

My Life On The Kansas Plains

By Leslie Linville

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This book is dedicated
to my wife

Bertha

who has stood by me for
the past 40 years

Through sickness, dust
storms, depression,
good years and bad.

INTRODUCTION

Early in the spring of 1960, I had the opportunity to read the interesting story of a man's life, written by a good friend and former neighbor of mine, who had lived about three miles down the river from us, when we lived on the Smoky Hill river, in Logan County, Kansas, in the years of 1923 and 1924.

Mr. J. Paul Jones, now of Long Beach, California, was the author of this book, "Memories that Bless and Burn" and it related many things that had happened along the Smoky Hill river in those days. Many of these things I had forgotten but it also made me think of how little I actually knew of my own parents' and grandparents' lives and how interesting it would be, to be able to read of actual happenings in their lives.

Mr. Jones, in his story, told of moving to western Kansas from Missouri and settling on a farm three miles south of Russell Springs, Kansas, in the fall of 1918, surviving the big blizzards of that winter, but losing most of his cattle, and all else. He told how he finally got another start on the ranch just down the river from ours and how he became a large scale cattleman and sheep man in western Kansas and Eastern Colorado.

This was a borrowed book and after reading it, I wrote to him and asked if I could purchase a copy. I was immensely surprised and pleased when he sent me a copy just for old times' sake.

During the years since, (this is now 1967) I have read the book several times and have loaned it to many others who also knew him. It has been gone from home almost as much as at home.

An interesting thing in connection with this book is that in 1962, I loaned it to Ray Emel, an old schoolmate of mine, who was then in the Thomas County National Bank and he read it and let Mr. Dave Ferguson, president of the bank read it. Mr. Ferguson was the principal pro-

moter of The Pioneer Memorial Library, here in Colby.

Mr. Ferguson liked the book so well, that he wrote to Mr. Jones and secured a copy for the library, but in their correspondence, Mr. Jones told him that he had only forty copies of the book made, so I was doubly proud to have secured a copy and also to be slightly instrumental in helping the Historical Library secure a copy.

Shortly afterwards I moved to Texas for a year and as I was there by myself much of the time with long evenings without much to occupy my time, I started my own life story strictly for my own children and grandchildren. Not that I ever did anything remarkable or even exciting, but I hoped that it might prove interesting to my family in later years. I am just an average western Kansas farmer, who has lived the average life of such and thousand of others could tell a far more interesting story, if they took the time to write it.

I had never attempted anything like this before, but my intention was to try to show some of the things that happened to me in my lifetime and the vast changes that have taken place, in farming and the country in general, during my lifetime.

To do this I have told many of my own experiences, and I never expected this to be read by anyone other than my family. Gradually others read it, seemed to like it, and have offered suggestions. Over the past six years I have been adding to it as I have thought of something that might interest people and help in recalling our times.

I am well aware that others have done a far better job of telling of their times and experiences, but as Mrs. Vern Dimmitt, the first Librarian of the Pioneer Memorial Library in Colby, told me "Most of those stories were of days and years just preceding your own lifetime, and

your lifetime covered the most changes in conditions, machinery, farming and everthing in general, this world has ever known," so if I can help others to understand what we lived through and what helped to bring on these changes, then I will not feel that my time has been wasted.

I have titled my story, "My Life on the Kansas Plains" and as I am telling of my own experiences I do not get far from that pronoun I. I hope that others who may attempt to read it will forgive the use of that pronoun so continously.

After my marriage to Bertha Williams in 1927, the pronoun "we" should be the main one, for our lives have been closely bound together since. When I think of the years of the depression, the black blizzards that we lived through, of the days and days that she has attended me while I have been in the hospitals, and my long

and expensive stays at Mayo's, and all the family cares she has had, I wonder how she has stood it. Nothing I can do for her is too much.

In writing this I have relied almost entirely on my own memory and have used references very little, as I have not had them available. Many times I will not have things exactly as others remember them, but I have tried to stay as accurate as possible.

Now, after much urging by others including Mr. Bill James, editor and publisher of the Prairie Drummer here in Colby, I consented to let him publish the entire story in book form. I believe and hope that the addition of a few of the many fine pictures in our collection will help enough that others will enjoy the pictures at least. Most of the pictures taken from 1920 on were taken by myself.

Chapter I

Ancestry and Early History

I was born January 23, 1904, in Beloit, Kansas, in Mitchell County. I was the oldest child of William Henry and Alice Mae Linville. I had two sisters and no brothers. Doris, the sister next to me, was born in Beloit on May 28, 1907, and Margaret, my youngest sister, was born May 15, 1911, in Winona, Kansas.

I know little about my grandparents on my father's side except that they were from Northwest Missouri, where my father was born September 17, 1870, in the town of Graham. (In December of 1966, I received considerable information on the Linville family from a cousin in Missouri, so I will include this a little later.) I knew those grandparents in my early childhood as we visited in Missouri before moving to Logan county, but I was too young to remember much about that. They did visit us and spend some time with us after we moved to the ranch and I have some faint recollections of them then. While I was in high school in Winona, a telegram came telling of the

death of Grandmother Linville and our school superintendent sent me home to tell my parents. Then I took my father to the train in Winona, so that he could go to Missouri to attend her funeral.

We lived away from the Linville side of the family and I never knew them although I have met a few aunts, uncles, and cousins down through the years. (Here I am deleting a small portion of the original as it will be fully covered in the addition of the Linville family history which I have just received.)

My grandparents on my mother's side of the family, Henton and Ione Tallman, were a close part of my childhood as they lived at Monument, Kansas, and we often visited them and they came to the farm frequently. Grandmother Tallman was a very strong minded and resourceful woman as she had gone through those days of the pioneers when everyone had to depend on their own courage and resourcefulness. Mother always told that her mother was as good as most men at handl-



William Henry Linville



Alice Mae Linville



Doris, Leslie, Margaret Linville

ing horses. She often drove wild, half-broken colts with her wagon or buggy teams and I can still remember a few times when she drove a team from Monument to our ranch south of Winona, a distance of about 25 miles. Later grandfather got one of the first Buick cars made and they drove that to the farm. It had the brass trimmings.

While I was in high school in Winona, they bought one of the very first Chrysler cars manufactured. It was a heavy enclosed sedan and they used it the rest of their lives. I have often wished that I had purchased it when it was sold, for it had always been kept in perfect condition and in a shed with the tires jacked up off the ground. It had leather upholstery and would be very valuable as an antique car today.

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 Janey, 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 1804. 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 Circeville 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.

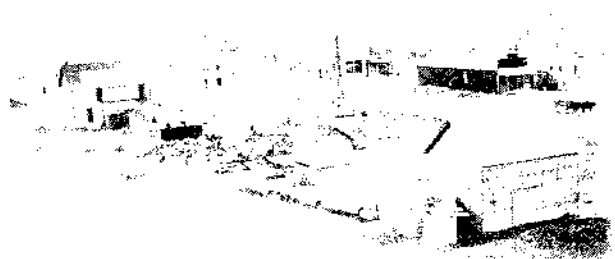
I am glad Captain Peter came ashore
And roamed the seven seas no more
I am glad he married the Plymouth Maid
And on Martha's Vineyard stayed
If that Old Salt had stayed afloat
There wouldn't be much of a story to note,
So I am glad he left the seas
And became the ancestor of you and me.

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 promoter 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



Tallman Hotel

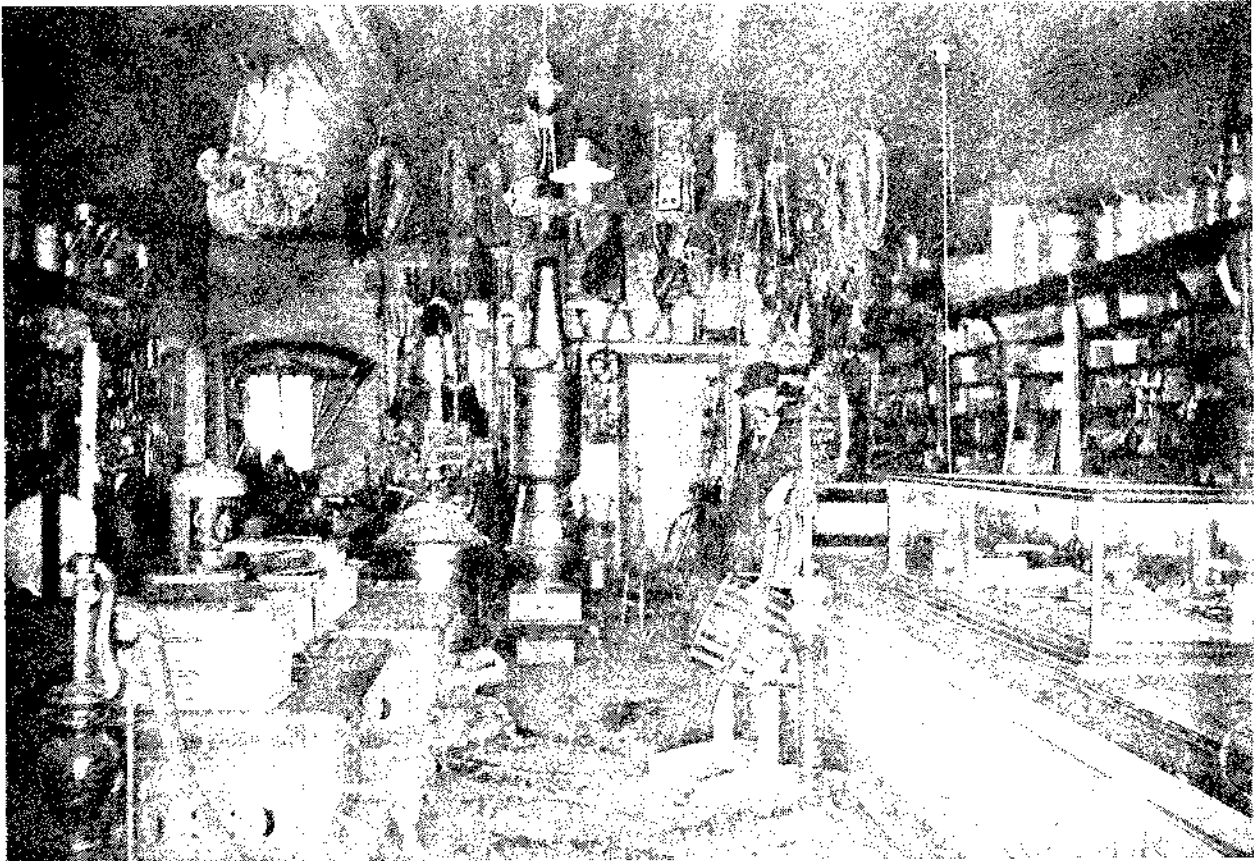
in both buildings. The picture I have of the inside of the hardware store shows about every kind of hardware then in use; horse collars, harness, water pumps, etc., but nothing that we know today. I stayed with my grandparents a couple of months in the spring and went to school in 1914. They were living in their new home at the east edge of town and grandfather was postmaster. Once when we were visiting in the new home,



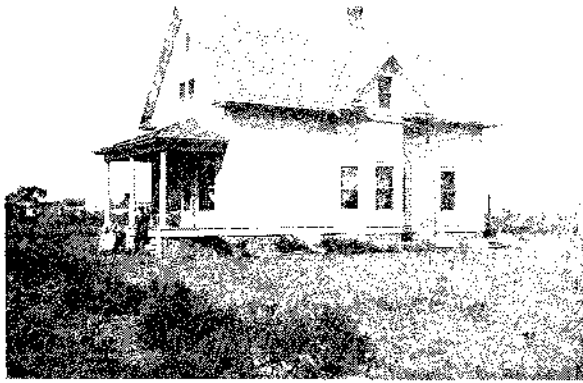
Tallman Brothers' Store About 1900

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.

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



Interior of Tallman's Hardware Store



New Home of Grandparents About 1911

were the Postals, Davids, Sawyers, Spencers, Marstellers, Snells, Koons, Sondburgs, Duttlingers and the Burks and many, many others whom I cannot recall off hand.

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



Schoolhouse

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	<u>3.50</u>
		88.00
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	<u>.05</u>
		55.99
		<u>1.63</u>
		57.62

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 \$84.55.

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 Linville'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

TALLMAN FAMILY TREE
As Furnished By Roy Tallman

<p>Peter Tallman, (Master Mariner, sailed ship from Holland 1645 via Bahamas to Newport, R. I. arriving in 1648)</p>	<p>Joan Briggs (of Taunton Plymouth Colony. Married in 1649)</p>

<p>Benjamin Tallman</p>	<p>Patience Dufrees</p>

<p>William Tallman</p>	<p>Ann Lincoln (Her father was a brother of Abe Lincoln's grandfather)</p>

<p>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</p>	<p>Diana Boone (First cousin of Daniel Boone)</p>

<p>William Tallman</p>	<p>Phoebe Henton</p>

<p>Benjamin Tallman (Died in Iowa in 1854)</p>	<p>Rebecca Hodges. (Moved to Iowa with sons and daughter in 1854)</p>

<p>William Tallman (1825-1897) Moved to Iowa in 1845</p>	<p>Elizabeth Ann Coffman (1830-1922)</p>

<p>Henton F. Tallman (Nov. 26-1853-1944) Moved to Logan Co. Kans. 1886 from Smith Co.</p>	<p>Ione Francisco (1856-1938)</p>

<p>William Henry Linville (1870-1943) Came to Logan Co. Kansas in 1890 from N. W. Missouri</p>	<p>Alice Mae Tallman (1880-1957) Born in Smith Co. Kansas To Logan Co. 1886</p>

<p>William Leslie Linville (1904-19--) Born in Mitchell Co. Kansas To Logan Co. in 1911</p>	<p>Bertha Aileen Williams (1907-19--) Born on homestead in Logan Co.</p>

Any of my children who may desire can carry this out

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 McLain
(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 someway 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 neighbors 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-

visitation 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.

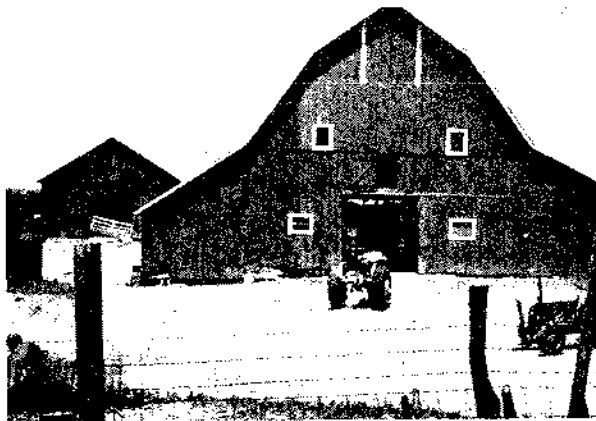
The barns had been built by grandfather Linville about 1888 and were still standing and were strong and being used all the time. The beams in these barns were mortised and held together by wooden pegs instead of nails and were the first of this type I had ever seen. The yard was beautiful with many old 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 preceding Monday.



Bertha, Aunt Myrtle Winburn; only living sister of Father's, and my sister Doris Linville.

Chapter II

Move to Logan County, Kansas

As I was only seven years old when we left Beloit, there is not much that I remember. We made a few train trips to Missouri to visit 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 and 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 compressed the air and made a noise.

We arrived in Winona, probably in April or very early May 1911, and moved into a large house, then owned by a Mr. Hobbs. This house is still standing in Winona, owned and lived in by Mr. and Mrs. Marion Ludlow, a block west of main street and across the street south of where the Winona State Bank stood. Mr. Hobbs who owned the house was a Civil War veteran who lived on a farm $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile west of town. Later they sold the farm and moved back into this house and lived there until well into the 1930's.

I think the reason for the delay in moving to the farm was that the folks were

waiting for the arrival of my youngest sister Margaret, who was born May 15, 1911, in that house, I know it was something of a shock to come downstairs one morning and have my Aunt Edna tell me that I had a baby sister.

The ranch was located on the Smoky Hill river about 11 miles southwest of Winona and we evidently moved there in June of 1911. The road to the ranch went west out of Winona along the north side of the U. P. R. R. to the first section line west of town. It went south by the Hobbs farm and on another mile south where there was another farm occupied by the Alex Latham family and then another three miles south where there was another set of buildings that were generally vacant. (It was in this vacant house that Fred Ricketts was killed by lightning about 1922 when he and his son, Emmett, took shelter from a storm.) A $\frac{1}{2}$ mile below this house we entered our pasture and started to angle to the southwest across the flat for another three miles. The river valley was not visible until we came to the edge of the breaks about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from home and the river. On the edge of this break is one of the most beautiful views of the entire river. The valley can be seen from near Wallace to about Russell Springs and usually has a heavy blue haze hanging over it. The high ridge to the south of the valley was known as Dry Ridge for no well water was available on it and it seemed that it seldom rained there.

Our ranch buildings were located about a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile north of the north Smoky on a broad level stretch of second bottom land. The first bottom was then covered by a very fine alfalfa field. There were some high stone and shale bluffs along the south side of the river but no trees until back west of the buildings. These bluffs made

a very pretty setting for our home. Since they were only about 1/4 mile from the house, I soon knew every hill and ditch in them.



I had become acquainted with a few people in Winona. Those I can name are Burris, Emerson, Imogene, and Winifred Felts, Walter Jackson, Fred Ludlow, Claude Postal and their families and the families of Messlers, Haines. Several families of Lowes, Jake Lights, Willard Frews, Snyders and Hoppers. Lew Jordan ran an elevator and hardware store; Dave Elmborg, a blacksmith shop Forrester D. Joslyn was the printer for the Winona News; Ed Burdick ran a small grocery store; and the Charles Wards, operated a livery stable, as did also Bob Cork.

Winona was quite small in those days, and is not much larger now. It was probably considered a cattle town, for there were several large ranches to the south of the U. P. The first settlement there had been when the U. P. R. R. was built and the town was first known as Gopher.



Main street of Winona

The U. P. went through the south edge of

town and it is probable that the depot, which still stands, was the first building. Just east of the depot was a large wooden frame windmill with a large wooden wheel. This type of mill has long ago disappeared from the scene but then it pumped water for the railroad's use and the section men. It also furnished water for the stockyards which were to the east and on the south side of the tracks. As there was a long grade up out of the Smoky valley to the west of town, the steam engines had a hard pull and sometimes they had to take on water from the water tower. Other times they had to cut the trains into two sections and double head them into Winona in order to get up the grade.

The west section house set to the west of the depot about a block, and the east section house was just across the section line at east edge of town. Main street ran north and south and was nothing more than a wide dirt street that was dusty when dry and a mud hole when it rained. There was no railroad crossing between the section lines on East edge of town and the one a mile west.

Mr. Jordan's elevator was to the east of the depot and looked quite large to us then, as it was the tallest building in town but it was small in comparison to our present concrete towers. His hardware store was about midway up main street on the west side of the street and the lumber yard was just south of it. Across the street east was a two-story concrete building that contained the Messler grocery store where we did most of our trading. There were a few other buildings along the street, some of which are still standing though a few have burned down as did the old Winona Hotel in 1930. It had stood at the north corner of the west block of main street. Also, at that time, the bank was located in a part of the building that was the hotel or at least it was a long room attached to the south side of the hotel. Another building stood just south of the bank which was operated for many years by Mr. Wilson Knapp. Elmborg's blacksmith shop was east of the Messler store and Ed Burdick's store was

just north and the livery stable north of that.

The hitching rail back of Messler's store was made of several posts set in the ground with several strands of No. 9 wire extended between the posts. The farmers teams were tied to this while they were in town. Sometimes the horses would get to fighting among themselves while tied to the hitching wires.

When one went to buy groceries, he did not go around picking or choosing what he wanted but told the merchant what and how much of each item was wanted. Most things like sugar, crackers, raisins, etc. were in bulk and as crackers came in barrels with a loose wooden top, it was a regular occurrence for the merchant to have to throw the cat off the barrel before he could get in to the cracker supply.

I liked to watch at the blacksmith shop, for they had to heat the irons red hot in the forge and then pound and shape it to the desired shape on the anvil. All this was hand labor, welding was done by pounding the pieces together while red hot. As the wooden parts of the wagon and buggy wheels shrank when dry or wore down from use, the iron rims had to be tightened by shrinking red hot rims on them and then rapidly cooling the rim before it set the wood afire. Another way to set a rim was to soak it in a water tank but this would only last until the wood dried out.

Remember, there were no garages, no tractors, few cars and about all the machinery was horse drawn and quite small in comparison to the machinery of today. Mr. Jordan sold about all the machinery bought in those days and his hardware store also stocked wagons, harness, horse collars, saddles and about everything needed on a farm but no groceries or drugs. He was also the local undertaker and had a horse drawn hearse.

Probably the best known man in the community was Col. Jim Felts, who was an auctioneer of considerable ability and cried public sales over a wide area. I know many people attended those sales just to hear him tell jokes. About 1916 he started a Ford Agency and sold Model

T's all over the country. He lived in a house just southeast of the old Hobb's house, close to us and I expect that is why I remember them better than others.

Another person whom I well remember was Forester D. Joslyn, editor of The Logan County News. He was a single man, and in lots of ways quite eccentric but was a good friend of my parents. When I started to high school in Winona that first fall I was supposed to work for him helping fold papers and separate the hand set type after it had been used. Each letter had to be placed in its correct pocket on the table so that it could be quickly found and used again. This small tedious work did not suit me at all and I soon quit that job. However he had one boy, a little older than I, Elmer Elmberg, who worked for him many years.

Jake Light was the banker, assisted by Mr. Frew who also ran the hotel; Mr. John T. Lowe, drove the mail to Russell Springs and also hauled passengers between the two towns. These were the most prominent ones in town, or at least the ones I best remember.

There were not many houses, but almost each house had its own windmill. Water was hard to find under the town so most of these supplied only limited quantities. The best water in town was under where the water tower now stands.

North of Winona there were many fine grain farms for the land was level and easily farmed. Some of those who owned farms north of Winona were; John Stovers, Lute and Bill Gfeller, Matt Baker, Chas. Kemps, Yoemans, Waldmeiers, George, Frank and William Koons, Councils, Kellers, John Galli and the Medford family. Of course I did not know all these people till later but many had been early settlers there and they and their descendants are still living in the same community. South of the Union Pacific it was considered that wheat could not be grown and much of the country was still in large, stock ranches with a few scattered small farms between. The ranches were practically all native grass and where there were fields they tried to raise feed or barley for the cattle. Along the river

there was considerable alfalfa.

One of the largest ranches was located with headquarters six miles south and two east of Winona and was known as the Disney Ranch. It extended from the present highway 25 west four miles and south to the Smoky taking in much of the area, but leaving scattered farms in places. This ranch was broken up considerably in 1918 when Judge Bee from Nebraska bought the northern part and a Chris Morley from Kansas City bought the southern part next to our ranch. Directly south of our ranch was the Logan Ranch, west was the Cad Burdick ranch, and up the river was the Long and M. B. Williams ranches. Of course, I did not know all this when we moved to the area. More about these later.

My understanding is that Dad had bought sections 1 and 11 and 15 in Twp. 13 Range 36 about 1905 but all that was owned when we moved there was Sec. 11-13-36 and I do not know when the other was sold. However, he had considerable acreage rented and this was included in the ranch. This leased land included Sec. 1 and 2-13-36 and South $\frac{1}{2}$ of Sections 23 and 24 and all of Sec. 25 and 36 in 12-36 and was a small ranch in that area. Much of the land thereabouts actually was owned by people from away who had invested in it for speculation and were satisfied if they could rent it. Sometimes just for taxes. A few of the larger ranches had more owned land in comparison to leased.

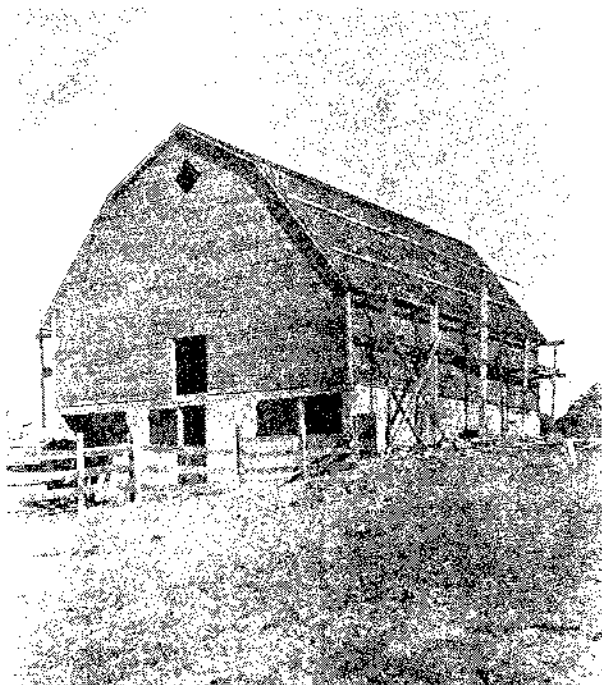
Now Section 11-13-36 (See page No. had the forks of the Smoky on the southeast corner and had both branches of the river extending for considerable distance on it. I will try to describe it more fully as it enters into this story to a large extent. (This was not known for many years but as I have dug into old history, Section 11-13-36 was one of the most famous locations of early Indian raids along the old Butterfield Trail which crossed the sections and split on it to go both to Ft. Wallace on the west and to Sheridan to the northwest and on the North Smoky. More as we go along.)

The North Smoky entered the section at almost the exact northwest corner and

flowed southeast for about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Here it came to the high bluffs before mentioned and which separated the north and south branches of the river and flowed almost directly east at about the $\frac{1}{2}$ section line, went on east for almost another $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and then made a long curve to the south and southwest back to the southeast corner. The South Smoky came from the southwest up to about a mile southwest of the home section. Then flowed southeast till it was actually two miles south of that corner and then it made another swing back to the northeast and entered section 11 in almost the middle of the south side. It flowed north about 100 yards into the section and then directly east till it joined the north branch at the southeast corner. From there it flowed almost directly south again for almost two miles. From the actual forks westward along the South Smoky for over $\frac{1}{4}$ mile was one of the finest ponds in the country. It was deep enough to have fine fish and wide enough and protected on the north by a ridge so that it was a fine pond for ducks. The trees along the river south of the forks made a fine picnic area and many large picnics were held here in those early years. People from Winona, Russell Springs and the surrounding country attended these.

Also close under the eastern bluff on the North Smoky, just below our farm buildings and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile north of the pond on South Smoky was another fine pond that was good for fishing, swimming, duck hunting or skating, and it was where we always got our winters supply of ice, for the bluff shaded the ice and it stayed frozen a long time. These two ponds always had water in them while much of the rest of the river went dry in the long dry summers.

About the first thing Dad did after purchasing the farm was to move a small four room frame house on the place and then he hired a man and his family to live there. The big barn was built in 1906 and I have pictures showing it under construction. Alfalfa was planted on bottom land and there were about 125 acres of that in those early years.



Barn under construction in 1906.

Gradually other buildings and sheds were built, mostly of the native rock, which could be easily quarried from those stone bluffs. I know that this quarrying must have destroyed many names of early travelers along the trail for occasionally we found a name and date carved in this soft stone that was long before our time and it seemed everyone wanted to carve their name. I imagine I can go back and still find my own after thirty-eight years away.

After we moved on the farm, there was a need to have a place for the hired help to bunk or in case of married men with families, a place for them. Dad had a small two room sod house built to the north of our home and away from our house almost a quarter of a mile. I remember the names of two of those families who later occupied that house; they were the Charles Rice and the Joe Wells families. Another sod house was located about 1/4 mile east of our house.

That Smoky Hill river valley was a rather tough section of country in those days. Minor range wars were frequent over who owned or leased some lands and occasionally some cattleman from away would try to take over. Once a Texan by

the name of Terrill had the large pasture to the west of ours and he simply built a fence around some of the land dad leased. Dad took a couple of hired men and went to his new fence and tied those new wires on the back of his wagon and then drove up the fence line as far as the team could pull the wire. Of course the staples jerked from the posts and the wire tangled into a rope, and there was a lot of trouble over the deal. But we kept our pasture.

That part of the valley had been headquarters for a very large cattle organization some years before, I had always heard this, but I have never been able to find any definite information on it. This was called The Smoky Forks Cattle Co. as I remember.

The large barn stood until about 1962 when the frame part blew down but the lower part up to the hay mow floor was built of concrete and the walls were ten inches thick. They stand today just as solid as ever and I know they were plenty solid for I was mashed against them in later years, by a mean bull that almost killed me.

The four room house that we lived in was small but so were most of the farmers homes unless the place was owned by one of the wealthier farmers and there were few of these. This house stood there until about 1947 when Mr. Roy Plummer, who then owned the place remodeled it and kept most of the original and then in 1959 Mr. Plummer bought lots from me here in Colby, just three blocks north of where we presently live and moved that house to Colby. I think the house was following me.

During all the years we lived in that place and for years after every drop of water used in that house was carried in buckets a distance of about a city block. Especially on wash days there had to be a lot of carrying and also all the water had to be hand pumped with a pitcher pump. A well had been put in near the house but the water was not usable.

All the cooking had to be done on an old coal range that also heated the house badly in the summer but helped keep it warm in winter. When one took a bath in winter

he had no modern conveniences. He filled a wash tub with water and stood as close to the range as possible, for as one side roasted the other froze. Then the water had to be carried out side and poured on the ground. Very seldom was a fire kept going over night for fuel was too hard to get. In the mornings when the fire was started, the water buckets were frozen over and ice had to be broken. That was when those caves were very useful; anything freezable could be kept in them and would not freeze. And, of course, there was always the little two-hole house out behind each farmhouse.

