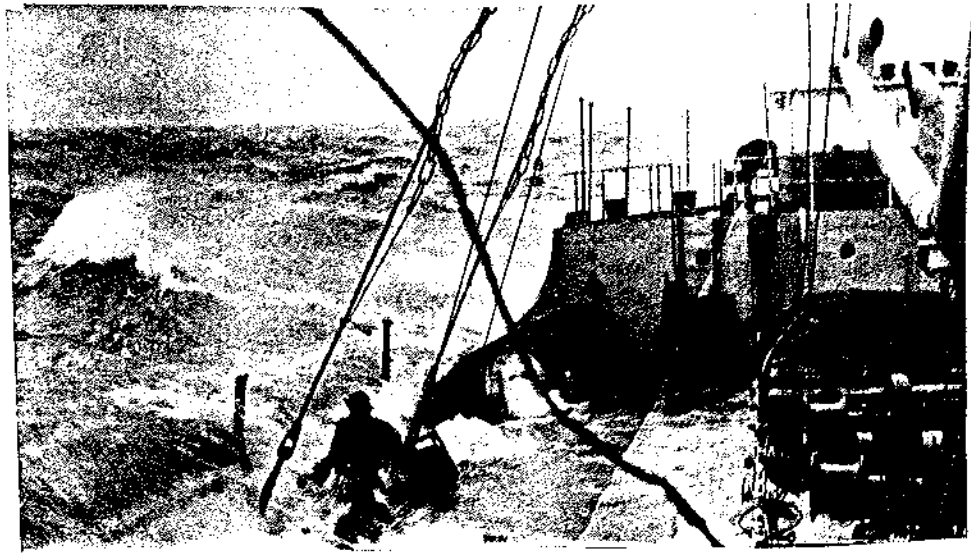
A few years ago I got curious about what had happened to the rest of those who were on that trip. I knew Charley Anderson of Meeker Colorado, must be gone, for he was several years older than the rest of us. I addressed a letter to Bill Bohart of Bozeman, Montana, and wrote a note on it to the postmaster, asking him to deliver the letter to any of Charley's relatives if he was not there. I received a reply from a sister who gave me his address in Kerrville, Texas, where he had lived for several years. He said his cousin Paul Bohart, had passed away a few years previously. I also sent a letter to Walter Campbell of Le Veta Colorado, and he wrote me in return. It was interesting to hear from these old sailors after more than sixty years. Maybe we will meet again.



Steamship "Genevieve Lykes" tied up at the Pier in Galveston Harbor, ready to load cattle, Oct.9, 1926



Cowboys Sailing The Ocean Blue
Leslie Linville, Charlie Anderson
Paul Bohart, Bill Bohart, Walter Campbell



Waves Over The Top Deck



One of The Locks In The Panama Canal.



President of Peru and His Cabinet
Welcoming The Cattle To Peru

Early Married Life

I have previously mentioned meeting the Delsy Williams family in the summer of 1916. At that time they lived on their homestead $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles northwest of us but they had just moved back to the homestead after having lived on the M. B. Williams ranch a little farther up the river. They had settled on the homestead in 1906 and it was there, in a dugout, that the older girl, Bertha, was born. Morrison, the oldest boy, had been born in Marshall county, Kansas before the family came to the homestead. After proving up on the homestead, Mr. Williams (Delsy) had accepted a job as foreman on the M. B. Williams ranch and they lived there from 1911 to 1917. M. B. Williams was no relation of theirs but he and the Heafield families owned the ranch until about 1917 when it was purchased by Bob Armstrong. (I will tell more of this ranch later for it was one of the famous ranches of the Smoky.)

The Williams and Linville families became great friends and Morrison and I spent much time together hunting, fishing, and so forth, up until the time he started to high school at Wihona. I was a year ahead of him in school and he and Bertha were in the same class. Morrison and I played on the same school teams and were real good friends.

Morrison and Bertha graduated from high school in the spring of 1924 and sometime that fall I started dating Bertha. The first actual date that I had with Bertha and the second one that I ever had with any girl, was one Sunday evening when she and I came to Colby to attend the dedication program for the new Methodist Church.

Little did we then realize that within 15 years we would become members of that church and would remain members and attend for at least another 29 years

and probably for the rest of our lives. We have seen many changes in the church in that time and we sometimes wonder how many of those attending those dedication exercises are still members.

Bertha has given much more time and energy to the church than I. In April of 1965 Bertha and Viola Emel, another schoolmate of those high school days in Winona so many years ago, were chosen as the Methodist women of the year and I am sure they both deserved the honor.



Mrs. Leslie Linville. Mrs. Ray Emel.

She taught school the 1924 term at Orange Lawn, a school southeast of Winona, and somehow I made many trips to that area and became acquainted with the people there. (In 1930 we moved to the Stone place one mile east of this school and lived there till 1938.)

The next two terms she taught in the Pleasant Valley school which was about five miles southwest of our place and again I did a lot of going to that neighborhood. In the winter of 1926 we decided to get married as soon as her school was out in the spring. My family was going to move to Missouri and try it there but I rented the old farm and we began our married life there.

It was a windy Sunday, April 17, 1927, when we were married by Rev. Husted, our Methodist minister in Winona. Money was scarce and it was almost unheard of to take a wedding trip, so we just moved to the farm and began our long, happy life together.

Our oldest son, Richard, was born January 29, 1928, and Walter, the second boy was born on August 5, 1929, while we still lived on that place.

I had some cattle and horses and our crops were fair that first year but I had an experience that fall that I shall relate for it shows the kind of people who sometimes lived there and I came as near killing that man as any I ever knew and he was the only one I ever pulled a gun on.

Bertha and I had been to her folks near Winona one Sunday and when we returned home, her youngest sister, Esther came with us. When we came to the field northeast of home there was a large herd of cattle that had eaten clear through a mile of crops of mine. They belonged to a neighbor who lived on the Morley place down the river from us. He never pretended to take care of them and just let them run where they pleased. This made me so mad I drove them home and shut them in my corral. When his boys came after them I would not let them have them, but told them to have their father come as I wanted damages.

They went home but were soon back. They said their father was not home, but they needed the cattle so they could get milk for the babies. I was about to let them have them when we saw car lights coming up the river and we waited. Well, it was the boys' father. He was a huge German and about as strong as anyone I ever knew. He got out of the car and began yelling and cursing me and threatening to beat me to death. He kept walking toward me, and I kept backing away from him, but he hauled off to hit me. If his blow had connected I would be in orbit yet, but somehow I managed to sidestep him. I had a bucket of milk in my left hand and my milk stool in my right and when he hit at me I came up with that milk stool and hit him along side of his

head. He went down as though he was shot but I was badly scared and was sure that if he ever did get his hands on me he would kill me. I ran to the house to get my double-barreled shotgun and went back to the corral. He had come to by then and the blow evidently sobered him up, for he paid me the \$10.00 damages I asked and took the cattle and went home. I have always wished that I had poured that bucket of milk on him while he was down, but the next summer he got his \$10.00 back. I had a sow get away and I could not find her. I finally went to his place and he and Vern Mastin were there and he told me he had my sow shut up in his barn and I could have her when I gave him back his \$10.00. This I did, but had to load the sow by myself as he would not help. He was a constant aggravation to me as long as he lived there.

I sold all my crops, hay in the stack, and feed in shock and stack and the corn standing in the field, to J. Paul Jones, that fall. He put six hundred head of cattle down there to eat the corn in the field and the other crops on the farm. Some of the alfalfa hay was baled and hauled to his feedyard just west of Winona. The hay we baled with a horse-powered hay baler. I helped on it and took care of the cattle until they had everything eaten up except what I needed for my own livestock. It was a very cold windy day when Carl Miller and I rounded up and drove those 600 head of cattle to Winona.

When our second baby was due, I took Bertha to Hays to the hospital. Her sister Mary was a nurse there and I believe Bertha was there for two weeks, at least. I went down to get her when she was ready to come home, and as that was quite a trip then, I stayed overnight each time I went down. Her father took care of the chores for me when I took her down but when I went after her a bachelor neighbor offered to do them. He had a big negro staying with him and while they were in the corral, my Registered Brown Swiss bull took a violent dislike to the negro. (I did not know this until later but he chased that negro into the barn. Mr. Calhoun was the neighbor.)

(See Chapter on Red Letter Days)

After my experience with the bull Dr. Butler took me to the Hays Hospital. I was only in the

hospital a little over 30 days. When I was released I took a taxi to the depot and a train to Oakley by myself. I never did use a crutch. My recovery was a miracle and I know that I had plenty of good help.

Bertha and her father had moved our stuff to her folks' place and we lived there that winter. It was during the first part of this time that the Tom Ukele family took my livestock and took care of them until I was able to tend them.

The next spring, or the spring of 1930, we moved into an old house in Winona and I worked wherever I could find anything to do. Again I worked for Tom Bishop in the harvest field. Maxine was born July 19, 1930 in that old house. We now had three children, no farm and no permanent job, but I still had a few cattle.

Ray Herschberger approached me one day on the possibility of planting a quarter section of Black Amber cane on some land they had up on the ridge south of the Smoky, near their old home place. I had a tractor and machinery but no land. I did the work and he furnished the seed and other expenses and we raised a whole of a cane crop. Black Amber cane seed was used in dye manufacturing then and there had been a good market for it previously but that year everyone had black amber and when we harvested we could hardly get rid of it. I hauled many loads to McAllister elevator in a four wheel trailer made from the running gears of an old Model T with a wagon box mounted on it and pulled by a car. When I went down that long hill into the Smoky Hill Valley, I could really get up steam. That was the same road as the present

Kansas 25 highway. Every night I hauled a load of cane seed home with me and put it in the granary on the Stone place where we were living as we could not sell it all, and I about never got rid of it. I fed some to the hogs but it was not good for hog feed and I do not remember anyone ever planting Black Amber after that. The fodder was poor quality and evidently they quit using it to manufacture dye. I read an article this past year that said it is considered a noxious weed any more.

That summer, Charley Marsteller, asked me if I would like to rent the Stone farm. I grabbed the opportunity and we moved there on September 1, 1930. The place had been rented since Stones left in 1924 and it was in very bad shape, but we were back farming again. We lived there for some of the worst years of our life or until the spring of 1938.

There was a young couple living one half mile north and one half mile east of us and we became good friends and remained so till his death in 1965. They were Albert (Ab) and Wilma Kroth. They later moved to Colby and we did also and Ab came out and helped me in harvest every year during World War II and after, when it was almost impossible to get help. He was one of the best friends I ever had. They moved to Colorado several years ago and Ab's health failed him because of a bad heart and he passed away on February 14, 1965.

The first winter on the Stone farm we had some heavy volunteer wheat and I was able to keep my cattle. We took in a bunch of calves to pasture and we made out, never realizing that trouble was just starting. The big depression was on and then the dirty thirties hit us. When we left that farm we had one milk cow and a bunch of government feed and seed loans that would stagger me yet today if I had not got them paid in the early 1940's.



Leslie and Bertha's Wedding Picture



Young Farmers in 1928



Leslie and Baby Richard in 1928

Chapter 7

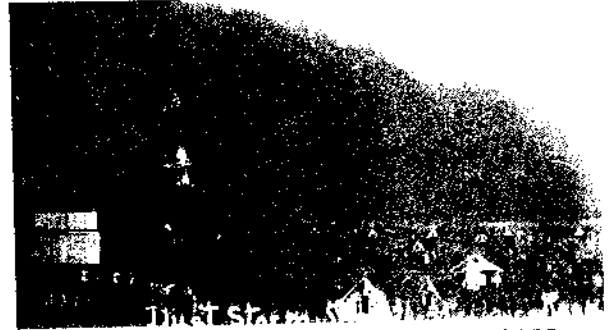
The Dark Dirty Thirties

Volumns have been written about the dirty thirties and the black blizzards that raged throughout the plains during those years, but anyone who did not live through them and actually experience them, cannot even begin to imagine what the people went through. Even today, these many years after, we who lived them, can't even smell dust but that it brings back memories.

The realdrouth started in Texas, Oklahoma, and southwest Kansas before we were hit. The first black day that I remember came one afternoon. The wind had been blowing from the southwest all day and I was out north of the house in the field trying to stop a field that was beginning to kick up. I was on my tractor pulling a lister and when it suddenly got so dusty that I could not see, I ran into a road ditch at the end of the field. I left the tractor set and walked to the house. By the time I got there it was almost completely dark. The dust was mostly red and I knew it came in from Texas as our soil was black. This was one of the very few red dust storms I ever saw. It only lasted a few hours until it began to clear.

Later we experienced those black storms when we could hardly see or breathe. Many a time when we sat down to eat a meal in the house Bertha kept a tablecloth over the food on the table, to try to protect it. We would take it off so we could eat and by the time we were through eating the underneath table cloth would be black. It was impossible to keep the dirt out of the houses. It settled on beds, clothes, food, and everything.

Sometimes the storms could be seen rolling in from the northwest for an hour or more before they hit. This only occurred when there was no local dust blowing or otherwise we could not see



Western Kansas Dust Storm in 1935.

that far. They were great high clouds that looked almost black and extended from horizon to horizon, east and west. These storms can never be forgotten.

I will try to give a few experiences of our own to show how deeply the storms affected us. Just about everyone in the country could give similar experiences.

One time I saw a black cloud showing far in the northwest even though it was clear at home, and I knew what to expect. As my cattle were to the southeast of home about a mile, I hurried to get them. Cattle could hardly be driven against one of these storms and they might drift far off if not corralled. I almost had them to the corral when the storm hit. I had been pushing the cattle and they barely ran to the shed before it got as dark as night. If I had been a little slower I might never have gotten them in.

Another time the air was full of local dust as it had been blowing all day, but not bad. We were supposed to go to Monument that evening after the Page City school bus brought our children home, to eat supper with my mother and sister. We left home and were a mile straight north of home when I saw that it was suddenly getting very black in the northwest. We decided we had better get home but before we could get turned around with the car, the dirt hit us. The only way I

could see to drive was to hold my car door open a little ways and look down directly at the ground where there was an old rut which I was able to see and follow back to the house. After unloading the family at the house I put the car in the shed and had to try three times before I could get into that door with my lights on. The blowing dirt would take the paint right off a car.

That same storm caused a tragedy with one of our close neighbors. They lived two miles south and $1\frac{1}{2}$ west of us and their children went to the Winona school and ours to Page City. Winona went by slow time so the bus was a little later than ours in getting them home. This family, the Perl Salmons, lived in a small house which I had helped them move a year or two before. The children got off the bus and Mrs. Salmon rushed them into the house. When they were all in, she shut the door but it blew open. She shut the door again and when she lit the lamp she discovered that one of the small boys was missing. I believe he was about seven and had evidently slipped out when the door blew open. Anyway, he could not be found and they went to the neighbors to phone everyone. Most of the country was out looking for that boy all night. Of course the wind was blowing terrifically hard and the dust was so bad it was impossible to see far and the boy was not found until the next afternoon. He was about a half mile south of the house and had been smothered to death by the dust.

Most bad winds came from the northwest and there was a field a half mile north of our house that was a square section and belonged to a man who lived in a nearby town. He didn't seem to care how bad it blew so we were continually in one of the worst blow areas in the country.

Most farmers tried to control their fields to an extent, but with the poor machinery and slow tractors it was very hard to cover many acres a day.

I am sure the country will never again experience anything like it did in those days. Dry conditions we are sure to have, and high winds, but with large

modern tractors and machinery designed to stop soil erosion in a hurry, it does not take long to work a blowing area. If the small areas are properly controlled there is not much chance to engulf the whole country as it did then.

On another occasion we had a bad dust storm which came at night with just enough snow to make it stick to everything. When I got up the next morning and went downstairs I saw four men walking toward the house from the east. I hurried and got the fire started and they came to the door and were about the dirtiest, toughest looking bunch I had ever seen. They had me half scared but I let them in as they were about frozen. They wanted me to take them where they could get a wrecker as their car had stalled the night before about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles northeast and they had spent the night in the car. They claimed they had burned a slab of bacon which they had with them to give them a little heat.

I hurried and took them to Winona where they hired Bob Hooker to take his wrecker to their car and get them started on their way. Bob told me later that when they paid him he saw a wad of bills large enough to choke a cow and we always did think they were a bunch of outlaws. Bill David lived a mile east of us and he told me that they came to his place first, but he would not let them in. They were too tough a looking bunch for him.

On another occasion a tourist was going east on U. S. 40 and just before he got to Page City his car stopped in the dust. He started to walk down the highway and left his mother and his wife in the car. He didn't go far before a car picked him up and took him to Monument where he went into the store and stayed. Someone took the women into Page a little later and they were highly excited thinking the man had been lost. Soon everyone was out looking for him and someone came by my place and told me. I took my car and went up the draw to the northwest and toward where his car had been left and then on in to Page. Just as I got there a car came in from the east and this man got out. He had just sat in the store at

Monument for several hours and did not seem to be concerned about the two women, but they were two of the happiest women I ever saw when they saw him.

We were living on this farm just $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Page on a good elevated road and there were only three other places along that road between Page and us. One half mile south of Page was the Floyd Boston farm, another mile south was Uncle Will Tallman's farm. A half mile on was a farm occupied by Charles Hudson, and then it was $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to ours.

Everyone was very discouraged and many families left the country and several of us neighbors decided to go to southwest Missouri where my father lived to see if we could locate something else. Bill David, his son-in-law Chig Grey and Thurman Pharis made the trip but did not find anything we could handle so we came home the shortest way possible. We left Springfield early one morning and the trees were in bloom and everything was beautiful. We got to Salina about four P. M. and began to hit some dust and wind. About Ellsworth it got bad and kept getting worse the rest of the way. Chig and I took turns driving and there were times when we could not see the road and just kept going by following the shoulder of the road. We reached Page about midnight and in leaving town I ran into the ditch where the road made a curve. We got going again and when one mile out of town we hit a solid wall of dirt it seemed. The motor stopped as though it were flooded and we couldn't get it going again. We got out and walked on down the road to Uncle Will Tallman's place. We were able to find it because they had a light in the window. We stayed there that night, and all the next day and night before we were able to get on home.

Springfield was about 650 miles from home, and it took us as long to drive the last 150 miles as it did the other 500 before it. That last $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles took longer than all the rest. All because of the dust.

In the spring of 1934, when Walter was about five years old, he was very sick and we took him to Dr. Miller in Oakley who gave us medicine for him. We had

47
no money to have a doctor make a house call and the nearest hospital was in Hays, 125 miles away. Very few people used hospitals then except for an emergency. We were worried as what to do, when right in the middle of a bad dust storm, here came Dr. Miller in to see Walter. I am sure that he drove that 20 miles in the wind and dust because he knew our circumstances and knew that Walter was very sick.

At any rate he told us Walter had dust pneumonia, caused from breathing so much of that dirt into his lungs. He advised us to get him to the hospital in Hays as fast as possible. We did and he was there many days, a very sick little boy. We came as near losing him as any of our children and he was never very strong for years.

We lived through those almost continuous black dirt storms from 1932 to 1938 when we left that place and even after that there were bad days.

One thing that did do exceedingly well throughout these dry years was the jack rabbit population. We had always had large numbers of rabbits but a population explosion really hit with the advent of the dry years. Evidently the lack of rains allowed the young rabbits to mature without loss from drowning and jacks were with us everywhere.

It was nothing uncommon to drive along a fence line and find a jack setting in the shade of every post for long stretches on a hot day. Also every weed large enough to hide a jack had one in it. Many rabbit drives were organized over the country. I went to a few of these and I will attempt to describe one for you.

The drive I am telling about was to the northeast of our place, toward Monument. I do not remember just how many sections were covered, but lines were established along certain section lines.

The hunters assembled along these section lines and started out with shotguns. As they advanced toward the center of the designated area, they would shoot all jacks possible and this would have the effect of scaring other jacks up which ran toward the center. As there were gener-

ally several cars driven by the women along the advancing lines, all this activity had the effect of corralling the rabbits in the center.

When the lines began getting close together, the use of guns was prohibited for fear of someone getting shot. By that time, however, the rabbits were as thick as a flock of sheep, and only occasionally would one get back through the lines, for after guns were discarded, each hunter would have a club with which he hit the jacks.



Western Kansas Rabbit Drive

A woven wire pen had been built in the center of the area with wide wings to guide the rabbits into the pen. After all were enclosed that it was possible to drive in, the wings were drawn shut and men with clubs got into the pens and slaughtered the rabbits.

I do not remember how many rabbits were killed on this drive, but it was a sizeable number.

This was one means used to help exterminate the rabbits which were a bad pest. They helped devour the needed vegetation and while the counties had long paid a 5¢ per head bounty on them they were an ever present thing. To collect

the bounty all one had to do was kill the rabbit and scalp him. Scalping was simple, grabbing the long ears and taking the knife and cutting them from the head. As a rule these scalps were strung on a wire and when we had a good collection, we would take them into the county treasurer who would count them out and pay for them. I wish I knew how many scalps I sold from the time I began hunting until the rabbit problem was eliminated.

I had had much trouble with my back ever since my injury and it was very painful for me to ride a tractor. I thought I was going to have to quit it, but in the spring of 1934, before our real bad troubles started, I managed to trade for an Allis-Chalmers Model U tractor. The Allis Company was then pioneering the use of rubber tires on farm tractors and I decided to order a set for this new tractor. It came equipped with the old steel wheels and lugs, but also had a set of tires and wheels. This was the very first rubber tired tractor in northwest Kansas or anywhere close and I bought this from Bob Hooker in Winona. It caused a lot of talk as everyone thought I was crazy. They thought the tires would not hold, would be too expensive, and had a dozen other reasons to make fun of me. When I took the tractor to the field I soon proved them wrong and convinced them that the tires would do the job.

One day when I was in Winona I met Lester Blaksley, a large scale farmer, and one of the first to use several tractors on his farm. Lester said "Leslie, I never thought you were that crazy, I just don't know why you got a tractor with rubber tires." I said "Lester, I had to do something or else quit farming for I cannot stand that jar on my back from those steel lug tractors and if you don't think they are all right I want you to come over and ride that tractor in the field." A few days later he did come to the field and drove my tractor for some time that afternoon. He tried it out every way he could think of and when he left he told me, "Leslie, that convinces me. I am going to town and order me two rubber tired

tractors," and he did. He bought two I. H. C. 's from J. Paul Jones.

Very soon rubber tires were standard equipment on all farm machinery and it is very seldom that we see a machine that is not on rubber. They are one of the major improvements of my time.

As conditions steadily got worse we had to go on the Farm Security program. They offered to settle us away but we decided to stick out.

As the drought continued and the dust storms got worse, we could not even raise feed for our cattle which were getting thinner and thinner all the time. A group of us neighbors went together and put up almost a 1/2 section of Russian thistles on a field south of us. This land belonged to the Wheat Farming Corporation which had gone broke and the land had not been farmed for a few years. The thistles were thick and tall and made excellent feed, but they needed something to supplement them, which we did not have. Some feed was shipped into the country by the government, but some of it was not worth hauling home. I got one load that was nothing but poor quality rice straw and the cattle would not even touch it.

We had thistle stacks scattered all over that field. We mowed the thistles and bucked them to the stack with horses and then we pitched them onto the stack by hand and kept one man on the stack to stack. Those involved in this pastime were Sam and Bill Selley, Bill David, myself, and two brothers Art and Earl David. These thistles kept our cattle going that winter. After that we could not even raise thistles, so when the cattle got so thin they could hardly walk the government stepped into the picture and bought cattle. Calves were bought for \$10.00 per head and killed and destroyed right on the farm. Large cows were bought for around \$15.00 per head and shipped to market where they were slaughtered and the meat processed and fed to the hungry people all over the country.

We were supposed to deliver the \$15.00 cattle to the nearest railroad. Page was

our nearest shipping point and we had no trucks to haul the cows in, so we simply drove them. Earl David lived a mile west and a mile and a half south of us and we were to take some of his and mine to Page and have them there by five in the afternoon to load on the train. Earl started his cattle up the road one morning and I joined them with mine shortly after noon but the cattle were so thin and weak that they had to be driven very slowly and we could not reach Page before time for them to leave. Fortunately they saw us coming, and held the train for us.

During those dry years I worked on the W. P. A. at Russell Springs. I worked on the addition to the court house, at the stone quarry, and on the dam at the east edge of town. Also we build a dam in the draw just south of my house. This dam washed out about the first good rain that came after we left. They sent us to Oakley to help on a school house part of the time.

Every spring we were foolish enough to think this would be the year and everyone would get a crop loan to put out a crop. The government was also paying part of the cost of listing the land to stop blowing, and as there were few good tractors then, I could get all the custom work I could handle besides putting in my own crop. I know one spring I listed about 1600 acres for myself and others who paid me \$1.00 per acre out of their government loans. We ran day and night and I hired a boy to run the tractor in the day. By this means I was able to keep my tractor payments made and keep the family, but we sure had a bunch of seed and feed loans when we did finally get a crop.

I recently found a little poem that was evidently written in those years and as it expresses many of the feelings we had then I am going to place it here so present readers may realize how desperate we felt in those dark days.

Western Kansas Farmers in the Thirties
I have lost my socks, my shirt and tie,
And every thing else that can possibly blow by.
The winds have blown and blown and blown,
And taken our crops as fast as we have sown.

50

No grass or crops can possibly grow,
 For the rolling, cutting dust will eternally blow,
 And fill our shed and all our dwellings,
 Till if we had a chance, we'd all be selling.

Along may come a nice little snow,
 And start us up like an early spring flower
 And revive our hopes till we all can cheer
 And say, "NEXT YEAR WILL BE THE YEAR."

We beg and pray for it to rain,
 But all we get is dusty pain.
 Our crops are all burned to a nice crisp brown,
 And all we can do is sit and frown.

Yes, we lived on that next years hope
 till it was worn so thin that we did not
 think it was ever coming. Good bye to
 the thirties and I hope that such as they
 were will never be seen again.

Dust storm pictures are not available, so for comparison of prices for those days with 1985 prices I am inserting a few lines copied from my 1934 farm account book. You make your own comparison. We raised no grain and bought most of the feed for our livestock. These are for 1934 and conditions grew worse as the drouth continued without relief.

18

RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES

DATE	ITEM	QUANTITY	PRICE	AMOUNT RECEIVED	AMOUNT PAID
Jan. 6	120* Pork		6	7.00	
Jan. 11	1/2 beef 200* hind, 58* hide @ 3/13* hoides			20.75	
Jan. 20	1933 wheat allotment			82.17	
Mar. 3	174* calf hide @ 4cts			.56	
Mar. 3	Two 50* pigs @ 1.75 Oakley Sales Co.			2.90	
June 28	65 hrs @ 75cts harvest Jordans			48.75	
July 6	36 hrs @ 75cts harvest Jordans			27.00	
	Man and Tractor at .75¢ per hour, Jordan paid fuel				
Aug 25	Corn Hog allotment check			147.00	
Sept 12	2 cows 17, 1 bull 20, 3 calves @ 4.5, 7/12			82.00	
Sept 15	1 calf hide @ 3			.68	
Sept 22	3 hogs weight 1630, price 6.20			39.06	

Expenses

Mar 28	A.C. tractor allowed \$200 on old A.C. 1050	850.00	
3-28	100 gal gas 8.5, 5 gal oil 2.88		11.38

Chapter 8

A 1935 .06 CENT W.P.A. CHECK

Yes, I still hold it as a memory, memento of those desperate days of the depression and those dirty days when towering clouds of dust driven by gale-force winds, raged all over the plains country. No one who lived through them will ever forget the almost constant smell of the blown dust and how man and beast suffered.

Let's go back to that measly little .06 cent check and other memories of bygone days. It was issued on March 2, 1935, probably as a correction for a bookkeeping error, not for a day's wages as I like to tell my children and grandchildren.

Referring to my records for those years it is plain to see that even that little sum would equal ten to twenty times that amount in today's inflated prices. We were then burning fuel oil to heat our home and the cost per gallon was 6.9 cents, delivered to the farm. That check would have almost bought a gallon of gasoline at 8.5 cents per gallon.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture or what we were receiving for farm produce. We were milking a few cows and kept a flock of hens so that part of our living expenses were raised on the farm. Milk was separated so the cream could be sold. It was placed in 5 or 10 gallon cream cans then taken to a buying station where a small sample was taken from each can to test it for butterfat. The test was multiplied by total weight. Butterfat content was paid for at the rate of .18 to .25 cents per pound. A gallon of milk had a butterfat content of 3 to 4 percent. Separated cream would generally test around 32 to 38 percent butterfat.

W.P.A. was the relief agency set up by the government to assist the unemployed and destitute. It stood for Works Progress Administration, and it paid living expenses for thousands in those days. I, as a farmer with a wife and 5 small children, was desperate. We had not raised a crop in 5 years. Our few remaining cattle were so poor because of grass and feed crop failures that the government was buying the cows for \$10.00 per head. Calves were bought for \$1.00 each and were killed on the spot. Those skinny cows were shipped to Kansas City, slaughtered and processed into canned meats that were distributed to the needy.

The majority of farmers in our area and elsewhere were in the same fix. None of us felt disgraced by the fact that we had to work on W.P.A., for it meant life.

Right here I will state that many of the farmers who worked in the W.P.A. crews as I did, and who stuck it out, eventually became successful farmers with large land holdings.

When we started to work a crew of men would be sent out to work together, sometimes with shovels to fill in chuck holes or blown out spots on public roads. Or we were sent to local cemeteries to fill depressions in graves or repair fences. Later we went to a large sand pit where we loaded sand into trucks with shovels so that it could be hauled out and scattered on the roads. Then to a rock quarry to quarry

and load rocks onto trucks to haul to W.P.A. building projects. Finally, I worked on two dams across draws, where again most of our tools were shovels. Few of these projects required much machinery in those days just manual labor so that men could get enough money to live.

How different it is today when machinery does the major part of the work. How many of today's unemployed would consider working with a shovel or do other manual labor to keep off the relief rolls? I do not remember what the daily wage scale was, but I am sure that it did not come close to the present hourly wage.

However, in those days a candy bar would be bought for a nickel, but few were purchased. A 50 pound sack of flour didn't cost too much, and it was the mainstay. We raised our own meat which we butchered ourselves. We had a flock of chickens to produce eggs, and we milked a few cows to produce milk, cream and butter. The excess eggs were sold by the dozen and the cream was sold to the local cream buyer.

Very little garden produce could be raised even if the windmill kept pumping all the time. There was plenty of wind to produce the water but it was so hot and dry that gardens would not grow. Dust settled on to, or blew into everything.

Fields were blown bare except where a weed or other obstruction gave a little protection and would catch the dust. There the dust pile might grow to the size of a building if the obstruction were large enough.

Many a meal was eaten that had been placed on the table and immediately covered with a cloth until ready to be consumed. But by the time it was eaten, the tablecloth was dust-covered, as was the food.

Now why would a man want to remember those days? Because it was a part of his life and a part of the area in which he lived.

We don't think it can ever happen again. We think we are in control because of our modern farming methods and the huge farm machinery that can cover the land so much faster than in those days. Nature has a way of proving otherwise, sometimes.

WORK RELIEF WARRANT
VOID AFTER 30 DAYS
FROM DATE

The Kansas Emergency Relief Committee

Topeka, Kansas

Nº 640032 I



COUNTY OF Logan
Pay to the
order of William L. Linville

DATE 3/2/1935 1935

\$ 0.06

The sum of Only Six Cents- -

Dol 17

GOOD FOR NOT MORE THAN FIFTY DOLLARS

3-C

PAYABLE THROUGH
MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
TOPEKA, KANSAS

44-2
10

A.K. Titus

COUNTY DISBURSING

Chapter 9

MOVE TO THOMAS COUNTY

During the winter of 1938, the farm we had rented south of Page City was sold and we were to give up possession by March 1. Even after those disasterous years of the dust bowl era, farms with livable houses were hard to locate. Farmsteads were few and far between and I was unable to locate anything that had decent buildings on it. We were not sorry to leave that old shell of a house, but where to go was a question. Nothing was available.

Howard Grover had a small cafe in Monument for a few years and had then moved to Colby where he had a small business. We were acquainted and he heard that I was looking for a farm. He sent me word that he knew of a vacant farmstead near Colby. I immediately drove to Colby and visited with Howard. He told me that the farm was six miles southeast of Colby and that I should see Mr. E.F. Beckner, a lawyer in Colby who had charge of renting the place. I went to Mr. Beckner and he gave me a key so that I could go look at the place.

I drove out to it and found that the residence was a basement type house, dug into the ground with about two feet above the ground. It had a flat roof but the rooms were large and in good condition. It looked good to me even though I could not see out the windows because the floor was so far beneath the ground level.

There was a fine granary with an attached shed, a good chicken house and a small barn. There was running water in the house, which was the first time we had ever had running water or indoor plumbing. There was one-half section of land. The North Solomon River ran through the south pasture of one-fourth quarter, but the north quarter was fine, level farm land.

It did not take me long to make a deal for renting that place even though I was a complete stranger in that area. We moved there by March 1 and found that we would have to transport our school age children to the Colby school because the school district in that area was not holding school due to the lack of enough pupils. The school house was just one mile west of the farmstead. The following school year, our district made arrangements with the Colby district to send a bus, and then they consolidated with the Colby district. This also happened to the district into which we later moved which was one mile east of the basement house. Thereafter, all our children went to Colby schools and graduated from Colby High School.

There was a lot of available, vacant farm land around there. I rented a section of land one mile south, section 25-8-33, from Charles Murray. I farmed that land for two years but did not raise a good crop. That section of land was sold to a neighbor and he also rented the half section on which we lived.

That made it necessary for us to make another move. I had rented a half section of farm land one mile east of where we lived. I had a wonderful crop on that land and the lady who owned it was losing it to the Federal Land Bank since she was not able

to meet the payments. There were some mighty poor improvements on that land, but I was able to make a deal with the Land Bank to refinance the mortgage. I paid the previous owner a small payment and gave her the rent from the land that was due her for the year of 1940.

