Pioneer Life and Lore

of

McPherson County, Kansas

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PREFACE.

This little book does not pretend to be a complete history of Pioneer days in McPherson County. The hope of the compiler is that it may paint a typical picture of the pioneer life in the various townships and that it may arouse the interest of a few others in preserving the history of our County.

There has been no intentional discrimination among the few pioneers left in getting these interviews. The choice was largely a matter of chance, advice from others or ignorance of the existence of living pioneers. There are undoubtedly some who could add much to these sketches.

The County Historical and Archeological Society which has recently been organized hopes in the future to do much wider and more thorough research than this.

travel in safety on the "Mexican Road". Those commissioners were Benjamin Reeves, George C. Sibley and Thomas Mather. On August 10th, 1825 they made one treaty with the Osages beneath council oak in Council Grove. The Kaws made a treaty with them also on the banks of the Sora Kansas Creek ten days later. The Sora Kansas was the original name of Dry Turkey Creek (1). The Kaw treaty was made in McPherson County, six miles south of the present McPherson, by these commissioners, and the Kaws were given five hundred dollars by Curtis and Ely later, at the request of the commissioners. (2).

The Kaw Indians had claimed land in McPherson County as their hunting grounds and their trail crossed the center of the county. As time went on, marks of white men's trails became distinct on the prairie. One passed through the present Turkey Creek township up into Groveland township and then northwest to old Fort Harker in Ellsworth county. That one was called Harker Trail. Another came up from Fayetteville, Arkansas northward to join the Santa Fe Trail at Turkey Creek in this county. (3).

There were other trails, too, but for those far-seeing eyes of Coronado that Old Santa Fe Trail crossing the county east and west just three miles south of the present McPherson, must have had within its borders enough glamor to satisfy even his wander thirst. Prairie Schooners constantly rolled along, coming and going. Before the sixties there were few on the trail except traders. In 1843, a certain rich trader from Mexico, named Don Antonio Jose Chavez, came with all the glory of the old world, on his way to Westport. But robbers

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(1) Cordry, Mrs. T. A., Markers of the Santa Fe Trail, pages 117-118.

(2) MacDonald, A. B., An Old Missouri Mansion Reveals First Records of the Beginning of Santa Fe Trail—Kansas City Star, Dec. 15, 1929.

(3) Prentis, Noble T., History of Kansas, Page 30.

on the trail in our county confronted him and his gay Mexican blood was spilled on the prairie for his gold. In 1855 Charles Fuller started a ranch about two and one-half miles south of the present Galva on the trail. Clara and Norma Noma lived with him and together they entertained travelers. (4).

John N. Corgan, later a resident of Delmore township, came through on the trail and stopped at Fuller's Ranch, in 1856, with an expedition under General Jo Johnson, who attained distinction in the rebel army in the Civil War. At that time he was the commander of the second United States Cavalry (5).

Then in 1859 Mr. Isaac Sharp came from Pennsylvania, to the present Harper township with his father and mother to settle there on the creek which now bears his name. His mother died and was buried there within a year. When the Civil war started and Indians became troublesome, his father and he left for Council Grove. A man named Peters settled on Sharp's Creek the same year. He died in a short time and was buried on the creek. A Mr. Lewis settled on the Smoky near the present Marquette in that year also. He hunted and trapped, but he also made some improvements on his claim, and long after the settlers began to stream in, there were traces of the places he had broken in the sod. (6).

The following year, 1860, what is now McPherson County became a part of Peketon County by an act of the territorial legislature. Peketon County included land west of the 6th principal meridian, south of Township 16 in Kansas Territory, and west into the Rocky Mountains. In 1865 Peketon County was abolish-

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(4) Kelly, H. B., History of McPherson County in Edwards Historical Atlas, 1884, page 7.

(5) The late George W. McClintick in the Kansas American—Feb. 3, 1904.

(6) Ibid. Feb. 3, 1904.

ed and the present McPherson County became a part of Marion County, extending from the west line of Chase County to the present western boundary of Kansas.

In 1865 the Old Stone Corral was built on Little River just across the present border of Rice County by a man named Wheeler. John N. Corgan was stationed there with the Seventh United States Cavalry under Colonel Grierson in 1866 and '67. The stockade built there was of large cottonwood logs set upon end and was one of the most complete stockades ever seen by Mr. Corgan. The seventh Cavalry built huts there in which to live when they were stationed there in '66 and '67. They were there to guard the settlers on the Smoky from the Indians. This cavalry was the same that perished with Custer in Montana in 1876. Custer was under Grierson at the Stone Corral as a Lieutenant Colonel. (7).

Then in 1866 people came flocking into the northern part of the county for homesteads. The homestead act had just been passed, the Civil war was over, and now people wanted homes. The Harpers, who gave Harper township its name, came that year. The Maxwells, Stephen Delano, the Stephens, J. F. Hughes, J. M. Claypool, H. Weber, D. B. Ray, Robert Minns, E. R. Falley, William Brown, the Shields, The Mathes, and a number of Swedish people settled in the region of the Smoky and Sharps Creek, and the Reeces and Tolles settled on Gypsum Creek.

In 1867 the boundaries of McPherson County were defined. It included 1,080 square miles, and was named in honor of General James B. McPherson, a Union general who was killed at Atlanta, Georgia, July 23, 1864. In 1869 what is now McPherson County, was organized as a township. J. G. Maxwell and L. N. Holmberg were made justices of the peace; P. D. Bagley and David Ray,

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(7) Ibid. Feb. 3, 1904.

Constables; D. H. Page trustee; David Stephens, treasurer; John F. Hughes, clerk.

The following year on March 1, 1870, McPherson County was organized with a population of 738 by mass meeting at Swedahl, the temporary county seat, a small settlement a mile and a half southwest of Lindsborg. The officers were: commissioners, Thomas E. Simpson, James Wier, John Ferm; clerk, J. R. Fisher; treasurer, Solomon Stephens; probate judge, Nathan Bean; register of deeds, S. D. Shields; sheriff, Milton Harper; coroner, John Runstrum; attorney, D. H. Page; clerk of district court, S. J. Swensson; surveyor, J. D. Chamberlain; superintendent, Olaf Olson.

In the meantime famine had stalked in Sweden and a true pilgrim of the plains, Dr. Olaf Olson had brought a group of Swedish people here to settle Lindsborg. That was the Chicago colony of Swedish people and the Galesburg Colony came, too, to settle west of the Chicago group. These people came for homes and a place to educate their children and to worship as they wished. They found all these here and their rejoicing burst into song that has since been heard in a great Messiah chorus.

Then in 1874, in a region twenty miles south of the Swedish people, came another group. They came fleeing from war. Russia wanted the German Mennonites to fight for them, but instead they chose to fight the fight of prairie pioneers in America. "They came simultaneously with the grasshoppers but they outstayed them," perhaps because they brought not destruction, but peace-loving hearts and hard-working hands.

Between the Swedish in the north and Germans in the south came Bohemians to settle in Jackson township, the Ashtabula colony from Ohio in King City township, the Ashland Kentucky colony in eastern McPherson township, an Iowa group in western Canton Township, and then a French Canadian group down in southeast Meridian township.

There were others, too, who came without a colony, to mingle with the rest, in covered wagons drawn by oxen from some eastern states.

Some drama up to 1880 with its heart aches and laughter may be suggested in this book. At any rate, the sweep of the winds is not so clean now over checker board fields as it was over raw prairies before 1880, but perhaps the spirit of Coronado is still watching there for drama yet to be.

I.

GYPSUM CREEK TOWNSHIP.

Organized March 24, 1870; trustee, Philip Wickersham; clerk, Sanford Reese.

Roxbury, in this township was laid out in the fall of 1871 by C. W. Banks and B. B, Gates, It was first called Bloomingdale, then Colfax. On March 17, 1875, Colfax was changed to Roxbury.

G. A. Reese, Roxbury, Kansas.

In 1866, two young vigorous Union soldiers started out fresh from the army to seek a new home in the west. Sanford Reese, the elder of the two, left Ohio for Kansas because he was heartsick from the loss of his wife while he was at war and he cared little where he went. With his younger brother, Lowell, he started out to homestead land in Kansas. They had just one horse so one rode awhile, and the other walked. They stopped in Junction City at the land office to find where there was vacant land and came from there out to Gypsum Creek township in McPherson County. They each squatted on a quarter section, but kept their eyes open for better land. They had a wide choice for there were no other settlers for miles around. They seldom saw white men, although that first year the United States Surveyors, who had surveyed the land the year before, came through, correcting their lines.

Finally, they found the land they wanted, the north half of section thirty-one, where Gypsum Creek meets North Branch. When they first observed the land there were eighteen buffalo lolling in the shade of the trees.

They went to Junction City and took out homestead papers on their claims. Then they built a log cabin of split logs and covered it with dirt so the Indians could not burn it. There were a number of Indians around and not always friendly ones, either. To further protect themselves from the Indians, they built an underground passageway leading from a trap door inside their cabin to a square fort built up like a pyramid outside. The fort was built of solid logs and dirt with four port holes to shoot through and no entrance above ground. Indians would walk around and around it trying to find an entrance, but they never did.

Digging in the sod to make the passageway to the fort and also the fort itself, for it was partially underground, Sanford Reese came upon a Spanish coin two feet below the surface of the ground. Perhaps some wandering Indian got it from a Spaniard years before and dropped it there to be covered by soil washed up by floods from the stream close by. Then there were distinct signs of an ancient Indian village at the fork of the two streams not many rods away. Spear points, arrow heads, metates, mullers, etc. could be picked up by

the dozen. A few people have believed that to be the site of a village of Quivera Indians and a place where the Spanish Coronado visited back in 1541.

One afternoon Sanford Reese and his brother noticed Indians across the Creek in war paint, so they entered their cabin and took a barrel of water and some food through the trap door into the fort. They heard nothing from the Indians, but Lowell Reece crept out at dusk to go to the Tolles, six miles away to warn them of the danger.

The next morning the Indians had apparently vanished but a man named Wiley Temple, who lived down Gypsum Creek a mile had not returned from Salina, where he had gone two days before to do some trading. The settlers wondered and Mrs. Temple worried until they finally began to search for him. They soon found his oxen and supplies in the brush down the creek but they found no trace of him for a week. Then they found his body with seven arrow heads and a bullet hole in it and his head scalped.

They buried him in the prairie near by and that grave was the first in one of the earliest cemeteries of the county, later known as Tolle's cemetery.

After that the Indians were usually quite friendly. The settlers even talked and traded with them as much as they could without a knowledge of their language. Once when Sanford Reese was chopping wood about dusk he heard a blood-curdling scream echo and re-echo down the stream. The next day he found large cat-like tracks in a freshly-ploughed hedgerow. An Indian told him then that they were panther tracks and that it had screamed the evening before.

Panthers were rare, but there were some wild cats, an occasional elk and gray wolf, and many coyotes. There were few buffalo, but a group of settlers sometimes went further west where they were plentiful, to kill them for food and hides. Deer, antelope, turkeys, and prairie chickens were often killed for food on Gypsum Creek. The deer meat or venison was especially delicious. The Indians were very fond of it. Mr. G. A. Reese of Roxbury, the son of Sanford Reese, remembers seeing six or seven deer carcasses hanging in the trees just below two hills known as Twin Mounds in section one of Delmore Township when about six hun-

dred Indians camped there in the winter of '71 and '72. They were snowed in. That was a favorite Indian camping site, for it was well watered as Gypsum Creek flowed through it. Then, too, there were many trees there and the two hills gave them a clear view of the surrounding country.

Lowell Reese had gone to Ohio early in 1870 and brought G. A. Reese back with him. He was a boy of nine years. Gypsum Creek township was quite well settled by then and the first school district in the county, Eureka was formed in 1870. Two years later that district was divided into Districts One and Two of McPherson County, District Two was a large district and the school-house called Hodges school house was located considerably north of the center of the district. The people in the south were somewhat burdened by their efforts to get their children to school and so for several years there was talk of moving the building further south. There was some grumbling too because nothing was done, and therein lay the core of the "moonlight traveler" affair.

Now it happened that Mr. Lowell Reese had a house he wanted moved, so he asked a Mr. Carpenter and a Mr. Nelson to come up from near McPherson to move it for him. These men made all the preparations for moving it, including logs and brush across Gypsum Creek so that they might move it across. Then they went down to Sanford Reese's to spend the night.

In the meantime, though, some of the settlers in the southern part of the district were watching proceedings with a speculating eye—especially the place fixed in the creek for moving the house.

So along about the time the bright full moon was beaming its fullest, a strange looking sight came across the prairie. First there were about six oxen and they were dragging great poles behind them. Then came quite a crowd of settlers. It was a very quiet crowd, too. They walked stealthfully as if they were afraid some one would hear them. They went straight up to Hodges school house, lifted it up, put the logs under and hitched the oxen to the front of it. Then they proceeded across the prairie southward. Everything was all right until they came to the creek. In trying to pull it over that, the frame building proved a little too bulky, it

stuck in the mud and refused to budge. The men fussed and fumed and yanked and pulled, but still the schoolhouse set there. In desperation some of the men went to Sanford Reese's for Mr. Carpenter. They explained that they had a building in the middle of the creek and asked for his help. Mr. Carpenter wanted to know what in the world they were doing with a building in the middle of the night. That proved embarrassing for the questioned-ones and Mr. Carpenter laughed when they stammered around for an explanation. He finally went with them and with his help, about dawn the old building rolled on its skids up the banks of Gypsum Creek and came to rest on the south side of the creek about a mile from its original resting place. Mr. Hodges on whose land the building had been located, rode up on horse-back about then, galloped around the building several times and remarked, "Wal, yu think yu've done it now, don'tcha?" and then rode away. That was about all the northerners ever said about the "Moonlight Traveler" for very soon they became another district themselves—Number Eighty-eight.

Someone has said that the school teacher, a Miss Hodges, out in district number two was surprised beyond words to come to school one morning to find the school house gone.

Mrs. Effie Agrelius, of McPherson, Kansas.

A school teacher in Indiana and later in Wisconsin, Morgan Banks came to Gypsum Creek township in 1871 to try his hand at pioneering. The next year his family came to live with him in a little frame house with a tiny upstairs room. He planted fruit trees on his land and two long rows of black walnuts, which later made many a picture against a clear sky at dusk. He dug two wells before he found water and then it had a gypsum taste. His children, playing on the hill of earth they had dug out of the well, found dozens of gypsum crystals.

It was rather lonely for the children sometimes. Mrs. Effie Banks Agrelius remembers the lonely call of coyotes from the hills a mile east and the endless rolling of tumble-weeds on the prairie in front of their house. There were times when she hunted for something to do. She recalls tying the legs of grasshoppers together with bits of fine thread and gleefully watching them try to hop.

Sometimes the children would see a covered wagon drawn by a team of mules coming in the distance from the north. Immediately they ran toward it for they knew who was coming. It was the mail man! His name was Lawson and he was a jolly old Swede with a long beard. Often he brought them candy from Salina when he went there to get their mail twice a week. He was about their only connection with the outside world and a lot of their child-hood fancies were centered around him.

When evening came they were not always so lonely either, for they often popped corn, sang or played games. Sometimes in the evenings neighbors would come to their house for law suits, because their father was a justice of the peace. If their father permitted, the children sat around and listened to that with big eyes. Occasionally neighbors would drop in for a friendly visit. The Annabals often came. Mr. Annabal and Mr. Banks were the greatest of friends and often sat in straight back chairs tilted against the side of the house. There they discussed the moving questions of the day, but never politics for Mr. Annabal was a staunch Democrat and Mr. Banks was an equally staunch Republican.

When school time came their father helped them with their school work in the evenings. Their uncle, Charles Banks, taught in their school, district number one, for awhile and then Frank Le Seur came. He was an eastern college man and an excellent teacher and community leader.

To relieve the loneliness somewhat the teacher and settlers formed a literary society and organized baseball teams. The Banks bought the first croquet set in the neighborhood and people came for miles around to play with them. They were so enthused about the game that they played on moonlight nights with the aid of a few lanterns.

Then to satisfy another side of their lives they had Sunday services in the school house conducted by various preachers from over the county.

Loneliness and soul-hunger weren't their only problems by any means though. Prairie fires visited them as they did all the early prairie people. The slough grass that grew tall and tough along Gypsum Creek burned

like paper and then the tumble weeds were always there to carry the flames on and on. The smoke made everything as black as night and set the air in motion. The wind always blew and the great roar and crackle of the flames flew onward as swift as death to bring destruction in its wake if every pioneer was not alert and fighting to keep it down. They ploughed fire-guards, started back-fires, and fought with wet gunny sacks.

Then there were storms and blizzards, too, that seemed to threaten sweeping every little frame house out of the way. One evening in 1876 while picking luscious red strawberries back of their house they saw a huge black cloud in the northwest with a straight line at the bottom. Dipping down and then up from the straight line were two long funnel-like pieces of cloud. It was a tornado following the Smoky up rooting trees as it went, some miles away from them.

Then there was that worst problem of all for them —sickness. When a bachelor with no relatives took sick with the typhoid in the neighborhood, lively sympathetic Mrs. Banks took him into her one-roomed, rag-carpeted home to nurse him through it. Their home was tiny but immaculately clean and the family slept upstairs when sick-folks came. Twin boy-babies were ill with the cholera infantum once and she took them in with their mother. She was always going out to someone's home to help when there was sickness. If the call came in the middle of the night after a hard day's work, she was never too tired to go.

II.

Smoky Hill Township.

Organized March 24, 1870; Trustee, D. H. Page; Treasurer, C. Carlson; Clerk, A. M. Hanson,

The hills in this township are known as Smoky hills, because of the smoky-blue haze always hanging over them. The river winding below the hills is called the Smoky river.

"There's an old, old Indian legend
Told by the western men,
That they who drink of the Smoky's tide
Shall return to drink again.

For they say an old Indian chieftain
In the mystic days of old,
Stood by the Smoky river
And his spell of magic told.

And he cried, "Blest be this river"
As he stood upon the brink;
"They who once shall drink its water,
Shall return again to drink."

They may wander to the eastward
To the westward mountains high,
But the Smoky always greets them
Once again before they die."

From a paper written by Mrs. O. L. Lovan, published in the Salina Journal, January 30, 1928.

A HISTORY OF LINDSBORG

by

Miss Irene Swenson

(Taken from the Lindsborg Record, December 22, 1905 and December 29, 1905, by permission from the author)

Even as late as 1866, the present site of Lindsborg was merely a rolling prairie. No trees were seen, except in the forests along the river. Grass seven feet high covered the land in many places. There were no roads although the sections were laid out, marked by surveyor's stones, and numbers inscribed on them, indicated miles and half-miles.

In 1866, on the 26th of April, nine men came out by livery team, from Junction City, to look at the land. These men were John Erickson, Andrew Linn, Gustaf Johnson, C. F. Hultquist, Charlie Johnson, N. Spangberg, Andrew Hanson, Hans Norlund and Bengt Johnson. They returned the 28th, well pleased with the outlook. They had bought a supply of food at Junction City, and when they returned, they again stopped there. Mayor Holmberg, one of the storekeepers at that place, made inquiries about the land, and afterwards had an account of it published in "Hemlandet". This probably created the first interest which the Chicago Company afterwards showed in this land.

On the 1st of May, the same year, these men together with eight others, in all 17 filed their homesteads in Junction City. They chose the southwest of the immediate neighborhood of Lindsborg. The home nearest their homesteads was eight miles west of Salina. They were all Swedes, three coming directly from Sweden, and were the first Swedish men who passed through this part of the country. Only one man, Frank McNeely, had previously filed on land in this locality. His homestead was also southwest of Lindsborg. He preceded the Swedes by one month.

As soon as they had procured their homesteads, they began to build their homes. These consisted of little holes or cellars excavated in the ground, covered with grass and turf. Snakes and reptiles crawled down the walls, or hid in the grass roof. Only two of the men brought any cattle with them.

When their little homes had been completed, they left for the winter, but came back for a permanent stay in the spring of 1867. By this time, there had arrived quite a number of Swedes in the eastern part of the state. Almost simultaneously the first Swedish Agricultural Company was organized in Chicago, under the leadership of John Ferm, with the intention of establishing a colony of Swedish Lutherans somewhere in the west. After the company had made inquiries, they began to think it would be satisfactory to organize a company in the Smoky Valley. In 1868, the company sent a committee to examine the land, especially along the Smoky Hill river. This committee was composed of D. Lindahl, S. P. Lindgren, and Rev. Larson,

"The result was that for $37,000.00 a purchase was made from the National Land Company, of all the railroad land in an area of six miles wide and nine miles in length, in range three, extending three miles into township seventeen. The company also filed claims for government lands within the same limits, ignorant of their disability to hold them without being actual settlers. In October, 1868 some of the company built the company house, on section 32 in township 16."—County Atlas. This house was known under the name "Bolaghuset."

The locality was soon settled. Many people immigrated from Sweden, and came in small companies. Most of the first settlers were young laborers, who had come to get employment, and many to get a permanent home. Often the whole family came. Dr. Olsson, who was called by the settlers to become their minister, brought with him over 400 immigrants, although some of these were compelled to stay in Illinois. At the same time, settlements were made by the Galesburg Company, formed for the Swedish Lutherans in Henry and Knox counties in Illinois. But these settled mostly northwest of Salemsburg and southwest of Fremont and Marquette. The dividing line, as a rule, was the section line between range 3 and 4, the Chicago Company occupying range 3, and the Galesburg Company range 4.

They began with great zeal to break up the prairies. The best good-will prevailed among them. Many of the people shared both homes and property together. Their homes were little dug-outs or log-cabins. The same room served for kitchen, dining room, bedroom, parlor, and sometimes, also, as a chicken house and granary. In

one place, sixteen people lived in a dugout 16x14 during the whole winter. Wagons were seldom seen. The vehicle most often used, both summer and winter, was the sled. Many of the men worked on the railroad, and each one hoped that by working hard, he would some day be able to procure a home of his own.

Buffalo herds roved about in the neighborhood, but only a few ventured within the limits of the settlement.

The Indians passed through the settlement every spring and autumn, in order to get buffalo skins. The chiefs spoke English freely. During the winter of 1870, three hundred Indians camped along the river close to Indian Creek. Through the request of Major Holmberg, the government supplied every settler with a gun but the Indians were well disposed, although they had no scruples in taking anything accessible when convenient.

A more dangerous enemy was the prairie fire, with which the early settlers often had to contend. They usually plowed a fireguard around their homes; when a fire was seen they kindled another fire to meet it, and in that way saved their homes.

In the spring of 1866, the settlers were suddenly compelled to move out of their homes, on account of the overflow of the Smoky Hill river. The flood rose 32½ feet above the banks. When the waters had subsided and the settlers returned, they found the floor of their homes covered with a layer of mud, one foot deep. Living in these unwholesome places had its effects, and in the fall the ague broke out, from which everyone suffered more or less.

For a long time the people wondered what they ought to call their settlement but finally the name Lindsborg was chosen, from the fact that the name contains the first syllable for the names Lindgren and Lindahl, and added to it the word borg which means for. The first house erected on the town site was built in 1869 by Neils Olson, now of New Gottland. The same year J. H. Johnson opened a store about a mile west of Lindsborg, where he also kept the postoffice. This store was owned by the company. The company had also another store in Salina. In 1868, Major Holmberg erected a store southwest of the city, one mile east of school-house No. 4. The store contained the most essential articles in various lines. The place was known as Sveadal. A

post office was also located in this store the same year.

A great discussion arose when the location for city proper was chosen. Some wished to have it in the middle of Section7. Others wished to have it in the north half of the southeast quarter of section 30 at the Sveadal. The people of the west wished it in Union township, section 36, at the old Duncan place. Another party wished it in section 28, which is known as the Old Rodell place. The people in favor of this place were in the majority, but then the people of the North and Sveadal agreed to give up the places they had chosen, in order to get it closer. They, as second choice, decided to join together and chose section 17. By the union of these two parties, the decision was passed in their favor.

On the 8th of July, 1870, Lindsborg incorporated as a city of the third class. It had then a population of over 250 people. The first city election was held the 29th of the same month. The officers chosen at the election were: City Mayor, John A. Swenson; City Council, D. Johnson, A. Lindgren, P. Schwenson, W, J. Henry and Jacob Christian; Police Judge, S. A. LaBoyteau; City Clerk, John McPhail; Marshal and Street Commissioner, Ole Ammundson; City Treasurer, John Gallagher. In 1870 the company erected a store. This building contained the county office upstairs. On the lower floor was the postoffice, and a store under the management of J. H. Johnson, and later of S. P, Lindgren and C. R. Carlson respectively. The latter afterwards bought the merchandise from this store, and incorporated the firm Carlson and Johnson in 1870. C. R. Carlson built a two story house in 1874.

N. P. Nelson and Mr. Schencke opened a merchandise store in 1872. This later passed into the hands of Haglund and Schencke.

The first shoe store was owned by Mr. Holm. In 1870 this was changed to a harness store, by Fallquist and Holm.

N. P. Swenson and son built and opened a blacksmith shop in 1871 with a hardware department in one part of the store. In the winter '73—'74 Mr. Swenson built a two story house. Mr. Swenson and son lived upstairs to this building. In 1878 Mr. Palmlof opened the first tin shop, on the corner of Third and Union Street.

The first millinery store was opened by Mrs. Blau on the first floor of the company house, in 1871. Later Miss Jenkins carried on the same business.

The first barber shop was owned by Mr. Eaton, probably as early as 1878.

Dr. Curtis was the first to practice medicine in Lindsborg. He came to Lindsborg in July, 1872, and the same year opened a drug store. The first photograph gallery was opened by Mr. Kyle in 1878.

The first hotel was managed by Mr. Mix in 1871 in the dining room of the Union Hotel which was afterwards owned by Mr. Henry.

The first livery barn was erected in 1873. This was first under the management of Mr. Blau, and afterwards owned by A. Lincoln, and later by Amos and Thompson.

Charlie Ferm was the first lawyer in Lindsborg.

In 1880, John Ekblad opened a bookstore.

In 1872, the citizens of McPherson petitioned that the county seat be moved from the company house to McPherson. One night in June, 1873, the papers were secretly taken to McPherson, and shortly afterwards the county seat was located in McPherson.

The post office, as has been mentioned before, was first located in the store one mile west of Lindsborg, in 1869. (The one at Sveadal was only of short duration). Mr. J. H. Johnson was the first postmaster. He was succeeded by John Ferm and W. J. Henry. It was then moved to the company house in Lindsborg. When this building was sold, the post office was taken in charge by N. P. Nelson. He had the post office across the street, north of the hardware store. Later it was moved to the hotel owned by W. J. Henry.

In 1870, a company decided to build a mill. Long cottonwood trees were placed lengthwise and crosswise and afterwards stone, wood and straw were thrown between, to make a beaver dam. But the undertaking was a failure, and the work was suspended for some time. Later on, C. J. Johnson, in 1870 or 1871, built a dam of stones, and erected a mill, but in 1881 the dam broke. When C. J. Johnson had erected his mill, a company constructed another dam in section 15, but when this

was completed, it was discovered that it kept the water from the other mill, so the work at this place had to be abandoned. After C. J. Johnson's mill had been destroyed, Bergsten and Francis Johnson rebuilt the dam. Once more it broke and later on Bergsten bought out Johnson's stock and owned the mill from that time.

The first cemetery was located in section 7. In the spring, 1869, it was moved into Saline county, where the old cemetery is now located. Later on a cemetery was laid out in Lindsborg on the lot where Bethany College now stands. In 1886 when the College was erected the cemetery was moved east of the city.

The first newspaper in Lindsborg was the "Localist". The first number was published the 19th of April, 1879, edited by W. M. McClintick, later by Walter Younger and John McPhail, respectively. In the summer of 1880, the "Butte" was published by J. C. Parks. The "Kansas State Tiding," the first Swedish paper, was published by E. K. Skarstedt through the latter part of '79 and '80. The "Smoky Valley News" was established by A. Ringwald, Sept. 21st, 1881. In 1882 the "Kansas Posten" was published. It was edited by J. A. Udden, E. Nelander, and C. A. Swensson.

The first bank was organized by Mr. Burch. In Sept. 1881, a company bought this bank. Mr. O. Haggeland was appointed president and John A. Swenson cashier.

Bonds for railroads were voted as early as 1872, for the Salina and Sedivic to the amount of $150,000 to run through Lindsborg; a petition was presented to the commissioners to that effect but no election was called. Later, on July 30th, bonds to the amount of $200,000 were voted to extend the Salina, Atlanta and Raimond to run through Lindsborg and south, but the road was never built. In 1879, the Kansas Pacific, now Union Pacific, was also building a branch called the Salina and Southwestern, from Salina southward into McPherson Co. It passed through Lindsborg and was completed in McPherson Co. in December the same year. The completion of this railroad was celebrated the 4th of July, 1879. The Missouri Pacific railroad came through Lindsborg in 1889.

The Lindsborg school, or district No. 3 was organized in 1870 by County Superintendent Olof Olsen. Dur-

ing the first, two terms were taught each year. In 1871 Mrs. Warner taught a term of school during the summer and Mr. LaBoyteau the following winter. Mrs. Watson taught the summer and winter of '72 and '73. Mr. Crossby '73 and '74. In the summer of 1875 no school was kept, because the treasury at McPherson had been robbed the previous winter. During all this time the school had been taught upstairs in the company house. Many of the pupils were from the country, several had two or three miles to go to school. In 1905 a little frame school house was built. This school house, though not very large, was very comfortable. Mrs. Watson taught the first term in this school house. As the population increased, it became necessary to provide better accommodations for the school, and bonds were voted for the purpose to the amount of $5,000. The new school house, a two story building of brick, was ready for use in 1883.

All this time the people had wished for a higher school. In 1879 the Lutherans decided to sell some of their land and donate the income for school purposes. Dr. Swensson especially was grieved to see so many of the young men who crowded the city unoccupied and thought of organizing an evening school or high school. In 1880 or '81 he first mentioned his plans to C. J. Stromquist.

When Dr. Swensson applied to the trustees for a room in church to be used for school purposes, many were against it, but finally yielded. The school was to be opened October 15, 1881, but not a single student arrived the first day. After a while students came, and at the end of the school year the enrollment was 27. Dr. Swensson managed the work but Professor J. A. Udden was chosen to do the instructing. In 1882 the old public school house was bought and divided into two rooms. In 1881 the new school was adopted by the Smoky Hill district of the Kansas Conference under the name of Bethany Academy. In September of the same year, the school received its charter. The second school year began with an enrollment of 44, which at the end of the year had increased to 92. In addition to Prof. Udden, E. Nelander and C. G. Norman were chosen as teachers during the year. The same year E. Nelander was chosen president of the school, which position he held until 1889. But a larger building was necessary. Subscrip-

tions were raised in Lindsborg and vicinity and in 1883 the work was commenced. In the fall of 1883 the new building was ready for use. The building was 35x60 ft. and two stories high without the basement. In 1884 the school was adopted by the Kansas Conference. The following year a resolution was passed to call the school Bethany Normal Institute. This was accepted by the Conference in 1886. Again the school needed to be enlarged. A blacksmith shop, an old hotel, and some other rather unsuitable rooms were hired for school rooms. Again subscriptions were solicited, and the College building was ready for use January 12th, 1887. It was a brick building, five stories high without the basement. Already during the first year, the first steps had been taken for attaining a college course, and at the same time the name was changed to Bethany College and Normal Institute. In December the same year, the school received a charter to this effect. The first College graduates, four in number, finished in 1891.

In 1889, Dr. Swenson was chosen president for the College, which office he held until his death in 1904. Dr. Swensson had the wonderful ability of overcoming all difficulties connected with a newly organized college, and under his able leadership the institution became one of the greatest church colleges of the West.

There are four religious denominations in Lindsborg, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Mission, and the Lutheran.

The Swedish Baptist church was organized, by twelve members, the 3rd of Nov. 1886 under the leadership of August Johnson. Their first pastor, Rev. Chas. Palm, came to Lindsborg in July, 1887. Their church was erected in 1892.

The Swedish Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in Tatum school house Saline County, November, 1871, with nine members, all coming from the Eastern States. The church was organized under the leadership of Rev. S. B. Newman, presiding elder, and Rev. Nels Peterson, pastor. A church and a parsonage were built in Lindsborg in 1875. The church was destroyed by fire in 1879, and a new church erected in 1881.

The English Methodist Church was organized in 1880, by Rev. Guy Hamilton, who preached until the following annual Conference. But George H. Mathis

had preached for three months in the public school house in 1879.

In 1881 J. M. Archer was appointed pastor of the congregation. In the fall of the same year, the services were moved to the Swedish M. E. Church, where they were held till 1887, when their own church was built.

The Swedish Mission Church was organized in 1875. Its membership consisted chiefly of dissenting members of the Swedish Lutheran Church, who left in 1874 and 1875. Rev. Bloom was their first minister. A church building was erected the same year, about four miles northeast of town. In 1879 a church was built in town. This church was badly damaged by a tornado the same year, but was soon repaired.