Mail was never delivered. You got it only when you went to the Post Office and picked it up or when a neighbor brought it to you when he got his own. Now school buses and mail routes cover the same territory every day and a person living on the same place could jump in his car and have anything needed in a few minutes. In fact, Mr. Roy Plummer, who owns the place drives from Colby to the farm a distance of about forty-five miles almost every day to do the farming.

In my younger days, since there was no trucking, I often helped drive cattle to Winona. We would round up what were to go to market and drive them to the stockyards at the railroad. Generally, two men on horse back could handle a sizeable bunch. Most cattle were shipped to Kansas City since that was the closest market.

Thinking back to those days when I did so much riding the pastures on horseback, I am often reminded of the great numbers of buffalo horns that evidently had fallen off the skeleton when the bones were picked up by the bone gatherers. Actually they were nothing but the outer shell of the horn that had slipped off the bony interior but they were quite numerous. Occasionally we would find a good buffalo head skeleton that had washed out of some ravine. These were a lot larger than cattle heads.

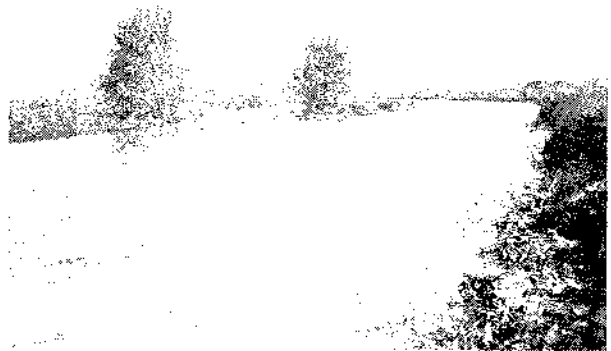
Practically all buffalo bones had been picked up from the prairies before my days for there were bone pickers who gathered all they could find. One time I

collected all the bones of cattle I could find and piled them and then when I got a wagon box load I hauled them to Winona and sold them to a buyer there, who had a long rick of bones piled on the railroad right-of-way just northwest of the depot. After he had bought enough to make a car load they were loaded on a railroad car and shipped east where they were used in fertilizer.

The old C. K. and O. Railroad, built from Scott City north through Russell Springs, was completed in 1912. It was never a paying proposition and was discontinued a few years later and the track torn up, but some of the cuts and fills are still visible. That is a story in itself and Burris Felts has recently covered that very thoroughly in a piece that he has written.

We generally tried to handle about one hundred and twenty five head of range cows in the north pasture, which extended almost half way to Winona and there was a good spring about one mile straight north of our house where they watered. Occasionally however, this would go dry and then they had to be watered at the river. Sometimes the river would dry up to the extent that water had to be reached by plowing the river or taking a small two horse slip and digging holes to water, which could usually be reached within a couple of feet. Of course, these holes always tramped full and had to be reopened the next time the cattle watered.

After a day's work in the summer we would generally go to the river to bathe and as I was the smallest of the bunch, the hired men usually ducked me and I never appreciated that.



Smoky Hill River at flood stage.

That first winter we lived on the farm, the winter of 1911-1912, was a very severe winter, very cold and deep snow and blowing. This was the winter father almost lost his life in a storm.

He walked to a neighbor's, about two miles southwest to telephone and get help to put up ice. This was the nearest phone and connected back to Winona by going northwest and up to the John Newell place where there was a small exchange and this was almost to McAllaster.

After he left the neighbor's he became lost, for night came on and the wind started to blow the snow and he could not find his way. He was getting very cold

and did not think he could last much longer when he fell over a bank and went completely under the snow. This was the warmest place he had been in and it put him out of the biting wind and he simply stayed there until morning. As soon as it got light he was able to find his way home. He froze his toes and lost some of them. Somehow word had gotten out among the neighbors that he was lost and several were out looking for him early in the morning. He was very fortunate that he did not freeze to death but he was a very sick man for a long time. I wish I were able to remember more of the details.

Chapter III

Country School Days

We lived in the west end of the Russell Springs School District Number 17. It was about eight miles from Russell Springs and entirely too far to go to school, for the only means of transportation was to walk, ride horse back, or use a team and buggy. Along that section of the Smoky there were four or five families with children who were of school age. One mile north of us was a family by the name of Stallworths. Just west of our section was another Stallworth family, living on the old Ferron place. Then there was myself, and later, my younger sisters, and a family by the name of Jones who lived just east of our place. There were three children there; Jewel, Opal, and Charles. One mile straight south of our buildings and across both branches of the Smoky was the Vern Mastin family. When we started to school there were Lena, Velma, Hazel, Clarence and Iva. Also one of the first winters, there were a couple of children from the Logan ranch. Their names were Anderson.

There was a problem of what to do about school and this was solved by moving in a small one room school house. It was originally intended that it be located on the hill $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south of our house and directly between the branches of the river. This would have been the closest to all the residents that it could be placed. However, when the building arrived on the hill southwest of home it was found that they could not get it down over the hills or across the river, so it was located up on that bare hillside on the south side of Section 12-13-36 about a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile east of the river. This location was in the Disney ranch pasture. We had to climb some high bluffs to get to the school; there was not a fence within a mile. There was no fence around the

school yard so that cattle came right up to the door and it was a common occurrence for cattle to stand out of the wind behind the building, or lay in the shade on a hot day. These were not the sleek domesticated cattle we have today, but were quite wild range cattle, sometimes from Texas.

This location placed the school house a little over a mile from home and at varying similar distances from the other families. We all walked practically every day, rain or shine. Very few times were we taken in a buggy and my first recollections are of fighting the cold winds and snow to get to school. Also in the spring of 1912 there were some severe dust storms and we could hardly see our way.

The school house was simply placed on some piled-up rocks, for a foundation. No mortar was used in the foundation whatever and this left nice cracks between the rocks. There was one large hole under the southwest corner of the building large enough that we could crawl under. This foundation left plenty of space for the wind to blow in and help air condition the building and also room for wild animals to crawl in. We generally had a few pack rats under there that at times got quite noisy but if we stamped on the floor it would quiet them down. Occasionally a skunk would get under there and sometimes he would pollute the air until we had to get out of the building. It was nothing uncommon to see skunks, badgers or coyotes in our school yard and as there was a prairie dog town all around there, they were a common acquaintance. As rattlesnakes were plentiful around dog towns and in the bluffs, we had to be continually on the watch for them. It is rather remarkable that none of us were ever bitten by a snake.

The school house was heated by a large heating stove, placed near the center of the building, but sometimes in high winds and on cold days we had to crowd close to it to keep warm. The teacher was the janitor and also had the job of keeping fire going but most of the time we boys had to carry the coal in from the coalhouse about two hundred feet north of the schoolhouse. Also out there on each side of the coalhouse, were the toilet facilities. One for girls and one for boys.

We always carried our lunches to school in $\frac{1}{2}$ or 1 gallon syrup pails. These were left in the small anti-room at the front of the building where there was no heat, so it was not uncommon to eat a frozen lunch, but never a hot one. For several years every drop of water used in the school was carried from our homes in syrup pails. Finally a well was placed at the foot of the bluff near the river and then we carried the water up the hill in a three gallon water bucket and it was left setting in that hall and from that bucket all used a common drinking cup to dip our drinks.

There were never more than seventeen attending this school at one time and the teacher took care of all the classes. As the children were of all ages, there was someone in each of the several grades and besides her other duties as teacher and janitor she had also to try to keep track of us on the playground. Since there were no fences we would take off over the bluffs or to the river every time we got a chance, and it was nothing uncommon to get a mile from school in our play. There was a small hand bell that the teacher would ring. It had a remarkable carrying tone that could be heard for a long ways and this was used to get us in.

I don't remember ever having a manufactured baseball or bat. We used balls made of twine and any old stick for a bat. Our games consisted of ball games, anti-over the school house, and hide and seek. This last game gave us a chance to get out of sight of the teacher and then we might not be back until the bell rang. We boys liked to get out on a hillside that was covered with rocks and throw them

at one another and we threw to hit if possible. In winter if snow covered the hill back of the building it made an excellent place to slide on home-made sleds. Once one boy was sliding down the hill on a board when it hit a rock and threw him off. His head hit the rock and about killed him, for this hill was quite steep, and the board would get to traveling at a great speed.

I have many memories of this school and of our teachers and the pupils who attended there. I have a picture taken there many years ago in 1916. It is a good picture of the teacher and pupils, but I have no good picture of the building.

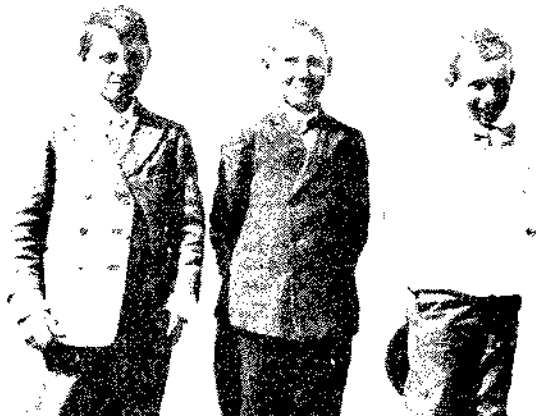


SMOKY FORKS SCHOOL, DIST. 17
Russell Springs, Logan Co. Elma Youtz,
teacher, 1915-1916. Front row: Mar-
garet Linville, Gladys Noland, Doris
Linville, Evelyn Mastin, Chas. Jones.
Back row: Elma Youtz, Clarence Mas-
tin, Blanch Ricketts, Mabel Ricketts,
Opal Jones, Jewel Jones, Emmett Rick-
etts, Hazel Mastin, Leslie Linville, Iva
Mastin.

My first teacher at this school was Hazel Noland, the daughter of a rancher who lived south of Russell Springs. She taught there two years, later married Charles Ward of Winona and has lived there the rest of her life. She has taught school most of the years since. I doubt that she ever got over \$25.00 or \$30.00 per month at our school and we had only a seven month term.

Those early years, Lena, Velma, Hazel, Clarence and Iva Mastin, I and my sister Doris and the Jones children were the

regular attendants. Clarence was the same age as I, and he, his sister Iva, and I were in the same class and remained so during the rest of our country school days.



Clarence Mastin, Emmett Ricketts, Leslie Linville at a last day of school party about 1916.


(In later years Iva married and moved to Colorado where she ran a small cafe. One morning a few years ago she was found murdered in her cafe.)

About the second or third year we went to school at the Smoky Forks School, as it was known, we saw someone working on a high stone bluff a half mile southwest of our schoolhouse. That noon Clarence and I had to investigate. We went down there and found it was a man and his son who had just moved into a small stone house a half mile south of

Mastins. They were Fred Ricketts and his son, Emmett.

This was the first time I ever met them but we had a long association after. They were starting to quarry rocks to build an addition on the house they had moved into. This addition was started, but never finished. This house was still standing a couple of years ago. It was 18 by 30 feet and the kitchen was 12 by 18. Emmett had a sister Mabel just older than himself, who married Charles Lamb and they became successful merchants in Russell Springs and Winona. They owned much land in this same general area when Mabel passed away in 1964. There was a younger sister, Blanche. Emmett, Clarence and myself were about the same age so we were thereafter in the same class and fought and played together the rest of our grade school days. (Remember this bluff for I will again tell of it in connection with older history.)

I believe that Lillian Weatherman was our second teacher there. She taught in 1913-1914 and 1914-1915, I am sure. Her home was northeast of school about three miles and she drove a single horse and buggy to school from her home. She was red-haired and the best (and still the most strict) of all the teachers we had. She was the only teacher who ever whipped me, but I guess I needed it. We all respected her. She later married Tom Ukele and they lived neighbors for many years or until the dirty thirties. She now

	SMOKY FORK SCHOOL. District No. 17 Russell Springs Twp., Logan County, Kans.		PUPILS	
	LILLIAN WEATHERMAN, Teacher H. J. Harwi, Treasurer J. P. Dunn, Clerk C. E. Wood, Director		Lena Mastin Mabel Ricketts Hazel Mastin Leslie Linville Emmett Ricketts Theodore Stallworth Opal Jones Veda Lucas Frank Stallworth	Velma Mastin Jule Jones Blanche Ricketts Clarence Glazebrook Clarence Mastin Iva Mastin Jessie Stallworth Lee Lucas Doris Linville Evelyn Mastin

lives in Rifle, Colorado. Elma Youtz, the third teacher, was a step sister of Hazel Noland. A few days before the second term she disappeared and no trace could be found of her for some time. Eventually it was found that she and her sister had run away and gone to Washington D. C. where they had government jobs. She passed away many years ago. Mabel Bowie, a girl from Russell Springs, then taught one year and then Blanche Stwalley was our last teacher.

In the spring of 1966, I was named to the nominating committee for the Butterfield Trail Association, along with Mr. Malcom Peterson and Mr. Marion Ludlow. We met in Winona and drove to Russell Springs and in the course of the conversation, Mr. Peterson asked me where the school house stood that Elma Youtz had taught. I told him where the school was located and then he very innocently asked me if she didn't leave the country rather suddenly? I said, "Yes and we had always heard that a man by the name of Melcolm Peterson had helped her." He said, "I did." And then went on to tell about it.

Elma and Alma were two sisters and Alma taught at the Majors school some miles southeast of our school. They were having trouble at home and they appealed to Mr. Peterson, the County Superintendent, to help them leave the country. After considerable deliberation, Mac decided to assist them and one evening drove to the Majors neighborhood to pick up Alma and then drove on to our neighborhood to pick up Elma. They drove to Colby where the sisters took the train to Washington D. C.

Blanche's husband was in the army, serving in France in World War I and II and I suppose she was worried about him and did not pay too much attention to school. Some days she did not get there until long after we children did and while we were not supposed to start the fire, we could not stand around and freeze and as the schoolhouse was never locked we older ones would start the fire.

The year I was in the fourth grade my parents sent me to stay with my grand-

parents in Monument for a month, to attend school there and to try to ram some knowledge into my skull. When I was in the seventh grade I went to Lone Tree School, up the river from our place about five miles, for a few weeks for they had a longer term than our school. Hattie Matheney was the teacher there and it was here that Morrison, Bertha and Mary Williams were attending. These three later had much to do with my life, especially Bertha, because years afterwards she became my wife and we have lived together for forty years now.



Lone Tree School house



LONE TREE SCHOOL, Hattie Matheney, teacher. Brainard Orton, Kenneth Burdick, Morrison Williams, Bertha Williams, Vivian Armstrong, Mary Williams.

For the seventh and eighth grade final examinations I had to go to McAllaster where those living in the west part of the county took the exams. Mrs. Garrity was the teacher there. Someway I managed to pass the exams and I rode horseback to Russell Springs one night in June

to attend the graduation exercises which were held in the old Township Hall. This was the spring of 1918.

It was at this graduation exercises that I first met the Stone children from south of Page and you will hear more of them later.

Chapter IV

Memories of the Years 1911 to 1920



Morrison and Leslie stacking bundles about 1925.

Putting up alfalfa hay was one of the big jobs on our farm. We had around one hundred acres all the time and as the only mechanical help available in those years was a mowing machine and hay rake, it took a lot of hand labor. Much of this was supplied by transient workers who would work a few days at a place and then move on, no one knew where. During World War I they were known as I. W. W.'s or I won't work, but the official name was Independent Workers of the World. They mostly hooked rides on the railroad for transportation and few of them were much good. When dad would get in a jam for help he would bring a few of them to help a few days but mostly he depended on local men who could get away for a few days at a time. He usually kept a steady, reliable man.

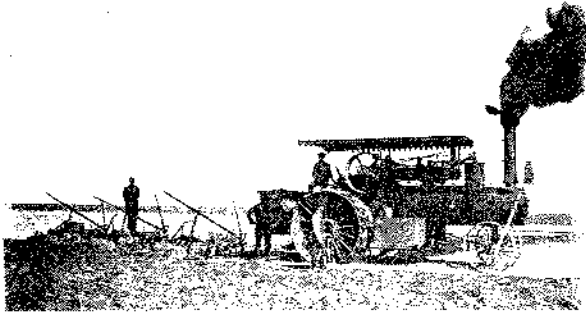
Among those who worked at our place at various times were Artie Luther, Otto Stinecipher, Homer Merica, Burris Felts, Alan Kemp and Chester Fritts. There was a boy who lived northwest of Winona whose name was Julian Lehman. He went into the army during the war and was sent to France very soon. My mother always wrote to him regularly and

one day one of her letters was returned marked "Killed in Action". He was one of those who did not return. Chester Fritts went into the service while working at our place and dad bought a 12 gauge double barreled shotgun from him and gave it to me. It has been my favorite hunting gun all these years and I still have it. Chester returned and went into business in Grainfield and is still living there. Alan Kemp is a Methodist minister. Other neighbor boys who worked at our place at odd times were Earl and Shannon Matheney who lived three miles southwest of home and Charles Rice from southwest of home a ways. He and his family lived in the sod house and were steady help for some time. His children also attended our school for some time.

I was soon put to driving a team pulling a hay rake in the alfalfa and one of my first experiences there was when the team ran away with me. About all I could do was hang onto the seat but as the rake kept continually dumping itself it made for a very rough ride and I was afraid I was going to fall in front of the rake. Finally I simply went over backward and fell behind the rake teeth and was not hurt but the team kept running.

Later I graduated to the mowing machine and that was my favorite job thereafter. In later years when we got buck-rakes and stackers I also ran them. They helped do away with so much hand labor; previous to that every bit of hay was put up with the use of pitchforks and plenty of good arm muscle.

The haymow of our barn held several tons of hay and it was always filled first each year. The hay was taken into the mow by the use of the hay fork which was attached to a long rope that run through



Steam engine breaking sod near Monument

the hay mow and was pulled by a team. This fork was stabbed into a load of hay and then pulled up onto a track running the length of the barn. This hay was fed to the horses and the milk cows in the winter.

Our farm was known as "Lyndale Stock and Dairy Farm" and beside the stock cattle in the north pasture we kept quite a large herd of milk cows. These were mostly Brown Swiss, many registered and some cross breeds. We milked as high as thirty-five cows and up until World War I when the government cut sugar supplies, and forced him to quit, father made and sold lots of ice cream. He had a ready market in Russell Springs, Winona and surrounding area for all he could make. This was frozen in a five-gallon hand turned freezer and then re-packed and hauled to town in a horse drawn buggy. It was my lot to deliver a considerable part of this after I got large enough to drive a team. This ice cream

One of the registered brown Swiss cows on the Linville ranch.



was frozen by the ice that had been put up in the winter, then packed in the ice house on the farm and covered with a heavy layer of straw to insulate it. When ice was wanted we would go into the ice house, uncover the ice and break out as large a piece as needed. A little more description of the putting up of ice in those days may be of interest for it is a thing of the past. I have known of no natural ice being put up for many years now. In fact not since I was a boy. Those days it was a regular winter job for those who used ice in the summer.

As we had a nice pond in the shade of the bluff just south of our house and that is where most of the ice came from. First the ice had to freeze to at least eight inches thick before cutting started. It often froze to twelve or sixteen inches thick. Then a long straight edge plank was laid on the ice to be used as a marker, just as we use a ruler or yard stick to mark on paper. Two foot squares were marked out and a hole chopped at one corner so the ice saw could be placed through the ice. The ice saw was a blade about six ft. long with a handle attached to one end that a man could grasp with both hands. The teeth of the saw were made as in a regular saw but each tooth was about one and a half inches deep and as wide, edgeways.

This saw was operated by one man who stood astraddle the line on the ice and backed down the line and operated the saw

Brown Swiss calves on pasture, south of buildings and north of bluffs on ranch.



in front of him. Ice sawed quite easily and after all the lines had been sawed one way then the lines were sawed perpendicular to the first ones, leaving the ice in blocks two foot square. As soon as a few blocks were cut loose, other men began to take them from the water, by the use of ice tongs. These gripped into the ice and made a means to hold onto it. The blocks of ice were pulled from the water onto the solid ice and were then slid to the edge of the pond and up an inclined plank into the wagon. After the wagon was loaded with blocks standing on edge it was driven to the ice house, which was a pit dug into the ground which was as large and as deep as necessary to hold a summer's supply of ice for that particular need. In the ice house the ice was again placed on edge but not right up against the walls. A space was left around the edge about ten inches wide and this was packed full of straw for insulation. The ice was packed as tightly together as possible and cracks between cakes or layers was packed full of fine ice to keep the air out and help keep it from melting. When one layer was completed another layer was placed on top of it until the cave was full, then the whole thing was covered with straw. Some ice houses then had dirt thrown on this straw to hold it in place but we had a roof over ours. These blocks of ice were quite easily removed when needed by simply raking some of the straw back and splitting each cake away from it's neighbor and lifting it from the hole. Ice would keep all summer if not used up and if kept properly packed with straw.

Father had had a cistern dug and plastered near the barn for he thought the large roof would be a good place to catch rain water. However, rain water was never piped into it for some reason. In the winter we often shoveled this cistern full of snow and it would keep most of the summer. We would hang our butter, milk and cream in buckets tied to a rope and lowered to the snow pack and this made a very satisfactory refrigerator. There was also a small ice refrigerator used at the house but the ice melted in this so fast that it was hard to keep anything cool.

Milking cows was a big occupation on the farm and I have milked as many by hand as most anyone. During World War I we were spending long days in the field, milking cows early in the morning and late at night. I got to where I could milk a cow or turn that ice cream freezer while I slept. Later father bought the first milking machine in the country but it was not too successful. I thought it was a great improvement as I was the one who operated it.

The cattle in the big pasture had to be constantly looked after and that was a job for a man on horseback. No jumping into a car or pickup and riding around in comfort looking after the cattle. You had to ride the fences and see that they were up, had to keep count on the cattle to see that they were okay and all there, and you had to check to see that there was water for them. All this took much time and I thought I did my share of it. At least I did an awful lot of horseback riding and I had a saddlepony that would stumble over a cow chip. She was always falling down and if she could get away then or if I accidentally let her get loose while fixing fence she would take off for home, leaving me to follow her on foot. As we had long bridle reins and they drug on the ground, she would step on them presumably and have to stop. She was too smart for this and would hold her head sideways and thus the reins would not drag under her feet. Those horses had a lot of "horse sense."

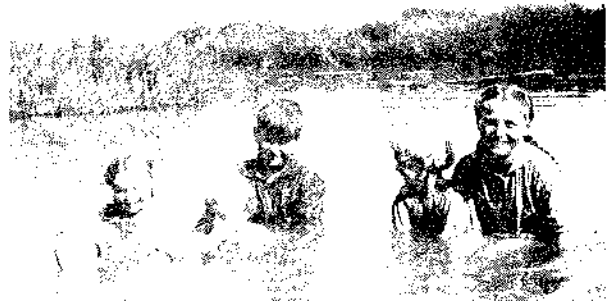
It was almost impossible to keep some of the horses in the barn unless they were haltered and tied for they could unlatch a hook with their nose or mouth and sometimes if we put a bar across the door on the outside they could reach over the door and work the bar out of its locked position and thus were able to open the door and get away. Unless the halter rope was tied to the manger with a hard knot, they could sometimes untie the halter rope. They would use their teeth and pull the rope in various ways until the knot came loose. It was unbelievable how adept they became in solving these problems.



The Williams Family on the ranch.

During the summer of 1916 our family became acquainted with a family that lived on a homestead a little over two miles northwest of us. This was the Delsy Williams family and the most important people to me, of any other than my own folks that appear in this narrative. Ten years later the oldest girl, Bertha and I were married and have lived together for forty years this spring. The oldest boy, Morrison was just two months older than I and thereafter we spent a great deal of time together, hunting, fishing, etc. However, not until our high school days did we go to school together except for the short time I attended Lone Tree, where they went for country school.

There were lots of ducks and millions of jackrabbits, so hunting was one of the chief pastimes. After Morrison and I became acquainted we spent much time hunting together. It was nothing uncommon for us to go out and shoot all the jacks we could drag, pile them up and go on until we might have thirty or forty jacks killed on one hunt. Then we would go home and get a team (or later a car) and go get those piles of jacks and haul them in. Sometimes they were simply fed to the hogs, sometimes we would skin them and sell the skins when dried and generally the county paid a bounty on them so that if we took the ears into the courthouse we



The Williams children in the Smoky.

could collect ten cents per pair and this helped pay for the ammunition. Occasionally in the winter someone at Winona would buy the rabbits and ship them out by the carload to Chicago or New York. It was said they went for human food, but we could hardly eat a jack when freshly killed and could not understand how anyone could eat them after being handled the way they were; shipped in carload lots and shut up for days in the cars and then peddled out in the cities.



A hunter and his bag of Jackrabbits.

When I was quite young, grandfather Tallman had given me his 1890 Winchester Special repeating rifle and I have killed a million jacks with it--more or less. It had a little more power than the regular 22 and when I hunted steady I got to the place I could hit a running jack quite consistently. I still keep this gun but have not shot it in several years. I also did a lot of trapping in the winter time. Skunks, muskrats, badgers, and an occasional weasel or coon were the principal animals caught.

Trapping was a means of earning a little cash each winter and most farm boys in our area did considerable trapping. Also some older men trapped or hunted and while the prices received for the furs were not large, it was cash in the pocket and that was something that was hard to come by. A good skunk pelt might bring three or four dollars, a coon skin more, muskrats were from one to two and a half dollars and badgers were worthless. About 1926 they became quite valuable and I sold one in 1928 to Guy Michels for \$15.00. Often trapping was the only way we farm boys had to make any cash.

There was one variety of jack rabbit that we occasionally saw and that I have not seen for years now. We called them the long tailed jack as they had a tail about twice as long as regular jacks. They were considerable larger and had a peculiar hop or gait that distinguished them as far as they could be seen. Cotton tail rabbits were common along the river and in alfalfa fields. These were good to eat, especially when they were young. When we would finish cutting a land in the alfalfa fields we would find lots of rabbits driven to the center of the field and we always killed as many of the young, frying size as possible for they helped out on the meat supply. In the winter when there was lots of snow on the ground, the rabbits would come into the alfalfa hay stacks and eat. They would move in early in the evening and I have seen fifty or a hundred at a time eating around the stack and they would eat large holes back into the stacks. After I started hunting

them I would go out in the evening and hide on top of the hay stack. I would put little bunches of hay around the stack at just good shotgun range and when three or four jacks collected at a bunch of hay, I would shoot at them and maybe get three or four at a shot. The others would run a short ways and soon come back and it was possible to get forty or fifty in a short time and without ever getting up.

Those two ponds south of our house made fine duck ponds and it was possible to shoot ducks on the one under the bluff then go on to the south Smoky where the large pond was and shoot ducks there and then on the return maybe get another shot on the north pond. I killed far more than my share of ducks in those days, I know.



Leslie Linville standing in front of Model T Ford with 14 ducks killed on one hunt.

In my rambling around over the river country I found many relics of the times gone by and I will tell of them later.

In the fall of 1918, father hired a man from Tucumcari, New Mexico, to work for him. I believe that father ran an ad in the farm paper and this way they contacted each other. This man, Mr. Joe Wells and his wife, Cordelia, and daughter, Ethel Sue and a son, James made the trip to our farm in a covered wagon pulled

by a team of mules. (I wish I could give a more complete description of their trip, I should write to Mrs. Wells, who lives in Topeka and get her story.) I do not know how long they were on the road but I do know they drove into our farm one Sunday afternoon. I believe it was December 18, 1918. We helped them unload their small belongings and furniture that they hauled from New Mexico into the sod house north of our house where they were to live. The team of mules were put in our barn and that very night it started to blizzard.

That was one of the big blizzards of my lifetime and one of the worst this country had seen. It lasted for days and as I remember, it was about the 10th of January before anyone was able to get to town for supplies. I know that when father and Mr. Wells first tried to go they spent a large part of one day just breaking a road for a short distance and then returning home for the night. The next day they were able to get to Winona where they stayed that night and returned the next day to the farm.

If the Wells family had been one day later they would never have made it to the farm and no telling what might have happened to them. They slept and ate in the wagon and there were no really improved roads and I believe they cut across country as much as they could and I sure know it was a long ways from the south railroad to our farm so there were few stopping places between.

When they did get to Winona they found the men there making snow boats which they sold to the farmers. These boats were made of several long flat boards with cleats nailed on top of them and then sideboards built up. The front end was pulled up to make a sled runner shape and the whole thing was pulled by a team hitched to the front. A wagon or buggy had to break through the snow with the wheels and was hard for a team to pull but these boats rode right up on top of the snow and large loads could be pulled in them. Later that winter they were used to haul hay and they could be loaded till they looked like hay stacks sliding over the

snow.

When they returned from Winona they had plenty of ammunition and we soon cleaned out a weed patch just north of our house that was literally alive with jacks that had moved in. One of us came onto that from each direction and the jacks ran in my direction and I stood in one place and shot that shotgun until it got so hot I could hardly hold it, often getting two or three at a shot. I do not remember how many we killed.

I believe that Mr. Wells worked for dad two years, I remember working that mule team in the alfalfa field and how aggravated Mrs. Wells would get if I pushed them a little too fast. Later they moved to Winona and Joe worked for Walter Jackson in the lumber yard and then on the Union Pacific railroad section. Later he was made section foreman for many years or until his death.

Another thing that was of much importance to us and all others then was the sleeping sickness disease that hit the horses one summer. Nothing could be found to do for them and they died all over the country. They would get sick, stagger around and fall down, then lay there on their side and keep their feet going like they were running. This would move them around and around as their feet hit the ground and generally before they died they would have a well worn ditch around the body. The folks lost most of their horse herd and as this was the only source of power on the farm it worked a great hardship on everyone. Dad had given me a colt and I lost her during the epidemic. This was my first livestock loss, but there were too many afterwards.