As soon as we completed the deal, we began reconstruction on the house. The more we did, the more we found that it was not worth rebuilding, except for the two north rooms. Therefore, we completely tore down the south part of the house, dug a basement under a portion of the house and rebuilt as fast as possible. We moved into that house before it was completely rebuilt.

W.W.II hit us shortly after we started to rebuild. It was eight, long years before we were able to complete everything due to the shortages and restrictions on building materials and plumbing supplies. Living conditions were rather strained at first. There was only a subfloor with cracks between the boards and some unfinished walls, but it was ours and we made the best we could of it.

Every board, every sack of cement, every brick or tile used in the reconstruction of that farmstead was hauled on a pickup or on a four wheel trailer which was pulled behind the car or pickup, with the exception of the quonset building which was delivered to the farmstead in knocked-down condition by the dealer.

My boys and I, with occasional part time help, tore down the old, rundown buildings and rebuilt every building on that farm, with the exception of the east half of the granary. We were proud to be able to say we did it ourselves.

It was a long struggle, but we thought we would live there the rest of our lives. Other problems arose that forced us to leave the farm forever. Never will we forget the day of our sale and leaving that farm. We moved into our present home at 905 South Range in Colby where we have lived since August of 1957. We had planted every tree that still stands on the farm. It was home.

During the year of 1939 and 40, while we were living on the rented farm, the section of land just to our north was badly wind blown, leaving large dust piles all over it and much bindweed. It was badly farmed by two operators. I was able to rent the south half. In 1940, after summer fallowing it and getting it into shape during 1939, I raised my first good crop on that land. I farmed it for two years and since it was the first crop from which the owner had received any rent in years, he rented me the entire section.

We raised some wonderful crops on that land until 1945. Then another man bought it. All together, there were six quarters of land owned by that man in Nebraska. When he sold it, I had first chance to buy, but I was not quite ready to have more land. However, I managed to purchase the north half section, which was the south half of section 2-8-33, from the new owner. This land was short several acres because the Union Pacific Railroad crossed it.

It was a big mistake for me to let that rented land get away because it sold very cheaply. Today, it is probably worth \$1,000 per acre. I just did not have the cash to invest, and we were still close to those depression days and afraid to stick our necks

out. We also knew nothing about crop payment plans which could have allowed us to keep the land for that first summer. After it sold I paid the new owner over \$6,000 to rent the portion of the land I had summer fallowed the year before. He plowed up 80 acres of good, volunteer wheat, but the part of the land I rented made 40 bushels to the acre.

Those good crop years during W.W.II, with accompanying good prices, put us in business. I was able to purchase the northeast half of section 10-8-33 from Willard Cooper. It was all in wheat stubble when I purchased it, and I summer fallowed the entire quarter the next year and planted it to wheat. On harvesting it the next summer, we got 40 bushels of wheat to the acre. With good prices, it more than paid for the land and the expenses of raising it. Those were the years when I should have expanded every chance we had.

However, we did put a lot of money into the buildings on the farm. The children were growing and going to school and it took a lot to keep up with family expenses, so it never seemed there was enough cash to go around.

When we sold the home place to William Watt, we also rented him the balance of the farm land. He maintained it much as we had, with the exception that he did not diversify as much as we had. He farmed and raised registered Herefords. He had no buildings or fences to build and they lived there for 20 years.

I got off track back there a ways when I was telling about the crops and land purchases. I want to go back to the time when we bought that farm. Every fence around the pastures was practically worthless, for there had not been cattle kept there for years. The posts were rotted off and much of the wire was on the ground, rusted and broken. Gradually we were able to buy a few fence posts and we replaced the worst. But barb wire was out of the question since we had war rationing and scarcity. The first new barb wire I was able to buy was after the close of the war when some Russian wire was shipped in. I bought a half mile of it and placed it along the west edge of the home quarter between some of that old, rotten wire. It was always a problem to keep the livestock in the pasture for it seemed that the least touch against the wire would cause it to break and it would have to be respliced. Our young farmers today do not know the troubles we endured.

Our telephone line was a farmer-owned line that connected with the Colby Southwestern Bell system. We had to take care of it ourselves. It extended to east of Halford and if one section fell down it practically deadened the entire line. That line was in the same condition as my fences so we were continually having trouble until after the war when we were able to purchase new wire and some poles. We farmers went together and rebuilt the line when we got the new wire. But it was not long, in 1948 I believe, that Southwestern Bell came out and installed their new lines and thereafter much of our trouble was over.

Even before we moved from the Page City area I had built my own light plant. I secured an old model T Ford generator and fastened it to a tower with a propeller that I whittled out of a soft pine board. I stretched a couple of wires to the house where I had a six volt car battery and we used one or two car light

bulbs for light. It really did get up and travel, and it produced enough electricity for good light in one or two rooms.

I brought that light plant with me to Thomas County and we used it at the rented farm and for a while on the farm we purchased. It was very unreliable since it did not have enough battery storage. After we began getting organized on our farm I purchased a used 32 volt Delco plant at a farm sale. It had 16 large glass battery jars, each jar being a two volt battery. This used equipment did not last long and it was also continually giving us trouble. I replaced the glass battery cells. That equipment became obsolete in 1948 when R.E.A. arrived. We had just used the Delco system in the house and it was wired temporarily, so when R.E.A. came, I had to have the entire farmstead rewired at considerable expense.

We had used a coal burning range or cook stove in the basement house, but we did not have much coal to burn, using instead mostly scraps of wood. For heat we used an oil burning heating stove. When we moved to our farm we kept the old range in the basement and were able to buy a propane range using bottled butane that came in small, exchangeable bottles. In later years, I purchased a 1,000 gallon propane tank that sat outside and gas was piped into the house where we had installed a floor furnace. They were all the rage in those days. Until then we had burned wood scraps, of which there were plenty from the old buildings, to heat the house. There were also lots of railroad ties from the land we had which had a railroad right-of-way on it.

Our three older boys were not very large when we started these building projects, but they all helped when they could. They were also kept busy on the tractor in the field as soon as they could drive. In the fall of 1947 I purchased a 40 by 60 foot quonset building and the boys and myself erected it ourselves that fall and winter. It still stands in good condition today.

All this time I have been telling what the boys and I did, not even mentioning that Bertha and the girls were also busy cooking and caring for a hungry brood of eight children. Donald was born February 22, 1948. Clothes were washed in a balky, old Maytag gasoline engine washing machine that was very unreliable. Gardens were raised and produce was canned. Every year, Bertha canned many jars of food. Much of it was raised in the garden. She raised young chickens and tended the old hens. There were countless other jobs on that farm, but she did not drive a car a great deal until after we left the farm. She never knew when I would be in from the field, for we worked long hours. Often, she had to prepare several meals a day, for I would generally go to the field as soon as it was daylight. Then one of the boys would eat breakfast and come take the tractor. I would go home and eat, and this was repeated for each meal of the day. How she kept up with it I will never know. She helped the children in their school work and in their 4-H activities, and she also was active in the extension club activities in the community. We occasionally had to hire a man for extra help and many of these stayed there at night and she always had to cook for them. Yes, she was a busy, helpful partner then and has been all our lives together.

We had accumulated 800 acres of Thomas County land, built

all those buildings, sent all our children through Colby High School and most of them for some college. There was no college close by until Colby Community College was established. Only our last born, Donald, was able to attend college there.

I was elected as trustee of North Randall Township in 1952 and had to assess all residents of the township. I became better acquainted with all my neighbors and enjoyed the association. Raymond Farmer and Donald Saddler were the other two board members. I served as trustee for four years, but I had to resign due to my health problems and since I was away at Mayo Clinic so much.

I got involved in Farmers Union and Federal Crop Insurance in 1953 and that took much of my time. But we continued on the farm until 1957 when the health problems forced us to leave the farm. I continued to lease the farm land to William Watt, but crops were not paying the due payments and interest and Bill wanted to buy the northeast¹/₄ of section 10-8-33, so I sold it to him. He continued to rent the south half of section 2-8-33 on a five year written lease. When I was offered \$200.00 per acre for that land by Don Woofter and Dr. Marshall, I just could not resist selling it. My understanding was that they were to settle with Watt for the ~~balance~~ of the lease. Well, some way I slipped, and I had to settle that deal myself, which cut my sale considerably. Woofter and Marshall put an irrigation well down in the middle of the south half section and irrigated the entire half section from that one well. Watt put a well down on the northeast of 10 and irrigated all that quarter. He sold the home quarter and the southeast of section 12-8-33, which was a part of my original farm, along with the home quarter northwest of 18-8-32.

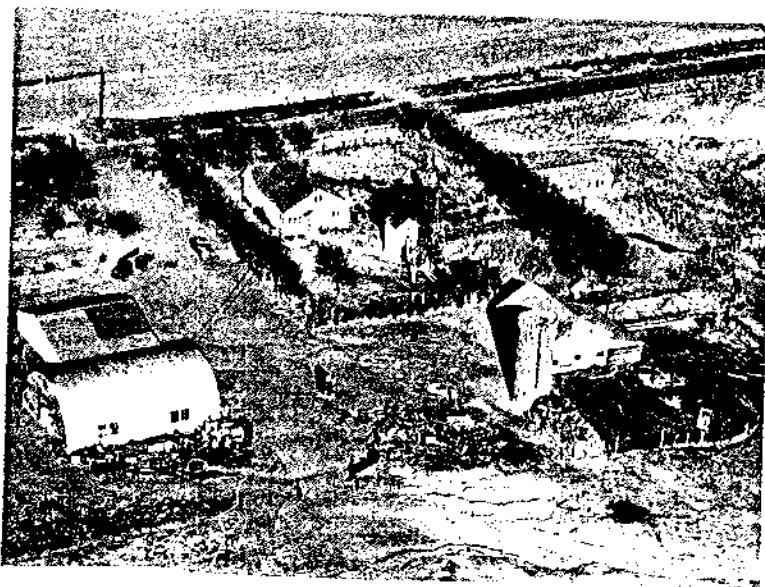
In 1977, Watt sold the original half section of land, that with the buildings and pasture land, to a man from Oakley. That man immediately tore down all the fence around the 60 acre pasture, took down the windmill that I had erected over a water well that I had had drilled, leveled the lagoons and drilled an irrigation well on the hillside in the middle of the south side and placed the entire quarter under irrigation. He farmed it until 1979 when he sold it to Clarence Gersovsky a neighbor who had lived six miles southeast of our place all the time we lived there.

Clarence did not move onto the place himself but he took down all the fences around the pasture and homestead and plowed everything and put it into irrigation--even on those hillsides along the banks of the North Solomon creek that ran across the pasture from the southwest corner to the northeast corner. I am almost afraid to go back out there for fear that the buildings that we worked so hard to build less than 40 years before will not be there.

Every acre of that farm land is now under irrigation, and irrigation was just coming into the picture when we sold that land. Bob Hanson had started to irrigate a quarter section one mile north of our home, but it was not a paying proposition under his management. Other wells were drilled soon after, and practically every acre in the entire area is now under irrigation. Some wonderful crops of corn are now being grown and land prices have skyrocketed.

I never did know what Watt got for the land he sold or what Cervosky paid for it when he purchased it. I was talking to Watt one day and he told me that the first land in Thomas County that sold for \$1,000 per acre was the west half of section 12-8-33 which was between all my land. It was the land I had thought about purchasing back in the early 1950's. It was Garvey land and they were offering it for sale with the wheat crop included. I don't remember the exact price for it, but I believe it was \$65 per acre. I know it was badly infested with bindweed and that I fought bindweed all the years we lived on the Thomas County farm, and I just could not see it.

Thinking back to all those lost opportunities makes me realize that we passed so many. We just could not see ahead nor feel like taking the chances that others took. Such is life.



AERIAL PHOTO OF LINVILLE FARMSTEAD 7 MILES S E OF COLBY
IN SECTION 18-8-32 THOMAS CO. KANS. PHOTO TAKEN IN 1952

LINVILLE FARMSTEAD ON N.W. OF SECTION 18-8-32 THOMAS CO. KANS.



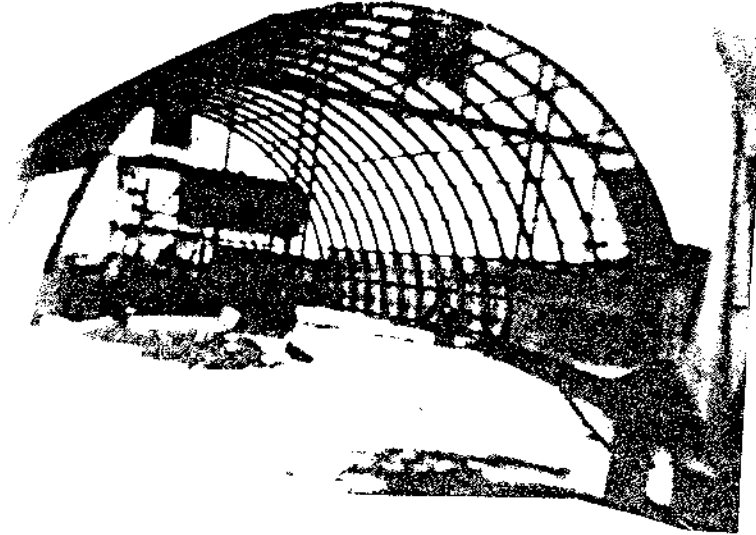
LINVILLE FAMILY IN 1949



SNOWDRIFT IN FRONT YARD IN 1957



NORTH SOLOMON FLOOD WATERS
IN FRONT OF BUILDINGS



Quonset Under Construction in 1948



Harvest Machinery In Field in 1948



Linville Boys On Snowdrift In 1957

Chapter 10

KANSAS FARMERS UNION AND FEDERAL CROP INSURANCE

In the fall of 1952, I was visited one evening by Kenney Schuman, field man for Kansas Farmers Union. He was trying to get the Farmers Union reorganized in Kansas. Farmers Union was an old farm organization and had been quite active in Kansas in former years, but membership had dropped until there were only a few dues-paying members in Thomas County at that time.

Kenney told me of the aims and program of Farmers Union and I became interested and joined the organization. Several organization meetings were held and another field man, Martin Byrne, also came and helped organize a new county organization. The membership was quite limited at first, but gradually it increased as farmers became aware of the program.

Kansas Farmers Union had many members in eastern Kansas and they also had an insurance program for members. Lud Strnad of Brewster, John Renner of Oakley and I all became licensed agents for the organization. While none of us attempted to do much insurance work, we could see it was a good program and was helping to promote the organization. Gradually, I spent more time with the insurance and when the others dropped out I was the only agent in Thomas County. Our membership was growing rapidly and the next year my insurance business was taking much time.

Don McKee was insurance agent for Farm Bureau for several previous years and he was released to be replaced by another man. Don had some problems but he came out to the farm and visited with me for a long time and I was able to get him interested in Farmers Union. We finally put him on as an active agent for Farmers Union. He had his office in Colby with a full line of office equipment and he wrote a considerable amount of insurance. Martin Byrne was still field man for Farmers Union but wanted to be state president. When he was elected he asked me if I would purchase Don's office equipment so that Don could be a field man for Farmers Union. This was finally arranged, and I took over Don's office in the Messamore Building on Lake Street and Second in Colby.

Almost immediately I was offered the opportunity to become agent for the Federal Crop Insurance program in Thomas and Logan Counties. That looked like a good connection and I took that opportunity. I hired Rollie David to assist but he was not with me long. A young man just returned from Navy duty came and talked to me about insurance work and I hired Gerald Leak to assist.

At this time we were doing most of our insurance work through the National Farmers Union office in Denver Colorado, and I made several trips out there on business. The new office building just north of the state capitol was under construction when I first started going there and I saw it being built. I was in it many times and became well acquainted with many of the men there. Jim Patton was then national president and Tony Dechant was secretary. I knew them both, as well as Charley Brannen, who had been Secretary of Agriculture and now held a responsible

position with Farmers Union.

Gerald worked for me two years during which time he was married and needed more money than I could then afford to pay. The men in the Denver office had told me that if I ever knew a young man who wanted to get into insurance work to send him out. I told them about Gerald, and he went out and got a job and has continued to work for them for 30 years. He has held many responsible positions and I am proud to say he started in my office.

While Gerald was away on his honeymoon trip, the Messamore Building caught fire and partially burned. My section was not badly damaged, but I had to find a new office and there was none available. I rented a small house from the Hi-Plains Co-op and continued there as long as I was in the insurance business.

When Gerald moved to Denver he told his cousin, Eldora Biggs, about the job. I hired her and she worked for me there for four years, proving a very dependable and efficient worker. After I quit the insurance business Eldora continued with the Federal Crop Insurance work and retired after 20 years with them.

My right eye began bothering me in the summer of 1955 and caused me much pain. In January of 1956, I lost it and then that fall I had to sell the farm and eventually had to quit the insurance business, partly on that account. While I was away at Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Eldora took good care of the insurance business. My Farmers Union agency became the largest agency in the state of Kansas during those years.

I always felt that I was at least partly responsible for getting Don McKee started with Farmers Union, for I first interested him in it. I and the state president, Martin Byrne, took him to Denver to see the new office and the work being done there. Then I bought out his office equipment, giving him the chance to go to Topeka and eventually on to Denver, where he still works for Farmers Union and has held many fine positions. He too should be retiring before too long. GOOD LUCK TO ALL THOSE FORMER EMPLOYEES.

I could add much to the foregoing, but I have already covered much of it in my book, My Life on the Kansas Plains, so I am not going to repeat.

Chapter 11

Health Problems

My health problems began in May 1955 when I began to have severe pain in my right eye. It felt as though there was a large rock in my eye all the time. Dr. Marshall advised me to see an eye doctor in Denver and I went there several times that summer but he did me no good. I went to Hastings, Nebraska, in December with Forrest Denney's. Dr. Foote took one look at my eye and said, "You have a tumor on the back of the eye ball that is causing all the trouble. Also you have Glaucoma in the left eye until you can hardly see out of it."

He told me he was afraid the tumor was malignant and advised me to go to Mayo's. He got me an appointment for January 3, 1956, and I began my long stay at Rochester in '56 and '57.

Dr. Henderson advised me that the only chance I had was to have the eye and any infected bone and other tissue removed. If this wasn't done, he said I would be dead within a year. Also he said the Glaucoma would take my left eye within three years and I would be blind if this could not be corrected. They operated and removed the tumor first, then under a local anesthetic they operated on the left eye for Glaucoma. After this had healed enough for me to see from that eye, they removed the right eye. We spent about three months in Rochester and made many checkback calls during 1956 and 1957 and everything was ok.

I was in my office one day in July of 1957 and happened to feel some lumps in my right cheek and neck, I went down to Dr. Custer and he examined me and said that it was undoubtedly a recurrence and if it was, it was serious. He told me that I had better get back to Mayo's immediately. I felt that I had about had it and thought that I had better get things in better shape at home. I told no one except

Mrs. Biggs and she kept my confidence.

We had been discussing selling the farm for some time as the doctors had told me that I must keep out of the dust or it might irritate my left eye to the point that I would be blind. I had heard of a man who was looking for an improved place so I wrote to him. He lived at Fort Worth, Texas, and the next Tuesday morning while I was in the field he drove up and told me he was in Thomas County looking at farms and his folks in Fort Worth had received my letter and phoned him. He was Mr. William Watt. We visited briefly and he told me that he and his wife would be back that evening to look at the farm. By noon Wednesday I had sold them the northwest one-fourth of 18-8-32 and the southeast of 12-8-33 for \$35,000.00 cash to be paid within 90 days.

They wanted possession by August first. That was impossible, but I promised them possession by the first of September. We had a public sale on August 27 and sold all our machinery, cattle and other things that we had accumulated over a lifetime. Also we had to find a new home in Colby.

We spent 30 days getting ready for the sale and finding the new home and worked about as hard as ever we had in our lives. We finally purchased the Marvin Schmidt home at 905 South Range in Colby paying \$15,000 cash for it.

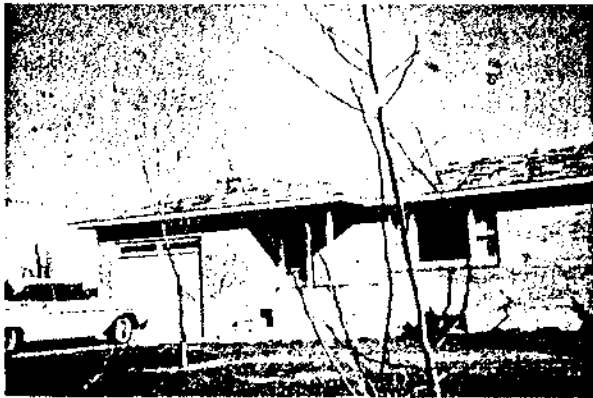
We held the public sale on August 27 and had an immense crowd but owing to the dry weather we had been having for so long, things did not sell very well. I shut my eyes and let them go, for I never expected to need them again.

One of the things that hurt the worst was the price the Oliver tractor brought. I had paid over \$4,000 for it about a year before and it sold for \$1,600. It was in

perfect shape.

When we were about half way through the sale a little bit of a cloud came in the northwest but it grew rapidly and we had to rush the sale to finish before it began to rain. It poured for over an hour and we got over $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches of rain. That began a long period of abundant moisture and good crops.

We sold much of our old furniture at the sale and purchased new which we moved into the new home. We were busy



Linville home at 905 S. Range

through all of September and I had an appointment at Mayo's for Monday, October 5, 1957. When I had the exam, the doctor told me that it was a recurrence and that the chances for a cure were mighty slim but that they would operate the next morning if I would give my permission. This I did.

I phoned home and told the folks and the next morning I was in surgery where the operation was extensive on the right side of my face, neck and shoulder. It

was several days before I knew anything. Bertha had come up on the train and I began to think everyone had gone crazy for all I could hear was that SPUTNIC had gone around the world in a few minutes. We were in Rochester for about a month and we purchased a new 1957 Mercury Montclair which we drove home.

I was very little use for over a year but 1958 was the best year I ever had in the insurance business, but as I have told I got out of that the following winter.

While looking around for something to occupy my time, I was offered the dealership in nine northwest Kansas counties by the Lindsay Company for their Water Softeners.

During the late 1940's, my sister Doris built a new home in Colby and she and mother Linville lived there while Doris taught school in Colby and other nearby towns. They had moved from Monument where they had lived for many years.

Mother had had a bad heart condition for years. Her health was poor and her eyesight had failed to the place she could hardly read, but they got some talking records that she enjoyed very much. She always enjoyed visiting with her friends and relation. One thing that she accomplished in latter years and after she could not see to write longhand, was to learn to write with the typewriter. This she could do with few mistakes and she became far better at it than I ever was.

Her health kept getting worse. Early in March, 1957, she was taken to the Colby Hospital and was there several days. Doris and Margaret were with her most of the time and we went in as often as possible. On Friday evening, March 22, Bertha and I started from the farm to see her and it was snowing so hard that we gave it up and returned home. Later in the evening it cleared some and we got to town to see her but did not stay long as the younger children were home alone and no one to take care of our livestock in case the storm got worse.

The next morning a severe blizzard was raging, with snow drifting badly. This continued Saturday and Sunday until toward Sunday evening by which time

everything was blocked solid.

This was the second time since we had lived on that farm that we were almost completely snowed in. The door on the south side of the house was blocked so tight that we could not get out but we did manage to get out the east door. Our cattle were all in the barn and sheds but those were almost completely covered. My vehicles and tractors were in the quonset but the snow was piled so high against them that we could not get them out without an enormous amount of shoveling. In fact, we could just see the top part of the quonset from the house.

The phone line had stayed up and the girls had kept us informed of mother's condition. On Monday morning they called to report that the doctor said she could not last long and that they wanted me to come in. I told them the only way I could get there was to walk and that I would start as soon as possible. Very soon, they phoned back and told me to stay home and the National Guard would come after me.

In a few minutes an army tank drove into the yard and stopped on top of a drift a good four feet above the ground. I climbed on top of it and held onto the big gun as we came to town, over and through the drifts.

Mother recognized me before she passed away that evening about ten o'clock while the girls and I were with her. We held her funeral from the Colby Methodist Church and buried her in the Monument Cemetery beside father and her parents.

The roads were badly blocked in every direction but the men in Monument had opened the road to the cemetery. Still, they had to carry the casket from the gate to the grave over high drifts of snow.

North Randall Township had opened the road to our farm so our family was able to get to the funeral.

I fell on the ice in February of 1960 and hurt my right arm and shoulder quite badly and then one day I passed out down at the Co-op and they took me to the hospital where I spent a couple of days. This led to one of the worst things I have ever had to put up with.

I had a small lump on the right side of my neck and Dr. Custer removed it to give a biopsy. I was under a local anesthetic and we were talking and he asked me how long it had been since my last surgery at Mayo's. He had been getting quite deep, at least it hurt like the devil, and when I started to answer him I could not talk. The doctor thought the novacain had paralyzed my throat muscles and that it would clear up in a few days. I was in the hospital another day but continually got worse and had a continuous cough and got weaker.

After coming home I got so weak I could hardly move and could not talk at all so the doctor advised me to go back to Mayo's which I did and they gave me another exam. They confirmed my fears that the nerves in my neck to my vocal cords had been cut and they told me I would never be able to talk again above a bare whisper. This was one of the hardest things I ever had to face. They also said that the cough was caused by this cut, for the cough center is located right there in the neck.

While I was in Rochester that time, the doctors were so amazed that I had recovered from that last melanoma operation that they took pictures of me to publish in the medical journals for they said there was not one out of hundreds that recovered from a similar operation. My medical history at Mayo's was kept complete and it looked about the size of a standard dictionary. Doctor Custer told me that I could probably travel the United States over and never find another man who had recovered. Again, I wonder why am I here?

For another long period I was of little use and as I could not talk to people, it grew increasingly hard to meet my friends, for if there was the least noise I could not make myself understood. This continued for almost four years and during that time I went to Texas to try another business but was not very successful, so after a year we returned to our home in Colby.

While in Odessa, Texas, we met many fine people and sold considerable mer-

chandise, but it was not a paying proposition and we were away from our home in Kansas which we had rented out, so we came back.

Our daughter, Maxine, lived in Crane, Texas, which was about 30 miles south of Odessa. Her husband, Roy, was the Instrumental Instructor at the Crane High School and it was through them that I decided to try the Texas venture.

There are 22 farms in Crane County according to statistics recently released in the 1960 Census of Agriculture, by the Bureau of the Census, U.S. Department of Commerce.

Total land in farms was 43,341,911 acres. The average size of farm was 14,541.4 acres and the average value of farms, including land and buildings in the county was \$164,621.

Of the county's farm operators, one owned his farm, 9 owned part of the land and rented additional acreage and 11 were tenant farmers.

Of the 22 farms, 18 are commercial.

We sold merchandise in Odessa, Midland, Crane, Pecos, Andrews and the surrounding country and saw much of Texas from here to the Davis mountains and back to Irving and Dallas as we made many trips over the country.

The irrigated country of west Texas was beautiful and we enjoyed the sand dunes west of Crane and the Ft. Davis military base site which had been built before the Civil War and was named for Jefferson Davis. I was in Pecos a few times. I never happened to meet up with Billie Sol Estes, but when that bubble broke about the time we returned to Colby, I decided that his manipulations had been part of my troubles in financing in Odessa. Not through him personally, but we were financing sales through The Loan Company in Hobbs, New Mexico, and the manager there was extremely hard to do business with. I made several trips to see him but when we left Odessa, I sent a check to Hobbs to pay off all obligations and it was not cleared through my bank 30 days later. I was wondering what had happened, until I got a phone call from Hobbs. It was a new manager

for the Loan Company who said he had been sent in to clean up the mess. The manager I had known, had left. I went to Hobbs and the new manager told me everything was in the worst mess he had ever found. He said there were unrecorded mortgages and titles and (as he called them,) all kinds of goodies, checks, and so forth in desk drawers and scattered everywhere. I was not out anything but after returning home, I saw in the Denver Post where that Loan Company had lost about \$4 million through the Estes deal. I think that helped explain my troubles.

Odessa was a city of about 90,000 and Midland, 20 miles to the east had another 60,000. The entire area was in the Permian Basin which had been one of the richest oil fields in Texas and still had a lot of oil activity, which provided the principal industry.

It was approximately 625 miles from Colby to Odessa, Texas, and on several occasions, I drove my Ford pickup the entire distance, one way or the other in 11½ hours, elapsed time, making only four or five stops in the entire trip. Roads were good all the way, no heavy traffic, and no large cities to pass through. We traveled U.S. 383 most of the way.

The country around Odessa is all covered with mesquite and sage brush and certainly could not be classified as farming country. The mesquite hides the cattle to the extent that they cannot be seen over the country side as we see them here. All those we could see were in good condition, which was surprising, considering the dryness of the climate and the scarcity of the grass.

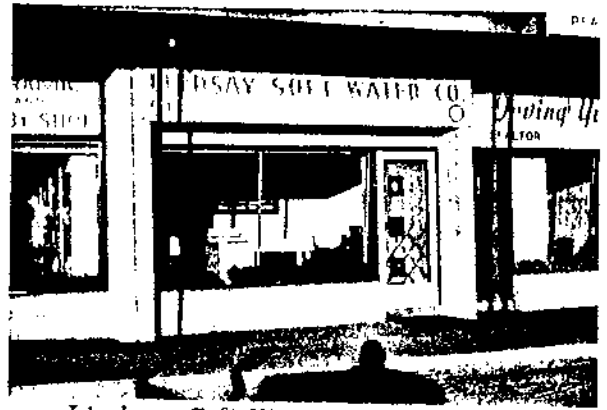
Crane was 30 miles south of Odessa and there were only two farm-steads or other habitations along the entire road. Oil wells were quite thick in some localities and the smell was everywhere.

I made one installation in Artesia, New Mexico, over 150 miles northwest and to get there I drove through some of the most desolate country I have ever seen. It has salt flats that look like lakes of water, but it is in this country that the

best potash mines are found. While there I saw the locations of The Farmers Union Potash fields, for which I had sold debentures a few years before, when the National Farmers Union was just organizing that project.

In Garden City, Texas, a small town about 70 miles east of Odessa, I met a rancher who had several thousand goats. These were kept to shear and the wool used in Mohair. The goats also ate the mesquite and his range was fairly clear of this pest which is worse than bindweed in our country.

I had a very nice office in Odessa and it was located at 1819 West County Road which was in a small shopping center. A young lady by the name of Mrs. Ann



Lindsay Soft Water Co. of Odessa

Carnes worked in the office that summer and we had a couple of salesman, besides my son-in-law Roy Brooks who helped during the summer.

GETTING OLD and FORGETFUL:

"This is just a line to say I'm living, that I'm not among the dead,
Though I'm getting forgetful and more mixed up in the head.

"And sometimes I can't remember when I stand at the foot of the stairs,
If I must go up for something or if I've just come down from there.

"And before the 'frig' so often, my poor mind is filled with doubt,
Have I put food away or have I come to take some out?"

"So if it's my turn to write to you, there's no sense in getting sore.
I may think that I have written and don't want to be a bore!

"So remember 'I do love you' and wish that you were here.
But now, it's nearly mailtime and I must say 'Goodbye, my dear'.

"There I stand before the mail box with my face so very red.
Instead of mailing you my letter, I had opened it instead". Anon.

AGING IS WHEN:

"You look forward to a dull evening.
You burn the midnight oil until 9:00 P.M.

"You stop looking forward to your next birthday.
You are startled the first time you are addressed as an old timer.

"Your children begin to look middle-aged.
The little gray haired lady you help across the street is your wife.

"You get winded playing chess
Dialing long distance wears you out.

"Your back goes out more often than you do.
You sink your teeth into a steak and they stay there.

"You remember today that your wedding anniversary was yesterday.
You know all the answers but nobody asks you the questions.

"You have too much room in the house
And not enough room in the medicine cabinet." Anon.

170 Attend Reception For Linville Anniversary

More than 170 guests attended the reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Linville's 50th wedding anniversary, which was held Sunday, June 19, at the Colby United Methodist Church.

The Linvilles were married on Easter Sunday, April 17, 1927, in Winona.

The reception was hosted by the couple's eight children. A lovely four-tier anniversary cake was made by sister-in-law, Mrs. Howard Williams of Wallace.

The Linville children presented an album to their parents containing family portraits of four generations.

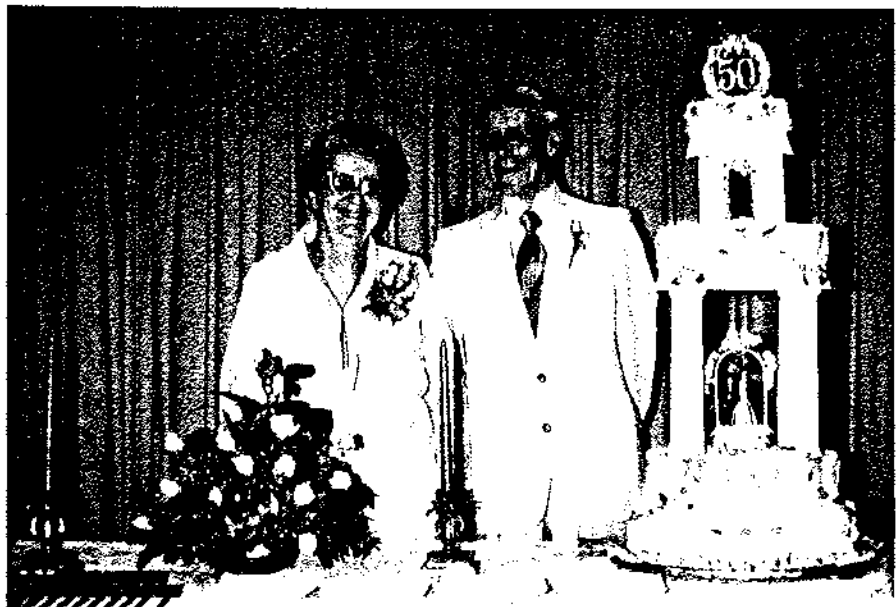
On Saturday noon, Mr. and Mrs. Linville served an old-time at-home dinner, reminiscent of their farming days, to their children. The table was set as it was when all of the family was still at home. Spouses and grandchildren were entertained by Doris Linville.

