

INTO PAWNEE-BUFFALO LAND

W. H. Hotze

"Bunny"(cont.)

At night they danced in the moon's soft ray,
By day they slept in their snug little nest.
To them their mother often did say,
Venture not out til the sun is at rest
For a wicked man with a dreadful gun and dog
Goes hunting the forest all through and through,
And unless safely hidden under a log
He will take you home to make him a stew."

So ran the little poem, ending with a 'moral' as was the custom in those days. Although the remaining lines have escaped my memory, they ran something like this; All went well in the happy little family under the log til one day when the mother went out to gather some tender twigs and buds for dinner after admonishing them to take a nap til she returned. Two of them obeyed but, Bunny, the youngest, stole outside. A fresh skip of snow had covered the ground and he began to hop and jump around in the feathery stuff; it was great fun as he danced farther and farther from home, when suddenly he heard a twig snap - looking up he saw the 'wicked man' and dog. But it was too late to run back home for the man raised his gun, and "Bang went the bullet", and Bunny was dead.

Then followed the final stanza, headed; "Moral" with the inevitable injunction to all youngsters: "And now little children". etc. "Obey your parents."

Our celebration in the little grove was a great success and similar celebrations were held on the Fourth for several years following with increasing attendance. In later years Mr. Hill set up a merry go round swing, a center pole arrangement with seats for about twenty operated

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by hand power lever, upon which one could enjoy 25 revolutions for 5 cents. The celebration was later moved to a larger grove nearer the business district and a prominent speaker engaged. In 1889 Judge William Gaslin was 'Orator of the Day' when he related some of the hardships he had endured in early life, and commented upon the behavior of 'Jim Crow' lawyers with whom he had come in contact.

JUDGE WILLIAM GASLIN

At this point we pause for a brief sketch of a man who performed a remarkable service in establishing law and order during frontier turmoil days in western Nebraska where criminal lawlessness was riding loose rein. Judge William Gaslin was born near Augusta, Maine July 29, 1827 and passed away at Kearney, Nebraska July 29, 1910. He became inured to rugged tasks working on a rocky thin soil New England farm where he spent his early years assisting his parents to rear a sizeable family and pay for a small farm. There he also toiled assisting his widowed mother til after he became of age.

From early life it was his ambition to obtain an education. Like Lincoln he attended school when he could, read books and studied during spare hours. He worked at any tasks that offered pay, at logging camps during winter as sailor and cook on coastal schooner or digging sewer ditches and such during summer.

Having acquired sufficient learning and saved a small amount of cash he entered Bowdoin College, where by application to study and working to pay expenses he reached his first goal of achievement graduating with honors in 1856.

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After graduation he taught school and studied law in Augusta where he was admitted to the bar; there he practiced law til 1866 when his library was destroyed by fire. He then departed west, reaching Omaha, where he began looking for a location. After visiting several towns he decided upon Kearney, Nebraska. Successful in his law business, he was elected District Judge of the old Nebraska Fifth district covering more than half of the state, although later divided into Fifth, Eighth, and Tenth districts, Judge Gaslin served the whole area continuously til 1892. It was an enormous task considering the long distance to be covered between the scattered points where sessions were held, travelling over rough putty roads or dim uncertain trails by horseback, horse and buggy or mail carrier's buckboards; taking meals at uncertain places along the way whether at ranch house or a snack of bologna, crackers and cheese at grocery store-postoffice; sleeping on straw mattress, in bunk house or with a comforter and pillow on floor or perchance rolled up in blanket on the prairie when night overtook him, as lone travellers sometimes did. Thus he made the rounds regardless of storms, blizzards or road conditions. It was the 'strenuous life', but Judge Gaslin, accustomed to hardship from early life proved equal to the task.

Court was held in small rooms equipped with a table and chair serving as judge's bench and a few ordinary chairs with rows of rough slab benches for jury and audience. A 'box' wood consuming stove furnished irregular heat, while a kerosene lamp and candles perched on sidewall blocks dimly lighted the interior. In many places the same room was also occupied by county officers and

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served as post office, schoolhouse church meetings and various other community purposes.

Sessions occurred at uncertain intervals with lengthy dockets crowded with lists of criminal cases making it practically impossible to hear civil cases in the limited time allotted before he had to move on in time to meet his next appointment. Judge Gaslin opened court no later than 8:00 A.M., pausing for an hour recess at noon and continuing til 5:00 P.M. or later. Sometimes stopping for another hour only, before resuming a night session lasting to near midnight. Few men could have endured such gruelling tasks.

Cases involving the most heinous offenses were given priority. Where the offender was caught in the act he received 'short shift' and a long sentence. Judge Gaslin considered horse stealing on a par with murder or worse and 'cattle rustling' but a little less despizable. It was thought that his attitude toward horse thieves was due to the fact that the Judge once had a pet pony stolen, a loss which he often recalled and never forgot.