Another thing that was an ever present problem and one that caused much hardship in the country were the prairie fires that sometimes burned for miles across the country. The fields were far between and pastures were large and when the pastures were large and when the grass got dry in the fall it would burn faster than a man or horse could run, if there was a high wind. I recollect seeing some of the fires at night where they lit up the

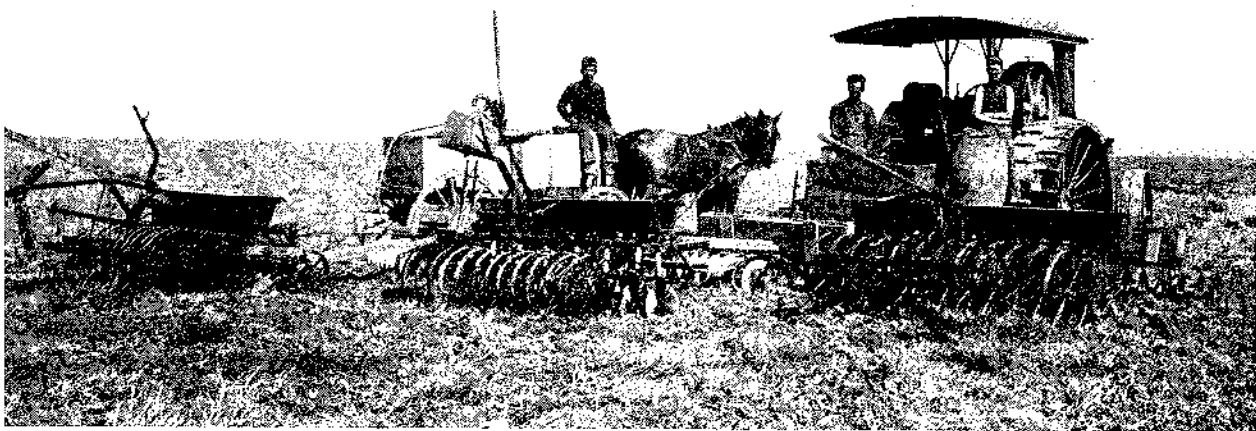
sky in the area they were burning in, but big fires were not known too close to home. A few small ones that burned maybe a section of grass, and the last one that I remember helping fight, was one I discovered up on the flat east of home one evening as I was returning from town. I happened to be the first one there and was trying to get it out before it got around the end of a field and into our big pasture. Soon help arrived and we were able to control it. We traced it back to where it started and found a cigarette butt near the road.

Runaway horses were also a quite common thing. Many of the teams had young horses in them that had not been worked very long and they were nervous and easily scared. We had one big team of bays, full brothers named Frank and Dick, that would run at the drop of a hat. Some of the hired men had spoiled them by letting them run and then jumping off the wagon and letting them go. They got so bad that dad would not let anyone but me work them. I had few runaways with them, but the ones I had were dillies.

Once I was unloading some feed from the top of a wagon load and was at the back end of the load when a hame staple pulled out and let the end of the neckyoke down. This scared the team and they took off. Before I could reach the lines

which were wrapped around the top of the high pole at front of the hay rack, the end of the wagon tongue struck the ground and buried itself about half way. Naturally the wagon came to an abrupt stop and I went sailing out over the countryside. I looked back and that hay rack and load of feed were coming right after me so when I hit the ground I kept rolling and the feed did not catch me. When I got up dad asked me if I was hurt. I didn't think so but by the time I got to the river where the team had gotten tangled in the lines and stopped, I could hardly get them untangled for my right wrist was broken.

Another time a few years later, I took this team and drove up to George Settles place, two miles up the river. He had some pigs that I was buying and I got there just as George and Vera were starting to eat supper, so nothing would do but that I eat with them. When we got through supper it had grown quite dark, so George took his lantern and went out to the pigpen. I drove the team out and was standing on top of the high wagon box with nothing to hold to except the lines. We had just that day put on the box a cover made of boards so that we could haul mother's turkeys to town, and I was up in the air on that. Just as we got to the pen, one of the horses stepped on a piece



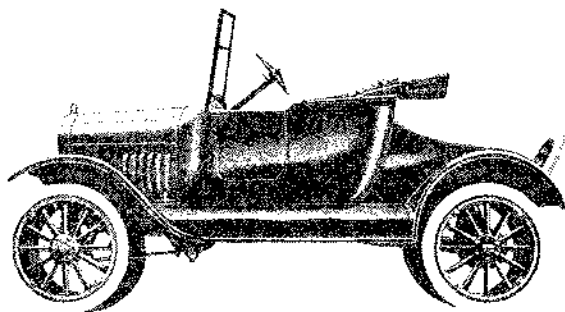
Steam Engine pulling disks and grain drills near Monument.
Note Coal Wagon along side.

of tin and away they went. They ran astraddle a cottonwood tree and again the wagon stopped abruptly. Again I sailed off and landed on my face in a large sagebrush. I was knocked out, and George thought I had been killed. He said he saw a stream of sparks come from my head when I lit but I soon got up and we managed to catch one of them and I went on home leading that horse. I put him in the barn and went to the house. I about sacred my folks to death as my face was all bloody and all I could tell them was that Vern Harlan was hanging in a tree up the road. About all I really remember about this was seeing Vern hanging there. I was out of my head and had not actually seen him, but a few days before Vern had hung himself in that very tree and this had left such an impression on me that this accident had made it seem very real.

Vern was a bachelor neighbor who had worked for Cad Burdick, an other bachelor cattleman who lived three-fourths of a mile west of us. I had known him for years and he had served in France during World War I. Just a few days before the incident described above, he had left his work, taken his lariat rope, and hung himself.

In later years the Gail Challis family lived in the house that Cad Burdick had built just west of our place and then Les Settle had bought it and lived there until he moved to Colby about 1958. Les was George's father. This place is now owned by John Haverfield.

Father bought his first Model T, Ford in 1917 and I soon learned to drive and have driven cars all the rest of my life. I have never taken but one driver's test



1917 Model "T" Ford Roadster

and that was while in Texas in 1961. I have never had a serious accident, just a few very minor scratches.

That Model T was purchased from Jim Felts, in Winona and it was what was called a roadster. It had only one seat and the canvas top folded back like the old buggy tops had. We soon put a box on the back end to haul produce in. This was the forerunner of our present day pickups.

Our best road in traveling to and from Russell Springs was to take the angle road across our home section, to the northeast corner of Section 11 and then east along the section line between Section 1 and Section 12. At the northwest corner of Section 7-13-35 we angled southeast directly across that section and went through a gate at the southeast corner. Then we went down the hill in exactly the same route as is generally followed to almost the base of the present state lake dam. Of course, the dam was not even contemplated then and our road went down the draw between two small rock bluffs and exactly through the present gates of the dam. From there we angled southeast to the southeast corner of section 17-13-35 and then straight east along the section line past the Russell Springs cemetery and on east to the northwest corner of the section that Russell Springs is in. All roads were simple ruts cut in the sod by the horses and wagon and buggy wheels. We did not know what a graded road was then.

One of my first experience after learning to drive the Model T happened one afternoon when I was returning from Winona. When I drove that long road with a team I frequently turned them loose and I slept in the wagon seat while the team followed the road home. Well, the first time I tried that with the Model T, I learned that it could not be trusted like the team. I was rudely awakened when the Model T jumped out of the ruts and started down the fence line, knocking down several fence posts before I could gain control. This was my first accident with a car, though it was a minor one.

Russell Springs, as I knew it in my teens, was considerably larger than at

the present. I have heard that at one time it claimed a population of close to two thousand and I know there were many streets laid out that are not presently used.

The Court House set upon the hill where it is still located and it had a nice grove of young trees in front. There were several houses between it and the main part of town which was across the draw east. The main east-west street ran east from the south-east corner of the court house yard and after crossing the draw the main north-south street was reached. In the middle of this intersection on the south side of the east-west street was the city water well. This was a hand operated pump and there was a water tank near by where one could pump the water and water his team or saddle horses. To the east of this were several small buildings, one was used as the Post Office and

one as Tom Dawes' Real Estate office. It seems like one was used as a restaurant at one time.

Across the street north was a large frame store building that was operated by Joe Wilkinson and there was an adjoining building but I do not recollect what it was used for. On the corner west of this was another large frame building that faced west. This was also a grocery and hardware store and then north of that was another smaller frame building used as a restaurant and was operated by one of the Messlers. I believe these buildings all burned down in later years.

On the west side of Main was a bank, hotel, and one or two other buildings and a block east was a lumberyard and the township hall. There were several other buildings near these but I don't remember the locations or what they were used for. Most have disappeared now.

Chapter V

New Neighbors and Families Along the Smoky Hill

The years just proceeding and shortly after World War I, saw many changes in ownership of the farms and ranches around us. I have no exact way of telling when most of these occurred, but can give quite definite dates.

One of the first was when the Hansen family moved onto the Cory place on the South Smoky southwest of our place. This family included two who still live there, Carl and Fritz Hansen, whom I have known every since. The McMillen and Wendell Kirkham families moved from near the Hansens farther up the river to the west.

In 1915 there was a tragedy up the river northwest of us that took the life of Mr. Long and, as that happened near where my wife then lived, she has told me more about it than I knew. She tells that she can still remember when a small boy came driving into their place (the old M. B. Williams place) where they were living, crying that his father had drowned in the river just east. The boy was Glen Long and his father and the boy had been helping a Mr. Symes and his son repair the telephone line. Mr. Symes owned the exchange at Winona and that included the lines to the surrounding farms. Mr. Long lived just down the river, which had been up and had washed out the line. As they worked, the Symes boy had trouble in the water and Mr. Long went to assist him. They were both drowned. Mr. Williams, my wife's father, was the first to the scene and was the one who recovered the bodies. The Long family were awarded a Carnegie Medal for Mr. Long's heroism in trying to save the Symes boy. The Long farm was then acquired by Miles Orton who operated it for many years.

It was during these years that Heafields acquired the M. B. Williams ranch which was later purchased by Bob Armstrong

who had it for many years. I will tell more about that later. Leslie Burdick lived two miles up the river from us and Cad Burdick sold his place to the southwest of ours and built near the trees west of ours. East of us the Jones family left in a covered wagon, we heard, for Oregon but were not heard of again. Bob Rawson then moved on that place. The Vern Mastin family moved east about half way to Russell Springs and the big Disney ranch was split, with a man from Kansas City by the name of Chris Morley purchasing the south part or that which adjoined us. He built a new set of buildings southeast of the forks about two miles and hired Fred Ricketts as his foreman, so they moved to the new place and lived there until after Fred was killed by lightning about 1923.

The north part of the Disney ranch was purchased by Judge Bee, from Fairbury, Nebraska, and immediately after World War I a young man by the name of Lester Blakesley, just discharged from the Navy, came out to operate it. He very shortly married Judge Bee's daughter, Grace, and they lived on the ranch and in Winona for many years or until Lester died in 1943. I became very well acquainted with Lester and Grace and have many pleasant memories of them.

Lester was one of the very first farmers to use the new smaller tractors and with them broke out a great deal of the native sod on the ranch and started raising wheat. He had several of the old Wallis tractors. In later years they acquired the Hotel in Colby that still carries the name of Blakesley. They operated this along with the farm up until Lester's death. Paul Jones told me two years ago that Grace still lives in Washington, D. C., with their adopted son, who is a doctor, but that Grace's health is very poor.

Blake, as Lester Blakesley, was known by everyone around Winona, was a very kind and considerate neighbor and though he was a large scale operator, even by today's standards, he was seldom too busy to stop and visit, even briefly with we smaller farmers. In other words, he was a good friend and neighbor.

J. Paul Jones and Herb Allen bought the Art Dunn ranch, three miles south of Russell Springs in the fall of 1918, but I did not become acquainted with them until Paul moved on the Morley ranch, three miles down the river from us, in 1923 or 1924. Paul in his book "Memories That Bless and Burn" tells of the trials that they went through during the years that they lived there. They had lost everything that they had, cattle, land and everything, but kept trying and hit some good years and crops and made the come-back.

Paul and Blake were good friends and Paul tells of many of their experiences together.

Another family that moved near Russell Springs during these years was the Alva Wycoff family. Most of that family have lived there ever since.

Others who lived near us were the Frank Matheney family, to the southwest three miles, and Orval and Verl DeLong who lived southeast of Winona. Tom Weatherman lived three miles east and his sister Lillian, who had been one of my teachers, married Tom Ukele during

this time and they built a place to the north of the Weatherman place about a mile and a half.

Tom and Lillian were among our best friends, even long after we were married and until they moved to Colorado, in the thirties. Tom passed away shortly thereafter. We still hear from Lillian and have visited with her in Colorado and she has visited us in Colby.

They had three children, Jennie, Don, and Doris. The very first year that Jennie went to school she was bitten by a rattle-snake and died. Jennie walked to her school a mile straight south of home. One evening her uncle Tom Weatherman, found her in the road ditch, in very bad condition from the snake bite. She did not recover, and died September 14, 1923.

Lillian was one of the best cooks in the neighborhood and it was always a pleasure to eat at their house. We often worked together in handling cattle or feed cutting or threshing and it was my favorite place to eat of any in the neighborhood.

In later years Ukele's helped me out when I was flat on my back and helpless after a bull almost killed me. They took my cattle and cared for them all the time I was in the hospital and after until I was able to care for them myself. This was something I certainly appreciated and was always grateful to them for. They were extra good neighbors.

Chapter VI

The Smoky Hill Valley and Butterfield Trail

I am going to add a chapter to this narrative at this time that will go back far from my own time but it concerns something that has always proved very interesting to me and even more so as I study the old histories about happenings in the very section of the Smoky Valley where I was raised.

As youngsters we knew that the Old Butterfield Trail crossed our farm and we could then plainly see where it had gone as the ruts were plainly visible in the sod. (They still are.) As a boy I hunted and trapped, and herded cattle along this trail but actually never gave it much consideration for I did not know what a really important part it had played in the early history. We simply did not think as much about it as we do today. I found many arrowheads and old large-size rifle shells and bullets all along this trail. These had very surely been dropped by the early travelers and scouts.



The old Butterfield Trail Ruts.

I lost my entire collection of these relics and stones in 1929 when I was injured. These things were left at the farm

unprotected and someone helped themselves. I would give much to have them for they contained things which would be of much value today.

The first recorded history that I have read of the valley was made in 1860 when a government survey party was sent out to find a better and more direct route to the Colorado gold fields and to Denver.

They traveled up the valley from about Ellsworth to the present rocks, called the Pyramids, in Gove county which is where I shall begin this. From the Pyramids, or Monument rocks, they went almost due west to near present Elkader, then continued in a northwest course that kept them back away from the river and on more level land. They touched the river again at the north end of a big bend, almost directly south of what is now the town of Monument. Later a stage station was built at Monument rocks, and at the point where the trail touched the Smoky. I have found where this second station was called Smoky Hill Stage Station and at least one account shows it as Carlisle Stage Station. Grandfather Tallman told me it was Monument Stage Station and where present day Monument got it's name for it was the closest stage station to Monument when it was named.

The record made by Lt. Fitch on his second survey trip in 1865 show that it is 11 miles from Monument rocks to the second station which they established. Then it is 12 miles more to the next station, which is called Eaton and should be near the present site of Russell Springs. Henshaw spring station is 12 miles further. They stayed on the north side of the Smoky until they crossed at the forks and there is no evidence that there ever was a river crossing except at the forks.

The early survey established that this was the shortest and best route to Denver

and it was followed by the early soldiers and wagon trains that hauled supplies from the east. At the forks the main trail went almost directly west after climbing the hill that divides the north and south Smoky. At the top of this hill the route split and the north branch went down into the valley of the north Smoky and followed up it to Sheridan, which was one of the famous camps on the building rail road. It at one time had a population of about 2,000 and was about the toughest place in the country. Sheridan was about nine miles northwest of the forks. Ft. Wallace which was established in 1866, was on the south Smoky and about 15 miles west of the forks.

All early history places much activity and Indian fighting at the forks. A book published by the Kansas Historical Society in 1957 has this to say, "Coaches and wagons on the Smoky Hill Trail had to cross both forks of the Smoky Hill river west of Russell Springs. This was a favorite place for Indians to ambush travelers and freighters. It was located on Southeast 1/4 of Section 11-13-36."

The bluffs where the actual stage station was built was one half mile south of the old forks and were plainly visible when we were young, as they are today. There was a small box canyon in the side of a bluff and this had had a stone wall built across the front. It was in here that the travelers kept their livestock, we were told. These same bluffs were just southwest of our school house and the place where Fred Ricketts was quarrying rock when we first met him.

There must have been vast amounts of supplies, hauled by the wagon trains over this route. Evidently dozens of wagons at a time made up these trains and they were protected by soldiers from Ft. Wallace and other Forts in the west.

Records that I have recently read, show that the first wagon train sent over this route hauled 150,000 lbs. of supplies and there were many others fully as large. The largest that I have found recorded was for 600,000 lbs. of freight that was consigned to Miles City, Montana, by ox teams and they expected it to take 80 days

to reach Miles City from Leavenworth. When you stop to consider that the average wagon hauled between 5,000 and 7,000 lbs. this last train mentioned must have contained approximately 100 wagons and probably 400 to 600 head of oxen, and in excess of 100 teamsters and others needed. The biggest rush of the overland freight days was from 1863 to 1865 and the routes then in use included the Santa Fe. The Smoky Hill and the Platte, with minor route scattered throughout and it was estimated that there was a floating population on the plains and in the mountains of nearly 250,000 persons who were engaged in the transportation business.

When the Butterfield enterprise collapsed after only about 18 months of operation the Company was unable to collect many of its freight consignment bills especially on machinery for the mine fields, due to the end of the big mining ventures and many train loads of mining machinery were abandoned right on the plains.

Many famous Generals of the Civil War era and later, traveled this route and among those whose names we find on the records are General Grant, who later became President; General Sherman; Sheridan; Custer; and many, many more besides innumerable soldiers and scouts. Buffalo Bill Cody and Comstock hunted buffalo all along the river and plains near here.

From these short accounts you will see that I was raised near one of the most famous places in Western Kansas history and did not know it. We had always heard that there was a family killed by the Indians near the forks and as we were living within 50 years of many of these happenings there were then people living who could have confirmed this.

Now I come to a story that I am convinced happened at the Forks and on our farm. Others like myself also think so but there has been a marker placed at another location to commemorate this and I cannot think it is right. I will give the story as the Fort Wallace Memorial Association gives it in their booklet and my reasons for disputing the location of

the memorial stone.

The first history of this Indian Massacre that I read many years ago gave the location as being at the Forks of the Smoky about 15 miles east of Fort Wallace. This really got me interested as that placed it on our farm and it was one of the notable Indian massacres because four little girls were carried away by the Indians and the story became one of the famous stories of those times which later has been enlarged upon.

The four girls lived until recent years and along in the 1940's two of them visited with my mother at Monument. At the time they were trying to locate the spot where the massacre had occurred. I doubt that mother ever thought of it as being on our old place for we had not paid too much attention to the story until about then, but every description I have ever read and all other known facts place it right there.

The story has been well told in the book, "Girl Captives of the Indians" so I will only tell it briefly here and point out my reasons.

The German family, consisting of a father, mother, a son and six daughters, were traveling in the fall of 1874, from their home in Georgia to the mountains of the west. They had spent the previous year in southeast Kansas and were now traveling by ox team, wagon, with cows and two calves, provisions, feather bed and chickens in a coop fastened to the end of the wagon.

On September 10 they met two men going east who told them they could reach Ft. Wallace the next day. That night they camped on a sandy creek where the father dug a hole in the creek bed about one to two feet deep to get a bucket of water. The camp was within sound of the prairie dogs and on the east side of a hill, to the southwest of it was a ravine up which persons could pass to the top of the hill before they could be seen.

(I contend that any draw running into the Smoky, was a dry draw, especially at that time of year and that water could not be secured by digging one or two feet, therefore they crossed the Smoky

on Section 11-13-36 and camped on the east side of the hill that divides the two branches. The four river crossings near the Forks were the only places the trail crossed the Smoky.

They rose early the next morning and broke camp just as the sun arose. The father walked just ahead of the wagon and the mother and five girls were in the wagon. The boy and one girl had gone to get the cows and calves which were feeding in a hollow to the north of camp. They had just started the cattle toward the moving wagon when the Indians came over the hill and dashed down on the wagon, about one hundred yards off. The boy and girl ran toward a ridge about one half mile northwest to get behind it, but the Indians killed the boy there. Some of those at the wagon had also been killed.

(My location had just such terrain as that described. The east side of a hill with a ravine on the west side up which the Indians could have ridden. From the southwest they could have seen the camp and made the attack in complete safety of not being seen. Also there is the bluffs which they tried to hide behind.)

When the Indians left with the four girls they rode back in the direction from which they had come, following the ravine closely. They traveled along and crossed a clear stream.

(Again this clear stream fits the South Smoky at this location for it flows from the southwest for about two miles and then has reached this point from the west, northwest so that they would have to cross to go further south. This is also almost directly north of Lakin where they crossed the railroad and the most probable route that they would have taken.)

Now lets take up some of the records as published in the booklet put out by the Fort Wallace memorial association in 1955, largely taken from the army records. "Lieutenant Christian C. Hewitt was sent with a detail in October of 1874, to bury the five members of the German family killed by the Cheyennes

on the Old Smoky Hill stage route, a long day's travel east of Fort Wallace by ox team."

(Now all records that I can find state that a long day's drive with an ox team is 14 to 16 miles. Again that places it at the forks.)

This book also shows where the Adjutant General of Kansas, gave a list of people killed by Indians in Kansas from June to October, 1874 and it lists the German family killed September 11 on the north Fork of the Smoky.

Also printed was a letter written at Ellis, on October 4, 1874, and signed by John H. Edwards who was then senator from Ellis county in which he states, "On Wednesday last a hunter arrived at Sheridan Station from the north fork of the Smoky Hill river and reported having found the bodies of three men and one woman, who had been killed by the Indians and their wagon burned. This information was telegraphed to Fort Wallace and a squad of soldiers in charge of a Lieutenant, sent down to investigate. They returned on Saturday to Monument Station, bringing the bodies."

(Now the north branch of the Smoky flows eastward just over the hill where I contend this occurred, not 40 rods away and about the same distance from the south Smoky so that it could have very easily been placed on north Smoky, especially as the hunter reported it at Fort Sheridan. This says the bodies were 'brought back' to Monument Station where they were buried and no record that they were ever removed from that place. Now the bodies have definitely been located as buried in the Fort Wallace cemetery and what is more natural than that soldiers would 'bring back' the bodies to the place where they started, when it was the nearest place to report.)

The place where the memorial marker was placed is not on the Smoky proper but on a draw leading into the Smoky, It is definitely some distance away from the river and the Smoky here is the main river as they had joined some 15 or more miles west. This location

is also much farther than an oxen team could ever possibly travel in a single day. In fact, it is two days travel by ox team from Ft. Wallace.

Mr. Clyde Blackburn and myself spent part of a day in November 1965 going over my general area, trying to locate evidence with his metal detector, to support my theory. I intend to do more in the spring of this year.

Recently the Butterfield Trail Historical Association has been organized at Russell Springs and have acquired the old Logan county Court House for a museum. I joined that association and intend to try to help find other interesting articles and material for the museum and perhaps if we all watch more carefully we will be able to bring back more of the actual happenings of this old trail and the actual locations of some of the stations which are partially lost at present.

A little more information on this old Court House may be of interest to some in connection with this older history. The main part of the building was built shortly after the county was organized or at least it was started in 1886. About 1935 an addition was added when help was used that were doing W. P. A. labor. I spent many days on this project myself, but mainly working out at the quarry southwest of the court house or in helping haul the rock to the site. The work crews were composed of most of the farmers from around the county as we were all in the same predicament. No crops or feed for our livestock, therefore no money to buy supplies to feed our families and this chance to work on W. P. A. was about the only way it was possible to get money.

The Court House was used as such up until 1962 when the records were taken to Oakley, for after a long and bitter fight, that started when a close election was held and it was voted to make Oakley the county seat.

At the time the records were taken from the building, much damage was done to the building, in that many window and door glasses were broken and

the vault doors simply torn out of the walls, leaving great gaping holes where they had been, and other damage done to the building. All this is a part of the history of the county and this building, and is being preserved by the Association.

As I understand it the building was then given to the city of Russell Springs and they leased it to the Association, who are trying to restore it and make it a historical museum. Many articles of interest are being collected at present and placed there for future generations to view.

If the building itself could talk, it could give the story of the county from practically the organization as it undoubtedly has seen much of that story recorded. Murder trials and petty grievances have been settled here. Marriage licenses and school records were issued along with real estate transfers and all the other official business that goes on in a county Court House.

I hope that the Butterfield Trail Historical Association are 100% successful in their goal and get much of the remaining articles from the old trail and early Logan county settlers and keep them to help preserve the memories of these older days.

I am sure this is something that all are interested in and if this short sketch of the county and its history help bring others to donate to this cause I shall be glad to have helped.

I have been able to acquire a little more detailed history of the Smoky Hill or Butterfield Stage route during the summer of 1966, as I have been privileged to work with the Butterfield Trail Historical Association and my work has also been along the lines of trying to locate some of the historical sites along the trail in Logan county. (More about this later.)

History shows that a few French traders and trappers came to the Kansas area about 1724 and traveled to the source of the Smoky Hill. About 1806, General Zebulon M. Pike crossed Kansas from the east to the mountains and discovered the peak that was named Pikes Peak,

after Zebulon Pike. John Fremont returned to the east in 1846 along the south Smoky and the main Smoky. Surveys were made thereafter. The route was used extensively by those who traveled to the Colorado gold fields in the later 1850s. It was fully surveyed and stations marked in 1865 by Lieutenant J. R. Fitch and Captain Isaac E. Eaton and the route was heavily used by the Army from 1865 until the railroad was completed in 1870. The trail connected Fort Riley, Fort Harker, Fort Hays and Fort Wallace and along it many battles were fought with the Indians. Some of the very bloodiest of these battles were fought in the vicinity of the forks, of the Smoky.

The Butterfield-Overland Dispatch was organized in 1865 by D. A. Butterfield, a Colorado pioneer then living in Atchinson, the place of origin of the route. The trail was to extend to Denver and then on to Salt Lake City. The Company was organized with a capitalization of \$3,000,000.00 with a Mr. E. P. Brag as President and Mr. Butterfield as Superintendent and Manager.

Twelve hundred mules, and wagons in proportion, were purchased for the transportation power and on June 25 the first wagon train left Atchinson with 150,000 pounds of freight for Denver. The first passenger coach left Atchinson on September 11 and reached Denver on the morning of September 23. Many thousands of tons of freight were carried over the route and I have heard that two to three million people were estimated to have traveled the road.

However; the enterprise was a failure, mostly due to the troubles with the Indians. This was one of their favorite hunting grounds and they did not want to lose it to the whites. These Indian raids killed many and destroyed much property and hurt business generally. Within 18 months the Butterfield Dispatch was taken over by Ben Holliday, who was the owner of several other stage lines and other routes. He operated it at a loss and sold it to Wells Fargo who operated it until the Kansas Pacific rail road was completed to Denver, in 1870.

The booklet put out by the Fort Wallace Memorial Association, printed in 1955 gives a lot of authentic information on travels, Indian fights, and early history of the country along the trail and especially around Fort Wallace which was only 15 miles west of our ranch.

It surely was quite a sight to see those old wagon trains passing up and down over the hills in that practically unexplored area along the Smoky Hill just about 100 years ago.

The changes that time makes are many but never more so than in that 100 year's space. As a boy, I remember, seeing one of the very first airplanes try to fly at Oakley, then occasionally we saw a small private plane. While I was still a youngster and in the field one day, I saw three army planes flying in formation to the west and what a thrill that was! Now when I have spent a day in the vicinity of our ranch, there are dozens of high flying jets going over every day. Evidently this area is directly in one of the main flight paths of the commercial planes. They pass from the southwest to northeast to southwest along the same line and three or four can be seen at one time. I imagine they are from Phoenix or Los Angeles to Chicago and New York.

The officers of the Butterfield Trail Historical Association elected in the spring of 1966 are:

Clyde Blackburn, Leoti, --President
Leslie Linville, Colby, --Vice-Pre.
Marge Wright, Russell Springs--Sec.
Leonard Koons, Winona--Trea.

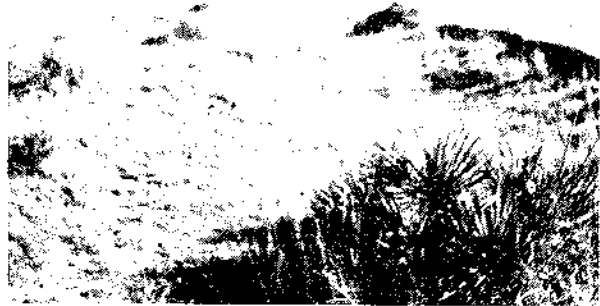
Board Members

Blue Mastin, Russell Springs.
Earl Artly, Russell Springs
Dave Grusing, Colby.
Barbara Bishop, Winona.

All of these except myself have previously been on the board. In April I was elected Vice-President of the Butterfield Trail Historical Association and the plans were to repair the museum building more fully, collect old records and articles of interest to be used in the museum, and try to locate some of the sites of the old stage stations in Logan county.