All of the in- and out-of-town relatives attended a family dinner at Mr. G's Restaurant Saturday night.

Friends from out of town attending the reception included: Mrs. Kenneth Teague, Littleton, Colo.; Mrs. Wilma Wheeler, Spokane, Wash.; Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stover, Saline; Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kleinorger, Selden; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Carmody, Trenton, Neb.; Mrs. Marge Wright, Russell Springs; Miss Dorothy Janke, Russell Springs; Mrs. Vera Ukele, Glenwood Springs, Colo.; Mrs. Vira McMillen,

Goodland; Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Hagler, Atwood; Mr. and Mrs. John Glanville, Leoti; Mr. and Mrs. Irwen Hayden, Jr., Atwood; Carrol G. Glanville, Scott City; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hanson, Sr., Wallace; Susan Dahl, Phoenix, Ariz., and Mr. and Mrs. L.E. Perry, Oakley.

Out of town relatives present were Mrs. Mary L. Brown, Goodland; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Williams, Wallace; Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Waldorf, Garden City; W.L. Waldorf, Lamar, Colo.; Mr. and Mrs. Dale Sanford, Aleta; Alex and April, Anthony; Mrs. Esther Gardner, Liberal; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brooks, Scott and Todd, Mineral Wells, Tex.; Mr. and Mrs. Keith Casey, Coldwater; Mr. and Mrs. Don Linville, Corey and Sarah, Wichita; Mr. and Mrs. Norman Linville, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Ralph Grant, Shelly and David, Irving, Tex.; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Linville, Irving, Tex.; Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Williams and family, Wallace; Mr. and Mrs. Mark Berry and Moriah, Winona; Mr. and Mrs. Steve Linville and Megan, Wichita; Mr. and Mrs. Wright Sims, Oakley; and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd E. Sims, Oakley. □



GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Sixty years ago this fall,
 A neighbor family came to call.
 They were Delsy and Bona Williams and their children five.
 They arrived in their new Ford Model T touring car
 Which only Delsy could drive.
 Morrison, Bertha, Mary, Esther and Howard were the children's
 names,
 And they all liked to play those childhood games.

The families lived only a few miles apart
 But that was when their friendship did start.
 Each family went to a different country school
 For that was before consolidation became the rule.
 In later years each child went to the same high school door,
 Where Bertha graduated in the class of 1924.

She taught three years in the country schools,
 While Leslie worked with his farming tools.
 For many years Leslie and Bertha never had a date,
 Never dreaming that the other would be their lifelong mate.
 But in their entertainment search
 Their first date was to Colby for the opening of the new
 Methodist church.

Little realizing that it would be their church home,
 For more years than they had then known,
 And that they would live in Colby for twenty years or more
 While friends and neighbors came to their front door.
 And that they would reach their retirement years
 And enjoy life while living among friends and relatives so dear.

Now they have come through life's long way
 For fifty years from that eventful day
 When they had stood and said "I will"
 And moved to their home on the Smoky Hill.
 They had no telephone, radio or T.V.
 Nor neighbors' homes close enough to see.

Their first two sons were born while living there
 To bring them happiness and extra care.
 Eight children they have raised,
 All living still, the Lord be praised.
 Nineteen living grandchildren have joined the family tree,
 And great grandchildren now number three.

For fifty years they have stood as husband and wife.
 Days of labor and days of strife,
 Years that were good and years that were bad,
 Days of happiness and days that were sad,
 But that was what made life worth living--
 Working, cooperating, sharing and giving.

Leslie Linville

LINVILLE REUNION

The family of Leslie and Bertha Linville held a reunion June 30-July 1 at the 4-H Building on the Thomas County Fairgrounds.

The reunion began officially on Saturday morning when Leslie and Bertha treated their children — Richard, Walter, Maxine Brooks, Harold, Louise Sanford, Norman, Larry and Donald — to breakfast at the Deep Rock Cafe. Following breakfast, the 10 of them drove to the former family farm southeast of Colby. At the invitation of the present owners, the Linvilles toured the farmhouse and reminisced about the years they lived there.

Saturday's activities also included registration and visiting; a musical presentation by the grandchildren; skits by the sons and daughters and their spouses; and a barbecue.

On Sunday morning, the family worshipped at a service conducted entirely by family members, including a choir of all the Linville's sons and daughters and a sermon delivered by Norman Linville. Sunday's activities also included a talent contest, dinner, and an open house attended by many local friends.

A total of 92 friends and family members took part in the reunion weekend. Family members included all eight of the Linville's children, 15 of their 19 grandchildren and nine of their 13 great-grandchildren.

The family guests included Leslie and Bertha Linville; Richard Linville, Sublette; Walter and Caro Linville, Irving, Texas; Mike and Marilyn Linville, Matt and Melodie of Irving, Texas; Shirley (Linville) Grant, Shelly and David of Grapevine, Texas; Roy and Maxine (Linville) Brooks, Scott and Todd of Mineral Wells, Texas; Donna McEntire, Scott's fiancée, of Port Arthur, Texas; Harold and Janice Linville; Dennis and Debbie (Linville) Berndsen and Julie of Hutchinson; Keith and Dina (Linville) Casey, Kyle and Eriq of Shields; Dale and Louise (Linville) Sanford of Anthony; Mike and Aleta (Sanford) Nolan and Kathleen, Ponca City, Okla.; Anson and Darla Sanford of Wichita; Randy and April (Sanford) Kuhns and Amaris of Arlington; Norman and Judi Linville, St. Louis, Mo.; Larry and Delores Linville, Sheila, Doug and Carla; Gene and Paula (Linville) Geist; and Don and Kay Linville, Corey and Sarah of Garden City.

Other relatives who attended included Mary Brown, Lee and Esther Sharp, Meridian, Idaho; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Williams of Wallace; Wilbur and Shirlene Williams and Wayne of Wallace; Mark and Mildred Berry and Mariah of Winona; Doris Linville; Rosecoe and Margaret Waldorf of Garden City; and Bill and Stephanie Waldorf of Liberal. Cyrus and Irene Linvill, distant cousins from Neodesha, also attended the reunion.



The Linville Family

Chapter 12

MY RED LETTER DAYS

Yesterday, June 19, 1980, was another of my RED LETTER days that made me stop and review other RED LETTER days of recent years that have happened to me.

Now, I have always heard that a RED LETTER day was one that you would always remember because on it something of great importance happened to you, but usually it was of good fortune.

My RED LETTER days are of a different variety. They are days on which I have been told of some health problem that has practically left me blind, killed me or caused great expense and suffering.

Going back to when this series of RED LETTER days started some twenty-five years ago, I will try to enumerate them consecutively.

First, in the spring of 1955, I began to suffer with great pain in my right eye, at times causing almost total blindness. My left eye would water until I could see nothing. I doctored with several doctors, one of which was an eye specialist in Denver, but none could find the cause or give relief. This went on until December 17, 1955, when I went with friends to another eye specialist in Hastings, Nebraska. He examined me and told me I had a tumor on the back of my eye that was pressing against the eye ball and causing the pain. Also, that I had glaucoma in my left eye so bad that I could hardly see out of that eye. That was the first that I knew about glaucoma. He told me there were only two places in the world where I could secure help for my problem. One of these was the Mayo Clinic. He secured an appointment for me there on January 4, 1956.

On that RED LETTER day I was carefully examined by Mayo doctors and a biopsy was taken that proved to be malignant. The only hope was to have a complete removal of the right eye and surrounding bone structure. Unless this was done within a year I would be dead. Also that left eye due to glaucoma, would not last long. That was a terrible day.

I was unable to make up my mind for surgery but the doctor came to me the next day and told me that they thought they could operate on the left eye, saving what vision was left. They would do this surgery before removing my right eye. I finally consented to that. That left me able to see while the left eye healed.

We returned home a couple of weeks, then returned for the next RED LETTER day when they removed my right eye. We spent many days in Rochester.

The next RED LETTER day occurred in the summer of 1957 when I discovered some lumps under my right jaw. My local doctor told me it was a reoccurrence of the melanoma cancer. He said I had better get back to Rochester as fast as possible. That was July 17 and I immediately began to make plans, for I felt my time had come.

I had heard of a man who lived in Texas who wanted to buy a farm in Thomas County, Kansas, for he had formerly lived here. I

contacted him and two days later we sold our home place, but he wanted possession immediately. That was impossible, but we promised possession on September 1, which we managed to do. In the meantime we prepared for a public farm sale which was held on August 27. We purchased our present home in Colby and moved in.

The sale day of August 27, 1957, was a RED LETTER day. We sold all our livestock, our farm machinery and everything relating to our farm life that we had enjoyed all our lifetime and moved into town to begin a new life. The sale was a financial loss to us. It had been very hot and dry all summer and everything sold very cheap. We had spent a lifetime accumulating what we had.

I returned to Mayo's without telling anyone my problem and on October 6, 1957, the biopsy report showed cancer. The next morning I was on the operating table and did not know anything for a couple of days. As I began to return to earth, I found my wife was there but everyone else was plumb crazy. All I heard was that Sputnik was going around the earth every 90 minutes. Who in the hell is Sputnik? That was the most severe operation I had to date. They worked on my face, throat and right shoulder. However, their work was perfect, for I have never had any further trouble with cancer. We were in Rochester many days, again.

My next RED LETTER day occurred in 1959, when I again found lumps in my neck and my local doctor wanted to take a sample to get a biopsy report. While cutting into my neck he got too deep and cut the nerve leading to my voice box. The report was negative, but I was unable to talk above a bare whisper and I coughed continually due to the cough center being directly beneath the incision. Again, I went back to Mayo's, and they told me the reason for my trouble. They also told me I would never be able to talk again. It took four years for me to prove them wrong, but I did regain a partial voice so that I can make myself understood quite plainly. Those were terrible years.

The next RED LETTER day occurred while I was in bed one night when I awoke in terrible pain. The ambulance was called and I was taken to our local hospital where it was determined that I had had a severe heart attack. I spent 22 days in the hospital and many days at home doing nothing but keeping quiet. However, I did recover. It was a scary experience that I will always remember.

While visiting our son and his family in Irving, Texas, I experienced another RED LETTER day. Again, I became very sick and was taken by ambulance to the hospital there, where I spent another 11 days while they tried to determine my trouble. I was finally released and returned home, only again to have to go into our local hospital. The doctors in the two hospitals decided that my trouble was originating in my left kidney and that I should have an operation. That was done and my kidney was removed. I spent another 28 days in those hospitals. In a few days the kidney specialist told me I could go back and finish my plowing and again I have had no further trouble.

However, this last RED LETTER day of June 19, 1980, shook me up considerably. For I was told I should hang up my car keys and that I would not be able to even read much longer. I would never be totally blind, but vision would be very limited.

We had known for years that my eyesight was failing, but the

last six months a severe change had occurred. I had been going to an eye specialist in Hays for a number of years. He always said everything was okay, but when we were there in February, 1980, he said there was much change. We understood him to say that a cataract was forming on my eye and that I might have to have an operation soon. My eyesight was failing fast and we returned to the specialist, expecting to have a cataract operation. This time he stated there was no cataract bothering me, but that it was nerve failure. There was nothing they could do to save my eyesight. Again, we were shaken up.

Why should I complain? We have raised a fine family of which we are very proud. There were six boys and two girls, all living. We have 19 grandchildren and 16 great grandchildren. We have a comfortable home and our health is reasonably good. I have a fine loving wife and we have lived together for over 55 years without too many fights. Although we have gone through some terrible years when the dust storms almost suffocated us no crops were grown and we still wonder how we ever survived. But, eventually we were able to acquire our own farm and did fine until my RED LETTER days began.

All these RED LETTER days cannot hold a candle to the first of my RED LETTER days when I and a big Brown Swiss bull weighing close to a ton got into a little argument. He came out the decided winner. TEMPORARILY!

We were living down on my Dad's old farm along the Smoky Hill River in Logan County, Kansas. The farm was ten miles from Winona and the only neighbors we had was a bachelor and his son who lived almost half a mile east of us. Otherwise there were no residences until almost Winona. There was no telephone service yet, for this was back in the fall of 1929.

Bertha and I had been married almost three years and our second son Walter, was only a few days old. He had been born in the hospital in Hays, Kansas, 125 miles east, and I had just brought Bertha and the baby home that evening.

As usual in those days I had several cows to milk and I was doing my chores late in the evening. In going from the barn door I heard an animal running behind me, but paid no attention until he forcefully collided with my rear. I have no idea how far I was catapulted, for the next thing I knew I was lying flat on my back with that bull astride me trying to butt me into the ground. Fortunately he had no horns and there was little I could do but look him in the face at very close range. That did not disturb him one bit.

Realizing that he was determined to finish me off, I did the only thing possible. I grabbed his left ear with my right hand and the long hair on the top of his head with my left hand. Of course I expected to bulldog him that way, but he had other ideas. He simply raised his head up and there I was lying across his head and then he carried me up against the cement barn wall and tried to push me through it. But it was ten inches thick, and the only thing that gave was my chest. I thought all my insides were coming out of my mouth, and my only thought was that I was being killed. I have heard others say that when they were in a terrible situation they reviewed their entire life in seconds. Not me. I just knew my time was there. At the very last second that crazed,

mad bull slacked off his push, and since my right side was in the open barn door I fell inside the barn and was able to crawl around next to the wall. The angry bull thought he had finished me and he never came into the barn, but kept bellowing around outside.

I knew that if I passed out and did not warn Bertha when she came into the corral, that bull would get her also. I did not know it at the time, but my hips were broken on both sides of my backbone, my back was broken and 17 ribs were broken. I could not move, but I managed to warn Bertha when she came looking for me. She ran to the neighbors half a mile east to get help. I never knew how long I laid there before she missed me, but it seemed like ages.

When help arrived they were able to drag me away from the open door, and I begged them to kill the bull. But all they did was shoot up a lot of my 12 gauge shotgun shells and scare him away. A girl who was visiting at the neighbors drove their Model T car to Winona to get Dr. Butler and when he arrived in his Model A coupe they were able to move me on a blanket to the house. The doctor gave me a shot and I went to sleep and knew nothing until they were hauling me to the hospital, lying in the back seat of a Model A coach. It seems that Dr. Butler decided that I could not live so he took Bertha and the babies to her folk's home near Winona. Then he changed cars and got Bertha's father and came back to the farm. The doctor did not think there was a bit of use trying to move me, for he knew I could not live. But my father-in-law insisted that they take me to Hays, the nearest hospital.

That was the longest ride of my life, for I was conscious much of the time. There were no paved roads then, just dirt roads full of chuck holes. That Model A Ford had a very narrow rear seat, and the car springs were nothing like we have today.

We arrived in Hays just about daylight, and they started to move me. I passed out and knew nothing for days. Bertha's sister was head nurse there at the time. Afterwards, she stated they could find no heartbeat or signs of life when they got me into the hospital but that Dr. Blake gave me a shot that revived my heart.

However, when I was discharged a month later I was able to walk. I was taken to the Union Pacific Depot where I got on the jitney and rode to Oakley all by myself. Thankful? Yes.

I knew and appreciate the fact that I had plenty of good help from my wife who was still not very strong. I was helped by my neighbors who came to my assistance and the girls who went for the doctor; by Dr. Butler who took care of me and who drove those many miles to get additional help and to get me to the hospital; by my father-in-law, who insisted that I be taken to the hospital; and by Dr. Blake and the nurses in Hadley Hospital in Hays who took such good care of me while I was there. But it was my first real realization that there was powerful help from above that gave me strength to keep going.

I was young and strong and had no bad habits. Well within a year I was back running my tractor in the fields. I never thought of it as a RED LETTER day until now, when I look back at it and the many other RED LETTER days I have survived.

Another RED LETTER day has passed in my life, and I am still here to tell the story. These events always make me realize that

the GOOD LORD is with me with his help and that of my wife and children, my doctors, nurses and friends. How very fortunate I am.

This is being written some four months after the last red letter day and after a visit to the doctor this morning. He told me I am doing fine and not to come back to him for another three or four months. That makes me feel better, but I am still weak and wobbly on my pins when I try to walk far.

I had been having some chest pains in the fall, but the doctor could not find anything wrong until I awoke one morning in the middle of December, 1983. As I rolled over in bed, I got a severe chest pain. Bertha called 911 and almost before I could realize it, the E.M.S. crew was there with the ambulance. They gave me oxygen and other aids and took me to Citizens Medical Center. They put me in the emergency room for a day then released me to go home, but that evening as I was sitting in my chair I got another severe chest pain so 911 was called again, and again I rode in the ambulance. (They never did turn on their siren. NO FAIR.) That time they kept me in emergency for five days and a few more days in regular, but I got so onery around the nurses that they sent me home and I have not been back since.

It was cold and snowy most of the winter so I just sat in the house and let others shovel the snow and take the cold. A great life if one can stand the pressure of climbing the walls each day wanting to get outside.

JANUARY 24th, 1981

Yesterday I celebrated my 77th birthday, and for the first time I really feel that I am getting to be an old man. It has been hard to realize that the years have slipped by and one does not have many years left. However, the past six weeks have brought about such a change in my life style that I've got to realize that time is numbered.

I have known since last June that my eyesight was going and that I possibly would not be able to read or drive a car much longer. But when it actually happens it is terribly hard to take.

My eyesight seemed to suddenly depreciate just before Christmas and I have not driven a car since. After driving for 63 years, which I have done, it is almost impossible to realize that I must wait until someone else can take me. That stops much of my travels to the country where I enjoyed going. Not being able to read puts a stop to another of my hobbies, for I lose contact with my history studies and other projects. I cannot read what I have written so that there is very likely to be much repetition, and I think I shall try to confine myself to my chair.

I should not complain. I have had a long life that has been full of many fine experiences. I have had a wonderful wife and we have raised a fine family. I have never been rich or famous, but we do not owe anyone. We own our own home and are comfortable, even though at times cash gets short in these days of inflation.

It is hell when it happens for I don't believe that anyone

ever thinks it will happen to them.

No, I am not seeking sympathy. I am simply stating my case in the hope that it may help others who are standing in my shoes or have that problem facing them in the future.

I have had over 25 years to prepare for this eventuality, for it's been that long ago since I lost one eye by complete removal and the other was operated on for glaucoma. The doctors told me I must stay out of the dust or I would soon lose it also.

Well, being a farmer in western Kansas, that is a very hard thing to do for dust is with us almost constantly. However, I managed to keep ahead of the game although I did leave the farm. My eyesight grew dimmer as the years passed with the worst problem being unable to recognize friends until they get very close.

During the past 10 years I have become an avid treasure hunter--not of coins but of artifacts lost along the old Smoky Hill Trail. I had long been a local history buff so combining the two hobbies was a natural thing to do. I spent many days out by myself in the pastures and hills along the river when there was not another person in sight all day. Other times my partner was able to go with me, and we both collected large quantities of trail days artifacts. We also found many old Indian artifacts. As the years passed I became more confined but that is only a natural thing with advancing age.

To others with like problems I say never give up! I know that I am very fortunate to be here and in fairly good health. I would not be here if I thought my case hopeless. I have seen so many of my friends, some far younger than I, go before me.

Never since the time the bull practically killed me have I feared death. That was an experience that brought me to fully realize what God can do.

Chapter 13

HARVEST MEMORIES

July 4, 1978

I am sitting in my home watching out the window. The thermometer reads 100+ and a 30 to 35 mile-per-hour wind is blowing the trees quite violently and dust is kicking up in the distance.

Highway 25 stretches north and south, not over 100 feet in front of my window. Frequently, a combine loaded on a truck moves up the street as some custom operator takes his combines and house trailers north trying to catch up with the fast advancing harvest. He hopes to be cutting in another field before nightfall, maybe ten miles north, maybe 100 miles north.

As I watch these modern machines with their enclosed, air-conditioned cabs, their hydraulic controlled operations that take little effort to manage, my thoughts go back to harvests in which I participated over 60 years ago. Due to health and eye trouble I have not been in a harvest field for some years, but I cannot watch the modern harvest without a longing to be with them.

I was raised in the Smoky Hill Valley south of the Union Pacific Railroad tracks where it was not thought possible to raise wheat in those long ago days. Our main crops were alfalfa and feed crops to keep our livestock through the winter. Sometimes it was necessary to feed the crops in the summer when no rain fell and the grass dried up and was nonexistent. The only way for the cattle to exist was to feed them just as was done in the winter.

Therefore, I was almost grown before I actually became acquainted with harvest conditions elsewhere. My recollections do not exactly place the proper years, but they are approximate. One year's experience was not far different than another.

Being raised on a farm before the advent of tractors, trucks and combines, and when horse power was the only known power beside your own strong muscles, I was thoroughly familiar with working horses harnessing and taking care of them. I often worked four or six head, hitched to some implement, long before I was grown.

My first actual harvest experience was when my father raised a crop of barley. We bound and shocked it in the field and later a threshing machine came and the grain was threshed. I was given a team and wagon that held about 50 bushels of grain. I was supposed to back the wagon up to the dusty side of the threshing machine where the grain was taken from the machine through a long, tin chute that extended from the top of the machine down into the wagon box.

Here I kept the grain leveled in the box and when it was filled to capacity. I transferred the spout to another wagon backed in alongside mine. I then drove my team away and to the barn where a door in the wall, about four feet above my head, led to the grain bin. Elevators and augers to unload the grain were unknown, so again the only means of getting that grain into the bin was to use a scoop shovel manned by my muscle power. A 50

bushel load did not take long, but think what would happen if one tried to unload a modern truck with its several hundred bushel capacity that way today.

Harvest time was a slow season for our farm, and my grandfather, who lived in Monument about 25 miles away, secured a harvest job for me as soon as I was old enough to go away from home and work. This was about the time the IWW (Industrial Workers of the World) had been active and good, reliable help was hard to secure.

I worked for Walter Cassidy who lived just north of the railroad at Monument and was supposed to get up shortly after daylight, go to the pasture on horseback and drive the work horses into the lot. Here several of us caught and haltered them, took them to their stalls and fed them grain and hay. Then we harnessed them before we ate breakfast.

After breakfast we hitched them to a couple of header barges and drove to the field sometimes over a mile from the barn. The six head of horses that were to be worked on the header were led behind the wagons. When the field was reached they were hitched to the header, a three horse team on each side of the header beam.

This beam was attached to the header in front and actually was used to push the machine, while the rear end was supported by a single rudder wheel, attached to a bar that extended up through the platform on which the header man stood astride the rudder which he could swing in either direction, thus turning the rudder wheel and guiding it in the field, much as a modern vehicle is guided.

Now the header itself rode on two high wheels, about four and one half feet high, one of which was a drive wheel and the other at the outer end of the platform was the grain wheel. The drive wheel had a large sprocket fastened to one side and over this sprocket a drive chain circled and also circled a smaller sprocket in front that powered the header.

The header itself consisted of a platform 12 or 14 feet long and 30 inches wide. Over this platform and around rollers at each end extended an endless canvass that was in continuous motion while the header moved. This canvass transported the cut heads as they fell from the cutting sickle along the front of the platform to the left end of the platform where an elevator picked up these heads and carried them up between two other canvasses 8 or 10 feet into the header box. Over the top of the platform a reel composed of six different slats turned and pushed the cut heads onto the platform canvass. It needs someone with machine experience to understand my simple explanation. In later years augers were used in place of these canvasses to move the heads and straw.

The header barges were large wooden boxes that were built in a peculiar fashion. They were 8 by 16. The low side, over which the header elevator extended, was only about 18 inches high. The opposite side was nearly six feet high so as to catch the cut heads before they could go clear over as they were discharged from the elevator. This box was mounted on wagon running gears and was pulled by a team driven by the header box man. This man could quite well load the box by himself, if he knew his job, simply by placing the box where it could be filled to the best advantage

Chapter 13

HARVEST MEMORIES

July 4, 1978

I am sitting in my home watching out the window. The thermometer reads 100+ and a 30 to 35 mile-per-hour wind is blowing the trees quite violently and dust is kicking up in the distance.

Highway 25 stretches north and south, not over 100 feet in front of my window. Frequently a combine loaded on a truck moves up the street as some custom operator takes his combines and house trailers north trying to catch up with the fast advancing harvest. He hopes to be cutting in another field before nightfall, maybe ten miles north, maybe 100 miles north.

As I watch these modern machines with their enclosed, air-conditioned cabs, their hydraulic controlled operations that take little effort to manage, my thoughts go back to harvests in which I participated over 60 years ago. Due to health and eye trouble I have not been in a harvest field for some years, but I cannot watch the modern harvest without a longing to be with them.

I was raised in the Smoky Hill Valley south of the Union Pacific Railroad tracks where it was not thought possible to raise wheat in those long ago days. Our main crops were alfalfa and feed crops to keep our livestock through the winter. Sometimes it was necessary to feed the crops in the summer when no rain fell and the grass dried up and was nonexistent. The only way for the cattle to exist was to feed them just as was done in the winter.

Therefore, I was almost grown before I actually became acquainted with harvest conditions elsewhere. My recollections do not exactly place the proper years, but they are approximate. One year's experience was not far different than another.

Being raised on a farm before the advent of tractors, trucks and combines, and when horse power was the only known power beside your own strong muscles, I was thoroughly familiar with working horses harnessing and taking care of them. I often worked four or six head, hitched to some implement, long before I was grown.

My first actual harvest experience was when my father raised a crop of barley. We bound and shocked it in the field and later a threshing machine came and the grain was threshed. I was given a team and wagon that held about 50 bushels of grain. I was supposed to back the wagon up to the dusty side of the threshing machine where the grain was taken from the machine through a long, tin chute that extended from the top of the machine down into the wagon box.

Here I kept the grain leveled in the box and when it was filled to capacity. I transferred the spout to another wagon backed in alongside mine. I then drove my team away and to the barn where a door in the wall, about four feet above my head, led to the grain bin. Elevators and augers to unload the grain were unknown, so again the only means of getting that grain into the bin was to use a scoop shovel manned by my muscle power. A 50

bushel load did not take long, but think what would happen if one tried to unload a modern truck with its several hundred bushel capacity that way today.

Harvest time was a slow season for our farm, and my grandfather, who lived in Monument about 25 miles away, secured a harvest job for me as soon as I was old enough to go away from home and work. This was about the time the IWW (Industrial Workers of the World) had been active and good, reliable help was hard to secure.

I worked for Walter Cassidy who lived just north of the railroad at Monument and was supposed to get up shortly after daylight, go to the pasture on horseback and drive the work horses into the lot. Here several of us caught and haltered them, took them to their stalls and fed them grain and hay. Then we harnessed them before we ate breakfast.

After breakfast we hitched them to a couple of header barges and drove to the field sometimes over a mile from the barn. The six head of horses that were to be worked on the header were led behind the wagons. When the field was reached they were hitched to the header, a three horse team on each side of the header beam.

This beam was attached to the header in front and actually was used to push the machine, while the rear end was supported by a single rudder wheel, attached to a bar that extended up through the platform on which the header man stood astride the rudder which he could swing in either direction, thus turning the rudder wheel and guiding it in the field, much as a modern vehicle is guided.

Now the header itself rode on two high wheels, about four and one half feet high, one of which was a drive wheel and the other at the outer end of the platform was the grain wheel. The drive wheel had a large sprocket fastened to one side and over this sprocket a drive chain circled and also circled a smaller sprocket in front that powered the header.

The header itself consisted of a platform 12 or 14 feet long and 30 inches wide. Over this platform and around rollers at each end extended an endless canvass that was in continuous motion while the header moved. This canvass transported the cut heads as they fell from the cutting sickle along the front of the platform to the left end of the platform where an elevator picked up these heads and carried them up between two other canvasses 8 or 10 feet into the header box. Over the top of the platform a reel composed of six different slats turned and pushed the cut heads onto the platform canvass. It needs someone with machine experience to understand my simple explanation. In later years augers were used in place of these canvasses to move the heads and straw.

The header barges were large wooden boxes that were built in a peculiar fashion. They were 8 by 16. The low side, over which the header elevator extended, was only about 18 inches high. The opposite side was nearly six feet high so as to catch the cut heads before they could go clear over as they were discharged from the elevator. This box was mounted on wagon running gears and was pulled by a team driven by the header box man. This man could quite well load the box by himself, if he knew his job, simply by placing the box where it could be filled to the best advantage

from the elevator. In heavy straw another man was in the box to help load the straw so a larger load could be built.

If the straw was thick and heavy three barges were often used in a field, but most of the time two were all that were used.

As each box was loaded it was driven to the stack and an empty box was driven under the elevator to be filled in turn. Again man power and pitch forks were all that moved the straw in the box onto the stack. It was stacked so that no rain or wind could destroy it. A full harvest crew could consist of about six or seven men.

The header man was chief man on the job, for it was his duty to keep the header in operation, guide it down the field, turn the corners squarely by holding the right hand team back and letting the other team swing as the rear of the header was guided in the arc necessary to make the corner. Now this iron platform on which the header man stood got terribly hot when the thermometer stood around 100 degrees or better and it would burn the feet of the header man. Sometimes a wet gunny sack was thrown on the platform to help keep it cool. The height of the platform or the height the straw was cut was regulated by the long iron lever that extended from the platform up to just in front of the header man. It passed over a fulcrum so the header man could regulate the height of the cut by raising or lowering that lever.

Now I forgot to mention that a 2 by 12 inch oak plank 10 feet long extended under the header man's platform, six feet on each side of the main beam. To this three horse-enevers were attached so that the three horses on each side could be hitched. Thus the motive power was attached to the rear of the machine and it actually looked as though the header was being pushed into the standing grain. Which it was.

My first day on that job I was placed in the header box to load the straw. We were an inexperienced crew and the header man had his problems and he did not appear for work the next morning nor thereafter. Walt asked me if I thought I could run the header. I had never been on one before but I knew I could drive the teams so I was elevated to header man and continued on that job until we had cut 400 acres. I had hired out for \$3.00 per day, but he paid me an extra \$1.00 per day when we settled up.

I returned to that job the next year and I liked to work there. They fed us good meals right in their home and there were some real pretty girls in the family that were about my age. We were always good friends even in later years.

My next harvest job was also at Monument but with another man, Mr. Art Sondburg. This was also my first experience with what later turned into combines. Art was farming with a Rumley tractor. These were about 20-30 rated horse power and it was a coal oil burning engine. When on a heavy load they would exhaust smoke very much as our diesels do today. They had a two cylinder engine. That year Art bought a machine that was built by the Avery Company, called a header-thresher. This machine was actually a small threshing machine with a motor mounted across the front for power. The power was transmitted to the main pulley by a flat belt about six inches wide. The header elevator was extended to discharge into the very top of the machine where the cut straw fell into the cylinder and was separated from the grain.

The grain was again elevated up and into a tin chute that extended out along side the machine, much as our modern combine augers do. However, a wagon pulled by a team was driven alongside as the machine moved down the field and the grain was loaded into the wagon.

The header and the header-thresher were pulled by the Rumley tractor which was hitched directly ahead of the thresher and a long cable pulled the header. The cable extended from the tractor draw bar at an angle to the left corner of the header platform, then under it on back to about the middle of the main cross beam between the two large wheels. A man had to ride the tiller bar to guide the header. My job was to drive the grain wagon team and take the grain to the bin and scoop it off.

Right here I will mention some of the insect problems that were a constant irritation to all men in the harvest fields and these problems continued until the advent of the enclosed air conditioned cabs. First and foremost were the flies that swarmed around everywhere. Sometimes they were so bad that it was almost impossible to drive a team for the team was constantly fighting the flies. Next most bothersome were the flying red ants. These insects always swarmed around the highest point in the field, the header man's head or the man in the header box. They had a bite that was very disagreeable and would last for a long time. If a pole was fastened up in the corner of the header box with a rag tied to it so that it was considerably higher than everything else then the flying ants would swarm there to a great extent but they would still fall in bunches from that. Grasshoppers were thick and large and they accumulated on the sides of the header boxes and everywhere. They also would go to a high point. If they lit on a man's back they would move up around his shirt collar and then nip him on his neck if the opportunity arose. Their bite was painful but did not last like the sting of the ant. All these insects combined with the heat, the dirt and occasional flying straw, helped make life interesting.

I graduated from Winona High School in the spring of 1923 and started farming for myself. In the spring of 1924 I bought my first tractor a 12-20 horsepower Waterloo Boy, the forerunner of the John Deere line. That summer Mr. Lew Jordan of Winona bought three Number 10 I.H.C. combines to harvest his extensive wheat acreage around Winona. He only owned one tractor himself an Avery. He hired me and another fellow with our own tractors to pull these other two combines. We were to be paid \$1.00 per hour and the fuel furnished. We put in long hot days with no protection from the sun, wind, dust or insects. With the added attraction of being placed squarely between the hot tractor motor, two feet in front of us and the hot combine motor, three feet behind. The combine motor was mounted at the very front of the machine just over the draw bar, so that it was impossible to escape its heat. The combine's power was transmitted to the numerous sprockets by cast chain which was continually breaking. We would not see it for a distance and would have to go back and hunt for the missing chain and repair and replace it. These combines had no mufflers and that made them noisy.

I believe we cut about four sections of wheat and were harvesting for almost 30 days. Often we were in the field for 14

or 15 hours a day. I continued with this crew for three years.

I sold my Waterloo Boy and went back to farming with horses the first year we were married but after two years I bought a 15-30 I.H.C. used tractor. Again I took the job with the Jordan crew. They were now using Nickols and Shepard combines with 20 foot sickle bars and that seemed a long ways out to the side for the machine. These machines had several advantages over the old Number 11's and I worked with them for several years. There actually was not much harvest during those years for they were the dust bowl years and few crops were raised.

I was severly injured in the fall of 1929 and we moved from the farm on the Smoky to Winona for several months. Then we rented a farm south of Page City and moved there in the fall of 1930. We were hailed out the next year.