The Swedish Lutheran Church was the first church organized in Lindsborg. To the first settlers, religion was essential, and meetings were held as soon as possible. Dr. A. W. Dahlsten preached one Sunday in September, 1868, to a few Swedes, under a large cottonwood tree. Probably this was the first time Swedish services were held in this locality. A wild turkey gobbled in a tree-top close by, during the entire services. Soon regular meetings were held, often in private homes but mostly in "Bolagshuset." Mr. C. J. Broden was the first man who conducted their services. He preached at intervals in different places in the locality. In 1868 a call was extended to Dr. O. Olsson in Sweden to come over and take charge of the congregation. He accepted the call, and arrived here in June, 1869. In 1869 a little stone church was built in the middle of section 7. It had a grass roof and no floor. Strong sticks were put down in the ground, and boards were placed on these to serve as seats. A large stone was used in front of the door in place of a lock. A parsonage was built on Dr. Olsson's homestead the same year. But the church soon became too small for the growing congregation. At a meeting held the 2nd of Dec. the congregation decided to build a new church. But now a great discussion arose in regard to where the new church should be located. Some of the members wished to have it on the same place where the other one had been. People living further south wished to have it in section 17 because the R. R. company promised 80 acres of land to the first Swedish church built here. Finally at a meeting, held

Dec. 6th, 1873, it was decided to build a church in section 17. In 1874 they began to haul stone for the foundation. The church was completed in the fall of 1875. When Dr. Olsson left in 1876 to take up work at Rock Island, Dr. C. A. Swensson was called to take his place. He accepted the call and came to Lindsborg immediately after his ordination in 1879, where, as has been mentioned before, he remained until his death.

A marked characteristic of the Swedish settlers is their devotion to their religion, and love of education. Their Christian zeal is shown in their constitution, which allowed no one to purchase land in their neighborhood, unless a professed Christian. It has been shown by the number of schools and churches established, and the prosperity of the settlement in general.

W. O. Mathes, of McPherson, Kansas.

T. J. Mathes and Benjaman Mathes, two bachelors, came from Indiana, to settle in Smoky Hill township in 1866. There were a few other bachelors with claims in the surrounding country and they all lived in dugouts, in a rather crude manner for just the required length of time for their homesteads, six months of the year, and then were off to work on the railroad or anything else they could get.

The Mathes had two dugouts. One night in'66, they retired in dugout No. 1. The river began to rise rapidly. They watched it in front but in the middle of the night they wondered if the water was draining into the low bottom behind the dugout. They looked and found the water coming up in it. They moved to dugout No. 2 and the next morning found the water ten feet deep over dugout No. 1.

The following year, W. O. Mathes came with his father in a covered wagon, and settled near his brother's homestead. Settlers near them in those early years, were George and Sam Sheilds, E. G. Billows, Bank Johnson, Andrew Hanson, Spohnberg and Johnson, George Karbaugh, a man named Pellam, John Chamberlain, William Hooker, Alfred Grey, Captain Page, Joe Leman, Luke Gannon and Frank McNeeley.

Most of these bachelor-settlers had fire-places in their dugouts and over their wood fires they cooked antelope, prairie chicken, wild turkey and fish. There was plenty of wild game in the region and fish in the streams. The buffalo fish was common then. It was full of fine bones, but they ate it anyway. When the river was low the men went to the river with pitch forks and killed the fish in the holes but they ordinarily seined all the fish they ate.

There were some wild animals too, in the timber along the streams. There were some wild cats, catamonds, beaver, otter, and coons. Some of the settlers trapped the beaver and otter.

Mr. Mathes says there have been few wild buffalo in the county since 1866. In that year when the first settlers came to Smoky Hill township they found fresh buffalo wallows, but no buffalo. Soloman Stephens saw one large herd go through Marquette township in 1868, leaving a trail a hundred yards wide on the prairie.

Before the greatest flood of settlers came in the seventies, Mr. Mathes occasionally saw a large group of soldiers coming through near their home. One man running a small ferry boat on the Smoky saw Hancocks army approaching from the east. He had mental images of all the money he would make by carrying that army across. When they came to the river bank, though, the commander ordered the boat out of the way, and they proceeded to put their own potoon bridges across the water and cross on those.

When many settlers did begin to come in, the land was taken up rapidly. Mr. Mathes remembers going out with County Surveyor Chamberlain about that time to look for corner stones in the high grass. They were in a wagon and when Mr. Chamberlain located one corner stone he would use his compass and other instruments to determine the direction of the next one. Then he would attach a piece of cloth to a spoke of the wagon wheel, start his horses in the determined direction and count the revolutions of the wheel by watching the cloth. He knew the approximate circumference of the wheel and when he thought they were far enough, he would say "Well, boys, I think we are about far enough", and they would all hop out and hunt for the corner stone. They would usually find it, too.

J. M. Nelson, Lindsborg.

Mr. J. M. Nelson was fifteen back in '68 when he came from Sweden to America with his parents, two sisters, and four brothers. They were on their way to Wisconsin or Minnesota where many of their nationality had settled. When they stopped in Chicago, a relative advised them to come to Kansas, instead, for there were no stumps to worry about in tilling the soil. So they came to Kansas where they took out homestead papers on section twenty of Smoky Hill Township. Then they started for their new home in a lumber wagon. When they arrived they dug a fourteen foot square dugout and moved in.

They lived together happily there, until the last day of the year, 1868. At about eleven o'clock on that night his mother died of typhoid fever. They buried her temporarily the next morning while Olaf Westman, a neighbor, gathered six dollars from among the few neighbors and was off for Salina to buy lumber for a coffin, which he built for them. They smoked a chimney of a kerosene lamp and used that to black the coffin. A poor Swedish father was left then in a strange wild country with seven young children, but they managed, somehow!

They brought the two young girls of the family to Salina to live with families there for the rest of that winter and the next spring. Then one day the following summer, Mr. Nelson and his father crossed the Smoky on their way to Salina for supplies and also to bring his sisters home. The river wasn't high when they crossed it. When they came to it again, it had risen. There they were, two girls and their father and brother, amid a country wild enough to almost be called a wilderness beside a rushing torrent of water, which they had to cross. The man and the boy had learned to swim in a lake close to their home in Sweden, but the girls had not. They had no boat, of course, but they did have a wooden wash tub, which they had bought in Salina, so they used that. With a rope around his waist the father swam ahead pulling the tub with a girl in it, while J. M. Nelson swam behind, guiding the tub. Both young girls were brought to the home side of the river comparatively dry.

They drank the clear water from that river for a year or two and then they dug a well thirty-two feet deep. There was always plenty of game to kill and eat. When they had been there a few years and had raised corn, they had a corn crib outside the dugout. It had no roof and early in the morning the corn would be covered with prairie chickens. If they chose they could point a gun out the little window of the dugout and kill as many as five in a shot.

They sowed two acres of wheat in the spring of '69. They cut it with a cradle and threshed it with the help of their two Texas cows, which they had broken as oxen. They put one end of a pole in the ground, attached another pole to it several feet up so that it extended out. Then they hitched their oxen to that and put a circle of cut wheat on the ground so that the oxen would tramp on it as they went around and around the center pole. That threshed the grain.

Sometimes he took the oxen and hired out to other settlers, and sometimes he worked at home. He would occasionally find time to do something just for fun with the other boys. Several times in 1870 they visited a camp of three hundred friendly Indians on Indian Creek near his home. Then there was a school and church, too. Their school was the "Bean School," a district which went to the Colorado line and one which Olaf Olson was influential in starting. One school-day memory of children of that day is the teacher's treat. He would stand in the front of the room and throw out handfuls of hard candy and let the children scramble for it.

Some settlers even found time for hobbies. An interesting relative of Mr. Nelson's, named Swanstrom, came to Smoky Hill township in 1868, also. He was a student of Horticulture in Sweden, and in the very earliest years, one could find blooming rosebushes on the sod outside of his pioneer home.

Mrs. Fred Lundstrom, Lindsborg, Kansas.

Swedish people who visited in America in the sixties went back to tell tales of free lands and many jobs but they forgot to mention the hardships. The parents and family of Miss Hannah Larson got that strange "emegration" fever so they left their beautiful home in Sweden and came out to homestead in Smoky Hill township in 1868. There they were forced to crawl into the dugout that was a new home. What contrast it was to the one they had just left in Sweden.

The following year Miss Larson became Mrs. Fred Lundstrom and moved into another dugout on Indian Creek. Fred Lundstrom had been here since '66 and had lived in the dugout since he came. Six months after they were married they moved into the stone house that was to be their home for a number of years. New Gottland was just seven miles away and settlers from there, John Grants, Gust Burkes, John Lillians, Lewis Hillanders and Nelsons, often visited with the Lundstroms. John Nelsons had a spinning wheel that the neighborhood was welcome to use. Mrs. Lundstrom remembers clipping two sheep herself and taking the wool to Nelsons to spin into thread and cloth.

III.

SHARPS CREEK (Now Marquette) TOWNSHIP.

Organized March 24, 1870; trustee, J. P. Stromquist; treasurer, R. Underwood; clerk, W. Corman.

MARQUETTE

In 1873 H. S. Bacon came from Marquette, Michigan to visit his brother in Rice County. Upon hearing that there was a good mill site on the Smoky in McPherson County he came over to investigate. He bought the site from D. N. Myers and built a mill there. In 1874 his son-in-law, J. A. Foster came and built a store close by and a town company was formed. Its officers were S. J. Darrah, president; John Rodell, treasurer; J. A. Foster, secretary. They bought land for a town site, obtained a charter, laid out the town and named it after Marquette, Michigan.

C. J. O. Anderson, Marquette, Kansas.

Only a few beaver trappers on the streams and a very few settlers had been in Marquette township when John F. Hughes and J. M. Claypool walked there from Junction City in 1866. The Weber brothers and D. B. Ray also came in '66. In 1869 the Underwoods, Norris, Loomis, Parkers, and Hoffhines came and in 1870 the Myers, Lloyd and Darrah families and Philip Kumli came. In 1868 Swedish people began to settle near Marquette including the A. Ericksons, Hans Hansons, and Lundquists. The following year the Sjogrens, Hedbergs, Sjobergs, Bromans, Lindhs, Renius, J. M. Carlson, Gust Carlson, Olof Olson, and Charles and Frank Hawkinson settled. In 1870 more Swedish people came, including Andersons, P. J. Ingemansons, John A. Petersons, Daniel Engdahls, Swan Harts, Hokansons, Burnisons and Ed Andersons.

These people built their homes and began breaking the sod. If they didn't have teams, and a good many didn't, they bought oxen from the Texas cattlemen herding their cattle through their lands to Abilene and later to Ellsworth. These cattlemen often had eight or ten oxen already broken with them, but occasionally the settlers would break them, themselves. That was difficult for even a broken ox wasn't any too tame.

With their teams or their oxen and their twelve or fourteen inch breaking ploughs they broke prairie and planted spring wheat, corn, and some vegetables. They planted spring wheat for only about four years though, because the chinch bugs ate it badly. Settlers south and up by Salina were planting fall wheat, so they did, too. then they began planting broom corn. Some of the women helped cut, sort, and scrape the broom corn.

The grasshoppers took most of the crops in '74. Mr. C. J. O. Anderson recalls that his family were elated over the fact that the locusts could eat only the tops of the acre of potatoes. Two days later, though, when they began digging the potatoes they found that they were rotten. All the grief caused by those hoppers were deeply discouraging, just when the settlers were getting started, but they had to stick it out for they didn't have the money to go back to Illinois or wherever they came from.

Facts about the early Swedish settlements of Marquette and Union township, gleaned from listening to the conversation of groups of early settlers, including Mrs. Gust Carlson, Mrs. Charles Nordstrom, Mrs. Carrie Roberts, Mrs. Eric Sjogren, Mrs. Minnie Peterson, and Mr. Charles Broman.

The majority of Swedish settlers in the vicinity of Marquette came on the train to Salina and from there to their homesteads in lumber wagons.

Most of them chose a bank by the Smoky river or a creek if one happened to cross their land, and built a dugout to live in until they could afford a better home. Many times the men would stay on the homestead only long enough to build their home and then be off to work on a railroad. Sometimes several families lived together in one home, partially because the women disliked to stay alone when the men were gone so much of the time.

Some of these women were accustomed to comfortable living in Sweden and the distinct change was a sure test of their metal. One woman, absent while her husband dug their dugout, came through the high slough grass and didn't see the dugout until she was upon it. She stood still for a long moment, then she said "Is that where we are going to live?"

Then there was another woman who lay in a dugout weak from child-birth, with her few days old son at her side, when a terrific cloud-burst came in the middle of the night. The roof leaked and the cold September rain came pouring in on them. Her husband tried to stretch robes over the ceiling to keep out some of the torrent, but to no avail. The bed clothing became heavy with moisture. Then a neighbor woman some miles away saw the lantern gleam in their dugout and wondered what was the matter, so she walked in the rain to help them. With her assistance the man managed to put his wife and baby in the lumber wagon, hitch the horses, and go to the dry home of a neighbor.

Still another woman, a crippled Mrs. Ericson, was left by the other settlers to find her own way to the

pioneer fort south of the present Marquette, when a warning was broadcast that the Indians were coming. She told them to go on without her for they were panic-stricken and impatient with their slow progress, when they had to walk to her slow gait. She finally hobbled into the fort several hours after the others.

These Swedish women were lonely and poor, among people who couldn't even understand their language, but they helped build their furniture of slabs of native wood, made mattresses of grass or of corn husks if they could get them, put up muslin curtains at their tiny windows, took out their scanty supply of china and copper kettles and made homes out of nature.

The river, winding down below many of their homes, was a menace to their safety, especially when it rose suddenly. They often had to go long distances then to find a safe crossing. Sometimes when it was low they could walk in it across the fords. A mother with her three small children walked to a neighbors one day. She took the youngest child across first and put him high up on the bank. Then she went back after another and while she had her back turned the baby slipped into the water and was almost drowned before she could reach him.

Living close to the river was uncomfortable, too, because frogs and water snakes would often come into the dugouts. If the water was stagnant, the mosquitoes would breed in it. They built bonfires to smoke the mosquitoes away when they grew unbearable, or used mosquito bar if they had the money to buy it.

In the summer of '74 after many of them had moved from their dugouts to dugouts combined with log houses, or sod, stone, log, or frame houses, a pest visited them that nothing could keep out—the grasshoppers. They ate everything, even the crisp clean muslin curtains at the windows. Mr. Broman remembers very well the afternoon they came, for he and a group of friends were on their way to see a man who owned a crude telescope some distance away. They wanted to look at a comet then visible in the evening sky, but when the locusts came, they turned around toward home.

But life wasn't always difficult. The boys had some fun at the encampments of the friendly Indians near the river and creeks. Once several boys, thinking to tease a group of blanket-attired savages sitting around

a camp fire, threw bits of bark into the fire. The Indians with much grunting pushed the pieces of bark aside for they made sparks which might have burned their blankets. Other times, though, the Indians danced for the boys or lay flat on their faces and sang wild rythmic songs. Once Mr. Broman, going through a section of woods just after dark stepped aside to avoid bumping into what he thought was a tall tree trunk. How he jumped after he passed it, when an Indian Brave leaned over his shoulder and said "Ha! Ha!"

There is a natural corral west of Marquette, where a few buffalo hid until surprisingly late in the seventies. The Indians camping on the streams would sometimes go there to kill one, but they always went at night for they didn't want the white men to find the buffalo. They knew if they did the buffalo would be exterminated at once.

Buffalo were rare and when a few did come through they were killed immediately. There were buffalo trails, though, made by buffalo walking in straight lines following a leader to water.

The settlers followed those trails many times when they walked to the Fremont church, after it was built in 1870. They built that church of stones hauled from the Smoky Hills on home-made sleds drawn by oxen. The sleds would slip over the native prairie grass easily. When they had the walls built they moved in stumps, put boards across them to sit on and held Swedish Lutheran Church services. Everyone went to the services, too, for they were extremely religious people.

Always on Christmas, early in the morning the lights of dozens of lanterns swayed over the prairies as these good people walked or rode in lumber wagons to their Julotta service.

Mr. Ludwig Engdahl, Marquette, Kansas.

The Engdahls came to their government claim in section 28 of Marquette township in 1870. They lived in a fourteen foot square dugout for a year and then built a log-house with a sod roof. There were four children in the family then, two sleeping on the floor and two in a trundle bed, which was so small it could be pushed under their large bed.

They lived in much the same manner as their neigh-

bors, cutting wood faggots for lights or using lard with a lighted rag in a saucer, and stretching a rope from the house to the barn to guide them when blizzards came. In winter they kept their vegetables in holes in the ground, lined with straw, something in the same manner that the Indians made their "caches". Then they ate cornmeal mush and milk, Johnny cakes and black molasses, fish and buffalo meat.

They usually had to go further west for their buffalo meat but occasionally a few would stray through. Once when Mr. Ludwig Engdahl was walking to "Number Eight" school house west of Marquette nine buffalo came thundering across the prairie toward him. He was frightened and hid behind some slough grass, until they passed. Another time two buffalo passed the school house, pursued by one of the Stephens and C. S. Wynn on horses.

Most of the children in the neighborhood went to Swedish school, too. They had to walk for miles to various homes for that. The families took turns having the Swedish school where the children were taught catechism and biblical history. When the teaching was over in the evenings they would often have social gatherings. If someone played an accordion, even the old men would dance on the dirt floor and have a good time with the rest.

John A. Peterson, of Marquette.

John A. Peterson was a young man in 1870 when he came with his parents, sister, and brother to Marquette township from Sweden.

Soon after the arrival of the Petersons, five hundred Indians camped on the Claypool bend of the river near their home. What fun the settlers had watching them! John A. Peterson's uncle often went to their camp to play his fiddle for them, for they enjoyed that.

The ordinary trials of pioneer life kept the Petersons busy for the first year of their stay. Then John A. Peterson's father walked sixteen miles to Brookville, for supplies about Christmas time. He was caught in a blizzard and was frozen to death. Pete Youngren, a neighbor, took off all the unnecessary wood that made up his house and built a coffin in which to bury him.

That incident broke up the Peterson family and Mr. Peterson turned to cattle herding. That brought him to King City and Turkey Creek townships and further east to Dole's ranch in Canton and Battle Hill townships. He often slept out on the open prairie then, with his pony close by him. The pony's reins were tied to his wrist though, for the pony still thought Marquette was home and wanted to go there even at night. In the daytime he herded long-horned Texas cattle. Some of the Mennonite people in the south part of the county were afraid the Texas cattle had the Texas fever and would spread it to their cattle. They objected when the cattle went over their land.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Stinson, Marquette, Kansas,

The Stinsons decided to leave Illinois and come to Kansas in 1875. They had relatives near Calmar post office west of Marquette and to play a prank on them they decided not to write that they were coming. A depot agent in Illinois told them that the nearest station to McPherson county was Newton, so they came on the Santa Fe to Newton. When they arrived they had a difficult time finding where Calmar was, but finally decided it was northwest. They hired a man with an old spring-wagon and a team of horses and started out. The wagon was so old that after they had travelled a few miles Mrs. Stinson found herself sprawling on the prairie, clutching tight to her baby. The wagon had broken down. When they had pieced it together somewhat, they proceeded on their way until they came to Lake View Post office in Turkey Creek township. A man was leaning against the building, so they stopped to inquire of him the whereabouts of Calmar. But his only reply was a shake of the head. They questioned more people in the neighborhood and finally discovered that no one could understand English. They were all German Mennonites who had arrived the year before.

So the Stinsons went on, keeping their northwestern course. That night they came to Sharps's Creek. They stopped at several places and asked to spend the remainder of the night, but everyone seemed to have their house full. They finally stopped at Yowells and told Mr. Yowell that they were one of the lost tribes of Israel, and he laughingly let them stay.

They arrived in Calmar the next day and some time later took their own land west of Marquette, by the Smoky river. Many pioneers crossed the river near their home at a ford known as Stinson's crossing. They became so accustomed to guiding people across the river when it was high, that they could tell within a foot if crossing was dangerous.

Sometimes the pioneers had unforseen difficulties in crossing the river. On Sunday, New Year's Day, 1878, Mr. Magnus Nyquist and his wife and small son, Gust were on their way to the Fremont church in a lumber wagon. They particularly wanted to go to church that morning for there was to be a wedding after the services. Miss Hattie Allstatt was to be married to Mr. Alfred Hawkinson. When they were crossing over the ice at Carlsons Crossing, though, the ice broke under the horses, and they were forced to spend some time getting their horses, wagon, and themselves out of the river and were almost late.

The Stinsons saw first-hand one of the greatest difficulties of the pioneers in their part of the country—the river. Yet there was another side, too. Their house was set rather high up and in the evenings if they went out-of-doors, perhaps to hang a lantern up outside the house, they could count the lights of eighteen homes twinkling over the grassy prairie. Mrs. Stinson says those homes had in them the very spirit of democracy and consideration for others—for difficulties missed no one.

IV.

TURKEY CREEK TOWNSHIP

Turkey Creek Township, organized March 24, 1870, trustee, Joseph Mullen; treasurer, Thomas Finan; clerk, C. Kennedy.

Early Settlements South Part of McPherson County, Turkey Creek Township.

In the year 1872 or 73 a delegation composed of Rev. Jacob Buller and Rev. Leonard Suderman who were representing the Mennonites in South Russia, came to the United States looking for territory for settlement.

The Mennonites represented by these men were liberty-loving, peaceful and sought for a country where they would have the freedom of worship. The United States had an especial appeal to them, as our form of government guarantees this.

The Mennonites were primarily farmers and being used to the level steppes of South Russia, the western plains appealed to the delegates. What is now McPherson, Marion, Harvey and the north eastern part of Reno counties were looked upon as suitable for settlements.

Mr. C. B. Schmidt, agent for the Santa Fe Railroad, paid the Mennonites of South Russia a very friendly visit and upon his solicitation and invitation a large number of Mennonites decided to sell out and emmigrate to America.

In July, 1874 about 1600 men, women and children left Russia by rail from Halbstadt, Russia to Berlin, thence to Hamburg, Germany where about 800 men, women and children boarded the large wooden steamer Teutonia, this group was under the leadership of Rev. Dietrich Gaeddert. Three days later the other group of about 800 under the leadership of Rev. Jacob Buller, sailed from Hamburg to New York. Those under the leadership of Rev. Buller are the Alexanderwohl Church, now a large congregation north of Goessel, Kansas. Those under the leadership of Rev. Gaeddert are what is now the Hoffnungsau Church in Turkey Creek township about 13 miles south of McPherson. After a voyage of 18 days we landed in New York City. After a stay of three days in New York we boarded the train headed for Topeka, Kansas. What all happened on the journey, the funny as well as the pathetic instances takes too long to relate. By the way I was twelve years old when we came to the United States, the oldest child.

Well after arriving safely in Topeka, Mr. C. B. Schmidt and our fathers went to McPherson, Harvey and Reno counties to locate and buy farms from the Santa Fe Railroad, ranging from $3.25 to $6.25 per acre on

contract giving them 15 to 20 years time to pay off at a low rate of interest. This all took about three weeks. During these three weeks the young men, women and children lived in an unfurnished factory building in Topeka. Men and boys style of clothing being loose, gunny-sack style of trousers, long coats, and the women with their long dresses and shawls was quite a sight for the native folks.

After the land was bought and our fathers returned we took the train to Hutchinson. Hutchinson at that time had two small stores and a few other small business houses. Horses as well as cows were bought in Topeka and shipped to Hutchinson. Some of these animals were very wild and we went through all kinds of experiences breaking them.

Many of the folks were very poor and were not able to buy land. For these several immigrant houses were built, these were long boarded up buildings housing eight families. One of these houses was built on the east side of section 25 in Superior township and the other in the south central part of Sec. 19, Turkey Creek township. The Santa Fe Railroad practically donated the land and buildings to these people. Later these sections were divided into 80 acre strips for which the owners paid much less than others and what they paid went into the poor fund.

My father Peter Heidebrecht bought the S½ of N½ Sec. 31, Jacob Brann N½ of N½ Sec. 31, John Heidebrecht N½ of S½ of Sec. 31 and Cornelius Voth S½ of S½ Sec. 31 all in Turkey Creek township. These quarters were all a mile long and a quarter mile wide. Uncle Peter Sperling located on S½ of S½ Sec. 21, Turkey Creek township. Henry Schmidt for years trustee of Turkey Creek township located in Sec. 33. The writer has been the owner of the John Heidebrecht quarter, he having gone to Washita county, Okla. in 1893. I grew up on this section and with the exception of 12 years in Harvey county have lived here all my life, am now 71 years old.

Some of the old timers that lived here and with whom we got acquainted and associated come to my mind. William Shotwell owned and lived on the W½ of Sec. 30, Turkey Creek, the SW¼ his homestead and the NW¼ a timber claim some of this timber consisting of walnut, cottonwood and elm trees. To the east of

us on Section 32, NW¼ Almon Fairchild had a homestead. SE¼ same section Curtis Fairchild homesteaded. They were both bachelors at that time. Being homesteaders they would get on top of their dugouts in the morning shout and fire their guns, giving the world to understand that they were the legal owners. Al Fairchild is still living in a western county and his son Ray lives in King City township. From these bachelors we learned the English language, we young men spending many a night in their dugouts learning a new language. They were the finest kind of neighbors and we became great friends. Alexander M. Lane was homesteader on the NE¼ Sec. 32 and a Mr. Baldwin on the SE¼ Sec. 32, Turkey Creek township. Andy Roy, an old settler owned the SE½ of Sec. 9, now owned by Japhet Stucky, who has 15 oil wells on the farm. Mr. Roy was a breeder of pure bred Shorthorn cattle and Poland China hogs. The Woodside ranch consisted of the land owned by the Voshel estate with 15 or 16 oil wells on it. He also own-what J. E. Voshel and others own on that section. This was a cattle ranch and quite a lot of cattle were handled each year. This spot of ground is where the first oil well was struck.

Another old settler well remembered and where many of our people went to buy and trade was Mr. Thomas Lay, north part of section 3, Turkey Creek township, later owned by A. E. Morehouse; on this land there are also some 14 or 15 oil wells. Many of our people went to Mr. Lay to buy hogs, lard and meat. Having his English somewhat mixed up, uncle Peter Sperling drove to Mr. Lays place to buy lard and asked Mr. Lay whether he had hog-tallow for sale but Mr. Lay understood what he wanted.

Another not of the very earliest, but early settler was C. A. Wing. He was owner of the W½ of Sec. 22, Turkey Creek township. He was a stockman and cattle-breeder, feeder and shipper. He was the man as many will remember who owned the largest steer in the United States, weighing better than two tons, and was exhibited by him at the Chicago Worlds Fair.

We saw after our arrival in the county that the Russian wagons we had brought with us were a detriment to us. Their track was 4 inches narrower than the wagons used here and when one side would get into the deep hollow rut of the roads it was a job for the ox-team or

horse team to pull the wagon out. They were soon discarded however. The blue-stem grass was from 4 to 6 feet high and if fire broke out in the dry season the whole neighborhood was out to fight these fires. Prairie fires were quite frequent. The first houses were built of sod and the roofs covered with long-grass, barns and other buildings built the same way.

Soon after that more substantial houses and other buildings were built out of adobe and the roofs made out of slough grass, some that could afford it had shingle roofs. The first permanent frame-houses were built in 1884 out of soft pine. A goodly number are still standing and in good repair.

The first religious services were held in a large room in one end of the immigration houses. The Hoffnungsaw Congregation was organized in 1875 and a large adobe church building was erected on the present site in the northeast corner of N½ of S½ Sec. 31 in Turkey Creek township. This building served the community till the year 1898 when a large spacious frame church was built at a cost of over $7,000.00. A great deal of the labor was donated by the members. This fine structure still stands as originally built, Delco light system, furnace heated and under very good repair. A building of this size could not be replaced at this time for less than $20,000.00.

Another thing of note is that the settlement was made up of people from many different villages in Russia. Most of the immigrants are of Hollandish origin. Some of the people built their house and barn in one building after the Russian style. The last one of this type was torn down a few years ago.

My father and mother with nine children came here with $65.00 to his name. The first spring grass having been burnt off, I, a boy of 13 years, broke sod with an ox-team, bare-footed with sharp grass stubs and rattlesnakes to dodge. Father was working for others at 35 cents a day. The first few years were hard but times soon changed. While quite young I broke many a yoke of oxen for others but I was glad when we changed to horses. Being a lover of horses, my father sent me to Hutchinson at 18 years of age to buy horses. My father owned many good horses of a lighter type. I have been a breeder of Percheron horses for 35 years. Owner of the Blue Ribbon Stock Farm, have been a breeder of

pure-bred Percheron horses, Duroc-Jersey hogs and white Plymouth Rock chickens.

The first district school from which children attended from far and near, was the old Sparta school house. A modern building on the same site now.

The first country post-office by the name of Sparta was located at the residence of C. A. Wing.

The Mennonites through Bernard Warkentin of Newton, Kansas introduced the Red Turkey wheat into this county. This wheat had its origin in Crimea, South Russia, and is called Red Turkey because the Crimea at one time belonged to Turkey until Russia wrested it away from Turkey.

It would take weeks to write about the many incidents of the voyage, our trip from New York to our destination here in McPherson county, our very meager beginning, coming here in the grasshopper year, Rev. Gaeddert had to go to Atchison, Kansas to buy provisions for the settlement. The Santa Fe Railroad did much to help us pioneering people by shipping free carloads of provisions, horses, etc.

Before I close I must relate what we saw when we came here. Antelope in droves would jump out of the tall grass, skimming over and dissappear again. Quite a few deer were seen and later my uncle, John Heidebrecht and I caught a fine buck with long antlers by the aid of his large stag-hound, not far from Hutchinson, Kansas.

As time went on we prospered, learned the English language and fell in love with this country from the start. Never has it come into the mind of my parents or any of us that we were sorry we had left Russia. All the Mennonites then living in South Russia were urged to go to America, but not all of them went. The plight of those that stayed is a sad one as we know, when the revolution in Russia broke out during the last World war.

In conclusion let me say that this small contribution is made in all humility, feeling that a kind Providence has led us to this wonderful country with all its wonderful opportunities, that we have prospered and have been blessed. May our country, our land of liberty and the freedom to worship long stand and prosper.

Contributed by P. G. Heidebrecht.

Mrs. Margaret Finan Roy of McPherson.

Pioneering was a fever with Thomas Finan. When his neighbors became numerous he moved from Wisconsin, Iowa, and Nebraska. From Nebraska he took his frail wife and six children to Wyoming with the hope that his wife would recover her health. He left them there in May, 1868, to seek homesteading land in Turkey Creek township.

With his brother-in-law, Joseph Mullen and a young man he settled in an almost isolated part of the country, a timber region on Turkey Creek. The old Fort Harker Trail wound by them and about a mile distant on that trail James Gerry ran a trading post. He was their closest touch of a present civilization. Just east of them, probably in section ten of Turkey Creek township were the ruins of an old fort where soldiers had been quartered years before to protect the scattered settlers from Indians.

The nearest post office was in Abilene, sixty miles away. Once when they hadn't gone for their mail for awhile they found a two weeks old telegram concerning the death of Mrs. Thomas Finan.

So that is how it happened that Mrs. Margaret Finan Roy, then a young girl, came from Wyoming to Salina on the train with her five brothers and sisters in 1869. Their father met them in Salina with his covered wagon and took them across the almost uninhabited section between Salina and their home. When they were almost home he turned to the girls and remarked, "Now girls don't get discouraged. This looks awful lonesome but you'll like it after you're here awhile."

They found their new home to be a dugout, dug twenty-five feet into a hillside, lined with canvas except at the end where there was a huge fireplace. Across the fire place was an iron bar on which they hung big iron pots, which were their only cooking utensils. Sometimes though, they used the typical little Dutch oven with hot coals to bake biscuits.

1500 or 1800 acres of the surrounding territory was their ranch. Thousands of cattle with the Finan brand roamed over the land. And sometimes other cattle would be herded through to Newton or Abilene. A Mr. Lockwood drove about 1500 cattle through to Lone Tree township where he kept them for awhile.

The Finan cattle were herded by cowboys. Mrs. Roy remembers the cowboys as genial, fun-loving boys rather than as rough characters as they are usually typified. They wore spurs and carried quirts and lariets. Sometimes they broke their own ponies and how those ponies would prance with stiffened legs in attempting to throw their riders.

Across the prairie on still days came the sound of the cowboy's songs, sometimes as far as two miles away. They composed some of their songs themselves and added verses to others. At times they sang hymns or popular tunes, such as "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still" and "The Gypsies' Warning." Their singing helped relieve their lonliness and quiet the cattle. There seemed to be less danger of the cattle stampeding if the cowboy was singing.

There was little rough life among the cowboys and very little among the settlers. Possibly the worst touch of rough life in Turkey Creek township was a quarrel over a claim. A man named Savage took out a claim and then left it. A Mr. Morris came with his family and jumped the claim. Mr. Savage came back and trouble started for he felt that he had a right to the land as the first claimant. Mr. Savage stayed with the Finans and finally consented to drop his claim to the land. Mr. and Mrs. Morris still resented the fact that he wanted the land and they called tauntingly at him when they saw him. Mrs. Morris called especially hateful things after him, and Mr. Morris was always close by with a gun, ready to shoot should he answer back. One day when Mrs. Morris was extremely hateful. Mr. Savage lost his temper and shot Mr. Morris and killed him. He immediately went before James Gerry, Justice of the Peace, and told his story. The unwritten code of the pioneer condemned the claim-jumper and the case was dismissed.

