

REMINISCENCES OF FRANK ZNAMENACEK, CRETE, NEBRASKA.

I came to the United States in 1863, to Baltimore. We were on the ocean eight weeks. From Baltimore we went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where I stayed three years, when I sent money to my parents and they came after me to this country. With my parents we lived in St. Louis a year. In August, 1868 eight families set out for Nebraska city by boat on the Missouri. My father and Mathias Dabozal had gone ahead some time before to look for land. We stayed in Nebraska city until we could prepare ourselves to go on the claims. There was a land office in Nebraska City then. We took homesteads in Saline County, my brother Joseph and I, and the next day we were eighty miles away. We spent the night with W. Shestak, where we first tasted Nebraska wild plums and liked them very much. The next day we went to our claims, cut some hay and hauled wood for building. We used to spend our nights with W. Havlicek, four miles away. After two weeks we returned to Nebraska City, where father bought a fairly new wagon, loaded it with our goods and set out for the homestead. Neighbors helped us to build a house. Mr. Dabozal took land near us, while Messrs. Chmelir, Vana, Najman and others settled near Wilber. Settlers began to come in increasing numbers. I stayed with my brother in Nebraska City until the frost came, for it was necessary that we earn money. When we came home we heard that one of father's oxen died so I bought father another pair and went back to earn some more money while father broke the prairie. When I came home after harvest father had a crop of corn and had plowed ten acres for me. I <sup>fixed</sup> an abode for me and started to farm. I bought a breaking plow, plowed over what had been broken the year before and planted corn. This I accomplished by cutting holes with an ax and putting three grains of corn in each hill. Thus I planted

three acres per day and in three days had my crop in. Then I made a primitive harrow of logs and harrowed instead of plowed the corn for cultivation. The next year I sowed wheat and together with my father we bought a harvester, which was very expensive in those days, but we cut hay with it too. During threshing we all had to help each other, for no one was able to hire help. When the Burlington and Missouri Railroad was put through, we were able to get all we needed.