I purchased a new Allis-Chalmers Model U rubber tired tractor, the first in northwest Kansas in the spring of 1934. When I hooked it onto one of those big Nickols and Shepard combines I found that I could not pull it in the field. The rest of the crew razzed me unmercifully. They were about to go get another tractor when we decided that the hitch on the combine was so high above the hitch on the tractor that it was simply lifting the rear of the tractor off the ground. When this was properly adjusted, I was in business. I soon proved to everyone that rubber tires were O.K. and I had the last laugh.

We moved to a farm seven miles southeast of Colby in the spring of 1938. Worms and dry weather did not allow me to harvest until the summer of 1941 when we had a good crop. Small, five foot cut, power-take-off combines were about the only new machines available then and everyone was going for them. I purchased a Minneapolis-Moline combine and used it two or three years. I operated the combine from the tractor and cut a lot of wheat with it, but they were lightly built and did not stand up long in our farming conditions.

Gleaner-Baldwins had been built for a number of years and were successful. The last year I used that five foot Minnie I had a large acreage and I went clear into eastern Kansas before I could even find a used machine. I bought a used Baldwin in Clay Center and had it mounted on used rubber tires. Due to war rationing new tires were not available. I pulled it home behind a used Chevrolet truck which I also bought. This machine was equipped with a steel roller chain to transmit power and later I converted it to belts.

I will mention that during those war years new machines were not available and anything that would cut grain was used. I believe that was the start of the custom combine business, for a great many Canadians came south with all types of machines, some that were very queer looking. They moved north as do our modern custom harvesters. Most of the machines were towed behind trucks or even tractors.

In 1948 I bought a new Baldwin 12 foot pull-type combine and converted it so that I could operate all the controls from my tractor, thereby making it a one man operation.

That first year my wheat was not ready to cut and John Kriss had a field north of Levant that was ripe. He persuaded me to cut that before my crop was ready. New combines had been on the

ration list even the year previous and a man had to show a very good reason to get one so all combines were still scarce in the area.

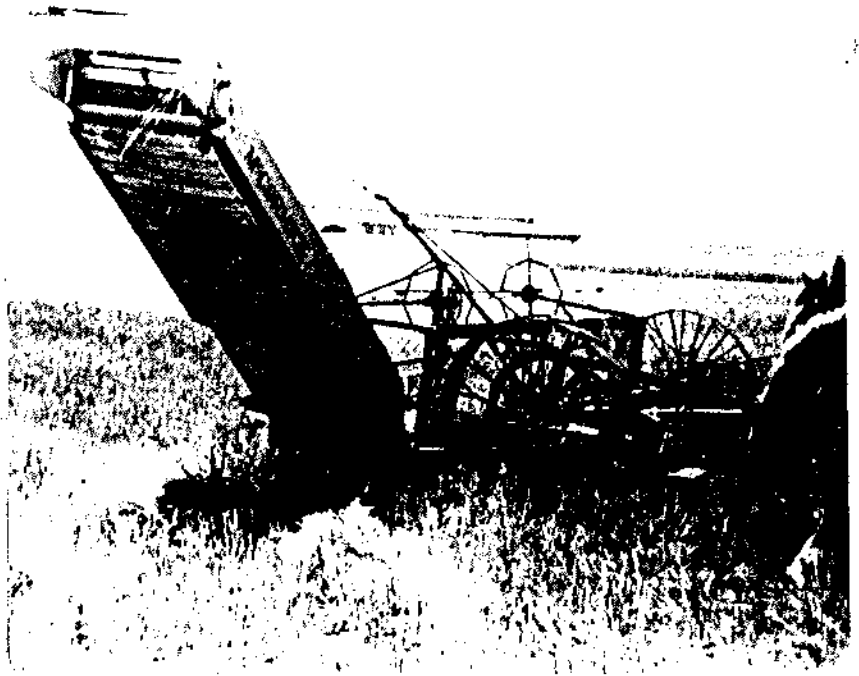
I cut John's wheat, my own and some for others after mine was cut and was on the harvest for 30 days before finishing. In all I cut 1400 acres of wheat that year, all in Thomas County.

I operated that combine until almost the end of my farming days in 1957. Some years were good and some years were disasters. I envy these modern combine crews and often wonder what these fellows would do if they had to go back for even one day to our old harvest methods.

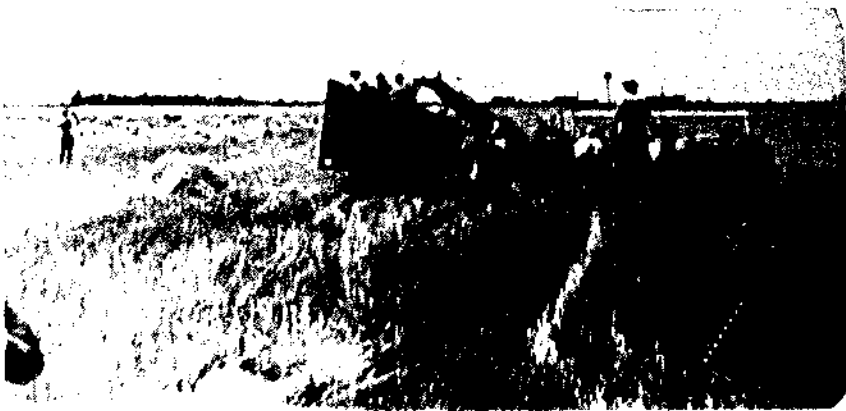
Before I close this little reminiscence I wish to tell of a bad experience I had in the early 1940's. It will show to those not acquainted with farm conditions and with the varying financial problems of the farmer one of the things that affects his financial security. Drought, wind, hot winds just before harvest, winter kill of plants, worms and bugs used to be a problem also. But the most destructive or most disheartening of all was a hail storm that completely destroyed a crop just as you thought it was ready to go in the bin or to market.

I experienced all these during my farming years but about 1944 I had just started to cut a large field and had made one round of the 80 acre field and saw a small dark cloud in the southwest. The wheat was making a good 40 bushels to the acre. As we unloaded the combine bin into the truck a sharp clap of thunder and lighting was very close by. I got quite a severe shock up through my feet and it began to hail. Before we could get out of the field with the truck my harvest was taken care of. The hail strip was not very wide, but it was complete where it hit and it cleaned all my crops.

Something else I should mention regarding the pleasures of our harvest days is milo harvest in the fall. Often we were out cutting when the wind was blowing and it was so cold we could not keep warm and had to occasionally climb in the truck cab to warm up. That was not as bad as having to put up with the milo dust. Milo had a very bad dust that came off it and that got in your eyes, mouth, nostrils and in fact everything exposed. It penetrated your clothing and was very irritating. It caused extreme discomfort for it caused great itching that was almost impossible to alleviate. A good bath each evening was only a partial relief. I often wonder if it bothers these boys on the new air-conditioned combines as it did us.



Header Ready For The
Harvest Field



Header Box Being Loaded
From Header



Header Man Driving
Horses Hitched to
Header



Three I. H. C. combines in Jordan's field just south of Winona in 1924. The first combine is being pulled by a Wallis tractor, 2nd, by a Waterloo Boy, and 3rd, by an Avery. Louie Butler is on the 1st tractor, Leslie Linville on the 2nd and Allen Kemp on the third.

Chapter 14

THE EVOLUTION OF FARM MACHINERY AND FARMING PRACTICES
IN WESTERN KANSAS

The roving bands of Indians who first inhabited our area of the Great Plains did little to upset the basic pattern of nature. They hunted game and gathered what native vegetation they could use for their living needs. Their camps were not permanent so there was no great displacement of nature.

The first white men who came into the area were explorers, hunters and trappers. Again, these did not change the pattern of past ages. It was only when large caravans of wagons and people began to follow the same route and cut deep ditches in the luxuriant native sod grass that erosion began to creep in. Heavy rains and high winds started soil moving in these ruts and evidence of this are still to be found in fields and hillsides where those ruts were made over 100 years ago along the trails.

The first homesteaders brought with them possibly only a sod breaking plow as a farming implement. These plows had a cutting blade of 10, 12 or 14 inches. They were pulled by a team of horses, oxen or mules and guided by the man who expected to be a farmer. He walked guiding the team, and he could possibly turn an acre or two of ground in a day.

These homesteaders also used this sod to build their homes. For years thereafter the remains of many former sod houses could be found where the sod had deteriorated and left a pile of earth that marked the site. Now they are obliterated forever.

These homesteaders gave little thought to soil conservation, for thick buffalo grass held rainfall close to where it fell, fields were small and wind and rain did not get a chance to start soil moving.

We moved onto a farm in the valley of the Smoky Hill River in Logan County, Kansas, in 1911 when I was a boy of seven. My farming experience has covered a period of over 70 years during which I have seen many changes in farming methods, machinery and conditions. These same years have brought more advancement in methods and machinery than all previous ages.

It is my hope to recall some of the experiences of the older generation and show the younger ones what a heritage they have to live up to.

The first sodbreaker may have had no method of planting his grain except to place it in the furrow and then cover it with the next cut of sod as he advanced around his field. Perhaps he used a hoe or possibly a hand planter which he pushed into the cut sod and opened up and dropped a grain into the hole. Some may have broadcast the seed by hand and then covered it by dragging a board or, later, a spike tooth harrow over the sod. Also I have seen sod planters that were made in the shape of a sled with a knife protruding beneath that cut a furrow and the seed was dropped in that from a box on the sled.

Horse drawn disks and spike tooth harrows came into use to break up the sod and smooth it down. Mr. Omar Snell recently

showed me a picture of his father and my Grandfather Tallman with a machine that they invented and patented to plant the seed. This machine looked like a disk with a planter box on it and very much resembled the first drills. I do not know what year this was invented but there were settlers here in the later 1880's when this area was first being settled.

A team of horses or mules was the first requirement of a farmer. These teams could consist of two, four, or even more head of animals hitched together to pull the implement. Feeding and caring for, watering, harnessing and hitching these larger teams to an implement was a time-consuming job. They were generally turned into the pasture at night then brought in and tied in their stalls, fed in the manger and if grain was available it was fed in a box at either end of the manger. They were harnessed and taken to the field where they made eight to ten trips up and down a field one half mile long. That was half a day's work. At noon they had to be fed, watered and allowed to rest for about an hour and then again taken out for another half day in the field. If sudden storms came up, man and beast could be soaked before reaching shelter.

Advances came about in the early 1900's in the size and kind of farming implements. That was when the steam engine entered the picture. These steam engines were of various sizes and were principally used to pull plows and disks to work the soil in the first operations. They required a water wagon to haul the water and a coal wagon to haul coal for their fuel. Again it was a slow time consuming operation and their rate of travel was never over four to five miles per hour. These were also used for the power to turn the threshing machines. Formerly, they had been powered by hitching horses to a beam that rotated around in a circle and the power thus developed was transmitted to the machine.

Not until about the close of World War I, in 1917, did the forerunner of our modern tractors come into use. These were two and four cylinder engines that usually burned kerosene for fuel. They were rated as 12-20, 15-30 horsepower and occasionally larger. International Harvester built the Titan, John Deere built the Waterloo Boy, Minneapolis-Moline built the Hart-Parr. Others were the Avery, The Rumley Oil Pull, Wallis and the Aultman-Taylor which was a larger tractor with drive wheels that were about eight feet in diameter. All had steel wheels with six inch lugs around the outside to dig into the ground and thus prevent slipping. They had speeds of two, four and possibly five miles per hour. On hard ground those lugs made them rough riding. A three bottom plow or eight foot tandem disk were about capacity load.

Improvements have been constantly made in power and design of tractors but one of the first and best was the advent of the rubber tires. These increased the lugging power and made for higher speeds and smoother riding.

I had purchased my first tractor, a Waterloo Boy, in 1924. Later I purchased a second-hand 15-30 International, and in 1934 I purchased one of the first rubber tire tractors in northwest Kansas, a Model U Allis Chalmers. Due to a back injury I was unable to ride the lug tractor and after my purchase of the rubber tire tractor I received a lot of kidding for everyone said that

rubber would not hold. It would wear out in no time. When I put it in the field and others saw what it would do in comparison to the steel it was not long before others began to purchase them. Today, I doubt if a steel, lug-type can be found in operation.

Rubber tires were soon added to other farm machinery and today I know of no machine in farm use that does not ride on rubber.

Other changes that have been made in tractors include increased power, enclosed cabs with radio and air-conditioning, dual tires and four wheel drive. They now come with gasoline, diesel or propane equipped motors for fuel.

I often wonder what one of our modern young farmers would do if he had to operate as we did. Lugs turned up quantities of soil that turned into dust as it fell from the wheel. Operators sat close to the hot motor and in pulling a combine the operator sat squarely between two motors. The combine motor was possibly six feet behind. Neither motor was equipped with a muffler and the noise was terrific. Dust and chaff from the combine settled over all until one could hardly see. Steel chains would occasionally break and allow elevators or straw walkers to fill to capacity and plug cylinders. Everything had to be dug out by hand. Large, red flying ants always hunted the highest spot around and they, along with flies, grasshoppers and other insects made life miserable. Temperatures were often over 100 degrees with no chance to seek relief. Drinking water was carried in burlap-wrapped stone jugs that still got very warm. Greasing those old combines was a time-consuming job that had to be repeated fully at least three times a day, and more often with the main bearing. That was the way it was when I first started working with the then modern combine in 1924.

Ways of preparing the soil and cultivation have vastly changed also. I believe the advent of the one-way plow in the later 1920's was one of the largest improvements made in those early power farming days. This plow turned a 10 foot, 12 foot or wider strip each round. They did practically the same operation at one time as a mould board plow and tandem disk had done in two operations.

In the 1940's narrow-blade chisels and sweeps began to be used in cultivation. Then in the 1950's the wide blade sweep that undercut the stubble and weeds came into use. This left vegetation on the surface to protect the top soil from evaporation and soil blowing.

In the early days of this century little thought was given to soil conservation. It was not considered a problem. The first bad dirt storms in 1911 and 1912 made people begin to realize that the farmed land needed to be taken care of to prevent soil from blowing. After that ended not much more was done for several years, when a few farmers discovered that if they left the land idle one season and kept it clean-cultivated they could conserve the rainfall and raise a much better crop on that land the second year. This was the introduction of our summer fallow practice. This practice began to spread until now the dry land farmer does not plant except on summer fallow. Previously wheat had been planted continuously on the same ground and this was called continuous cropping.

When the soil began to blow in the early 1930's, many different practices were tried to stop the dust. One of the most common was to list the ground with deep furrows crossways to the prevailing wind. These furrows helped to break up the sweep of the wind and also catch the loose soil. Others used chisels which did about the same thing but left narrower ditches; but they also brought up lumps of soil that assisted.

Good machinery for the smaller tractors was scarce and was not large enough to cover many acres in a day. By the time a field was entirely worked the first part was blowing again if there had not been enough cultivation at the start or if a neighboring field had not been plowed also. The dust soon filled the first furrows and started the entire field moving again. That was when laws were passed to make the careless land owner take care of his farm land.

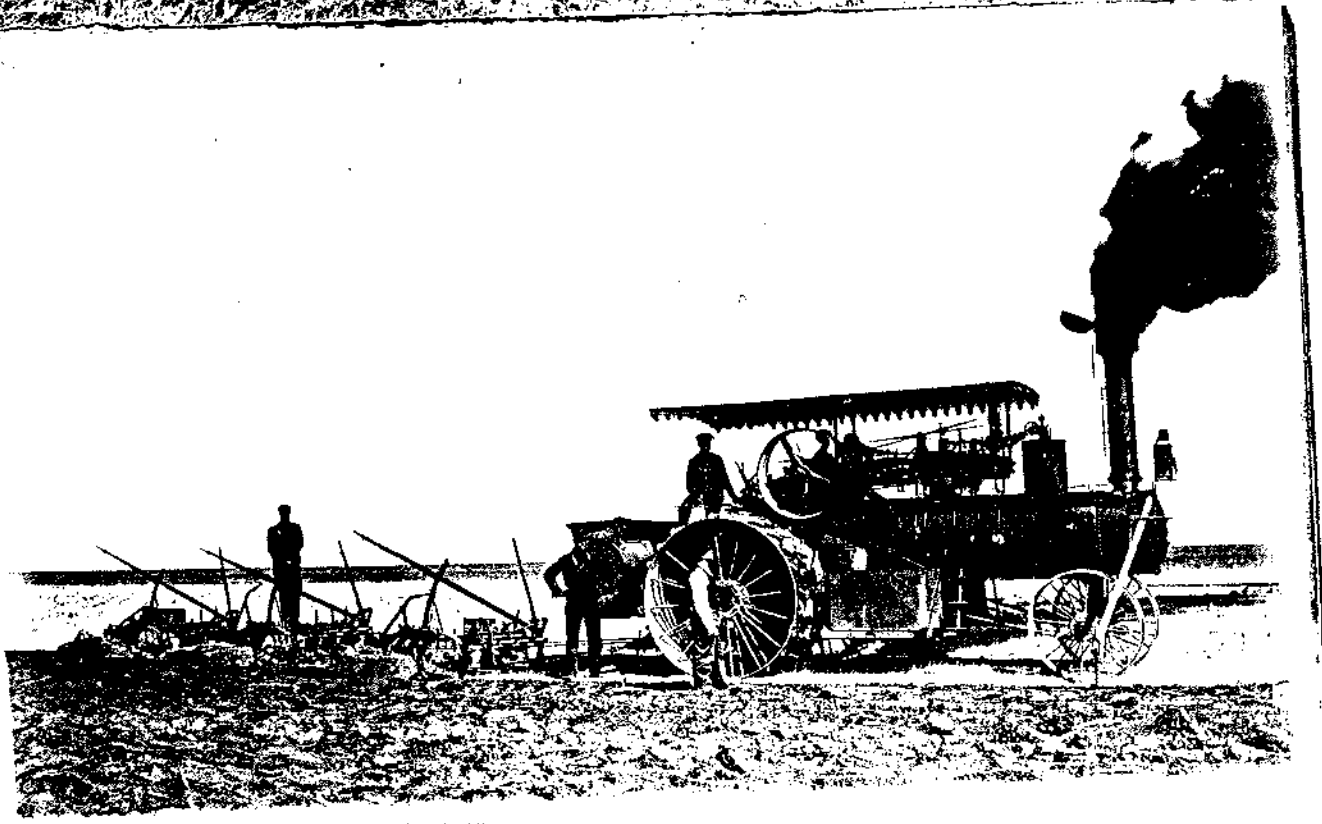
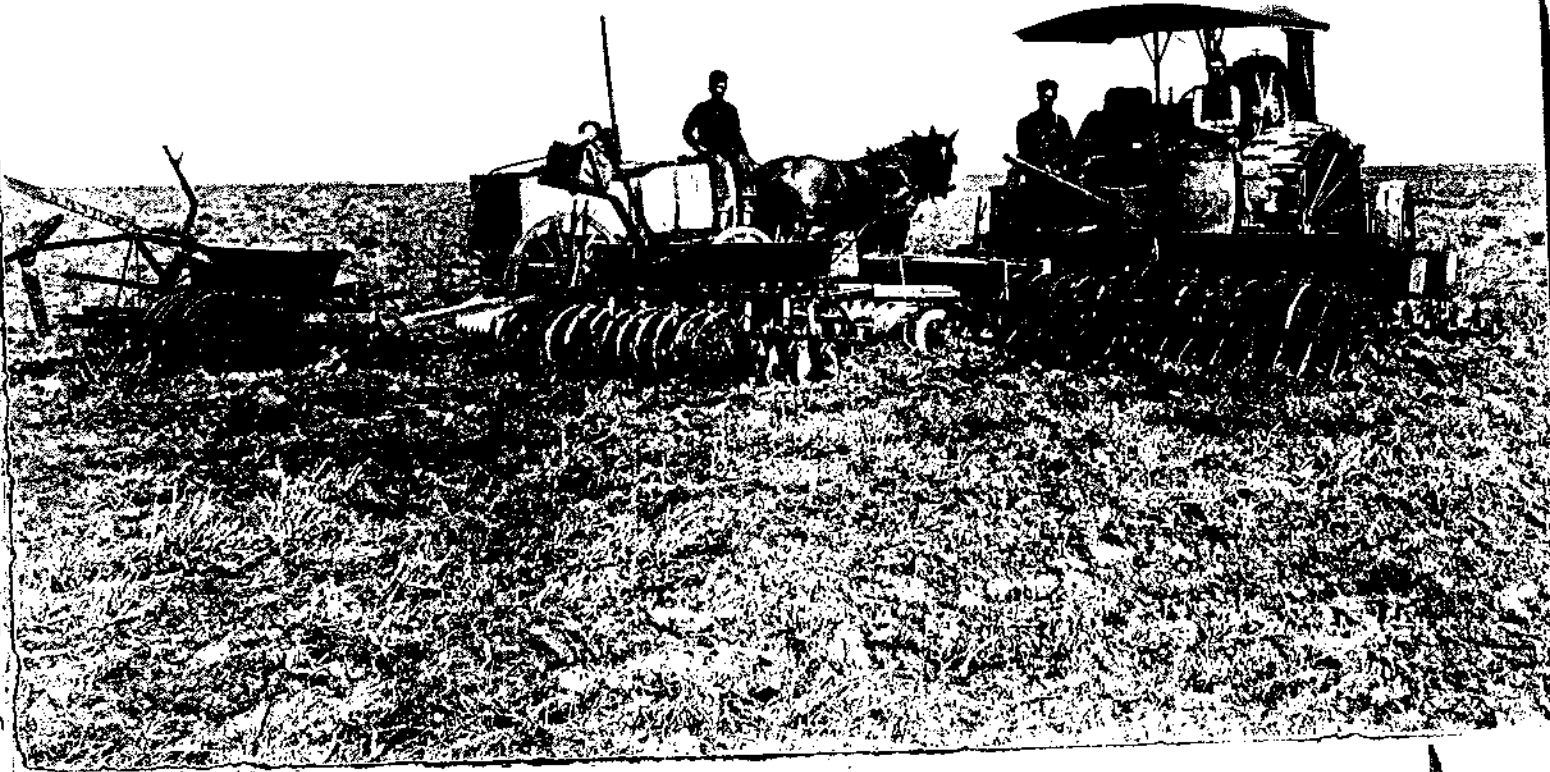
Terracing and land-leveling began to be practiced as a means of conserving soil moisture in the later 1940's. That practice has increased each year until now Thomas County has most of its farm acreage taken care of in this manner.

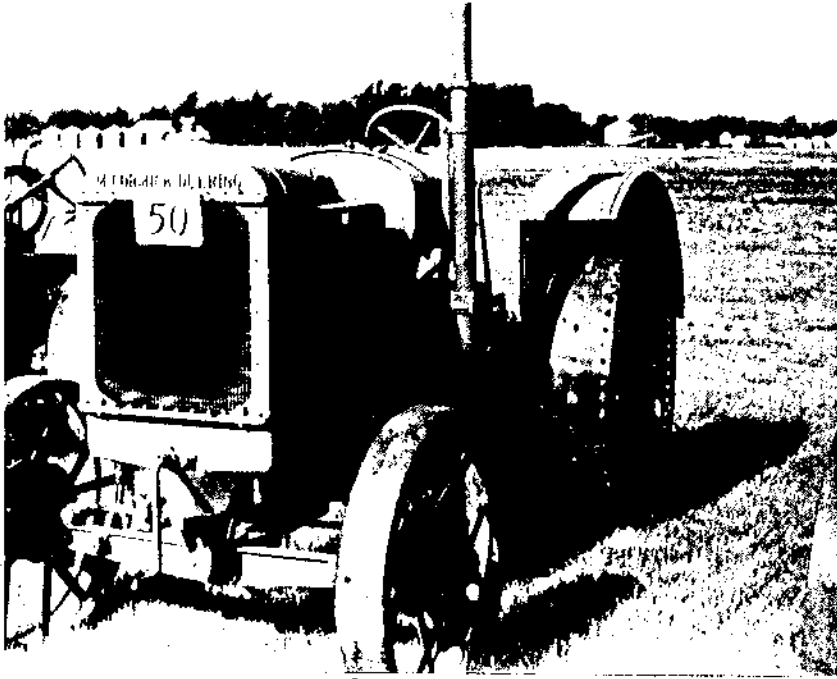
Until recent years fertilizer was an unknown substance on these plains, except when some farmer cleaned his barns or corral and spread it on his field. I have heard it argued by some that fertilizer loosened the soil so badly that it made the land blow worse. However with the advent of irrigation fertilizer must be applied. Also it is applied to the dry farm land.

It is quite inconceivable to us today how homesteaders of long ago could make a living from small fields on homesteads of 160 acres. It is true many did not. They had little out-of-pocket expense except what was necessary for clothing and groceries. They had a cow or two which provided them milk, cream and butter and a few hens to provide the eggs. Hogs were raised to provide meat. Meat was also obtained from the cattle and chickens and there was considerable wild game that also helped. Fuel was largely from cow chips picked up on the prairie. The native grass and the feed raised in small fields provided feed for the livestock. Nothing came ready packaged. No gasoline or motor oil was used. Kerosene was burned in the lamps for light in the house and barn. There was no telephone, radio or T.V. which took up excess time. They could concentrate on their day's work.

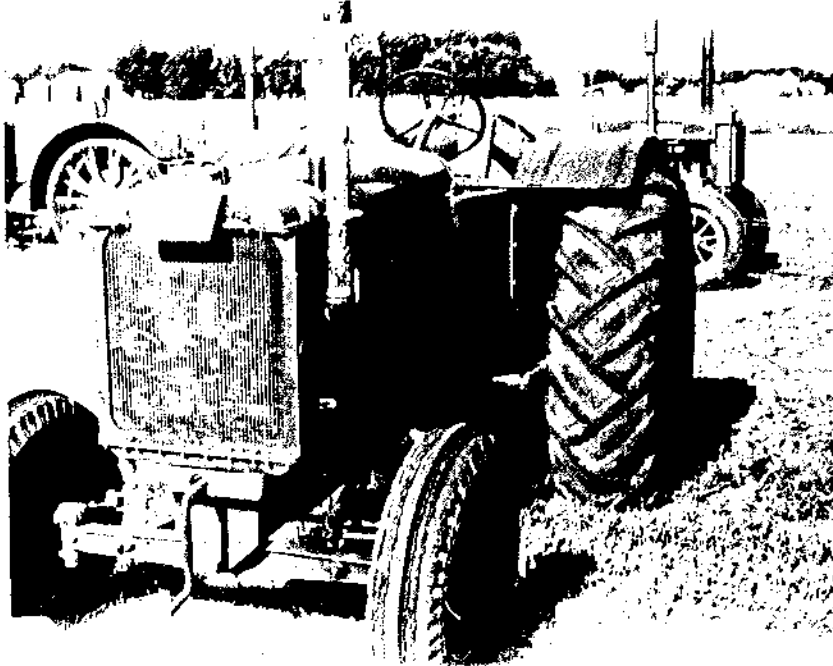
Yes it was a simple life but who wants to go back and live that way today?

Farming Near Monument Kansas About 1905 With Steam Engines
Steam Was The Original Source Of Power For The Power Farming Age

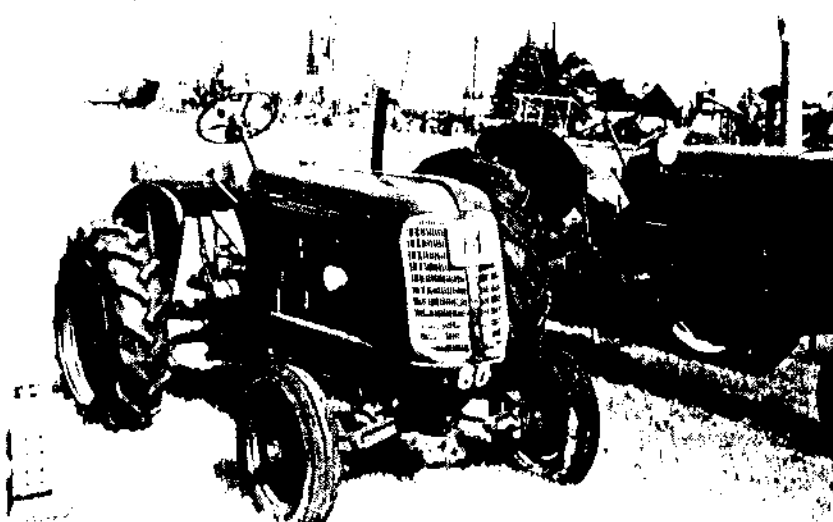




My Second Tractor
1927 International



My Third Tractor
1934 A.C. Model U



My Fourth Tractor
Oliver Avery 1942
Others Followed



KANSAN RECALLS THE WAY IT WAS

The following is a letter Landhandler received from Leslie Linville, Colby, Kansas, in August 1981.

“I was raised on a western Kansas farm and at the age of 20, or in 1924, I started my independent farming career when I purchased one of the first tractors then being manufactured. This was a Waterloo Boy 12-20 manufactured by John Deere. It was near Winona, Logan County, Kansas.

That tractor had steel wheels with angle iron straps that extended beyond the wheel edge to prevent slipping. In 1928 I bought a used IHC 15-30 tractor with steel wheels and 6 inch lugs to prevent slipping on a pull.

I was severely injured in the fall of '29 but after recovery I continued my farming, but the jolt on these tractors with the long lugs caused me much pain.

I continued to farm but kept reading about what Allis-Chalmers was then building and promoting in the early 1930s. That was a tractor mounted on rubber tires and it had a road speed that was unbelievable. A-C had Barney Oldfield, a race car driver of those days, racing that tractor on many race tracks. That was the first tractor on rubber and it was a sensation.

I became interested and in the spring of 1934 I placed an order for one of those Model U tractors with the local dealer, Bob Hooker of Winona, KS.

Everyone made fun of me for they said rubber would not hold on the ground nor would it wear long.

Tractors of all makes were not plentiful in those days and my dealer had to go to Hill City to secure one that had been stored there for over a year. It still had the steel wheels with 6 in. lugs but the rubber tired wheels were to be delivered as soon as possible. Probably about 6 weeks later the French and Hetch wheels with rubber tires were delivered and these were slipped on the axle after the steel wheels were removed. Also each wheel had two 150 pound weights installed to help hold it to the ground and prevent slipping. With this tractor I was in business but had to take a lot of kidding for everyone said rubber would not hold and would soon wear out.

Money was scarce and most of these older tractors that had original steel wheels were converted to rubber by securing rims for rubber. The old rims were cut from the spokes and the new welded on in place of the steel and rubber installed.

My tractor tires were Firestone and they lasted for several years, even wearing well down into the cords before I was able to replace them. I do not remember the size of the tires but they were very very small in comparison to present tires.

That first summer I got into my first problem with rubber. A large scale farmer wanted me to pull one of his 20-ft. Nichols and Shepard combines. I found that I had much trouble pulling it and received much kidding from the rest of the other three combine crews. After we realized that the combine hitch was much higher than the tractor hitch and it was simply lifting the tractor off the ground we lowered the combine hitch and I was able to make the rest of the crews eat their words and my dust.

I think we were always too hard up to take pictures for I cannot find a single picture of that Model U Allis-Chalmers tractor but I did find much interesting information.

First, on March 6, 1934 I had placed an order and on March 27 the tractor must have been delivered for I had signed four separate notes each coming due at a certain time during the following two years. One for \$250 and three for \$200 each. These notes were for a mortgage on the Model U Allis-Chalmers mounted on rubber and also included on the notes as additional security was wheat to be planted in the fall. I had traded my old 15-30 IHC in for \$200 or a total cost for the A-C of \$1050.

Now those wheat crops never materialized for those were the dust bowl years and I never raised a crop for years. Someway I kept that tractor till it was worn out about 1940.

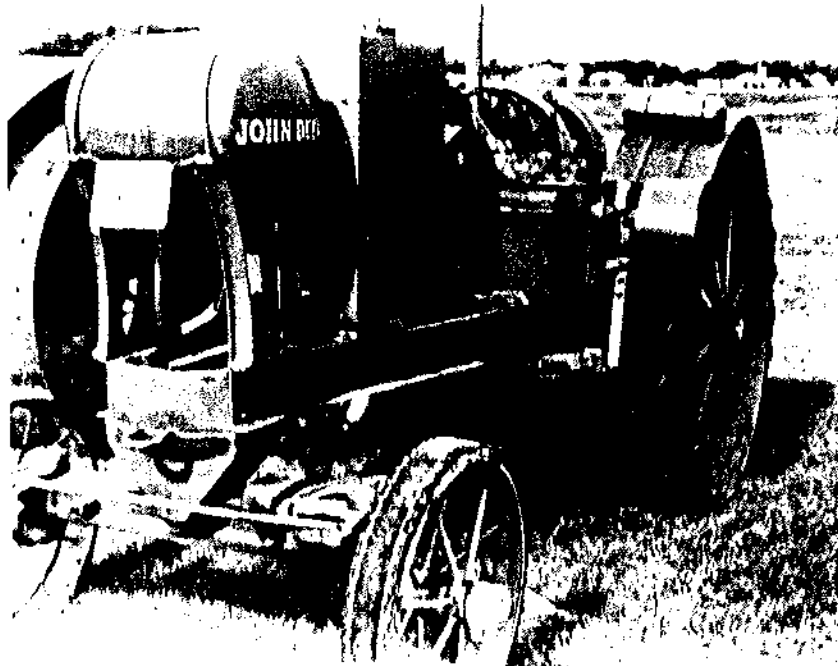
I did a lot of custom work with the Model U and when I look at those old figures it seems ridiculous in the present day or else the present day figures are ridiculous.

I was paying 9 cts. per gallon for gasoline delivered to the farm.

I pulled that combine during harvest and was paid 75 cents an hour for myself and tractor. They furnished fuel. I hauled two 59 pound pigs to the Oakley Sale barn and received \$2.90 for the two. I listed and one-wayed at custom rates of 50 cents an acre each operation. I sold 2 cows, one bull and three calves for a total of \$82 and everything else was in comparison.