I obtained aerial photos of the entire

trail route across Logan county from the Federal Land Bank at Colby and as these photos had been taken in 1938 they showed the trail much better than more recent ones for much of the land that is now being farmed was still in native grass then. By means of these photos and by following the still existing ruts in the native sod



Butterfield Trail Ruts.

we were able to almost exactly follow the trail from the Pyramids in Gove County to Fort Wallace and I have been over almost every mile of the trail for that distance.

Mr. Raynesford of Ellis and others have previously traversed and marked much of it. Mr. Raynesford has placed a fine native stone marker with "B. O. D., 1865" carved on it at every elevated road that crossed the old trail.

The location of the Fort at Monument station is well known, but the next location of a stage station to the west is not exactly known. Clyde Blackburn and I and others have tried to locate this and while three or four possible sites have been located, we are still uncertain. One possible site is on a hill about one fourth of a mile from main trail but over one half mile from the river. This is on section 5-14-33 and is an old pit that has been filled and plowed over. It was named as the site by two Oakley men in 1934 when they tried to locate the sites. We found more old shells, mule shoes, and so forth here than at any other location. The Kansas Historical Association places it in the next section west as do some of the other old timers.

My aerial photos show a building site on the Northeast Corner of section 9-14-33 very close to the present Hardin ranch buildings. My own belief is that this is the site, or that those buildings were built on the site, for the locations shown by the early surveyors showed it as 11 miles from Monument stage station, on a big bend in the Smoky and at a large spring. All these are there, but we have not located any confirming evidence. This Hardin ranch was formerly the Andrew-Moffit ranch and before that the Ziegler ranch and is one of the old ranches along the Smoky. It has been interesting to me in studying these aerial photos to find that so many of the early settlers built exactly along the trail, but that was only a natural thing to do, for did not later settlers build along the railroad or county roads whenever possible? This second stage station was known as the Smoky Hill Stage Station.

The station site at Russell Springs is also unlocated but again there are various possibilities. Some think west of the schoolhouse in the draw, others on the hill just west of the Jordan place. When we had our celebration on September 4, 1966, a man from Kansas City by the name of Clark, who had been raised in Russell Springs as a boy but who had left to enter the army in 1917 and who had never been back till that day, took me to show me where the horse barns had stood. He was very exact in his placing and when we looked we certainly found building rocks at that spot. This location is across the railroad cut and in the pasture north of the hotel building.

These locations all deserve more attention and I expected to help on this work this winter but health problems have kept me from this, this winter.

On Saturday, April 30, 1966, I was invited by Mr. Edwin Beougher, the President of the Fort Wallace Memorial Association, to join with a small group who were excavating at the Old Fort Wallace Reservation Grounds, located where the fort buildings had been built in 1866. These grounds are on private land and lie just across the road south of the Fort Wallace Cemetery.

Excavation of these grounds is strictly limited to the Fort Wallace Memorial Association and all usable relics found are to be kept in the Fort Wallace Museum.

Mr. Beougher was accompanied by a Mr. Wallbright, from Grainfield and I accompanied Mr. Dave Grusing of Colby. Mr. Beougher had provided a backhoe to do the heavy excavating and it was operated in a very efficient manner by a fourteen year old boy from Wallace, Rodney Busson.

Mr. Beougher had a copy of the old Fort area map and using it he was able to very accurately locate several building sites. The first pit that was dug went into an old ash dump, apparently. Nothing much of interest was found here except one old brass padlock and a lot of old buffalo bones that were quite well preserved. Some of these had been sawed just the same as we now saw our steak bones, and varied in thickness up to about an inch. Evidently they liked their steaks fairly thick.

The second pit turned out to be a lime pit, that had evidently had about three feet of lime in it and was probably used to discard the dissected portions of the human bodies. We found some bones that we thought were human and most of these were returned to the pit but one bone in particular aroused our curiosity for it seemed to us that it must be a portion of the upper arm bone. It had the full ball that fits into the shoulder socket and then about three inches of the bone just below and this bone had been sawed very squarely and neatly in two. A visiting doctor from St. Francis later confirmed that this was exactly right and while we were standing talking to him he looked down at the ground at our feet and said, "There is another human bone." He picked it up and identified it as a hip bone. All of these bones were reburied.

Our third excavation really hit the jackpot, for when we got about six feet underground, the backhoe began to bring up pieces of bottles. Work with the hoe stopped and we began work with a shovel and butcher knife and in the next three

feet in depth and over an area about five feet around we turned up over 200 good bottles, besides many broken ones.

These bottles ranged in size from very small to over one quart capacity. Some were stamped in the glass, "U. S. Army Hospital Department," and others had various inscriptions on them and some were plain. We recovered parts of many old glass syringes and glass tubes like those used in our modern hospitals and we were amazed that these things had been used so long ago. Many other relics were recovered including brass shotgun shells, stencils, mule shoes and one half of what had evidently been an old round grind stone. I have retained this along with a mule shoe and a couple of bottles that had the tops broken off. They were items that Mr. Boeugher did not want to keep, but were quite interesting to me, for they had been buried for over 90 years.

The fourth excavation was at the site of the old flag pole and all that was found here were some stones that extended into the ground to a depth of about six feet and probably had been dumped around the pole to help hold it upright.

Something that should be of historical interest to some and that created considerable excitement locally, when it was found, was the discovery of an Indian skeleton and all the trappings that had been buried with him. This discovery was made about 1918 or 1919, as near as I can remember.

Leslie Burdick, his wife and small son, lived up the river from us just two miles. They lived on the east side of Section 4-13-36 right close to the river and there was and still is, a series of shale bluffs all along the east side of the section.

One day after a heavy rain, Spud (as Leslie was called), was out among these bluffs, which were in his pasture and he saw an old kettle sticking out of a bank. He dug it up and the more he dug, the more he unearthed. There were several kettles, the skeleton of a man which was undoubtedly an Indian for there were large quantities of Indian beads, some very tiny;

a U. S. Army uniform button or two; and the skeleton of a dog was also buried with the rest of this.

Spud kept this in his old shed for a long time where it was viewed by a great many. I saw it many times. Long afterwards we would sometimes go to where this had been found and we could still pick up those small beads.

I have heard that this is still kept in Winona but I have not seen it for years.

It was nothing uncommon to find large shark's teeth and other fossils from the ancient seas that once covered all this valley. If anyone is the least skeptical about this being a sea bed they should take a trip into any of these bluffs along the river. They are full of shells and so forth that could have come only when the whole area was covered by water.

Another thing that happened about that time was when a very large sink hole was found near the Smoky, but a considerable

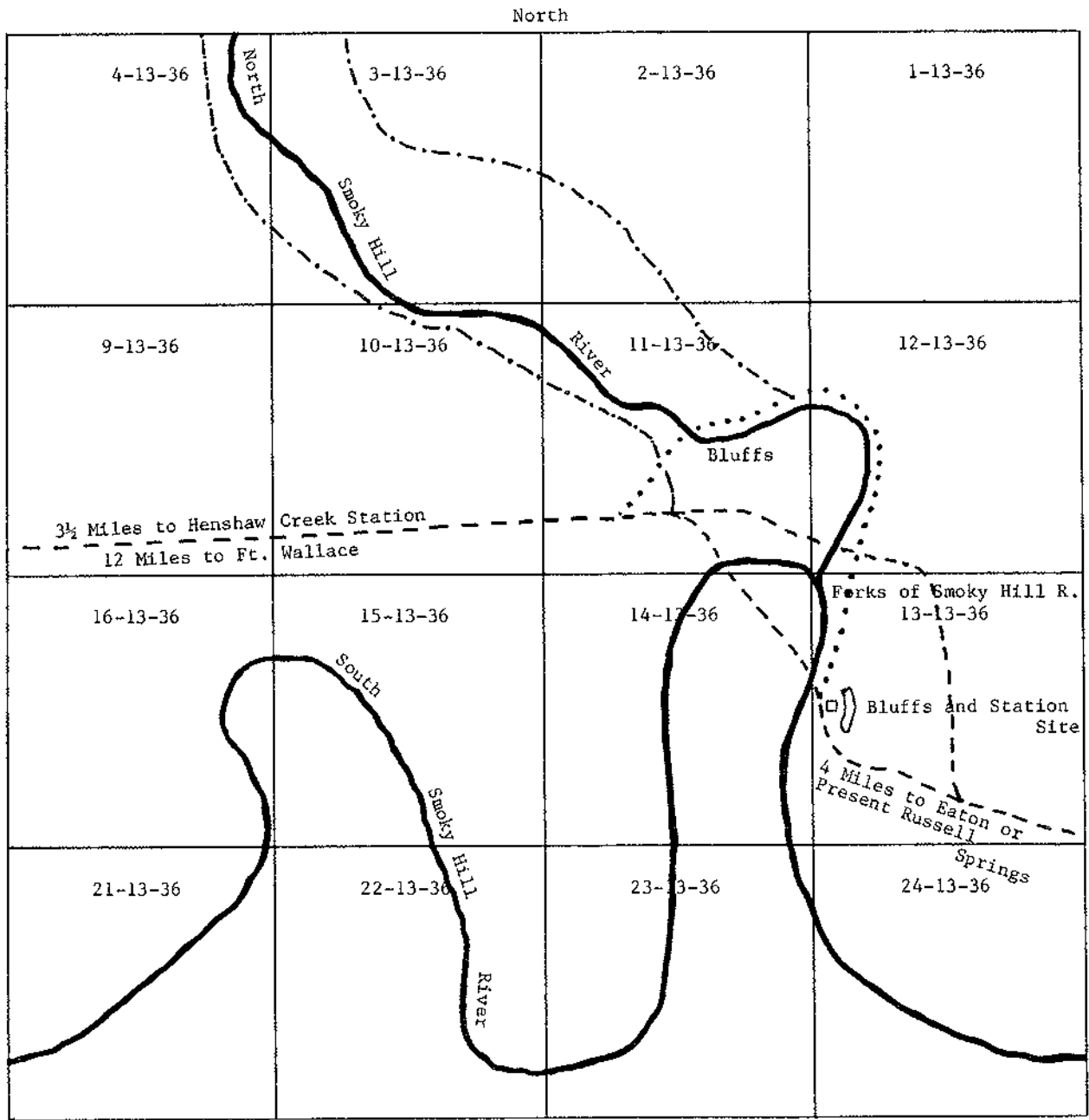


Sink hole in Smoky Basin, Wallace.

way west of us. It was between Wallace and Sharon Springs and was very deep. I do not know whether the depth was ever really measured, but it had a pond of water in the bottom and was visited by a great many people.

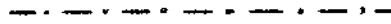
A great many skeleton or fossil bones of fish and prehistoric turtles, etc., have been found all along the river in the chalk and shale bluffs. These vary in size from quite small to very large and some of these have been mounted and are kept in various museums scattered all over America.

100 Years of Progress by Maps



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



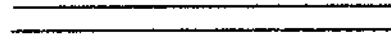
Green Russell's route in 1860

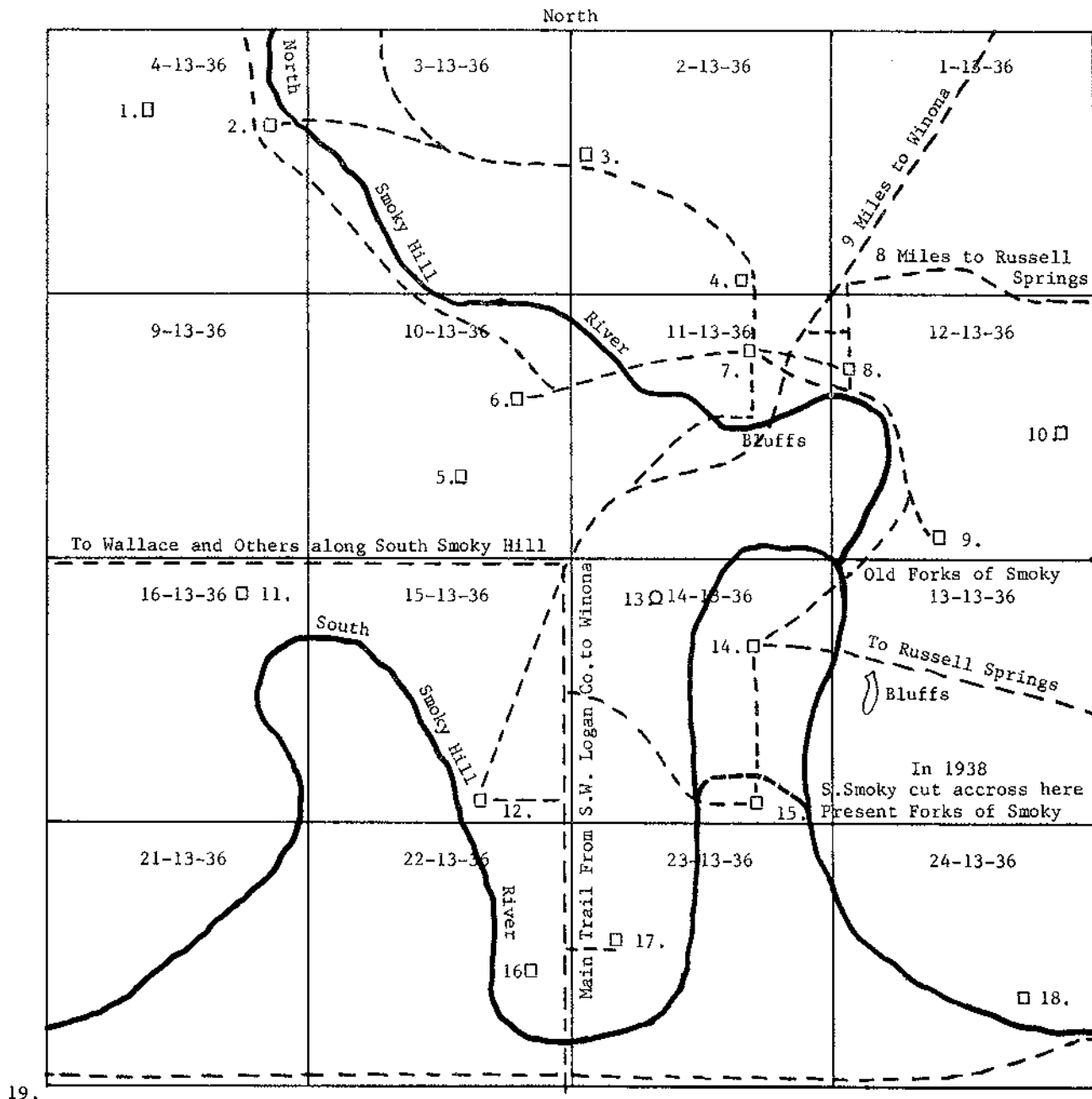


Main Smoky Hill or Butterfield Trail



Present K-25 Hi-Way

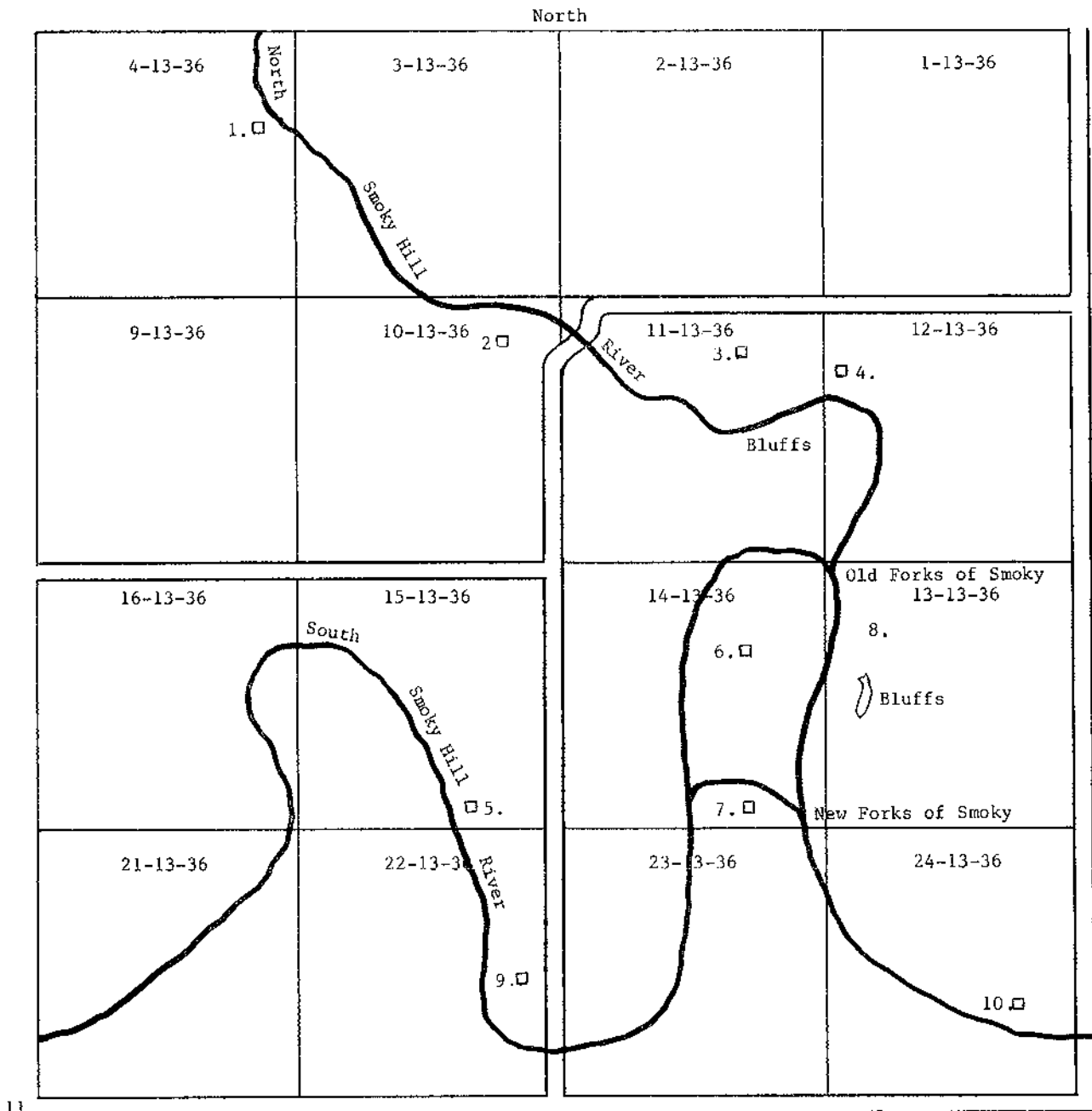




1912-1915 Map of Smoky Forks Area.

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. Stallworth | 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 |



1967 Map of Smoky Forks Area

Remaining farmsteads are marked.
Nothing remaining of those not marked.

Graded roads

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Vacant 2. John Haverfield, (occupied) 3. Trees and a few stone buildings left (deserted) | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 4. Verlin Plummer farm. (vacant) 5. Mrs. Kowalke, (occupied) 6. Few stone walls left, (deserted) 7. Stone house partially standing, (deserted) 8. Picnic grounds of 1967 Trail Drive 9. Joe Darnell, (occupied) 10. Chas. Lamb 11. K-25 Hi-way |
|---|---|

Chapter VII

High School Days

I started to High School in Winona in the fall of 1919 and must have been as green as any country kid ever was. In some way I escaped most of the stunts that were pulled against us, but I made some mighty blunders.

Others in the class that fall were Raymond Stover from North of Winona, Margaret Stone and Hazel Marsteller from east of town, Edna Elmborg, and George Settle. Margaret, Raymond, and I were the only ones who went straight through the four years and graduated together. Pansy Archer joined our class later and we four graduated together, as the class of 1923.



Senior Class of Winona High School 1923, on Sneak Day. Left to right: Raymond Stover, Pansy Archer, Margaret Stone, Leslie Linville.

Professor Lester Brewster was just back from service in France. He was the Superintendent and was very strict as was Mr. Earle Green, the principal, but they

were excellent instructors and were well respected. Mrs. Greene taught Latin and Home Economics and a class in the grades.

These three teachers were the only teachers that I had while in high school until my senior year when I had a class under Mr. Leo Watson.

Mr. Greene coached basketball which was a new game then. I never saw a basketball until I started to high school and the first year or so we played entirely out of doors. Finally we started playing in the theater on the east side of Main Street. It had just been built and while the ceiling was not much higher than the top of the backboard and the court dimensions were very restricted, we had a world of fun.

Morrison Williams, Ray and Floyd Emel, Speck Neff, Charles Riley and Neil Smith and I were the team players my last year in high school. I had played

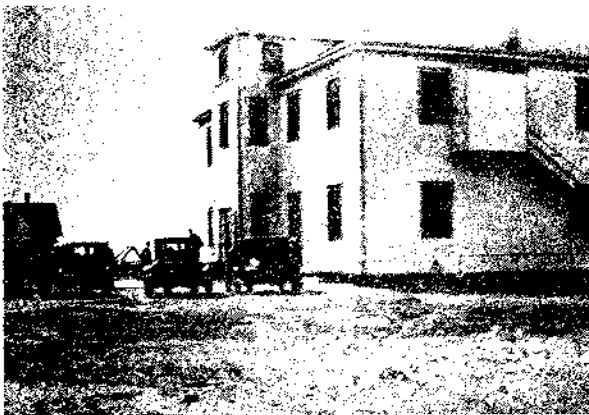


Winona High basketball team, 1922-23. Left to right Leslie Neff, Chas Riley, Morrison Williams, Leslie Linville, Coach, Leo Watson, Niel Smith and Ray Emel.

with Lyle Stone, Walter Stone, Floyd Lowe, Stanley Garrity the preceding

years. Our games were with Oakley, Monument, Sharon Springs, Weskau, Brewster, and Russell Springs.

The school house was a large, square, two-story and basement building that stood just south of where the present building stands. High school was held on the top floor and in the basement. A stairway from the center front went to the second floor and divided the first floor into two rooms where two teachers handled all the grades. To get from the top floor to the basement we traversed these stairs several times a day and went outside to go into the basement.



Winona School about 1921

I could tell many stories of these high school days but will limit it to one that shows that kids of my age were as full of the devil as they are today. This incident happened during my senior year as there were as many boys in the freshman class that fall as there were in all three upper classes, we decided that we would have to gang up on them for a few were older and larger than we were.

We invited them to a party one evening. The party was to be held in the old timber claim grove two miles west of town. We older ones prepared the grounds in advance by tying short ropes to various trees. As the evening progressed, we gradually took one boy at a time out to a tree and tied him up and used a pair of hair clippers on his head in any direction we thought would make him look the best. Some of the boys had long Pompadour hair-dos and cutting their hair was very unpopular with them. We did not get too

far before some of those freshmen escaped, grabbed our cars, and went to town. We were enjoying the walk back to town with the girls when some cars met us and a bunch of Winona men jumped out and grabbed us before we knew what was happening. Well, our haircuts were every bit as good as those we had given and I am sure we were handled a lot rougher as there were some pretty sore men in that bunch. It took a long time for the hair to grow back and a longer time for some of the tempers to cool.

I stayed in Winona the first part of my Freshman year and then started driving that old Model T. Remember there were no closed cars, just a windshield and sometimes we put on side curtains. There was no car heater or antifreeze. To keep the radiator from freezing we generally put in hot water in the morning to help start the motor. There were no starters except the crank that hung in front and had to be twisted hard and steadily to start the motor. Sometimes we even had to jack up the hind wheel to get that motor running. If the weather was severe we had to keep the radiator covered up and when we got to town we drained the radiator. There were no paved roads and mostly only cow trails that could fill with mud and snow.

My sisters, Doris and Margaret, rode with me after that first year for it was not until the year after I graduated that consolidation came in and the buses began to roll. Others also drove as we did. The Williams children, the Stones and the Smiths, Raymond Stover and Orvan Keller and others I do not remember. We had some trying experiences but no serious accidents.

Raymond Stover started going with Sallie Lowe (whom he later married) but I did not go with any girl until I started going with Bertha after she was out of high school. Bertha and I were the first couple married and we were also the first couple married where both were graduates of Winona High School.

I thought some of going to college but that was as far as that ever went. Money was scarce and I was starting to farm

some for myself. We could get all the land we could handle to farm, with horses to do the work. There was not much expense involved, so it was a way of life I got into. I broke some virgin native sod with a team of horses and a walking plow and have progressed through every phase of farming up to 1958. It is now one of the most progressive, highly mechanized businesses going and takes more capital than most private businesses. I have gone all the way along the line and while never a large operator I have had 1400 acres under cultivation in one year and raised as high as 20,000 bushels of wheat in one year.

Remember that in the days of my schooling we only had kerosene lights to see and read by and no radio or television to keep us entertained. We had no forced air heating or air conditioning in our homes. In fact, we had no electricity at all with all the conveniences that it brought, no surfaced roads to drive our open cars on, and so many other modern items that it would be impossible to list them all. All these changes have been brought into existence within my lifetime so it is no wonder that we who are living today can truthfully say that more changes have taken place during this period than any other in history.

Chapter VIII

Farming in the 1920's

As I have previously stated, when I first started to help with the field work, all the power we had was furnished by horses. Two, four, six horse teams were common and this continued even into the thirties for some operations and some farmers. Today, scarcely a work team can be found.

We did little farming other than taking care of cattle and the alfalfa hay and raising feed for the cattle. Sometimes this feed was drilled with a horse drawn grain drill, but more often it was listed, for then it could be cultivated and as it was not as thick planted as drilled, it stood a better chance to make a crop since rain was always scarce.

Horse drawn listers were pulled by a four horse team and the driver sat up on the machine where he could watch it. He looked straight down the lister tongue and tried to make straight and even rows.

This listed crop was cultivated with a horse drawn sled on which a long knife was attached to each side in V shape to cut the weeds on each side of the row or with a two horse walking cultivator and sometimes a four horse cultivator that took two rows at a time.

As barley was about the only grain raised along the river, I did not have much experience with a binder or header until the summer of 1922 when I went to Monument and worked for Walter Cassidy in his wheat harvest. We cut 400 acres of wheat with a header, about as fast as as it was ever cut. I had handled horses all my life, but had never been on a header. For some reason Walt did not have a header man and after a day or two he put me on the header. We used six head of horses to pull (or rather push) the header and we changed out some of the horses each noon so that we could rotate them and keep going steadily. The going

harvest wage was \$4.00 per day but when we settled up Walt paid me an extra \$1.00 for running the header. The Walt Cassidy farm buildings were on the north side of the railroad tracks, just about two blocks due north of Grandpa Tallman's place at the east edge of Monument. His farm land was north and east of there.

As I was the only farm boy on his crew that year (Walt had no boys of his own, but several mighty pretty girls,) I got up early in the morning so I could get his saddle horse and go out in the pasture after the work horses. Sometimes these were as far as a mile from the barn and I was generally after them by sunup. After chasing them to the corral and letting them drink at the tank by the windmill, we would put them in the barn, where we would halter them in their proper stalls, and harness them. We also fed them hay and grain so they could eat while we were eating breakfast.

After breakfast we would get these horses out and hitch one team to each of the header barges and lead the header team behind as we went to the fields. Six horses were used on the header team and on the heavy wheat we had that year, it took three header barges to keep the header going. This meant that we always went to the field with twelve head of horses. When we reached the field, which was sometimes a mile from the house, we would tighten the canvasses and oil the header and then hitch the six horse header team on and we were ready to cut wheat. At noon and evening the process of unhitching, driving to the barn, watering and feeding the horses and in the evening unharnessing, had to be repeated, so a lot of time was consumed other than in the field. A day's work was from before sunup until long after dark.

Cutting with a header was not the same

as mowing hay or binding, for a header was a machine that had the sickle attached at the front of twelve, fourteen or sixteen foot long platform, just as our present day combines have. The height of the platform and cut on the grain was regulated by a long lever that extended to the rear where the driver rode. The whole outfit rolled on three wheels and the rear wheel was the rudder wheel to guide the entire outfit. There was a long beam from this rudder wheel up to the main machine and the horses were hitched on each side of the beam, three to a side. By standing a straddle the rudder and guiding that wheel and at the same time holding back a team on the proper side, it was possible to guide the machine as straight as a modern combine.

As the cut grain fell onto the revolving canvass it was carried to the elevator and up it between two revolving canvasses and thrown into the header barge which was pulled along side. Here a man worked keeping the heads stacked in the box till a load was filled. Then it was taken to a stack, while another team and barge took the place of the first, thus very little time was lost between loads. At the stack the headed grain had to be pitched onto the stack, where it was left till the threshing machine arrived, sometimes not until winter.

My second harvest job away from home was with Arthur Sondburg, who farmed east of town and who lived with his mother about one block north of my grandparents. Again it was at Monument, but this time we were beginning to mechanize, for instead of running the headed grain in a barge, the headed grain was elevated into a small threshing machine pulled along side the header and the header-thresher, as it was called, was pulled by a Rumley Oil Pull 15-30 tractor. The header was also pulled by the tractor. The threshed grain came out a spout on the opposite side of the thresher from the header and was dumped into a wagon that was pulled along side by horses. This was the first such machine in the country and was the forerunner of our present combine, from which it got it's name. From this you

may see that I worked with the first combines that were made.

After graduation from high school I was anxious to get started for myself so in the spring of 1924 I started my long grind to complete mechanization of my own farming by purchasing my first tractor.



Leslie Linville on Waterloo Boy Tractor in 1924.

It was the forerunner of the John-Deere line and was called a Waterloo Boy and it was very near proved my Waterloo! It was a cumbersome, two-cylinder engine, mounted on steel wheels with angle iron lugs to keep the wheel from slipping and caused me all kinds of trouble, but from it and the model T Fords, I learned my engines.

