

REMINISCENCES of John F. Maly, Merricourt, No. Dak.

I came to America at the age of ten years, in 1868. We lived in Omaha a year and a half, then moved to a homestead in Saunders County, where we lived fourteen years. Like all pioneers we lived through hard times, the nearest towns being Fremont and Lincoln, thirty-five miles distant. It was not pleasant to make that trip, especially in winter, when we used to haul and sell cord wood at five dollars per cord. Today nobody would want to make that trip by carriage, for that sum and in that kind of weather. But in spite of all that the memory of those days holds for me a great charm. I like to think of the times when I used to fish with a willow pole and hunt game, of which there was then plenty, especially prairie chickens and rabbits. It seems to me that with all the poverty life was happier than now, for all the people were friendly and helpful, no one envied another. Most of us should be more satisfied than we are. Why are we not? I believe it is because we are all chasing the miserable dollar. We often cause bitterness to one another on account of it. Of course, the dollar is almighty, one cannot get along with it, especially the farmer, but just the same we should not serve Mammon. I have travelled all through the United States and finally settled in North Dakota, where I have made my home.