YES, THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS . . ."

Robert L. Howell



1924 Model Waterloo Boy
My First Tractor

Chapter 15

MACHINERY IMPROVEMENTS AND PATENT APPLICATIONS

During the war years of the early 1940's most of our machinery was old. Some of it was practically worn out or was converted horse drawn machinery to start with. We were always having to patch up or improvise something to MAKE DO. The older farmers of the area got most of the available new machinery even when it was on the ration lists, for they were farming larger acreages and seemed to have first priority.

It seemed that I spent half my time repairing or rebuilding some machine. One time when I had a Chevrolet truck that I could not get started and wanted it in the driveway of my granary, I tried to push it in with the tractor. I used a post against the back of the truck and against the front of the tractor. The only thing that held it in place was the pressure between the two vehicles. Immediately when the pressure slacked the post dropped off and had to be replaced. I tried two or three combinations before I got the truck where I wanted it, but that put an idea in my head. Why could not a hitch be made that one could push on as well as pull with?

That was a fascinating problem that bothered me for some time and I was always trying to think of something that would work. Finally I came up with something that worked to an extent with one I made myself. Finally I took my idea to a machine shop in Colby run by a friend, Stony Price. He became very interested and we worked out a satisfactory unit in his shop that really worked, even if it was a rather clumsy affair. Guido Smith, a lawyer friend of Stony's, became interested and they urged me to get a patent on it. We three drove to Denver a couple of times to see a patent attorney and I made application for a patent. All this at my own expense.

A few local farmers wanted one if I could get them made reasonable and I became enthused or over-sold. I had trouble finding where they could be made but eventually found where the complete three pieces could be cast in steel at a foundry in Oklahoma City. I had a pattern made and a few were cast. They took very little machine work after casting and I thought my fortune was made.

During all this time a patent search was made which showed nothing comparable, and I then made a full application. This cost considerable money and when papers came back wanting a lot more money to process the application I just did not feel I was in a position to spend more so I let it drop.

The unit was made so that you could push or pull with it. It was flexible enough that you could turn either direction and automatically hook a machine either by backing into it or driving a truck into it from the rear. Simply by pulling a trip from the tractor seat it was unhooked. At that time we had no hydraulic controls and the big difficulty was in holding an implement tongue up where the connection could be made.

I was doing a lot of silage cutting at that time with an

Allis-Chalmers field cutter. I placed a hitch on the rear of the field cutter with a rope extending to the tractor so that I could release the hitch when needed. An A frame was built on the front of the truck with another part of the hitch attached to it. The truck driver could simply drive his truck up until the hitch locked get out of the truck and take the loaded truck to be unloaded. When the truck was loaded the trip rope was pulled and the machines disengaged. If this was done at a corner that loaded truck was left just before the corner was reached and the cutter pulled around the corner while the next empty truck was sitting at a 90 degree angle to the loaded one and could be driven into the hitch, with scarcely a stop. This eliminated the need for an extra man.

All this was brought to mind recently when one of the Depe boys told me that they were still using my old hitch on their cutter about 25 years after they purchased it.

Possibly if I had had enough money to have pushed it, enough selling experience, or had known the right connections, it would have paid off but I had to let it drop. About that time I began to have health problems. Anyway it is a great satisfaction to know that at least one has been used successfully all these years.

I was always trying to alter anything that did not work satisfactorily from a users point of view or that I could see a way to make a helpful change, and that led me into another patent deal. In the later 1960's, I was selling a Hi-Pressure Washing unit that was made in Fountain, Colorado. It was a very successful machine, but the man who was manufacturing them was working by himself and his health was poor. I would drive out to Fountain and get the ones I sold, and he began to try to sell me his shop. I was interested, but at my age I did not want to get into the business alone. Finally a Colby man came to me and wanted to go into business with me and manufacture the machines here.

We reached an agreement to form a corporation, with the two of us each putting up half the necessary capital. Then I reached an agreement with the owner as to price and articles for purchase. We two drove a truck that was included in the corporation papers to Fountain and loaded it up, but when I wrote my check for my half of the interest my partner told me he could not write a check for his interest. He put me in an embarrassing situation, so finally I paid the whole amount myself.

My partner in the corporation put in his truck and some of his tools and we started to build in his shop. We built and sold several machines, but he could not give full time to the work as was promised because of his other business. Also, he was using the corporation truck just as if it were still his personal truck. As he had invested no cash in the business, nor would he invest, I simply took the purchased articles to another shop and left him all that he had promised to put into the business.

I had made application for a patent on the changed-over unit that I had built and eventually that patent was issued in my name, Patent Number 3589614. The reason it was issued in my name was that again I put up all the money.

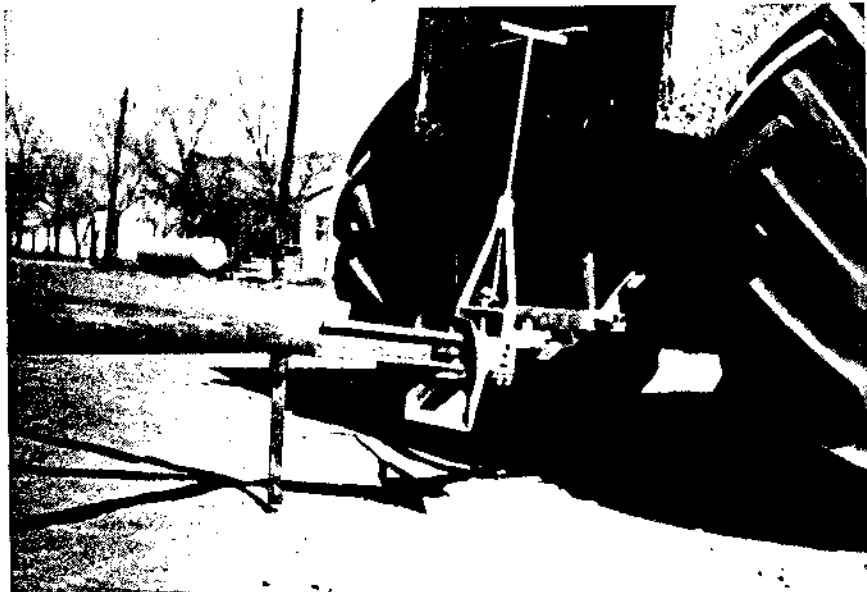
After moving into my own shop I continued to build and sell

the washers and I was selling them all over northwest Kansas as well as repairing them. This was too much to keep up with by myself and after my experience with a partner even though we had set it up as a corporation, called L and L Industries, I did not want to get involved again.

I offered the business for sale and a man from Atwood came and we reached an agreement and he purchased the business. He was Mr. Gaynor Carlson, and he had left the farm to start manufacturing a cattle guard that he had invented and that he was selling all over the U.S.

I had taken over the agency for a Dvorak Iron machine that was manufactured in South Dakota and he had purchased the first of those machines I had sold. Eventually I sold 15 of those Dvoraks in northwest Kansas along with my washers. Mr. Carlson continued with the washers and has been very successful in his business. He also bought my agency for the Dvorak Iron Worker and the Forney Welding Supplies that I had held.

Since that time I have tried to keep away from any business obligations but as I became interested in the hobby of using a metal detector hunting old artifacts along the Smoky Hill Trail, I also took the agency for White's Metal Detectors. To date, December 8, 1985, I have sold close to 100.



My Automatic Tractor Hitch

COLBY FARMER GETS PATENT ON NEW TYPE AUTOMATIC HITCH

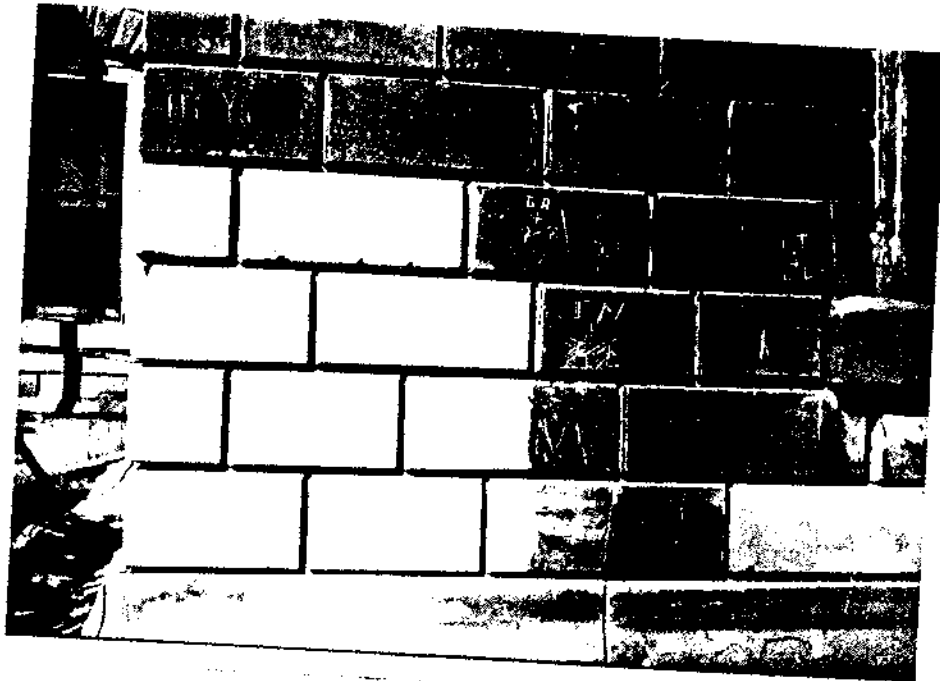
Leslie Linville, Colby farmer, recently obtained a patent for an automatic hitching device.

The hitch provides for connecting and unhooking machinery from the tractor without the operator leaving the seat of the machine thus eliminating danger of injury while performing the operation.

The model from which the patent was granted was manufactured in the Price Machine Shop plant in Colby.



Cleaning Colby City Hall with L. and L. Pressure Washing System



Close up view of finished work on old rock wall.

HUNTING
Chapter 16

Floris Weiser and I were down on the old farm on the Smoky last Thursday, and as always this visit stirred memories of my childhood; how we farmed, went to school, hunted jackrabbits and much more.

Incidentally, we went back up on the ridge top where I say the German massacre occurred in 1874. I do not know how many different times we have gone over that land with our metal detectors. We were positive that every bit of metal had been recovered from that site. But something keeps taking us back, and this time it paid off. Very close to where Floris had found ten musket balls four years ago. I found two more and also a small metal button and a hook like they used to wear on their belts to carry canteens on. There were also several pieces of old, square nails.

In going over that land with our metal detectors, we always find lots of old shotgun shell tops, and that day I found more 22 caliber rifle shell casings than ever before. That reminded me of how thick the jackrabbits used to be. One could scarcely ever pass a soapweed or tall bunch of grass but what two or three jackrabbits would jump out. I often shot 10 to 15 on a single hunt covering a mile or two. In four years of hunting artifacts with a metal detector I have only see two or three jackrabbits and I haven't seen any cottontails. Willow brush used to grow thick along the river, and many cottontails stayed there. Now there is no willow brush nor cottontails.

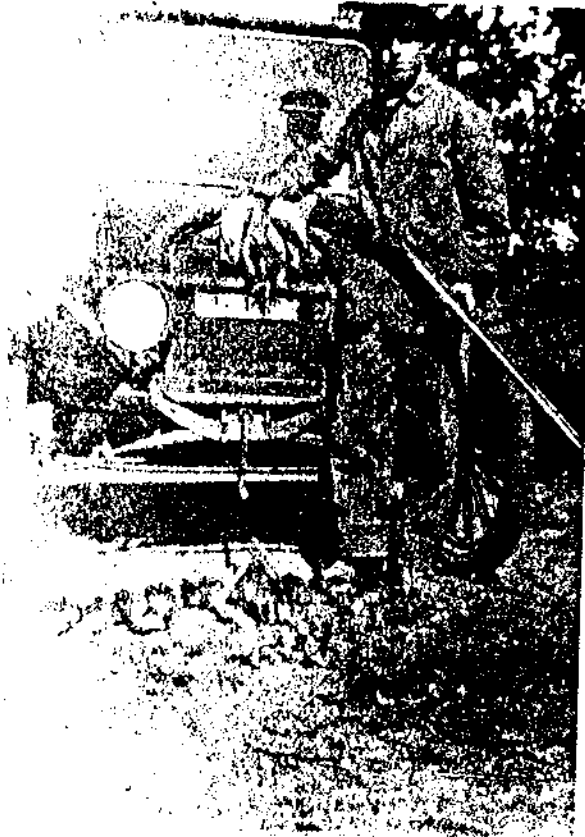
A long V wedge of geese flew north that morning, and again that reminded me of the almost constant flights of geese, ducks and cranes that we used to see each spring and fall. There were several ponds along the river and there was great duck hunting. I ate so many ducks that I haven't cared for them since.

Trapping in the winter time was good, for there were lots of muskrats, skunks and racoons to catch. But there were no deer, antelope or beaver. I have not seen evidence of muskrat along the river in recent years, but muskrats and skunks were easily caught and that was the chief way that we boys could get a little spending money. I have sometimes wondered how our teachers ever let us boys come to school after killing and skinning a few skunks. I know we did not smell like a bed of roses. Well, those teachers were raised on farms and they knew the conditions. I often got up long before daylight and ran my trapline in the dark and, by using a flashlight, I was able to kill my captives. I knew my way around those hills and river crossings and I don't believe that I ever got lost. Remember there were no outdoor electric lights, just the feeble flame of a coal oil lamp that did not shine far.

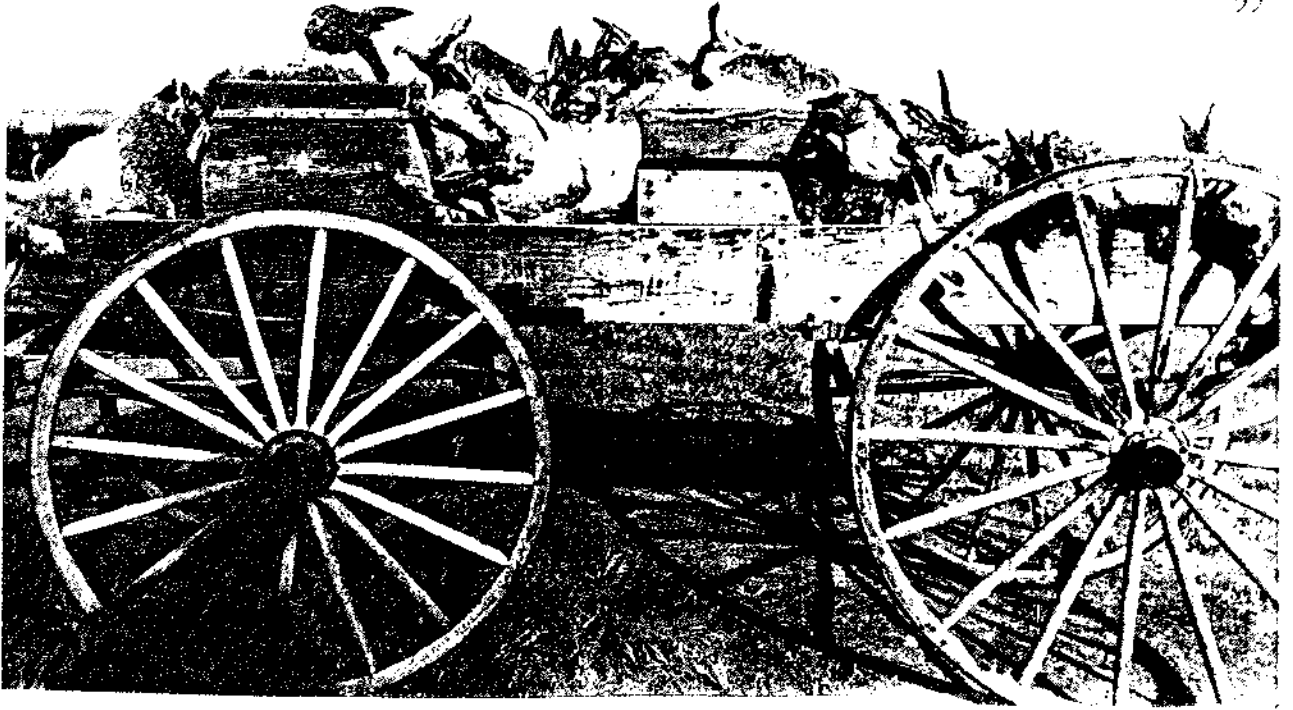
Beaver came into that area around 1945, I believe, and they did much damage to the trees for a few years. They were finally cleaned out because of the tree damage. Deer and antelope have

been imported into the area by the State Game Commission. I have been told that there is a herd of about 159 near McAllister. We often see them in western Logan County and Wallace County.

These are some of the changes I have seen in wild life over the past 60 years.



Leslie Linville with ducks killed on one hunt



A spring wagon load of jackrabbits
shot on the Linville ranch about 1912



Back row: Grover Case, Jim Felts, Art Sprague, Chas. Howell, Frank ...
Jones, Homer Robertson. Front row: John LEBLOW, Faye Thoyensell, ...
Catherman, DR. Stroup, Emerson Felts, Frank Indico. Picture taken in 1912

AT LINVILLE RANCH SW WINONA

Chapter 17

WINTERS

April 1, 1980

On this April Fools day we awoke to find that we had received .84 inches of rain and snow over night and that all roads out of Colby had been closed by the Highway Patrol. It started to rain last evening and then turned into snow. We received about two inches of snow on top of what we already had accumulated during the past ten days.

These storms are called blizzards by the weather bureau, but they just don't know what a blizzard is locally. Although a few miles west and southwest of here they evidently are blizzards of major proportions. There they have had more snow and wind that have caused bad drifting. Most of the roads in northwest Kansas are closed and that includes Interstate 70. Goodland has set an all-time snowfall record this winter. I don't think we are far behind, but the storms have been worse over there.

I went out and shoveled the snow from our walks. There was only a little over an inch, but it was like shoveling water for it had not froze. As I worked I remembered blizzards of the past 70 years that I have seen and fought.

The first of these was the winter of 1911-12 when we lived on the Smoky Hill southwest of Winona, Kansas. My memories of it are rather vague except that we had snow from November until spring. That was the winter that my father got lost and spent the night of December 29 in a snow drift and nearly froze to death.

Wagons, buggies and sleighs pulled by horses were the only means of transportation in those days, and the drifts were deep so that horses could not go far before tiring. I know there were days on end that no one got to town, but in those days every farmer kept a good supply of food on hand in case of these storms. They did not go to the store every day. Also, every farmer had his own milk, cream, butter and eggs besides many garden products stored in his cellar.

That winter was a terrible one for livestock for it was almost impossible to get feed to cattle and hundreds of them starved to death. After the snows let up and the carcasses thawed out everyone was out skinning cattle. The carcasses were sometimes left where they were or, if near the buildings, they were just dragged to an isolated place and left to decompose or for the coyotes and other animals to partake of.

Another distinct recollection I have of that winter was that I was sick and my bed was close to a window. I could watch outside. In the evenings the jack rabbits would come from every direction to feed at the alfalfa hay stack that had been stacked near the buildings. The jacks would flock in by the hundreds and they looked like a flock of sheep. They would feed on the base of the stacks and eat holes clear through the stack. They consumed quantities of this hay. It was almost impossible to get to town to get ammunition to shoot them so they had to be allowed to feed.

The next bad winter that I remember was the winter of 1918-

19 when the snow was very deep. Father had hired a man from New Mexico to work for him. He was Mr. Joe Wells. Mr. Wells drove a mule team hitched to a covered wagon from the South West to our farm. He brought his family, which included his wife a small girl and a boy in that wagon and they drove in one Sunday afternoon. Father had built a small, two room sod house north of our house about one fourth mile where they were to live. They had not much more than got unloaded when the storm hit. If they had been a few hours later they might never have made it for the trails were soon blocked and it was days before we could even get to town. The mule team was road toughened and the first time they tried to drive to Winona they only made a few miles and gave it up and returned home. A few days later they did get to town but had to stay over night for the team was worn out. The men in Winona were building snow sleds to be pulled by the teams in place of the wagons. These sleds were flat-bottomed boxes that had the front end pulled up so that they were like sled runners and the sides were about 14 inches high. They were much like a wagon box except that the bottom boards were curved up. A team could be hitched to the front and the whole thing would slide on top of the snow instead of cutting in as did wagon wheels, thus making it much easier to pull. Some of these sleds were built 8 feet wide to haul feed, but the majority were only 3 or 4 feet wide and about 16 feet long.

That winter was a long severe one and again one of my main recollections was of the jack rabbits. Again they flocked to the alfalfa hay stacks and ate holes deep into them. By that time I was shooting a 12 guage shot gun. I would take that double barrel gun and a box of 25 shot gun shells and climb on a hay stack in the evening. I would dig a hole in the top of the stack to hide in and place a few small bunches of hay out away from the stack in good range of the shot gun. Then I would wait until the rabbits started flocking in to feed. Many would feed at those bunches of hay. When some gathered at a bunch, I could blast them and often get 2 to 4 at a single shot. The rest would scatter for a few minutes but were soon back and I could repeat the shooting. My gun sometimes got quite hot but it did not affect the rabbits for long. Except the dead ones.

There was a small weed patch just north of the house that probably covered a few acres and the rabbits would congregate there after feeding. We could see them by the dozens there, and if one person went into the patch to hunt the rabbits would all leave on the opposite side.

We finally got smart and Dad would move into the weeds from one direction, the hired man from another direction and I from another direction. The rabbits would flock out in all directions and each hunter could stand in one place and shoot until his gun got so hot he could not hold it.

To the younger ones living today this sounds impossible, but you must remember that jack rabbits were a real pest then. They would damage most any growing crop. There was a ten cent bounty for each pair of scalps turned in to the county clerk who would just count them and throw them in the stove. Sometimes there would be buyers for the carcasses at the railway shipping points. They took the carcasses and threw them into box cars and shipped

them to the cities where they were sold. Most of these carcasses were frozen before they even reached town, but I have often wondered what condition they were in when sold in the cities. Of course there was no federal meat inspection then, but I never heard of any sickness that resulted from this.

Sometimes the rabbits were skinned, the hides stretched and dried and then sold to fur buyers. The carcasses were fed to the hogs after the feet were cut off. These feet could catch in a hog's throat and choke it.

We had our usual winter storm the next few years that caused much inconvenience but nothing that was really noteworthy until March 26, 1931, when the grand daddy of all blizzards hit us. I was then married and living on a farm four miles south of Page City where we had moved the fall before. The house was a small, two-story house with two rooms on the ground floor and three small bed rooms on the upper floor. We had two boys and a baby girl who had been born the summer before. The oldest boy was three years old. Our fields were north of the house and we had had fine volunteer wheat pasture where I usually let my cattle feed in the daytime. For some reason I kept them in the corral that morning for there had been rain for several days and the fields were muddy. About ten o'clock, while I was butchering a hog in the car shed, the wind suddenly changed and began to blow a gale from the north west. I finished my butchering before I left the shed and when I went out I could hardly see my way to the house. The temperature had dropped to below zero. It was almost impossible to walk against the wind. That old, frame house was little protection against the wind and the snow was blowing into the north room where we had a small heating stove. However, our coal pile was outside and soon covered deep in snow. So we shut that room off and lived in the one south room which had been our kitchen and dining room. There was an old coal range there but our coal or fuel supply soon was gone. We also had a gasoline cook stove there. The fuel supply for that was a gasoline tank that was pressure fed. It happened that it was full of that 10 cent gasoline and we kept it burning for two days and it was the only heat we had in the house. We all lived as close to it as possible which was a job.

That storm lasted for two full days. Sunday was nice and then it hit again. By the time it was all over, the sun came out nice and warm. The snow did not last long although we had snow drifts that were 15 feet or more high. My cattle were in the corral, shed and barn and I did not lose any, but there were dead cattle everywhere. Many drifted with the storm. Their nostrils filled with snow and they smothered to death or froze where they stood. I went to a pasture southeast of the house about two miles where a herd of 50 or more had drifted into a fence corner and they were all dead. A person could have walked on every one of them without ever stepping on the ground. We always considered ourselves very fortunate that we came through that without serious losses even to ourselves or our livestock. A school bus load of children about 100 miles southwest of us was caught on the road and several of the children froze to death in that storm.

Present day citizens must remember that in those days we had no electricity, we had no telephones, there was no television and

few had radios. Where they did have radios the reception was very poor and unreliable. There was no two way radio communication between school buses and other points. Four wheel drive vehicles were unknown, although most farmers had sold their horses and were depending on motorized transportation. Few roads were elevated, none were hard surfaced and you traveled at your own risk of getting stuck or caught in a storm.

During the dry, dirty thirties, we had little snow to contend with but the cold was quite severe some years. A group of neighborhood farmers joined together to drive one car to Russell Springs to work on W.P.A. projects. I remember how I nearly froze many days working on that dam or out on the stone quarry getting rock out for the courthouse addition. I got my blood frozen in many of those projects. Maybe that is why I have spent so many days there in recent years trying to redeem it.

We moved to a rented farm southeast of Colby in the spring of 1938 and during the winter of 1939-40 there was deep snow. Claud Connelly was pasturing a flock of sheep on wheat pasture just east of our house. The snow got so deep that they could not get the pasture and Claud could not get feed to them so he hired me to take my high-wheel tractor and break the road ahead of the flock so he could drive them into Colby to the feed yard. It took a big part of the day to make the trip of seven miles.

We bought our farm, which was one and a quarter miles east and one half mile north of the rented farm, in the fall of 1941. We moved there and the first storm that I remember that caused severe problems was on a March day in 1944 when a sudden blizzard hit about 11 A.M. That was the one in which Lloyd Dimmitt lost his life. He was our substitute mail carrier that day. My mail box was two and one fourth miles west of home. I had gone to get my cattle which were on wheat pasture over a mile west. I started them home and then I drove on to get the mail, but it had not yet arrived. I did not much more than get the cattle home than the storm hit. That evening after I had finished my chores I was in the house and the rural phone line on which we were connected was continually ringing a neighbor's phone number. I knew that the line to his residence was down so I finally picked up the phone and told the other party that he could not be reached. That man lived on the corner very near where our mail box was. The caller told me that Lloyd had not returned to town that day and they were trying to reach that neighbor to see if he had been there. The snow was so deep by then that they could not get out of town to search for him. I told the man that the only way to reach my neighbor was for me to take my high-wheel tractor and drive there. We had a neighbor boy who was a close friend of Lloyd's who was also on that party line and who lived three fourths mile east of us. He heard the conversation and walked to our place and we went west. We had some difficulty getting through the deep drifts but finally made it. This neighbor had not seen Lloyd, but when I looked in my mail box, my mail was there so we knew he had passed west. The route had turned from the south and went on west at my mail box so we headed west. When we reached the section line road going north, one mile west of my mail box, we saw that the road going on west was heavily blocked with snow so we turned north up that road. We went a little over one half mile when we found a

mail sack in the middle of the road.

We took the sack on to Cleo Theiler's farm, another one half mile, and phoned to Colby reporting our find. Colby people had got organized and were just ready to try to get out. They soon made it to this farmstead just a mile south and two miles east of town. Everyone went back to where the mail sack and car were and hunted most of the night but could not find him. We were about frozen ourselves as we had been riding that open tractor with no protection since about 6 that evening and it was 2 A.M. when we got home. The snow had quit after sun down, but it was very cold.

I did my chores early the next morning and returned on the tractor to the area where we had been the night before. People were everywhere looking in snow drifts. It was sometime after I got there that they found the body under about three feet of drifted snow near his car. He was on the south side of a east-west fence along side the road. He had evidently missed the west road when he returned to his car after laying the mail sack down. Then he had gone on south about a quarter of a mile, for we had found his foot prints in the snow where he had crossed into the west road ditch and over the fence and headed directly for his car. Evidently the storm had cleared enough that he could see the car and headed back to it. But he was so exhausted that he could not get across the fence and got caught there and perished.

One bad blizzard occurred in the spring of 1948 when we were living on our farm southeast of Colby. Our youngest boy was only a month old. The state was rebuilding Highway 24 east of Colby and had closed the road and detoured traffic to the section line road that went west, one half mile south of Halford, directly by our farm. The road was only about 100 feet north of the house and it followed that section line to south of Colby where it turned north.

There was some snow falling and the wind was blowing when we got up but it continually got worse and by the time I had fed my cattle and done other chores it was quite severe. Mr. Milt Warner lived in Gem but owned a store in Colby. He drove from Gem and when he got just west of our house he got stuck and wanted me to pull him out. This I did with my tractor, but the storm was so bad he decided to stay at our place until it cleared. By that time other travelers were also in trouble and wanting help. I pulled several out and they also stayed at the house.

Two big semi trucks got stuck on the road west of home and they were side by side so that no one could pass. The road was soon full of vehicles. It was not severely cold so they did not suffer from the cold, but many were badly frightened. Traffic kept piling up all day even though we had KXXX put it on the air that no one could get through. About noon a Greyhound bus stopped right north of the house. It had left Oakley and had no trouble until reaching our place. The driver came into the house and phoned, but he would not let anyone off his bus except a mother with a small child who got some milk for the baby. We were not prepared to feed such a crowd but Bertha baked biscuits and scrambled eggs and they were all fed something.

About sun down the storm let up and the boys and I got our tractors out and finally got those two semi trucks started up the road. We pulled many out of drifts and everyone moved on. At the

height of the blockage, cars were lined from the hill west of our house to almost one half mile east. Everyone was thankful when they were all gone. I have always had severe criticism of the Highway Department since we had phoned them and told them that the road was completely blocked, but they apparently did nothing about it for traffic kept piling up all day. They showed up to help just as we got the last vehicle moving.

That storm did not seriously affect any but ourselves and the people who were stalled on the road. It was an experience not easily forgotten. Most of those who were in our house sent presents and letters afterwards.

In November, 1948, I was pasturing my cattle on my field two miles west of home and one half mile north and a severe blizzard hit in the night. It was five days before I could get to my cattle. They had no protection. I went on my tractor to get them but cut across a field for the last half mile. As I drove along I saw many odd piles of snow that I could not figure out what they were. Upon investigation I discovered they were the bodies of frozen sheep scattered all over the field. I realized where they had originated, for I owned another half section of land just north of the section I was crossing. I had good wheat pasture on it and had rented it to a sheep man. He had fenced it and put about 2,000 head of sheep there to pasture. The sheep had broken the fence and drifted south during the storm and had smothered in the snow as it covered them. Much of that flock was lost and that storm broke many of the sheep men in the area. Some were local men but many were from Montana and Wyoming who had shipped their sheep into the area to fatten on the luxuriant wheat growth. That was almost the last of wheat pasturing for sheep. I never knew of many flocks brought in after that.

That storm was not severe enough, nor last long enough, to greatly affect the cattle, although a few were lost.

I spent much time in the winter of 1956 in Rochester, Minnesota, at the Mayo Clinic and my health was not too good the following winter. My mother lived in Colby with my sister Doris, and her health was very bad. She had a heart condition and could hardly see. About the middle of March she was taken to the hospital here in Colby. On March 25, Bertha and I started in to see her, but when we got two miles west of home it started to snow very bad and we returned home, for I could hardly see and we had left the children at home. When we arose the next morning, a very severe blizzard was raging and drifts were piled high. One drift, between our house and the quonset, was almost 15 feet high, high enough that we could not see the quonset from the house. I did my chores and then we got a phone call from my sisters who were at the hospital. They told me that mother could not live long and they wanted me to come in. I told them the only way I could possibly get there was to walk, for the roads were drifted full, but that I would start soon. They phoned back in a few minutes and told me that Dr. Custer had said for me to stay home and he would send some National Guard boys after me with a large vehicle. When they came they were in an army tank and they drove up on a drift about four feet deep right next to the house. I climbed up on that tank and rode up there back into Colby. The tank went through some deep drifts and over the top of many. I had to hold

tight to the big gun. Mother knew me but passed away that evening. Her funeral was held at the Methodist church in Colby and burial was in the Monument Cemetery beside my father and her parents. The casket had to be carried for some distance over deep snow to reach the grave site.

Many storms of various proportions have plagued the area since we moved into Colby in September of 1957, but since I have no livestock to care for it was not absolutely necessary that I get out in them. They do not leave a vivid impression or memory on me so I will skip up to the present.

April 3, 1980

This brings me full circle from April 1 when shoveling snow started these recollections. I must finish by adding a few comments on this year's storms.

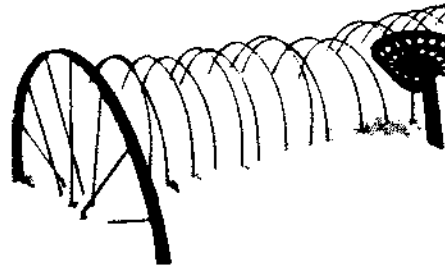
Starting two days after Christmas we have had one snow after another. That first one deposited almost twelve inches of snow that laid as level and beautiful as any snow we ever saw. It was very wet, and since it never got cold it did not last but a few days. The ground was bare for about two or three days and then we got another one that again did not last many days. When it disappeared, another came and it has continued that way ever since. Sometimes there would be a small amount of snow left before another arrived, but it has never blown and drifted bad here. Just five or six miles west the wind has blown and caused much trouble though.

Having lived in this area all my life I cannot recall ever having quite the conditions we have had the past three months. It was almost as though there was a high, board fence between here and Goodland, for they have had one bad blizzard after another since January 1. We have had level snow that we could enjoy until we got completely fed up and tired of it.

Roads have been closed all over Northwest Kansas, schools have not opened and some will not open until next week. Five northwest Kansas counties have been declared disaster areas by the governor. Helicopters have been sent to survey and assist. The National Guard has been put on standby but not called out yet.

Yesterday morning we received four inches of snow, three inches of which fell in less than an hour. It remained cloudy all day with slight snow falling, but by 9 o'clock this morning it has cleared with the wind blowing. The wind chill index was around zero, but the thermometer said almost 30 degrees. Now, at 11 A.M., it reads 40 degrees so the snow should be gone by night. West of here they will have snow for many days.