I planted barley for myself and for neighbors who paid me fifty cents per acre for drilling and then I started to break out 200 acres of sod on the east side of Sec. 1-13-36 which was about as level as can be found. A man in Nebraska owned the land and he was to pay me \$1.00 per acre and I was to get the first year's crop. Well I got my \$1.00, but it was a dry year and no crop was raised so that was not a paying venture. I was not able to get all that 200 acres broken out that year because of the failure of the tractor to work satisfactorily.

However, this tractor led to another harvest job, for while we had to harvest south of the railroad, Mr. Lou Jordan of Winona had a harvest and he purchased three new I.H.C. combines. Since he only had one tractor of his own, he had to hire tractors and I got one of those jobs. Mr. Alan Kemp of Winona, who



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.

has now been a Methodist Minister for many years, operated the tractor owned by Mr. Jordan. This tractor was an Avery and was quite large. Mr. Charley Rice, who had worked on our ranch a few years previous, operated the combine that I pulled. I have a picture of this harvest crew and machines.

I was only paid \$1.00 per hour but he furnished fuel and we put in long days from 14 to 16 hours and as that was the most money I had ever seen, I really thought I was making money.

Those old I.H.C. No. 11 combines were a pretty fair machine for those days, but they were large and heavy and had mostly plain chain drive and these chains were continually breaking and getting lost. The gasoline engine was close behind the tractor man and right beneath the combine man so that he could watch it and those motors sure put out a lot of heat to help keep us warm on those otherwise long hot summer days. Also, we could not move fast enough and the dust just settled around us until we could hardly see. The tractors had steel wheels and steel lugs so they kicked up a lot of dust.

I worked with the Jordan harvest crews in 1924 and 1925 but there was little har-

vest in '26 as I remember it and I did not work that year. We never started harvest in those years before July the Fourth and we were often cutting wheat well into August. Mr. Jordan owned considerable land around Winona and all we cut was his own but those machines were slow and a modern machine would make short work of the same acreage.

I traded that old Waterloo Boy off in 1926 and farmed with horses in 1927 and 1928 but again in 1929 I bought a used I. H. C. 15-30 tractor from J. Paul Jones in Winona. With it I worked again in the harvest for Mr. Jordan and his son-in-law Mr. Tom Bishop during the summers of 1929, 1930 and 1931.

In those first days when headers were used, the stacked or bound grain had to be threshed and here the threshing machine entered the picture. They had been used for years, first turned with horse power, then with steam engines, and about the end of World War I the gasoline tractors began to enter the picture. The first of these were huge steel machines, the Aultman-Taylor 30-60, the Rumley 30-60, the Case and the Avery were among the first. They traveled slow, two or three miles per hour, but they were good on the belt.

When we had a barley crop along the river it was mostly bound, for barley straw made excellent feed. After the barley was bound and shocked it might stand in the field until fall or winter, depending on how soon the threshing machine could get to it. There were not many threshers in the country and each one covered much the same area and same farms each year. Some threshing crews were made up almost entirely of men who stayed with the machine throughout the whole threshing run and in this case they had their own cook shack and cook. Other crews were made up of local farmers who exchanged work; but in either case, each crew had its own engine man and separator man.

The threshing machines that worked in our area were owned by Vern Mastin; Rogge Bros., Emel and John; and by Ben Eaton. The Mastin machine was the only one using a steam engine. The steam engines had to have someone haul coal and water to them and if these got low, then the engine man could blow a steam whistle on the engine and hurry up his supplies. Those old steam engine whistles could be heard for miles on a clear, still day and I will always remember them.

After the gasoline or oil pull engines were used, this eliminated the coal and water tenders, but a man had to be on or near the engine and one on the separator, where he generally stood up on top where he could watch all the moving parts and keep those open bearings properly oiled. There were no pressure oiled bearings then.

As the grain was threshed it was elevated to the top of the machine where it went into a bucket on a scale that automatically weighed and tallied the grain and dumped it into a tin chute that went out over the side of the separator into a wagon box which had been backed up to the side of the machine. Two wagons were kept here so when one was filled the other could be used and the farmer whose grain it was generally furnished the teams and wagons to haul it away. Due to the fact that there was a lot of dust and

and noise around a machine it was hard to get a team up to a machine until they became used to it.

If the bound grain was still in the shock, wagons pulled by teams went into the fields and men pitched the bundles onto the wagons which were then taken to the thresher where the wagons were driven alongside the feeder that conveyed it into the separator. The feeder was a trough-shaped conveyor with a riddle that moved the bundles and as it had to be placed right next to the drive belt, it was again hard to get the teams up close as that drive belt was in continual motion and if a horse happened to touch that belt with its nose, it could burn the hide right off.

When pitching stacked grain to the threshing machine, this feeder was pulled in between two stacks and then the pitchers pitched into it. Of course, all this took lots of manpower and to make a full crew for a big outfit it was necessary to have 15 to 20 men. It was hot dirty work and it took a good man to be able to pitch all day.

This also made for lots of work for the farm women, unless the threshing crew had their own cook shack and cook. (Some crews in the wheat areas did this, but I never knew one that did along the river.) All these men had to be fed, so the farm women also exchanged help sometimes. Often meals had to be prepared over hot coal ranges or unpredictable coal oil burner stoves. These put lots of heat into the rooms which never cooled off. There was no air conditioning and little refrigeration for the food so the women had their hands full. The men would come in hot and dirty and often had to eat in re-lays as there was not room enough in the house to seat them all at once.

I do not believe that any comparison of farming with horses and present day methods would be complete without mentioning something that was a complete torment to both man and beast in those days and are almost completely gone now.

There were three insects that gave much trouble. Number one was the flies. Flies, we had with us continually from early spring to late fall. They were a

constant source of irritation, and while they were worse in certain seasons and years, they were with us always. I have seen them in the homes so bad that we opened the outside door and took cloths and drove them out. There were some poisons and sticky fly papers used around the houses, but the barns and livestock had little protection and the stock were continually fighting flies.

Fly nets were used on the harness so that the team being used had some protection, but at best these were never completely effective. Some fly nets were made of strong cord tied together and to the harness in such a way that they helped scare the flies away and these had an advantage in that they let the air through and these were a manufactured article that could be purchased ready made.

Not so pretty, but cheaper and just as effective were the home made ones which most farmers made by simply taking old gunny sacks or burlap sacks and ripping them open and then laying them across the horses' backs and fastening them to the harness. As these extended well down the horses' side, they helped keep the flies away. Even then, the animals were continually fighting flies and kept their tails on the go. By the way, an animal's tail was quite an effective weapon and if you happened to get hit in the eye it was very painful for it had a cutting action when a hair was drawn across the eye. I have seen times when we had to quit work because of the flies that were so bad the teams were almost unmanageable.

Number two of the insect pests were the grasshoppers. As our main crop was alfalfa, I naturally think of grasshoppers more in connection with that, but I also had plenty of experiences with them elsewhere. There were times when the grasshoppers literally kept the alfalfa eaten off until it could not get a start until they were poisoned off. This was done with a poison bait mash that was made of bran, flavored with molasses and lemons and dampened with water and had Paris Green mixed in for the poison. When this was scattered on the fields the hop-

pers would eat it and it was quite effective in killing them.

As an alfalfa field was mowed around and around a land, the hoppers were scared to the center and we usually left a narrow strip there to harbor the hoppers and then we poisoned around this strip. I have seen dead hoppers so thick there that they acutally covered the ground and the smell was quite sickening.

A grasshopper liked to go to the top of anything on which he was, and many a post and fork handle have I seen completely covered. In fact hoppers on fork handles were a problem, for a fork handle was smooth from constant use and the hoppers would chew bites out of them and keep it very rough. Another favorite resting place for a hopper was on a man's shirt collar just back of his neck. Then when a favorable opportunity came along he could grab a bite out of a man's neck, and with the pincers they used they could make a man feel that he had been bit by a good sized animal.

I have seen fields that were cleaned completely bare by the grasshoppers. Especially was this so of a corn field, for they seemed to like corn very well and if they got a start on a field, even though it might be in the ear stage, it did not last long.

The third and least bothersome of the insects was the red ant. It carried the hardest sting that stayed with you the longest. However, we were seldom bitten by those that made their burrows in the ground unless one accidentally stepped on a mound and stood there long enough for the ants to get into the clothing. Then they could set a man afire! The flying ants were only troublesome on very hot, still days and they would light on the highest point. A house chimney was a favorite place or a man in a header box, but if a cloth was tied on a long pole and this tied up on a header box or piece of machinery, they would congregate around that.

With the advent of the 1920's and the Model T Ford cars, one of the principal sports of the young men of the towns was coyote hunting. There were always lots

of coyotes in the breaks along the river, or wherever there were hills and draws. Many times when I was riding our pasture I saw as many as 12 to 15 in a day, sometimes two or three at a time.

The hunters first started chasing coyotes with the regular cars, mostly Model T's, for they would go about anywhere, but with the windshield and other projections on the cars, they were hard to shoot from.

Gradually the men began to take parts from the cars and finally wound up with what was called a strip-down car. This was nothing more than the running gears, the motor and steering wheel with the entire body and fenders removed. This left little to interfere with the gunner, or to catch the wind and slow down the vehicle.

The gas tank on a Model T was directly under the driver and when the body was removed the driver could sit directly on the tank or he could pad it up some. Usually two men hunted together, one driving and his partner doing the shooting and when a coyote was sighted they would take after it and try to get within shooting distance. A 12 gauge shotgun was the gun used. The gunman also sat on the gas tank or on an extension of it.

Usually there would be two or more cars out together. One or more down in the breaks to scare the coyotes out and the others up where they could give chase when the coyotes got on land that it was possible to chase on.

These little strip-down cars could get up remarkable speed and were easily handled so that the chase was lots of fun. Rarely were dogs used during this period, but the hunters depended on speed and maneuverability.

The big drawback to this sport was the fences which a coyote went through without bother but which the cars had to stop for until the men tore down the fence or until the driver found a gate where they could get across. Seldom were the fences repaired or the gates closed and these hunters became a source of aggravation to Father and to all other ranchers where they operated. A broken fence or open

gate could cause a lot of trouble and meant lost time to the cattlemen.

Anymore the coyote hunters use pickups to haul their dogs in, and I have not seen a true strip-down car for many years now.

The bad winter of 1918-19 caused many livestock losses over the country and then the depressed cattle prices following the close of World War I, and in the early 20's caused many a cattleman to go broke. Others stuck it out until the drouth of 1925 and 1926 took all their remaining reserves and then they had to give up.

Our neighbor on the Morley ranch, J. Paul Jones, had lost everything but was managing a comeback. In the summer of 1925 he had been in the sheep business and he made a killing on them and I still remember his meeting dad and me out in the pasture one day where he told us he had cleared several thousand dollars. This was unheard of in those days but it put him in business in a large way.

In the summer of 1924 I bought my first new car, a Model T Ford touring car. I had had a second hand Ford or two previously, but this car was something special. We had a neighbor, John Mellott, who had relatives from southwest Missouri to work in the harvest and they wanted to go home so I took them and thus made my first trip away from home. I know we left early one morning and drove to Garden City and then east to Pratt where we arrived the first night. The next day we got as far as Baxter Springs and the third day we reached Reeds Springs which was their home. I stayed around there a few days, took a boat ride on Lake Tanycomo, which was just a new lake then. Went fishing on the James river and then went up to Kansas City and to Saint Joseph where I visited some of father's folks for the first time. This was the first of many trips that I later made to the Ozark region of southwest Missouri. At the time of taking this trip the very area around Reeds Springs, Missouri, was being highly advertised as "The Shepard of the Hills" country, for it was here that Harold Bell Wright had

written his story, "The Shepard of the Hills," a few years previously, and most of the characters were local people still living. I met a few of them. Uncle Matt and the actual character "The Shepard" who had discovered a beautiful cave and was exploiting it as a tourist attraction. I went through it then since the boy my age I had taken back knew everyone there. His name was Burl Eaton.

Some years later when we were visiting the folks at Aurora I took Bertha through the cave and then in the fall of 1965, we visited Norman at Pittsburg, Kansas, where he was teaching. At that

time we made a hurried trip to Aurora, Table Rock Dam, and to the edge of Arkansas. We went by Fairy Cave where we stopped and again went through. I mentioned that I been through it in 1924 and the lady who was taking us through had owned the cave and guided people all these years. She was the daughter of "The Shepard" and she remembered the men I had taken down there and that they had harvested in Kansas. She said Burl Eaton had died the next year after harvesting in Kansas, but that the family still lived at Reeds Springs and the Mellots were still around there.

Chapter IX

A Trip to South America

The summer of 1926 was very dry and there was no livestock feed prospect. Dad was very discouraged and was in southwest Missouri looking for another location. My grandfather Tallman had lived there two or three years just previous and liked it; he thought it might be a good place to locate.

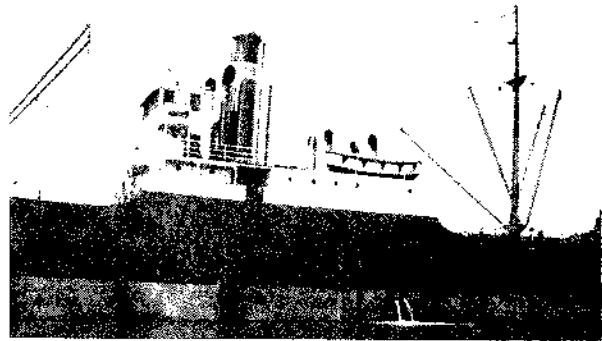
We had our herd of Registered Brown Swiss cattle that he had had ever since locating on the Smoky and had been breeding up and improving. They were beginning to make a name for themselves and for the farm, through repeated advertising and through the sale of Registered cattle all over Kansas and nearby states.

One day a man from New York City came to the place and wanted to purchase all the Registered stock we would sell. He represented The Cerro de Pasco Copper Corporation, one of the largest copper mining companies in the world and they had thousands of acres of fine cattle country in the uplands of Peru, S. A. This land was on the very head waters of the Amazon river on the east side of Peru and this man was out buying all the good registered Brown Swiss, Hereford, and Angus cattle that he could find west of the Missouri river. They were buying from as high an altitude as they possibly could, for the cattle were to go to those high altitudes in the Andes and they wanted them at least partially acclimated. Particularly they wanted Registered bulls so that they could upbreed the native cattle, which I guess were not much.

I knew what dad had to sell and I had a few myself. Some of the neighbors also had some bulls they had bought from us, so I took this man around and he bought all he could get a price on. While driving him around in my Model T, we visited and he finally asked me if I would like to go with the cattle. Naturally, I did. He

told me that he did not know how far he could take me as the steam ship line sometimes had their own men to take care of the cattle while on the ship but that he would take me as far as possible. All I had to do was work and help take care of the cattle. For this they would pay me \$4.00 per day and give me return transportation as far back as the states if I went on the ship.

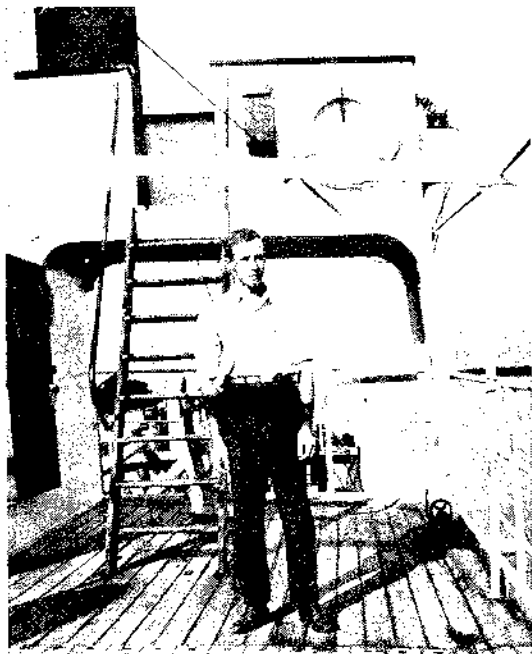
It was the latter part of September before the cattle were shipped as he had to go on into Colorado and Montana to buy more and get all the papers, etc. in shape. He finally assembled 614 head and our lot made almost a full carload although I did add a few more at Columbus in southeast Kansas.



Steamship "Genevieve Lykes" tied up at pier in Galveston harbor ready to load cattle. Oct. 9, 1926.

I started that trip by riding a saddle horse and we drove the cattle to Winona, where we loaded them into a cattle car and headed for Kansas City. We had to stop in Junction City for a feed and rest stop and then again in K. C. That was my first trip to the stock yards there and then I had to hunt up a company representative downtown and I believe I was there almost two days during which time I walked about everywhere I went. From there we went south to Columbus and

then across Oklahoma and to Ft. Worth, Texas, where I met the rest of the cars of cattle coming down from Colorado and Montana on a special train. We rested here for a day and I got to hunt my father's brother, Milam Linville, who was head of a department in the Armour Company.



Leslie Linville
on deck the "Genevieve Lykes".

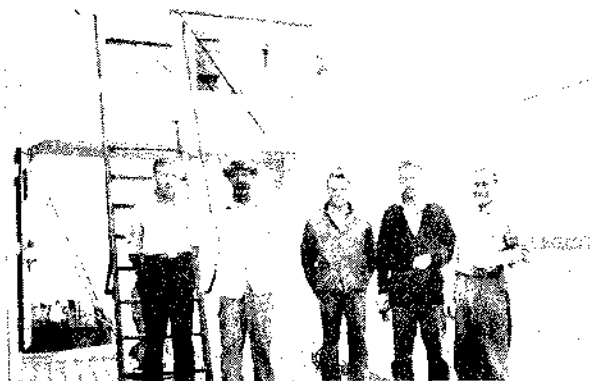
We went on south to Houston and had to wait there a few days, for the ship to come into port. At Houston, the stockyards were not large enough to hold all the cattle and we had to take part of them to a small yard about ten miles outside Houston.

There were two Bohart boys from Bozemen, Montana, and a boy from LeVeta, Colorado, about my own age and then there was an older man from Meeker, Colorado. We were the landlubbers who got to go on with the cattle on the ship and as it was the first time any of us had ever seen a ship or the ocean, it was quite a thrill.

We had to vaccinate all the cattle and unload them in Galveston, from the railroad cars and then load them on the ship in various sized pens scattered from bottom to top all over that ship. Working cattle in those conditions was a tough job

so we were entirely worn out by the time all were aboard.

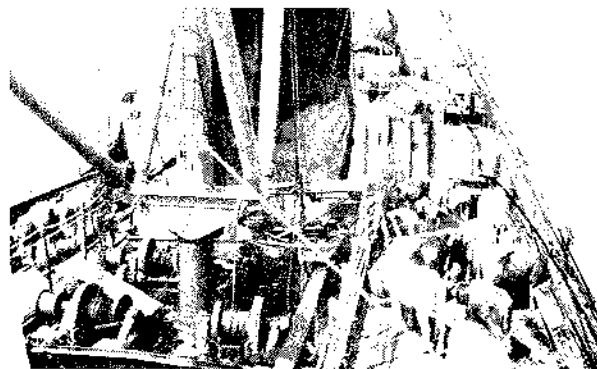
We were hungry and eating our first supper on board, when we realized that the ship was moving and we were on our way. That has always been one of those moments in life I have never forgotten.



On deck of S. S. Genevieve Lykes of New Orleans; Leslie Linville, Winona, Kansas. Chas. Anderson, Meeker, Colo. Walter Cambell, LeVeta, Colo. Wm. P. Bohart, Paul Bohart, Bozeman, Mont.

The next morning when we got up we were out in the Gulf, out of sight of land. There were nice little waves causing the ship to rock some and we all promptly got seasick and fed the fish our breakfast and were miserable for two or three days.

In spite of this we had to take care of the cattle and those were miserable days for us but a beautiful day for the crew. Naturally, that crew of seamen enjoyed our discomfort and razzed us unmercifully.

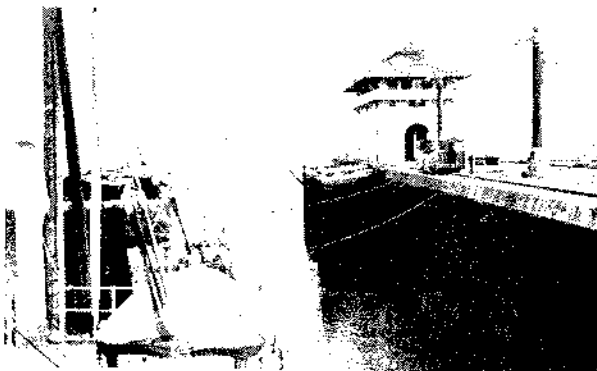


Some of the cattle as loaded on deck.

Cattle were loaded in pens holding from six to thirty in every part of the ship. Hay was stacked in every other available place and these bales had to be tossed into each pen and let them eat and tromp it down. There were small troughs attached to the walls in each pen and we had to put cotton seed meal and hulls in these for extra feed and then we filled these troughs with water through a hose from the supply tanks and the motion of the ship kept the water slopping out and it was not long until we had a real mess.

This work kept us busy all day but occasionally we could get a break and get on deck where we could watch the flying fish and occasionally one these would land on deck. Also there were many porpoises swimming around close.

We sailed across the Gulf and close to the Yucatan Peninsula where we could plainly see some of the old Mayan ruins up on the hills. It has always been a wish of mine to visit them closely. We were quite close to some of the coast of Central America and then we went through the Panama Canal. It was fairly new then and we took every opportunity available to get on deck and watch the locks operate and to see the scenery. Going through the locks was a real experience and we



Going through locks at Panama.

saw ships of about every nationality in the canal. One thing about these ships that impressed me was the number of Japanese ships which were loaded with scrap iron. The banks of the canal were covered with alligators of all sizes. Tropical birds of all colors flew over all the time.

The following is copied from a diary

that I seemed to have kept and it relates the time we were on ship so I will copy.

Saw old Mayan Indian castles on Yucatan Peninsula on third day out of Galveston where we had loaded the cattle. On fourth day we passed Swan Island. Fifth day sailing down coast of Nicaragua. Arrived Limon Bay early on seventh day. Started through canal at 9:30 a. m. and left Panama harbor at 5 p. m. On second day out of Panama we saw the coast of Columbia and Ecuador and crossed the Equator on the third day. Were not initiated as the seamen had threatened to do, but it was a very chilly day and we had to wear coats all day. Saw many high mountains in Ecuador and these were the first of the Andes. As I had never seen the Rockies about 200 miles from home, I can always say that I saw the Andes first. On fourth day we saw the mountains of Peru. Fifth day we sailed down the Peruvian coast and arrived in Callao harbor about 2 p. m. on October 22, 1926, which was 13 days after leaving Galveston. We passed quarantine and entered the harbor where the President of Peru and many of his official party came on board the ship to see and welcome the



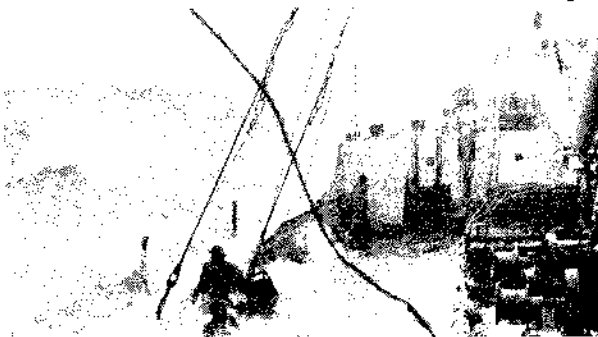
(Center) President of Peru, in 1926 and his official party, inspecting cattle as they arrived in Calloa, Peru harbor, on S. S. Genevieve Lykes.

cattle. (It was a great thing to have so many valuable cattle come into the country and they were proud of it.) We went ashore a short while as our job was finished and that solid pier sure felt strange as we had acquired sea legs by then. We went ashore the next day and looked over the cities of Callao and Lima.

Lima was the capital of Peru, and Callao was the seaport. Thought these were nice cities but were afraid to go around alone as they were some tough looking characters around. Climate was arid and the mountains were completely bare as far as we could see all down the coast. They told us it had not rained in Lima for many years. The crew got sailing orders in Callao to go on down the west coast to Iquique, Chile, to pick up a load of nitrate and copper. Those first days out of Callao harbor we were busy cleaning up the mess we had on the ship. Baled hay, manure and all waste was cleaned with fork and shovel and thrown onto a tarp which was attached to a winch and hoisted topside and dumped overboard. One day we were out of sight of land and had been dumping baled hay overboard all day and we could look back and see floating bales as far back as we could see.

Proceeding with the diary. Third day out of Callao we anchored in harbor at Arica, Chile. Arrived at Iquique, Chile, the next day. Were there four days while natives loaded nitrate and copper. It was fun watching those little natives handle those 220 lb sacks of nitrate all day. With a single toss they had them on their shoulder and walked to where it was to be piled. Another slight toss and it landed just where it was supposed to. We went ashore in Iquique but this was a dirty place with real toughs around and we did not stay. Headed for home which was six thousand miles away.

Arrived Panama morning of tenth day from Iquique. We were well over one half way down the west coast of South America. It took us another seven days



Deck hand working during storm.

to reach New Orleans and we passed within sight of Cape San Antone, Cuba.

There are many interesting things I could tell of this trip. We got to go ashore at Panama on our return trip and take a train across the Isthmus so we gained enough time on the ship that we could look around Colon some and then we left Colon and hit the tail of a hurricane that went ahead of us and about wrecked Havana. We did see two water-spouts.



High waves coming on board ship during hurricane in Gulf of Mexico.

We came up the Mississippi river 90 miles to New Orleans where we left the ship. The name of the ship was the Genevieve Lykes of New Orleans.

We spent four days around New Orleans seeing the sights before breaking up and going our separate ways. I have never seen any of this gang since.

If we boys had been provided with passports and other papers the Cerro de Pasco Company was willing to take us on over the mountains with the cattle and would even have given us jobs there, providing we would sign up for three years. I have often speculated what could have been the course of my life if I had stayed.

I took a train north across Mississippi and to Memphis, Tennessee, and then across southern Missouri to Aurora where my grandparents were living. I visited with them a couple of days, then took the train to Kansas City and on to home. I was gone two months on this trip and arrived back in Winona flat broke.

Somewhere between Aurora and Kansas City I lost my billfold, it must have slipped out of my pocket as I slept on the train that night, for when I got to Kansas City it was gone. I got a redcap and we went back on the train but could not find it so I did not have anything to eat all that day or the rest of the way home.

The train got into Winona late at night and I walked up to the hotel, which was on the north end of the main block. Mr. Willard Frew was then operating the hotel. He did not stay up to take care of those coming in late, but kept a sign on the desk telling what rooms were vacant and telling those needing rooms to register and go on up to that room number. This I did and awoke the next morning plenty hungry. When I went down stairs I visited with Mr. Frew and told him I had not had anything to eat for almost two days and he sat me at the dining room table and fed me a good breakfast which I paid for later. He had known us for years and was a good friend. He also owned a nice plot of land across the railroad south of town and lived some years in a house there and kept a few milk cows. There was a barn approximatley where the Motel now stands and for several summers I had hauled loose alfalfa hay from the farm on a hay rack pulled by horses and then pitched it into the hay mow of the barn. Mr. Frew had bought the hay for his milk cows.

Dad came in and took me on home that morning and while such a trip would not be thought much about now, when our young folks travel all over the world, it was a real adventure in those days when no one got far from home. Yes, I would like to repeat it.

As all our transportation had been furnished by the railroad and the ship line, except that from New Orleans on

home and all of our eats were furnished while we were on the ship and the Cerro de Pasco Company paid us \$4.00 per day, the entire trip did not cost but very little out of my pocket.

(January 16, 1967...I just found a quite complete diary of my trip to South America and it lists time between various places between Winona and my return and it also lists expenses and the amount of money I received for my work. It seems rather inconceivable in the present day to think that one could travel so slow and spend so little money as we did then. Just remember money was as scarce as hen's teeth then, and travel was slow.

It is mighty interesting to me even yet to review this diary and I believe that it will be for others. Imagine starting on a trip of uncertain length with only \$25.00 in your pocket! That is what I left Winona with and my itemized expenses for the entire trip were as follows.

The expenses listed from Winona to Houston were strictly for my meals as transportation was furnished by the railroad for tending cattle. Winona, .60; Ellsworth, .40; Junction City, .45; Kansas City, \$1.25; Ft. Scott, .45; Cherokee, .40; Baxter Springs, .35; Afton, Okla., .20; Sapulpa, Okla., .35; Francis, .60; Sherman Texas, .20; Ft. Worth, \$1.25 and Houston, \$1.50; I see that I have .25 listed for eats at Panama, so I guess I blowed myself for something. Probably chipped in on a full bunch of bananas for I remember that we boys bought a bunch or about all a man could carry for \$1.00 and as we did not get off the ship going down we must have bought from one of the boats that peddled to the ships. In Callao and Lima, we rode a street car back and forth between the cities and again I blowed myself for I bought several souvenirs, some of which we still have, and I got out of there by spending only \$5.75 and as we had to have our money exchanged for Peruvian and I kept all the loose change that I had, I sure blowed myself again.

We were in Iquique, Chile, from 8 a.m. October 27 to 6 p.m. on October 30, and here I spent the great big sum of \$10.00. Again it was for souvenirs and I

still have some Chilian money.

When we got to Panama we arrived there at 6 a. m. and left Colon at 11 p. m. the same day and those pirates in Panama City, Balboa, Colon and Christable had taken \$23.00 away from me and again it was mostly for souvenirs many of which we still have.