There had been more shooting before Mrs. Roy came. She often heard the story of a man who boasted that he would not be afraid to kill the first Indian he saw. Much to the surprise of his fellow settlers, he did shoot the first Indian he saw. That caused some consternation among both the white people and the Indians but time quieted it.

Sometimes there would be several hundred friend-

ly Kaws camped in the timber along Turkey Creek. They begged from the Finans and occasionally stole a chicken. Once Mrs. Roy was wiping dishes and youthful-like was dreaming of far-away places. She was looking at a map on the wall and thinking of the things she could see if it were land and water rather than paper. Suddenly an Indian brave slapped her on the back and shouted in her ear "How, John". She was startled but not afraid for the Indians had never harmed her. He had come in noiselessly in his buckskin moccasins. He told her he wanted some dead chickens he had noticed lying on the gound close to the Finan home. They had died with cholera, and she told him she didn't think he should eat them for fear he would be sick from it, but he took them anyway. He wanted their pet dog, too, because he was fatter than the Indian dogs and would make better food.

They were warned several times of the approach of dangerous Indians but were never molested by them. One evening she walked alone some distance from their pioneer home. Toward dusk the air grew cool, so she lifted up the skirt of her long calico dress and wrapped it around her shoulders and head while walking home. One of the men at the home watching for the possible approach of a dangerous Indian, thought she was a blanketed savage in the dim light. He ran for his gun. She saw him in the meantime and hastily and modestly put down her dress. He was frightened when he discovered who it was for he said he might have shot her.

The Finans kept their cattle ranch till the middle '70s. Then a huge prairie fire burned all the grass and nearly caught their home and themselves. Mr. Finan became disgusted and sold some of his land and most of his cattle.

The pioneer ranch was usually a part of the earliest settlements in McPherson county but it soon became a thing of the past as thrifty settlers came who desired to till the soil.

V.

KING CITY TOWNSHIP.

Organized October 28, 1871; trustee, A. G. Smith; treasurer, R. Odell; clerk, S. C. Johnson.

ELYRIA, in this township is some over a mile northeast of Old King City. It was located there when the Missouri Pacific came through in 1886 and named after Elyria, Ohio.

Mr. Alex Hendry of McPherson.

In Ashtabula, Ohio, in 1871 Dr. E. L. King organized a colony to settle in Kansas. Many of the colonists were veterans of the Civil war. When they came to settle in McPherson county they named their settlement King City and their township King City Township after their leader. Mr. Alex Hendry's father was Dr. King's partner in the drug-business in Ashtabula, so he came to Kansas, also.

The Hendry family came to King City township in October, 1872 with the family of John W. Hill, who had come that same spring. The Santa Fe railroad had just been completed to Newton, when they came on it that far. From Newton they travelled overland in a hack following a path made in the prairie grass by a mowing machine just ahead of them, until they came to King City.

King City was located near the Santa Fe trail and that in itself made it an interesting place in which to locate. Mr. Hendry said "It was no uncommon sight to see several thousand Texas cattle driven by Texas cowboys through to Abilene on the Trail. Abilene was the western shipping point on the Union Pacific at that time. "These cattle were big long horned steers. You could hear a constant rattling as they moved along, knocking their horns together when they were crowded. They were a wonderful sight with eight or ten cowboys driving them, especially when a thunder storm came up and they started to stampede and it took the utmost skill of the men in horsemanship to control them."

"These Texas cowboys maintained a rendezvous on Turkey Creek with a frontier life corresponding to that of Dodge City several years later. They made it their stopping place and supply camp between Texas and Abilene and many noted frontier characters stopped there, especially bandits. Among those were Cunningham, Shooster and Klinningsmith. Texas feuds were not uncommon, several men being planted on the prairie." Mr. Hendry remembers seeing two of these bandits ride up to King City on bare-backed horses one day, possibly to buy some whiskey. The sheriff and deputy of the county were there waiting for them, but when the officers gave the command to halt and hold up their hands some men in the crowd told the officers to do the same, and in the confusion that followed, the bandits rode away.

Then among other things he saw in this prairie trail town were occasional Indians with scalps on their belts, and prairie-fires. He says now "One of the most awe-inspiring sights I ever witnessed was in the fall of '73, when some immigrant started a prairie-fire near Abilene. The wind was in the northeast and all that afternoon we could see the volume of smoke and fire coming across the prairie. The fire spread from Abilene through the western part of Marion county, west as far as McPherson city. When the fire reached the old Santa Fe Trail in the eastern part of the county near Old Empire, the sunflowers and rosin weed with a large accumulation of tumble weed created a bonfire that could not be excelled. The smoke filled the air like big storm clouds and the course of the fire, through the Santa Fe trail north of King City and south of McPherson, could be traced, as the fire reached the trail, by its intensely black smoke. The fire travelled with such speed that antelope, wolves, and prairie chickens were overtaken and burned by hundreds. The buildings at King City were only saved by the settlers turning out with their teams, plowing furrows and starting a back fire which they succeeded in burning a mile in width before the big fire came on. The fire continued and burned itself out in the sand hills between here and the Arkansas river. It travelled like a railroad express train. The wind was blowing strong, and the fire was lighted by tumble weeds rolling ahead. Heaven and earth couldn't have put the thing out. It was probably twenty miles wide. Several families in the course of the fire saved themselves by setting a fire and then getting in the burned places."

Mr. Hendry might have had more memories of King City, had not McPherson become the county seat of McPherson county in July, 1873. King City had wanted that place and when they didn't get it, they took their buildings and moved to McPherson. The Hendrys settled on section 20, McPherson township, then.

Mr. Hendry has some vivid memories of mirages in the early days. He remembers standing on the McPherson townsite early in the morning and seeing the trees of Newton loom up on the southeastern horizon. He also saw antelope distinctly up in the air. (Mr. Hendry says they didn't have wings either). and even boats on water, suspended in the blue sky.

VI.

LITTLE VALLEY TOWNSHIP.

Organized October 28, 1871; trustee, Marshall A. Barnes; treasurer, C. O. Morse; clerk, A. S. Wakefield.

Henry Achilles, of Inman, Kansas.

Several men, among them John Schlatter, Fred Hoefer, Jacob Rocke, Charles Schwair, and Henry Achilles came from Iowa in 1872 to Little Valley Township in three covered wagons. Fording a creek just after they entered the township, they saw three wolves (prairie wolves or coyotes) jump out of the brush. They jokingly said, "We ought to call this Wolf Creek," so they did, and that's what it is today.

Henry Achilles took out his homestead papers on the southwest quarter of section twelve. He built a frame house and three months after he had arrived, his family came to live in it. Then he built a sod barn for his team of horses. One of his horses died soon after, so he traded the other for a yoke of oxen. These animals, with the typical wooden yoke to fit their necks and the bow below, were slower in movement than the horses and he couldn't break sod as rapidly as he wanted to. Then one of his oxen died. A neighbor had just one ox also, so they combined the two and had one yoke, each using it half the time, which was slower than ever.

Then he had some time to dig a well. They had hauled their water from neighbors before. He walled the well with stones hauled from the old Stone Corral, just across the line in Rice County. When he went to get the stone the corral was all standing. It was just walls of rock coming together to form a square with a small stone house in one corner. When soldiers were quartered there, the officers had lived in the little house.

Those soldiers had been quartered there years before to protect settlers from the Indians. When Mr. Achilles came, there were few Indians, only one to beg occasionally. They walked right into the house when they wanted something without stopping to knock. They usually brought the reins of their pony in with them if they were riding and shut the door on them to tie their pony.

The Indians left some of their troubles behind them, for the settlers, when they left permanently, though, such as rattle-snakes. In the fall of '73 Peter Fisher, a pioneer from Massachusetts, was ploughing bare-footed, and stepped on a rattle-snake and it bit him. His partner, who was near, told him to stand still, and he'd go to the dugout to get some whiskey. But the man was al-

most senseless with pain, so he followed him to the dugout a half mile away. The poison worked up into his system, and in a short time he was dead.

There were prairie fires to be reckoned with, too, for the settlers, although the Indians were not bothered with them so much, for they were careful to put out their fires. Riding to Hutchinson one afternoon on his pony, he heard a great roar ahead of him and saw coming toward him a great group of wild animals fleeing for their lives in front of a prairie fire. It was so near that he couldn't possibly outrun it, even though he did turn back. He just happened to have a match in his pocket. He started a fire with that and followed his own fire as it burned the grass. By the time the big fire came whizzing by him on his protected spot, he was almost smothered.

Another big problem for the settlers was protection from the winter storms, for the wind crept in between the cracks of their frame houses in spite of everything they could do. The Achilles burned buffalo chips, corn cobs and corn stalks. Those who lived in dugouts didn't need to worry so much about fuel for it took very little fire to make a dugout warm.

The dugouts in Little Valley township were often dug right out on the open prairie. Then the home-steader would take two forked poles, put them down into the sod at each end of the dugout with the forked ends upright. After that they would put a pole across the forks. On that pole other poles would be laid to the sides of the dugout. On that they piled grass, brush, and sod.

Sometimes these dugouts were rather flat on the ground and grass would grow on the sod roof. A certain man galloping across the prairie at a rapid rate was surprised to hear a man's voice hail him from behind a short ways. He had seen nothing but vacant prairie a few minutes before and here was a man, now. The man explained that he had merely wondered what all the racket was when the horse had cantered over his dugout.

They had a good laugh out of that. They needed those laughs, sometimes, for their social outlets were few. Perhaps that is the reason that after building their strong frame school house in 1875 they had socials and literary societies often. They had church services there on Sunday, too.

VII.

McPHERSON TOWNSHIP

McPherson Township organized February 24, 1873; trustee, John Grant; treasurer, C. B. Bowker; clerk, George W. Shelley.

Mrs. W. L. Bowker, of McPherson

Mrs. W. L. Bowker was a bride in '72 when she came with her husband, father-in-law, Mr. H. Bowker, mother-in-law, and grandmother-in-law to McPherson county from Indianapolis, Indiana. The men in the family had come out previously to locate the place of settlement and had decided to build a store in a new town, McPherson Center. They had been running a grocery store in Indianapolis so they knew what they would need to start a store. They bought grocery supplies and some dry goods in Indianapolis and shipped it west on the Santa Fe to Newton. The women came to Newton in July, 1872. They went from there to William West's hotel in King City to await the completion of their building in McPherson Center. The town had just been laid out the month before, in June, 1872. Their store was the first building in the city. Mr. W. L. Bowker hauled lumber for the building from Newton and rocks for the foundation from Sharps creek, and the simple frame structure was soon erected. They furnished the back part and the upstairs for living quarters and moved in, in a short time. The men carried the frail little grandmother up the steep back stairway. She was never to come down alive. She had insisted on them making up their minds to come to Kansas before she died for she wanted to be buried where they lived. The wind in King City had almost blown her little body over when she had gone out-of-doors. She lived in McPherson only two weeks. She was the first to be buried in the cemetery northwest of town which was later moved east of town.

William West's hotel where they had stayed in King City was on wheels ready to be moved to McPherson when they came up from King City. It was moved across the street east of the Bowker building which made it's location 101 South Main. Some time later J. Q. Barnes built a store at 102 North Main. In the center of the street on the corner where the buildings were located was a town well. Everyone in town drew their water from it for awhile. Several small stores were built along Main street the first few years but they didn't last. Barne's and Bowker's were the only ones that did last. William West's hotel was patronized by cowboys many times, and life was a bit rough in McPherson in the early days.

Perhaps the roughness of the life, accounted for the fact that Reverend Shelley preached in the Bowker store on Sunday mornings. He was just one of the settlers and sometimes not more than the Bowkers and the Shelleys came but they had their church and Sunday school anyway.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Bowker lived in the store with Mr. and Mrs. H. Bowker for six months. Then they moved to a frame house on their own homestead one half mile south of the center of town. He sometimes took a lumber wagon and went to Newton or Salina for supplies for his father. Once that first winter he was caught in a blizzard on one of those trips. She stayed in the store when he was gone, especially at night for she was rather afraid to stay alone. That night the wind fairly shook the lonely building on the flat plain. He came in rather late and attempted to warm his feet at the fire. He warmed them too long for they were nearly frozen. They had to cut his boots off, great blisters broke out on his feet, and for months he was unable to walk. She made some crutches for him of steadings, sawed off to fit under his arms and padded with cloth. She used her butcher knife to whittle off the splinters.

Mrs. Bowker used her saw and butcher knife other times to make things they needed in their home. One summer day she made a screen door of mosquito netting, some laths, nails, and pieces of leather. That door helped keep the flies and mosquitoes out but it didn't keep the grasshoppers away when they came in the summer of '74. One afternoon Mr. Bowker was hoeing sweet corn close to their house. She went out to say a few words to him, then she went into the house and was busy a few minutes with her work. Then happening to glance through the door she stopped in amazement at what she saw. Mr. Bowker was busily hoeing naked stalks of corn. The green was gone from almost every stalk, eaten by a sudden swarm of grasshoppers. She called out to him, "What are you hoeing that for?" He glanced up with an "Oh Golly".

The Bowker homestead where this incident occured was south of the few buildings that gradually grew into McPherson City. They could see clearly the higher ground about a half mile north-west of town, then. Sometimes there would be a flock of antelopes on it and they could see those, too, for the land was without trees or obstructions. Other times early in the mornings

the land in every direction would look like a vast ocean —a pioneer mirage.

B. F. McGill of McPherson.

In 1870, B. F. McGill started from Fredrick County, Maryland, to come to Kansas. He came as far as Lawrence that year and came to McPherson county in 1872, on the Old Santa Fe Trail, which passed just south of Lawrence. He came here because a traveler passing through Lawrence told them the lay of the land was good for raising crops and he knew the soil was rich for the grass grew thick.

Herbert Slosson and Mr. McGill took homesteads southeast of the present McPherson, as Reverend A. Shelley, the first settler in the township, advised them to do. They began breaking prairie on their own land and working for others.

In 1872, when they came, there was no McPherson city, but King City over in King City township was quite a thriving little city of possibly twenty-five buildings. King City had dreamed some of being the county seat of McPherson county since they were in very nearly the center of the county. Lindsborg, the county seat since the organization of the county in 1870, had her eye on the prize, also, so she sent a delegation of men down to the state legislature to have two tiers of townships removed from the southern part of the county, so they wouldn't be so far from the southern boundary. (That took twelve miles off of the southern part of the county leaving just nine hundred square miles or 576,000 acres out of the former 1,080 square miles).

King City was not so near the center of the county then, so she was afraid she would never become the county seat. Her citizens didn't want to go twenty miles to Lindsborg, though, to transact county business, so together with some men from the Salina land office they planned to start a town five miles north of King City. It was marked out by a number of men among whom were L. G. Skancke, J. T. Marlin, Oscar Seitz, R, H, Bishop, Thomas E. Simpson, T. J. Wickersham, and it was surveyed by J. D. Chamberlain, who was assisted by Byron West, D. Wiard, Landon Roff, and Joseph Haight. The original charter of the new town, McPherson Center, was granted on May 28, 1872. Most people knew that it was started for the purpose of making it the

county seat. On August 10th, 1872, a petition was placed before the voters of the county, with New Gottland, McPherson, King City, and Lindsborg as the contesting places for the county seat. B. F. McGill and Herbert Slosson got on their horses and rode all around McPherson to get people to come in and vote. Lindsborg was suspicious of stuffed ballot boxes, so they sent Major Holmberg to McPherson. He stood at the polls and challenged the votes, asking the voters how long they had been in the county, etc. The McPherson boosters stood for that pest as long as they could, then Mr. William Fouts dropped his lead pencil close by Major Holmberg and upon stooping over he looked under the major's coat to see if he was carrying a concealed weapon. Sure enough, there it was, a revolver strapped to the major's belt. Immediately, a warrant was issued for Holmberg's arrest because he carried a concealed weapon. Since McPherson was not organized well enough as yet to have a justice of the peace, he was taken to King City to be tried. But for some unknown reason the justice of the peace was not in town when they arrived there, and Major Holmberg was kept in King City all day awaiting trial. He didn't even get to Lindsborg in time to vote that Lindsborg be the county seat.

By fair means or foul McPherson received a majority of 276 votes in the election, and became the County Seat. McPherson received 605 votes, New Gottland 325, King City 3, and Lindsborg 1. Lindsborg hated to give up and even refused to part with the official county papers. They kept them until a group from McPherson went there and asked the men who guarded the papers to "just step outside and talk it over". They did and a McPherson man put the papers in his spring wagon when they were out. When they came in, their papers were gone and the spring wagon was rapidly disappearing from view down the road. (This last story was added to the sketch by Mrs. H .A. Rowland.)

Reverend John A. Simpson of McPherson.

Reverend John A Simpson, organizer of the Methodist Episcopal Church in McPherson is a brother of several prominent men in the pioneer history

of the county. One brother, Thomas E. of Harper Township journeyed with L. G. Skancke, J. T. Marlin, J. R. Fisher, R. H. Bishop, T, J, Wickersham, and Oscar Seitz to the present site of McPherson to help lay out the town. He was influential in making it the County Seat, and in 1879 helped bring the Santa Fe Railroad here. M. P. Simpson, another brother, was a prominent attorney and judge here and the Santa Fe agent to sell their lots in this county. These lots were known as railroad land and were strips on each side of the railroad. It was sold for two dollars and a half an acre, to be paid in ten years. Dr. R. S. Simpson, a physician in McPherson for twenty-five years, and J. M. Simpson, a well known politician were brothers of his, also.

Reverend Simpson came here for the purpose of organizing the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was organized on April 13, 1874 under a State Charter with twenty-four charter members. They were Hamilton Barcus and wife, Mr. Gumm and wife, J. B. Felton and wife, C. P. McAlexander and wife, David McCombs, Mrs. Eliza Rudolph, Thomas E. Simpson and wife, Matthew P. Simpson and wife, John A. Simpson and wife, A. W. Smith and wife, C. W. Tilton and wife, Mrs. Hester Tull, Miss Mattie Tull, and Mrs. J. R. Wright.

The Congregational church was the only organized church in McPherson before Reverend Simpson organized the Methodist Episcopal Church, although the Baptists from King City had meetings here at times and were also organized here in 1874. On September 30th of that same year Rev. D. McGregor and Elder Gunn of Lawrence laid the cornerstone of the First Baptist Church on the lots where the present church stands at 201 North Maple. That was the first church edifice in McPherson.

The Congregational church was organized in McPherson in June, 1873 by Reverend Henry Hoddle the first pastor. The first members were H. H. Bowker and wife, J. Richey and wife George Summerfield and wife, C. B. Bowker and wife, Mrs. George Shepard, D. C. Hawn and wife, J. W. Hill and wife, H. A. Hendry and wife, Mrs. Lucy Scofield and daughter, Mrs. A. Allen, Samuel Allcock and wife, Mrs. Mary E. Miller, Mrs. Alex Petrie and Reverend Henry Hoddle.

During 1874 members from the three churches and others met in a hall in the county building, the lower part

of which was used as a court house, at 200 North Main. C. B. Bowker was superintendent of the United Sunday Schools and Miss Helen Scofield was organist at all the services. The preachers took turns preaching, but whether it was a Baptist, Methodist, Congregational or Free Methodist service, almost everyone in the surrounding country came. There seemed to be a hunger for the gospel among these early people and there was always a spirit of good will among them as the denominations united for service.

The town company wanted the churches to build in centrally located parts of the town so they deeded two town lots to the various church organizations, when they platted the town in June, 1872. Then, too, they left plenty of centrally located blocks for parks and public buildings. Once Reverend Simpson happened to be looking over the plat of the city and he remarked that it looked as though the whole town was made of parks and other public grounds, with no room for residences. A member of the town company hearing the remark, replied, "Well, that's the way we want it."

Among the business buildings in McPherson in 1874 were Bowker's Store, Barnes' Store, Bonney and Montgomery's lumber yard, William West's hotel, which had been moved from King City in 1872, and then a printing shop owned and operated by the Yale brothers. They published a weekly newspaper, "The McPherson Messenger." Later Clark and McClintich bought it. Then George W. McClintich ran it under the name "The McPherson Independent" and then again the name was changed on December 4, 1879 to "The McPherson Republican" under S. G. Meade and Presbrey and it still has that name.

The original charter of McPherson city was granted on May 28, 1872; it was platted in June, 1872 and incorporated as a city of the third class on March 4, 1874, when a petition to that effect was presented to Judge J. H. Prescott by Thomas E. Simpson. The first city officers elected March 16, 1874 were Solomon Stephens, Mayor; H. H. Bowker, C. E. Pierce, Wm. West, M. P. Simpson, and W. B. McCord, Councilmen,

As an inducement to make McPherson the County Seat the City deeded two blocks to the county for county building sites, the blocks where the court house and county jail now stand. When McPherson did officially become the county seat after a petition of the voters

and the final election on August 10th, 1872, the county officials moved here in June, 1873. The town hall at 200 North Main was used for a court house. Some of the first county officers to serve in it were: Probate Judge, J. M. Underwood; County Superintendent, Philip Wickersham; Register of Deeds, J. F. Hughes; County Attorney, M. P. Simpson.

Reverend Simpson lived three blocks west of the temporary court house in the Methodist Parsonage. It was a little 14' by 20' house, unplastered and papered with tough brown building paper. It had been built for him by his own parents and brothers who were here before he came, on one of the Methodist town lots. He built a sod stable back of the house for his ponies and across the street in the park land he planted a garden. The city had given him permission to plant it there and it was flourishing quite well in spite of the dry weather in the summer of '74 when the grasshoppers came and took it all.

He wasn't the only unfortunate one, of course, but a surprising fact was this. He had to call a halt on what some of his parishoners subscribed to him. They couldn't seem to do enough to make life as easy as possible for him. He was treated royally everywhere. After preaching one day in a country district he was invited to dinner with some people in the neighborhood. Their small boy said confidingly to Mrs. Simpson "We're going to have coffee for dinner to-day because the preacher is going to be here."

One bitter-cold day a man came twenty miles to bring a load of prairie hay for the preacher's ponies. Because of the lateness of the hour the minister asked him to stay with him all night. He consented, but he objected to sleeping on the fine bed. He wasn't used to that and preferred sleeping on the floor, but they finally induced him to sleep on the bed.

Another man, a postmaster, subscribed eight dollars. One day when Reverend Simpson preached at his joint home and post-office, the man came to him in a sorry state of mind because he simply didn't have the money. Reverend Simpson just laughed at him and said "Forget it", but before he left the man received a letter from a friend in Ohio, enclosing a check more than covering the amount he owed his preacher. That was the way, they always managed to pay. Four years later he received a quarter payment from one man who had

been unable to pay in that difficult grasshopper year.

That zeal for payment didn't seem to be just in one or two places, either. Reverend Simpson preached in a number of parts of the county among which were Old Empire, Roxbury, one nine miles west, one on Sharps Creek and then two places just north of Hutchinson, which took him through the south part of the county. His trips to these districts were made on flat treeless plains with no road in sight, only velvety-green short buffalo grass. Even wild flowers were rare. There would be possibly three human habitations, either dugouts or shanties, every twenty miles. But there were the prairie dog towns. How the way would be cheered by the sound of their barks when the wagon came along, and when they saw the wagon they'd scamper down their holes and a death-like stillness pervaded the atmosphere.

Once Reverend Simpson thinking a prairie dog might make a pet, proceeded to catch one. He did and then took it home and penned it in. Imagine his surprise the next morning to find that the prairie dog was missing. The minister had neglected to remember the dog's digging ability which had been used during the night to find his way out under the side of the pen.

Reverend Simpson's memory is very keen today. He remembers quite clearly preaching in his country church districts usually in school-houses, but occasionally in frame houses or dugouts. He has spent many nights in the rude pioneer dugout. One night he noticed a ridge pole in the center of the dugout was leaning a bit to one side. He remarked of the fact to his host, who proceeded to look after his roof. Otherwise the roof might have come down upon them, for it had been made heavy by rains.

Then he remembers, too, that almost the whole prairie was used for roads if the pioneer desired to use it. The first real road that he remembers was marked between McPherson and Newton by a store-keeper in Newton. One day he came into McPherson with a surveyor and a ploughman. He had made one straight furrow from Newton to McPherson. When he returned to Newton later he made a furrow thirty feet from the other and told the curious onlookers that they should follow the road between the furrows to Newton. They did, for Newton was the closest trading point, of any size, then. The road-maker accomplished his purpose for his business increased by leaps and bounds.

Mrs. Hester McClintick of McPherson.

One Sunday back in '74, a lumber-wagon full of people crossed the prairie country on its way to church service in Old Empire. Miss Hester Dixon, some of her family, John Davis, S. N. Gray, and two young men named Dole were all in the wagon. Most of them had come from the blue grass country, Woodford County, Kentucky a year or two before. On this particular Sunday when they passed by the onion patch belonging to the four young men, Davis, Gray and the Doles, they discovered that the grasshoppers had eaten most of the onions. There was a distinct odor of onions in the air that grew stronger when they stamped on the grasshoppers in the bottom of the wagon. One of the young men turned to Miss Dixon to say "Miss Hettie, we ought to cook the grasshoppers and have onion soup."

They could joke about it for they were young and care-free. When things looked blackest, some of the young folks sang sometimes that year, anyway. Mrs. Dixon said "Well, you might as well sing, I guess, as be miserable like the rest of us."

A year or two later Miss Hester Dixon married Mr. George W. McClintick editor of the Independent, the only newspaper in McPherson at that time although the Albin's had been running their "Farmer's Advocate" only a short time before.

Mr. McClintick was of a prominent family in the early history of this county. His brother was also a newspaper editor and his father was a civil war veteran and a Free Methodist Minister.

Reverend McClintich had homesteaded a plot of ground where part of Lincoln, Nebraska is now and George had worked on his father's nursery while he attended the University of Nebraska. Some time after he was graduated they came to McPherson and he started to work for the Yale brothers in their printing shop. They edited the "McPherson Messenger". In 1873 he and Clark bought it and in 1874 he bought the entire plant and changed the name to the Independent which meant that it was independent in politics. Mr. McClintick wanted it that way for he chose the man rather than the party to defend. When he once chose his man he defended him to the bitter end, too. People had time to think and discuss politics a great deal in that period

and feeling ran high at times when George McClintick's editorials came off the press. Some came to him for apologies and he always said "Well, what do you want me to say?" and they'd say "Oh, just anything," relieved, perhaps, because he was willing to apologize. The apology was usually a sugar-coated pill that was harder to swallow than the first dose, so they'd usually come back and say, "We don't want any more of your apologies."

The newspaper office, where Mrs. McClintick helped Mr. McClintick, gave her a wide acquaintance in McPherson county. She had seen McPherson grow from the first three stores, Bowker's, Barnes, and Heggelaud's to quite a scattering of buildings along Main Street.

Their first newspaper office was upstairs in a frame building at 201 North Main Street. Downstairs was the post-office. Mr. McClintick was postmaster for awhile. The McClinticks lived in the building too, and to make it more homelike Mrs. McClintick planted phlox, verbeneas, candytuft, zinnias, bachelor buttons, and sensitive plants in front of the building. Then she and her husband planted some trees there, too, among them a hackberry, planted in March, 1876. He dug the hole while she held the small tree. Then he planted it. During the warm days of the following summer she carried water to that tree to keep it alive. Farmers coming in to trade in the stores began to tie their horses to the tree. Mr. McClintick then built a tall boxing around the tree and put up a sign "No tieing of animals to this tree." That tree lived to be almost the only tree in the central part of Main Street, until November 1931 when it was cut down.

Just north of his building and close to the tree George McClintick put up the first sand-stone building in McPherson in 1878.

Across the street from their printing shop and post-office was the first court house in McPherson. In 1875 the first church in McPherson was built a block west of there. It was a Baptist church but all denominations used it for awhile. Reverend William McClintick preached in it every fourth Sunday as did the Baptist, Congregational, and Methodist ministers. Reverend McClintick owned the bell which hung outside the church. Regularly on Sunday mornings its sweet tones called the pioneers to

Sunday School and church.

Reverend McClintick was mayor of McPherson in the Spring of 1878 when he transplanted a number of trees from distant creek banks to the parks in McPherson. He made it his duty among the other things as to keep the city as free from liquor as possible. It was always sold in the drug-stores however, and after Reverend McClintick's death in 1879 one or two saloons came in for awhile. George McClintick, a representative to the legislature in Topeka was influential in passing the amendment to the state constitution to make Kansas dry the next year. Before it was finally passed on by the voters, Mrs. McClintick remembers seeing good Methodist women go into a saloon here to drop on their knees and pray that it might be closed.

Mrs. D. T. Dean

From Woodford county, Kentucky a group of settlers came to settle the Ashland community, or close to it, three or four miles east of McPherson in 1872 and 1873. Jerry Dean, Charles Dean, the Dixons and Matthews were in that group.

Mrs. Dean says she will never forget her first view of the country-side near her new home in April, 1873. A prairie fire had burned all the old grass sometime before. The new grass shoots were bright green and the rolling plains in every direction looked as if they were covered with a green velvet that rippled only slightly in the wind.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean built a frame house although most of their neighbors had sod ones. It was a two roomed house, set high on a foundation. Around the foundation they stacked layers of sod to hold it firm and on those Mrs. Dean planted bright colored flowers. Eleven people lived in that house till winter time, when many of them moved to homes of their own.

That winter the Deans dug a well. A boy in the neighborhood offered to dig it for a shot gun Mr. Dean had brought from Kentucky with him. So they lowered him into the hole day after day, in spite of a raging blizzard, and he dug in the bottom of the hole, and Mr. Dean hauled the dirt up with a windlass. When it was deep enough they walled it with gray rock hauled

from Gypsum Creek. When Mr. Dean pulled him out of the well, he had blankets to wrap in, because he was always warm and perspiring in the bottom of the well, and the change to the blizzard above ground was marked.

Once J. R. Dean, F. B, Webster, and another man started to walk from McPherson to King City. They were caught in a blizzard and forced to stay with the Deans all night. That evening the older people sat around the fire of broom corn or green cottonwood, which had been dried in the oven, and talked of the prospects of the future. The children played in the bed that had been curtained off from the rest of the room, so they might keep warm, too.

Taking proper care of those children was not always an easy task. When thunder storms came up there was always a sense of insecurity from the great flashes of lightning over the bare plains. Mrs. Dean remembers nights when her husband was gone to Salina for provisions, and she was alone with the children in a thunder storm. At first she hung blankets over the doors and windows to keep the blinding flashes out. Then she saw that the children were becoming as afraid of the lightning as she was, so she stopped that and steeled herself to endure it.

VIII.

NEW GOTTLAND TOWNSHIP

New Gottland township, organized June 14, 1873; trustee, Gust Burk; clerk, Lars Nordling; treasurer, C. J. Hanson.

Mr. Swan Burk of New Gottland Township.

Mr. Swan Burk stayed in Iowa for six years after he came from Sweden. Then in 1871 he left his wife in Iowa and came alone in a prairie schooner to find land in Kansas. He stopped in Manhattan for his brother, Gust Burk, who had come out here the year before. He was working for the first and only professor of the college in Manhattan. There was only one college building, too, at that time. The two men came from there out to Lindsborg, then the county seat of McPherson county. They wanted land close to that town, but were told that only homesteads of eighty acres were available there and if they would go further south out into the big prairie they could get one-hundred sixty acres.

So they went south and found land in New Gottland township. Only the Hansons were there before them so, of course, there was no formal organization of that township, although it had been surveyed as a township, known as township 18, range 3. Mr. Burk found a corner stone with one cut on the south side, two on the east, five on the north and four on the west. The cuts indicated miles from the side of the township so that cornerstone was at the corner of sections 34, 35, 26 and 27. Thus, he chose his homestead in section thirty-five.

That was in April of 1871. The land office was at that time in Junction City so he waited to homestead his land till May 1st when the land office was moved from Junction City to Salina. He went to Salina several times during 1871, once to get his wife who came on the train from Iowa. In July he passed through Lindsborg on his way to Salina. The grocery store gave him a five dollar bill to buy sugar for them and the post office gave him a bag of mail to bring to Salina. There was no mail route to Lindsborg at that time and sometimes they had to rely on passing settlers to carry their mail.

The following year a mail route was established between Newton and Salina. That same year the New Gottland post office was started and the mail coach, a spring wagon or a sled, came by there every day on it's way to and from these points. A group of settlers met to name the post office and to appoint a post master. The name New Gottland was chosen, partially because Gottland means good land in Swedish and partially because an island in Sweden is called that. Gust Burk

was appointed postmaster and Swan Burk, Assistant. Swan Burk really took the position and the post office was in his home for five years. His pay was one half of the money he received from selling stamps. A three-cent stamp would send a letter in this country at that time. A letter sent to Sweden cost twenty-five cents or if letters came from Sweden and weren't paid for they cost fifty cents. The postmaster had considerable work to do for they had to make a receipt for every registered letter or package that came into or went out of their office.

New Gottland came into the limelight in the county seat fight in 1872. Some of the ambitious people in the community had Mr. J. Chamberlain come to lay out a town on one quarter of section two and one quarter of section three in McPherson township. They called it New Gottland, and organized a town company. John Grant was president, G. Burk was vice president and S. Burk was one of the directors. They were preparing to make it the county seat should the voters want it when the petition came up in the summer of 1872. Mr. S. Burk went to Salina and took out a timber claim on the town site just after the election when a man from McPherson came snooping around and acting as if he wanted the land. The town company could no longer hold the land for they knew a town would never be built there.