The report last night stated that Goodland's all-time snow fall record up to this winter had been 74 inches of snow but that it had passed the 100 inch total last night. Colby's total was just over 60 inches for this season. That is a good comparison of the difference of a few miles, even without the wind.



Hay rake buried in snow



My Truck on top of Snowdrift 4 feet Deep

Chapter 18

FEED CUTTING

We purchased our own farm in the fall of 1941. The buildings were terribly run down, for the place had been deserted for some time. We immediately started building and rebuilding everything on the land but due to the war, rationing and scarcity of all materials it was ten years before the work was completed.

During these years we raised some wonderful crops, for I was farming two sections of land. I farmed with small, antiquated machinery because new machinery was not available. For instance, to cut a feed crop for the cattle we had to mow it with an old horse drawn, five foot mowing machine that I had converted to pull with a tractor. Then, to rake the feed into piles we used a horse drawn dump rake pulled by a tractor. Each of these operations was a two man job, for one had to drive the tractor and the other operated the machine. Then with pitchforks, we hand-pitched the feed onto a wagon to haul to the cattle.

In the fall of 1948, I was able to purchase a new John Deere eight foot, horse drawn, grain binder that I converted to tractor pull and added a power take-off attachment.

I had a lot of tall feed to cut and that converted machine did a good job of cutting and binding. Again, that meant a lot of work. The feed had to be shocked by hand in the field and then loaded onto wagons to haul to the cattle or to the stacks.

Some of our children were attending college in Manhattan, and I took them down. That was in the early 1950's and before every child had an auto of their own to drive as they do today.

On one occasion I drove by an implement dealer's lot in Manhattan and saw a machine that attracted my attention. I had never seen anything like it. I stopped and looked it over and it was an Allis-Chalmers row crop field cutter. I decided I had to have one if possible, for I had a lot of tall feed to cut.

I went to our local Allis-Chalmers dealer and asked him if one was available. He had never heard of such a machine, but said he would investigate. He finally secured a row crop cutter for me and again I think that was one of the very first Allis-Chalmers cutters sold in Kansas.

I cut my tall feed with the row crop attachment, but since there was also a lot of shorter feed to cut I bought the wide field cutter attachment and put it on.

My neighbors saw how much work was saved by this machine and everyone wanted me to cut their feed. I cut feed all over the area from eight miles north of Colby to 15 miles southwest of Colby. My farm was 7 miles southeast of Colby.

Few farmers actually had silos, but were piling feed on the ground or in trenches. I had also purchased an Allis-Chalmers blower to put the feed up in the upright silos and that machine did a wonderful job. Never once did we plug it even on 50 foot upright silos.

I thought I had everyone's feed cut when one day a Montana sheep man, who had several large flocks of sheep in the county

that he was running on wheat pasture, cane and asked if I would cut a quarter-section of feed for him. The field was 15 miles southwest of Colby, on land that John Kriss had drilled to Coes cane after harvesting the wheat crop. It stood about 3 to 4 foot tall and was quite thick. He wanted to put it in a large trench he was having dug on the Ted Griffin farm, 8 miles south of Colby.

The feed was frosted, but we cut about 2,000 tons of feed and did not finish until the day before Thanksgiving. Many days were cold and windy, and as we had no enclosed tractor cabs in those days it was cold work.

An Allis-Chalmers field man had kept close watch on my operation, for he wanted to know how my machine stood up. He said I had probably cut more with that one cutter than all the rest of the Allis-Chalmers cutters sold in the U.S., for most of them were sold in the east where the fields were small.

Allis-Chalmers later sent an engineer to visit me to see what I recommended for improvements. I never saw many changes, but two years later I purchased a second cutter and with the aid of two of my sons we operated the two machines until the fall of 1957. I was having severe eye problems and had to sell my farm and all machinery then.

Much of the large scale feed cutting today is done by custom cutters who travel the area much the same as custom harvesters do in the summer. Again, I can say that possibly I had the first Allis-Chalmers field cutter in western Kansas and also started the custom feed cutting business.



Leslie Linville With 1952 Rowcrop Feed Cutter

Chapter 19

FINANCING

1980

One of the greatest changes I have seen from the time of my childhood is in the methods for financing. I had no trouble that way until in high school, for I did not need any great amount of money to buy ammunition, traps and other small items. These needs could be taken care of by collecting bounty money on rabbit or gopher scalps. We had no gasoline to buy or car repairs to pay for. We walked or rode horseback when going short distances. This was our way of life until about 1917 when Dad bought his first Model T Ford. Even then gasoline was selling for around 10 cents per gallon, and those Model T's went a long way on a gallon.

After I got into high school things began to change. The first time I borrowed from the bank was when I bought my first second hand Model T, although I had been raising hogs and had a few head of cattle.

As years went on it became necessary to secure more financing, and I only borrowed from our local bank, The Winona State Bank. This bank was suddenly shut down when the Great Depression closed practically every bank in the country. I had borrowed money from no other bank or loan company except to finance the purchase of an Allis-Chalmers Model U tractor on rubber tires. During those years we were being financed by the government, and they had a mortgage on everything we possessed. We were certainly happy and relieved when we were able to pay that off. Also, most farmers were working on WPA during those dust bowl days. I still have a check made out to me for .06 cents that I like to show and tell the kids was a check for a day's work.

When we bought our farm, I was able to make The Federal Land Bank a small down payment and get refinancing on land that the Land Bank was foreclosing on. That was the only time that the Land Bank ever did me very much good. I was never able to get financing for any other land purchases since they operated on the idea that there was no future in land purchases. I got other financing from eastern insurance companies for other land purchases.

I started doing business with The Farmers and Merchants Bank of Colby soon after moving to Thomas County and have continued with them since. I remember once, during World War II years, I was getting a loan from Sam Alexander the Vice President of that bank. He told me, "Leslie, we will loan you money for anything you want to buy--cattle, machinery or whatever." That made me feel very good, but I was afraid to plunge and never borrowed beyond my immediate needs. However, it seemed that I was always owing them, but we never had any disagreements. Credit was closely watched and one could not borrow beyond one's resources.

How different it is in 1980. I have heard that the Federal Land Bank will loan practically 100% on land, and the Production Credit Association advertises that it will loan about 100% on anything a farmer wants to purchase, even with land prices

hundreds of dollars per acre more than the \$15 to \$40 per acre we paid for the same land in the 1940's. A good tractor could then be purchased for four to seven thousand dollars each. Now, the cost will run many times that. I bought a new 12 foot, pull-type, Baldwin combine for a little over \$3,000 in 1947. Now a combine may cost as much as \$80,000, I am told. Of course there is a tremendous difference in size and quality of machinery, but I often wonder what these young farmers would do if conditions were reversed.

I am in agreement with the farmers of today that the prices they receive for their products are not in line with prices they pay for their needs. But that was a problem in all the years I was farming, except possibly during the World War II years and shortly thereafter.

I will never forget selling cattle for \$10 to \$20 per head and hogs for \$3 per hundred-weight. We burned ear corn when we could raise it because the selling price was not enough to pay to haul it to town. We drove cars that were several years old and were lucky if we could keep them running. Our machinery was ready to fall apart, and much of it was horse drawn equipment that had been converted for tractor use. We milked cows, raised chickens, sold cream and eggs to buy our groceries, which came more in bulk, not dressed up as they are today. We butchered our own beef and hogs and cured the meat ourselves after cutting it up. We salted the meat and stored it in caves. Much of it was canned in fruit jars by our wives. We had no propane or gas central heating systems. We had no refrigeration nor air-conditioning. Our trucks were mostly four wheel trailers made out of the running gears of some old car with a wagon box fastened on top. This is the way we lived in the 1930's.

Few of us had telephones. Some had battery powered radios that worked part time, for the closest stations were in Topeka, Denver and Dr. Brinkley's station in Milford, Kansas. It almost monopolized the air waves. T.V. was not even dreamed of, nor was C.B. If we wanted to communicate with a man in the field or a neighbor it was drive or walk to their place and talk to them personally.

I have been off the farm for more than 20 years and realize it would be very hard for me to go back on the farm. Machinery, crops and methods of work have changed so drastically during those years that I would hardly know where to start, even though we have lived near our old farm and have tried to keep up with changes.

Chapter .20

HOUSES

One phase of my activities over almost 49 years has not been mentioned in this manuscript so I will give a brief account here so that readers will not get the impression that I just lazed around all the time.

I forget the exact year this started, but I believe it was 1945 or '46. I had an old IHC 15-30 tractor that I had purchased from Lloyd White. I did not need it any more for I had newer tractors. Guy Gilbert wanted a tractor to take to Colorado where he was going to break sod. He had a small, four room house in the 900 block of South Range, just across from the race track. There were 9 lots in that block and another lot on the block south.

We worked out a trade whereby I got the house and lots and assumed a mortgage. He got the tractor and another piece of machinery.

The house was not modern nor in very good condition. I began working on it, eventually modernizing it and adding more rooms. To bring city water to it and sewage disposal, I had to have Mr. Trybom dig a ditch from the middle of the block north one-half block, then across the street and to the middle of the block east where we could connect to the city sewer line. Tile was laid at my expense and this cost considerable money, but the city and I were improving the area. There were only two houses south of that place when I acquired it. But look at it now!

I rented the house to various families, and it seemed like I was always working on it. The Duane Wooster family lived there for over twenty years. Rentals just about paid for the taxes and modernizing. I sold the empty lots to various people but kept the house until six years ago when I sold it to Hal Kistler.

Bertha's mother had bought a small four room house at 115 South Garfield when she moved to Colby after the death of Mr. Williams in 1944. She lived there for 20 years and the house had little done to it so it needed much work. After her death we tried to sell the house but at that time there was little real estate moving. I finally bought the house and remodeled and improved it and sold it to Raymond Farmer, who had been a neighbor when we lived on the farm. He has lived there since.

I did most of the work on these two houses myself in my spare time so the labor expense was small but the materials were expensive.

My third venture was on a house at 470 South Mission. Somehow I got involved in a trade and again assumed a mortgage. This was a five room house and in much better condition than the other two had been. I did some work on it myself and kept it rented for about three years and then sold it. It has changed owners several times since then and I understand that the price has tripled over what I sold it for. Hindsight is better than foresight, but I always sold too soon never dreaming that inflation would increase prices so drastically.

Chapter 21

PRAIRIE FIRES AND WHEAT FIELD FIRES

Prairie fires were a disaster to any man, beast or farmstead that were caught in the direct path of the fire. On good, thick, buffalo grass a fire could travel as fast as a horse could run. With a moderate wind a fire soon created a wind of its own. After the grass burned from around a cow chip and the chip was on fire, the wind would pick it up and sometimes carry it far, where it might start a new fire. Also the grass would seem to explode just ahead of the larger flames and there just was no use trying to fight ahead of the main fire.

There were several methods of fighting a fire, but the best protection was to have fireguards or a field to stop the main fire. A fire guard was a plowed strip around the place to be protected. These strips were not very wide. When a fire approached, it was possible to set small fires ahead of it then let them burn back toward that fire, thus widening the fire guard before the main fire reached it.

To fight a head fire the side fires had to be kept from spreading. Fighting a side fire was accomplished by plowing, but as a rule there was not time enough to get a team and plow. So men with wet gunny sacks or other cloth would beat on the flames until they were extinguished. Others brought water in barrels and cream cans to help keep the cloths wet, but water was scarce.

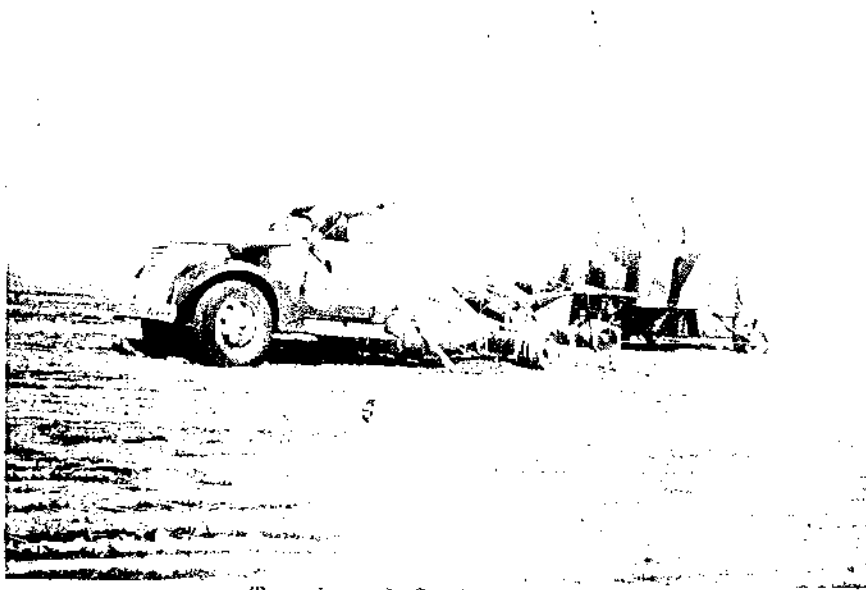
At various times I helped fight small prairie fires, but the area in which we lived along the river was fortunate. I recollect only one fire that burned within several miles of our home.

I do remember seeing smoke from fires several miles away and on one occasion there was a fire that burned from the railroad track clear across country south. It burned west of us and that night the sky was quite lit up and red to the west. That was probably 60 or 65 years ago; my memory fails further.

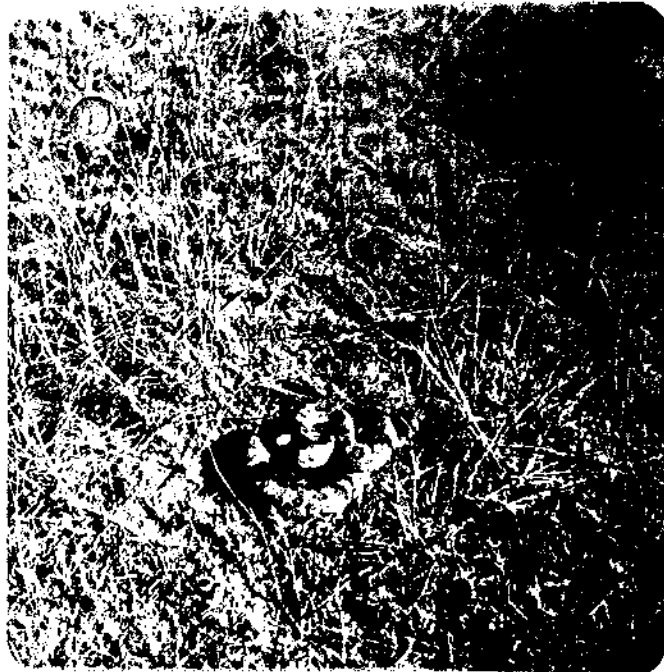
Everyone available always stopped work and went to fight the fire even though it might be several miles away. It was a constant menace when the grass was dry and who knew but what the next one might be at their farm. Cooperation was a great thing. Fires could start from lightning, sparks from a train, a cigarette, burning trash or from machinery failures.

A wheat field fire was usually caused by any of the above-mentioned causes in ripe grain straw or in the stubble during or after harvest. If the wheat were tall a fire would be so hot that it could not be closely approached. Plowing or backfiring from a distance had to be done. I never thought it traveled as fast as a prairie fire, but sometimes it would catch a combine or truck in the field and they would be consumed before help arrived. These were generally caused by hot exhaust pipes. I have seen several cases like that where the machinery was burned. My fields were on quite level land where we could see for miles. Once, during a harvest in the 1940's, I counted 22 smokes from burning fields within my vision area in one day.

I believe it was in 1958 while I was writing insurance that I wrote almost two million dollars of standing grain fire coverage.



Truck and Combine Caught
In Wheat Field Fire



Coiled Rattlesnake
Heady Ro Strike

Chapter 22

PRAIRIE DOGS, PRAIRIE OWLS (HOOT OWLS) AND RATTLESNAKES

The June, 1980, issue of Kanhistique magazine has a very fine article on prairie dogs of Kansas. That reminded me of my varied experiences and observations of these little dogs, or VARMINTS as we sometimes called them.

I was introduced to prairie dogs when I started to school in Logan County. Our school house was moved from a previous location and set up on a hill about one and one-fourth miles southeast of our home. That location made it necessary for us to follow a long bend in the North Smoky Hill River along the valley, until we climbed that last hill to reach the school house.

The entire distance was directly through a prairie dog town that extended far up and down the valley, but it was entirely on the north or east side of the river. In those day I never knew of a dog town on the other side of the river, and even today, as far as I have noticed, there are no towns on the south side. The north and east sides still have heavy populations even though they have been fought by many methods all these years. It seems that once prairie dogs get established, there is no way of controlling them. This is proven by the fact that when we moved to Thomas County in 1938 I never saw a dog in the area southeast of Colby where we farmed. Nor did I see any for many years. However, sometime in the 1950's Mr. Vernie Kear established Sod Town two miles east of Colby on land he owned. He advertised for prairie dogs to be brought to Sod Town to be an attraction for his Sod Town Museum.

He started his venture with three or four dogs that he kept penned and which made nice pets. These made a fine attraction, especially for children, as they sat up and barked when a noise was made. However, in a few years the dogs increased and shortly they were outside the enclosure and all around Sod Town. Now there is a large town all around that area. That gets ahead of my story, but I used it as an illustration of how they spread.

In my school days, we were continually cautioned about watching for rattlesnakes which were known to infest dog towns. We had many close calls on our way to school, but no one was bitten in our immediate area for many years.

Prairie dogs dug almost straight into the ground for a short distance and piled the excavated dirt around the mouth of the hole. These were very dangerous holes for a horse or other animal to step into, for a leg could be broken. As far as I knew, it was never determined just how deep these burrows were. I never knew of a dog being drowned out, but I expect that happened somewhere.

An interesting bird that also inhabited dog towns was the prairie owl. As a child, I was told that an owl could continually turn his head around and never twist it off. I watched an owl sitting on top of a mound of dirt above a dog hole and it looked exactly as if that were happening. Later I found that an owl turned his head part way around and then turned it back so fast that the human eye could scarcely see the motion.

Prairie dogs were fought by poisoning grain, by putting a

liquid gas on a piece of cow chip or other material and then dropping that object down the hole and then covering the hole to stop the escaping gas, and by hunters shooting them, which in later years became quite a sport. Many tales were told that it was impossible to recover a dog after he was shot for he would always get back in his hole. I had shot many and knew this was not always true. One time, when several neighbors and I were going from south of Page City to secure feed for our cattle along the river, one of these neighbors made the remark that a prairie dog could never be shot and recovered. I argued that this was not so and to prove it we stopped and I shot one that was poking his head out of a hole. I knew that often when a dog was shot through the head he would sometimes flop out of the hole and, if reached before he had time to flop back into the hole, he could be recovered. Therefore, when I shot this one, I rushed over, grabbed him and brought him back to the car and proved my point.

This neighbor wanted to take it home to show his wife. We put the prairie dog in the car and drove on to where the owner of the land on which the thistles were being baled lived. When he saw the dead prairie dog, he wanted to eat it. This was in the 1930's when eats were scarce and all meat looked good. He skinned it and took it in to his wife who fried it for dinner and we all were invited to partake. Well I don't remember just how many ate, or even took a bite, but one bite of dog was all I could accomplish. I suppose if they had been known as squirrels or rabbits I would have thought nothing of it. But dog was more than my stomach could stand. We ate jack rabbits, racoons, turtles and other wild game and thought nothing of it.

I had a way of capturing young prairie dogs that I have never heard of others using. I would watch in the spring until I saw several young dogs come out of a hole. Then I would go to several of the surrounding holes and fill them with rocks or dirt down about one foot, leaving a short hole above the obstruction. Then I would lie out of sight and wait until those young ones came back out and got a short way from their original hole. I would then jump up and run to their home hole and beat them to it. Naturally they would head for a neighboring hole and start down it only to find it blocked. I always wore gloves and could reach down and catch one. They were fierce little fighters but if cared for they soon made wonderful pets.

I remember one in particular that I took home and kept for a considerable time. We named it Snippy and it ran around the house quite freely. If we spoke sharply and called it by name, it would sit up and bark at us. We thought we had taught it its name, but in later years I realized that it barked because we spoke sharply. Any sharp or loud noise makes them bark.

I have been over much of our old home territory in recent years and I cannot see that there is the least decline in the prairie dog population. In fact, I believe there is an increase in population even though they have been fought by government subsidies in many ways.

It is certain that they do a great amount of damage to crops near their towns and particularly to the grass that grows nearby, for they keep it well cleaned off.

Rattlesnakes were a way of life with us down along the Smoky, we had to be continually on the lookout for them from the first hot day in the spring until late fall. In the heat of the summer days they seemed to quickly locate the cool of our produce cave, just as they did any shady place around the bluffs and rocks. When going to get something from the cave it was always necessary to be very particular how one opened the door for often there would be rattler lying just beneath that door.

You see a cave was dug into the ground about six feet. It was maybe six by twelve feet in size, then roofed over with timbers or boards and dirt piled on top to help keep it cool. To get into this hole a narrow sloping entrance way was dug from ground level to the follr of the cave. Over the top of this slope a door was laid almost flat but with enough slope to shed water. The steps were dug into the bottom of the sloping ground. Then another perpendicular standing door was built at the bottom of the slope. These two doors left a dead air space between and it took some very severe weather to penetrate into the cave proper. Also this arrangement kept the cave cool in the summer.

Now to get back to my rattlers. I hated them with all my mind and would not let one get away if I could prevent it. I have killed them with sticks, stones and everything possible and always twisted the rattles off. To do this I always set the heel of my shoe on the head and held it to the ground, for a snake would twist and turn long after it was killed and there was always danger of its fangs unless held down. I would then pick up the tail and if I did not have a pocket knife I would hold the tail with one hand and the rattles with the other and give a twist that separated the rattles. It was nothing uncommon to kill 50 or 60 in a season and I always kept these rattles in a quart jar. At one time I had a jar over half full of rattles. Once I dug out a den of the old rattler and 8 or 10 young ones about eight inches long. Our Methodist Minister was present at the time and he always vouched for me. Often some animal would get bitten and have to be destroyed, but we did not lose any.

One of our school teachers married and lived three miles east of us. When her little girl started to school for the first time she had to walk down the road about a mile. Her uncle found her in the road one evening. She had been bitten by a rattlesnake and she died. There were few other people bitten that I heard of over the years.

After moving to Thomas County I don't believe I ever killed over 6 in the many years we have lived here. There are still plenty along the river for Bertha's brother Howard Williams and his son killed over 50 two summers ago and they have had several narrow escapes. They live 8 miles west of Russell Springs on the Smoky.

RATTLESNAKE RATTLE



HUNTING ARTIFACTS ON THE HI-PLAINS

My interest in hunting artifacts dates back to the days of my childhood. For when I was 7 years old my parents moved to a ranch in the valley of the Smoky Hill River in Logan County Kansas. There I lived until the fall of 1929 during which time I hunted, trapped and herded cattle all over the area.

During those years I was always on the lookout for arrow heads and other Indian relics as well as fossils and other artifacts lost by the early travelers along the valley. My collection grew to quite a sizable quantity, but I lost all these when I was injured and taken to a distant hospital where I stayed for a long month. During that time the relics were left unprotected and someone took them for their own. This I have always regretted. My wife children and I moved to a farm some few miles away from the valley in 1930, where we lived during those terrible "dirty thirties". Even then we often returned for we had relatives and friends living there.

During those dust bowl years of the thirties all the top soil that had ever been plowed or loosened by farming operations was completely blown from many fields, leaving them as bare and hard as any road surface. Naturally any arrow heads or rocks that had been previously on the ground were soon exposed to the surface where they were plainly visible to anyone travelling over the ground. Since I was a farmer trying to raise a crop to provide for my family, I was often riding a tractor plowing or otherwise stirring the soil to see if I could make anything grow. The tractors of those days were small and low off the ground, not as are these modern monsters with their enclosed air-conditioned cabs, so it was possible to see those arrow heads and often when I saw a good one I stopped and picked it up to add to my ever growing collection.

Again we moved from that farm to one approximately 40 miles from the valley in 1938. We were more out of contact with our old haunts and as our family went to school, they sometimes took some of the arrow heads with them. Then I placed a display of them at the county fair and they disappeared. So again my collection was lost. During those times a friend gave me a fine flint arrow head that he had found in a sand pit. In later years I discovered that this was a Paleo point that might have been 5000 years old. That was the first of those I had ever seen. In recent years I have seen others. It is the only one I have in my collection though. They are all beautiful and well shaped. It is hard to realize that those old fellows could make such beautiful articles with the tool they had to work with.

A few years ago, my partner Floris Weiser who lives in Oakley located several handmade arrow heads that varied in size and shape and were made from copper, brass or steel. Also in the same area were many small pieces of the same metal and were chips off the arrow heads the Indians had made at this location. These were scattered over a large area and he knew that the Indians had camped there and made them on the spot.

The Indians that lived on the Hi-Plains were roving bands that had no permanent habitation, but camped where conditions were favorable that fitted their needs. Thus campgrounds are scattered all over the area, but it takes careful searching with a good metal detector to locate one of these campgrounds.

Mr. Weiser and I have spent many, many days together hunting along the old trail for relics of the Trail days. We found many old camp sites and places where some activity had taken place. From these locations we dug up horse shoes, mule shoes and ox shoes. We also dug shell casings of all calibers and bullets to match, parts of old guns, picket pins and wagon and harness parts. We found tin cans by the dozens. Some of these were sardine cans which made it look like those old travelers lived on sardines. There were hundreds of old square nails and horse shoe nails.

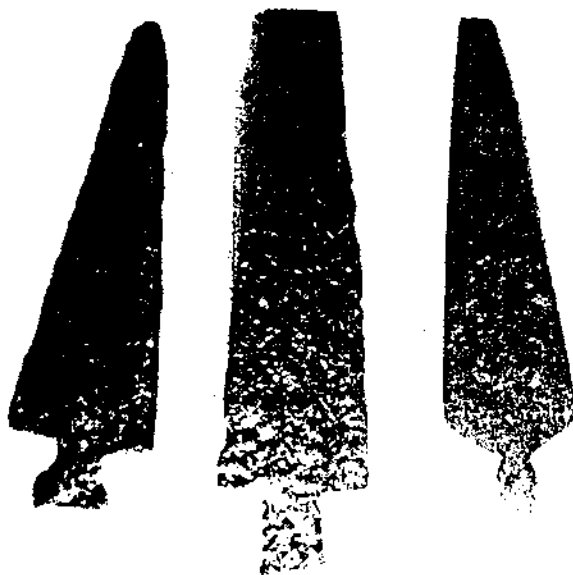
For every good artifact found we dug about a dozen junk items such as pieces of wire, scraps of tin, fence staples etc. for we dug every place we received a signal.

We were really excited when we dug up an Army coat button, emblem or such. I have one number 7 that came off a seventh cavalry uniform.

My collection of these artifacts is very large and I now have the problem of where to leave them. I want them to stay in the area.

I have hunted the trails all the way from old Fort Hays to Cheyenne Wells Colorado. I have enjoyed this hobby immensely but due to failing eyesight have had to give it up the last three years. I don't want to pick up a rattlesnake.

I have written so much about this hobby in my previous books that I am not going to write more here.



Factory Made Metal Arrow Heads

Chapter 23

HISTORY

The title of this chapter is misleading, for this entire book is history, mostly of my own doings. This chapter relates more to my involvement in our area history in which I have been interested, to my activities in reviving interest in the old happenings and helping mark the correct locations of these events.

My interest in local history dates back to early childhood, for the old Smoky Hill Trail crossed our farm there on the Smoky. I found many artifacts lost by early travelers, shark teeth, fossils and Indian artifacts in the hills around there.

I was always too busy or had other interests to spend much time dealing with that hobby until recent years. Now, many refer to me as an historian. I do not claim to be accurate in all my stories, for it is my belief that every person who studies events places his own interpretation and beliefs on them. Witness the many different stories published in magazines on the same event.

During the past 25 years I have become well acquainted with many very knowledgeable history buffs of our area. We have traveled many miles together and I have learned much from them.

Among these men are Everette Sutton of Benkelman, Nebraska, who is undoubtedly the best authority, for he has studied area history much of his life and is now 95 years of age. He is in a home in Greeley, Colorado. Another good friend and historian is Art Carmody of Trenton, Nebraska, who is also in a home at present. There is Wayne Lee of Lamar, Nebraska, a writer of western fiction and history who got interested in Smoky Hill stories from some of my own work, I believe. Leigh Delay was a printer in Oakley when we first met, but he knew area history like he had lived it. He went to the Nebraska Historical Society for several years before his death last summer. Howard Raynesford of Ellis, Kansas, placed the markers all along the Smoky Hill Trail. Frank Madigan grew up in Wallace and was president of the Ft. Wallace Historical Society for years before his death many years ago. Col. Ray Sparks of Kansas City made many visits to our area, for he was intensely interested in our area history. He also passed away a few years ago. Still living in Leota are John Glauville, Clyde Blackburn and Charlie Norton. All have done much to promote area history. There are two local friends, Bill Piper and Don Kistler, who are newcomers to this hobby, but we have traveled many miles together working on past events, traveling all the way from Bent's Old Fort on the Arkansas in southeast Colorado to Summit Springs near Sterling and to Julesburg along the old Oregon Trail.

I have enjoyed my association with these men and have learned much from them as well as from my association with many others too numerous to mention. Floris Weiser of Oakley and I have spent a great many days together literally digging up history along the Smoky and each have a large collection of artifacts.

There was little organized effort to collect and preserve

history except at Fort Wallace until the early 1960's. One of the first to get interested was a group in and around Russell Springs that organized The Butterfield Trail Museum and Logan County Historical Society about 1964 when the old Logan County Courthouse was abandoned and left empty. I was not aware of this organization when it was first organized, but I joined it soon after and became active in its work. I served for nine years as Vice President and helped originate and organize the Butterfield Trail Ride, an event that takes place each year which has grown to include hundreds from all over the state and elsewhere. I have many artifacts and other articles placed in The Butterfield Trail Museum.

I was elected president of the Thomas County Historical Society in the spring of 1970 and served there two years. It had previously been active only in the city of Colby, but it was supposed to be a county society. I traveled all over the county, talking to people and trying to get them interested and to serve on the board. Gradually others did get interested, and the society grew and has acquired the Kuska collection and a tract of land on which it plans to build a large museum. I am proud to have had a part in getting it started.

While in the Thomas County Historical Society, I was talking with another man and we conceived the idea of forming an organization to mark places of historical events and to get the younger generation interested in their heritage. I mailed out a hundred letters at my own expense. A group of interested people responded and we organized The High Plains Preservation of History Commission. We held many tours all over the area, pointing out and marking points of interest, and we had many younger people attending. I was an active member of the board for several years. In recent years most tours have been discontinued and about the only event occurring is a supper meeting once a year, but few children attend. I have not attended it in the past two years and I knew little of their plans, but I am still a paid member.

Health and eyesight problems stop many of us and in reviewing the names of those with whom I have been associated in this work it is hard to realize how many are not with us anymore.

Chapter 24

RUSSELL SPRINGS

June 8, 1981

We drove to Russell Springs Saturday afternoon to attend the fifteenth annual Butterfield Trail Ride. We have attended each previous ride with the exception of the 1980 one when we were in Texas. I had much to do with organizing this event.

We only went to the museum this year. With my eyesight, it is impossible for me to get much enjoyment out of traveling the country. I got to visit with a few old friends and then that evening we attended a church supper. Again I visited with Roy Schmidt who had been a resident of Russell Springs during the latter 1920's and after.

These visits brought back many memories of past events and people we have known. I decided that to kill time I would jot down a few of my memories of that old county seat town of Russell Springs where I often went, from my earliest days in Logan County until about 1938 when we moved from Logan county.

My first memories relate to the Court House, for I went there with Dad when he had business there and also to visit Uncle Will Tallman who was County Treasurer for many years.

On reaching the main north-south street, there was a pump right in the center of that street and just south of the east-west street. Here we could pump water into a horse tank and water our horses or get a drink. Most of the town's population also used this water supply, for it was about the only water available. I was never to the spring in the hillside to the south of town, but I was told that the water that came from the pump came from that spring and was piped to the pump and forced there by a hydraulic pump. I believe that is correct for we could always hear a thump, thump and were told that was the ram that operated from the pressure developed by water flowing into it.

There were a few homes on each side of the street between the pump and the bluff south, but I do not remember who resided there.

As I remember, on the south side of the east-west street and just east of the pump was the Post Office, a barber shop, a real estate agent's office and a few scattered homes.

On the southwest corner of the block, diagonally across, northeast of the pump, there were several large store buildings. One of these was occupied by the Joe Wilkinson Grocery Store. It seems that there was another building east of the Wilkinson Store, but that has entirely escaped my memory. I do know that on northeast was a lumber yard and a township hall, but I believe the hall was built a few years later.

West of the Wilkinson store, on the corner and facing west, was a large building that was also used as a store, but to me it seems it was vacant much of the time. North of this was a small stone house where Tom Logan lived and northeast was a stone building that was the depot for the Scott City Northern, the

Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma Railroad--C. K. & O. for short.

Going back to that old hand pump, on the west side of the north-south street, we first find a small shop building on the corner. It seems to me it was first used by Chet Messler, then Ira Shelton, but I am not positive.