When we arrived at New Orleans we got rooms at a hotel and stayed at the hotel from November 17 to the 20th for \$5.00 each and it was one of the better hotels. As we had not taken any good clothes with us we all bought ourselves a good suit and other clothes and I paid \$22.50 for my suit and a total of \$39.50 for clothes and a suitcase to carry them home in. The Bohart boys had cameras with which they took a lot of pictures and we had them developed there and each of us took a complete set so I paid out \$7.50 for those and the railroad fare to Aurora cost me \$25.67 and from Aurora to Winona another \$21.48. Misc. items in New

Orleans were \$20.00. So I spent a total of \$152.40 for this trip and as I had started with \$25.00 and the Company paid me \$78.00 for my work with the cattle. I had some money in the bank at Winona so when I got back to New Orleans I wired and they sent me \$40.00 and at grandfather Tallmans at Aurora I cashed a check for \$17.50 or a total of \$157.

I have pretty well covered the time element in the original account but I do want to give the time from Winona to Kansas City. We left Winona at 9:30 p. m. and arrived in Ellis at 7 a. m. next morning. Ellsworth at 1:45 p. m., Salina 5:15 and Junction City 8:00 p. m. and Kansas City at 4:45 a. m. or a total of 31 hours and 15 minutes for the trip.

An item of interest that I found in this diary was that we felt the ship tip when we crossed the equator and that we made better time thereafter for we were going down hill all the way on to Iquique.

Chapter X

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 Winona. 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 cussing 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.

The next summer I again worked for Jordan and Bishop in the harvest. In those days harvest lasted for many days, and was not the quick job we have now. It never started until after July 4 and we might be cutting into August.

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.)

We got home late the next evening and it was almost dark when I went to do my chores and milk the cows. I went out of the barn to get a milk cow and I heard something running back of me. I looked over my shoulder just as that bull hit me in the rear. The next I knew I was flat on my back and the bull was astraddle of me trying to butt me into the ground. I found out later that my hips were broken both front and back, and my back was broken. All I could do to help myself was to reach up and catch the long hair on top of the bull's head with my left hand and his ear with my right hand. I hoped to be able to pull myself onto his neck where he could not butt me, but as soon as I pulled up on his head he simple raised his head and carried me on it up to that concrete wall where he about mashed me flat. My right side was in the open door and he slacked off enough that I fell into the open doorway and was able to crawl around against the wall but could go no farther. I must have been out of his sight, for he never did come into that barn but he did tear the door off it's hinges and kept up a fuss for a long time.

I was sick and chilled (I found out later practically all my ribs on the left side were broken) but I was afraid to pass out for I thought Bertha would come down and the bull would get her. I was there for ages, or so I thought, when she did come down and I managed to tell what had happened. She never came into the corral but ran to the neighbors one half mile east. This run was not a bit good for her as she was just out of the hospital, but she found Mr. Calhoun had company that evening. His son and his girl and another young couple were there so the girls took the car and went to Winona for Dr. Butler and the men came over to help me. They were able to move me a short distance away from the door as they were

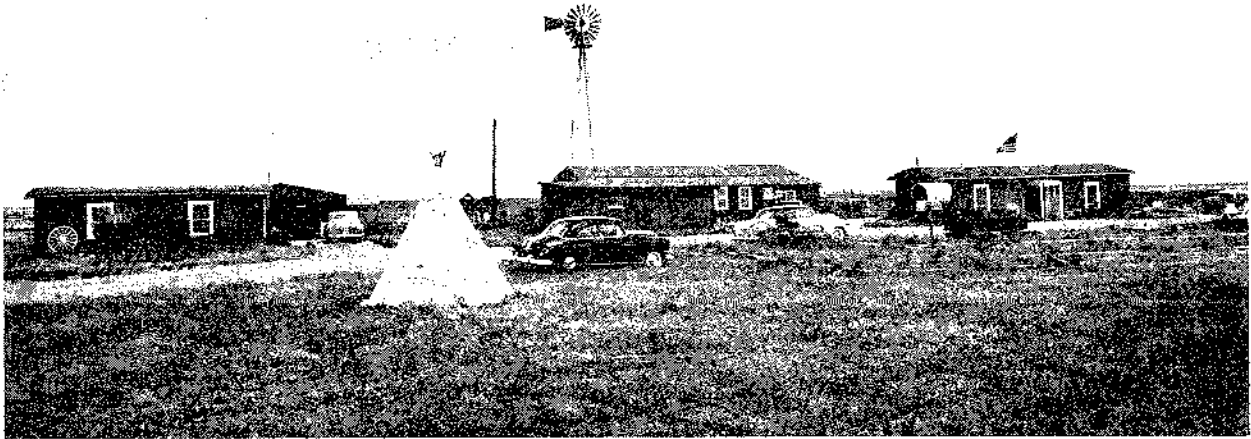
afraid that bull was coming in for he was still raising Hell and I tried to get them to kill him. They got my old double-barreled shotgun and shot up a lot of shells but only scared him away. When Dr. Butler got there he said, "Let me have that gun and I'll shoot him." He did shoot, but I understood afterwards that he only shot him in the eye. I had sold that bull a couple of weeks previously to Mr. Bob Armstrong who had intended to ship him to Kansas City to market. He had not yet got a carload purchased, however, so the bull was not shipped until after he about killed me.

They moved me to the house on a blanket. I had been out for some time and knew nothing except what was told to me later. Dr. Butler said that there was no chance for me to live, and he took Bertha and the two babies to her folks at Winona and then he took my father-in-law Delsy Williams and went back to the farm. They were in the doctor's Model A sedan this time and Delsy finally persuaded the doctor to load me in that car and take me to Hays. Dr. Butler thought it was useless. I was unconscious most of the way to Hays but I did know that it was a long, rough trip that seemed like it would never end. It was just starting to get day light when we got there. When they started to unload me I passed out and knew nothing for several days.

Bertha's sister Mary was head nurse at the hospital at the time and she was on duty that morning. She told me later that they could detect no heart beat when they took me into the hospital but Dr. Blake got my heart started with an injection of adrenlin and artificial respiration.

The doctors there thought I could not live, but in a few days they put me in a cast that extended from below my knees to just under my chin so that all I could move was my arms. It was September and the weather was hot. There was no air-conditioning and I about roasted. Besides my broken hips and back, they found 17 broken ribs.

Mother and the girls came out from Missouri and Bertha came down every time she got a chance. I was only in the



Sod Town, Colby, Kansas.

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.

Now, this I did not find out till the spring of 1964, but I must add it here for it belongs to this. In the spring of 1964 I took a friend from California out to Sod Town just east of Colby. I had lived neighbors to Vernie Kear, the owner of Sod Town, ever since we moved to Thomas County in 1938 and while it was late in the evening I thought I could get him in. My friend had never seen a sod house and he had to leave early the next morning.

There was a light in one of the rooms and when I knocked a woman came to the door and I explained who I was and why we were out so late. Evidently she did not catch my name but she showed us through and in the course of our conversation she mentioned being raised in Logan county. I asked her who she was and she said she was a daughter of Gail Challis. Well, Gail Challis' family had lived three-fourths of a mile west of us when

we lived there on the river. They lived there in '26 until about '30 and the older children had gone to school to Bertha when she taught at Pleasant Valley.

I told her who I was and she asked me if I remembered the old bull that about killed me. I told her that was something that I could never forget. She said, "You know when we lived up the river from you, we kids tormented that bull to death. We would get up in a tree right next to your pasture fence and tease him with sticks and he would get so mad and butt the tree and keep us up there till we kept quiet and he would leave." I asked her if she was not ashamed. Any way after 35 years I found out partly why that bull got so mean.

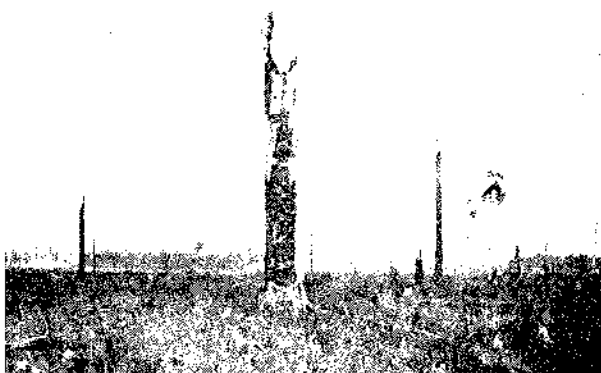
I had only been back in Winona a few days when I met Ray Herschberger and his father George one morning. They were just ready to leave to go to Louisiana to look at some land George owned. (This was the land that dad had been instrumental in selling him back about 1912). They asked me to go with them but I was afraid I could not stand the trip. They told me if I would go and we got as far as Wichita and I found it was too much, instead of going south from Wichita they would go by Aurora, Missouri, and I could stay there with Dad till they came back. Bertha and I talked it over and in a few minutes I was on my way.

We went to Wichita and stopped at the airport. Ray and I had purchased our

tickets to take a ride on a Ford Tri-motor for a short ways and were on the airfield, when all flights were cancelled due to the National Air races coming in. Well, the big crowd had to stay outside the runway area but we were already in and so got to look all those raceplanes over. I'll never forget how huge that Ford Tri-motor looked then. We never did get to take our plane ride.

We went south across Oklahoma and Texas to Houston and then east to Beaumont. At Sabine we went to the coast where Ray saw the Gulf for the first time. Something that was rather amusing happened that evening. We were told that we were about five miles from the coast, but we drove for miles and could not find the water. Lots of animals crossed our road and occasionally we could see something moving off to the side. Suddenly it occurred to me that what we were seeing were ocean waves and when I had Ray turn the lights on so the lights showed that way we were almost in the water. We had driven for miles very close to the water. We stayed in the car that night so we could see the gulf by daylight and the mosquitos about ate us up.

From there we went north to DeRidder, Louisiana, where the land was and began to look for it. When he had purchased it, it was covered with big timber but we found that it had all been cleared off by timber thieves and all that was left were large stumps. They were even starting to steal these as they could be sold for



Burned over timber land near DeRidder, La. Land owned by George Herschberger of Logan Co. Taken in fall of 1929 when Geo. Ray and I made trip to see land.

use in making turpentine. Also there were many large craters scattered all over the land around there. These were where oil prospectors were exploring for oil.

(This could come later but I'll finish about this land. In 1935, Ray and I were working on W.P.A. at Russell Springs and Ray wanted to sell me that land of 160 acres for \$500.00. His father had died and there were four heirs and they wanted to sell. I could not raise the money and did not want the land, but three of the heirs sold their forty acres each. This was right in the heart of the Louisiana, East Texas oil fields and the the lady who kept her land got a big return. It sure looked worthless, though, when we saw it with nothing but tree stumps on it.

From DeRidder we went north across Arkansas to Aurora where I visited with dad and then we went on home.

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 whale 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.

Chapter XI

Move to Stone Farm and Blizzard of 1931

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.

We were having some very wet weather in March of 1931 and on the morning of March 26, I took care of my cattle and fed them in the barn instead of turning them out to pasture on the wheat because it was raining and I wanted to butcher a hog. I had the hog killed and scalded when suddenly the wind began blowing a gale. The bottom fell out of the thermometer and the hair on that hog set as solid as though it had never been scalded.

I quickly skinned it, hung it up and went to the house, which I could hardly find because the snow was blowing so bad. This storm lasted for three days and when it was over, there were drifts almost as high as the barn. Dead cattle were everywhere and we had gone through one of the worst blizzards in the history of the country.

We had two rooms on the ground floor of that house. The north room was the living room and we had a coal heating stove in it. In the south room we had a Coleman three-burner gasoline range and as the below zero wind was whistling into that north room almost like it did outside, it was impossible to keep it warm, even if we had had plenty of coal which we did not. What coal we did have was buried deep under snow. However, we did have gasoline and we shut off that north room and lived for three days beside that gasoline cook stove which was all the heat we had. With three small children that was a job.

When the storm was over, it cleared off and the snow melted fast but there were dead cattle everywhere. The snow had plastered in their nostrils, buried them, and froze them by the hundreds.

I was fortunate in that I had kept my cattle in the barn. We didn't lose any, but every building in the country that had a small crack in it was drifted full, and some cattle died in the buildings.

It was in this same blizzard that a bus load of children was lost in the storm near Tribune and some of them froze to death. I walked down the draw about three miles to the southeast of our place and saw a herd of about 100 head of fat steers that belonged to the Spencer ranch. They had drifted into a pocket and died. One could have walked from one to another without ever stepping on the ground. One of

those storms in a lifetime is enough for anyone and the wonder is there were no more people died in it than did.

Kroth's oldest girl, Joyce, was born in that farm house, in the midst of the blizzard.

Ab Kroth and I planted a short $\frac{1}{2}$ section of corn together the next spring. He had an old Hart-Parr tractor and I an old 15-30 I.H.C. We didn't get much of a crop and that was the last crop I raised for ten long years. Every year I would get a government seed loan and I would put out a crop, but could not raise a thing.

Our son Harold was born September 3, 1931, in the hospital in Hays and Louise was born at my mother's at Monument



Back Row: Walter & Richard. Front row: Maxine, Harold, Louise Linville.

September 12, 1932. These older children all started to school at Page City. They were picked up and returned home by the Page City school bus driven by Carl Samuelson.

Neighbors who lived near by there south of Page were Floyd Bostons, Will Tallmans and Charles Hudsons to the north. The Ben Kruse family and the Tom Grace family lived where Kroths had lived. Bill Davids lived one mile straight east of us. Kenneth Colglazier moved to that neighborhood during those years. Ross Marstellers and Charles Marstellers, Clint McIntoshs and Mabel Thouvanell, Earl David, his mother and sister and Earl's brother Arthur lived along the section line one mile west of us at varying intervals. Ben Eaton lived further south where he had a large and very popular dance hall on his farm. Straight south of us was the Markham and Bill Berndt families. We did more visiting and had more card parties in the evenings than we have ever had since.

Yes, we had good neighbors and as we were all in about the same fix financially, we tried to help one another when possible. A great number of those friends have passed away now, but we will always remember them and we visit with those we can whenever possible.

Chapter XII

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 whodid 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 real drouth 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 these 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

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 1932, 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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.

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.

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.

Along may come a nice little shower,
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."

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.

Chapter XIII

We Move to Thomas County, Kansas

The Stone farm was purchased by Charles Hudson in the winter of 1937 and we knew we were going to have to move March first of 1938. I spent considerable time trying to locate another farm. Despite all the crop failures, good farms to rent were hard to locate. I had known Howard Grover when he was in Monument and about as hard up as the rest of us. He had moved to Colby and was running a small shop in Colby and someone told me that he knew of a place near Colby.

I went up and talked to him and he told me it was a half section southeast of Colby with a good basement house on it. The Thomas county area had not been hit quite as hard as we had and when I looked at the farm it was satisfactory, even though it did have only a basement house. I rented the farm through Mr. Beckner, a lawyer in Colby. This proved to be one of the best moves I ever made and while we had a couple of tough years before we started raising crops, I have always been happy that we made the move. We started the children in the Colby school and I had to haul them that first spring.

I planted a wheat crop in the fall of 1938 and it was beautiful until the next spring when the worms got into it. When they finished, the ground was as bare as a floor, and I had another Crop loan I could not pay.

That summer I managed to rent Section 25-8-33 from Charles Murray. It was a full section of farm land and I summer-fallowed a lot of the land and put it to wheat. It did fine and we looked it over a few days before harvest and thought it should make around 20 bushel per acre or better. I hired Andy Norton to cut the wheat and he started on the field before I got there. He came and told me "Leslie, that field looks fine but there just is no

wheat in it." The hot winds had shriveled the grain till it was not worth cutting, so there was another crop down the drain.

Mr. Murray took that land back but I rented some land just north of where we lived, the south half-section of 11-8-33. I had a lot of summer fallow there that I put to wheat that fall.

Never a crop did better and I harvested my first wheat crop in the summer of 1941 and we got well in a hurry. It took a couple more good crop years to get clear of our old crop and feed loans, but every cent was repaid and it was one of the happiest days of our lives when we paid off.

We had also rented Mrs. Belle Cook's land in 1940. This was the northwest quarter of section 18-8-32 and the southeast of section 12-8-33. It had some good farm land on it, but she was about to lose it to mortgages. I made her a proposition that I would give her the share of the crop raised that year which she was entitled to, plus a small down payment if we could get the land refinanced. She was agreeable, so the deal was worked out and we took possession in our name at a total cost of \$17.50 per acre.

The North Solomon river went directly across the northwest of section 18 from southwest to northeast so most of that quarter was grass or pasture. Our farm buildings were along the north bank and directly south of the road that passed along the north side of the section. Something that was a little out of the ordinary in this draw east of the house was a very large cottonwood tree that stood in the bottom of the draw. This was the only cottonwood tree for miles around and was quite old. It died a few years later and I set it afire one evening. It almost completely burned down with only a six or eight foot stump. I used to find numerous



North Solomon at flood stage with our farm buildings in background.



North Solomon at flood stage with large cottonwood tree in bottom. View taken from our farm building site to the east. Trees in background are Snyder farm.

arrowheads on the bank north of that tree.

This place had originally been settled on by the Judge Steele family. He was an early day County Probate Judge of Thomas County. Later it was owned by J. R. Connelly and Mrs. Belle Cook.

The buildings were in bad condition and we started to remodel them, but had just made a good start when World War II hit us and we could get very little building materials as they were "frozen." It was actually seven years before we completed that house, with all the plumbing.

The good crop years following coincided with the war years. Prices rose steadily, because agriculture products were needed all over the world. We who had poor machinery to start, due to our long no-crop years had a problem to keep our machinery operating. Machinery was strictly rationed and naturally the larger

farmers were those who had money to start or had raised a crop during the past few years and they were the preferred ones who got what little machinery was available. The rest of us patched and put up with what we had but even with that we could raise 30 or 40 bushel wheat.

By 1943 I was farming all of section 11-8-33 and the south one half of 2-8-33 which was just north of section 11. This land all belonged to one man and as the crop I raised on the south one-half in '41 was the first crop he had received any money from in several years, he favored me and let me have it all. He lived in Nebraska and I never met him but our dealings were entirely fair.

When he sold all his land in 1944 I had first chance to buy, I could not raise the money to purchase it all, but I did purchase that land south of the railroad on 2-8-33 and I had some wonderful crops on it during the few years I did farm section 11. Even some volunteer made 40 bushel to the acre and the best wheat I ever raised made a little over 50 bushel to the acre. All this land had been in bad condition when I started farming it. It consisted of large dust piles, acres not farmed at all because of dust piles or heavy bindweed infestation, and it just had not been taken care of.

I had been able to get a new small sized tractor in 1941 and in order to take care of the acres we were then farming, the boys and I changed off on the tractor and kept it running day and night. I remember one time I kept track of the hours that tractor motor ran without once being shut off and it exceeded 100 hours. Also that year before rationing became so strict I had purchased a new M. M. 6-foot power-take-off combine and it had to do me until 1945. I cut many thousands of bushels of grain with it and I acquired an old Baldwin but had to go clear to eastern Kansas before I could find one. Machinery was just not available and that one I purchased in eastern Kansas I had mounted on rubber so I could pull it home behind a truck I also found down there. One combine tire blew out on my way home for I had to have



1941 wheat harvest with my new 6 foot M. M. Combine. Wheat stood 4 ft. tall and this piece averaged about 55 bu. per acre.

second hand tires put on and I had one devil of a time persuading the War ration board at Concordia that I had to have a new tire. The only reason that I did get a new tire was that they could not find a used one to issue me.

Indeed those were troublesome times for all: the boys in the service, those in responsible offices, and us on the farms. We all had our problems. We couldn't get machinery or repairs to take care of what we did have and usually we could not get help, but in that I was fairly fortunate. I had three boys of my own who were small but they did men's work wherever they were put. In addition I had this good friend Ab Kroth who came out every harvest to help me. I could always depend on him and I could never have handled the acres I did without this help. By 1945 I had about 1400 acres in my farm, owned and rented, and that was the best year I ever had with a total production of about 20,000 bushels. Elevator space in town was at a premium and I stored most of my wheat on the farm. We had wheat in everything available. It all had to be scooped for that was before grain augers came in.

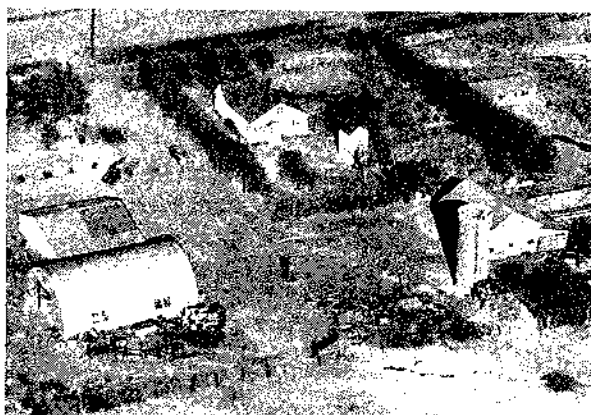
After harvest in 1945 I purchased the

northeast one fourth of section 10-8-33 from Willard Cooper. I summer fallowed the entire acreage in 1945 and in 1947 we took 40 bushel per acre average from the entire field. No acreage restrictions then.

Some years we got all or partially hailed out. In 1944 I had just started to cut 80 acres on section 11 and the wheat was easily making 30 bushel to the acre. A vicious little cloud came up in the southwest, opened up, and hailed that field clean. We never cut another bushel and I didn't have a penny's worth of insurance.

1945 was a year of very bad wheat field fires and it was nothing to look around the horizon and see from one to several big smokes and know that some of our neighbor's fields were going up in flames. If these were close, then the neighbors all shut down and went to help fight fire. I know that one day I counted 20 different fires that could be seen from my field.

One of the worst wheat field fires that year occurred on the Garvey section just south of Halford. It started near the southeast corner and burned entirely across the section. Garvey's had planted a row of trees clear along the north and east side of the section line about a rod inside the line. The trees were small but the wheat was drilled close to them and this fire took most of them but even today those not burned are still standing, so the effects of that fire are still noticeable.



Aireal photo of our farm buildings, 7 miles S. E. of Colby. On Section 18-8-32, Thomas County, Kansas. Picture taken in 1952.

When we purchased the Cook land in 1941 the buildings were wrecks and there were only two trees on the place. We immediately planted many trees and by the time we sold that place in 1957 there were many fine trees and we had built every building on the place. We were proud of it. We spent about \$25,000.00 on improvements, but we expected to make that home the rest of our lives. Sickness can change the best laid plans. .

Norman was born in 1938 and Larry in 1940 and then in 1948 our last boy, Donald, was born. They all attended Colby school and graduated from the high school. It took a lot to keep up with all of them. Bertha had been just as busy as everyone else all these years and I could always depend on her to back me in anything I attempted to do. I can never give her enough credit for what we accomplished. We were a happy, busy family.

Richard graduated from Colby high school in the spring of 1945 and then attended college in Manhattan for two years before joining the Air Force, where he was in for a four year hitch. While in the Air Force he married Opal Griffin, a neighbor girl, here at Colby. Walter graduated in 1949 and about a year later he married Carol Ann Post whom he had met in high school. Maxine graduated in 1948 and then attended a business college in Kansas City from which she graduated before going to work in a law office in Colby and later in Manhattan. She met Roy Brooks, who was then stationed at Ft. Riley and they were married in Manhattan in 1955. Harold and Louise graduated from high school and started to college in Manhattan but only attended the first year. Louise married Dale Sanford, a boy she met in college, and Harold married Janice Denny, a school mate from high school. Norman graduated from Colby high school, Kansas Wesleyan Salina, and then went on to Ann Arbor Michigan where he got his Master's Degree. He has been teaching in Kansas State Teachers College at Pittsburg, Kansas. Larry finished high school but would not go on to college and after about a year married Delores Kliensorge of Selden.

Donald graduated from high school in the spring of 1966 and is now attending Colby Community Junior College.

Something that I have said very little about in this narrative is my own children, not that I intend to neglect them, but simply because I think that their lives are their own story and what they do is their own. We naturally are very proud of them all and while I did include some of the things about my parents and grandparents, it was because I was digging into the ancestry for my own and my children's information, as there is none of them now living to tell of their lives.

A few of the things I shall tell here, which relate to my children, will help refresh their memories and show some of the good things we enjoyed among other members of the community.

In regard to their schooling: From the time we moved to Thomas County in the spring of 1938 and up until graduation of the class of 1966, there was a Linville child in the Colby public schools, grade and high school with the exception of a short time while we were in Texas. In other words we had a pupil in the Colby school system continuously for 28 years. Also Donald is attending Colby Junior College at present.



Leslie Linville family in 1949, at farm home. Front row: Larry, Norman, Donald, Bertha, Maxine, Louise. Back row: Leslie, Walter, Richard, Harold.

While living on the farm S. E. of Colby,

they entered into many community activities. One of the principal pastimes for the boys during the summer times were their baseball games. We built a baseball diamond in the pasture to the S.W. of the house and erected a backstop and almost every Sunday afternoon there was a group of boys playing there. Among those who used to come were Frank Vacin Jr., George Epard, Paul Chase, Merle Leak, Duane Saddler, Glen Snyder, and other boys from Colby and other parts of the county. Francis Saddler was the main coach, but most the other fathers also came and I am sure all had a world of fun.

Another activity that brought many from all parts of the county to our farm, on Saturday evenings was that some of the children attended a 4-H camp in Colorado one summer and they learned to square dance. After they returned home they began to have square dances in our new quonset. As Bertha nor myself ever learned to dance we could not direct them, but Mr. and Mrs. Clem Bremenkamp, who lived about 8 miles S. E. of us and were the leaders of the Country Pals 4-H club brought their public address system and they gave loyal and efficient assistance to the children. They were the main reason for the success of this entertainment and deserve many thanks.

There were often large numbers of youngsters square dancing, and many of their parents also attended, some just to watch but often the quonset was quite well filled with people. Among those who came to these were: The Epards, Vacins, Chases, Simms, Bourquins, Vernons, Henry Bremenkamp family, Joe Aschenbrenner, Kersenbrock, Gay Henry's, and Norman Sharps, and many others whom I cannot even now recall.

The name of the 4-H club our children attended was the Wise Owl Club.

There was never any trouble, just good clean entertainment, enjoyed by all who attended and I am quite sure that many who attended learned to dance, for even the youngest in the families got into the dances.

Shortly after we moved to Thomas

County Bertha joined the Farm & Fire-side H. D. U. club and remained a member until a year ago. The women who belonged to that club were from S. E. of Colby and around Mingo and once a year they held a family Christmas party where the whole family gathered at one of the homes. The families who gathered were the Earl Howards, J. Williams, Eldo Franz, Cyril Saddler, John Hansen, Art Lunsway, and William Gaedert.

Going back to the year of 1942. About Christmas time, I received a telephone call from a doctor in Aurora, Missouri, who told me that father was seriously ill in the hospital there. He had had a bad heart attack some time before, but would not let anyone notify us until this doctor called. The doctor didn't think he could live long and wanted me to come down. I phoned a friend, Chig Grey, in Page City, whose mother lived in Springfield and asked him if he would like to go along. He agreed and we left the next evening and arrived in Aurora the next morning.

Upon our arrival we found that Dad was in very bad condition. The doctor told me there was no possible chance for him to survive long and as he had no relation close, he advised me to bring him back to Colby. The doctor added that he might not stand the trip, but that nothing more could be done and for me to just keep driving. I disposed of his property and we started back, arriving home without trouble. Remember this was in a war year and everyone was under much pressure. Today I don't think I would even attempt such a thing.

Dad lived at our place and at the hospital in Colby for about two months before passing away on March 31, 1943. We buried him in the cemetery at Monument, where grandfather Tallman was buried in 1944. In 1957 we buried mother along side the others.

Bertha's father Delsy suffered from cancer for several years, but he kept on with his work at the Winona school house as long as he was able. In the summer of 1946 he passed away, peacefully at his home in Winona and we buried him in the cemetery at Winona.

In 1945 I purchased a small house in the south edge of Colby and remodeled it. One of the first families who lived in it was the W. L. Biggs family. This house was the next to the last house on Range Street when I purchased it but now Colby extends far south of it. The Duane Woof-ter family have lived in it for the last 17 years.

We built a quonset on the farm in 1948 which was the last major improvement except for the silos. When we sold the place in 1957 it was about as nice a place as there was in the neighborhood.

Many small things happened after we moved to Thomas County that are hardly worth mentioning but were important at the time or seemed so to us.

One incident that happened shortly after we had moved to our farm a little over two miles due east of John Stewardson's place, started one evening in March of 1944. That evening when I went into the house after finishing my chores, I heard the phone ringing John's ring. Bertha said someone had been trying to get him for a long time. He was on our phone line on an extension that I knew was completely down so I picked up the phone and just said that it would be impossible to get him on the phone.

It was Jim Pratt on the phone and he told me that Lloyd Dimmitt had carried our mail route that day as substitute and he had never returned. One of those vicious little March blizzards had come up suddenly about nine o'clock that morning. It had been very blinding and piled snow quite deep in drifts. Jim said that they were unable to get out of town and were trying to phone the various patrons along the line to locate Lloyd. The route came up a county road from the south to John's corner then went west to our box which was right on the corner, then it went west three miles to straight south of Colby. I told Jim the only way to hear from John was to go there and check and that I would take my high wheeled tractor and go over.

Jim did not want me to do this as John discouraged anyone from coming on the place. I told Jim I would go and I went

out and cranked my tractor which was in a shed and I left it warming up while I put on other heavy clothes for it was still blowing hard. There was some snow and it had become quite cold. Mrs. Myrtle Snyder lived about three-fourths of a mile east of us and her son Glen heard our conversation on the phone. He was a classmate of Lloyd's and the same age and he walked to our place and went with me.