On June 14, 1873 New Gottland township was organized and named from the post office. Swan Burk was appointed road overseer and that position proved to be a more responsible one than he at first thought. Before their township was organized they had been a part of Smoky Hill township and all of the men in the neighborhood had worked on the roads of that township. After they organized their township the road overseer from Smoky Hill came down and wanted them to work for him again. They refused and he said he could make them come. They paid no attention to that, till he sent a constable down with a summons that he was bringing suit against them. Then Swan Burk went to McPherson and hired an attorney there, a Mr. Brown to defend them. He went with them to Lindsborg on the day set for the trial before the justice of the peace. This particular justice of the peace seemingly did not know a great deal about the case and Mr. Brown perceived

that. So he said, "I make a motion that this case be dismissed never to be brought up again." The justice seconded the motion, when he should have been the one to object, and the case was dismissed.

Mr. John Ostlind of New Gottland

Quite a number of Swedish men came from Illinois in the early seventies to work on the Santa Fe Railroad. Early in 1871 some of them walked from near Cottonwood Falls to Lindsborg with some Swedish men from there and passed through the "Stor Prairie" or the Big Prairie just south of Lindsborg. They noticed in passing over the prairie that the Bluestem grew six feet tall in some places. Mr. John Ostlind Sr. (father of John Ostlind Jr. of this interview) remarked that if soil would grow bluestem that tall it would surely grow good crops. So several of these men took homesteads on this land. Some of them were H. Helstrom, Mr. Bergen, S. Olson, Otto Johnson, C. J. Hanson and his father.

They came out to build dugouts or log houses on their land some time later. The logs they took from a wooded section on Community creek, a branch of Indian Creek, so called because the settlers all used the wood there. Some of the logs there were quite large. Mr. Ostlind Sr. found a hollow log there that was possibly six feet in diameter. He cut about six feet off of it and used that for a corn crib for years.

New Gottland became almost entirely a Swedish neighborhood with the coming of the settlers, although there were a few Americans. Among the Americans were D. E. Smiths, Koons, Ebaughs, and Shaners. The Swedish people kept a number of their Swedish customs, among them that of making their candles from tallow taken from sheep. They used the wool of the sheep to spin into thread and cloth, too. M. Olaf Hokanson, living some distance from the Ostlinds, had been a sailor years before and had come to the coast of southern California. There he stopped and mined enough gold to start a sheep ranch in this county, later. He had about two thousand sheep and the Swedish farmers living close to him helped him care for them. To pay the farmers he gave them sheep and lambs and in this way many of the settlers had sheep of their own.

These people organized a Swedish Lutheran Con-

gregation in 1872 with the help of Dr. Olaf Olson from Lindsborg. They gathered together sometimes, too, in their dugouts to sing their Swedish songs. They read Swedish newspapers, among them the Hamlandet published in Chicago. Those newspapers and American newspapers came to the New Gottland post office which was on the Wichita Road. The Wichita Road was a pioneer trail going north through Salina and south to Wichita.

There were no roads to most of the nearby towns. Most of the time the settlers walked over the prairie. Mr. Ostlind Sr. walked to Lindsborg sometimes to carry a 50 lb. sack of flour home on his back. His son, Mr. John Ostlind Jr. remembers as a little boy, walking to McPherson to carry butter and eggs which were so heavy they made his shoulders ache. There was a store close to the post office in New Gottland for awhile but it did not last long.

John Ostlind remembers the opening of the first school in New Gottland in about 1878. At first there were not many pupils but before long there were fifty or sixty enrolled, some of them married men and women who were eager to learn the language of the new country.

IX.

MERIDIAN TOWNSHIP

Meridian Township, organized October 6, 1873; Trustee, Charles R. Munger; treasurer, George Schneider; clerk, G. W. Witter.

Mr. John Blair of Moundridge, Kansas.

John Blair is French and was born in Canada. While yet a child his family moved to Illinois, near an almost barren place, where Chicago is now. He came when a young man with about sixty French Canadian families to settle in the south east part of McPherson County. Among the families were John Lively, George Lively, Frank Ponto, Joe Defong, LeGree, Lacrosse, and Joe Gravel. They came on the Santa Fe the same year it was extended to Newton, in '72. They built sod houses and frame houses on their claims, but they didn't have the trouble getting food, clothing, or furniture that many of the settlers did, for they came with some money. They even started a vineyard at once that later produced enough grapes to make fifty barrels of wine annually.

Mr. William Heintzelman of Moundridge, Kansas.

After three years of fighting in the Civil War, Mr. William Heintzelman left his home near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to see the western country. In 1872 he had drifted as far west as Meridian township in McPherson county. There he decided to take a claim.

He met Mr. John Crippen and they built a sod house with a shingle roof on Section 26 and batched there. They broke out sod with their breaking plows and oxen although most of the land near them was used for grazing cattle.

Mr. David Kaegi, Canton, Kansas.

Mr. David Kaegi came from Ohio in November, 1872 to buy a homestead right in section 24 of Meridan township. His claim was in the midst of a French Canadian settlement, which had been started that spring. Lagrees, Blairs, Delphins, Maneys, and Kirbys were among his neighbors. Most of their homes were frame or sod houses. There were no dugouts in the immediate neighborhood for it was too flat.

Using two breaking plows, the following spring he started to break prairie, with his father's help, who had homesteaded in the next section. One breaking plow was drawn by oxen, the other by horses. They

raised sod corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, etc. and lived on rabbits, prairie chickens, potatoes, beans, corn bread, and mush. They preferred using the corn meal to wheat flour for they liked it better. Wheat could be ground into flour in Newton for ten cents a bushel.

They had plenty of water from their shallow wells walled with rocks from Sand creek four miles east of them. Emma Creek went through his father's land.

Mr. Kaegi never had an opportunity for schooling, but when he was twenty he bought books and studied some of the fundamental subjects himself. However, he did take part in the literary societies, singing, and spelling schools of the community after a school house was built in '74. He was one of the few who owned a team and wagon and went as far as ten miles in bitter cold weather to gather people for literary society meetings. Sometimes a few young people gathered together in a home for fiddle music and square dances or waltzes. Perhaps that broke some monotony for they were too poor to celebrate Christmas. There being no trees closer than Turkey Creek, and few visitors in their township. It was even out of the path of the Indians.

X.

SUPERIOR TOWNSHIP

Superior Township, organized January 13, 1874: trustee, Charles Martin; treasurer, Frederick Weigandt; clerk, Lewis Sennete.

"In March, 1869, Captain Eugene Hale, U. S. A., passed by the big lake in the south part of this county. In company with John N. Corgan; they rode their horses into the lake for water and the captain remarked to Corgan that this lake was known to the war department as Lake Inman, having been first reported and described by Major Inman."

By the late G. W. McClintick.

Published in the Kansas American, Feb. 17, 1904, at McPherson, Kansas.

Inman was started in 1887 just after the Rock Island railroad was laid. It was located by the railroad company at the present place because two section lines crossed near the railroad there. A cemetery was moved some distance northwest to make room for the town. Mr. Henry Heim tells of assisting in the moving of that cemetery.

Inman was first called Aiken after a commissioner from that district, then changed to Inman, the name of the largest lake near by.

Mr. J. D. Caudle of McPherson.

In 1872, Mr. J. D. Caudle came from Blooklyn, Iowa, in a covered wagon drawn by a team, to the southwest quarter of section twenty-six in Superior township. He burned the grass to locate the corner stones on his claim. It was in a prairie country, not far from those lakes called the Chain Lakes, which were such a part of pioneer life in Superior, Groveland and Jackson townships. Mr. Caudle observed many kinds of birds there in the early days, including ducks, geese, swans and long legged wading birds.

He had lived on his claim for about a year when one day he saw coming across the prairie toward him, something that might easily have frightened him. It looked like an immense army. There were grown people walking, and riding in lumber wagons. There were children running and playing. There were dogs and live stock mingling with the rest. A man on horseback was riding ahead of the whole group and he came up to Mr. Caudle to tell him not to be afraid for these were the Mennonites, who had just come from Russia. They had bought every other section of a strip of land from the Santa Fe Railroad Company.

It was not long before Mr. Caudle learned to know these people, to speak their language and to have respect for their natural ability in tilling the soil and for their great desire for peace.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Balzer, Inman, Kansas,

When a group of Mennonites built the little southern Russian village of Paulsheim in the 18th century, they understood that they were to be eternally free from military service. They had come from Holland because they could not sincerely sanction war. For a number of decades they lived in peace in Paulsheim, almost entirely governing themselves, for the Russian government had little to say about their local affairs.

They had substantial brick houses in their village with narrow strips of land, on which they planted their crops, usually stretching back of their houses. Farther

from the village they owned other lands, almost always divided into long strips.

Then in the latter part of the 19th century they found that Russia wanted them for military service. Part of the village then immigrated to America. The Santa Fe Railroad owned land in central Kansas and their agent, C. B. Schmidt, had been to Russia to try to sell some of it to the Mennonites. So in 1874 part of Paulsheim came to Turkey Creek and Superior townships in McPherson county. Some were rich and some were poor. The more wealthy had loaned money to the poorer ones so that they might come, too.

Some of them lived in immigrant houses built by the Santa Fe Railroad. One was in section 26 of Superior township. Another was in Turkey Creek township. The Dalkes, Kliewers, Ratzlaffs, Dycks, Blocks, and Thiessens lived in the one in Superior township.

Those who did not live in the immigrant houses lived in temporary structures called "Saraj" which looked like the roof of a barn for the two longest sides were slanting to meet at the top as a barn roof does. Afterwards they built stronger homes. Some of them built small frame houses made of boards that had already been measured and cut for houses by contractors in Hutchinson. These were called "ready-made" houses.

Among these Mennonites were a girl (Anna Penner) and a boy (George Balzer). They are now Mr. and Mrs. George Balzer. Anna Penner's father was among the first to take out citizenship papers. He said, "We are in America now, and since we want the protection of this government, we must become Americans."

The necessity for mutual helpfulness caused the almost immediate acquaintance of the Mennonites and some of their American neighbors. At first their different languages were a hindrance. One of the Mennonites went to an American neighbor to buy chickens. The American understood the chicken part but did not understand that the Mennonite wanted a rooster. The Mennonite gestured and tried everything he could think of to make the American understand and finally in desparation he crowed like a rooster and was then understood.

The Americans were always willing to help the Mennonites. David Harms, working for the Balzers

when they put an addition to their house, fell and broke his arm. Mr. Peter Balzer, Mr. G. H. Balzer's father, set it and then took him to an old American, who was more experienced with such things, and he pronounced it well set.

The Balzers made the adobe bricks for the addition to their house themselves. They mixed soil and straw together by letting horses tramp on it and pressed this mixture into wooden molds. The molds were about twelve inches long, six wide, and four thick. They were divided into two parts so that two bricks could be made at once and open at the top and bottom. The mixture was turned out of these molds to harden in the sun. If the adobes were to be used for one of their large Russian stoves or heating system, sand and soil made up the mixture to be hardened in the sun.

The Russian heating system in the Balzer house was rather a typical example of those used by the Mennonite pioneers. It was used for cooking, heating, and smoking their meat. One stove was six feet high, five feet long and possibly two feet wide. It was built of bricks or adobes in a place between the two small rooms of their house as a part of the partition. It was built there so that the warm bricks on its sides might heat both rooms. The lower part of the opening in the wall, which was the stove, was of course the place for the fire. At the back of that was an opening which circled above the place where the food was cooked. This circulation of smoke and heat kept the walls warm. In many of the heating systems the chimney extended into a smoke room where the meat was smoked.

They burned hay, buffalo chips, bunches of dried grass, and corn stalks. These heating systems kept the heat very well so that refiring was only necessary in the morning and evening. They melted sulphur, pulled common grocery string through it, dried that, and cut it in pieces to be used for matches. They touched a piece of that to a tiny red coal and it would burn at once. There were some matches, too, which were sometimes split.

Into the red coals in the bottom part of their heating systems they shoved a stool about a foot wide and two feet long on which were pans of zwieback. These were wheat flour biscuits.

The Mennonites began raising wheat for their flour almost at once. The raising of the wheat was not diffi-

cult for them as was harvesting and milling. One method of threshing the grain in the earliest years was to take the wheat after it was cut and put a layer of it in a large circle on some cleared ground. Then they hitched their oxen or horses to a huge star-shaped stone weighing possibly six hundred pounds and let them pull the stone over the wheat till the grain was threshed out. Then they took that wheat, piled it in the center of the circle, and put another layer down to be threshed. The chaff in the threshed wheat would be shaken out by shaking it in a sieve. Later they made fan mills for that purpose.

They had to take the wheat to Sedgwick to have it made into flour. Mr. Peter Balzer, thinking to save those long trips asked the Santa Fe Railroad Company to haul stone to his land in order that he might build a mill of his own. The company volunteered such service free, so that the people on their land might be satisfied. But Mr. Balzer decided not to build a mill with his stone. He had planned to build a Dutch windmill but the Americans told him the wind wasn't steady enough to be satisfactory. So he took the stones and built a corral near his house. In the corral they kept Texas cattle which many of the neighbors bought from passing rangers, broke for oxen, used for milk cows, or butchered for their meat.

Buying oxen to break the sod was not expensive as buying horses would have been, so many of the poorer people owned oxen. There were people in their township who just managed to live and that was all. One family had a brass pail they used for their milk pail, for carrying water, and for cooking their food. They did manage to keep their homes clean, though. They usually raised their own broom-corn, so they had brooms.

The broom-corn they raised was of a tall variety that would droop when it was ripe, so they had to go out into the field before it was ripe to put a kink in the stem, leaving a long enough piece above the kink for a broom. They bound the stems of broom corn together in a round bundle, attached a handle to it, and used it for a broom.

There was hard work for everyone to do, even the children, but they had some fun, too. Sometimes the boys, when walking over the prairie, would stop at a

tall bunch of blue stem grass and whittle bits of the stem into tiny windmills that would whirl merrily in the wind if attached to a pin. The girls jumped rope and both the girls and boys would swing on large swings attached to the barns, There were no trees around to attach them to. Sometimes the boards in those swings would be six feet long. Then at Christmas time there would be small gifts sometimes, rock candy on strings, apples, and pepper-nuts. Pepper-nuts (literally translated from the German) were square cookies.

Then after their school was started in '76 or '77, they had literary societies and singing schools in the evening at least once a week. At first some of the Mennonites hesitated about sending the children to the American schools. It seemed worldly and sinful, but they gradually changed their minds. These older people learned to enjoy the literary societies, too. Some of them read a good deal, in their German books, in a religious paper printed in the German language, and then later when they learned the American language, they read all available newspapers they could find.

XI.

SPRING VALLEY TOWNSHIP.

Spring Valley, organized January 13, 1874; trustee, D. W. Minton; treasurer, J. H. Tinsley; Clerk, M. A. Reasnor.

J. C. Moon, McPherson, Kansas.

Mr. J. C. Moon came on the train from Ohio, to Topeka in 1872. He was advised by a friend to go to the Salina land office to get land, so he did. There he took out homestead papers on Section twenty-four of Spring Valley township. Then he went to Topeka and brought his wife and small baby back to his homestead in a covered wagon pulled by oxen. When they stopped on the flat treeless plain that was to be their home, what a typical picture of pioneer life they must have made. In the front of the wagon was the woman in her calico dress and sunbonnet holding her baby, while her husband climbed out to picket the oxen and start to dig the dugout that was truly to be home to them.

When the dugout was deep enough and steps were made leading down into it, he carefully lined the walls and made a plain flat roof with lumber he had bought on the way in Newton. They moved in their stove and put gunny sacks on the dirt floor for rugs. After a little time he moved in a bed, table and a few stools he had made himself. On the table was a table cloth made of a flour sack they had bought on the way. That was the only table covering they had for five years.

They had begun to live comfortable in their dugout when a heavy rain started. That night Mr. Moon awakened in the middle of the night to hear the baby sputtering. Upon investigating he found the baby's cradle almost covered with water, for the roof had leaked. His knowledge of building dugout roofs had not been sufficient, so soon after he built another roof. This one slanting, with bluestem grass and sod added to his lumber.

Then he dug a well about forty feet deep. It was walled with stones from Gypsum creek. They always had plenty of water, then. One interesting thing Mr. Moon noticed was that the water in the well always rose several feet when the wind was from the north.

They always managed to find plenty to eat, too, although sometimes it was only cornbread and milk. For a low price they could buy buffalo meat, both fresh and dried, which had been shipped in from the western part of the state. He saw antelope, and prairie chickens and could have killed those for food, but he didn't own a gun, because he didn't want to. Other wild animals were plentiful, too, such as prairie owls, prairie dogs, and coyotes. One sport in

the neighborhood was hunting coyotes with the help of greyhounds.

Then another pest was the rattle snake. The men in the fields were often in danger of their bites, especially if they were bare-footed, as they often were. The danger was lessened because the oxen would usually shy away from them and the snake would issue a warning by rattling before he struck. One ox owned by Mr. Moon's father, who homesteaded near, was bit by a snake on the heel. They forced it to stand in a creek for a number of days to drive the poison away.

One day his wife screamed to him from inside the dugout. When he went in he found her on top of the highest thing she could find. She explained that there was a mouse in a small box she pointed to, but it was a rattle snake instead, and he killed it.

Then still another pest in '74 was the grasshopper. They ate up all the crops they could find, ate the handle of a pitch fork so he couldn't use it, and the top out of Mrs. Moon's starched sunbonnet as she was riding in her lumber wagon on her way from Old Empire, where she had gone to get supplies. There was a pile of the pests two feet high on one side of their dugout.

There were other difficulties to be met, too, such as prairie fires and floods. One man and his horse were caught in a fire and burned to death. Cornelius Kaiser, a young man in the community, was drowned when Emma creek rose, once.

Another tragedy encountered by Mr. Moon happened out on Turkey Creek. They sometimes burned buffalo chips, but other times he bought his wood from a Mrs. Morris living on Turkey Creek. He learned that her husband had been shot when ploughing one day by a man named Savage. Morris had jumped Savage's claim. Savage disappeared then, but no one ever attempted to find him, for jumping a claim meant disobeying the pioneer code of ethics.

Mr. Moon remembers some interesting incidents to prove that the land agents were not as particular about some of the supposedly hard and fast rules as many people think. As long as they knew that the original claimer of the land intended to make that claim his home, they were not always particular that he lived on it the six months of the first year as the law required. One man in Mr. Moon's neighborhood came to hire some one to break sod and plant corn for him, and then left to work somewhere else. He would come back occasion-

ally to see that everything was all right. When the time came for him to prove up on his land, he took two witnesses with him and told the exact truth of his absence from his claim, and the agents let him have the land.

Perhaps that man's land would have been in danger of being jumped if the pioneers had not stuck together for the original claimer. That was not the only place the early settlers were mutually helpful. Visitors were always welcome to anyone's home. Sometimes there would be fifteen or sixteen sleeping in a dugout all night. They had fun sometimes when they gathered together in groups, especially when there were enough children to have school in the Spring Valley school house. Then they organized a literary society, and there they would have their contests, debating, speaking and singing. For sing they surely did, mostly hymns, though, such as Halleluiah Lord and sometimes songs like "Charlie Gittoe's Confession".

They didn't mind spending long evenings visiting and singing then for there wasn't much else to do. Sometimes they would read the "Toledo Blade" or some other paper when it reached them through the Spring Valley post office, and quite often they read the Bible. Mr. Moon remembers reading the Bible through some winters.

Only an old Indian Trail winding up through Spring Valley south through Hutchinson with its slowly diminishing traffic kept them in contact with the strangers that made up the outside world.

XII.

CANTON TOWNSHIP

Canton Township, organized January 13, 1874, trustee, James Thornberg; treasurer, Eli Sharp; Clerk, S. R. McClain.

"CANTON" was surveyed on the 2nd and 3rd days of June, 1879, on land owned by R. F. McAlister and Wm. H. Morris, and the first building was moved on the ground the first day of the same month by George Murphy. Two days later Wm. H. George commenced building a residence, it being the first structure on the town site. Among the first settlers may be mentioned J. C. Hall, Wm. O'Conner, John Pray, Clark Rodgers, Charles Decker, and D. J. Israel, who were all on the ground within a few weeks after the platting of the town. The A. T. & S. F, Railroad was completed to this place on the 22nd day of September, 1879. The growth of the town during the summer and fall of 1879 was very rapid, additions were made to the town site by R. F. McAlister, Holmes, and Peters, and at the end of the first year, it had grown to a village of over three hundred inhabitants, and on the 16th day of July, 1880, it was declared and constituted a city of the third class, by J. H. Prescott, Judge of the 14th Judicial District, under the name and style of "The City of Canton."

"The first election was held on the second day of August, 1880, at which time the following officers were elected; Police Judge, Amos Oldfield; Mayor, Wm. H. George; Councilmen, Wm. B. Kile, M. L. Drake, Wm, O'Connor, Daniel McElroy, and Ashbil Haight."

H. B. Kelley, in Edwards Historical Atlas of McPherson County, 1884, Page 9.

Canton township and city were named for Canton, Ohio.

Mr. C. H. Way of Lakeland, Florida.

In April, 1873, a single covered wagon wound its way westward over the prairies from Iowa to McPherson County. It came to rest on the east half of section eighteen of Canton township. Running Turkey Creek, with no trees on its banks ran across the land and the young man in the prairie-schooner soon found a high bank of the stream and there began digging a dugout. That dugout, completed, served as a home for three men for a few months while they built homes for their families, left back where the schooner began its journey. Charles H. Way built a house close by the dugout. L. H. Merril built a rude sod house some distance away. Mr. Merril was the cook for the group and with his beans, bacon, pancakes, and biscuits to eat, a huge buffalo robe to keep the rain off, and torches for their lights, they managed to live comfortably.

Then Mr. Way was kept especially busy planting trees next to his homestead for he had taken that quarter out as a timber claim. He had to plant forty acres of timber on that land so he gathered the seed of oak, boxelder, and walnut and the slips of cottonwood from Gypsum Creek and planted those.

When that was finished, the covered wagon again wound its way back to Iowa over the prairies. There it stayed till the March winds again ruffled the bluestem on his claim in Kansas and then he came back with his wife to stay. They moved into the completed frame and stone house at once. It was a two story house built next to a bank so that one could enter the first floor at the bottom of the bank and the second floor at the top, on the opposite side of the house. He had left a part of the bank on the first floor for a bed. The house was plastered on the inside with a gypsum subsoil.

When they were settled he traded his team of horses for two yoke of oxen and began breaking land, both on his land and the land of his neighbors. One yoke of oxen would eat grass in the morning, the other in the afternoon, while the other yoke ploughed. In that way he could get about twice as much work from them as from his horses. After getting his land all in cultivation, he then started raising texas ponies (Broncoes), then English Shire French Draft and Cleveland Bay thorough-bred and registered horses.

Once he ploughed a furrow straight from his land to the Smoky on his way to Salina, in order to have a

road to follow. Then they often stopped over night at Larey Lapsley's on the Smoky before proceeding to Salina to trade. Larey Lapsley was a good old negro and his cabin on the Smoky was a favorite stopping place for the settlers. Some times when the wind and snow couldn't seem to find a stopping place on the prairies, his cabin was a welcome sight and the black coffee he served gave them new life to face the storm.

Those great gusts and drifts of snow of a blizzard forced the Merrils to seek protection with the Ways one night about midnight, for their sod house was creaking fearfully. They left their precious pet pig at home and he froze to death.

When blizzards came, caring for the live stock was often a great difficulty for the settlers. The animals would occasionally lose their way and wander off. Three or four hogs were lost once near the Way home and they sought protection near a hedge. The snow drifted over them and they stayed under that drift for about five weeks until the snow melted and then they came out alive. One man herded cattle in a corn field and came home with frozen feet. Some of his toes came off in spite of vigorous attempts to thaw them with snow.

The Ways were comfortably warm indoors though, with their No. 8 stove and their firewood hauled from Gypsum Creek. When corn was ten cents a bushel they burned that.

Every year they raised corn and wheat. He remembers hauling his first wheat crop to McPherson when it was a dollar a bushel. He had about a third of it in a lumber wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen. When they came to Robinson's crossing of Turkey Creek in Empire Township the oxen saw a pond just ahead, and immediately started for it, upsetting the wheat in the creek. Mr. Way picked some of the wheat, and plenty of mud, out of the creek by the bucket-ful into his wagon and proceeded on his way. He lost some money on that, but it was the last load he ever hauled with oxen.

He had sowed that wheat broadcast and harrowed it with a spike-tooth harrow, and bound it by hand. His plough had been just a bent rod plough, and he had used a cradle to cut the ripe grain. Later he bought a better plough, a reaper and a mower, then a harvester, then a self binder, then a header.

Wheat and corn were not their only crops however,

for they raised vegetables, including all the common ones and pumpkins, of which they made pumpkin butter and pumpkin pies. There were native berries and fruits which they could use for food such as sumac berries which were gathered ripe and used for tea or wild plums which they gathered on the sand hills in Reno and Harvey counties and used for fruits and jam.

There was always plenty of game to kill for meat. Prairie chickens were abundant as well as antelope and some deer. The antelope were not as tame as the deer. They would follow the high ridges in groups and all turn in formation at once. There were other wild animals, too, such as coyotes, gray wolves, skunks and some bob cats on gypsum creek.

There were plenty of fire-arms in the neighborhood for protection from animals such as these, for the civil war had adequately supplied many settlers with guns. Mr. Way brought a muzzle loader rifle and a zuloo shot gun west with him. He sold the rifle with its ram rod for three acres of breaking the first year. The shot gun was a genuine civil war gun, which had been bored out, used for a shot gun and called a zuloo. He had molds to make the bullets of melted lead for his gun. He put powder and the bullet in the patch and then rammed it down, and was ready to shoot.

There was a section of the country just north of the Ways that had been wild enough in its day to need plenty of fire arms. There is a story that is almost a legend among the old settlers there. A dashing Mexican cowboy was caught in a mixup and was not quick enough on the draw. Those who were quick enough buried him with his boots on and his knife in his belt. His grave is supposed to be somewhere out in that section of the country and easy to be found even yet, for nothing will grow on it, at least so they say.

There must be other tales about those cowboys that have been forgotten for there were big cattle grounds north of the Ways. The cowboys used to set their kettles on the surveyor's corner stones they found on the flat ground and if they chose to do so, often moved the stones if the smoke from their camp fires happened to be in their eyes or they had pitched camp some distance away. Then years later when some pioneer wanted to find the boundaries of his claim he had to resurvey it. Sometimes those same adventure-laden camp-fires were left in a characteristic carefree way and a prairie fire

resulted.

The prairie fire was one scourge of the plains that Mr. Way and his neighbors continually had to fight. They broke fire guards around their buildings and hay stacks and fought when one came. The head fire could not be conquered so they just fought the side fires which were many times difficult to distinguish from the larger head fires in the midst of smoke and dust.

Mr. Way started a prairie fire once which could not be put out even with the help of neighbors until it came to a lake some distance north and died of itself. He had started the fire in a vain hope that he would smoke out a great storm of grasshoppers, which had descended upon his crop. But the grasshoppers remained and ate almost all the crops in twenty-four hours. The Ways saved some onions and roasting ears but that was about all. Mr. Way said the hoppers ate everything but the prairie grass and red peppers—the last named because they waited till they died for them to cool.

The Ways lived on dried corn and onions quite a bit that winter. There was more than one mirage for those with courage that year. They could see prosperity coming even though it actually wasn't real then. The other kind of mirage they saw in the early mornings. They usually awoke at sunrise and retired at sunset, and so early in the mornings if they looked to the west they saw the buildings and trees of Old Empire loom up tall on the horizon as if it was just a short distance away. Sometimes they even saw some of the trees around King City, which was farther away.

Their ox team took them in their lumber wagon to Old Empire many times, to church services or to some merry social gathering. One fourth of July there was a huge tent there and they went to laugh and talk and eat antelope meat with a lot of other pioneers.

Pioneer days were jolly days in some ways. The grange meetings were another form of social meeting that meant much to the Ways. Their grange was called the Hawkeye grange because over half of their neighbors were from Iowa. It was organized in 1873 and was really a system of cooperative marketing. He had been a member of such an organization in Iowa before he came here and he helped develop it here. They owned an elevator at Newton and a threshing machine. Members ordered supplies through the grange from the east in large quantities. During the grasshopper year they

sent to Iowa for relief through the grange and Mr. Way was the distributor of the goods. It was not especially successful economically, though, but it certainly was socially. They had singing schools, literary societies, suppers, and they always had a good time. They were all on the same level socially with their sunbonnets, calico dresses, overalls, and sometimes bare feet. They talked plain English, using very little slang but a great deal of profanity. They made their neighbors welfare part of their welfare to evade loneliness for they had few contacts with the outer world. Newspapers and books were scarce and reading of any kind was not often indulged in.

Anyway, sometimes neighborliness was a necessity then for when trouble or sickness stalked in the door there was really no one to go to but the neighbors. If a rattler bit a man in his bare feet when he was ploughing, a jug of whiskey could usually be found in his own house and then the neighbors would do all they could to relieve the poisoned condition. Doctors were rare and usually far away although when necessary old Dr. George in his plough shoes and overalls would come walking in to do his bit lifting some heavy hearts into merriness once again.

Mr. J. Whitright

In 1873 Mr. J. Whitright, a veteran of the Union Army walked from White City, Kansas to the Salina land office to see if he could get a homestead in the central part of the state. The land agent there told him to go over into McPherson County and scout around to see what he liked of the unclaimed land. He walked over to Canton township then and decided he liked the lay of section thirty.

Then he walked again to Salina to tell the land agent he didn't have the money just then to pay the deposit on the homestead. The agent promised not to refer the quarter to anyone as unclaimed land and Mr. Whitright walked back to White City. He worked there till he had enough money to pay the land agent, then walked again to his claim. He built a six by eight dugout, lived in it alone, broke sod, and worked for his neighbors for a while. He really lived in White City for a year or two though, coming back to his claim only occasionally. After visiting his claim he often went a

mile south to the Old Santa Fe Trail, and walked again to White City, crossing through Crane's Ranch and Lost Springs. He sometimes met hundreds of cattle on the trail. Altogether he walked about three hundred and thirty-seven miles to get his claim.

He didn't have the difficulties keeping his claim that some of the settlers in Canton township did. He was a bachelor and could work for other people enough to pay his own expenses, so it wasn't necessary for him to mortgage his land. Many of the settlers in his neighborhood mortgaged as soon as they got the deeds to their homesteads and some lost their land because of that.

XIII.

LONE TREE TOWNSHIP

Lone Tree Township, organized February 16, 1874; trustee, James McVeigh; treasurer, S. B. Turner; clerk, E. L. Loomis.

Miss Hattie Heckethorne, McPherson, Kansas.

In the early 70's, O. W. Heckethorne came from Promise City, Iowa, with his family in a covered wagon to settle on the southeast quarter of section twenty-two of Lone Tree Township.

Just two and one quarter miles west was Running Turkey Creek and on its banks in the northwest corner of section twenty was a lone cottonwood tree, visible for miles over the flat plains. That tree gave Lone Tree Township its name.

Mr. Heckethorne was a carpenter and when the immigrant houses were built for the Mennonites in Mound township in '73 or '74 he was hired by the Santa Fe railroad company to help manage the construction of those buildings.

Some of the Mennonites came to Lone Tree township to settle near the Heckethornes on long narrow strips of land. Their customs differed some from those of the Heckethornes, but they faced similar problems.

They were forced to make free use of ingenuity for necessities when none were procurable. They yoked up their cows for oxen when their horses died. They put molasses in a skillet with well beaten eggs and nutmeg and used that as butter. When grasshoppers ate their crops they didn't complain, but immediately planted the seeds they received from some eastern seed companies.

Those eastern seed companies, who sent free seeds to the farmers in '74, such as Vic's, reaped a rich reward later, for the pioneers remembered them when they were able to purchase their seeds.

Those problems were living realities, but there are other pioneer problems that may have some fancy in them when they come down to us, but are still interesting. Pioneers tell a story of the naming of Emma creek, that makes the very name mean something. In the very earliest days a young girl went out on her horse alone one evening to herd some cattle homeward. A storm came up, she was lost along the creek bank, and wild animals came creeping up with blood-thirsty eyes, pulled her off her pony, and Emma was no more, except in the name of the creek flowing just below where her blood was spilled.

Mrs. Emma Durst of Moundridge

Mrs. Durst was one of the early teachers in McPherson County. A Mr. Pack was a member of her first

school board. He told her they would hire her for four months, then if they decided she knew enough and they had the money to keep school longer, they'd hire her to stay longer. She stayed longer than four months.

Mrs. Durst has a number of papers written by her father J. T. Hanna concerning the Ashtabula colony. The Hannas came to Kansas in the fall of 1871 from Ashtabula, Ohio. Most of the Ashtabula colonists had settled several months before in King City township. The Hanna homestead was in section 32 of Lone Tree township.

The following article by J. T. Hanna was taken from the "Mail and Breeze" published in Topeka, Kansas.