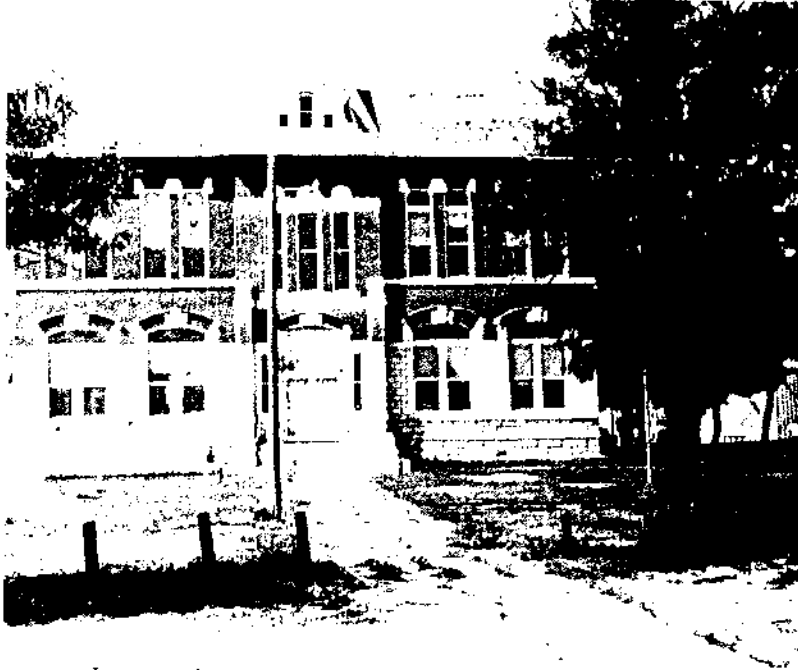
There was an open space for some distance but in the early 1900's Bert Messler built a cafe building midway. The reason I particularly remember this was that we delivered ice cream to him right after he completed the building and he was a regular customer as long as we made ice cream on the farm. I know I was not large enough to handle those 5 gallon tubs with ice and ice cream packed inside, but I could drive the team back and forth and the men at Russell Springs unloaded the tubs. Homer Merica had worked at the farm during haying season. Pansy Watts was helping at the cafe, and Homer was often around there and soon thereafter he and Pansy were married.

That cafe building stood about where the Post Office now stands and it may be the same building, but there have been so many fires and other changes in Russell Springs that I have lost actual count. I know there were a lot more buildings there in those days than now exist.

The Bank of Russell Springs was a tall, two story building that stood on the northeast corner of the block, directly south of the hotel which still stands. The old bank building is long gone, as has much of Russell Springs. North of the hotel, about a block, was a stone building that was the Methodist Church, but it burned down in those early years and was never rebuilt.

Saren Jagger and his wife were cashiers of the bank and also operated the hotel for some years.

Now I must tell of what good bankers the Jagers were and how honest I and others around Russell Springs were. One day I had to get a check cashed or some other business at the bank. I was probably in my teens then, but I went into the bank and there was no one behind the counter. The counter had high grill work extending to the ceiling and small doors or gates in front of each cashier's stand. Well, I stood there for many minutes waiting for someone to come wait on me and there within easy reach on the counter was the pan with many silver dollars looking me in the face. It was a terrible temptation, but I swear that I did not touch a single dollar all the time I waited. I finally left the building without ever seeing a single person. I often think of that little experience and how easy it would have been to fill my pockets, but I am thankful that I was able to withstand the temptation. I doubt if that banker ever knew what a temptation he left in my path, or maybe he was watching through a key hole to test me.



Logan County, Kansas Courthouse Built in Russell Springs in 1887 and so used until 1963. Converted to Butterfield Trail Historical Museum with artifacts of days maintained. Placed on National Sites in 1973.



Front of old Hotel that was built at Russell Springs Kansas in 1887 and maintained to this day.

Chapter 25.

JET PLANE RIDE OVER THE HISTORIC HIGH PLAINS

One of the finest area history tours that I have ever enjoyed occurred on May 25, 1975. This was a tour from a different point of view from any I had previously taken.

Col. Ray Sparks of Shawnee Mission, Kansas, a retired air force colonel, invited about 25 area historians and newspeople from this area to be his guests. The plane was a Fokker 28 jet, owned by a friend of Col. Sparks, Mr. Mike Buckley of near Beaumont, Texas. The plane had been built in Holland and was to fly to Africa the next day.

We met in Goodland, and they flew us over the historic sites within 100 miles of Goodland.

After take off, we first flew northeast, over the site of the Kidder Massacre north of Edson, then east to the Sappa Creek, or Cheyenne Hole site north of Colby, in south Rawlins County. We then turned west to north of Edson where we followed the Traders Trail, or Custer Trail, south to Wallace. We circled the town and the cemetery and old fort grounds and then followed the South Smoky Hill River east over the German Massacre site, the Forks of the Smoky and to Russell Springs. We then headed south to the Scott County State Lake Area and flew over El Quartejejo and Battle Canyon where Squaw Den is located. In that canyon the last Indian battle that was fought in Kansas occurred in 1878. From there, we reversed our course and flew northwest over Bonnie Lake and Beecher Island in the Arickaree Valley. We headed on north to cover the Summitt Springs area but ran low on fuel so we had to return to Goodland.

Over each site, the pilot flew a circle and tipped the plane on its side so that the passengers on each side of the plane could look straight down the wing to view the site. Mr. Art Carmody of Trenton, Nebraska, told about each site.

We were in the air for an hour and forty-five minutes and covered a distance that would have taken a long day's steady driving to have covered in a car.

It is hard to visualize the days and days of time it would have taken for the wagon trains, or even the horsemen of our frontier days, to have traversed the same distance.

The day was clear and I took many pictures as we flew over each location.

Thurston Van Horn and myself were from Colby; Michael Baughn from Brewster; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Philip from Hays; Wayne Lee from Lamar, Nebraska, and Art Carmody of Trenton, Nebraska. Several newspeople from area newspapers were on the flight and all of us enjoyed the trip immensely, with the exception of one young news photographer from Colby who got sick and could not even take pictures.

Chapter 26

POEMS

SUNSET ON THE PRAIRIE

Autumn's brilliant sunset in the golden west
Is the view that I like best.
From the window of my home
I watch the clouds that are scattered like foam.
From North to South they seem to say,
This is the ending of another day,
And now we put on a beautiful show,
That must last till early sunrise glow.
So in that swiftly changing light
We watch the coming of the night,
And the moon and stars will light the way
Till the coming of another day.

Outside my yard no tree or hill does mar
The prairie view that extends so far,
But in the midst of that sunset show
Stands a windmill for the winds to blow.
It is a symbol of the ever changing past
And like the sunset, they will not last.
When the sun sets behind that far away line
It brings out the colors so very fine
Of afternoon's soft white clouds
And turns them into wondrous shrouds
Of ever changing reds and gold
That are a wonder to behold.

The jets that play o'er that great sky
Leave long bright trails that I watch with eager eye.
I see if I can find the part
From which those streamers seem to start.
They streak across the vast expanse
As if they wonder if by chance
Their vapor trails will help uphold
The glory of that sky of gold.
Those jets, they fly with magic ease
And pierce the clouds where e're they please.
They race the sunset to the west
And leave us peace and darkness for our rest.

Some like the trees and mountains of the west.
Others think the cities are the best.
While others take the lakes and seas
As the place they most like to be.
But I, who was raised on the western plains,
And have watched the sky, longing for the rains,
Have learned to watch the sunset good
As I have watched the sky and silently stood
And prayed to God from my own land
That is far better than any other on which I stand,
For I have traveled far by car, ship and trains,
But long for the beauty of the Great High Plains.

I can look back into sunsets of other years
With their various hopes and fears:
Our wishes for the future, how they flowered or faded
Just as the sunsets, bright or shaded.
I can think of my childhood when I could gaze my fill
As the sun slowly sank over the Smoky Hill,
When the heat of the summer's day was past
And the evening sunset spell was cast,
And the cattle stood by the old wire gate,
And the lonely coyote howled for its mate,
And the echoes came rolling back to your call
As the evening's shadows covered all.

I can see those dust-filled clouds so black
That filled our days with darkness, Oh, so far back
When the winds blew from morn till night
And hid all chance of sunset from our sight,
For the sky was but a dark dismal haze
That continued onward for days and days.
I can see many a winter's blizzard and snow
With drifts piled high and you did not know
When darkness came to bring to an end
The day's wild storm that God did send.
So I always marvel when I can behold
These beautiful sunsets with their reds and gold.

OLD FRIENDS

Today I met an old time friend,
 One of many I will remember till the end.
 Twenty odd years had passed since we had met.
 Our memories went back to things that we could not forget:
 Friends that we had known and who had long passed away;
 Our lives as we had lived them in the years between;
 Years that were good and years that were lean;
 Families that neither of the other had known.
 Only then could we realize how time had flown.

Yes, we sat and reviewed those years that were past.
 Both knew that our visit must be short and could not last.
 So we talked and would not let anything else distract,
 But we agreed on one basic fact:
 New friends are wonderful in their way
 And we like to meet them every day,
 But what would life be without those old friends, tried and true,
 Who have stood by us in sorrow and good times too,
 Someone to depend on when the going gets rough,
 Someone we could help when their time gets tough.

My friend asked, as our visiting time drew to an end,
 If I would go with him to visit the grave of a mutual friend,
 A man well-respected, who passed in his prime,
 Over twenty-one years before the present time.

And as we drove down the long cemetery street
 We saw names of friends that we would never more meet.
 At last we stood before the beautiful space,
 The grave of our friend in his last resting place,
 And as we said a silent prayer
 We felt in our hearts that God was with us there.

Then my friends departed, to be on their way.
 How I wished that they could have made a much longer stay.
 I know that our friendship shall last as long as we
 And hope that each other we shall again be privileged to see.
 But life is full of these partings and changes
 As our friends are scattered where ever man ranges.
 Maybe we will never again meet on this earth,
 But we can never forget what all old friends are worth.
 They are more precious than silver and gold
 And we want our friendships to forever hold.

"Old Friends" was written in 1965 after J. Paul Jones visited us in our home in Colby. Paul was then 77 years old. The friend's grave we visited was Lester Blaksley's in Beulah Cemetery in Colby. We had known each other in the Winona area in the 1920's and 1930's. Lester later built the Blaksley Hotel in Colby and it is still known by his name. J. Paul helped me out in a very tough time and we were all friends and neighbors at one time. Of course, both men were considerably older than I, but I can never forget them.

CHRISTMAS, 1962

May Christmas week of 1962
 Be long remembered by each and all of you
 As a week of happy family meeting
 That was entirely too fleeting,
 When around the family Christmas tree
 We were all privileged to be.

Some have joined this happy throng
 While two among us have gone
 In the seven years since we all have met
 And around the Christmas table sat.
 Then we were living out on the farm
 With its way of life and country charm.

Grandmother Linville from among us was taken,
 Her faith in her family never shaken,
 And Baby Pam also departed,
 Her stay with us merely started.
 And though we miss them very much,
 God's way of life is ever such.

So there are Dad and Mom who have tried their best
 To instruct and lead all the rest
 That they may take their place in life,
 Be able to meet this world's strife,
 Respectable citizens for all to see
 And an honor to their country be.

Richard and Opal have a pair:
 Vigorous Steve and Judy fair.
 Walter and Carol also have two as you shall see:
 Husky old Mike and cute Shirley.
 While Maxine and Roy only have Captain Scott
 Who knows he is a real big shot.

But Harold and Janice have two girls,
 Debbie and Dina who are as lively as squirrels.
 Louise and Dale have a family of five,
 Arlan, Aleta, Alex, Anson and April, who let you know
 they are alive.
 While Norman, Larry and Donnie are single yet,
 But are crazy about the girls you can bet.

WHEAT

I have watched this wheat crop grow
 From early fall when we could sow
 In well-tended soil; the nice plump grain
 I have watched and waited for the rain
 That made it sprout and root so deep,
 And let those green leaves begin to peep
 Up into the sunlight and air
 And cover the ground that was so bare.

I have watched through winter's storms and snow,
 And wondered if it could possibly grow,
 And live until the suns and winds of spring
 Would melt the snow and make it bring
 Greenness back to earth, long row by row,
 Encourage us and let us know
 That God was with us in our strife
 To bring food aplenty to all of life.

I have watched the wheat crop's growing pains
 Through springtime droughts, winds and rains.
 Sometimes it looked dead, far beyond repair,
 And we almost gave up in wild despair.
 But nature has its way with wheat.
 They say it has nine lives to beat.
 So drought, wind, snow, cold, hail and heat
 All have a part in growing wheat.

I have watched the harvest till it has arrived,
 Something for which we all have worked and strived,
 When the golden grain waves as if it were the sea
 And there is no where else I would rather be.
 For I know that we have had a helping part
 In raising this wheat crop right from the start.
 So let's get those combines on the roll
 Before fire, wind or hail can get their toll.

I have watched the combines take that wheat,
 Cut, shatter and beat
 And blow the straw and chaff from the grain.
 The song of the motor is an all day refrain
 That echoes in your sleep all night
 Till you wonder if your mind is all right.
 But as the early morning sun arises,
 That uncut field again entices.

I have watched through all the heat, dust and din
 As the golden grain came rolling in,
 Dumped into the trucks and taken to the cars
 That will haul it to the mills scattered so far.
 But I cannot watch that grain
 After it is hauled away by train
 For then it is in the hands of those
 Who know little about how a wheat crop grows.

CANCER

Cancer is a sneaking dread disease,
And may our fight against it never cease
Until science has found a cure
That will end its ravages for sure.
It can catch a person in his prime
And ruin his hopes in no time.
Though many do recover,
The shadow long over them will hover.

It may start as an unseen lump,
Possibly caused by a tiny bump,
But no doctor yet does know
What makes it spread and grow
Like a raging prairie fire
With consequences so very dire.
And to check it one must see
One who is as qualified as he can be.

I have watched many a good friend go.
To some death came so very slow.
Their suffering drug on from day to day,
With life ebbing so slowly away.
While others went so very quick
That we hardly knew that they were sick,
But all were victims of those pains
That either kill or lifelong maim.

Now I have traveled that rocky road,
And have carried my share of the load,
So anything that I can do in the fight
I want to do with all my might.
For I was one lucky guy
Whom surgery saved, I know not why.
So if I can help another along the way
It will give me pleasure and help repay.

There is no sure way to stop that spreading menace.
But if it is caught early in its race
Chances are far better that it can be licked.
And if the right surgeon has been picked
He knows just where to operate
If you will just cooperate.
So take it from one who has been there and back,
Don't monkey around with any damn quack.

NOW AND THEN

Over 50 years ago, when I first came to this prairie country,
 It was far from being the same as that we now see.
 It is now a prosperous land
 With its beautiful towns and farms on every hand
 That are an inducement for all to stay
 And enjoy this country from day to day,
 Where you can see from town to town and then some more
 For much of the land is as level as a floor.

The plains are broad and the fields are wide
 And prosperous farms are around us on every side.
 The cattle are fat and the fields are green,
 And the far reaches of the plains can never be seen,
 With elevators that tower above the sky line,
 Full of golden grain that is extra fine
 To feed the world's hungry in some far off place
 And help keep life in the whole human race.

Great hospitals, schools and churches are to be found
 With many fine vehicles parked all around.
 These autos and trucks over the highway will run,
 Their brilliant bright colors ashine in the sun.
 The airports are full of the planes of the sky
 That land and take off and fly so high
 That the sound of their motors is but a feeble song
 That fills the sky with sound all day long.

The land is covered with a network of roads
 Over which great trucks haul all kinds of loads,
 And traveling along the cattle trails of old
 Through summer's heat and winter's cold
 With their crooked ruts cut deep in the soil
 Over which man and beast spent long hours of toil
 Are now a forgotten thing of the past
 That were good in their day but could not last.

The horses that we worked in the past
 Are now replaced with tractors so vast
 That one can now do in an hour
 Work that took a week with old dobbin power.
 And to farm a full section or more
 Is but a small weekly chore,
 For the tractors run both day and night
 And the well-farmed soil is a beautiful sight.

The pioneer settlers on these plains
 Came in the 80's, almost before there were trains.
 They built their homes of prairie sod
 Where shortly before the Indians and buffalo had trod.
 All the livestock that they had was a team and cow,
 And they farmed the land with a walking plow.
 Most stayed to see the great changes that were made
 While others gave up and from our memories fade.

Now, as I said, the country has changed,
 For as a child I always ranged
 On foot, horseback or behind a team;
 The only motors we had were driven by steam.
 No airplanes flew the vast blue sky,
 No cars or trucks went whizzing by,
 No R. E. A. gave power and light
 To lessen our work and improve our eyesight.

No telephones, radio or T.V.
 Did we ever get to hear or see.
 The only light that we had at night
 Was the feeble twinkle of a coal oil light,
 And if we went to town once a week,
 It was because our groceries we had to seek.
 The water we carried from the old water well,
 And little did we ever have to sell.

The fields were small and far between,
 The rains were scarce and the grasshoppers mean.
 They often stripped a field to the ground
 Until not a green stalk could be found.
 The dust clouds blew from this barren soil,
 The rattlesnakes hid in a hard-to-see coil.
 The cattle often looked like skin and bones,
 The village banker sometimes foreclosed on his loans.

We always walked to our distant country school.
 One teacher taught all the classes as a rule.
 No school buses then roamed the broad countryside
 And gave each child a long morning's ride.
 No paved highways did we then have to drive o'er,
 No supermarkets have for our shopping store,
 No movies to attend, even on Saturday night,
 But often some cowboys would get in a fight.

No automatic laundries open day and night,
 No air conditioning to keep the temperature just right,
 No dishwashers to keep the dishes clean,
 No none of these things were ever to be seen.
 No astronauts flying in outer space,
 For that was before the space age race,
 And things were not in the terrible rush
 As they are in today's hustle and crush.

So I wonder what the next fifty years will show,
Will the country continue to improve and grow?
Will living on a farm be a thing of the past?
Will transportation increase so fast
That people will then be taking their vacations on Mars
And flying around among the other planets and stars?
Or will we have a nuclear war so soon
That no one will even live to reach the moon?

Considering the past and present age,
I might predict, though I am no sage,
That other great changes will come on this earth,
And all will be striving for all they are worth
To keep peace and prosperity where all can stand
Free and respected citizens all over the land.
And my fervent wish will always be
That this shall remain the land of the free.

Written in 1962

Chapter 27

Family History Section

When I first started this story I intended to put the Family History section just as it had been placed in my first book, "My Life On The Kansas Plains". As I got into the story I decided that would make a break in my narration so I was going to drop it entirely. However there is so much interest in family history any more and I have had so many inquiries about that portion that I have decided to make a special Family History section. In this I will copy almost the original story.

There is so much additional family history being collected and published all the time that it is hard to keep up unless one concentrates on that alone and that is one thing I cannot see to do so I will only give some additional facts as Nancy (Tallman) Walkowski of 4611 Balfour, Detroit Michigan, 48224 collected them on the Tallman side of the family. Alice Eicholtz collected much on the Linville side and published them in her book, "The Linville Family In America". I am sorry we do not have her present address.

Those books and papers go farther back than my information here given but again I cannot sort them out completely so I will only give small references.

By placing this section in the back of the book I hope that it will not mess up the original story and yet those interested can find it.

In Chapter 1 of this book I gave much of my parents story so I will not repeat that here, but will include some about my Grandparents on both sides.

OBITUARY

William Henry Linville, oldest son of Mary and Marion Linville, was born Sept. 17, 1870 near Graham, Mo., and died March 31, 1943 at the hospital in Colby, where he had been a patient for several weeks.

As a young boy he attended the rural schools near his home, later going to Papillion, Nebr., where he finished his schooling.

When a young man he came to Monument to take charge of a stock of general merchandise. Later he moved this stock of goods to Beloit, Kans.

On Oct. 23, 1902 he was married to Miss Alice Tallman of Monument and they made their home in Beloit, until in 1911 they moved near Winona. In 1927 they moved to Lawrence county, Mo., where he made his home until his health failed and he was brought back to Monument. Though he was seriously ill, he remarked when near the end of the trip to Monument that it was 52 years ago the 15th of last October since he first came to Monument.

The last months of his life he had spent in the Aurora, Mo., hospital, in his home at Monument, with his son and his family near Colby and in the Colby hospital.

He is survived by his wife, three children; Leslie of Colby, Kans., Doris of the home, and Mrs. Margaret Waldorf of La Crosse, Kans., by seven grandchildren, three sisters and three brothers.

He was preceded in death by two brothers and four sisters.

He was of a genial and optimistic disposition, kindly and obliging to neighbors, friendly to all.

He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Monument, on April 2, 1943.

Rev. H. R. Husted a friend for a number of years conducted the final services.

FUNERAL SERVICES FOR ALICE LINVILLE

Funeral services for Mrs. Alice Linville were held Thursday, March 28, from the Colby Methodist Church with Rev. Oren McClure officiating. Interment was in the Monument cemetery.

Pallbearers were her grandsons Richard, Walter, Harold, Norman and Harry Linville and Dale Sanford. Honorary pallbearers were Malcolm Peterson, Louis Perry, Howard Williams, Joe Duttlinger, John Daniels and Leonard Sonburg.

Alice May Tallman, daughter of Henton F. Tallman and his wife, Ione, was born, Jan. 8, 1880 in Smith County, Kansas and departed this life on March 25, 1957. She was married to W. H. Linville of Beloit, Kansas on October 23, 1902 at Monument, Kansas. She leaves three children, Leslie of Colby, Doris of the home, and Mrs. Roscoe Waldorf of Garden City, Kansas, ten grandchildren and six great grandchildren. Her husband preceded her in death March 31, 1943 at Colby, Kansas. Many friends as well as the immediate family mourn her passing.



Obituary

June Francisco, younger daughter of Benjamin and Lucia Francisco, was born April 4, 1860 in Evansville, Wisc., and departed this life at her home in Monument, Kansas March 1, 1938, aged 77 years, 10 months and 27 days. At the age of ten she moved with the family to Camanche, Iowa where they lived until 1876 when they moved to Deloit, Iowa and later to Smith County, Kansas where she was united in marriage to H. F. Tallman of Camanche, Iowa.

To this union was born three daughters, Alice, now Mrs. W. H. Linville; Edna, now Mrs. J. A. Switzer and Lucia Elizabeth who died in infancy. Mr. and Mrs. Tallman and two daughters moved from Smith County to Logan County in the spring of 1886 where they have resided ever since with the exception of two years spent in Lawrence county in southwest Missouri.

Mrs. Tallman went through the hardships of the early pioneers in this western country. She was a woman of happy disposition and met the trials incident to the settling of a new land with courage and a determination to improve their condition. She became deeply attached to her home, and never felt satisfied when they went to southwest Missouri and was rejoiced to return to Monument. But her health was broken, and a decline began which continued through ten years, the last three of which she had been almost helpless. Rest came to her as a happy release from pain and helplessness.

She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, two daughters, eight grandchildren, 13 great grandchildren, and other relatives besides a host of friends.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our friends for the lovely flowers, their thoughtful kindness, their special music and also the singing.

H. F. Tallman,
Mrs. W. H. Linville,
Mrs. J. A. Switzer,
W. L. Tallman,
The grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Mrs. Tallman Passes Away

Relatives and old friends were grieved to hear of the passing on of Mrs. T. T. Tallman early Tuesday morning. Mrs. Tallman has been ill for a long time and to her it has been a blessed relief to lay down the burden and go to her eternal rest, but her going leaves a vacant place in the hearts of all those who knew and loved her. She was a good neighbor and a kind friend, always willing to do what she could to make life a little more pleasant for those around her. Our sympathy goes out to Mr. Tallman, who has been so faithful in his care of her all through her long illness. The Tallmans have been residents of Monument many years and had an active part in building up of business and community life of the town and it is with deep regret we record the passing of these old time friends as they leave us one by one to go on to their reward for a life well spent.—Monument Correspondent for The Oakley Graphic.

Mrs. Tallman was the mother of Mrs. J. A. Switzer of Oakley.

L. Hinton Tallman passed away last Monday morning at about 2 o'clock in the morning. He had been sick a long time and to him death came as a welcome release. Hint Tallman, as he was known to his many friends, was a real pioneer, coming here from Iowa a good many years ago and had lived here at Monument all the time, except a few years near Verona, Mo. He owned and operated a grocery store with his brother, Will Tallman, and also was postmaster many years here. At this writing, funeral arrangements have not been made. *Sept. 22 '44*

Doris Linville returned from Wichita, Tuesday morning, called home by the death of her grandfather, Hinton Tallman.

Obituary

Hinton Filmore Tallman, oldest child of William Henry and Elizabeth Ann Tallman, was born in Winchester, Ohio, November 29, 1853. In his early childhood, his parents moved to Camanche, near Clinton, Iowa, and here he grew to young manhood, one of a family of eleven children, nine boys and two girls.

In 1879 he came to Smith County, Kansas and he was here married to June Francisco. Three girls were born to them, Alice now Mrs. W. H. Linville; Edna, now Mrs. J. A. Switzer and Lucia Elizabeth who died in infancy.

In March of 1886, the family moved from Smith to Logan County and this county has since been his home with the exception of two years spent in Lawrence County, Missouri.

His wife preceded him in death, March 1, 1938 after almost sixty years of married life. The two daughters, six brothers, eight grandchildren and eighteen great-grand children are left to mourn.

The brothers are W. L. Tallman of Russell Springs, Benjamin, Robert and Roy of Camanche, Iowa; Bertram of Rock Island, Ill., and Harry of San Francisco, Calif.

He came of a long lived family; two brothers died in early childhood, but seven grew to manhood, and his death is the first of the seven, the youngest brother being 67 years old.

Mr. Tallman and his brother Will had first farmed south-east of Page, then moved to Monument where they owned a general store. Later he served as post master for about fifteen years.

He had a great pride in his home, and in Monument, and wished for its improvement. He had a good memory, was keenly interested in world affairs as well as national and state politics, this last primary being the first in many years that he failed to vote.

The influence of the christian home of his boyhood was shown in the great liking he always felt for the gospel hymns they had sung. Frequently when listening to the hymns sung on the radio, he would join with the singers. It was remarkable how true his voice remained even in the last winter of his life.

He passed away Monday morning about 1:30 o'clock, September 18, 1944, aged ninety years, ten months and 22 days.

Services were held at Monument Methodist Church 10 a. m. and burial was in Monument cemetery. Rev. D. Otis Gunckel, minister in charge assisted by Rev. Merlin Norman.

Sept. 22 '44

Will Tallman is still a patient in the Logan county hospital but is improving each day. We hope he will soon be well enough to be home. *Feb. 5, '59*

THE OAKLEY GRAPHIC

Thursday, March 19, 1959

Will Tallman was in town Friday. He is feeling quite well but will continue to stay with his niece Mrs. Edna Switzer in Oakley where he will be closer for medical attention if needed.

Resident Since '86 Dies Tuesday

W. L. Tallman 94, pioneer Monument resident, died Tuesday at the Logan County hospital, where he had been a patient since the last of March.

Mr. Tallman was born at Comanche, Iowa and with his brother, Henton Tallman and family of Smith county, homesteaded south of Page City in 1886.

They moved to Monument about 1899 where they operated the Tallman Bros. general store.

He was later connected with the Monument bank for many years. He was Register of Deeds of Logan County from 1937 until his retirement.

Survivors include a brother, Roy E. Tallman, Comanche, Iowa and a niece, Mrs. Edna Switzer, Oakley, and many great nieces and nephews. His wife, Villa A. died in 1937.

Funeral services will be Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Monument Methodist church and burial will be in the Oakley cemetery.

Doris Linville, Colby, and her uncle, Will Tallman, were Christmas day guests of the Roscoe Waldorfs at Garden City. *Dec. 31, '57*

Monument

By Bennie Claudel

Hospital Patients *March 31, '59*

Will Tallman is very ill with pneumonia in the Logan county hospital. We hope he will soon begin to improve.

TALLMAN CELEBRATES 94TH BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Edna Switzer and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Sims entertained Sunday honoring W. L. Tallman's on his 94th birthday. Dinner guests included Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Linville, Norma and Donnie; Miss Doris Linville, all Colby. In the afternoon coffee, ice cream and cake were also served to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Waldorf, Billy and Rosalind, Garden City.

THE OAKLEY GRAPHIC
Thursday, December 24, 1958

William Loren Tallman

William Loren Tallman was born in Comanche, Iowa, December 29, 1865, the son of William H. and Elizabeth Coffman Tallman. He was the seventh child of a family of eleven, all of whom preceded him in death except one brother, Roy, who was here for the funeral. He grew to manhood in Comanche where he was a member of the Methodist church and where he graduated from the public school.

In 1886 he came to Logan Co., where he has lived ever since. He homesteaded south of Page and he owned this quarter of land over 65 years. He farmed for a few years with his brother, Henton, and then they moved to Monument about 1899 where they operated the Tallman Bros. General Store and where Will served as depot agent. Later he served several terms as County Treasurer.

He was married to Villa Munter on June 22, 1913 and they were cashiers at the Monument State Bank for many years. Af-

ter his wife's death in 1937, he completed her term as Register of Deeds and was re-elected to this office until his retirement about ten years ago.

He was always a worker for the betterment of his community and until he had a serious illness less than two years ago, he had been in excellent health. He was an avid reader and was always deeply interested in current events and political issues.

Survivors include a brother, Roy E. Tallman of Comanche, Iowa and many nieces and nephews and other relatives. Relatives in this area are a niece, Mrs. Edna Switzer of Oakley and her family; Leslie Linville of Colby and his family; Doris Linville of Colby and Mrs. Roscoe Waldorf of Garden City and her family.

THANK YOU

We wish to express our appreciation to Dr. Marchbanks and the nurses of the Logan County Hospital for the good care they gave Mr. Tallman and to friends for their kind expressions of sympathy.

Roy E. Tallman, Edna Switzer and family, Leslie and Bertha Linville and family, Doris Linville, Margaret and Roscoe Waldorf and family. *May 26, '60*

Funeral services for Will Tallman were held in the Methodist Church, Monument, Friday with burial at the Oakley cemetery. Mr. Tallman took an active interest in national, state and local affairs until his health failed. He had a very large number of friends and was well liked by all who knew him. We regret his passing but are glad to have known him. He will be long remembered. *Monument items in Winona Leader, May 26, '60.*

TALLMAN FAMILY TREE
As Furnished By Roy Tallman

Peter Tallman, (Master Mariner, sailed ship from Holland 1645 via Bahamas to Newport, R. I. arriving in 1648)		Joan Briggs (of Taunton Plymouth Colony. Married in 1649)

Benjamin Tallman		Patience Dufrees

William Tallman		Ann Lincoln (Her father was a brother of Abe Lincoln's grandfather)

Benjamin Tallman (1745 to 1820 Revolutionary soldier, Pvt. Penn. line and loyal during the revolt of the Penn. troops. Took oath of Allegiance. Present at battle of Yorktown Wintered at Valley Forge Benjamin Tallman-Diana Boone and son William moved to Ohio in 1804		Diana Boone (First cousin of Daniel Boone)

William Tallman		Phoebe Henton

Benjamin Tallman (Died in Iowa in 1854)		Rebecca Hodges. (Moved to Iowa with sons and daughter in 1854)

William Tallman (1825-1897) Moved to Iowa in 1845		Elizabeth Ann Coffman (1830-1922)

Henton F. Tallman (Nov. 26-1853-1944) Moved to Logan Co. Kans. 1886 from Smith Co.		Ione Francisco (1856-1938)

William Henry Linville (1870-1943) Came to Logan Co. Kansas in 1890 from N. W. Missouri		Alice Mae Tallman (1880-1957) Born in Smith Co. Kansas To Logan Co. 1886

William Leslie Linville (1904-19-) Born in Mitchell Co. Kansas To Logan Co. in 1911		Bertha Aileen Williams (1907-19--) Born on homestead in Logan Co.

Any of my children who may desire can carry this out

Ancestry and Early History

My grandparents lived till long after I was grown and had a family of my own. They were original settlers in Logan county, even before it was named Logan or when it was still St. John county. They settled on a homestead just south of Page City on the Hackberry in 1886, where they lived in a dugout and went through the trials and troubles of all the early day settlers.

They had moved from Smith county, Kansas, up very close to Frankfort, Nebraska, where my mother had been born on January 8, 1880. My mother was the oldest of two living children. A baby sister died when she was six months old. Her sister Mrs. Edna Switzer, still lives in Oakley and she and her family often visited us on the ranch and we visited them in Oakley.

Mother and grandmother used to tell of the trying experiences of those early homestead days. I recollect hearing many times of the time grandmother Tallman was bitten by a rattlesnake. She recovered from the bite but the story in itself helped educate me in the ways of rattlesnakes, of which we had many in my younger days on the ranch.

Over the years that I have been trying to piece this story together into something coherent that others might read, I have thought that I was going to get a copy of some of the stories that mother had written and include them. These were about her early childhood. I knew she had written some but I had no idea it was so extensive and well told until I was reading them in the winter of 1966.

Now, after getting these and reading them carefully, I am only going to place part of a short story here for I feel that they deserve a place of their own, for she wrote so differently and completely that I should not try to include them in this.

She wrote both history and stories based on her own experiences and many fine poems that I knew nothing about. Much of this writing was done in the late years of her life when she was practically blind and had learned to use the typewriter much better than I ever have.

An illustration of how completely she described various happenings is the fact that the story of grandmother's being bitten by a rattlesnake, covered three typewritten pages. The story of their move to St. John, now Logan county, Kansas, in 1886 covers many pages and I am only going to give a very brief portion of it here, so that others who read this may understand what I have reference to.

Written by Mrs. Alice Tallman Linville

My parents came to St. John county (the name was soon changed to Logan county) in the spring of 1886, though my father and two uncles had been out the fall before, and the uncles had filed on claims. My father had used his homestead rights in Smith county, so could not take a claim now. But he and his younger brother had an agreement that his brother would file on the land, and father would build a house and sheds on it. We would make that our home.

My other uncle was my mother's brother, he and his wife had come from Eastern Iowa, and wanted land near us. They had no children, and my sister and I were my parents' only children. I was just past six and my sister was 20 months younger. I especially had not wanted to leave our home in Smith county as it meant being separated from my grandfather, my mother's father. He adored me and I loved him very much.

