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REMINISCENCES OF JOHN KAVAN~~S~~, WAHOO, NEBRASKA.

I was born in Blatna, Moravia, December 25, 1851 and in 1871 entered military service, as was the custom in that country. While I was serving my time, father corresponded with a friend, Anton Posvar, who had settled in Butler County, Nebraska. He decided to move to America and in July 1873 left with his family. He tried to get me out of the service but in vain. After serving my time I left for America too, June 30, 1875, in company with my brother-in-law and his family.

We traveled on the ship Brunswig and came to Fremont July 19, 1875, 1875- where we stopped at Mr. Anton Jansa's. Old settlers will remember him. He had a saloon and restaurant in Fremont and immigrants used to stop there. The following day father came for us with three teams, and we were all glad to see each other after several years' parting. We came in time for harvest but although there was a goodly number of us, we could not do much, for we were not acquainted with American methods. We were a dozen, but we could not keep up with ^{making bundles for} the binder or the binder. But when we sat down to table mother was tickled to death to see what good appetites we had and was kept busy supplying our needs. The next spring I sought work as a farm hand, in order to learn the English language. I wandered into Sarpy County and got work on a farm near Omaha where I stayed nine months. In 1878 I rented a farm and hached for a while, but then I remembered what the Bible says about it not being good for men to be alone and married Miss Kate Vojtech, who had come to this country the year before. That year I bought 160 acres from the Burlington & Missouri R. R. Co. at \$7.00 per acre, all prairie land, and that ^{fall} ~~spring~~ I built a sod house and a stable of the same material. We moved in November 27th. and my wife was very glad to settle in her own home, although she had plenty to do to fill the cracks and white-

wash her "residence". I was busy that winter preparing wood for fuel and fence posts, for I had plenty of timber along the creek. Time flew, for we were busy all the time, and so the years passed. We raised eight children, seven daughters and one son, but we lost two. One daughter died just as she was to graduate from the Omaha High School, and a fourteen year old boy died too. Upon suffering this loss we *decided* to rent the farm and move to town. Three of our children are married and live on farms, the other three teach. We old folks are enjoying the fruits of our labors and our children, who often visit us.