SETTLEMENT, RISE AND DECADENCE OF KING CITY IS DESCRIBED BY EARLY INHABITANT

A few of the details of the settlement, growth and final decadence of King City, Kansas, are interestingly told by one of the first inhabitants of the little prairie town, J. T. Hanna of McPherson. In a brief historical sketch he writes.

"On returning to their homes at the close of the rebellion, thousands of these soldiers and sailors found themselves almost entirely destitute and no work of any description. So acute was this situation in Ashtabula, Ohio, that it was decided by a number of the ex-soldier boys to form a colony and go to the new state of Kansas and establish homes.

"The new organization was known as the 'Soldiers' and Sailors' Free Homestead Colony.' At the first meeting about a dozen of the members were appointed a committee to look up a location and make a report as soon as possible. They crossed the Missouri river late in the winter of 1870-1871. A portion of seventeen counties of the new state were traveled over, before they felt satisfied to return home and make a report. On their return the members of the new colony assembled and the committee gave its report, nearly all its members declaring in favor of McPherson county. A vote of the entire colony was taken. The committee's report was almost unanimously adopted.

In the southern portion of the new county a townsite was laid out and named King City, in honor of Dr. E. L. King, one of the directors of the colony. Shortly afterwards the services of a surveyor were secured and a real townsite surveyed, which was occupied the following June by 30 or 40 people. Salina, 40 miles away on the Union Pacific railroad, was the nearest shipping point.

The first municipal improvements were a town well, followed shortly by a brickyard, and early that fall a 20x60 foot store building was erected. This building was used for various purposes, the ground floor being occupied by a general store. The upper portion of the building was coverted into a hall, which served as a church or dance hall, as the occasion demanded. A Mr. Shelly, preached in it the first sermon that was ever preached in this county south of the Smoky Hill river. The new town continued to thrive until that fall it had forty or fifty residences, two hotels, the store above mentioned, a blacksmith shop and lumber yard. From time to time many from other states joined the colony until it became quite a good-sized settlement.

"In the spring of 1872 a Sunday school was organized. Mr. D. D. Carpenter was chosen superintendent. The inhabitants were not all prohibitionists, however.

"Many of the cowboys came a long distance for their mail. They were usually heavily armed with a winchester, and revolvers. I remember they were very liberal when the hat was passed. On one occasion there being 25 silver dollars in the hat at one time that had been donated by this element. About this time King City was in its greatest glory and experiencing its first boom. The following spring (the 10th of June, 1872), an election was held in the county to locate the county seat. The election resulted in McPherson City being chosen. The previous winter, the legislature, working in the interest of Gov. Harvey and the Santa Fe railroad company sliced off a tier of townships from the southern portion of this county so that railroad could make county seats out of Newton and Hutchinson. This was the death blow to King City. The people soon commenced to move their houses out on their adjoining claims and to McPherson. Soon the town was nearly depopulated."

The following, printed on a small slip of paper seems to be a bit of advertising in Ashtabula before the Colonists came.

Soldiers' and Citizens' Mutual Benefit

FREE HOMESTEAD COLONY.

Dr. E. L. King, President. J. W. Hill, Vice President

H. A. Hendry, Sec'y., at Ashtabula, Ohio.

J. U. Fellows, Cor. Sec'y., King City, Kansas. E. R. Williams, Treas.

Directors:

T. S. Edwards,	Ashtabula.	Capt. L. C. Reeves,	Rome.
J. W. Hill,	Ashtabula	Wm. West	Sheffield.
H. A. Hendry,	Ashtabula.	J. J. Colby,	Kingsville.
H. W. Dewey,	Jefferson.	A. G. Smith,	Monroe.

Dr. E. L. King, T. S. Edwards and J, W, Hill, Locating Committee

McPherson County, Kansas, place of Location.

We would say to those who are looking West for homes, that the Committee chosen by this colony to select a location, have thoroughly examined the State of Kansas, and report that they have found a desirable location in McPherson Co., in that State. McPherson Co. for beauty and richness of soil is not surpassed by any other in the State, and presents the most desirable location for a settlement, from the fact the County East is settled. Rice Co. on the West is being occupied by a colony; on the North all is taken up and some settlers on the South. From the center of the Co. to Salina on Kansas Pacific R. R. is about 40 miles. 180 miles West of Kansas City; the Atchison, Topeka & Santafee R. R. will be completed to Newton in July next, bringing the R. R. then within 18 miles of the centre of the Co., or a place selected for the County Seat, there is now a proposed R. R. to run from Salina South to the Big Arkansas River, also one from Newton North to Elsworth on the K. P. R. R. which either of these roads are constructed we will have a R. R. passing through the centre of McPherson Co.

At present Salina will be our nearest point by R. R., in July next Newton on the Atchison, Topeka & Santafee R. R. will be our nearest R. R. station, it being but 2 miles from the South-east corner of the County. The natural wagon roads are superior in many respects to our roads in Ohio. Timber is scarce, but this County contains as much as the State will average; on the streams there is some timber, on the Sand Hills in the South-western portion of the County there is plenty of good timber, for Kansas, plenty of good building stone in the Northern and Western portions of the County. Coal is found in nearly every portion of the State, and can be had at R. R. stations at from $8 to $10 per ton. Building Lumber can be had at the R. R. stations, at prices ranging but a little if any higher than in Ohio.

This County contains some of the finest grazing and wheat growing lands in the State, there was about 3000 head of cattle wintered in the Western part of the Co. without feeding a single ton of Hay. Fruit is grown in abundance. Hedges grow rapidly, it being the natural home of the Osage Orange; the soil is of lime and vegetable deposit and is peculiarly adapted to fruit, grain growing and grazing. There is one beautiful little lake near the centre of the County and many little streams of living water headed by springs. Water can be had any where by digging from 15 to 30 feet.

The average yield of crops, per acre, in Kansas, in 1869, were as follows:

Wheat—spring 30 bu., winter 38 to 40 bu.; Oats 40 to 46 bu.; Rye 45 to 50 bu.; Barley 40 to 46 bu.; Buckwheat 25 to 35 bu.; Corn (Maize) 60 to 80 bu.; Flax 15 to 25 bu. of Seed; Potatoes 100 to 125 bu.

As a general rule spring crops are planted from the first to the middle of March although they are sometimes planted earlier and

sometimes later; corn is usually fit for harvest in the month of August.

At the last Meeting the Colony voted to name their Town and County seat King City, in honor of their President Dr. E. L. King. 400 shares at $10 each will be issued to the members of the Colony, to purchase one Section (640) acres) of Land, and to make the necessary surveys and improvements for the town sight, these Shares are equal to two lots of one half an acre each, securing to each holder of one share, two lots at the small sum of Five Dollars per lot, one fourth of the lots are to be set apart for public improvement, Churches, School Buildings, Parks, etc. Remainder of the lots left to the disposition of the Shareholders. These Shares can be had by applying to the Treasurer, E. R. Williams, Ashtabula, Ohio, or to any of the Directors.

Rates of Passage and Freight have been secured by the Colony, with the Toledo, Wabash & Western R. R. Tickets will be sold by the Lake Shore & Mich. Southern R. R. at Ashtabula Depot, or at Cleveland, as follows:

Passage	from Cleveland	to Kansas City	$20.00
Passage	from Cleveland	to Topeka	22.00
Passage	from Cleveland	to Junction City	25.55
Passage	from Cleveland	to Salina	27.40
Passage	from Ashtabula	to Cleveland	1.80
Freight	per car Load	to Cleveland	15.00
Freight	per car load from	Cleveland to Kansas City	110.00
Freight	less than Car Load	per 100 lbs.	1.45

200 lbs. of Baggage to each passenger. Two persons to each car load of live stock.

These rates are much lower than any other Colony are getting at this time.

Dr. King left on the 4th inst. with about 30, to make improvements, erect houses, etc. so that those going hereafter will not have to camp out until their houses are built. Any persons wishing to go will please send their name, number of persons, amount of freight and number of head of stock, if any, to the Secretary so that arrangements can be made for them at the depot.

We invite all persons of industrious habits, enterprising men, old and young, farmers, mechanics and men of honorable professions to join us, as they can do so any time within one year from this date by paying the small sum of two dollars to the Treasurer, entitling them to all the benefits secured by the Colony.

J. U. FELLOWS, Sec.

Ashtabula, O., May 6th, 1871.

The "Mail and Breeze printed this article for Mr. Hanna, also.

"In the year 1871 a colony from Ashtabula, Ohio, came west and settled in McPherson county and started the town of King City. The town flourished and in the winter of 1872 they finished a large school house. Up to this there had been no death or funeral as there was no doctors there yet. They had shot a man, a Mr.

Morris down near the old Ft. Harker trail and had started a cemetery there, but the town wanted one of its own so imported a corpse from up on the Smoky river near Lindsborg, a young man, Mr. Holmburg, whose father was a stockholder in the town. Neither of these had had a funeral. This was very shocking to the Ohio people who then and there resolved that they would break up this heathenish practice of burying the dead without a funeral. The school house had been dedicated with a festival also a dance, but many of the people were not really satisfied, they wanted something with more solemnity, and in February Wm. Strom's son died. Previous to this a young Baptist preacher, Rev. Harvev Williams, had located near town. This was the opportunity for an up-to-date funeral. They had the corpse, also the preacher, a school house and a cemetery. A coffin was made and a grave dug; the singers met and practiced. Everything looked favorable for an opportunity to show the cowboys how a first class funeral could be pulled off according to the latest regulation, but in the morning all had changed. The snow had gone off with a big rain and the country was submerged in all the low places and all the creeks were bankful elsewhere.

The consequence was the grave was filled with water, the preacher was on the other side of the creek and did not get over. The corpse was also on the other side; so, after all, the prospects for a funeral looked doubtful.

One of the citizens was known to be a church member who had brought his religion with him and could make a prayer. Many others no doubt were fairly good christians, but had left their religion on the east side of the Mississippi river, being afraid to trust it in the wild and wooly west until they were satisfied that God had jurisdiction here.

We hauled lumber down to the creek and built a raft, got ropes across the creek and ran a spring wagon by hand up to the sod house near where Mr. Stroms lived. We put the coffin in and hauled it on the raft and pulled it over, then got the wagon ashore and hitched on. The mourners and a few others were ferried over and nearly all started for the school house. A few lingered on the bank looking at an object coming up the trail. They soon discovered it to be a tall, lank, lean, middle aged man, his feet hanging well down to the ground

when mounted on a slabsided roan pony. He rode up and made known his wish to cross. They told him to dismount and pull the raft over, get on and let the pony swim. This he did, but the current was too strong and the pony drifted down stream.

In the excitement someone shouted to him in a language not learned in Sunday school to let go of the pony and get to the middle of the raft. Failing to do this he was pulled in. Several of the spectators remarked that he was a Baptist sure. There was a bush in the creek a few yards below, where the man and pony drifted into shallow water and waded out with the help of those on the bank. He then introduced himself as the Rev. Elder McGregor, a Baptist minister, looking for a location and a homestead. He was informed of the funeral also of the want of a preacher and he volunteered to preach a sermon if he could get some dry clothes, but no one in the crowd had any to spare, so some one took him about a half a mile to Mr. Carrs, who was sick in bed and had no use for his clothes that day. The Elder borrowed the sickman's apparel and hung his own around the fire to dry and started for the school house.

Meanwhile some of the boys of the party had run up to the school house and in great excitement informed the congregation that they had a preacher, a sure enough Baptist. When asked where he came from, they replied out of the creek and that he had gone to Mr. Carrs to get some dry clothes. He preached the funeral sermon and many others in the county. He was instrumental in building the first church building in McPherson, which was the old Baptist church. Rev. McGregor was minister of the church for a number of years and his earnest and fruitful work is remembered by many of the early settlers.

Mr. Mat Colby, Galva, Kansas.

After sailing on the Great Lakes for years, Joseph J. Colby took his family westward with the Ashtibula colony to find a homestead on Section three of Lone Tree Township. There he built a sod house in 1871. Across the land ran the deep tracks of the Santa Fe trail and on the banks of Turkey creek were the ruins of five dugouts, for that spot had been the camping place on the trail in this county. Soldiers had had quarters there and to the wagon trains it had been

an oasis. The last real train on the trail camped there in 1872. The wagons were placed in a circle and the women, children, some of the men, and the live stock stayed in the center while the other men stood on guard around the wagons.

There were many people on the trail after that but never a long train of wagons again. There were the freighters which were high wheeled wagons usually drawn by several teams of mules with a jerk line or one line to hold them in line. Usually a man had to ride one of the mules closest to the wagon and sometimes he called "gee" or "haw" to let the mules know whether he wanted them to go to the right or to the left.

There were many wagons traveling alone on the trail and Indians and white men and women walking, and many many cattle. The Colbys made a furrow with their plow into Marion county to make the trail straighter.

The same year the Colbys saw the last train on the trail, the Colbys set up a post office in their sod house, which they called Empire post office. Mr. Colby went to Roxbury on foot to get the mail. Later a mail route was established which went through Roxbury, Empire, and Christian. Still later a route was established to McPherson.

With the post office came the dream of having a town named Empire built around it. Mr. Colby was a land agent and he didn't encourage settlement around his land by just the ordinary settlers. Then one day he and his son Mat were out putting in some Walnut trees along the creek and a man rode up to them and inquired about some land to homestead. They found that his name was Turner and that he was a blacksmith and wanted to set up a shop. So Mr. Turner soon found that he possessed land close to Empire post office. Empire developed more as time passed. In a few years there were two blacksmith shops, a hotel, store, school house, photograph gallery, and several houses in Empire. The town stood on the line between Empire and Lone Tree townships and some of the buildings were in one township, some in the other. Years later when the Santa Fe railroad put its rails down some distance north some of Old Empire was moved to Galva and Empire no longer existed.

XIV.

EMPIRE TOWNSHIP

Empire Township, organized February 16, 1874; trustee, J. A. Flesher; treasurer, G. E. Foster; clerk, M. Fiske.

Galva, in Empire township, was started in 1879, after the Santa Fe Railroad had moved its original survey 2½ miles north. The original survey had taken it through Old Empire, a pioneer town situated on the Old Santa Fe Trail.

It was named after Galva, Illinois. Mrs. John Doyle suggested that name when a group of settlers gathered after the announcement was made that the Santa Fe would put a station there. Her father, J. B. Cramer came from near Galva, Illinois.

Experiences of an Early Settler in Kansas
by Mrs. F. J. Gateka

I have been requested to give some of my personal experiences of the early days in Kansas. While they may seem tame when compared with the trials and privations endured by those who came here in a still earlier day, they were very real to me, only a little past my teens. I who had hardly spent a day, much less a night, alone, found many of them very trying.

We were married in Iowa in October, 1872. After living one year on a rented farm, we decided to go to some new country where government land could be had. We chose McPherson County, Kansas for our future home. This choice was made partly because some of our friends who had located there the previous year wrote glowing accounts of the rich soil, salubrious climate, varied landscape, and of a people generous and brave, and thrifty; and partly because we believed it possessed resources unsurpassed by any other section of the country.

I remember that I became quite enthusiastic and was very anxious for winter to pass that we might make a start for Kansas and a home. In speaking of what we intended to do, I told an elder brother that we were going to take a claim that had a creek and some timber on it. He asked me rather sarcastically why I did not have a gold mine on one corner.

We sold our stock, farm implements and the most of our household goods, reserving only what we could put in our wagon.

On May 7th, 1874, we bade our friends goodby and started on our journey of nearly eight hundred miles. There were eight in our party, seven adults and our baby boy six months old. We had four wagons and sixteen head of horses. The men were well supplied with guns and ammunition and as game was plentiful, we did not lack for meat. We enjoyed the trip very much although there were rivers to ford and hills to climb, hills so high and steep that it was sometimes necessary to double teams. We encountered one very severe hail storm. The hailstones penetrated the canvas covers of our wagons as though they were paper. I remember one incident which, although it did not make much impression at the time, came to my mind many times afterward. One very windy Sunday as we were camped in a little

grove some people in a covered wagon drove in near us and camped for dinner. One of the ladies came over where I was sitting and asked where we were going. I replied "To Kansas, where the wind doesn't blow." She looked at me a moment in astonishment, then said "Why bless your heart! There is no place on the face of the earth where the wind blows so hard as in Kansas. We just could not live there. We are going back to Iowa."

June 11, 1874 we arrived at the little town of Empire. J. J. Colby, claim agent, was not long in finding a man who was tired of Kansas and was willing to exchange his homestead right for our team. Our claim lay one half mile west of Empire and nine miles east of McPherson, which at that time could boast of about a dozen houses. The old Santa Fe trail just touched one corner of our claim, the improvements of which consisted of a sod house 6x12, a sod barn 12x12 (minus a roof), about 10 acres of sod corn, a fine garden and melon patch. There were 4 hens and about 2 dozen young chickens which were thrown in for good measure. The hens, however, were one after another claimed by the neighbors some near, some far, who said they had loaned them to the lady for setting purposes.

We soon took possession of our sod house, sleeping in our covered wagon while building our new home, a frame dwelling 12x12 with sleeping room above and a lean-to 6x8 where I cooked in Summer.

Then came the grass-hoppers, alas, for our corn, garden, and melons. A few hours and every thing green had disappeared. The ground was bare. Even the bark was eaten from the young trees. Those awful grasshoppers! Who can forget how they came in swarms and clouds that darkened the light of the sun, the noise of their wings rising above the sound of the threshing machines?

About this time my husband came into possession of two yoke of long horned Texas steers and soon became as the old settlers will tell you, an expert ox driver. As for me, I never saw anything that I feared more than those long horns. In the early Winter he began freighting for the store at Empire, bringing the most of the goods from Newton, some from Salina. It took 5 days to make a trip to Newton, 6 or more to Salina. Then began the lonely days and nights for me. Shall I tell you how at night with the shades drawn down, the lights turned low, I sat and listened to the howl of the coyotes

and imagined I heard the stealthy steps outside of someone who meant to do me harm?

Early in March my husband began breaking prairie for breaking was legal tender in those days. In buying or selling the question was not how many dollars but how many acres of breaking would be given or taken. Many who had claims had not teams to break the ground and prepare the soil for a crop. O, those long lonely days. From the first dawn of day until dark at night I was alone; my husband's work often taking him two or three miles from home. I might tell you how the prairie chickens came about the door; of the herds of antelope I often saw on the prairie; of the deer that one evening passed within a few feet of me as I sat alone and lonely on the door step; of the nights that I watched the clouds when my husband was away, lest a cyclone should come upon myself and little one while we slept.

Hard times followed. We were often discouraged and longed for the Flesh pots of Egypt, but we never once thought of giving up. Yes, there were hard times for the Kansas pioneers. Years of drought drained their resources. Some sold their claims for any price they could get and left with empty purses but with a large fund of experience. Others of grit remained and builded better than they knew. They have lived to reap benefits a thousand fold. We were more fortunate than some as we always had plenty to eat, wear, and burn; never having to resort to corn stalks or "Kansas Coal" for fuel.

In February of our second Winter came the great prairie fire. How well I remember that morning! The sun seemed surrounded by a yellow haze; the wind began blowing in gusts, rising rapidly. My husband said we were to have another of those Kansas winds. About 10 A. M. the black clouds of smoke began to roll up from the South. Soon the flames began to show as they leaped up through the dense smoke and the fire was upon us. The claim south of us was then owned by the Wyman brothers. On the north side, next to us was a strip of green wheat 20 rods wide. The fire leaped across both this and the road and caught in our straw barn. My husband extinguished the flames. Three times the barn caught fire and each time the flames were extinguished. Then the fire passed on to the north, burning many houses and barns and much other property, crossing the Smoky River before sunset. For hours the black ashes

blew, filling the air until it was almost as black as night, pouring into the house around the door and windows, until the paper on the wall, the carpet on the floor, and even my baby's face was black.

Yet, in spite of drouth, grass hoppers, and prairie fires, the people who stayed were as happy as those in the older states. There were literary societies, debates, and country dances, election bets made and paid. I remember one in which the loser wheeled the winner half a mile in a wheelbarrow, escorted by a jolly laughing crowd from both parties.

For years I have lived in Kansas, years of sunshine and shadow, joy and sorrow; in which thanks to the kind Father above, joy and sunshine have predominated.

Mrs. F. J. Gateka, McPherson, Kansas.

When Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gateka arrived in Old Empire back in '74 with their small son, there were just the necessary buildings there to make a town and that was all. There was the blacksmith shop, the store and post office combined, a school house, and a few houses. One of the houses was "everybody's house". It had been built by a pioneer named Sowers years before but he had been frozen to death and it was deserted by his family, and now anyone who wanted to could come in and stay while their own home was being built. The Gatekas camped next to "everybody's house" on June 8th, in 1874. It was a rainy Sunday, but after fixing the flange box of their covered wagon so that they might sleep in it, they made themselves presentable for the church service to be conducted by Reverend John A. Simpson in the school house that morning.

The next day Mr. Gateka, with two yoke of oxen and a wagon, went to Salina for lumber for a frame house. When he came home he had everything for the house, even the hinges for the doors, except the lime for the plastering, which they later bought in Newton, and enough left over for a little shed in the back yard, where Mrs. Gateka cooked in the summer. Yet, the house was so small that the material in the lumber wagon just came to the top of her head when she climbed upon the front wheel.

Their house was lathed and plastered, which was rather unusual for most of the frame houses were up and down houses. Slabs of wood were placed vertically to make up the walls and papered inside with any kind

of paper obtainable to keep some of the wind from coming in between the cracks.

One of Mrs. Gateka's first memories of Old Empire is of a photographer, who had come west for his health. He started a photographers studio in his home, and one day a lumber wagon drawn by oxen stopped at his door. A man, woman, and five children, all barefooted, hopped out and went in to arrange themselves for a picture. Their calicos and bare-feet did not prevent them from assuming all the dignity that a family picture calls for.

The Gatekas came in the difficult grasshopper year, but they had brought flour, lard and cured hams with them. Then, too, almost anything they needed could be purchased in Salina. Mr. Gateka never encountered difficulty in finding work, so they had plenty—others didn't though. Once, Mr. J. J. Colby, the land agent in Old Empire brought home a sack of flour in the middle of the night, on his return from a business trip. Mrs. Colby immediately made some biscuits out of the flour. The children crawled out of their bed, which had been made by sticking poles into the sides and floor of their sod house, and ate biscuit to their hearts content, with the idea that they were eating cake. They had been practically brought up on corn bread.

It was fortunate for many that year that calico dresses and sunbonnets were by necessity the proper dress for all occasions. Mrs. Gateka brought much of her clothing from the east with her but now she remembers, laughingly, the first dress she made here. The literary society at their school house was giving a neck-tie dance. That meant that all the women made calico dresses and neckties to match them. The women wore the dresses, the neck-ties were all put together, and the men allowed to choose from the lot before seeing the women's dresses. Their partner's dress matched their chosen tie.

That is one of the pleasant memories of Old Empire as a social center, but there were sad memories, too. One day a covered wagon stopped before the store and a man and his two small sons stepped out. They were poorly dressed and John Colar the man, wanted work as a cobbler in the store. He was given permission to make and mend shoes in one part of the store building. Then he went down the prairie a mile and a half and bought a claim. With the help of his sons he constructed a rude sod house. They knew very little about building sod-houses, but it was home in spite of its crudeness. He was a kindly man and he loved his boys. Sometimes

he was forced to leave them alone at nights when he worked late at the store. Then he slept on a cot right in his shop. One rainy night he did that and while he was peacefully dreaming, the rain-soaked walls of his house caved out and the roof caved in, smothering the boys in their bed.

Later they were buried in the Old Empire cemetery close by the body of the first man who was buried there, Mr. Sowers, who had frozen to death. John Colar walked to the cemetery every night and wept over those graves till the sound could be heard for miles over the prairies. That worried the settlers. Some of the men, fearing he would lose his mind, induced him to stop going there. Then he was soon on his way again down the Santa Fe Trail which crossed one corner of the Gateka claim.

There were days, when Mrs. Gateka could not look out her window without seeing people on that trail, which was wider than any street. Sometimes there were Indians, other times cowboys with their picturesque sheep-skin chaps, big hats, and great long silver spurs that jangled as they rode. There were people in covered wagons seeking homes, too, and travelers. The creek near the Gateka home was a favorite camping site for these people. Campers would often get water from their well.

The water was good and there was plenty of it. The well was fifty-five feet deep. They had hauled the dirt up with a windlass and walled the last ten or twelve feet with stones from Gypsum Creek. Fifty five feet was deep for a well, but some of the men in Old Empire conceived the idea that coal could be mined around here so they bored a hole about a hundred and ten feet deep then gave up and decided to devote their time to something with a sure reward.

Some of these men of Old Empire must have been always hunting for some way to get ahead of the next fellow. One of the choice bits of memory that Mrs. Gateka has is the story of a meeting of some men in the neighborhood. They were probably barefooted, bearded old men. They began to discuss, among other things, the naming of their new postoffice. One heavy set old gentleman remarked with much fervor that one town next to them was called King City. Then he said "Why don't we call ours Empire, an Emperor is more than a King." And so Empire postoffice and Old Empire were were christened.

XV.

JACKSON TOWNSHIP

Jackson Townsship, organized February 16, 1874, trustee, D. S. Flora; treasurer, A. F. Waugh; Clerk, V, Goodsheller.

Jackson township was named after General Stonewall Jackson by a man named Reeves and several others according to Mr. Joseph Kubin.

CONWAY was platted in 1880. It was located by the Santa Fe railroad company. Mr. and Mrs. A. T, Burton, who have lived in Conway for many years, believe that Conway was named after an official of the Santa Fe railroad company.

Mrs. Anna Spiller of McPherson

Mrs. Anna Kubin Spiller came to Jackson township from Wisconsin in 1871. Jackson township was their choice of the treeless unsettled plain of central McPherson county. North, south, east and west of them was only grass. Only the sun and stars told them there were man-made directions unless they would go a short distance south of their homestead. There they found the big shallow basin. It was a playground for the Kubin children. They swam in its deepest parts, rowed across it on their home-made skiff, and hunted the nests of the water birds on its grassy banks. The eggs in the nest they dared not touch for had not their mother said the mother bird would know it and might leave the eggs unhatched? When a rain came beating down to flood the basin over its grassy banks the birds cried piteously when their young were drowned and the older children listened to that and decided not to touch the birds eggs.

Only for necessary food did they ever kill the birds. Then Mr. Kubin took his gun, made a hole in the ground, crawled in it, partially covered himself with sunflowers which grew profusely in that region, and watched for his chance to shoot. He always went on windy days for the wind blew away the sound of his coming and the birds warning cries. One flock always warned another at the approach of an enemy.

Mrs. Spiller was only thirteen or fourteen when they arrived in Kansas but immediately her sister just older than herself and she began to do their share of the work on the homestead. Many days she dropped corn in the holes her sister chopped in the sod with an ax. When she tired of that she chopped the sod and her sister dropped the corn. That grew to be tall sod corn. They needed much of that for there were ten children in their family.

Written by Mr. Joseph Kubin of McPherson

In the first part of December, 1871, four homesteads were taken in Jackson township. The homesteaders were Mat Kubin, Senior, Van Goodsheller, Mat Kubin, Junior, and Joseph Kubin, the writer. On September 14th, 1871 we started from Wisconsin in a covered wagon for Dubuque, Iowa, where our parents took a boat on the Mississippi to Hannibal, Missouri and then by train to Topeka, Kansas, where Van Goodsheller was working for a gardener and had a small house

rented for our parents when they arrived in Topeka. Mat Kubin, Junior, my two sisters Mrs. Goodsheller and Mrs. Spiller, and myself came over the state of Iowa and northwestern Missouri to Topeka in three weeks. From Topeka Van Goodsheller, father, brother Mat, and myself came to Salina to find some government land. At the land office we were told of a settlement and town called King City in McPherson County and that we would have no trouble finding good land there. A little later talking with a livery stable man where our team was being fed, he told us of a man living on Sharps Creek by the name of Philip Kumli and from him he had found out that there was plenty of fine land and his advice was to go to Sharps Creek. He told us, also, that there was a town about twenty miles off by the name of Lindsborg. We followed the road as we were directed but were not able to see any town. Finally when about seven miles from Lindsborg we met a man and he pointed his hand to a single house. That was Lindsborg at that time. We didn't get to Sharps Creek till the next afternoon. Then we found Philip Kumli by the well on the bank of the creek about two rods from his house. As I was able to understand but was not able to talk, Van Goodsheller was the spokesman. Kumli asked us what nationality we were and was told that we were Bohemian and he said "my wife is a Bohemian." I then told my father that Mrs. Kumli was a Bohemian. Hearing this and without saying anything he started for the house and then we could hear the rattle of the Bohemian language. Only a few minutes after meeting Mr. Kumli he made a proposition to us. He said "Well you folks can't do anything before winter, and you must have some shelter. I have two room in this house. One is plenty for us and if you are willing to put up with the other room you may have it."

This room was sixteen by twelve feet with no floor and just a shingle roof overhead. It was a log house with only two small windows.

The same day Kumli took his team and wagon and drove us where our future habitation was built. The next day I drove to Salina to get the lumber for a floor and ceiling and Goodsheller started for Topeka to bring mother and the children to our future home. Coming with a load of lumber about ten miles south of Salina it started to rain, and the road got slippery and traveling was slow. About noon I stopped close to a house to feed

my team. The rain stopped but I was well soaked and a little chilly. I had plenty to eat but what I had was cold. While eating my lunch, a woman called from the house and all I understood was "Come in, come in". When I entered the house there were two men sitting at the table eating dinner. I was presented with a bowl of hot coffee which tasted good as Swedish coffee does taste. I found later that these folks were the Olsons.

I didn't get further that day than the Smoky river for the road was too slippery. I stopped at a straw stack close to the road and close to a house and made preparation to stay all night. A man came along and asked if I was going to stay all night. I told him that I was. He said, "It will be freezing to-night. You had better come to the house. Your team will be all right." About midnight I got chilly, for the blankets I had were wet and I made for the house. The man said "Well, I told you so—There is some fire in the stove and the wood is on the floor, help yourself. We have no other bed". (There was no room for it, even if they had). This was about the middle of October. There was no frost in the morning but just chilly after the shower.

After the room in the Kumli house was ready and the family temporarily settled, we took a trip south of Sharps Creek on the "Big Flats" as the people living on Sharps Creek called it. Well, we made our choice but we didn't know the number of the sections. We were told that Chamberlain, the county surveyor, lived on Gypsum Creek. He came one evening in the month of November. That night it snowed about three or four inches and he told Van Goodsheller and brother Mat how to tell the number of the section by the marks on the corner stones. Then he left. I was working for a man named Ball who was a blacksmith. After the snow was all gone the boys found some cornerstones and we chose sections fourteen and fifteen of Jackson township. We took the homesteads on the 8th day of December. Later finding more corner stones we found we had our land one mile too far west. My land was the poorest in the whole bunch.

While I was working for wages, father and the boys were pulling out drift wood from the creek to use for fuel when we began living on our places. Mr. Thomas Simpson on whose place the wood was located didn't want anything for it but father thought we would try to pay him in labor as he had several men working for him.

The following summer I helped him put up some hay.

In '72 after Christmas we started to dig for water when the weather permitted. We took a load of wood with us and traveled the five miles to our claims. We thought we would get the water at twenty-five to forty feet but when we got down to fifty feet the prospect was no better than when we started and it began to cave in. We got discouraged and were thinking of abandoning our claims, for without water it would be impossible to live no matter if the soil was ever so good.

While yet in Wisconsin we were told by a neighbor who was a soldier during the Civil war in Kansas, that Kansas was fit only to raise cattle as it was too dry for general farming, although he saw some good corn raised on the creek and river bottoms. We bought nine head of cattle, mostly a mixture of native and Texas to start. We started to break the prairie with two yoke of oxen. The horse team that brought us here from Wisconsin hauled water from Kumlic's well every day, a distance of about five miles. Our house, a temporary shed constructed of boards, was too hot on sunny days and leaked when it rained.

We broke the grassy sod and planted corn with an ax, that is, we cut the sod with an ax and dropped two grains of corn in the opening. The season was so good that the sod corn, melons, squashes, cucumber, and even onions made a good crop.

By the time winter was near, we had a house built 16x24x12 with no plastering inside. That winter we decided to get some water by means of curbing the well as we went down. We started the well near the basin and got the water at 65 feet. We were not able to get more than eight inches of water as the sand filled in as fast as it was taken out. Water was quite an object on this prairie. I remember a party of young people from Sharps Creek coming home from a celebration the Fourth of July in King City, stopping at our place. They were all on horseback and were thirsty. All the water we had was in a barrel on the wagon, warm as the sun had made it, well, it tasted good—at least they said so.

The year of '73 will ever be remembered as there were two weddings in the Kubin and Goodsheller families. In the beginning of the winter of '72 and '73, Van Goodsheller went to Wisconsin and in the spring of '73 came back to Kansas bringing his sister Anna wth him.

Well, she was my sweetheart so on the 14th day of March I took my sister and he took his sister to Salina. Each was married to the other's sister the same day by Judge Logan in the old court house in Salina.

My house 14x18x8 was built as far as the sides, no roof and no floor. We moved to this house after it was completed in the first part of December. The house was not plastered and the ceiling was just boards loosely laid.