My parents felt that they could do better in the western part of the state, so in the spring the farm was sold, our household

goods packed in wagons, our cows herded by the young uncles, and all set out for the western part of the state. For a few days before we started my sister and I were in a flurry of excitement as boxes were packed, wagon bows fastened to the wagon boxes and stout muslin tacked to the bows. As the trip would take only about ten days, we did not need to use canvas covers but very heavy unbleached muslin would do. In one wagon the wagon box was packed solidly with the things that we would not need to unpack during the trip or even for some time afterward. Then across the wagon bed a frame of slats (I forgot to say that this wagon bed had been widened before the bows were put on) a straw tick filled to its overflowing, bulging, capacity. This was to be where Aunt Nancy, my sister, mother and I were to sleep.

She goes on to write in great detail of the trip to St. John county, which took ten days with six wagons and the cattle being driven and of their camps and the homestead days and other experiences of her childhood.

Grandfather Tallman was born in or near Comanche in eastern Iowa and as a young man had prospected for gold in the Black Hills of South Dakota when the gold hunt was on in that territory. I do not remember of his telling of this but in 1959 his younger brother was visiting us and he told more of the Tallman family than I ever had heard. Uncle Roy passed away at his home in Comanche, Iowa, on July 4, 1961. He had lived there most of his life. He visited us several times before his death and he had a remarkable memory and passed much information on to us.

The following is a copy of a letter received from Uncle Roy Tallman dated November 21, 1959, and written from Comanche, Iowa.

Dear Doris, Margaret, Leslie and all other descendants of the Old Salt, Captain Peter Tallman, who landed his ship at Martha's Vineyard, Rhode Island, in 1648.

At long last I have received a letter from Claire Tallman, giving the family tree, beginning with Captain Peter Tallman, who landed his ship at Martha's Vineyard in 1648 and quit the sea. He married Joan Briggs of Taunton, Plymouth Colony, in 1649. So that is how we come to be of the Peter Tallman tribe. We are of the branch that moved to Bucks county, Pennsylvania. Then moved to Ohio. Benjamin Tallman No. 2 and Diana Boone came to Ohio Territory in 1801. Benjamin was our Revolutionary War soldier so all male descendants are eligible to join The Sons of the Revolution. All the females are eligible to join The Daughters of the Revolution and through their relationship with Joan Briggs are eligible to join The Society of Colonial Dames.

While attending a convention in Columbus, Ohio, I knew the folks lived 14 miles south of Columbus, as mother used to tell us. So we got in touch with the President of the D. A. R. in Circleville and she told us where we would find the old Tallman family burying ground. We found it was the old Tallman farm and all the graves were of the Tallman family. So we stood at the graves of my Grandfather, Great Grandfather and the Great, Great Grandfather, who was the soldier boy of the Revolution.

Grandfather died young and Grandmother Rebecca Hodges Tallman, moved to Iowa in 1854 with her three sons and daughter. Grandmother is buried in a cemetery about six miles from there.

There is a Revolutionary War marker at the grave of Benjamin No. 2 stating that he served in Armand's Corps.

As we stood at the grave just before sundown my wife looked at the fine country side and said "What ever possessed your folks to leave this fine country and move to Iowa, and live in a log cabin?" I guess they wanted to grow up with the country.

I have written this script to go with the family tree so that you won't get tangled up in the branches or fall out of the tree.

I am glad Captain Peter came ashore

And roamed the seven seas no more
 I am glad he married the Plymouth Maid
 And on Martha's Vineyard stayed
 If that Old Salt had stayed afloat
 There wouldn't be much of a story to note,
 So I am glad he left the seas
 And became the ancestor of you and me.

My grandfather on my mother's side was named Henton F. Tallman and the name Henton came from the family name of one of his ancestors on his mother's side. My grandmother's name was Ione Francisco.

I am not sure when my grandparents left the farm south of Page City, but in a recent visit with my aunt, Mrs. Edna Switzer, she said she thought it was in 1896. They purchased the hotel and the

hardware store in Monument and these buildings still stand. The store stood across the street south of the hotel. In a very old and faded picture that my sister recently gave me these buildings are visible but there is not a tree in sight.

This picture was evidently taken from the top of the old windmill near the U. P. depot and the view was to the southeast. Only two windmills and four houses are visible. A frame church building can be seen in the same location as the present church.



The city of Monument was originally built in the draw two miles west of the present location and it derived its name from the Monument stage station on the old Butterfield Trail along the river south. That site was so named because of the tall Monument rocks, now known as the Pyramids. Present Monument was originally named Ennis City after a man named Ennis who was a real estate pro-

moter who also promoted his name. I have some old real estate folders put out by this man. This folder shows the city laid out in lots and streets and the county name was then St. John, so it must have been printed in 1885 or 86. It would put some of our modern advertisers to shame in the way it is composed. The county map included on this shows Oakley as Cleveland. Page City was Boaz and Winona was Gopher.

The hotel and store buildings look very much today as they did when I first knew them. I was always under the impression that my grandparents built them but my Aunt Edna says they did not. I do not know exactly when they discontinued these businesses but it must have been about 1912 or 1913 for I can remember being in both buildings. The picture I have of the inside of the hardware store shows about every kind of hardware then in use; horse collars, harness, water pumps, etc., but nothing that we know today. I stayed with my grandparents a couple of months in the spring and went to school in 1914. They were living in their new home at the east edge of town and grandfather was postmaster. Once when we were visiting in the new home, we started up to bed one evening and looked out the west window and saw that the schoolhouse was burning. It was completely destroyed as was a second schoolhouse which burned later.

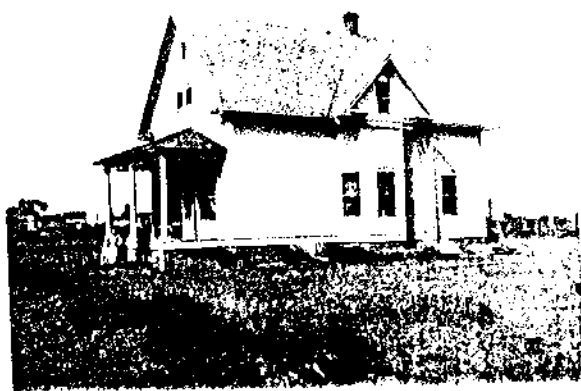


Tallman Hotel



Tallman Brothers' Store About 1900

I have heard my parents and grandparents tell many stories of those early years and the neighbors that they knew. Among those whom I heard them talk about and many of whom I was personally acquainted with during my early years were the Postals, Davids, Sawyers, Spencers, Marstellers, Snells, Koons, Sondburgs, Duttlingers and the Burks and many, many others whom I cannot recall off hand.



New Home of Grandparents About 1911

Mother taught school a few years before she was married. She taught at least one term at the High Point school southwest of Monument and another at a school south of Monument and almost east of Russell Springs, for two of her former pupils now live within three blocks of us here in Colby and I have visited with them about the school. Mrs. Otis Guncel and Mrs. Roy Plummer are these former students. Mrs. Otis Guncel, who lives about $\frac{1}{2}$ block S. E. of us here in Colby attended school where mother taught, about 14 miles south of Monument in those long ago days. Her name was Young and her father was one of the original builders of the Court House at,

Russell Springs. Mrs. Plummer who lives three blocks north was a pupil in that school and she recently told me that mother stayed at their home when she taught there and she could still recall some of the clothes mother wore and how she admired mother. Her name was Lee and they were neighbors in the area south of Monument and about straight east of Russell Springs. Mother was well known all over Logan county.

This part of this story would not be complete without mention of grandfather Tallmans' younger brother Will, who came to Logan county with them in 1886 and it was he and grandfather who formed the partnership that was known as Tallman Brothers, who took the homestead and improved it and then later operated the hardware store in Monument. He came to Logan county as a young man of 21 and lived the remainder of his life there. At various times he was cashier of the bank at Monument, County Treasurer of Logan county, and in later years Register of Deeds of Logan county. He was married to Villa Minter in 1913 and she passed away in 1936. He lived to the ripe age of 95 and passed away in 1960.



W. L. Tallman

I recently found an account book of his which he started in January 1886 before he left Comanche, Iowa, to come to Kansas. It contains his receipts and expenses for the years of 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889 and some scale tickets for 1892 for wheat sold. No price is given for the wheat.

It may be very interesting to many to review these accounts for a couple of years so that we can see how very scarce money was and how very little it took to get along on. Of course this does not seem to cover living expenses and I imagine that those were paid for by grandfather out of the partnership arrangement. The railroad fare paid must have been his expenses in coming to Kansas from Comanche. I do not know where he arrived in Kansas.

1886		
Receipts		
Jan. 1	Cloudy and dry	
Jan. 4	Cash on hand	\$77.50
Jan. 4	Received cash	3.50
Jan. 11	Received cash	3.50
Jan. 18	Received cash	3.50
		<u>88.00</u>
Jan. 31	Cloudy and snowy	
Expenses		
Jan. 1	Shirt	.60
	Expenses	.45
Jan. 6	Expenses	3.35
	Expenses	.10
Jan. 18	Expenses	.20
	Pd. on board	3.50
Jan. 25	Pd. on board	9.00
	Expenses	2.45
	Expenses	.70
Jan. 26	Car fare	35.60
	Expenses	.05
		<u>55.99</u>
		1.63
		<u>57.62</u>

Feb. 1 showed cash on hand \$30.38 and receipts of \$00.00 and expenses of .15.

Mar. 8, eclipse of sun and moon. No receipts and .06 expenses.

No receipts in April and expenses of \$10.88 of which \$6.00 were for land

papers. (Which was probably filing fee.)

The accounts continue in the same manner for the balance of the year with a total receipts of \$106.45 and expenses of \$81.55.

Receipts for 1887 amount to \$238.71 and expenses are \$230.19.

Receipts for 1888 amount to \$117.55 and expenses are \$113.06.

These figures very clearly illustrate that there was not much money circulating around among the early homesteaders of western Kansas in those days.

Father was born in Graham, in northwest Missouri, and came as a young man of 20 to the village of Monument in the fall of 1890.

The story he told of how he came to Monument was this;

His father had a large apple orchard in northwest Missouri and to dispose of the apples, he would ship them out by the carload to various communities in the west, where they would be sold directly from the railroad cars, to the people of the community. These railroad cars were piled full of apples, cabbage, turnips, carrots, beets and other vegetables and this practice of selling direct from the cars was continued long after I was grown. A man accompanied each car to sell the products to the customers and usually each purchaser bought his entire winter's supply at one time. They were taken home and stored in the caves, of which every farm had one. These caves were dug in the ground and covered with dirt quite deeply so that they did not freeze and they kept a fairly even temperature the year around. Apples would keep all through the winter or until used.

Anyway, my father accompanied one of these cars to Monument and he evidently liked the country so well that he stayed there. He started a store of his own which he ran for several years. Also during this time he sold real estate over much of Logan and southern Thomas county. He told that there were many settlers arriving all the time for land to purchase and as they had come from quite a distance away, they needed someone who knew the country to take them to the



Interior of Will Linnick's Store in Monument about 1895

kind of farm they wanted to purchase. Also at that time there was considerable land still open for homestead but most of the really good homestead land was gone before long.

When one of these prospective land purchasers engaged father to show him land, Father would go to the livery stable and hire a team and buggy and take the man or men to land that he knew was for sale. As there were no roads then as we know them, few section lines and few fields or fences, they could drive almost directly across the country in any direction. In this manner Father soon knew all the country very well and he sold much land. He did continue in the real estate business after moving to Beloit and even after moving back to the ranch in Logan county. I know that he was associated with a company in Kansas City that sold land in Louisiana and near Mexico City. He made several trips to Mexico City and liked the country very much but the political conditions there about 1913 put a stop to all such dealings. One

particular piece of land near DeRidder, Louisiana that I know he sold, was to Mr. George Herschberger of S. W. Logan county. Years later I accompanied Mr. Herschberger and his son Ray to view this land. I will tell more about this later. As for his trips to Mexico City, I have heard a lot but it was so long ago that I have forgotten but I know he brought back many beautiful articles from Mexico in the way of lace, glassware, and other small souvenirs and I believe my sister still has many of these in her collections, here in Colby.

In the days when the Kansas Pacific Railroad was being built across this country, the U. S. government had owned most of the land. To encourage the railroad company to expand across the country and as a subsidy to the railroad, the government had given every odd numbered section, for a distance of ten miles on each side of the track, to the railroad company.

Then to further help get this vast land settled, homestead and timber claims

were given to settlers who fulfilled certain requirements and lived on the land.

My wife's father took a homestead in 1905 but I imagine most of the good land was taken before that. A few very undesirable pieces of land were taken after I can remember.

Some of the people Father helped to locate, took homesteads, some bought railroad land, and some bought out discouraged homesteaders who would give up their land very cheaply by signing a relinquishment.

I remember one piece of land Father rented from the railroad, up into the teens or possibly the early twenties. I am sure that he never took advantage of his homestead rights.

One afternoon in the fall in 1966, when Bertha and I returned home after being away all afternoon we found a note in the door saying that a cousin from St. Joseph, Missouri, had stopped but did not find us.

She was Mrs. Gladys Word, a daughter of Uncle Fred Linville, and we had met her and her husband when we came back through Missouri in 1963. We stopped at Aunt Myrtle Winburn's in St. Joseph. She was the last of Father's sisters living, and the only remaining one of that family of thirteen children.

I wrote to Gladys and later in the winter I received considerable information on my Linville relatives that I will attempt to put in part of this story devoted to my grandfather and his family.

The first part of this is the obituary of Grandmother Linville as it was given in the local newspaper, but the date and name of the paper were not on the clipping. Other information gives the date as March 1920.

The next clipping was taken from a newspaper (unnamed) and again no date but it states that Grandmother had passed away two years previously, so it must have been printed in 1922 and it contained much information that I had not previously known or had completely forgotten.

It seems that Grandfather Linville had been quite an adventurer in early lifetime. He had helped pilot many wagon trains across the prairies to Denver and even to

California and had worked in Denver. It states that he had built the Elephant Cattle corral on Wazee and Blake Street in Denver. He had a cattle ranch in Nebraska and had joined the Southern Army and fought at Springfield, Missouri, under General Price and was captured by the Union Army. I will give a complete re-typing of this old clipping, for it gives quite a complete history of Grandfather Linville's life and things that I did not know until now.

His family came from Tennessee to northwest Missouri in 1840 so if I ever can trace the family back, it will be through this lead.

I wish that I knew which trails he traveled to Denver. Since both the Smoky Hill and the Leavenworth to Pikes Peak Express trails started near St. Joseph, it is very possible that he traveled very close to our present community. The present town of Ludell seems to be the closest point to us on the Leavenworth to Pikes Peak Express route, for from there it swung northward into Nebraska and followed the Republican river to its source.

Grandfather Linville's parents had moved to northwest Missouri from Tennessee in 1840 and at present that is all I know about them. There was included in the papers that about grandmother Linville's parents.

Hiram Groves Married Sarah McInain
(Aug. 15, 1811-18) (May 7, 1818-18)

They were the parents of six children.

Taken from a clipping from a Missouri newspaper in March 1920.

Death of Mrs. J. M. Linville

Mrs. Mary E. Linville (Groves) was born in Nodaway county, Missouri, August 3, 1842, and lived just across the river northeast of Maitland all the years of her younger life. She was married to J. M. Linville on December 8, 1864, and continued to live in Nodaway county until 1900, when she moved with her husband and family to DeKalb. She lived there about six years, moving from there to St. Joseph where she lived for about four years; from there they located on a farm

about five miles east of the Saxon-Agency road, and here at this home Mrs. Linville lived until her death.

She was the daughter of Hiram and Sarah A. Groves, well known pioneer citizens of Nodaway county.

Besides her husband she is survived by four sons and three daughters as follows: W. H. Linville, Winona, Kansas; M. E. Linville, Fort Worth, Texas; F. E. Linville, DeKalb, Missouri; W. M. Linville, Parkville, Missouri; Mrs. Mattie Sewell, Hebronville, Texas; Mrs. Myrtle Winburn, DeKalb, Missouri; Mrs. Maude Cooper of St. Joseph, one brother W. T. Groves of this place and one sister Mrs. Martha P. Meadows also survive.

The remains of Mrs. Linville were brought to this city on the afternoon train Sunday, and the funeral was conducted at the home of her brother Tom Groves. The sermon being preached by Rev. H. G. Stewart, of the Skidmore Southern M. E. Church. Mrs. Linville having been a member of this denomination for more than forty years.

Mrs. Linville came from the sturdy pioneer stock, of early settlers who settled this part of the country and whose life in the great outdoors gave them health. From them she inherited the many good qualities that fitted her to be the mother of a large family, and to raise them to be good citizens, of the noblest country under the sun. It is wonderful to think back over the 78 years of this mother's life. Born in the days when the Indians roamed very near, and the family called other folks neighbors though they lived 25 miles away. These were surely the days that tried the souls of men and women. The Herald of course does not know the early life struggles of this good woman. No cities or town close enough to visit, her life like all others of that day must have been that of the simple primitive pioneers who lived for their families and had faith in a Divine Creator a being unseen by human eyes but whose rule fixed the destiny of nations. It must have been a happy day in her life when she stood by the one of her choice way back in 1864 when she promised him to help

create a new home in this country that even then was only sparsely settled. Again we see the tear glistening in her eye - not a tear of sorrow but a tear of pain and happiness placed on her brow by an angels hand when she gave the priceless jewel of motherhood to her first born. All through the vistas of time down to the present she had been a devoted mother and was never found wanting in any capacity of life. Even now, in death, her influence shines radiantly out to all as a beacon light to guide the way to her family, relatives and the many friends who are left to mourn her departure.

J. M. Linville

Born near DeKalb, Mo. in 1840. One of the Real Pioneers.

"Shucks, people don't know what real hard times are these days" says J. M. Linville, one of the pioneers of Buchanan and Nodaway counties, who lives on a fruit farm near Agency.

"I had to build three different houses on the same foundation before I ever got to move into it in the early days" said Mr. Linville.

After Mrs. Linville and I had worked and saved on a small place near Graham, over in Nodaway county, we concluded to build us a nice dwelling house. I hauled the stones and dug a cellar and had a good foundation made and a frame house built. It was a nice house in the log cabin days, but a few days before it was ready to occupy, a cyclone came along and scattered the house over the prairie for miles. In some way we managed to get enough money together to rebuild. The house was all done but for laying flooring and ceilings. The lumber, sawed out by a little mill nearby, was green and the carpenter told me that it would have to be cured or kiln dried. I went to Marysville that day for some supplies. Driving a team in those days meant an all day trip. Shortly after I left, the carpenter conceived the crazy idea that we would build a small fire in the cellar and lay the green lumber across the joists and dry it out nicely. Mrs. Linville remonstrated

with him, but was told to mind her own business. When I got home near sundown the house was ready to go up in smoke - which it did very soon after. The fire all day long had dried out the timbers and when it caught it was soon a mass of flames, and with the next door neighbor's living miles away we had no chance saving the house. No insurance and not a dollar to build again, but people had strong will power and by the next day we were planning how to rebuild. It was several months before we had another house; but it was built and we occupied it the following spring."

ONE OF THE REAL PIONEERS



Marion Linville

Mr. Linville is one of the real pioneers. He was born on the Major Bowen farm near DeKalb park, as the people of that

section thought they would get the Buchanan county court house which was built in Sparta. The family moved to Nodaway county in 1842. The ox team was used to break the prairie but Mr. Linville says he never had much to do with them, as the famous Missouri mule was beginning to be in evidence, and they suited him much better. The family lived near the present town of Graham and at that time it was larger than Marysville, which was only a few cabins. For years, Mr. Linville recalls, they lived in the only hewn log house in that part of the country. It was considered a veritable mansion by the side of the little cabin with its mud chalking. The first schools of Nodaway county were at Graham and the children received their first lessons there. Martha Highley, an old maid and a most lovable character, was one of the early teachers.

There was plenty of wild game, deer, turkeys, prairie chickens, grouse, ect., in those days and the settlers had no trouble securing their meat. They had to rustle for bread, and salt was a luxury. There was plenty of fish in the streams and no game warden to ask for a hunting license, and there were hollow trees filled to overflowing with honey. People made their own clothing and happiness reigned supreme.

REAL NEIGHBORLINESS

Neighbors were neighbors in those days, Mr. Linville says. They would divide the last bite in the house, and no sacrifice was too great. If a neighbor had saved up a few dollars and a neighbor needed it, it was his for the asking and he did not ask you for a note with two or three neighbors on it for security. When butchering time came and you had no hogs ready to butcher, the more fortunate neighbor divided with you. Perhaps later on you could return the favor. A deep sense of religious conviction rested on all these old pioneers, and one of the first things they did was to build a little church which was used for school and as a general meeting place. People stuck to creeds even more than

they do today, but at that they did not allow this to keep them from being neighbors or being sympathetic to the last degree. When sickness came they could be depended on to help, and when the Pale Rider called for one, there was real mourning in the neighborhood. There was no hearse to bear the body away to a fine cemetery, but there were willing hands and helpers who did the best they could under the trying times, and when all that was mortal of some loved one was carried away in the plain pine coffin in a lumber wagon or spring wagon, perhaps, the clods of that valley did not cover the memory of the good that was sacrificed like a ray of sunshine while the departed lived among them. The little tombstone erected later meant what it said "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA

Mr. Linville freighted for "Uncle Dick" White, one of Graham's early day merchants. He drove overland to California when Denver was nothing much but the name. He worked some in Denver in later years and today there is the famous Elephant Cattle Corral on Wazee and Blake streets that he built.

Later Mr. Linville leased a ranch above Plattsmouth on the Platte river in Nebraska, where he raised cattle and says that he made more money there than he ever expects to make again. He could have had the pick and choice of any land where Lincoln now stands, at a very small fee, but he passed it up as he thought the people who were trying to settle there had starvation staring them in the face.

From here he went to Sidney, Iowa, to spend a few weeks with some stock. While on this trip he was surprised one day to see some covered wagons coming slowly in his direction, but he was still greater surprised when he found that it was a Groves family moving from Graham--being driven away on account of the Civil War conditions. On a mule riding in front was his old schoolmate and boyhood sweetheart, Mollie Groves, and the in-

vitallion he was brave enough to extend to her resulted in a wedding very soon after. They raised a large family and Mrs. Linville died only two years ago on the farm near Agency. (March 1920)

A CONFEDERATE VETERAN

When the Civil War came on Mr. Linville cast his lot with the South, enlisted under Col. Elijah Gates at St. Joseph, and served under General Price near Springfield. He was captured by the Union soldiers and escaped from them while on the road to the Prison at Alton, Illinois. He walked many miles and finally bought a mule for \$40.00 which he rode in this direction as fast as he could. There was no ferry so he swam the Missouri river near the mouth of the Blue river. He traded the mule to Jimmy Dunlap of DeKalb for eleven head of cattle which he sold to a relative for \$125.00.

He has had all the experiences of the early pioneers, saw many Indians most of them friendly. Saw thousands of buffaloes on the plains and helped to pilot many pioneer wagon trains.

The following interesting account of Denver and The Elephant Corral is taken from a book; The Smoky Hill Trail, by Margaret Long, published in 1943, and ties in and gives additional information that helps in regard to Grandfather Linville's activities.

In those days the vacant lots between Cherry Creek and Civic Center at Broadway were used for camp grounds. The wagons were left under guard and the stock taken elsewhere for feed and water and to be shod. Sometimes the stock was turned out on the grass where the Capital now stands.

The Elephant Corral is one of Denver's historic spots. It was a meeting place for those who drove pack trains and covered wagons, and a depot for loading and unloading freight. The Corral occupied a quarter of a city block, in the corner occupied by Wazee street and Cherry Creek. There were sheds and stalls for

horses, mules and oxen around three sides of the Corral. The main entrance was on Wazee Street. Another entrance to the Corral from Blake street run along a passageway beside the Denver House. The sign of the Elephant hung over the Wazee and Blake street entrance. The original buildings were torn down, a few at a time, and the Corral shrank in size until 1902 when the old buildings were replaced by new ones. Now a small court yard at 1442 Wazee street is enclosed by a brick wall with an iron gateway. The name Elephant Corral is set in the iron work above the gate. A bronze tablet has been placed above the railing of the Blake street-bridge over Cherry Creek. It has the following legend:

Immediately northwest of this point and covering much of Block 18 East Denver stood the famous Elephant Corral Camp ground; Emigrant headquarters and stock yards of pioneer Denver. Begun early in 1859 by Blake and Williams with their Denver House, the first hotel in Denver City. Horace Greeley was a guest here and addressed the pioneers June 6, 1859. During the 1860's the corral was surrounded by an eight foot wall having loop holes for Indian defense.

Placed by the State Historical Society of Colorado from the Mrs. J. N. Hall Foundation and by the City and County of Denver. 1935.

The Denver House was built in 1858.

JULY 6, 1967

Doris returned to Garden City from New York, by airplane on June 30, so we went to Garden City on Wednesday, July 1, to visit her and my sister Margaret, who lives there. Also we wanted to view the damage done by the tornado that had struck Garden City the preceeding Friday eve, June 25, 1967. Damage was terrific but by some fluke or quirk of nature, Margaret's house had only suffered broken windows on the north side of the building, although there were totally destroyed houses all around them.

While there Doris and we made tentative plans to drive to St. Joseph the following Sunday afternoon. Doris came to Colby Saturday evening and she had phoned Aunt Myrtle Winburn and found that she was going to be home. On Sunday we drove to St. Joseph and found Aunt Myrtle to be in excellent health and very alert for her 88 years of age. She is the last of my father's brothers and sisters still living. She lives by herself in St. Joseph. Not far away lives Lynn and Gladys Word. Gladys is the daughter of Uncle Fred Linville, thus a first cousin of mine. We had met her previously several times, so she is the best known of any of my Linville cousins.

On Monday morning, Lynn and Gladys took us three and Aunt Myrtle in their car and drove north out of St. Joseph to Graham, Mo., the town near which father was born. Aunt Myrtle had not been back in the area for many years but she directed us unerringly to the Grove cemetery, which lies about 2 miles west and 2 miles north of Graham and in which Grandfather and Grandmother Linville are buried. Also here are many other Linville and Grove families are buried. Grandmother's maiden name was Grove. The graves date back to Civil War times and while the cemetery is a beautiful location, it is badly grown up with brush and weeds. The neighborhood families go each August and clear all brush and weeds away. They take a day and all work together.

Upon leaving the cemetery we drove back south and stopped at a farm where

the name was Grove on the mailbox. We visited briefly and found they were descendants of the Grove family, that Grandmother Linville came from.

Then by Aunt Myrtle's directions we drove back about 1 mile west of Graham and went north 2 miles. Aunt Myrtle was sure it was the right road, but things just did not look right to her. She admitted that she had not been back there since she was a girl of seventeen, or in about 71 years. We drove into a farm that she thought was the right location for the old original Linville farm, but it took a lot of visiting with the people living there to convince her that it was the right place. When those people told her of locations of many buildings, she knew she was back where she and all her brothers and sisters except one had been born. It was the place where the cyclone had destroyed the original house, where the second one had burned before being quite completed, and the third house had also burned many, many years ago. A fourth one had been built almost on the same spot.

The barn had been built by grandfather Linville about 1888 and were still standing and were strong and being used all the time. The beams in these barns were mortised and held together by wooden pegs instead of nails and were the first of this type I had ever seen. The yard was beautiful with many old trees and beautiful flowers.

I could not help but compare those old buildings that had been built almost before our area was settled, with many that we call old buildings. Most of ours are now either total wrecks or about ready to be so called.

We returned to St. Joseph and the next day, July 4th, we ate dinner with Gladys and Lynn and then they drove us to the old Pony Express stables which are now restored and contain many relics of the Pony Express days. Also we visited the Patee House which was one of the original Hotels of St. Joseph, built in 1856. It contained 110 guest rooms. It is presently being converted to a museum and if ever filled it will house many historical items.

Then we drove to DeKalb and briefly visited a sister of Gladys' and their mother and then out north west of DeKalb to the place where Grandfather Linville's had moved when they left Graham, 71 years before. Here again the farmstead had been built by them but while the old original barn was still standing, the house had also burned a few years ago and the place was deserted. The Linville family had lived on this place for many years.

Last winter when I was reading a book, "The Overland Stage to California" written by Frank Root and Connelly, who had been stage drivers on the old trails and who had visited Denver when it was nothing but a name, Mr. Root mentioned that he had bought an apple for 25 cents, in Denver that had been hauled in a wagon from Buchanan County, Mo. a distance of 700 miles. The report stated that a Missouri orchardist had loaded his wagon and taken a full load of apples across the plains and sold them at a handsome profit in Denver.



Barns on Linville Homestead in Missouri. Probably built 1878.

I knew that Grandfather Linville had a large apple orchard in Buchanan County and as I knew he had driven across country many times, I connected the two items and wondered if he might not have been the farmer. I asked Aunt Myrtle about this and she said that she was sure that it was him, but she could not remember his telling of that specific incident but that he told of many other things that he had done of similar events and she was positive that it was him. The farm that we visited in Missouri was the very farm that had had the large apple orchard, but nothing now remained of the orchard.

We returned home on July 5th. We went south to Leavenworth and Topeka, but stopped at the Agriculture Hall of Fame and went through it. This was our first visit there and we then returned to Colby on I-70. When near Grinnell we began to see evidence of severe hail damage and all the crops from east of Oakley to near Colby had been completely hailed out the proceeding Monday.



Bertha, Aunt Myrtle Winburn; only living sister of Fathers, and my sister Doris Linville.

Chapter 29
THE LINVILLE FAMILY TREE

LINVILLE ANCESTRY

Thomas Linville Parish of Fleshing Sussex County England	*****	Elizabeth Wickersham Married 5-15-1648
Thomas Linville Born 1677	*****	Dinah Richards Married 1-9-1713
Thomas Linville Born 1735 in Va.		
James Linville Born 1795 in N. Car.	*****	Sarah Cole Born 1798 in Va. Married Died in 1875 in Nodaway co. Mo.
Jasper Marion Linville Born 1841 Died 1-14-1930 in Nodaway Co.	*****	Mary E. Groves Born 8-3-1842 in Nodaway Co. Mo. Died April 22, 1921 in Nodaway Co. Mo.
William Henry Linville Born 9-17-1870 Near Graham Mo. Died 1-43-1943 At Colby Ks.	*****	Alice Tallman Born 1-8-1880 In Smith Co. Ks. Married 10-23-1902 Died 3-25-1957 At Colby Ks.
William Leslie Linville Born 1-23-1904 In Beloit Ks.	*****	Bertha Williams Born 3-29-1906 In Logan Co. Ks. Married 4-17-1927

Richard Eugene Linville
 Jan. 28 1928
 Opal Alice Griffin
 Aug. 19, 1930
 Married June 11 1949 Div.1978

Walter Owen Linville
 Aug. 5, 1929
 Carol Ann Post
 July 4, 1930
 Married April 16, 1950

Mary Maxine Linville
 July 19, 1930
 Roy Lee Brooks
 Married Nov. 19, 1955

Harold Leslie Linville
 Sept 3, 1931
 Janice Maxine Denny
 July 2, 1936
 Married April 10, 1955

William Leslie Linville
 Born Jan 23, 1904
 Bertha Aleen Williams
 Born Mar. 29 1906
 Married April 17, 1927

Doris Louise Linville
 Sept. 12, 1932
 Dale Sanford
 Married June 7, 1953

Norman Dale Linville
 Aug. 25, 1938
 Judith Ann Burch
 Jan. 22 1943
 Married August 24, 1968
 No Children

Lawrence Edward Linville
 July 15, 1940
 Dolores Marie Kleinsorge
 Mar. 8, 1943
 Married Aug. 24, 1963

Donald Ray Linville
 Feb. 22, 1948
 Kay Louise Cox
 May 4, 1948
 Married June 7, 1969

Steven Eugene Linville, June 8, 1952
Gloria Jean Balthazor, Mar 4, 1951
Married June 2, 1972

Megan Kathryn June 25, 1976
Kevin Scott Oct. 25, 1978
Scott Steven May 6, 1982

Pamela Kay Linville, Oct. 2, 1957, Died April 1958

Judith Marie Linville July 7, 1960

Michael Leslie Linville July 27, 1951
Marilyn Joy Mote,
Married April 19 1975

Matthew Leslie July 17, 1977
Melodie Joy Nov. 17, 1980

Shirley Jean Linville
Ralph Eugene Grant
Married July 29 1972 Div. 1984

Shelly Jean July 11 1974
David Eugene May 30, 1976

Scott Allen Brooks, Sept 16 1960
Donna McEntire Sept 16, 1960
Married Aug. 18 1984

Todd Lee Brooks, April 19, 1965

Debra Lou Linville April 14, 1956
Cory Mireles
Married Nov. 21, 1977, Div. 1978
Married Dennis Berndsen, Mar. 26, 1983

Julie Diane, Dec. 12, 1983

Dina Lee Linville Sept. 7 1957
Keith Casey, Dec. 10, 1956
Married May 21 1977

Kyle Wade Mar. 6, 1980
Erin Nicole, Dec. 1 1983

Arlan Dale Sanford Jan 10 1955
Married Oct. 1976 Div.

David Arlan, July 22, 1977

Aleta Diane Sanford, Mar. 14. 1956
Michael Joseph Nolan June 23,
Married May 13, 1978

Kathleen Aleta April 10 1983
Shannon Joy, Dec. 11, 1984

Anson Dwight Sanford, May 23, 1957
Darla Jean Keasling
Married May 14 1983, Div.

Alex Duane Sanford June 12, 1959

April Dawn Sanford Jan 29, 1962
Kenneth Smith
Married Aug 18, 1979 Div. May 1983
Married Rand, Kuhns Sept 1983

Amaris Diane, Aug 4, 1980
James Bradford, Sept 12, 1984

Paula Renee Linville June 20, 1964
Gene Geist
Married May 26, 1984

Sheila Marie Linville April 26, 1966
Michael Cates
Married Sept 7, 1985

Douglas Edward Linville

Carla Sue Linville Jan 14, 1969

Corey Wayne Linville March 11, 1970

Sarah Katherine Linville Jan. 19 1975