We went west to John's who told us that he had not seen Lloyd, but when I looked in my mail box my mail was there so I knew he was further west. We went on without too much trouble except that occasionally we had to shovel a little snow. When we had gone another mile to the corner that leads up to Cleo Theiler's and Vernie Kear's places a mile north, for some reason we turned and went that way. A little over a half mile north we saw something in the middle of the road which we at first thought was Lloyd. However, when we got there we found that it was only his mail sack, and we could find no trace of Lloyd. We went on to Cleo's where we phoned to Colby. They told us that they knew nothing more but were about organized to start hunting as the wind was going down and the road east of town had been opened. Very shortly it looked as though most of the men in Colby were out there hunting, but still we could not find him. Some continued to search all night, but Glen and I were very cold as we had ridden on that open tractor, and so about 1:00 a. m. we gave it up and went home.

The next morning I tended my cattle early and went back. There were men scattered all over still looking in the fields and road ditches. I joined two other men and we went south on the section line road where we had gone north the night before. We went to some deserted buildings one mile south and found nothing so started back up the road watching in the road ditches very closely. About a half mile north we suddenly found some men's footprints that were partially obliterated and they went along the west ditch a ways and then crossed the fence

and went in a northwest direction directly toward Lloyd's car which we could see about buried in the snow. We started to follow these tracks and just then someone yelled and they had found Lloyd's body under the snow and against the fence just east of his car.

We found out afterwards that when Lloyd's car had stalled upon the hill just a short way east of Gus Theiler's place, Lloyd had walked to Gus's place to warm himself and then against Mr. Theiler's advice had returned to his car. Evidently he had then decided to walk north to Cleo's or Vernie's place where he could phone for help.

My assumption is that he took the mail sack and after walking as far as he could against the wind, he had to give up. He put the sack down right in the middle of the road where it could be found and then started back to his car. I believe that he missed the corner where his car was a short ways west but continued south another half mile. Possibly the wind slackened enough that he could see his car, for his tracks indicated that he started north again, then directly across the pasture toward it but when he came to that east and west fence he was so exhausted that he could not get through the fence and froze and was buried under the snow.

As soon as there was any possibility of obtaining any new machinery after the close of the war, I placed an order for a new Oliver 99 Tractor and a Baldwin combine. Everything had been strictly rationed and this continued until late 1946 or early in 1947.

My Oliver dealer phoned me one evening and said that they had three new tractors in, two of them were 99's and one was a model 80 and as my order was second on the list, I was entitled to get my choice of the 80 or the 99 but they felt that the 99 should go to a larger operator than I. While they did not refuse to let me have the 99, I could see that I was going to have to put up some strong arguments to get it. I settled for the 80 as I was not farming quite as many acres

then. Early in the spring of 1946 I drove out the 80 but the dealer had stipulated that I was to bring it in for them to display at the annual Colby Tractor Show.



Harold driving new Oliver 80 tractor in parade at Colby Tractor show in 1946

When the tractor show was to open the next day, I drove the tractor to town in the afternoon. As I had been working on the southeast one fourth of section 2-8-33 with it, I simply unhooked from the oneway and went to town. I left the tractor and Jim Secrest took me back to my pickup which was in the field.

I got in the pickup and went to get my mail which was in the box one mile west and one mile south. By the time I got home it was raining heavily and I jumped out and ran into the house without looking back.

About an hour later the older children drove home from school and told us of a severe hail and wind storm that had hit Colby and had broken many windows in the buildings and had torn down all the phone lines east of Colby. We all got in the car and went to view the damage and when we got to my oneway I found that a stock water tank that had been left near where I had left my oneway was gone. Along the railroad on the north side of the field, all my electric fence was gone and when we got to the highway, all the phone lines were just a tangled mess. Most of the poles were broken off and the whole mess scattered back and forth across the highway.

A twister had let down right where the KXXX radio tower is located, destroying

the tower and everything in it's path as it moved east down the highway. Fortunately, there were few people in it's path and there were no serious injuries. However, it did wipe quite a path of destruction. It had sucked up my stock tank which I finally found two miles east in the ditch. The tank looked like a metal ball, as it has been pounded into that shape. The fence along the railroad was twisted back and forth across the track and the evening jitney from the east cut it every time a wheel crossed a wire. I imagine that mile of wire was in thousands of pieces.

If I had been a little later in leaving the field I might have been caught, for it hit about the time I got home. I never did see it or hear it, though.

I had been trying to get a new Baldwin combine for several years and in 1946 I stood well along on the rationing lists. That winter when the priority and rationing restrictions were lifted by the War rationing board, I went to see the Baldwin dealer to see where I stood in regard to getting a new combine for the next year.

He assured me that I was the third on the list and as he was to get ten new combines for the next season, I was sure to get mine. I did not worry further for I depended on him. In early summer I saw that he had combines on the lot so I looked them over and asked which was mine. He informed me that ten machines were all he could get that year and as I was 11th on the list, I would not get one!

He had a partner who was a farmer. Even though this man had got a new combine the year before, he also got promoted to Number three spot on the list for the 1947 machines, and I was demoted to Out! That was the way a lot of machinery and car sales were handled then. If a man would pay a hidden cash payment to a dealer he could get ahead on the lists and get about anything he wanted. That was the Black Market.

Machinery was so hard to get that I left my name on the Baldwin dealer's list and did receive my combine in 1948, but if I could have purchased anything else from

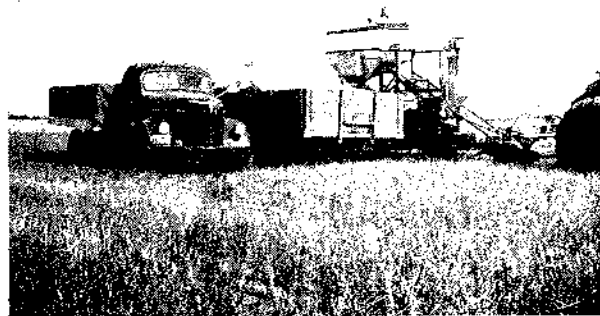
another dealer, I certainly would have let the Baldwin go. Needless to say, I have never purchased another car or piece of equipment from that dealer.

Money talks... that is one reason many of our larger farmers have been able to get larger. They were able to monopolize new machinery during the war and thus expand their operations either by purchase of land or squeezing out some small farmer, who could not do a real efficient job of farming, simply because he could not acquire the needed machinery.

Many of the smaller farmers were just as good or better farmers than the larger one, but because of smaller size, even if they could pay cash for the equipment, were discriminated against by the dealers. This same thing applied to the non-resident land owner. They preferred to rent to an operator who could put enough machinery into a field to farm it in a day or two, rather than let a man who had only one tractor have it, for it might take him a week to do the same job.

Not that I particularly blame the land owner, but that has had a tremendous part in making our large farm operators what they are today. I have seen it happen all around me.

When harvest of 1948 arrived, I had been able to buy a new 1948 Baldwin 12 foot combine of the pull type and as machines were still very scarce and had been only released from rationing about a year, there was a lot of wheat to cut. I



My 1948 harvest machinery.

did a lot of custom cutting besides my

own grain. I drove the tractor and operated the combine myself through controls that I rigged to handle both. I cut about 1400 acres of wheat right in Thomas County.

While my own wheat was still green, John Kriss had some early varieties near Levant that he hired me to cut before mine was ready. After cutting one half section for him there I cut by own. I finished up by cutting for neighbors and nearly lived on that outfit for about 30 days.

We had made plans to drive to Oregon to visit Mary after harvest but I was not feeling too well so went to Dr. Marshall and he examined me and told me I was going no place except to the hospital, where he took my appendix out the next morning. After I had been in there for four days I persuaded the doctor that I would be just as well off if he let me out and we went to Colorado for a few days. This we did.

In the spring of 1948 the State was rebuilding the nine miles of highway east of Colby and they detoured all traffic right by our place on that section line east and west. This detour existed for almost a year. Donnie was just about a month old and one morning while we were doing the chores, Milt Warner, who lived in Gem but had a store in Colby, got stuck right by our house. It was snowing some of the time but not bad. By the time I could get the tractor started to pull him out, however, there were two or three others stuck. We got them in but by then a big semi-truck was stuck up on the hill west and then another semi tried to pass the first one and they were both stuck. This completely blocked the road so nothing could move west. We began getting people in the house from stalled cars but soon had a house full. All truck drivers were very considerate and stayed with their rigs and finally after we had about 40 in the house we gave up and left the others in their cars. We phoned KXXX and had them announce that the road was completely blocked there and tried to get the highway department to stop all traffic from Oakley, but vehicles kept piling up

most of the rest of the day. About two in the afternoon a Greyhound bus from Oakley made it just north of the house. It was full of passengers and the driver came in and phoned, but he saw what a jam we had in the house and he kept all his passengers on the bus except one small child which he brought in for us to feed. By 3:00 p.m. the roadway from the top of the hill one half mile west of home to considerable distance east was filled with vehicles.

Bertha baked some biscuits and fried eggs for those we had in the house and everyone was just as nice as they could be. We were worrying what to do that night, but about 5:00 o'clock it began to let up and the boys and I got the tractors started up and as soon as it cleared enough to see, we began to pull the stalled cars out and up the road ditch past those two stalled trucks. By dark we had them all moved on the road and then the Highway Department arrived. I could never figure where they had been all the time.

I never saw so many thankful people. Those in the house insisted on leaving money or gifts and Bertha and Donnie got gifts for some time afterwards from people who mailed them to her. Some of those in cars were almost hysterical when we got to them that evening and pulled the cars out of the drifts. One car had two couples in it and was almost completely covered over right at the corner west of the house and I believe they were the most frightened people I ever saw. We put both tractors on and still could not pull them from the drift until a big truck hooked on with us and helped move them.

In the fall of 1948 I had a lot of feed to cut and milo to combine and help was scarce so I left my name with Leta Secrest at the Farm Bureau Office in Colby to have her send me some help if possible. She was handling employment placings for the farmers of the county.

One afternoon she phoned and said she had a good looking young man who wanted a farm job so I rushed in and hired him. He was a big strong, black haired fellow 28 years old who said he had been on a farm in Wyoming that summer but that

his home was in Texas. His name was Frank Walker and he was about the best help I ever hired. I could put him on a tractor, truck, binder or combine and he took care of them and was as thoughtful around the family as anyone I ever had. He told us stories of his experiences in the army and said that while he was stationed in Arabia he had watched as all kinds of supplies were being sent to Russia on the Lend-Lease program. He said the hills were covered with tanks, trucks, ammunition and other supplies going to Russia.

After he had worked there about a month he began staying in Colby evenings but I did not give it much thought for as long as he did his work and behaved himself I did not think his personal life was my concern to interfere with. Sometime later he told me he was going to marry a girl who worked in the Pyramid Cafe. He showed me a big diamond ring that he had bought for her. We were in the field when he showed it and dropped it and had a hard time finding it.

They were married and rented a room at Mrs. Sears and a few days later I wanted to attend a public sale in the afternoon so I told the boys that as the wind was blowing hard that if they would unload the load on the truck they could have the rest of the day off. I went to the sale and missed the excitement. The Highway was routed directly by our place then and Harold, Louise and Frank got in the old '41 Chevy and went to town.

Shortly afterward a car drove in the yard. It was Artie Byfield, then the sheriff of Thomas County. He went to the house and told Bertha that they were after Frank, who was an escaped Texas convict. He wanted to know where Frank was. She did not know they had left and thought he was in the Quonset. The smaller boys were playing in the yard and he had her get them into the house. Jake Grove who was deputy was with Artie. They drove out, but came back in a few minutes, drove up in front of the quonset, and jumped out with their guns drawn. Walter came walking out to see what they wanted and got the surprise of his young

life when he saw those guns covering him, but he had to tell them that Frank had gone to town.

For two days previous they and the highway patrol had been watching our place trying to keep track of Frank and then Harold, Louise and Frank drove right by the highway patrol without their seeing him. They (the officers) went to Colby and one went in the front door and one in the back of the Pyramid Cafe and took Frank at the counter before he knew they were there. They took him to jail and when I got home and heard the story I went to town and talked to the officers and then to Frank in jail.

He told me his side of the story which I have never been able to check fully. He said he was the son of a minister in Fort Worth and had excellent home training but after he returned from the service he got in trouble and was arrested and convicted of armed robbery. Of course, he claimed he was innocent, but he was sent to the State penitentiary at Huntsville where he was soon made a trusty and was able to escape.

When he had married the girl in Colby she wanted him to tell his folks, but he would not. When she finally found out that he was an escaped convict, she notified the law.

He was taken to Texas and I had my Uncle Milam check to see if he could find out what happened to him. Milam had a friend who was a Judge and he said Frank's real name was Troy Sumpter and that he had been given a 10-year sentence and had served some time when he and another convict escaped. I received considerable correspondence from Texas prison officials which I answered, but they would not cooperate and furnish me with information. About a year later Bertha and I each received a nice tooled leather billfold from him as gifts and a nice letter. Then nothing more.

The fall of 1948 was wet enough that we had a heavy growth of volunteer and summer fallow wheat and a great number of cattle and sheep were brought into the country. Particularly sheep to fatten on this growing wheat. I had my own cattle

feeding on the northeast one fourth section 10-8-33 and had rented my wheat pasture on the south one half of 2-8-33 to Otis Burchett who had it fenced and put about 2000 head of sheep on it.

On the night of November 16 a very bad blizzard hit us and by the next morning we were snowed in. I believe this continued for two days. When it let up we were buried the deepest we had been since moving to Thomas County. There was a drift about 15 feet high to the south of our house and all the buildings were covered.



Snowdrift south of house Nov. 1948.

As quickly as we could dig our way out I took the tractor and went after the cattle on section 10. The road was badly blocked and I headed across section 11, for by running around some drifts, I could make better progress. About half way across the section I began to see queer little piles all covered with snow and when I came to one of these I stopped to investigate what made it. When I kicked it I found it was a sheep and then I knew that all those sheep about a mile north had drifted with the storm and were scattered and buried all over the section. I went on and found that my cattle were all right. Some of them had drifted south to Raymond Bremenamps but he had started them back north and they came back to the rest of the herd without trouble. As soon as I got them together I started them down my tractor tracks toward home and I think some of them ran all the way.

We didn't lose any cattle in that storm



Linville boys on top of snow drift in yard at home.

but others did and the sheepmen suffered very heavy losses. It put many of them out of business. Many of the sheep lived for days under the snow and if they could be found and uncovered, they survived.

I do not remember the exact number of days, but I believe it was 22 days after the blizzard and I was driving along the road on the south side of section two and saw a small hole in the top of a drift in the road ditch. I went to investigate and found three sheep all together in the snow. They were all alive! About that time Otis Burchett came along and we got them out and he hauled them to the yards. As far as I know they all lived.

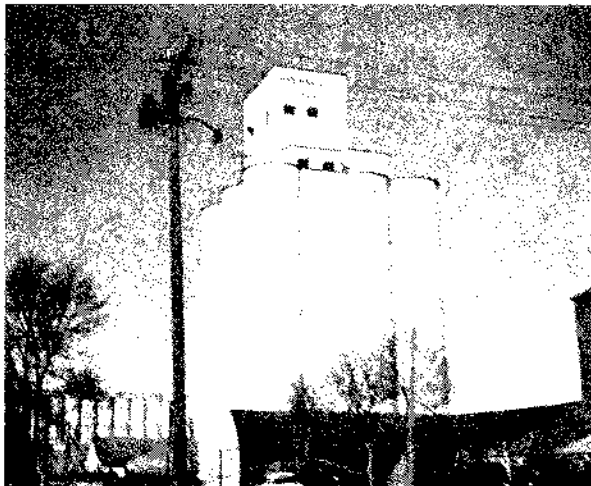
Our big drift at home lasted all winter and until the latter part of April 1949. The reason I remember that drift lasting so long was that Bertha, Howard, Esther and I made a flying trip in April to Los Angeles to get Mary who had been sick, and part of that drift was still there when we got home.

During the winter of 1948, a group of

us farmers had discussed starting a Cooperative elevator in Colby to replace the one that burned down the previous fall. Floyd Vernon, who had been manager of the first elevator, and I made several trips into the country southeast of Colby securing financial pledges and memberships in the proposed Co-op. At a preliminary meeting held one afternoon, I was elected to the organization board and we named the proposed Co-op the Hi-Plains Co-op.

I was in California when the first organization meeting was held and wasn't elected to the board, nor have I ever served on the board of that very successful Co-op, but its affairs have always been taken care of in very efficient shape by men who were far more competent than I.

I might add here that the Co-op had it's troubles in the start. First a new frame elevator was constructed on the site of the old building along the side of the Rock Island railroad tracks, about two blocks west of the north end of Franklin in Colby. Just as it was about completed, it caught fire (some said it was from a welder's torch). Anyway, it again burned to the ground and after considerable indecision and arguing, it was decided to purchase the Willard Cooper elevator on the switch line in east Colby.



Hi-Plains Coop, before Storage space was added east of this site.

This site has been expanded on and

during my years in the insurance office nearby I watched the construction of the large concrete tubes that now form the main elevator and the remodeling of the Chance Motor Company into the present nice facilities of The Hi-Plains Co-op. It has grown to be a fine large business with many employees.

While on the farm I did the main part of my marketing with this Co-op and with the Mingo Co-op which I had also joined when it was being organized. During the later years of my farming, I purchased most of my fuel supplies from the Mingo Co-op Oil Company and as I had been a member of the Page City Co-op for many years, I was a member of four different Co-ops.

Early in 1952 we began to have drought conditions again and crops deteriorated each year right up to the evening of August 27, 1957 when I had my farm sale. That evening it broke loose and poured and crops were very good again for several years.

In the spring of 1952, Mr. Earl Howard, who had been the Township trustee of North Randall township, in which we lived, came to me and wanted me to run for township trustee in his place that fall. I told him I would let my name be on the ballot and if the people wanted me, I would serve. I was elected that fall and served four years or until I had to quit on account of my health and because of pressing insurance business.

During those four years I became better acquainted with all the people of North Randall township than ever before. I had to assess them each spring, and we as a board had to see that the roads of the township were maintained. My association with my neighbors in this capacity was an enjoyable and educating job. I think everyone should have some elective job at least once in a lifetime to make them realize what a public office can entail.

Shortly after going on this board we purchased some new machinery and rebuilt every road in the township which went by a farmstead. We had our problems of finding help, and on occasion

each of us board members ran the machinery ourselves to get a road cleared of snow or maintained. Raymond Farmer and Donald Saddler were the other two members of the board while I served.

The Colby Cemetery District was organized the year I went on the township board and as the district took in Morgan, North Randall, Rovohl, Summers, and East and West Hale townships and the cemetery board was composed of the township trustees from each of the townships involved plus the Mayor of Colby, I was automatically on that board.

Willard Cooper was Mayor of Colby, Dave Ferguson was named treasurer, Leslie Epard of Morgan was elected chairman, and I was the secretary. Lou Patten of West Hale, Vern Hamme of East Hale, William White of Rovohl, and Ralph Rhea were the other members. We as a board worked in complete harmony and really got a lot accomplished in the way of getting improvements started. The cemetery had been run by the city of

Colby and as money was scarce it was badly rundown and neglected.

During the four years on the board we spent \$30,000.00 and among the things we accomplished were the building of the new fence and entrance ways on the east side of the cemetery; the removal of the old windmill and water tank; and the installation of a pressure water system. The streets all filled with dirt and some of them surfaced with rock. The removal of many old trees was accomplished and a tree nursery started. Vern Dimmitt who had been custodian for many years, continued in that job and I enjoyed working with him. The north section of the cemetery was just opened that first year.

Colby Cemetery has grown to be a beautiful place since the organization of the District and I am proud to have been a small part of the force that got this work started. We spent many hours in planning and meetings and I enjoyed working with all the others.

Chapter XIV

I Join Farmers Union

In the spring of 1952 Mr. Kenneth Schuman, a fieldman for National Farmers Union came to my place and interested me in helping organize The Farmers Union in Thomas County. (The last I heard of Kenny he was President of the Iowa Farmers Union.) I thought the aims of the Farmers Union were what we needed so following several organization meetings in the county we got a few local and a county organization set up. I became one of the first insurance agents for the Farmers Union in this county. Originally I was interested only in the insurance program to help organize the Union and help tie the membership together, but the other boys dropped out and I was the only one left writing insurance. As a result I kept spending more of my time writing for a couple of years from my home.

At the time I started this work, Farmers Union had lost most of the membership in Kansas. There was only one dues-paying member in the county and Martin Byrne had just come to Kansas from North Dakota as a fieldman for the Farmers Union.

After about two years, Don McKee came to my place one afternoon and we spent all afternoon discussing Farmers Union. Don had been the insurance agent with the Farm Bureau ever since his return from army service, but had been relieved of his job very recently. I got him interested in the Union and I told him I was sure I could get him established as agent if he could meet certain conditions. This he did and I phoned Martin Byrne and he came out to interview Don, then we took him on to the National office at Denver long before the present beautiful building was even started. We spent the day there in the insurance department.

That night as Martin and I were return-

ing to Colby, Martin laid out his long range plans to me. He said he was going to try to get elected as state President of Kansas Farmers Union and as Don had the best qualifications of anyone Martin knew he wanted him as state manager of Insurance. However, he wanted to see how he worked out in Thomas County first. He wanted me to think of taking over Don's insurance office in Colby after harvest so he could take Don to Topeka and start him as field man for Kansas Farmer's Union.

After harvest I did buy Don's insurance office equipment in the Messamore building and opened my own office. Don went as fieldman and Martin was elected State President and Farmers Union really started to grow in Kansas. Don advanced till he held the position of State Insurance manager which he held until after I quit the Farmers Union.

Shortly after I opened the office I was offered the opportunity of taking the agency for the Federal Crop Insurance Corp. for both Thomas and Logan counties and I took that. I hired Rollie David to work in the office and I spent most of my time in the country and became acquainted with most of the farmers in both counties.

A year later I hired Gerald Leak, a boy just back from the Navy and he worked for me over 2 years. He was married while working for me and needed more money than I could then afford to pay, so I got him a job in the Denver office of National Farmers Union Insurances at Denver. He worked there a couple of years and was then sent to Denton, Texas where he had charge of the insurance work in the state of Texas. We visited them in Denton on Oct. 23, 1961 and he was then being sent back to the home office in Denver, where he still is located. He is one of the Company underwriters.

He visited me in July of 1967 at our home. All Gerald's insurance work started in my office and I am proud to say that and I hope he has a continued and successful life at that work.

When Gerald left, he told his cousin, Mrs. Eldora Biggs about the job and she came and applied and I hired her on a part time basis, but she proved so efficient and helpful that I put her on full time salary and she continued to work for me for 3 years. There were days when we did not see one another but I knew everything would be taken care of and I could depend on her. She was one of the reasons for my success in the insurance business. She was a good employee and friend.

Later she was able to take over all the bookkeeping work for the Federal Crop Insurance Corporation in Northwest Kansas and she still maintains this office.

During the time I was agent for National Farmers Union, I built it to the largest F. U. Insurance agency in the state of Kansas and was also operating the Federal Crop Insurance agency and taking care of my farm and began having my health problems, so I was a busy man.

To show how extensive my insurance business became, by the summer of 1958, the new and renewal premiums that went to the Denver office amounted to over \$75,000.00 and over \$100,000.00 went to the Federal Crop Insurance office in Chicago. In 1958 I wrote about \$35,000.00 of premiums on hail insurance on standing grain. My business covered an area from Oakley to Russell Springs to Edson to Atwood to Selden and back to Oakley. I also wrote fire insurance on standing grain and that year I had almost \$2,000,000.00 liability on standing grain.

Right after I became agent for Federal Crop Insurance Corp., I met Glen Wilson who was western Kansas fieldman for the Corporation. Jim Hurst was adjuster for the Corporation. We became great friends and though Jim was considerably older than I he helped me tremendously in my work. He was one of the fairest men I have ever known but his health failed and he passed away in the fall of 1961. Another

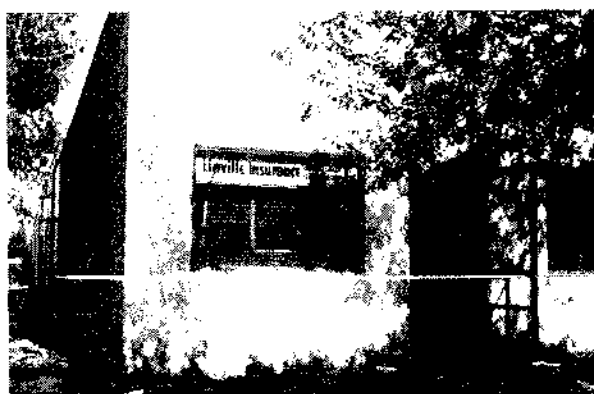
her associate in the office was Harry Weishaar, a farmer from near Gem, whom I had slightly known for a number of years and when we needed another adjuster, I recommended him and he held the job for several years. He passed away in the fall of 1961 also. Glen Wilson suffered a heart attack that same fall and also passed away, so there were 3 good friends and associates in the office that passed away in the space of a very few months, so maybe I did not get out of the office too soon.

Martin Byrne was one of the first Farmers Union men that I met and we had much close association and were good friends for several years, but his lack of understanding of Western Kansas problems was one of the reasons I quit Farmers Union. He remained President of Kansas Farmers Union for several years but has now dropped completely from the picture and Kansas Farmers Union is now in receivership.

Another thing that I was very familiar with was the F.U. building in Denver. I was in it while it was under construction and many, many times after. I knew most of the men in the insurance department and became very well acquainted with the national President Jim Patton and with Tony Dechant the secretary and treasurer, and other officers.

We had the former Secretary of Agriculture, Charles Brannen, speak to a group in Colby once and as I was county President of the Farmers Union at the time, I met him. Whenever I met him in Denver thereafter he always knew me and spoke and called me by name. Mr. Brannen was then General Council for F.U. and once John Pratt and I were sent to Denver to discuss some legislation. We went into the building and I asked one of the men I knew if he thought there would be any chance to see Mr. Brannen that day or the next. He told me Mr. Brannen was in a meeting right then but he would see. A few minutes later he came to tell us to go up to Mr. Brannen's office where we waited only a few minutes until Mr. Brannen came in. He gave us all the time we needed to discuss our problem.

In the fall of 1954, I received a telephone call from Richard one morning informing me that the Messamore building was on fire. Norman, Larry and I jumped in the car and came to town but by the time we got there the building was nearly burned out except for the southwest corner where my office was. The wind was



Leslie Linvilles' office in Messamore building after fire.

in the southwest and the fire didn't do much damage to my things. I have often heard how people can accomplish feats of strength in an emergency and that very thing was accomplished at this fire. The large west window of my office was broken by the fire and all my crop insurance records and credit union records were stored in a large four drawer filing cabinet to one side of the window. The wind was to our backs and Floyd Vernon and I reached in and drug that cabinet to the window and then lifted it about three feet up and out through the window. Afterwards we were hardly able to lift it. We saved most everything, but had an awful

cleaning up job to do. Office space could not be found and I rented a small house from the Hi-Plains Co-op at 470 North Nashville where I kept my office as long as I was in business. It proved a good location as there was plenty of parking room.

I was handling adjusting as well as writing the insurance for Farmers Union. As adjuster, I had authority to write checks up to \$500.00. When I lost my eye I asked that they get someone else to do the adjusting. Several tried the job but could not get along with the new State Claims Adjuster who was a young smart-aleck who knew it all. I was continually afool of him from the first time he ever came to Colby until I quit almost entirely on his account. He deliberately left some of our claims unsettled for long periods and there was no excuse except that I would not go along with some of his rotten settlements. We had one bad fire the spring before I quit; if I could prove what I am sure I know, it could cause serious trouble.

That same spring a young farmer came in and blew his top because I would not replace a slightly damaged windshield in his car. He said he was going to take his business elsewhere and I told him that if he thought he could handle the adjusting better than I, he was sure welcome to the job. After arguing for some time he left in a huff but in a few days he called me to apologize for the way he had talked. He wanted to know if I really meant it when I said we were looking for an adjuster. I told him I was serious and he came in and we talked it over and I got him started as an adjuster. We were associated in the office for about three years and during that time he learned most of the ropes and started writing a little insurance himself and got solid with the new state claims adjuster. When I quit he took over the business and all the policies I had spent seven years building up and I got not one cent out of the business.

I had more health problems and my nerves were so that I could not give the business what it deserved. I was having many arguments over getting settlements

and I told the County board that I would not have my customers treated the way they were being treated. They agreed with me but wanted me to stay and try to work something out. I stayed as long as I could put up with it, but saw there was no chance for improvement. John Pratt and I went to Topeka and had an all-day argument with the top brass before I handed in my resignation and was out of a job. Such is life.

I have not maintained my membership or had anything to do with Farmers Union since. I believe that most farmers in Thomas County will agree that I had as much to do with the organization and promotion of the Farmers Union as anyone in the county and our large number of policy holders helped tie it together. I was associated with many fine farmers of the county in this work, but the ones who were the most helpful and influential were John and Emmett Pratt, C. N. Marsh, Lud Strnad, Harry and Kenneth Eicher, John Wick, Harold Palmgren, Frank Goossen, John Renner, John and Jim Simm, Lloyd Theimer, and a host of others.

Another thing that was started in my office while I was still in the Messamore building, was the organization of the Thomas County Farmers Credit Union. Let me here insert a brief history of that organization as it was read at the annual meeting in 1960.