Crops, the year of '73, were as good as the year before. We raised both winter and spring wheat, rye and oats and corn on the sod broken that season. The year of '74 will be remembered as the gasshopper year. That year crops were good also. All the small grain was harvested and in stacks but the corn was eaten by the hoppers. It took them only two or three days to finish. We cut the corn ahead of the hoppers to save it but that was consumed as fast as the rest in shocks.

The land was nearly all settled before '74 and before the winter of '74 and '75 many people left for their homes and some never come back. One of our neighbors having a claim about two miles west of my place left for his old home in Illinois and his old neighbors donated him a carload of corn. The Santa Fe Railroad shipped it free of charge to Newton, Kansas. The corn was hauled from Newton by my house and I bought some of the corn for the next years planting. This corn was in ear and of all varieties. I paid $1.20 per bushel for it and as the hauling was continued for some time, I bought my seed corn accordng to what money I had. This seed I planted in '75 and the crop was fine.

Up to '75 I had no well on my place. For drinking and cooking we hauled and sometimes carried water from father's well which was one half mile distant. For washing we used water from the basin. The water in the basin was clear.

Mr. McClintoch came to McPherson with some well machinery. He put a well down on my place in one day. The hole was twelve inches in diameter and sixty-seven feet deep. There was plenty of good water then and life on the farm was more pleasant.

After 1874 Kansas had a bad name in spite of having good crops, especially corn crops. I remember a reader asked the editor of a Bohemian paper published in Wisconsin what the chance would be in Kansas for a

farmer with some means. The editor's answer was that Kansas had a crop once in a while only to feed it to the hoppers.

Addition by E. N.

By reading in the evening in the early days. Mr. Kubin gained much of his knowledge of the English language. Mrs. Kubin had the advantage of American schooling in Wisconsin before she came to this county. So while he read aloud she sewed by hand, as much of the sewing was done then, and corrected his pronunciation. They boarded the school teacher sometimes and he borrowed his books and studied them with his wife's aid and the aid of an English-Bohemian dictionary.

Mrs. J. C. Stockham

The Stockhams came to McPherson county in 1873 from the east. In the spring of 1874 they went to Jackson township to find land to homestead. Nearing the basin region Mrs. Stockham admired the pretty green grass and asked her husband and his brother why they didn't homestead that. They laughed. She didn't know that the low lands in the basin region were in the habit of filling with water when heavy rains came.

When they finally found land they wanted in sections 17 and 20, they started at once to break sod for hedge rows. They tried to get them as nearly on the section lines as they could. Perhaps they guessed that roads might follow them some day. They planted hedge seeds which they had ordered from Texas. These seeds were soaked in water for about two weeks. The water on them was changed every day. Mrs. Stockham dropped much of the hedge seed followed by her husband who covered them with soil with his hoe. They planted seven miles of hedge.

Mrs. Stockham was extremely busy after they moved to their homestead. There were the quilts on the beds to shake every morning and above the rough straw or husk ticks were the feather beds which were turned every morning. She had learned in her girlhood home

back in Iowa to clean the house thoroughly every day. When she wasn't busy with that sometimes she sewed, for all of her sewing was done by hand in the earliest year. It took a long while to make even one dress, for was not the average amount of material in a dress ten yards? Mrs. Stockham made dresses for herself of dotted swiss, cashmere, lawn, and gingham. It didn't always require ten yards of material to make a dress though for Mrs. Stockham especially remembers one ten yards of calico which made two dresses. It was in 1874 when the government had sent out dry goods and food to relieve the "grasshopper suffers". Mrs. Stockham was on the distributing committee for Jackson township and when two women both wearing dresses of gunny sacks, wanted the ten yards of calico which came with the other government supplies, the committee divided the calico between the women. They gave the number eleven men's shoes to a young girl who had no shoes, although one man had wanted them who wore gunny sacks for shoes.

Working on a committee of that sort was not unusual for Mrs. Stockham. She wanted to serve her community. When anyone was sick in the neighborhood or a baby was coming Mrs. Stockham was always there to help. But she never neglected her home or her family.

XVI.

MOUND TOWNSHIP

Mound township, organized February 16, 1874; trustee, C. H. Knapp; clerk, C. A. Robinson; treasurer, Adam Sharp.

Moundridge

Mr. J. W. Krehbiel of Moundridge tells us that Moundridge was started in 1886 and was named from the township name and from its site on a ridge which can be seen from the west. The Missouri Pacific Railroad company was influential in the starting the town and some of its men were the incorporators.

Early History of the Southeast Part of McPherson County by Rev. P. P. Wedell of Moundridge.

In a study of the early history of the southeastern part of McPherson County it is interesting to notice that a number of permanent settlements of smaller and larger groups took place in the years from 1870 to 1874. Much of the land that was taken up by these early settlers is still owned by their descendents.

Perhaps the first group to make a permanent settlement was the so called Ashtibula Colony. The people comprising this colony moved in from Ashtibula, Ohio, some of them in the spring and some in the fall of 1870. A little south of the present site of Elyria they organized King City. This town or colony received its name from a Mr. King who was instrumental in colonizing the people at this place. When in 1886 the Missouri Pacific Railroad was built from ElDorado to McPherson it missed King City by about a mile and thus Elyria replaced it. It must have been quite a town in its day, for when the matter of deciding upon the county seat was at stake, King City led the other towns a merry chase but failed to win the election. The names of some of the families in this colony were, Hill, West, Hanna, Hendry and others. Some of these families after coming to King City soon settled on homesteads.

A little farther southeast near the present site of Moundridge another movement was going on about the same time the Ashtibula colony was settling at King City. It seems the people settling here at this time did not come as a colony but rather as individual families. The Coles, Packs, Parks, Caldwells and others drove in, mostly with ox-teams and became the early permanent settlers of this community.

About the same time the extreme southeastern corner of the county was being settled by a colony of Canadian French people. Most of these folks settled in Meridian Township. They had moved from Montreal, Canada, to Iroquois County Illinois. Here they lived about 20 years and then came to Kansas. Typical of the way they came is the case of the Blair family. Mr. Blair relates that he left Illinois with six horses and two wagons; on the way he traded one team of horses for a span of mules and thus arrived in McPherson County with four good horses and a span of mules after a drive of six weeks. They arrived in the fall of the year as

the second family or group, the Livelys having arrived in the spring of the year. It is a little difficult to determine just what year it was. It may have been as early as 1870, not later than 1872. Following the arrival of these families other families of the Canadian French stock came in one after another until in a few years there was a good settlement. Some of the other family names are Kirby, LaCost, Legree, Manny, Chavez and others. They organized a Baptist Church five miles east and one mile south of Moundridge, which however, was discontinued in later years.

In 1874 the Mennonites began their settlement of the southeastern part of the county. They too came in different colonies but mostly in quite large numbers. Their first settlement was a group of people from Iowa and Illinois. These people had come from Germany in the 1850's, settled in Iowa and Illinois and then as land became scarce they turned their faces westward. The first ones to come arrived in March and April of 1874 and were soon followed by others. One mile south of where Moundridge now stands a country village consisting of a store and blacksmith and a post office was organized on the Daniel Krehbiel farm. This village and post office received the name Christian from the fact that three Christians owned land bordering on this farm, namely Christian Krehbiel, Christian Lehman and Christian Voran. This group organized the First Mennonite Church of Christian and later also the West Zion Mennonite Church. When the Missouri Pacific built the McPherson branch it passed just one mile north of Christian and so the store was moved to the railroad and the place was called Moundridge.

In the fall of the year 1874 the second movement of Mennonites took place. These people were also Germans but came from Russian Poland. A little over a month after leaving their homes in that distant land they arrived at Peabody, Kansas. From there a number of fathers went out to look over the land in Marion, Harvey and McPherson County. Their inspection took three weeks. In their work they had assistance, especially was Mr. C. B. Schmidt a representative of the Santa Fe Railroad very helpful. They drew up a contract with the Santa Fe Railroad to reserve its land in Mound and Turkey Creek Township for them. The price ranged from three to six dollars per acre. After returning to Peabody they with their families traveled on via the

Santa Fe to Halstead. From here the heads of the families went out to select their land. Most of them bought Railroad land. A few purchased relinquishments at from $200 to $300 according to improvements. After a few days most of the families were ready to leave Halstead for their selected land. They bought a wagon and a yoke of oxen and in two days time drove out the 15 to 20 miles. It was in October of 1874 that they arrived. Winter was near. Not all families had the means or the time to build a few hasty improvements on their land. True to promise the Santa Fe Railroad built an immigrants house on section 19 Mound Township. This was just a Board building about 20 by 120 feet. But it served the purpose. Here 15 to 20 families spent the winter. One end of the building was used as a school and a church. It served 8 years as a church building. In 1882 the Church building was built which is still standing near the site of the immigrants house and still serves the Hopefield Mennonite Congregation as place of worship. This group of people came to Kansas from Russia as a congregation. Thus they needed only to reorganize somewhat. Elder Jacob Stucky with Jacob Goering as assistant pastor served the church here as they had in Russia. Later the Eden Mennonite Church was also organized by people from this group. This now is one of the largest churches in this part of the county.

The pioneer years were full of hardships. Most of these people were poor, but they were frugal, godfearing and diligent. Corn and cornmeal comprised a great portion of the bill of fare. Wheat or barley was roasted ground and cooked as coffee. Meat was plentiful: rabbits, quail, prairie chicken, wild turkey, occasionally an antelope, wild ducks and geese. Buffalo meat could be bought for 5 cents per pound. Homes were of the simplest built. Board walls with long prairie hay for a roof and the ground for the floor made quite a palace for these early settlers. By diligence, frugality and faithfulness they built up good homes and have done much to develop this county. Much stress was placed upon religion. To walk from four to six miles to church every Sunday was not considered too tiresome. We have described this group somewhat more in detail, for what is true of this colony is true to a large degree of the others also. Family names of this colony that settled in Mound and Turkey Creek Township in the fall of 1874

are Stucky, Goering, Kaufman, Flickner, Krehbiel, Waltner, Wedel, Schrag and others.

About the same time another group of German Mennonites came from Russian Poland. These two groups knew of each other in Poland but did not have very much in common as modes of travel were primitive and they lived from 50 to 75 miles apart. This group settled mostly in Lone Tree township and organized the Canton Mennonite Church which recently changed its name to the Immanuel Mennonite Church. The church stands five and a half miles north and one half mile west of Moundridge. Their history is similar to the group just described. They speak a Low German dialect while the former group speaks more of a Bavarian German dialect. The former group is often known as the Swiss Mennonites because they originally hail from Switzerland altho they have lost the swiss dialect.

Another group of Mennonites that settled partly in the southeastern part of the county could be mentioned. Since, however, many of this group reach over into Harvey and Reno County and the southwestern part of this county, they perhaps should not be included in this sketch. We refer to the colony that organized the Hoffnungsau (Hopedale) Church which is located thirteen and a half miles south and one mile west of McPherson. The people of this group are also of German descent, but came from southern Russia. They also came in 1874. Their experiences also are similar to the other Mennonite groups. Some of the family names are Voth, Goertz, Unruh, Dyck, Heidebrecht, Entz, Sperling, Ratzlaff etc.

Lack of time has prevented a more thorough and exact historical presentation of all the groups mentioned in this sketch. Much information could still be acquired that is fairly reliable. As the old settlers pass away, it becomes more and more difficult to get this information. Someone with time and inclination should work up the history in a more definite, reliable and thorough way.

XVII.

DELMORE TOWNSHIP

Delmore Township, organized February 16, 1874; trustee, J. N. Corgan; treasurer, S. Nelson; clerk, G. Carlston

The Experiences of Mr. Swan Nelson in Delmore Township, as told by his family and friends.

"When Mr. Nelson came to America from Sweden in 1864 he had barely enough money to pay his ship passage. In 1868 he came to Salina and tramping on foot across the prairies laid out a claim on Gypsum Creek. For several years he made regular tramps to Salina, a distance of twenty-six miles, bringing back provisions and supplies. One day a sick pony was left near his place by a band of Indians. Mr. Nelson succeeded in bringing the animal back to health and after that his trips for provisions were made on horse back."

Mr. Nelson lived with the Reeces on Gypsum Creek for several years. Then he built a dugout on his land

near the Black Canyon, a short distance south-west of Twin Mounds. Occasionally he would visit a group of friendly Indians camped below Twin Mounds. He often laughed in later years at the memory of the Indian boys and girls. In the winter the Indians cut squares out of the ice in Gypsum creek, which winds below the mounds, so that their live stock could drink. The Little Indians usually wore no clothing even in the winter. They dragged the squares of ice cut from the creek to the top of the mounds, sat on them, and the ice cakes and their little brown bodies slid gayly down the hill-side. Mr. Nelson said they looked cold to him.

Once several unfriendly Indians attempted to molest him and he hid for three days in the rocks above the bank where his dugout was built. Another time when with an older man who had come to look at some homestead land they met an Indian on horseback who had a rifle strapped on his saddle. The man with Mr. Nelson was frightened but Mr. Nelson assured him the Indian could not unfasten his rifle in time to harm them. The Indian said "How" and then "Me go hunt". They went on a bit further and then they saw the same Indian coming toward them again. Mr. Nelson was rather frightened then because he thought perhaps the Indian had gone away to unfasten his rifle. They had only one horse so Mr. Nelson said "You ride, I can run" and they hurried to safety as quickly as possible, probably to the log fort built close to Reece's home. As soon as he thought it safe the man went to Salina, saying that he would not even consider taking land in this county.

Mr. Nelson led a rather lonely and difficult existance in his dugout. The roof leaked in rainy seasons. Good drinking water was hard to find, so he often boiled the water before drinking it. Because that tasted so flat he drank black coffee a great deal. He had to watch constantly for prairie fire for the high slough grass in the low valley caught on fire quickly. One day he saw a prairie fire coming and two men on horses riding ahead of it as rapidly as their horses could go, to keep ahead of the fire. They got to his dugout and fire guards just in time to save themselves.

As time passed more settlers moved in, but the majority of the earliest ones in the immediate neighborhood borrowed money on their homesteads as soon as they had proved up on them and the result was that they lost their land and moved away.

XVIII.

GROVELAND TOWNSHIP

Groveland township, organized March 9, 1874; trustee, Nathaniel Hempstead; treasurer, H. Long; clerk; J. F. Russel.

Mr. J. H. Wendt of Hutchinson, Kansas.

Breaking sod proved a grim and slow task in Groveland township for Mr. J. H. Wendt in the 70's. Two rods and a mole board behind two oxen was their breaking plough. They ploughed only a small plot of ground the first year because it was such slow work and planted soft winter wheat and spring wheat. The farm stock grazed on the remainder of their homestead. The cattle liked the tender young shoots of buffalo grass.

In the following years they sometimes cut the tallest grass on the praire for hay when it was dry in the fall. Then they found the nests of the prairie chickens on the north side of the tallest clumps of grass, called the blue stem or bunch grass. The prairie chickens built their nests there for protection from the sun in the summer.

The prairie chickens were numerous and their brown meat made an excellent food. Potatoes, bread, meat, and dried fruit were the principal foods of the Wendts.

They used corn meal for cornbread and corn meal mush. The mush was usually sweetened with sorghum. They raised sorghum cane and took it to one of the sorghum presses in the neighborhood to press into a syrup.

That syrup made excellent taffy when boiled down until it was thick enough to pull. Sometimes they had taffy pulls or socials in the Groveland school house. They played games, danced, and sang to the tune of a fiddle, a French harp, or an accordion, or they debated or had spelling contests. That school house was built in '76. It was 18 ft. by 24 ft., had a painted wall which they called an eight-foot blackboard. At one time that school boasted of forty-nine pupils.

The neighborhood was a friendly one. They saw strangers only occasionally. Sometimes they came to inquire directions to some place in the neighborhood. Mr. Wendt's directions were always given by township and range so that the stranger might find his way by cornerstones on which those things were indicated.

Other times they saw strangers on the Santa Fe trail or on the old Ft. Harker trail both of which passed close to their home. On the Santa Fe trail there were many wagon trains and occasionally a freighter. The freighters were wagons with heavy, high, six inch wheels

and no top, although they carried a canvas. They were drawn by several mules. These wagons carried all kinds of freight from Santa Fe or to Santa Fe or to points along the way.

The news of the outside world found its way to them in weekly papers. Sometimes they were three weeks old before they got around to the last ones in the neighborhood and were almost worn out.

They usually read at night around their coal oil lamps when they read at all. Their reading was quite seldom and coal oil was scarce. It was 75c a gallon in Hutchinson where they did some of their trading.

There were three stores and a livery stable in Hutchinson at that time. The livery stable was a necessity and a convenient loitering place for the men. There they discussed what the prairie country would be in years to come.

Although they did get from three to five dollars a load for the bleached buffalo bones they gathered on the prairie and sometimes received some money for their crops, there was little money in circulation. A great deal of the trading was the trading of raw materials. Their farm products could be traded for cloth for their clothing. Much of their clothing was sewed by hand in their own home. When some of the neighbors bought sewing machines the rest of the neighborhood was allowed to use them. About the only pieces of clothing that the women did not make were the overcoats for the men. These were army overcoats bought from the government for about three dollars apiece.

Sewing was a difficult problem for the women and washing was also, especially if they had to haul the water from a neighbor's well. They had wash tubs, wash boards, lard cans, and iron, brass or copper kettles to use for their washing.

The Wendts had a well so they did not have to haul their water. It was a two-bucket open well, dug with the help of their neighbors and walled with stones taken from the Old Stone Corral in Rice County. There were stone walls, a stone hut and some cottonwood logs at the stone corral when they went there.

XIX.

UNION TOWNSHIP.

Union township, organized March 9, 1874; trustee, J. C. Stromquist; treasurer, J. W. Bean; clerk, B. F. Duncan

INCIDENTS OF EARLY DAYS

as recalled by Bertha G. Lloyd, of Hollywood, California.

The Harper brothers, Jeff and Milt, and Stephen Delano settled on Sharps Creek in 1866; and Solomon and David Stephens came as young men to settle on the Smoky Hill river a few miles west from the mouth of Sharps Creek in April 1866. The same year their father, the Reverend David Stephens; mother, Elizabeth M; sister, Nanny; orphan nephew, David S. Stephens, (now living in Paonia, Colorado) and orphan niece, Bertha G. Brainerd, came in a covered wagon from Wisconsin.

Although only a child at the time, Mrs. Bertha Brainerd Lloyd remembers going through tall grasses and over occasional streams and hearing the "Ding dong bell," of passing wagon trains, on their trip west. Once they came through some woods and they stopped to rest in a delightful shady spot where there were tall trees, meadow grasses and flowers. There they found wild strawberries. The children helped pick them, then their grandmother dug down into her things in the wagon and brought out a willow ware tureen and from that she served the strawberries.

But their stops were not long, for they were seeking health for Rev. David Stephens and a new home in Kansas. Six weeks after they started they came to the Stephens boys' log house, located about a mile south of the present Fremont church. Here the family lived for some months. In the mean time Rev. David Stephens took up a claim and built a log lined dugout in the side of a hill, about a half mile from the smoky facing south, located a mile west of the present Fremont church.

Later they built a larger log house but they lived in the dugout for about a year, practically isolated from people. The men soon found that crops burned by hot winds did not pay well, but they had bought cattle, and one of the boys, David Stephens, worked on the railroad.

These first years were not without their store of adventure for in the Spring of '68 the Smoky flooded with the coming of the spring rains. The men built an embankment in front of the house about six feet high to keep the water out. The water rose higher and higher, while inside the dugout Nannie Stephens lay for fourteen days, her jaws shut tight with lock-jaw. Ropes were ready to lift her bed through the door up and over the

roof if the water should flood in. But when about to the top of the embankment it began to subside. It had flowed over the top of the lower and higher bottom lands and well up on the foot hills of the whole Smoky Hill region.

The Stephens had a row boat which was usually anchored to a tree at the ford, but the rising waters of the Old Smoky held a menace, so the boys brought the boat to the house. All the stock, wagons, and supplies were taken to higher ground. The house was cleared of every thing movable except the cook stove and Nannie and her bed.

At the time of this flood, a family by the name of Worth lived near the river a mile south and a little east of the Stephens. As soon as the over-flow came, covering not only the lower bottom but the meadow lands as well, the boys realized that the Worths were in peril and set out in their boat to rescue them. They found the family on their house top, so brought them to safety.

And now it may be proper to say here that some time later when an infant son of this same family died, the mother could not bear to think of burying it there near the home, they were soon to leave, and to think that the little grave might at some future time be overflowed by the turbulent Smoky. To set their minds at ease, Rev. Stephens told them it should have a resting place on the highest point of his land. That was the first interment in what later became, and is known as the Stephens Cemetery.

When Mrs. Bassett was carried away by the Indians, it was really another adventure for the Stephens family. The Bassetts lived on Sharps Creek six or seven miles south west of the Stephens home. A little child had come to them. They were almost out of supplies so the first day the mother was able to sit up, Mr. Bassett had to risk leaving her alone. On this particular day in September he hurried to the Stephens to get the supplies they needed.

In the meantime the news had come in that the Indians were on the war path and going through the country. Mr. Falley had a claim on Sharps Creek below the Bassetts, and lived there with his young son Jim. On that memorial day, Mr. Falley was out in the woods and saw the Indian war party coming, but they didn't see him, which was fortunate, as it gave him the chance to slip away through the trees down the creek and give the

alarm that aroused the settlers to action and early pursuit.

Men in those days carried their firearms constantly with them, two revolvers, a belt of ammunition, a bowie knife and rifle or shot gun. Almost immediately the men were in their saddles and away, Mr. Bassett with them.

Several hours later, Pete Hughes, a neighbor, rode to the Stephens door, calling to Nannie Stephens who went out to meet him, her neice with her. "See what I have," he said, indicating what he was holding. From the bundle came a little wail, and she looked at it curiously expecting it to be some kind of an animal. When the bundle was unwrapped it proved to be the Bassett's tiny baby. Mrs. Bassett had been carried away by a band of Osage Indians. She was found by the settlers and later brought to the Stephens.

Later some United States Militia followed the Indians down to near Nickerson, but the Indians had split into several bands and it was impossible to trace them.

Mrs. Bassett was taken to the Stephens home where she stayed until able to do her own work, then she and Mr. Bassett lived in the Stephens cabin. The baby never recovered from the exposure, fretting and crying most of the time. So as soon as Mrs. Bessett was strong enough to travel she left for Junction City, but the baby died on the train.

This was an unusual incident for most of the Indians encountered by the settlers were friendly. Mounted on their ponies these bands of Indians were changing from one camping ground to another, generally traveling single file at a very moderate pace. Sometimes it took days for all to pass a given point in this manner. They seemingly did not travel at night and usually evening found a goodly number making camp in the meadow a quarter of a mile east of the Stephens'. Their belongings, such as cooking utensils, blankets, buffalo robes, tents, etc. were carried on a drag. To a band placed around the horse's body would be fastened at each side the end of a tent pole, the other ends resting on the ground. From pole to pole just back of the horse a robe or blanket would be stretched (not too far down or too close to the horse) on this the load was placed, then the lower end of the blanket was brought up over it and secured. Sometimes a little papoose would be tucked in one of these loads.

The government road passed a few rods back of the Stephens two story log house and the Indians in their migrations followed the road. It was very interesting to watch them, and quite frequently one would drop out of line and come to the house asking for something or to say "How" their form of salutation for How do you do.

Late one evening they noticed two women on one horse. The one in front, seemingly old, rode with bowed and covered head, the other young with uncovered head, was wailing as if in pain. It was learned later that the woman in front was dead, and the other, a daughter, was holding her mother on the horse. The band of Indians camped as usual on the meadow below. A continuous wail came and went with the sighing of the wind. About day break some of the Stephens went down there hoping to see the burial ceremony. They were too late, the Indians were busy breaking camp. The last rites had already been performed. There was the new made grave on which rested the body of the dead woman's horse, killed, so that its spirit, which according to Indian lore would again serve her in the "Happy Hunting Grounds." The horse's tail had been cut off and mounted on a stake, marking her last resting place. All summer long it waved there, paying tribute to the sleeper below.

Mrs. Lloyd remembers seeing Indians fill their house till there wasn't standing room, begging for food and pilfering if the chance arose. They came in without knocking. Some times they would pat her on the head and call her, "Nice Little Papoose," but she didn't like that and she and her cousin, David Stephens, would usually climb onto the bed behind the mosquito netting and go to the farthermost corner out of reach of grimy hands.

Once fifteen or twenty braves came into the cabin, where Nannie Stephens was keeping house for her brother, Solomon, when he was homesteading his claim. The Indians were drunk and they wanted her to drink with them. She refused and when they insisted she grabbed up a stick of stove wood and threatened to strike them. They took it good naturedly and finally left. When they came to Grandfather Stephens' cabin they said there was "Heap brave squaw down in other cabin." She was never allowed to stay there alone again. The chances were too great.

Nannie Stephens was more than just a "Heap Brave Squaw," for she was a talented musician, a skilled horse

woman on a side saddle and an excellent school teacher. She taught the first school in their district in Fremont Church. This church erected by the Swedish people in 1870, was built of the red sandstone dug from the hills north of there. They had three months of school in summer for the smaller children who couldn't work in the fields, and three months in winter for all who were able to attend, large or small. Most of the children were Swedish. Only three could speak English, Jim Falley, David S. Stephens, and Bertha G. Brainerd. There were only board benches around the walls at first on which to sit, a few slates on which to write and a very few books.

The furniture in the homes was likewise simple. With a turning lathe Grandfather Stephens turned the bed-posts, with a bit he bored the holes in the side and ends boards attached to the posts and then wove cord or rope back and forth both ways to hold up the home-made grass filled ticks. These were called cord beds. Slabs of wood cut and split from logs with axe and wedge were used to make stools, benches, tables and other furniture for the home. Grandfather Stephens even made a rolling pin out of the heart of a young cottonwood tree.

Logs which went into the making of these early homes were often put up in the rough (with the bark on.) The cottonwood logs were used mostly, being more plentiful than other kinds. There were some Walnut, Elm, and Ash on Sharps Creek. There were no Walnuts on the Smoky, but there were a few Elm, and Ash, more Box Elders and an abundance of Cottonwoods. Boards sawed from green Cottonwood warped badly.

Many times they used an adz as well as an axe to make the logs square, then notched them near the ends and fit them together at the corners. The spaces between the logs were fitted with wedge shaped pieces of wood, then the crevices filled with a sort of plaster, mixture of dirt or clay and sand, with water. This was called chinking. Sometimes this plaster hardened too much, shrunk and fell out, then it had to be done over again.

Bugs found under the bark of some trees become a real nuisance for years, taking as their new habitat the beds, hence called "bed bugs" and making life miserable for all human kind thereafter. Mash one and there was a terrible odor and it was almost impossible to get rid of them if they once got a start.

There were chiggers and ticks, too, also mosquitoes

and flies. They didn't have screens but mosquito netting was over the windows and often over the beds, a frame work attached to the bed-posts extending upward several feet and across to which the netting was attached.

There were some native grasshoppers also. In 1874 a swarm of strays appeared with a roaring sound and a spit spat as they struck the ground. They were smaller than the native grasshopper, but there were so many of them that the chickens went to roost in mid afternoon.

The Stephens family hurried out to their corn fields to save as much corn as possible. They brought the ears into the kitchen, husked and cooked it, then shaved the kernels off to dry quickly.

A raised platform outside in the sun was covered with a sheet. On this the corn was spread, then mosquito netting over it. This kept the flies off but not the grasshoppers, so someone stood guard through the day, shooing them away while it dried.

The grasshoppers damaged the harnesses for the horses, and destroyed a whole peach orchard. The fruit wasn't ripe but the limbs could hardly bear the load of the heavy crop. The grasshoppers ate every leaf and twig, all the bark and every peach, leaving just bare limbs with some pits clinging to them. One couldn't walk about without crushing grasshoppers under foot. They stayed just a few weeks, then their going was like their coming, a darkened sky and the roar of whirring wings.

Written by F. G. Hawkinson in 1919 for the 50th Anniversary of the Fremont Congregation.

Between the years 1860 and 1870 there was a very large Swedish immigration to the United States. Many of those immigrants came to Henry, Mercer, Knox and surrounding counties in Illinois. They did not, however, intend to settle there permanently. They had read about the Homestead Law, giving actual settlers 80 to 160 acres of land free. The Rail Roads in the west had received land grants of every alternate section for 20 miles on each side of their respective rail road lines and they offered these lands for sale at reasonable prices and on easy terms. This attracted the attention of the immigrants. During the years 1867 and 1868 much discussion prevailed as to which locality offered the best in-

ducements for future homes; some preferred Iowa, some Kansas, some Nebraska and some other localities. The result of this agitation was that in the summer of 1868 two large colonies of Swedish people were formed. One was known as the Chicago colony and the other as the Galesburg, Burlin (now Swedona) colony. To this last named colony my father, two brothers and I belonged and had land in and it is about that colony I wish to speak.

Several meetings of Intending land buyers were held at Galesburg and Swedona during the summer and fall of 1868. The Swedona contingent sent delegates to the Galesburg meetings. It was finally decided at a meeting in Galesburg to send a committee of five, three from Galesburg and two from Swedona to Kansas to examine the land offered for sale by the Union Pacific Rail Road Company in the Smoky valley. O. H. Thorstenberg, Gustaf Johnson and Rev. A. W. Dahlsten were selected from Galesburg, and John Rodell and William Johnson from Swedona, as this committee.

This committee selected 22 sections, 14,080 acres, of these lands for the colony. Some was located in Saline County along Dry Creek and some in McPherson county along the Smoky River where Fremont and Marquette are now located. The prices were $2.00 to $5.00 per acre. The terms, one fifth cash the balance in four equal annual payments at 10 per cent interest. Only the interest was paid at the end of the first year. This statement about the price paid for the land and the terms differ from other statements I have seen, but for verification of what I state I refer to Book A of Contracts, Register of Deeds office, McPherson County, Kansas. The choice of parcel or piece of land between the colonists was determined by lot. The Rail Road Co., sent an agent to Galesburg and all the contracts were signed and first payments made there. When this was done and each buyer had got a contract for the piece of land he drew in the lottery the colony was desolved and the members had nothing further in common or had anything to do with one another. It turned out well and was a very satisfactory way of handling a land deal for a colony.

The facts about a gift of a piece of land by the railroad company for an Orphans Home is as follows: At the time that the sale of 22 sections of land was made the Union Pacific land department made an offer as a gift

to the members of the colony through their committee of one quarter section of land for a church and one quarter section for an orphans home. The quarter offered for a church was located near the hills and at that time not considered worth much and was not accepted for a church. The quarter for an orphans home was the south west quarter of section 19, Township 17, range 4. It was conveyed by the railroad company by Quit Claim Deed to a holding committee that styled itself as Trustees of the Orphans Home of the Swedish Agricultural Society of Ill. The trustees consisted of John Ekholm, O. H. Thorstenberg, A. W. Dahlsten, John Rodell, and S. A. Palmquist. The instrument is dated Aug. 18th, 1870. These trustees gave a warrantee deed for the land to the trustees of the Orphans Home of the Kansas Conference of the Scandinavian Lutheran Augustana Synod of U. S. Dated Oct. 22nd, 1878. Filed for record Oct. 14th, 1879. The land was sold to Issaak Alfred Hawkinson for $2000.00. Thus it is plainly seen that this land was not given to any one individual. These things may be of minor interest to some, but as it has been of sufficient interest to be published in books and newspaper articles and, where it has been badly distorted, I believe in stating the facts. The committee that selected the land for the colony did very good work. Their services were satisfactory to all members. If any one of the committee members is entitled to special praise for obtaining land for an orphans home it should be Mr. John Rodell. He agitated the orphans home question as far back as 1868.

A few of the colonists came out to Kansas late in the fall of 1868. The first party of any considerable number came in February, 1869. We three that are here today came in that party. C. J. Brodine, John Rodell and three of the Thorstenbergs also came then. We were about fifty that came at that time. Mr. O. H. Thorstenberg was our leader. Some located in Saline county and some in McPherson county along the Smoky river. We arrived in Salina on the 25th of February. Salina had then about 250 inhabitants. The houses were nearly all built of cottonwood lumber. We stayed in Salina three days. Mr. C. J. Brodine conducted devotional services at the house we stopped at the second morning we were there. It was at R. H. Bishops house on 9th street, Salina. Salina was then our nearest railroad station, Post-office and trading point. The land we drew in the lot-

tery was located about 33 miles by section lines and about 28 miles across the country. We always drove or traveled across country then.

Some had horses with them but most of the settlers had to walk out to their lands.

My brother Charles and myself were lucky for we were with Mr. William Johnson and he had brought a team of horses and wagon with him and we got to ride out to our land with him. Mr. Johnson's and our land was close together and we lived together in the same dugout on his homestead for a while.

There were no names then on any locality and no post offices nearer than Salina. The only thing that was named was the river and the creeks. If you asked where a man lived they would tell you on creek so and so or section number so and so. There were no roads to follow.

We left Salina about noon on February 28th and drove to Indian creek that afternoon. Mr. Fred Lundstrom was living on Indian Creek in a dug-out at that time and we stayed with him one night. The next day we drove further west to find the railroad land we had contracted for and some government claims. We found the land very satisfactory. From there we drove back to where Mr. John P. Stromquist was located. He had just finished his log house. He had been there about three months at that time. Mr. Stromquist and his young wife were very hospitable, generous and kind hearted people and their home was a kind of rendezvous for new comers. There were several people stopping with them then. Mr. C. J. Brodine had held a meeting and preached there the day before we came. As there was no room for us at Mr. Stromquists we drove further back to Mr. A. G. Linns. He lived in a dug-out in the river bank. We had to stay there several days on account of a snow storm.

We drove back to Salina and bought the necessary batching outfit, some provisions, axes, spades, etc. When we got back to the land we decided to make our temporary home with Mr. William Johnson on his homestead on section 26-17-5. We picked out a spot on the river bank. There were five of us then, all young men. We arrived on the ground about 10 o'clock in the forenoon and at once set to work to build a home for us. By night we had it done so we moved in. It was a dug-out in the river

bank covered with cottonwood brush, old slough grass and dirt.

As soon as we had time we built a more pretentious house, partly dug in the bank and partly of cottonwood logs. It was about 16x20 feet and the largest and best around there at that time. We lived there during the summer. At the time of the Indian scare several families moved in with us whether we wanted them to or not and for several weeks four families were living in that house.

Our work consisted mainly in breaking prairie and planting some corn on sod and building fences. The planting was done by chopping into the sod with an ax and dropping in the seed. Quite a bit of corn was raised that way. There was no herd law at that time and we had to fence in the patches we planted. There were many herds of cattle held for grazing and they destroyed everything planted if not fenced in. My brother and I bought four Texas cattle for a breaking team. We broke them first and then broke up prairie, some for ourselves and some for other people.

The Commanche, Sioux and other tribes of Indians were on the warpath that spring and committed many atrocities in settlements north of us. Reports of this and rumors of other depredations so scared, particularly the older people that had families, that many would have left if they had been able to go away. It was then the families mentioned moved in with us. Two of our boys, Fritgph Olson and Peter Ahnberg had gone to Topeka to find work by that time.

A home-guard for organized defense against the Indians was organized with Major Holmberg as Captain. We applied to the governor for arms and ammunition and received some muskets and a few rounds of ammunition each. The main object of the home-guard was to scout around the settlement and report to headquarters if any danger was seen. We took turns about to scout; I rode around the settlements on the high rides many days but I saw no Indians then.

When the Indian scare was most intense the settlers, Swedes and Americans, joined together and built a sod-fort. This fort had many port-holes and was large enough so all settlers, around where Marquette is now located moved into it and lived there for six weeks. When the scare subsided the families moved back to

their homes again. No Indians appeared or molested us. This fort was built in the center of Sec. 26-17-5 one mile south and a half mile west of where Marquette now is. The people around where Fremont is now did not take part in building the fort or lived in it. Mr. John P. Stromquist in fact ridiculed the people that built it and said they were cowards.

The first devotional service we had, out here was held outside of our dugout one beautiful morning in May, while the Indian scare was on and the families lived with us boys. We were all sitting outside on the river bank. The sun was shining bright; The old prairie grass had been burnt off by prairie fire and new grass had sprouted out green and fine; The leaves on the trees along the river were green and the birds were singing.

It was a typical Kansas May morning. As we were sitting there looking at the beauties of nature and listening to the birds sing some one remarked: How nice it would be if we could attend some church service this fine morning. I suggested that we have a service right here. All consented to that. I then went into my trunk and took out Martin Luthers Postil that our mother had sent with us. I asked some of the older men to take the lead and read the sermon of that day. Mr. Feldt was the oldest and he consented to read. Brother Charles led the singing and we sang No. 3 in our Swedish Psalm book, "Oss Velsinga och Bevara." Mr. Feldt read the sermon. He was not a very fluent reader but by spelling some of the hard words he stumbled through. It took him two hours. He closed by reading The Lords Prayer and Charles led in singing "A Mighty Fortress is our God." in Swedish. Thus closed the first religious service of the earliest settlers on the bank on the east side of the Smoky River one half mile south and one mile west of where Marquette now is located.

To organize Swedish Lutheran congregations and to build and maintain churches to worship in according to our Lutheran faith was the principal desires of the colonists from the beginning and this was the main object of settling in colonies. Mr. John Rodell took the lead in this work from the very first of our settlement. In the first part of June, 1869, he came, walking a foot, to the rest of us and asked us to attend a meeting to be held Saturday afternoon, June 12th at John P. Stromquists home for the purpose of organizing a Swedish Lutheran Congregation and to send in our application for admit-

tance to the Augustana Synod at its next annual meeting which would be held the following week at Moline, Illinois. He stated that we could not meet later than the 12th if we expected to get our petition before the Synod and be taken in at that meeting. He also stated that we were first out here and we ought to be the first to organize a church and be taken into the Synod, and that Pastor O. Olson, who had been called as Pastor of the Chicago Colony was on his way out here with a party of his adherants and that as soon as they arrived they would in all probability organize at once and then our chance to be the first would be gone.

We attended the meeting as per Mr. Rodells request. I would much prefer not to say anything about that meeting, however because there has been so much said and published about it, all more or less false and misleading and all statements contradicting one another but I am asked to relate my experiences and I will do so. I know my statements will contradict some others that have been made and perhaps hurt the feeling of some people that hear me, but I can not help that. I shall relate the facts as they occurred. I can explain why there is duplicity of names and of dates of organization. I was the youngest of those that took part in these activities and I remember the details distinctly. Besides there are records to support my statements.

We met on June 12th, 1869 and held a meeting as per Mr. Rodells request. There were at that time just 38 Swedish people all told, men, women and children; 23 men, 8 women and 7 children in this locality and west of here. Five of the men did not attend our meeting. This made just 18 men that took part in the meeting and their names are as follows: John Rodell, Chairman; John P. Stromquist, Secretary; Gustaf Cederholm, August Freeberg, Andrew Erekson, Olof Erekson, Hans H. Hanson, Mr. Sjoberg, Fred Lundstrom, William Johnson, A. P. Ahnberg, John Hultgren, C. J. Hawkinson, Edward Anderson, A. P. Lindquist, P. A. Feldt, F. G. Hawkinson:

There was another man present but I do not remember his name. He had just come from Sweden and he left shortly after our meeting.

Mr. Rodell opened the meeting with Bible reading and prayer. He was made chairman and John P. Stromquist secretary. The first question we considered was should we or should we not organize a congregation at

that time. This question was decided in the affirmative unanimously. The next was what name should we give the congregation. Several names were proposed and considered. Mr. William Johnson proposed Fremont; as a motive he said that as John C. Fremont was the fore-runner of civilization in the south-west so we hoped that this church organization would be a fore-runner of Swedish Evangelical Lutheran churches in the south-west. Therefore, he said he thought that Fremont would be appropriate and made that as a motion. That motion prevailed also unanimously.

We decided to ask to be admitted to the Augustana Synod at the next annual meeting which would be held the following week in Moline, Ill. We did not have a copy of the proposal for constitution of the congregations but we knew that if we wanted to join the Augustana Synod we had to adopt their proposal for constitutions, and we adopted their proposal, and I presume standing, as Dr. Aurelius says, because we were standing all the time for want of something to sit on. Chairs were not as plenty then as now.

We did not elect trustees or deacons because we did not know how many were required but in our petition for admittance into the Synod we asked to be advised on this point and if there was anything lacking in the organization to be so informed or a minister sent out as soon as practical. We sent a man on horseback with our letter containing our petition to Salina, our nearest postoffice in order to get our letter to the Synod in time. Our letter came to hand in due time. There was no objection to our petition or to the name of the congregation, and we were, together with fourteen other congregations, accepted and taken into the Augustana Synod on the 23rd day of June, 1869, by the name Fremont. That name has never been changed since and the name Fremont appears in all statistical tables of the Synadical protocols up to 1907, and it appears the same way in the statistical table of the protocol of the Kansas Conference as published in the History of Lindsborg, 1909.

In the latter part of September, Dr. A. W. Dahlsten came out here. And, notwithstanding the fact that the congregation had been admitted to the Synod and no fault found with the organization of the same, he declared that we were not regularly organized because no clergyman presided at our meeting and we did not elect trustees and deacons. He called the people together on

September 25th, 1869, and then erected a new organization and named it Free Mount. There is where the trouble started. Dr. Dahlsten made a mistake by not just completing the first organization that was already taken into the Synod. When he did not he made another mistake by not reporting the new organization to the Synod so that it came on record. As it is now if you adhere to the first organization you are not incorporated under the state laws. If to the last then you are not members of the Augustana Synod. Some time in 1872 in the later part of the year at the request of Dr. Dahlsten I had the articles of incorporation drawn by a Mr. E. E. Bowen, a lawyer. I sent them to the secretary of state and got a copy returned which I delivered to Dr. Dahlsten.

The first religious meeting held by a minister was when Dr. Dahlsten was out here in September. He preached then in John P. Stromquists house and also conducted communion service. I walked home from Salina 28 miles to attend that communion service. The statement that the first communion service was held at Isaac Hokansons log-house is a mistake. That house was not built at that time. The following year when that house was built meetings were held there and also some communion services. I do not know how many times. I was not at home then.

About July 1st, I attended a meeting at Mr. Rodells in his dug-out. Dr. O. Olson had just arrived from Sweden and he preached there one Sunday afternoon. I do not remember the date.

In the fall of that same year I came home from Salina and while at home I took part in a buffalo hunt. There were 18 of us that started out with 9 wagon-teams and some saddle horses. We went along the Arkansas River and camped two days on the very spot where Hutchinson now stands. There were buffaloes in great numbers at that time. Looking at them when they were running they appeared like big clouds on the horizon. We loaded our wagons, as much as the horses could pull home with pure meat. No bones, tallow or hides were taken. We gave away some of the meat and sold some to the settlers but kept the most of it for ourselves. When we went home we fell into a camp of Indians one night and another night with the first settler of Rice county. His name was Woods.. The Indians did not attack us, but we corraled our wagons and stood guard all night. The Indians were of the Sioux tribe.

Facts gathered from several Swedish pioneers, among them Mrs. Hattie Hawkinson, Mrs. Carrie Swenson, and Miss Christine Hawkinson.

There are pioneer women who remember trying to cook over a fiery hot cook stove and keep the rain, leaking from the roof, out of the food.

The roofs of the log houses or sod houses were usually made of the long blue stem grass. After a heavy rain in the summer time, the seeds clinging to the grass stems on the roofs would sprout and grow to be quite tall on the house tops. In some ways they weren't satisfactory roofs at all. The cook stove was bad enough on a hot summer day without the roof leaking too, for the women always wore long sleeved, high necked dresses which were almost long enough to cover their high shoes. Then they wore at least two full, stiffly starched petticoats and plenty of "rats" in their hair to make them still warmer, especially when they stood by the stove for hours, ironing.

In August of every year came the dread of every Swedish pioneer woman, the broom corn harvest. Some one might call any day then, "Here come the broom corn gang and the flies". And sure enough twenty or thirty men and several girls would come over the prairie in lumber wagons. The flies would come too with the large food supplies they had to have to feed the gang. That food had to be hauled from Salina, which was a two day trip.

The broom corn would be green in the fields when the gang came. It had been planted in rows closer than corn about the first of May and by the middle of August it would be from eight to ten feet high. The first thing the gang did in the field was to make tables of the stalks. A man would walk between two rows of corn, catch a stalk in each hand, bend them, and cross them behind him. Each stalk was bent over in that fashion and crossed with a stalk in the next row. That held them parellel with the ground and when the broom corn hand had walked the length of the field there would be a table-like affair stretching the length of the rows. The brushes which grew at the top of each stalk would extend out at each side. Then a man known as the broom corn cutter would come with a knife and cut the brushes off quite rapidly and put them on top of the table. Men in a

lumber wagon gathered the brushes and took them to a shed where they were to be scraped. If the gang was a big one there would be people in the sheds to scrape the broom corn when it was brought from the fields. Otherwise they would be in the field one day and in the shed the next, if it didn't rain. If it did no one worked but the women who cooked their meals.

There were long tables in the shed. The brushes went first to several women who sorted them. Then they were handed to men who put them in the scraper. The scraper took off the seeds clinging to the stiff stems of the brush. The scraper was a ringer-like affair covered with spikes. It was run by horse power. They usually had two horses walking in a circle outside the shed. As they walked they pulled a belt around which was attached to the scraper and that kept the scraper going. Running the scraping machine was rather dangerous. The sharp spikes caused more than one man to lose his arm or his fingers.

And with the scraping of the seeds there would be dust, dust that was distinctly broom corn dust for it itched when it came in contact with the skin as it always did.

After the broom corn was scraped it was spread out in layers to dry or cure in a broom corn shed. A broom corn shed was long and narrow and had no sides just a roof. It was spread on broom corn poles so that it would have plenty of air between the layers.

Then the gang would leave for some other farm. The men slept in the hay loft in the barn. The girls slept in a wagon box on hay and a comfort or two.

The amount of time needed to cure the broom corn depended on the weather. In damp weather it dried slowly. When the broom corn was cured it was a pale yellowish green. It was taken out and baled to be sold by the ton, at prices ranging from sixty to one-hundred thirty-five dollars a ton.

Men came from Salina or from some other trading point as soon as harvest was over, to talk to them about buying their broom corn. They usually came in buggies. When someone would see a buggy they'd say, "Here comes a broom corn buyer," for those were just about the only buggies they ever saw. The pioneers always traveled in lumber wagons.

When the cool weather set in, the women began to think of making cheese. Women gathered for miles around in one home after another, bring milk with them.

Then they made Christmas cheese for the pastor and for their own use. They heated the milk until it was lukewarm and put rennet in it and let it stand until it clabbered. After that, they stirred it, usually with the hands, until most of the whey separated from the clabber. Cheese cloths were placed in baskets or colanders and the clabber was put in that and pressed to get out all the whey. Then more clabber was put in and pressed. Sometimes they put Caraway seeds in it and they always sprinkled salt on it. Then they put it on boards to dry. It would have to be there for a week or two and then it would be ready to eat or to store in a granary, after careful wrapping.

These cheese parties were sociable affairs, when they had finished making their cheese they always had their coffee and rolls made of sweetened bread, cookies, little cakes and rusks. Then they talked and even gossipped a little.

So cheese was a Christmas dish as was lut fisk or stock fish for the Swedish pioneers. Christmas with its Yulotta services on early Christmas morning in their churches meant much to them. As they went over the prairie early in the morning almost every window they passed was lighted by a candle.

Those candles were usually made at home. After putting scalding hot water in a large churn, they put tallow in it. The hot water melted the tallow and then it came to the top of the churn. They hung several twisted wicks over a rod and dipped as many as they could at once into the hot tallow which clung to the wicks. Then they put the ends of the rod on the tops of chairs or anything else that was convenient so that the wicks would hang down and the tallow could cool and harden. When it hardened they dipped them again and let another layer of tallow cool. Then they repeated the process until the candle was the desired thickness. When they wanted to make several candles attached together for one window they tied the wicks together at one end.

Mrs. Hattie Hawkinson was quite a young girl when she rode on top of a load of lumber from Salina to Fremont and was caught in a blizzard. John Ingemanson and Alfred Hawkinson drove. Alfred Hawkinson had just returned from western Kansas where he had been

in a hospital for months after a buffalo had attacked him when he shot and wounded it. On that trip from Salina from four in the afternoon till four the next morning, he froze his hands so he could not use them for months.

The Harts lived across the river from their nearest neighbor. One winter when Mr. Hart was away working, leaving Mrs. Hart alone with their small children, she found that their supply of food was almost exhausted. She had no horses or way to get to the neighbors except to walk and that meant over the half-frozen river and miles beyond. But walk she did, taking a towel with her. When she came to the river she removed her shoes and stockings and walked on the thin ice. It broke in places and cut her. When she came to the other side she wiped her cold, wet bloody feet with her towel, put on her shoes and stockings and went on.

The Stephens lived about a mile and a half from the John Stromquist home. They offered to give Mrs. Stromquist some milk, if she would come and milk their cows for them. So she did, taking with her a little wagon in which to pull her small son. She intended to carry the milk bucket with one hand and pull the wagon with the other. But her plans didn't work so well on the way home. The baby didn't like the rough riding over the prairie and insisted in his baby way that he be carried. So Mrs. Stromquist carried him on one arm, the heavy milk pail on the other and fastened the wagon to her apron strings which were tied at her back.

XX.

CASTLE TOWNSHIP

Castle township, organized October 5, 1874; trustee, C. E. Gubernator; treasurer, G. W. Brownell; clerk, S. C. Alexander.

Castle Township was a part of Jackson Township when it was first assessed. It was made a Township a year later and was named "Castle" by Dr. Hungerford, an old man who lived south of Windom on the Varney section. Laura was the name of the station.. It was named by McLain for his wife, Laura. It was later changed to Windom (for Senator Windom of Minnesota). —From James Tudhope's letter in the Blazer, published by the Lindell Lumber Co., Windom, Kansas, May 16, 1932.

The men became dissatisfied with the name of the town, Laura was often mistaken for Larned, mail was missent and confusion resulted. So a mass meeting was held one night and the name "Windham" was selected, in honor of Mrs. Case, her home, Wiliamantic, being in Windham County, Conn., but when Mr. Case sent the name in for incorporation, he spelled it wrong and Windom was the result.—From Mrs. Holt's Letter, Ibid, June 15th, 1932.

John Peterson

John Peterson was the first homesteader in Castle Township. He filed on his claim on July 11th, 1871, the E½, N. E. ¼ and S. W. ¼, N. E. ¼ and SE¼, NW¼ of Section 12, the farm where his son, C. A. Peterson, now lives. Mr. Peterson died in 1884, the result of being thrown from a horse, leaving his widow, now Mrs. Rostine of Windom, with five children. The widow, with typical pioneer grit, kept her family together on the farm and fought those grim battles of the early days and won out when many strong men lost courage and failed. It is indeed an honor to have been a pioneer mother, but to have been a widowed pioneer mother—well, that was quite another thing. All honor to you Grandma, what a wonderful mother you have been.—Ibid, May 16, 1932.

Interview with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Priddy of Salina, Kansas.

In 1876, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Priddy, came with their two children from West Virginia to buy a claim in Castle Township near Wheatland.

They built a sod house on their claim. They plastered it on the inside with lime and sand and made the roof of keel. Keel was the red or slate-colored soapstone they got out of their ten foot deep well, when they dug it. The house had only one room. A trunk, a few benches, a table, and a four hole stove made up most of their furniture.

Then they made a straw barn for their oxen and chickens and pigs, by driving four forked poles into the ground, and then placing poles across the forks to form a square. Over the cross poles they placed other poles and then they piled straw between the upright poles to form walls and over the top for the roof. That was some protection for the animals, but if a strong wind came up there was always danger that the straw would blow away.

When the Priddys were settled in their home they entered into the social life of Wheatland. Wheatland was a post-office and school house community, first known as Bachelor for the postmaster was James Tudhope, a bachelor. The school house was built of sod and covered with keel. Its floor was native earth, its seats rough, its one tin cup rusty, but it was the jolly meeting place of the whole community when they came in their ox wagons to literary society. They came for church services, too, conducted by visiting ministers almost every Sunday. Among those ministers were Reverend McClintock, Reverend Mitchel, Reverend Bixler, Elder Eeavey, and Elder Levi McCash. Elder McCash walked ten miles from McPherson to preach to them and was never late to a single service.

The settlers sometimes went to church barefooted or if they had shoes they blacked them with soot from the inside of their stove lids. The women wore sunbonets and hand-sewed calico dresses with high-necks, long sleeves, and long full skirts gathered around the waist. The clothing of the men and children were also sewed by hand.

But no matter how anyone was dressed there was always a spirit of good-will and helpfulness in the community. If a man was sick, men of the neighborhood

would come over and do his work and the women would come along with food prepared for a basket dinner for the whole group.

Helpfulness was seemingly a necessity for mere existence then for everyone needed help sometimes. They were always busy and could often lighten tasks by helping each other. There were the loads of green cottonwood or elm to be bought at Sharps Creek for one or two dollars and hauled home. Then that wood had to be dried in an oven for firewood. If they didn't go after wood there were cornstalks, sunflowers, prairie hay and buffalo chips to be gathered for fuel. Always there was sod to break and food to get someway. One family in the Wheatland community lived for two days on a few radishes and corn bread made by mixing corn meal with water into a dough and baking it.

Wheatland progressed in spite of the struggle of its settlers till the Santa Fe came through Castle and Jackson townships in '79 or '80. Windom, (called Laura then) Conway, and Wheatland all wanted the station for they felt that that would assure their future growth. They began moving in houses from the country and doing considerable building. Once a crowd of fifteen or twenty men from Wheatland went to Conway in the dead of night and that night and the next day managed to gleefully haul a blacksmith shop to Wheatland under the wrathful eyes of Conway. Laura or Windom gained the coveted position and growth, however.

Whether trouble or pleasure visited them on clear evenings, the sun always sank right into the grass of the treeless, roadless plain to the west of Wheatland.

Mrs. Nancy Moore of McPherson.

The Moores lived near the Priddys in Castle township. For a while they lived in a sod house which was papered with newspapers on the walls and a muslin tacked overhead. Mrs. Moore was afraid of snakes and she thought the newspapers and muslin would at least help keep them out.

The Moores went back east to their former home a few times and brought back a wagon load of apples with them. They stored these in huge holes in the ground, the first times they went after them. After that they built a cyclone cellar or storm cave and they stored their fruit and vegetables in that.

XXI.

BATTLE HILL TOWNSHIP

Battle Hill township, organized January 11, 1876; trustee, F. A. La Sourd; treasurer, John Thompson; clerk, J. B. Ellsworth.

Battle Hill Township was named for a certain hill within its boundaries called Battle Hill because a great many Indian arrow points and other weapons of war were found there by the earliest white settlers.

Mr. C. E. Bishop and Mr. John Fortner,
Canton, Kansas.

Battle Hill Township proved to be an especially difficult place to homestead. Grass was not abundant on the rocky hills for the grazing of cattle and breaking sod strewn with rocks was no easy task.

The Bishops and Fortners were among the early settlers in that township. They came from eastern United States as many of their neighbors had. Battle Hill was among the last townships in the county to be settled.

The rocky hills of that township seemed to be an excellent breeding place for snakes for they were very numerous. Snake bites were quite common and everyone had his favorite remedy. When John Fortner's brother was bit, the neighbors all gave their advice and they tried to take everyone's advice. Among the things they did was to tear a live chicken apart and place a piece of the meat on the wound. Then they took a bottle of turpentine and held it over the wound, and gave him enough whiskey to make him dead drunk. Strange as it may seem he was a well man not long afterwards.

So troubles didn't miss the pioneers in Battle Hill but neither did the jolly good times. They danced the Schottische, (three steps forward and three steps back and whirl), the waltz, square dance, and polka (first heel and then toe) sometimes in the school houses and sometimes in the homes.

XXII.

BONAVILLE TOWNSHIP

Bonaville, organized January 11, 1876; trustee, John Fern; treasurer, S. A. La Boytraux; clerk, John Christian.

Mr. A. S. Aelmore, Galva, Kansas

Land agents in Illinois distributed literature about free land in Kansas in the early '70's and Mr. A. S. Aelmore was young and caught the Kansas fever easily when he read it. So in April, 1873 he started in a covered wagon for Kansas. On the 18th of May he ventured into the high waters of the Little Arkansas river in Harvey county, Kansas, and his horses were drowned and his wagon box started floating down the river. That accident was truly a turning point in his life for it happened on the homestead of John N. Corgan, who took him into his home and was like a father to him for the rest of Corgan's life. He stayed there for several months and then they both came over into Delmore township and took out papers on land.

Mr. Corgan was one of the most picturesque figures in McPherson County history. He had fought in the Mexican war, was wounded and taken prisoner. He lived through an epidemic of yellow fever and one of cholera. He was stationed in the unsettled wilds in the mountains of Oregon with his regiment. Later he went to Washington, D. C., to become a mounted orderly to Jefferson Davis, then secretary of war under Buchanan. During the civil war Corgan was a scout, (i. e.) a spy on the Southern army, under Grant. After the war he ran a government freighting train on the Santa Fe trail, where he met a great many of the colorful western frontiersmen. When settlers began to come into central Kansas he decided to preempt some land in Harvey county. Later he broke that land into town lots, sold them, and it became Sedgwick. (Some of these facts corroborated by the McPherson Republican New Century Pictorial Edition, Part I,—E. N.)

Mr. Corgan lived in Delmore township for many years where he took an active part in civic affairs. A group of men met at Wyman's home one day to organize the township. They elected Mr. Corgan trustee and then because Mr. Aelmore was such a young man and always such a favorite of Corgan's they said they should name the township Aelmore. He said he didn't want that but when they persisted he suggested that they name it Delmore (the sound of his name with a "d" in front), which they did.

Mr. Aelmore took out a preemption in Delmore township near Corgan's timber claim. When he had

been there a short while he decided to take a leave of absence from his claim and received permission from the government to stay away a year. He went to Iowa and decided to stay there but after he had been there sixteen months he found that his Kansas fever had not subsided so he came back. His claim had been jumped but the man who jumped it paid him for the breaking he had done on it and he went over into Bonaville townhip and took out a homestead there.

He had not lived in Bonaville long when he was made township trustee. Because he held that position a woman who had lived in the township for a number of years asked him one day why he didn't have the name of Bonaville township changed because it had been named after a rebel general and she thought it better to have another name. They didn't change the name but Mr. Aelmore discovered how Bonaville township was named from that conversation.

He says Spring Valley was named because it is in a valley and because there were springs there years ago. Meridian township was without doubt named because the 6th principal Meridian lies on it's eastern boundary. Black Kettle Creek was named for an Indian chief and because it had high black banks which made it resemble a black kettle. Mr. Aelmore has heard old settlers say that Kentuck Creek was named for a trapper from Kentucky who had lived on the creek in the very early days.

Mr. Aelmore says there were three types of sod houses. Some were laid up rough, others plastered, still others hewed off smooth. He says after breaking the sod for their houses with their twelve inch breaking plows, they took a spade and broke the long strips of sod into equal lengths. These lengths could not be very long for they broke easily when carried and laid on other lengths to make a wall, although grass roots helped hold them together.

XXIII.

HAYES TOWNSHIP

Hayes township, organized October 3, 1876; trustee, H. Zink; treasurer, H. S. Buckman; clerk, Dennis Jeffers.

Hays township was named for President Hayes.

O, land of the rolling prairies,
Land of the restless throng,
That cannot stop but hurries
In eager haste along.

O pioneers and heroes
Oft hidden in the blast
Of smoke and battle near us,
We know your worth at last.

—Nels Pearson.

Excerpts from the Early History of the Monitor Community by Neva Yoder Cline.

The first homesteader to come into Monitor community was Henry S. Buckman. He came from Lelanaw county, Michigan, in 1871. Another early settler was George Osgood who was born in Gardiner, Maine, in 1850. Mr. Osgood bought railroad land in the Monitor community in 1872, but they did not move here until in 1878. They had a one-room house simply boarded and papered inside with the McPherson Republican as it came to them week by week.

Hans Pearson and family, who were also leaders in the community came to the Monitor community in 1878, and settled on railroad land. They paid $700 for a hundred sixty acres of land. They had to pay $70 as first payment and Mr. Pearson and his eight children earned the money by working in the broom corn harvest that fall. They also bought $10 worth of lumber in Salina and built a home of boards that were slanted together at the top. There was no floor. The coyotes often came up so close to the house at night that it seemed that they might come into the house. As a protection they covered the house with sod. Nels Pearson, the son of Hans, broke the sod with two black oxen and they raised broom-corn as their first crop. Nels Pearson composed many of his poems while plowing with his oxen.

Other homesteaders and early settlers were George Lemley of Iowa, T. S. Redfern of St. Joe, Missouri, O. H. Spencer of Hobart, Indiana, Frank and William Hawthorne, Perry Minor, Dave Mitchel, Beach, E. G. Stowe, Mr. Harding, N. H. Smith, and Clark Baldwin,

The first school was held in Nell Buckman's sod house on her claim. In 1874, Nell Buckman gathered together ten children and taught them for three months without any compensation. She had no certificate.

This school proved the need of the district, so they organized and built a schoolhouse in 1875. The district was so originally laid out that it was three miles square. Every other section was railroad land and not settled until the homestead land was taken. In those days the majority of the voters was what was known as bachelors or single men regardless of age. Of course they did not need any school, but, like they do in Kansas, they all got together and talked it over. The single men agreed

to vote for the bonds with the understanding that the schoolhouse was to be used for a dance hall as long as they wished. It was used for that purpose many years.

Naming the school was as hard a job as naming the baby. One mail day when all the men were gathered in the Buckman home, the naming of the school house came up. Finally E. G. Stowe had to spit in the stove and when he pulled out the hearth he saw that the stove was named "Monitor." He said "Say, fellows, lets' call her Monitor." And Monitor it is.

By George F. Osgood, Hutchinson, Kansas.

Quick Fire Marriages in '73.

Bill West run the McPherson House. Some landlord was Bill! A bachelor from up on Paint Creek was in town so Bill asked why he didn't get married, batching up there all alone. He says "I am willing, but there's nobody to marry." There was a girl working there of uncertain age so Bill asked why she didn't get married. She simpered a few times and said she didn't have any offers. So Bill called in the fellow, introduced them and told them now was a good time to get married. They talked it over and went out, after awhile came back all married up and lived happily ever afterwards.

Quick Fire No. 2.

Joe Murray lived one mile south of McPherson at what was known as the four corners. Four families who settled there built their houses all in the corner of their claims, pulled up the corner stone and dug one well so it would be handy for all. Joe was always willing to help along any good. One morning along comes a girl, who lived two miles west, going to town. She stops in to rest up and visit a little. Guess things had kind of gone wrong at home. During the talk she said she was going to marry the first man that asked her. Joe heard that, cocked up one eye, and looked wise. Just then along came a young fellow. Joe yelled for him to come in the house. They talked awhile then Joe said, "Lib says she is going to marry the first man that asks her." The fellow grinned a couple of times and said, "I am asking you right now." They walked on up town and got married and they got along just as well as if they had done the sparking act for a year or two.

The Blizzard of '74

It was some blizzard, though not as bad as the one in '86. I was the mail carrier from McPherson to Lindsborg and return. A carrier came from Salina and returned, daily. I was in an open rig. It was almost impossible to see but I made it all right. Made one stop at the New Gottland Post Office kept by Swan Burk. Had to keep rubbing my eyes open, when I would wink they would stay shut. When I got to Lindsborg I tied the team and went to the store run by two young fellows, Swedlan and Nelson (McPherson Bill). We made that store headquarters. I wasn't cold but after standing by the hot stove I began to shake. They were afraid I would shake the store down so they got a glass full of Sherry wine and after a while I began to get warm. They delivered the mail, took care of the ponies (Texas), then went to dinner. Later on the boys went to a dance up the river to Billy Beans. When they got back from the dance the store had caught fire and there was nothing left to tell the tale but the heating stove. It was standing there all right, and the boys was busted.

(Mr. Osgood says that the people used to come in to McPherson from miles around at mail time and stand in groups waiting for the mail. When the carrier came they crowded into Bowkers' store and postoffice and postmaster Bowker called out the names of those who had mail and handed it to them if they were there.—E. N.).

XXIV.

SOUTH SHARP'S CREEK

South Sharp's Creek township, organized February 28, 1879; trustee, S. H. Durland; treasurer, D. N. Myers; clerk, D. O. Brainard.

South Sharp's Creek township happened to be named when the township just north, Marquette, was still called Sharps Creek township.

By Mrs. D. N. Myers.

In the spring of 1871, my father and eldest sister, my uncle C. C. Yocum and wife, D. N. Myers, Samuel Durland and wife, and Ben Durland, each man with a team and covered wagon drove through from northern Iowa to the N. W. corner of McPherson County. They located their land, put in sod crops for when winter should come. And by the way, that was as long and hard a winter as I have ever seen in the 55 winters we have spent here.

In the first part of June 1871, my grandmother and grandfather Yocum and Uncle M. L. Yocum with my stepmother and three sisters younger than myself, we started with four covered wagons, good strong teams to draw them, a herd of cattle and horses, five hundred head of sheep, plenty of help to drive and care for them, but it was a slow tedious way to get anywhere through the heat of the summer. We had a tent, camp stove, table, and chairs, and dishes just as we did at home. I can testify it was work to get those things all out of the wagons and pack them back. I was just the right size and age to make a good hand at the work. I drove a mule team and came last in line, for a mule team will not lead out. They were slow and when the rest would get out of sight over a rise, how these mules would bray. I would use every known means to hurry them along (barring mule driver's language) because I felt quite embarrassed over the fact that they drew everyone's attention.