During the summer of 1954 a group of

men held several discussion meetings in regard to the organization of a Credit Union in this area. The original members of this group were Floyd Vernon, C. N. Marsh, Franz D. Goossen, Lloyd Theimer, and Leslie Linville. They contacted Mr. Henry Peterson of Dodge City who came to Colby and helped organize.

Others who signed the articles of Incorporation were Cyril Saddler, Ted Bourquin, H. L. Ryan. These papers were signed on October 15, 1954. The charter was approved by the state bank commissioner on October 25, with Leslie Linville as resident agent. At the organization meeting on November 16, 1954, the following officers were elected: C. N. Marsh, President; Franz Goossen, Vice President; Leslie Linville, Secretary-Treasurer; Lloyd Theimer and Earl Jones, Members of the board. After the meeting we had 56 dues-paid members who had contributed \$1,166.47 to start business with.

In January of 1956 Mary Grusing was named assistant secretary-treasurer in the absence of Leslie Linville and has done all the bookwork since. In January of 1957, C. N. Marsh resigned and Leslie Linville was named President to succeed him. Mary Grusing was named secretary-treasurer and at this time (1960) we had grown to have 296 members and had assets of \$143,850.00. I resigned from this board when I went to Texas in 1961.

Chapter XV

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 everthing 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 undoubtely 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 reoccurrence 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.

Chapter XVI

Travels

During the years of our married life we have had many fine trips besides those mentioned previously. During the 1930's we visited my folks in southwest Missouri several times and made a trip or two into Colorado.

At the close of World War II and before gas rationing was discontinued we were allowed gasoline to go to western Colorado to help in the fruit harvest one fall and the entire family made a trip to the Yellowstone Park the next year, accompanied by the Paul Chase family in their car. We went up through Wyoming and the Yellowstone and then back down across Idaho to Salt Lake City, Utah and then home.

One fall while visiting Maxine and Roy in Crane we went to Carlsbad and went through the caverns there and while visiting Walters at Irving, Texas, last fall we went through Six Flags over Texas. We have also spent considerable time around Dallas and have been to the spot where President Kennedy was assassinated. At El Paso we went across into Juarez, Mexico, a couple of different times.

In the fall of 1956 Richard and Opal took us for one of my many checkups, to Rochester, Minnesota, and when we left there we drove southeast to Wisconsin and south across it to Springfield, Illinois, where we visited Lincoln's Tomb.

In the summer of '59, Maxine and Roy came up and took us back to Rochester but we made a more extensive trip this time as we went north to the Black Hills of South Dakota and through the Bad Lands and east to Rochester. When we left there we drove northeast into Wisconsin and then north to Duluth, Minnesota, and then on to International Falls, Canada, for the first time. From there we came back across Minnesota to the east side of North Dakota and south across South

Dakota and Nebraska and home.

After traveling much in Texas in 1961 we had returned home and Morrison and Margie came out from New York for a visit. We suddenly decided to get in their Volkswagon and return to New York with



On the Morrison Williams farm standing by the Volkswagon are left to right: Donnie, Bertha, Margie and Morrison.

them. Since we had nothing to definitely tie us down. They had plenty of room and my sister Doris was teaching in New York state and wanted us to come back and drive home with her when her school was out.

So we started on one of the most enjoyable trips we have ever taken. Bertha,



The Williams home in New York.

Donnie and I left home with Morrison and Margie at 4:30 in the afternoon on Sunday June 17 and drove through to his farm east of Albany, New York, with only very short stops along the way. We arrived there Wednesday morning after traveling east on 36 Highway to Springfield, Illinois, then up Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and western Pennsylvania close to the shore of Lake Erie. We were close to Cleveland and Buffalo but did not go into them. When just east of Buffalo, New York we went almost due east thru Albany.

As Morrison had driven this route many times and knew the country well he did most of the driving at night and we did not see much of the country. After our arrival at his farm we spent a couple of days resting and seeing his farm and the area close by.

His farm of 160 acres was just east of Albany 20 miles and he worked as Chef in a New York State College Cafeteria and drove back and forth each day. We could hardly call his 160 acres a farm as the trees were so close together it was impossible to see over a couple of acres at any one place. They were beautiful, but not large enough to cut for timber.

The only way we could get back among them was to walk or ride his jeep back on one lone trail. We enjoyed our stay there very much and then on Thursday evening they suggested that they take us on to Maine where Margie's folks lived.

We left early the next morning and drove up across Vermont and New Hampshire and spent some time at a boy's camp where Morrison had been the head



Mrs. Linville and Donnie entering Maine.

cook for a number of years. This was a very beautiful place on a mountain side above a large lake where the scenery was grand. On into Maine to the town of Raymond where Margie's mother lived.

That country is beautiful to look at but to a western Kansas farmer it is hard to visualize as a farm country. Their way of life is far different than ours and one of the most notable things that we noticed was the way all farm buildings were constructed. They were all built together with the barn at one end and house at the other so that in the winter it is never necessary to leave the building.

Raymond is actually near the southern edge of Maine, quite close to the Atlantic, so from there we drove over to and along the Atlantic sea coast south to Boston. It was very foggy all that day and hard to see far, but we did get our feet wet in the Atlantic and could see the big waves coming in and crashing on that rocky coast.

At noon we stopped at a fish wharf and ate Maine Lobster for the first time. This was quite a novelty to us. They kept the live lobsters in a tank and when you ordered you could pick out the one you wanted which was then dropped in scalding water and steamed until it turned from a dirty grey color to a bright red. I doubt that any of us three Kansans enjoyed our lobster too greatly, but it was something that we could not pass up.

Morrison and Margie knew Boston like a book and our time there was entirely too short but we did get to see a few of the historic buildings. It would be an interesting place to spend many days.

On leaving Boston we drove to Margie's brother's place where we saw his prize Husky dogs that had won many medals. One of his teams had captured the title of World's Champion Dog Team. He has entered them in and won many Husky dog races in Alaska and elsewhere and has been interviewed on radio.

We drove on into Rhode Island far enough that Donnie, Bertha and I could say that we had been there and then returned to Albany across Connecticut and Massachusetts.

After returning to Morrisons I began

to feel quite ill and realized that I had not felt well since before leaving home but I kept going and Doris came up and took us across the Hudson and down along the east side where we saw several important historical sites. There we saw the oldest hotel in America and learned that Washington had stayed there while he viewed his troops during the Revolution.

Then there was the cemetery at Hyde Park where Franklin D. Roosevelt's parents were buried among other notables of the early days. It was at this church where Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt was still attending. We went through the Roosevelt Home and Museum where all his collections of World War II articles and those collected during the terms as President are kept. We also visited the Vanderbuilt Mansion near by, but by that time I was feeling so bad that I had to quit.

We went into Stone Ridge where Doris taught school and the next morning she was showing us through the school and I became very sick and about passed out. They took me home, and in the afternoon I went to a doctor who gave me medicine and shots and told me that I had to relax and quit worrying or I wouldn't be here long. I seriously doubted that I was going to make it home, but after a few days rest, during which Bertha and Donnie went on into New York City with Doris and Mrs. Long, we started back home. We went across New York State on the New York Thruway to Buffalo and here we stopped at Niagara Falls for some time. While I did enjoy them, I could not get around and see as I wished.

From Niagara Falls we crossed into Canada and drove all the next day thru beautiful farm and orchard country. We went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where we visited our son, Norman, the rest of that day and the following day which was the fourth of July. Early the next morning we left and drove mostly west until we came to Lake Michigan and drove around the south end of it and west to Comanche, Iowa. During this trip we saw Lakes

Erie, Ontario, Huron, and Michigan and as we had previously seen Lake Superior on a trip to Rochester and Canada, we can say that we have seen all the Great Lakes. Also on this trip we were in all the New England states.

At Comanche, Iowa, we visited with a daughter of Uncle Roy Tallman's who took us out to the cemetery to see the graves of grandfather Tallman's mother, my Great, Great Grandmother.

The next day we drove across Iowa and to St. Joseph, Missouri, but stopped in the town of Graham where we thought father had been born. It was here, too, we thought his parents were buried, but we could get no definite directions. We did find that there were a lot of Linvilles living around there but did not meet them.

At St. Joseph we visited Aunt Myrtle Winburn, father's last remaining sister and she took us to DeKalb, Missouri, to visit with the last brother, Uncle Fred Linville. Also we met a couple of our cousins.

This was the most extensive trip we had ever taken and we were in 16 states, and a province of Canada. Bertha and Donnie repeated almost this same trip in the summer of 1965 when they made the trip with Bertha's sister Esther.

In the fall of 1965 Bertha and I went to El Paso on September 1, and then in early November to Irving and at Thanksgiving to Pittsburg and down through the Ozarks so we have done our share of traveling.

I will add here that in October of 1965 I sold the last of my Thomas county farm land, the south one half of section 2-8-33, for what I considered a very fine price. I was paid \$200 per acre for it as it had very fine irrigation water under the land and was quite level. A fine well was put down in the middle of the field and this should irrigate the entire acreage. I was seriously considering going into irrigation when Cancer hit me and put me out of the farming picture. I felt quite lost as we parted with this land and thought of what might have been.

Chapter XVII

A Day Along the Smoky in 1964 And More Old History

In August of 1964 when Morrison made his annual visit back to see his folks in Western Kansas, we all took the time to spend a day along the Smoky Hill River.

Morrison had been raised in much the same part as I and he had carried the mail from Winona to Elkader for some months in the fall of 1926 and was anxious to see if it still looked the same as he remembered.

Howard, Lorene and Mildred met us at the Pyramids south of Oakley and we looked around there before driving up the river through Elkader and to the Chalk Bluffs, west of Elkader. This area is known as Jerusalem by the colored folks of the area and also as the Logan County Bad Lands, for in many respects it resembles the Bad Lands of South Dakota. It is as beautiful and intriguing to see as any other area of this country that I have seen.

The Chalk Bluffs do not cover as large an area nor do they have the publicity of many of the other parts of the country. They have rock shapes of every size and



Chalk Bluffs

description and there is even a needle's-eye that reminds me of similar formation in the Black Hills. They are also famous, for it is here and in surrounding area that many famous fossils of the ancient seas have been found. Some of these are quite large. I took many fine colored slide pictures here as I have other places along the Smoky.

We left these bluffs and followed closely along the old Butterfield Trail and across the Nevins farm east of Russell Springs where the marker had been placed at the assumed sight of the German Massacre. From there we went on to Russell Springs where a marker of the old trail has been placed on the court house grounds. West of the Railroad we visited the site of our old Smoky Forks Schoolhouse and the bluffs nearby. We saw the ruts which are still visible in the sod, cut by the wagon trains of nearly a century before. It was here that the wagons used to cross the Smoky.

We then drove up the North Smoky about six miles to the sight of the old M. B. Williams ranch, one of the famous old ranches of the country.

I learned more about this ranch from Morrison than I had ever before known although I had been there often and Bertha had told me much about it, I believe this is a good place to review the story of the ranch and tell some of the history of Bertha's parents, for they were closely associated for many years, although M. B. Williams, who owned the ranch, and Delsy Williams, were no relation.

Delsy and Donna Williams were married in Manhattan, Kansas, on October 1, 1902, and lived in Marshall County Kansas where the oldest boy, Morrison was

born. They moved to Logan County in the spring of 1905, and settled on the homestead on the west one half of Section 4-13-36. Their first home was in a dug-out on this land and it was here that Bertha was born.

A homesteader was only allowed 160 acres and he had to live on it for five years to acquire title to the land. Two brothers, Delsy and Archie, took adjoining homesteads and as the south half of the west one half of the section was fine level land, and easy to farm, they split the west one half north and south so each got some nice farm land. These two strips were each a mile long north and south and eighty rods wide.

The family went through the usual hardships of the homesteaders and I know many stories could be told by them concerning those early years. Delsy Williams' parents had settled in Logan County, south east of Winona, on a farm just south of the present Charles Mars-teller farm a few years previous to his coming to Logan County.

After living on their homestead the required five years and securing patent or title to the land, Delsy secured the job as foreman on the M. B. Williams ranch a little over two miles due north and the family moved to the foreman house, which stood just south of the main ranch house about 250 feet.

Rev. M. B. Williams was an Evangelistic Minister, who started in Chicago as a lawyer but joined the famous Billy Sunday as an Evangelist and had written several songs, one of which Bertha recently showed me in an old song book of her mothers. This song was titled, "My Mothers Prayer." He evidently was quite a noted man.

Whether he made his money from the Law or as an Evangelist is not known, but evidently he was a man of considerable wealth. He had purchased the ranch, consisting of several sections of land on the Smoky, just south of the old Sheridan Station of the U. P. Railroad, about 1905 or 1906, as near as they can figure. The large elaborate ranch house was built then. It was constructed of native stone

and lumber, two stories high with a large brick fireplace on each floor, one fire place over the other, and had beautiful hardwood floors. A large room on the ground floor was known as the den and the east wall of this room was covered with built-in book cases that were full of Rev. William's books. The other walls were covered with mounted elk and deer heads, a mounted alligator, and large snake skins and other trophies he had acquired while on a hunting trip to Africa. Other rooms were equally elaborate with beautiful old furniture. The bath room was equipped with a copper bath tub.

It was in this house that the Rev. Williams family lived for several years except while he was on Evangelical work.

Rev. Williams evidently knew little about ranching and left much of that to his foreman. This ranch had many acres of alfalfa and taking care of the hay was one of the major farm occupations, although many cattle were kept and breaking horses seemed to be one of the main memories of Morrison and Bertha, who recall watching the hired men do this work.

In the fall and winter of 1911 and 12, M. B. Williams came to much grief with the livestock. He insisted on selling and shipping out most of the alfalfa hay raised and then when the bad blizzards that winter arrived there was nothing to feed them and they starved and froze to death.

Bertha remembers her father skinning cattle all that winter and he was deeply concerned that there was nothing to feed them. He wired Rev. Williams, who was spending the winter in Florida, to ask what to do. Rev. Williams wired back and asked him if he could not plow the snow off the grass so the cattle could get to it. Evidently there were Drug Store cattlemen in those days, too.

When Delsy went to work there he was paid \$50.00 per month. The tennant house and a garden plot were furnished and he was allowed to keep a few cows and horses.

It was while they lived on this ranch that Esther and Howard were born in the tennant house and as the snow drifts were

high and almost impossible to travel Dr. Stroup had much difficulty getting to the farm.

Some of the neighboring boys who worked on this ranch in those days were Artie and Ernest Luther, Alva Everhardt, The Steincipher brothers. All these also worked at our place at various times. The large barn that stood for many years on this place was built by Charles Ward, Sr. of Winona. The ranch had a fine set of improvements.

About 1914 Rev. Williams disposed of the ranch and the Heafield family of Chicago took over and lived there until the ranch was purchased by Bob Armstrong about 1917.

This is the story Morrison told that day about Rev. Williams selling the ranch. Whether he knew it from old, or whether Rev. Williams told him when he met him in Florida about 30 years ago, I do not know.

A real estate speculator in Chicago owned some apartment houses that were vacant and bringing him no return, so he persuaded many people to move in rent free and then he traded the apartments for the ranch. As soon as Rev. Williams had title to the houses all the tenants moved out and left him with a bunch of worthless houses.

The Delsy Williams family lived on this ranch until 1917 when Bob Armstrong bought it and then they built a new small house back on the homestead and moved there and lived until the older children were in high school in Winona and then they moved to Winona. Bob Armstrong lived there until about 1927 and mostly since that time the ranch was known as the Foothills Corp. Ranch.

When we were there that day, there was only one small stone building still standing. The place had been vacant for many years and all the buildings had blown or fallen down. Where that fine house had once stood was only a pile of scrap lumber, some portions of walls,

and the remains of a large brick fireplace. So rose and disappeared one fine Smoky Hill ranch. Little of that fine pasture land was still in native grass. Much of it is now farmed. Another thing that Morrison mentioned and that probably very few living know, was that a family who lived just to the east died and were buried on the hill a short ways northwest of the farmstead we have been talking about.

During the years the children had attended country school, they attended the Lone Tree School which stood on the hill one mile south and one half west of the M. B. Williams ranch buildings. For their very last year, which was 1919 and 1920, they went to a new building, just a short ways south of the ranch buildings. The old building was sold to John Newell and moved to his farm south of McAllister. Morrison and Bertha attended this new school the first year it was built and the last year they were in country school.

Later, this building was moved across the road from the Pleasant Valley school house and it was used as the Lutheran Church by the people along the south Smoky. When they united with the Lutheran Church in Oakley, the building was moved to Russell Springs and located across from the Court House where it is now used as the Evangelical Church.



Evangelical Church across from the museum in Russell Springs.

Chapter XVIII

Conclusion

As I finish with this narrative which I hope some have had the time and courage to follow to the end, I must bring in a few missing thoughts and to me by far the most important is this... Early in 1963 my wife kept telling me that my voice was getting stronger but I could not or would not believe her. However; as others also noticed it I had to believe and then gradually I could talk easier and by the fall I had almost completely regained my voice.

I am sure that anyone who has never had a similar affliction can never realize the relief and thankfulness with which I write this. It has materially changed my whole outlook and has helped me regain much confidence. Also I have felt better during the past year than I have for more than ten long years.

On September 23, 1964, I received a telephone call late one evening and when I answered a voice told me, "Leslie, this is Paul Jones and if you are going to be home in the morning, my wife and I will stop and visit." Naturally, I was going to be home and I was very glad to get to visit with them even though the time was short. It had been more than 20 years since we had met, although for the last five years we have been in fairly regular communication by letter. The Joneses were on their way to visit the World's Fair in New York, and other points in the east. They could not get over how much the country had changed. Years ago, at the time they lived here, there was not a tree on most places. Today these same places have fine large trees. As they started to leave Paul asked me if I knew where Lester Blakesley's grave was in Beulah Cemetery and as I did we went there to visit it. It is one of the most beautiful in the cemetery and as we read the inscription, it was hard to realize that Blake was only about eight years

older than I when he came to Logan County after the close of World War II and he was only forty-seven years old when he passed away in 1942. As we stood at his grave we recalled many things that we three had been involved in. Lester's wife still lived in Washington D. C. and the Joneses visited her while in the east that fall. Her health was poor.

Paul also told me that he had the day before attended the funeral of Mable Lamb, in Winona and I did not know of her passing. Before her marriage, she had been Mable Ricketts, and we had attended Smoky Forks Country school together those many years ago.

Remember it was Paul's story of his life that really got me started writing this, and I have enjoyed the project very much.

The last of May in 1965 Bertha and Donnie again went back to the New England states with Esther and they also visited the World's Fair.

As the year 1966 draws to a close, I look back to the year's activities and realize that I have added items to the foregoing story as I have reviewed it before having it correctly typed, and little of interest has actually happened. My usual activities took most of my time.

I have tried to tell of the changes in the areas in which we have lived as I went along and I certainly should not forget to include some of the most recent happenings in our immediate vicinity during these most recent years.

When we purchased our home at 905 South Range in Colby, all the area on the west side of the road west of our house, belonged to the State of Kansas and was a part of the Colby Branch Experiment Station. We naturally supposed it would so remain, but 40 acres of that land were dealt for by a Colby group and they have

been disposing of it to various businesses and it won't be long till our beautiful western view is ruined. That view was part of our reason for buying this home.

During the fall and winter of 1964 we watched the widening of K-25, right in front of our home into a 4-lane highway, and the construction of Interstate 70, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of us. The construction of I-70 ended for a year, where it crossed K-25, so all I-70 traffic, during most of 1966 came directly by our home.

Also, land to the south of our home, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away, was purchased for the new Colby Community Junior College and construction has been progressing steadily on that fine addition.

Since I-70 was completed south of us, several other fine buildings have been built south of here and it will not be long till we are right in the center of Colby, instead of on the southern edge, as it was when we moved here 10 years ago.

Roy and Maxine came up in July 1966 to visit. They brought Shirley, but the poor girl got so homesick that Bertha and I took her home within two weeks, so we got to make another visit to Irving, Texas. We did not stay long.

In September I dealt for another house here in Colby, at 470 South Mission Ridge and as soon as it was vacated I did considerable repairing and painting and immediately rented to one of the new city policeman.

On October 14, we had a very severe early blizzard that did much damage to the trees, as they had not yet lost their

leaves and the wet snow stuck to them badly and with the high wind, it broke branches off very badly.

Once again I will have to record that I was taken to the hospital at midnight on October 21 with a heart attack. This was the first time I had been bothered and I hope it is the last, for it was no fun. I spent 22 days in the St. Thomas Hospital and had wonderful care while there, but was glad to get home. However I have been pretty closely confined to the house since. The children were all home while I was there except Norman and he could not get away from his classes at Pittsburg, but he did get home at Thanksgiving.

This heart attack gave me lots of time to think and to realize that we of our age are now getting to be the older citizens and our children are the ones who are making the principal decisions and doing the work, that we sometimes did not get completed.

If this narrative of one mans experiences and the changes that have taken place during my lifetime are of benefit to others, I will feel well repaid for I know that the changes have been vast during this period and the more that I dig into the stories of my own ancestors, the more things of interest I find and I wish that some of them would have left a more detailed story of their lives. Each generation has its own problems and the changes made every decade are the story of the nation and the world.

Post Script 1

Butterfield Trail Drive May 7, 1967.

I cannot refrain from adding a post-script to this narrative, telling of something that happened and which was a direct result of my writing the foregoing, for it brought entertainment and pleasure to possibly 1000 people who watched or participated in it. This event was The First Annual Butterfield Trail Drive and I predict that next year with the weather favorable, we will have twice that number participating. The following is a true account of how this all came to be.

At the February 1967 meeting of The Butterfield Trail Historical Association, Mr. Blackburn, President, named me as the program director for the March meeting and I was asked to show my colored slides of the places along the Smoky Hill River. I had taken these at various times over the past 12 years. They were in no particular sequence but scattered through many magazines of pictures taken during those years.

I had at various times intended to separate them into an organized order but kept neglecting it. Now I set to work to do this. About the time I finished this work, Mr. Bill James, publisher of The Prairie Drummer in Colby, came to my house to discuss the printing of this book, which I was then considering having done.

Before he left, I showed him some of the slides and he became interested and wanted to know how far it was down to our old place for he wanted to see the bluffs and the ruts of the trail, cut in the native sod over 100 years ago. I told him we could drive there in 45 minutes and he made plans to go the following Sunday and take his family. On Sunday his family was unable to go, but he brought Mr. Bud Goekan, a friend, and the three of us drove to the old farm, where Mr. James took several pictures of the bluffs and the old trail ruts. He also asked me if I

would show my slides at the next meeting of the Colby Rotary Club and I agreed to do so.

On our way home we discussed how nice it would be to drive the old trail with a team and wagon, and then the next day, Mr. James mentioned to Dr. Patterson, Pastor of the Peoples Church in Colby, his thoughts of driving over a portion of the trail, for he knew that Dr. Patterson had a team and covered wagon which he was using to transport the children of his church to Sunday School.

Dr. Patterson liked the idea and they talked to me about the possibility and I told them it sounded fine and I believed it could be arranged, with the help of Dr. Patterson's team and wagon. The following Wednesday evening when we held the monthly meeting of the Butterfield Trail Historical Association at Russell Springs, I told the members of our discussion and asked if the Association would like to help plan the event and to enlarge on it so that others could join if they wished. Those present liked the idea and agreed to help if we decided to go ahead.

I showed my slides at Rotary as planned and had many fine compliments on them as few knew that such scenery was within an hours drive to Colby. Many wanted to go and see for themselves.

At the April meeting of The Butterfield Trail Association, I again told of what we were trying to do and the members present were enthused and were willing and anxious to sponsor the drive. I volunteered to help organize the event and Blue Mastin, an old schoolmate of my country school days; Raymond Majors of Southwest Logan county, whom I had known since childhood; and Dave Grusing, a neighbor from south of Colby, were named as a committee to organize the event.

We chose Sunday, May 7, as the day to

hold it and as our time was short, we held many meetings to plan and get organized. It took a lot of work and driving to locate wagons, teams and other equipment and get them to Russell Springs for the start, and to put them in shape to travel. We received real cooperation from the newspapers, radio stations and TV Stations of N. W. Kansas and the event was very well publicized, which also helped us in securing needed equipment.

The first week in May was wet and cold with some rain, but we had ordered a nice day for Sunday, May 7, and the weatherman cooperated. Sunday came clear but slightly cool and windy, but almost a perfect day for us.

Blue Mastin, one of our board members, had previously purchased a wagon, which he had repaired and painted and had made a covered wagon out of and he had also purchased a small mule team and harness and he put this entire outfit on the road and they helped immensely to complete the show.

We appointed Raymond Majors as wagon master, for he had had some experience with Wagons Ho of Quinter on their trail drives across Gove county. Mr. and Mrs. Hefner organizers of the Wagons Ho project in Gove County, cooperated fully and brought us some teams and wagons and other equipment.

Mr. Beougher of Grinnell, President of the Fort Wallace Memorial Association, lent us his stage coach and Mr. Ford Darnell of Southwest Logan county brought his two teams of mules and hitched them to the stage coach, tandem, and he and his son, Joe, drove the coach, as they had done for Wagons Ho in the past and will do again this summer.

Dr. Patterson loaned us his two wagons and three-seated surrey with the fringe on top and he also sent to California for a saddle that he owns. This saddle was one Buffalo Bill had owned and had presented to the mayor of Montreal, Canada, in 1885 and it was so inscribed on the saddle horn. The horn was the largest in diameter of any I had ever seen, being fully 6 inches on top. Dr. Patterson had ridden this saddle in many parades, once in

Calgary, Canada, and once in the largest parade ever held in San Francisco. It was very old and valuable and I enjoyed having it in my possession for about a week.

Vernie Kear, owner of Sod Town, just east of Colby and an old neighbor of mine for many years, loaned us a wagon and other equipment and Gay Henry from north of Colby sent us a team which was driven by his son Wilbur. By Sunday morning we had assembled a very nice caravan, which included the stage coach with two mule teams, 7 covered wagons and teams and about 200 saddle horses. We were very grateful to all those who helped in any way. Horses were brought from as far as Dodge City and from all over Northwest Kansas. It really is amazing how very few teams and wagons could be found in this area, where only 50 years ago they were practically the only means of power and transportation.

Very shortly after 10 A. M. the caravan started from the museum grounds at Russell Springs, exactly where the old trail had passed 100 years ago and it followed westward as near as possible to the old trail and over the very country where I was raised and which I knew so well. No motorized vehicles were allowed in the caravan and I helped direct the auto traffic until we reached the Forks where the noon stop was made for dinner which was a bountiful basket dinner brought by all, and held on the very grounds and under the same trees, that had seen so many picnics during my youth and which had undoubtedly been the camp grounds of many a weary wagon train 100 years ago. This was one of the favorite ambush and fighting grounds of the Indians and many had been killed in this area during those times.

The basket dinner arrangements had been handled by a committee of women from the Association, composed of Marge Wright, Velma Mastin, Helen Thaker and Mrs. Roy Eaton and plenty of food was on the tables for all. After the dinner, Dr. Patterson conducted a short church service, E. A. Swanson of Colby sang and played a few religious songs and the

Winona School band played a few numbers. Several short talks were given and when I spoke, I asked if anyone else was present who had attended the Smoky Forks school, up on the hill just a short distance to the North east of where we stood. No one responded. Time moves on.

Dr. Patterson gave a bull whip demonstration with his 14 ft. bull whip. While I held a small branch in my hand he very neatly clipped it off about 2 inches at a time until he was clipping within 2 inches of my hand.

The wagons lined up and the riders mounted their ponies and I asked to ride on top of the stage coach across our old home section. This I did and enjoyed it very much. It was really one of the highlights of my latter years for as I looked back over the long line of wagons and teams and horsemen, (many were children) I could visualize some of the wagon trains that had passed this very way long

before my time and the many, many times that I had ridden over that very ground as a youngster. I took many pictures of the event but to my great disappointment they didn't turn out well.

I left the stage coach at the southwest corner of the home section, as I was very tired and I had to take care of my health after my heart attack last winter, so I did not go on to the end of the trail drive, which ended near old Henshaw Springs about seven miles further west.

Bertha, Mary Grusing, and Dorothy Janke stayed at the museum all day to show the many visitors through and to explain the exhibits.

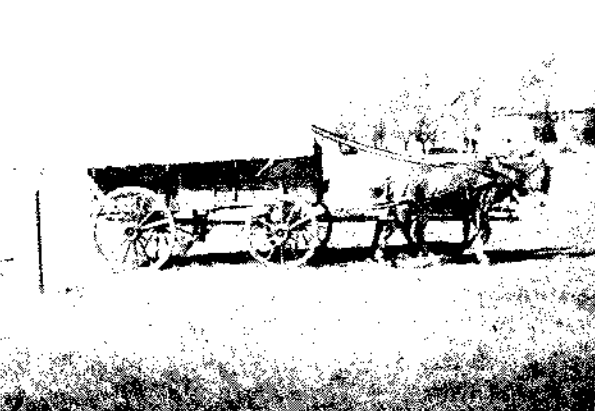
I am sure many children and even older ones will long remember this event and look forward to another. Dr. Patterson's home is in California and he told me today that he believed that he would fly back next year if we held another trail drive.



3 covered wagons of Butterfield Trail Drive at Forks of Smoky.



Covered wagons ready to travel old Butterfield Trail at Forks.



Covered wagon owned by Blue Mastin on the trail.



Stage Coach during noon stop at Forks of Smoky.

40th Wedding Anniversary
July 16, 1967



The Linville Clan.



Leslie and Bertha Linville.



Leslie Linville family. Left to right. Back row: Norman, Harold, Richard, Lawrence, Donald. Front row: Maxine, Bertha, Leslie, Louise, Walter.