After getting into Kansas we had strenuous times crossing the rivers. It was a summer of heavy rains and all streams ran too high to ford. There would be ferries run by hand to get the wagons over but they would have to swim the stock across, we had good shepherd dogs and good horses. The cattle and horses could be driven across but the men would have to catch the sheep that were leaders and swim across with them to get the flock to follow. Late in July we camped our last night in the bend above where Marquette now stands. Next morning our people came across and helped us over. The old Smoky Hill was not to be out done by the other rivers and it was up and running fast. I will say here that it seemed good to get inside of four walls again. After the men got things all snug for the winter, they went on a buffalo hunt about the middle of December. D. N. Myers had been out on a hunt earlier in the season. He

stayed to care for the stock of the neighborhood and had the half grown boys of the different homes for helpers. The buffalo had drifted farther west than they expected and there came a deep snow. Christmas came and our men did not come. New Years Eve we had gone to Stephens' to talk plans of a party to go out and hunt for them. We had gotten so we could not keep the tears out of our eyes and could hardly speak without breaking down. The Sioux and Cheyennes had been on the war path a few months before. Just about the time we were so worked up we could hardly stand it, we heard guns booming and echoing through the valley. And we knew they were near home. Now we were well provided with meat, wagon loads of it. There was a tribe of Kaw Indians camped on the river above us and they begged their share of that meat.

In the spring of '72 my father built a home of his own in the side hill west of where James Darrah's home now stands. We had been renting a house of D. N. Myers.

June 9, 1872, D. N. Myers and I were married. Squire Maxwell of Sharps Creek married us. We began our home making in a rough log house with dirt roof and mud and stone fireplace. We have had much better built houses since but have never been more comfortable or happier than we were in the old log cabin where snakes and pack rats often came a calling. In February, 1873, we sold our homestead to Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, and they begun the Mill Dam and later built the sawmill and gristmill where Marquette is now. Mr. Bacon and Mr. Foster were the promoters of the town organization of Marquette in 1874. The town was named after Marquette, Mich.

We went back to Iowa and collected what was due on land there, bought cattle and a fine team of horses and a wagon. I got to drive a good team over the same route I had driven the mules. We took our claim four miles south of Marquette. We made another start with lots of courage but no money.

At one time in those first years the river got up to flood height, we were out of flour and could not get across for a week. We ate boiled wheat for that week for every meal.

XXV.

HARPER TOWNSHIP

Harper township, organized April 7, 1879; trustee, D. H. Hovey; treasurer, C. B. Davis; clerk, W. C. McCormick.

Mrs. Carrie Davis, McPherson

If we could go back to the banks of the Smoky in Union township one day in about 1870 we would see the pioneer home of Mr. Nathan Bean that had just been completed and a group of Americans gathered there to celebrate its completion. They would listen attentively to a sermon preached in Swedish by the beloved leader of the Chicago colony, Dr. Olaf Olson, although they wouldn't understand a word he said. Then they would sing some hymns in English and go on their way.

There was a young lady back in Ohio in college who was dreaming of coming out to that home. The plains had a glamour for her, partially gained from reading

Custer's "Life on the Plains."

And so her dream became a reality and she came to the home of her mother, Mrs. Nathan Bean. There she stayed as the secretary to her step-father whose probate judge's office was in his home. It was a hospitable place for an office for if the newly weds were married close to meal-time they were always invited to eat with the Beans.

But Carrie Rich became Mrs. W. D. Davis before long and moved to a home of her own on Sharps Creek in Harper township.

She found herself living then among a group of hospitable neighbors, among them the Will McCormicks. They were wealthy people who came west for the adventure in pioneering, and they found it, too. Mrs. McCormick was especially ingenious in adapting herself to this new mode of living. In 1875, it was she who first thought of taking ice from the creek in winter and packing it in straw for summer use. Then in the summer she used it to make ice cream. Many a lonely pioneer went to her home to laugh and play cards and eat ice cream in the evening and then go home feeling better. At her home in 1874, a literary society was organized. Its motto was "Moderation in all things", and it was really a prohibition club. Dr. and Mrs. Murphey, Thomas E. and James Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hendry were all in it. One of the most unique features of this club, was that they were all college people.

Once this society was going to have an anniversary supper at the first hotel built in Lindsborg. The hotel was the property of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Henry. A day or two before the supper some of the members started out to hunt buffalo to get meat for the supper. Mrs. McCormick was among the group. Toward evening they found themselves out on the plains of Rice County. They stopped and Jeff Harper, who was a great hunter, went scouting. He found a herd of buffalo not far away just lying down for the night. The leader of the buffalos seemed to be quite settled, so Harper believed they wouldn't move till morning. He went back to the group of people waiting, and said, "We'll get them early in the morning." But Mrs. McCormick had in the meantime become alarmed at the absence of her husband, who was also scouting. She stood up in the spring wagon, and piercingly shrieked, "Will", "Will", and the buffalo pro-

ceeded to stampede. They didn't get any buffalo, and the men said they would leave her at home in the future.

Then there was James E. Wilson, Frank Minns, and Thomas E. Simpson, who was quite a politician for he helped bring the first railroad to McPherson, and later was very influential in making McPherson the county seat. James Simpson, his brother, Soloman Stephens, first state senator from this district, his brother David Stephens, who was the first county treasurer, John Underwood, later a probate judge of the county, and Jeff and Milt Harper, were all prominent and outstanding citizens of that township. The township was named Harper, for Jeff and Milt Harper, who were the first permanent settlers there. Mrs. Davis says she remembers Jeff and Milt Harper as big strapping fellows. They were big game hunters, and were typical westerners. They had freighted from Leavenworth to Santa Fe several years previous to 1866, when they came to make their home on Sharps Creek. There they built a long three room log house. The walls they covered with skins of animals, which had been tanned by the Indians by rubbing them thin with a stone. Then, too, they built a stockade to keep the Indians from getting their cattle. The Indians themselves had a very high respect for the Harpers and their strength. They always made signs of strength and friendship at the mention of Harper's name. The Indians taught them many things among them how to make jerked buffalo meat, which is a method of curing the meat. They would take pieces of meat about three inches square and put them on the pointed limbs of trees. When these were exposed to the wind and the sun until they dried, a membrane would form over it and it would be preserved for a considerable length of time. Sometimes they used large pieces of meat and put them high in the trees with pulleys and the membrane would form on that. They used no salt at all in this method of curing.

Mrs. Davis herself, saw very few Indians. In the fall of the year she occasionally saw some Kaws, who were on a buffalo hunt under government supervision, and sometimes, the Indians stopped and begged of them.

There was one strange thing about the Indians who saw Mrs. Davis. They always wanted to touch her auburn hair. She was frightened when they tried to do that, till some pioneer who understood the Indian language told her the Indians thought red-haired people were children of the great spirit, the sun.

A few people, before she came to Kansas, had real adventures with the Indians. She read about the adventure of Mrs. Basset in "Custer's Life on the Plains" in her college days in Ohio. When she came to Kansas, that same Mrs. Basset told her the story again.

Mrs. Davis said, "I know the spot on Sharp's Creek where Mr. and Mrs. Basset lived. It was winter in about '68. They had a small baby and Mrs. Basset was alone in their dugout. They were out of supplies, so Mr. Basset went to the Stephens on the river to ask them to go to Salina for him. He was a great talker and he stayed there longer than he had intended. While he was gone some Indians came into the dugout where she was. She wasn't frightened, for she was accustomed to seeing them, and they had never harmed her. She watched them rummage in the trunk, and then talk together. She could tell by the friendly attitude of one that he was her friend. Finally, though, they stopped talking, and taking the baby and Mrs. Basset with them, they rode on their horses out on the plains for about three miles. Then they stopped and conversed together. The friendly Indian seemed to persuade them to take her back. They finally did. By the time Mr. Basset arrived home they were cold and frightened. They started almost at once for the eastern part of the state to see some friends. The baby died in her arms on the way as the result of the exposure." Settlers of the neighborhood organized to pursue the Indians, but Mrs. Davis doesn't remember how it terminated.

The Bassets came back later and lived on Sharp's Creek. The Indians came again, but this time Mrs. Basset took two revolvers and stood by her pony beside the house, and the Indians left.

Mrs. Basset's adventure was really an unusual event though. Mrs. Davis said they didn't really have hard times at all. They certainly had plenty to eat. Antelopes, wild turkeys and geese were abundant and they could seine fish by the wagon-load from the creeks and the Smoky River close by. They made jams from the Sand Hill Plums, gathered miles south in the sand hills at first, and later gathered on their own grounds after they had grown some bushes of their own from the seeds of the plums they had picked.

They took the wheat for their bread to Marquette to the water mill and Mrs. Davis said, "that flour made the best bread you ever tasted." At first they made what

they called dough-gods, made fresh for each meal, till some of the more enterprising women started making yeast bread from the dried yeast they got in their boxes sent to them from the east. Sometimes they gave their neighbors "starters" from these. Some of them made their own yeast. Mrs. Davis said her receipe for that was the following: 3 good sized potatoes, a quart of water, 3 pinches of hops. These she boiled together in a sack. Then she mashed these and put them in scalded flour, put salt and water in it and put it in the cellar to keep cool.

Another place they kept their yeast and other foods to keep it cool was in the "spring box". It was made of a grocery box about 4 by 5 feet in size brought from Salina. The holes in the sides allowed the water to go through it when it was placed below the spring, and with a lid over it, it made an excellent ice box.

Their meat was both from their own cattle and from wild game. Sometimes this fresh meat grew tiresome. Once when a pioneer from the barren basin region west of the present McPherson came to get wood in the sixty acres of timber on Section 21 of the Davis home, he said: "You know you ought to go to that store where a town's gonna be. They have the best bacon." That was the first Mrs. Davis had heard of the Bowker store, the first store in McPherson. They had done all their trading in Marquette at Foster's store, and at D. E. Johnson & Carlsons at Lindsborg and at Salina heretofore, but their hunger for cured bacon brought them to the Bowker store soon after. Mrs. Bowker seemed especially glad to see them. She was a dear little woman, keeping house in a lean-to back of their store. The Davis' did not stay long though for it took a good eye and daylight to find one's way on the treeless plain, between the Bowker store and Sharp's Creek. They stopped for a moment several miles northwest of McPherson to leave some of their bacon on the ranch where they kept their cattle in the summer time, for the college boys who came west for adventure as their cattle-herders. Then when they arrived at home they put their bacon on top of their other groceries on the front porch. She went into the house to begin supper, and Mr. Davis went to the barn with the wagon and horses. A moment later she came out to the porch to get the bacon. It wasn't there, and naturally thinking that Mr. Davis had it with him, she called to him to bring it. He came to the house and

said he left it on the porch. They were puzzled because they knew no one was around who could take it, and they did want their bacon so badly. As they were standing on the porch thinking of their lost luxury, one of their dogs, a thoroughbred wire haired spaniel, came up and seemed unusually glad to see them. He wiggled his tail and seemed delighted over something. Then they noticed some grease on his nose. It was almost tragic for them then, but now Mrs. Davis says she can remember yet how her husband looked when he realized where the bacon had gone, and "he just had to laugh" she says. A short while later Mrs. Davis was watching the dog and she noticed him go down to a slope in the ground between their house and the creek and dig in the dirt. She went out there and there was the bacon half buried with only a corner chewed off. Since it was a large piece, and well covered with coarse brown paper, she cut off the chewed corner and that evening for supper they had crisp brown bacon.

"It tasted good for a change, but we always had good food," she says. The people who lived near the streams saw plenty of wild animals. They were in the wooded section near the streams so they could hunt those, and of course, they had plenty of fire wood. They had easier times in those localities than the people out on the flat plains.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinblade lived in these plains regions. They came down near Davis' on the creek to get firewood. They made their own roads to the creeks the shortest way possible, paying no attention to section lines, although they sometimes followed buffalo trails. If the road would become rutty with use, they simply moved over and made a new road beside it.

Such were the roadways around the Kinblade home. One evening a man came to inquire his way home at their house. He said he found their house by the light in the front windows. They told him his way and he went on. Several hours later they again heard a knock at the door. It was the same man. He had become mixed in his directions and had gone in a circle, finding their house the second time by the light in the front windows.

That little incident made Mrs. Kinblade determine to form one of those thoughtful habits which truly gave the pioneers courage. Every night she hung a lantern in front of the house to guide any lost stranger on his way.

Mrs. Hilton was another plains woman of Mrs.

Davis' acquaintance. Once when her husband was going to get wood by a creek she begged him to be allowed to go along. It was a long tiresome trip, but he finally consented. So she packed some lunch and went with him. They drove north over the flat plain without seeing a single tree till they came to the thicket where they were to get their wood. Mrs. Hilton said when she saw those trees she felt as glad as when she saw her own mother years later, when she went east, for she hadn't seen a tree for months. She got off the wagon feeling like she would like to embrace the first tree she saw. Instead, she fell to her knees. She was crying when her husband came up and said, "Why mother, what's the matter?" She said "It's the trees."

Mrs. Davis had a taste of pioneering herself, later though, when her husband died and left her with a cattle farm to manage and three small children to raise. Those were hard times for her, especially during the hot dry summers, when there was almost no water for the cattle, and the buffalo grass was drying brown. Her daughter was sitting by her when she was telling about those times, and she said "And mother always laughed. She laughed so much when times were really hard that it used to get on my nerves." Then Mrs. Davis said, "Oh, I was worried but what was the use of showing that to other people." I remember more than once walking around on the prairie alone in the moonlight and reciting Longfellow's,

"Oh holy night, from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more."

when I was so worried I didn't know what to do. She says, "Now, in these sunset days of life, I think of those things, the sad things, as well as the happy ones."

The Story of Mrs. Bassett.

The Osage Indian raid in September, 1868, when they carried off Mrs. Martha Bassett on Sharps Creek, has been the subject of much controversy. Mrs. Bassett herself seldom talked of it, and although she lived in the vicinity where the incident occurred for years, the story became embellished with false reports. She grew so tired of hearing these false reports that she went to Mr. Alex Hendry's office in McPherson and asked him to take the story as she gave it in shorthand and print it in

the Kansas American, a newspaper published by the McClintocks, in McPherson, at that time. He wrote the article, read it to Mrs. Bassett for her approval, and it appeared in the Kansas American on May 18, 1904. Mr. Hendry tells of Mr. Bassett being an old soldier and coming out here to settle on Sharps Creek with his wife in May, 1867. Then he goes on to tell of the Indian raid.

"They lived on their claim until 1868, when the first Indian raid of the new settlers occurred. Mr. Bassett was away from home at the time in company with Sol. Stephens, Peter Hughes, John Hughes and "Old Man Ray." The party striking the Indians' trail, and it was going toward Sharps Creek, Mr. Bassett exclaimed, "Boys, they are going to Sharps Creek, and Mat's there alone!" Mat, being the pet name for his wife Martha. "For God's sake, boys, hurry!" and the party started for the homestead, but the Indians had arrived here first. Mrs. Bassett was there along with her baby, and was engaged in carrying in wood when she first discovered the Indians down the creek, she hastily entered the house, she waited for what might happen. The Indians came in almost instantly, and ransacked the house, smashing her trunk and carrying away all her clothing, including Mr. Bassett's guns and ammunition. Mrs. Bassett was stripped of her clothing and compelled to mount a horse, and another Indian taking her baby gave it to her after they had left the home. A cold rain was falling at the time, and after going a short distance the Indians became tired of their captives, and by the direction of the Chief of the tribe, one of them returned, with Mrs. Bassett and the baby to the home where she was left naked. But the Indians had left an old pair of soldiers trousers and a coat, so much worn that the Indians even considered them worthless, and she dressed herself in these. Shortly after Mr. Bassett arrived and discovered the ransacked condition of the contents of the house, exclaimed! "My God, boys, we are too late, Mat where are you?" and she being in the house was too frightened to answer, when he cried again: "For God's sake Mat, if you are alive answer me", and she answered him, and taking them from the house, Peter Hughes took the baby on his horse, and Mr. Bassett taking his wife on in front of him on his horse, the party started for Mr. Stephens ranch, where Nannie Stephens divided her clothing with Mrs. Bassett. From the cold rain and exposure the baby died a few days after the raid, and it was taken to Lawrence for burial."

OTHER ACCOUNTS PERTAINING TO McPHERSON COUNTY'S HISTORY.

Compiled with the aid of the State Historical Society.

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6. Minutes of the original McPherson Town Company (in the possession of Mrs. H. A. Rowland)
7. County Commissioner's Records.

ADDENDA

LAKES IN McPHERSON COUNTY, KANSAS.

November 25th, 1931.

By M. G. Riddell.

There is a point about five miles west and five miles north of McPherson where a rain drop will split and half of it will go north into the water shed of the Smoky Hill river, and the other half will go south into the water shed of the Arkansas river.

This south slope is very level, draining almost due south with short deflections to the right and left to within three miles of the south line of this county, thence in a southeasterly direction across the north east corner of Reno county, and on into Harvey county to the Arkansas river.

There is evidence that this level strip of land about six miles wide was an inland sea or an old river bed. In this county there are a hundred lakes or pools scattered along this depression, which many think marks the drying up of this sea or river. Until ditched and drained by artificial ditches and dykes, some fifteen years ago, most of these lakes or pools had some water in them all the time, and in wet seasons they covered large areas. These lakes were not deep. With the exception of lake Inman and lake Farland none of them were over five

feet deep at high water mark. At least that has been true since 1870.

The name Chain Lakes was given to these pools of water because on a map they looked like a chain, only the links were irregular in size and shape.

In this county these lakes extended north and south over a distance of eighteen miles. The northern part was called the North Basin. The North Basin included the following lakes, The Hovey Lake of thirty-five acres located on section 35 in Harper township, the Waugh Lake of twenty-five acres on section 2 in Jackson township, Richardson Lake of fifteen acres on section 3, then south on section 9, 10, and 15 in Jackson township were the Troy Lake of twenty acres, the Kyle Lake of ten acres, the Martin or Bush Lake of twenty-five acres, the Green or Laderer Lake of twenty acres, the Frymire or Maxwell Lake of sixty acres, the Kubin Clear Lake of thirty acres, and the Jo Kubin Lake of thirty acres.

Just south of the north Basin is located what was known as the Big Basin. This lake covered two thousand acres, by far the largest body of water in the county. It is located three and one half miles west of McPherson on sections 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, and 28 in Jackson township. In the early days of this county this was called the Reservoir for game birds. My father and John Burns owned the first boat a white man ever floated on this lake.

Just south of the Big Basin we have the Morris Lake of twenty acres, the Overstreet Lake of sixty acres, and the Flora Lake of twenty five acres on sections 34 and 35 in Jackson township. Going on south we have the Moors Lake of twenty five acres, and the Sitts Lake of fifteen acres on sections 3 and 4 in Groveland township. The Hempsted Lake of forty acres and the Newland Lake of thirty acres on section 10, the Tindall or Tipton Lake of fifteen acres, the Rariden or Kasey Lake of twenty acres, the Fairchild or Moomaw Lake of ten acres, and the Pever or Walker Lake of thirty acres on sections 11 and 12 in Groveland township.

Across the section line south is the Cheeney Lake of forty acres on sections 14 and 15. The Mead Lake of sixty acres on section 21. Then the Star or Stansel Lake of thirty acres, and the Ballentine Lake of thirty-five acres on sections 23 and 24. And on sections 22 and 27 are the Mitchell Lake of ten acres, the Berlin or Rump Lake of twenty acres, and the Hanck Lake of ten acres.

Lake Inman covers two hundred acres. Is located

on sections 1, 2, 11, and 12 in Superior township. When full the deepest place was from twelve to fifteen feet deep in the 1870's. The Aschman Lake of twenty-five acres on section 2. The Bridgens Lake covers thirty acres on section 12, Northeast one and one-half miles is the Brooks Lake of thirty acres and the Friesen Lake of twenty-five acres on sections 5 and 6 Turkey Creek township.

South of Lake Inman a mile and a half was a lake known as Janzen or Schroeder Lake, on sections 13 in Superior township and section 18 in Turkey Creek township. This lake covered five hundred acres, and with the exception of the Big Basin, was the largest body of water in the county. There were several small lakes all along this chain.

The next lake of any size was Lake Farland two miles south and one mile west of Lake Inman on sections 14, 22, and 23. This lake covered one hundred and twenty acres. On account of a combination of reeds, rushes, and open water, and in a measure out of direct line of travel, giving it more privacy than other lakes in the county, this lake was the best place to hunt ducks and geese in the state. For years this lake was the home of the McPherson Gun Club. And was improved with a good camp house, wind mill, pump, well, tanks, boats, boat house, decoys, blinds, screens, and other equipment to make this a hunters paradise. However any where on these lakes was a hunters paradise in those days when ducks and geese and many other water fowl were here literaly by the millions. The shore line of Lake Farland is quite well defined around its one hundred and twenty acres. But in very wet seasons this lake overflowed its banks and spread to the surrounding lakes so that at times this was a body of water covering as much as two sections, and was seven feet deep in the deepest places at such times.

Lake Franz, of twenty acres, was located very near the north east corner of Lake Farland. Just a mile south of Lake Farland were the Graves, the Balzer and the Werner lakes covering three hundred and twenty acres, on sections 21, 22, 27, and 28 in Superior township. These three lakes in wet seasons were all in one. They extended from northeast to the southwest, and were in appearance like the Odd Fellows Badge—three links. This brace of lakes was the home of the Inman Gun Club. And was certainly one great place to fish and

hunt. I belonged for years to both the Inman Gun Club and the McPherson Gun Club. Was a member of both clubs when the water was drained out of these lakes, and left only a dry ditch where once these fine lakes furnished the finest of sport, as well as eats fit for the gods.

The valley runs almost due southeast for three miles from Lake Farland until it leaves the county. There are several small lakes all along this three miles. One mile east of Lake Farland is Lake Huston of forty acres on section 24. East of this, two miles, are Renshaw Lake of fifteen acres, and Lake Pilgrem of twenty-five acres on section 20, in Turkey Creek township. Southeast of Lake Farland, a mile, is Lake Harder covering eighty acres on section 23, in Superior township. Just southwest of this Lake Penner of eighty acres on section 27. Southeast of this lake, a mile, is Lake Caudle of forty acres on section 26. Just east on section 25 is Sperling Lake of twenty-five acres. On section 36 are the Esau Lake of ten acres and the Siemens Lake of ten acres. A mile east and a little north is Lake Voth of fifty acres, the Heidebrecht Lake of thirty acres and the Baldwin Lake of one hundred acres on sections 29 and 32, in Turkey Creek township. This takes us to the south line of this county, just one mile west and thirteen miles south of McPherson. This same chain of lakes continues with many small shallow pools for many miles after leaving this county.

These lakes are located in Jackson, Groveland, and Superior townships. The area covered by these lakes is about eight sections. In other words, there are enough lakes to make a square body of water almost three miles on a side. Or to make a lake almost one-half mile wide and eighteen miles long. This kind of a lake would extend clear across these three townships. And would be equal in surface size to Lake Tanneycomo, a great lake in the Ozarks. There are four hundred and thirty-two quarter sections in these three townships. If each of these quarter sections had a lake on it and all four hundred and thirty-two lakes were the same size, each lake would cover more than ten acres.

We will never see an air-plane picture of our Chain Lakes, as they are drained out and gone forever. They are converted into good farming land, and most of these old lake beds are in wheat. I imagine if we could bring back the great flocks of migratory birds that have for ages spent a month in the spring, and another month in

the fall here at these lakes, they could tell us the wonderful picture these lakes made from the skies. It is fifty miles west of here to the Cheyenne Bottoms. Even that wonderful bird paradise cannot compare with our Chain Lakes in shore line, and picture from the sky. The shore lines were the picnic grounds of water fowls, whether swimmers or waders. The migratory ducks and geese and other water fowls going south in the fall would cross the Kansas-Nebraska state line in vast flocks. For hours and days this would continue until it seemed like the birds were just pouring into Kansas in one continual stream. Soon after reaching Kansas their eyes would be attracted by this picture of our Chain Lakes, a picture not surpassed in Kansas. And they would funnel in like a cyclone, from a hundred miles wide, east and west on leaving Nebraska, to the six mile width of these lakes. This accounts for the unbelieveable numbers, and for the great variety of species of water fowls that from times immemorial down to the seventies and eighties visited this county.

Charles Eastman in his book, Wigwam Evenings, makes a duck say "All day we flew high in the keen air over wide prairies and great forests of Northern Pine, until towards evening we saw below us a chain of lakes glittering like a string of dark blue stones." McPherson folks like to think Eastman was writing about our chain lakes.

I would like to describe the water fowls that visited, and many of them nested here, but in the words of Kipling "That is another story." And still another story is the catches of fish and the bag limit of game in those early days. Some of the most pleasant memories of my childhood days, when we were supposed to be enduring hardships, are instances when a very few shots from the old muzzle loader would bring down game enough for the whole neighborhood for a week. And the friendships formed on the shore of a lake, in a boat or in a duck blind, are not equaled by anything short of the story of David and Jonathan.

THE "MESSIAH" CHORUS IN LINDSBORG

The singing schools among the Swedish pioneers which Dr. Olaf Olson helped to organize were a forerunner, in a way, of the Bethany Oratorio Society, which has sung the "Messiah" every year at Easter time beginning with 1882.

The following sketch was written by a member of the original Bethany Oratorio Society.

While on a tour in Europe in 1879 Dr. Olof Olsson, professor of Theology at Augustana College and Seminary Rock Island, Ill., since 1876, had the pleasure of hearing Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah" in London. Dr. Olsson was so inspired by this rendition that he was determined to organize a Chorus on his return at the institution he was serving. A chorus was organized and with Prof. Joseph Esbjorn as conductor the Oratorio was given in the Spring of 1881.

In 1879 fresh from College and Seminary, inspired by buoyant hope and energy that regarded all obstacles as mere trifles came Carl Swensson" to Lindsborg as Swedish Lutheran pastor. "To him in the first place belongs the credit of the great work which has been accomplished. In common with all great men, he was a dreamer and in his day-visions saw possibilities which no one else would dare to cherish."

The institution mentioned above was the young pastor's "Alma Mater", and naturally he was much interested in its work. When reading of Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah" having been rendered there he said "If it can be given there it can be given here." Quite a different thing—with three neighboring cities right there, and the college with so many male voices (not co-educational then). Bethany Academy was founded in the Fall of 1881.

The singers responded to announcements and letters sent out, a meeting was held in the Bethany Church. Dr. Swensson told the purpose of this meeting. A chorus was organized with Dr. Swensson as President and Mrs. Swensson as trainer and director of the Chorus, which numbered about 50 voices. The work began after New Years, 1882, with two part practices and rehearsals a week and a general rehearsal Sunday afternoons, no

part rehearsals on Sundays. The leader used a reed organ to play and also sing each part, then rehearse all the four parts every time. At Sunday afternoon rehearsals the Pipe Organ on the gallery was used. Dr. Swensson's youngest brother, Luther Swensson, would assist. The labor and sacrifice involved can scarcely be realized, but the deep interest and love in the work of those in charge, as well as of all the singers, made it possible.

Many had from nine to twelve miles to come in the cold and darkness of night—no autos then—a carriage or two—some spring wagons—more lumber wagons.

"The first Messiah Week in Kansas" began March 28, 1882, with first rendition of Handel's Oratoria in Bethany Church which was filled to its utmost capacity. Second concert in Fremont, third concert in Salemsburg, both churches large and well filled; fourth concert in Salina Opera House and fifth concert in McPherson Opera House.

Dr. Olsson brought the orchestra of twelve pieces from Rock Island, and Prof. Osborn had also been engaged as director (the leader took part as soloist). Dr. Olsson presided at the pipe organ.

Soloists at these festivals were: Mrs. Carl Swensson, Miss Anna Swenson, Mrs. Lydia Andreen Carlson, Mrs. Engstrom, Messrs. C. A. Beckman, and F. Linder, The following have wielded the baton: Mrs. Carl Swensson, Prof. P. T. Lindholm, Prof. N. A. Krantz, Prof. Victor Lund, Prof. William Lindberg, Prof. Sigfried Laurin, Prof. Samuel Thorstenberg, Prof. Rosenberg, Prof. Malloy, and Prof. Brase.

EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE A. SHELLEY.

The first part of the diary tells of his wanderings with three other young men in different parts of Kansas, and then finally coming to McPherson township and taking out homesteads.

Thursday, August 10, 1871.

Started for Salina to file on our land. Got through then about sundown. It is quite a long road to travel but it is very good except the ford of the Smoky Hill river. That is quite sandy and treacherous. We saw two antelopes this morning and they were in pretty comfortable rifle shot.

August 11, 1871.

Slept in the wagon last night. Didn't have any mosquitoes to bother us. I got a bottle of ague medicine for one dollar and a dozen lemons for one dollar.

Saturday, August 19, 1871.

At work this morn trying to make us a house to put our things into and to sleep in. Have two, two-by four pieces and sawed them in two and nailed them together crosswise and set them up and put a pole in the top and set some pieces up by the sides and covered it with hay. I went to water the cattle about noon and Ed went to cook dinner and the fire got into the prairie and came near burning us out.

Monday, August 21, 1871.

The surveyor came up to survey our quarters this morn and we looked until about noon to see if we could not find the corner stones and concluded that nothing but stakes have been driven and started from what we supposed were intended for the corners and ran out a half section, Ed's and mine. . .

August 22, 1871.

Started for Mr. Bartlets to get a barrel to haul water from King City in and met the surveyor coming back. He had found a corner stone to the section and the survey was not right and we had to look our corners over again and found all of the stones and then after dinner started for water. Did not get back until after

dark. Foster and I went and each of us shot two prairie chickens.

Friday, August 25, 1871.

Foster and I were at work digging our well about half of the day. It rained in the morning or a couple of us would have gone after wood. We have the well dug between nine and ten feet deep and have found a little magnesia. Ed. has been cutting a little grass to put on our hovel to keep out the rain as it leaks a little when it rains. Joel is clear down making more fuss than any old maid.

August 26, 1871.

After breakfast Ed went to work to build him a sod house but found it pretty dry and slow work. I went to writing a letter home. . . .

August 31, 1871.

Started this morn for Newton, Ed and I. Just about sunrise got to King City, and got some bread and crackers and cheese to eat on the way. We went a piece and saw four antelope and they saw us and ran and stopped by the road in some tall grass. We got up within twenty rods of them when they heard us and started away again. We only saw one more after that to-day. Got to Newton just before sundown. Distance 27 miles.

Tuesday, Feb. 27, 1872.

Commenced another well to-day and dug three feet and one half before dinner and then went to King City after hay but did not get any, only the hayrack.

February 28.

It snowed some most of the day but I dug some in my well but it was so hard that I did not get very far and also got wet some.

February 29.

The last day of the month went to get a small load of hay to-day but it was so windy that it was hard hauling.

March 1st.

At work in my well again to-day. Got down to sand again just after noon and then I got father and Foster to help and went into the sand about three feet.

March 2nd.

Doing chores and cutting wood this forenoon and

this afternoon at work in the well again. Went to clay but no water.

Sunday, March 3rd.

Did not go to meeting to-day. Stayed at home and gave myself a good washing.

March 4th.

At work in the well again to-day. No water yet. Dug about six feet into the clay to-day.

March 5th.

Dug about five feet in the well to-day in clay and struck sand again as we quit work. Do not know what will come next.

March 6th.

Digging sand out of the well again. Dug out about three feet in the forenoon and four in the afternoon and found plenty of water at 40 feet from top.

Monday, July 1st, 1872.

Did not do much to-day. Went over to McPherson town site.

July 2nd.

At work for Mr. Bowker in his cellar and it was pretty hard work for me.

July 3rd.

Did not go to work to-day as I was quite lame and sore. Did some chores and took Aunt E. some water. Went over in the afternoon to get my shovel and pick but concluded to work to-morrow.

July 4th.

At work again for Mr. Bowker. Part of the time in the cellar and part of the time shingling.

July 5th.

At work at Mr. Bowkers again to-day at one thing and another, to-wit, ceiling, putting up joints and steadyings. 10 hours work.

July 6th.

At work laying flooring in the forenoon and in the afternoon at work putting on rafters and roofing. Worked 10 hours again today.

CONTENTS.

These sketches were written by the compiler of the book, unless otherwise stated in the sketch.

The McPherson City Library Board should be given a great deal of credit for this book for first suggesting the collection of pioneer interviews and paying some of the expenses.

ADDITIONS AND ERRATA

1. Line 8, page 5—Charles Hven found the piece of chain mail. He was a pupil of Udden's. G. N. Malm in Wichita Eagle, Sept. 12, 1920.
2. Line 10, Page 5—There were at least six Indian village sites in the county.
3. Last line, page 8—R. D. Bagley.
4. Line 35, page 57—Wm. West's Hotel was at 100 North Main, rather than 101 South Main.
5. Lines 15 and 16, page 59—Rev. A. Shelley was one of the first settlers in McPherson township.
6. Line 25, page 59—Only one tier of townships was taken from the south side of the county, taking off six miles rather than twelve.
7. Line 1, page 60 and line 1, page 63—County seat election on June 14th, 1873.

   April 26, 1873. A petition is presented to the board of county commissioners, signed by 483 citizens of the county, asking that the county seat be located. The petition was granted and an election called for June 10, 1873. George W. McClintick in the Kansas American, Feb. 24, 1904.

   June 14, 1873. The election for the permanent location for the county seat takes place. Ibid, March 2, 1904.
8. Line 17, page 72—S. Olson should be T. Olson, Bergen should be Andrew Bergren.
9. Line 18, page 72—C. J. Hanson and his son rather than C. J. Hanson and his father.
10. Line 41, page 108—Should be Philip W. Kohler, instead of John Cole.