Organized horse thievery and such had become so widespread and formidable in that section during frontier days that it was able to thwart the law by a system of jury fixing which assured acquittal for all members of the gang. That meant the end of law and order.

At one court session in the south-west corner of the district the jury proceeded to free every offender regardless of convincing evidence presented. However Judge Gaslin refused to be thwarted, he dismissed the jury panel and declined to hear any civil cases on the docket and adjourned court administering a stern rebuke to all responsible for such abuse of justice. He promptly

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called a meeting of those who arranged jury panels and served notice that no more court sessions would be held in the district where jury fixing became evident. That ended such practice, following which offenders were sentenced to long terms behind the bars. Stories are told about Judge Gaslin's fearlessness in administering justice, many of which are undoubtedly true. The following one stands unquestioned.

THE EDWARD MAGRAND CASE.

In a brochure entitled; "Recollections of Judge William Gaslin", found in the State Historical Society files, Judge Wm. A. Dillworth who once presided over the Seventh Judicial District at Holdrege, Nebraska tells of a case tried by Judge Gaslin at Sidney, Nebraska.

A notorious character, Edward Magrand was indicted for committing a heinous crime on McCann's ranch considerably over 100 miles northwest of Sidney. The case came to trial in December 1878 just after a severe blizzard had swept that part of the state which would delay the arrival of witnesses, and the culprit's lawyers were anxious to have the hearing over before the witnesses appeared so they arranged to have Magrand plead guilty to murder in the second degree with an understanding that the accused would receive a light sentence.—So they thought, but, somehow a cog slipped.

The trial was held in the Sidney Odd Fellow's hall; there was a small platform at the rear of the room raised three steps above the floor. An ordinary table stood against the rear wall with a common chair at left and near the steps, served as the judge's bench. Here Judge Gaslin sat when Magrand advanced to plead guilty

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of murder and receive his sentence. Quote from Judge Dillingham's brochure: "Magrand, a one eyed wicked looking 'cuss' stood in front of the judge with one foot on the lower step of the platform vigorously chewing on a large chunk of tobacco bulging his cheek. He stood menacingly eyeing the judge like a wild beast ready to spring upon its prey." end of quote.

Responding to the charge of committing murder he replied; Quote: "I plead guilty of committing murder in the second degree."

Judge Gaslin arose and standing with one hand on the back of the chair said; quote: "I hereby sentence you to be taken from here to the Penitentiary at Lincoln to be confined at hard labor for --(pausing, and with both hands on the back of the chair, he continued) -- "the remainder of your natural life." End of quote.

See Did Judge Gaslin show lack of courage in stepping back of the chair?

Just two hours later, the delayed witnesses arrived.

The penitentiary records show that, Quote:"Edward Magrand prisoner No. 377, entered December 22, 1878 and was pardoned July 4, 1891". In giving me the information, the record keeper said; Quote: "It was undoubtedly a holiday act". End of quote.

So ended the case of Edward Magrand and nothing was heard of him again. However it is well to ponder upon what those thirteen long years of confinement must have meant to the prisoner.

Conditions found in our State Penitentiary during that time were far different from that existing today. Attending a session of the Crete, Nebraska ^Chatauqua in

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July 1895, the writer heard Graham Taylor, founder of the Chicago Commons, a social settlement, and Dr. Holmes, his associate of Chicago, comment upon their inspection of the Lincoln Penitentiary on the previous day.

They found the prisoners confined in crowded foul smelling cells without screens or mosquito netting on the ~~one~~ single sash window ~~of the cells~~, the air swarming with flies, the floor and slab shaped bunk attached to the wall crawling with vermin. With tears in his eyes, Graham Taylor described the plight of one prisoner awaiting the date for his execution. Quote: "The poor fellow sat on the edge of his bunk fighting for his life with both hands to protect his face from the dense swarms of flies."

Mr. Magrand must have had an iron constitution to have survived thirteen years of such. We recall that Mr. Ackerson of Red Willow County, indicted for the murder of Mr. Scott in October 1878 and taken to the Penitentiary at Lincoln for safekeeping while awaiting his trial, died of pneumonia in February contracted within those cold gray stone walls.

Such was the deplorable condition found in our own penitentiary during that ~~the~~ period, which was probably no worse than in other institutions of the kind in our country. But due to the efforts of a national prison reform organization of which Graham Taylor and Dr. Holmes were active members, prison conditions have been modernized and humanized.

Emphasis is given ^{to} reforming the inmates, leading them to become decent law abiding citizens taking their rightful place in society.

One wonders whether Judge Gaslin was aware of the real conditions found in the institution during that early period.

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With such a man as Judge Gaslin on the bench every citizen of the district felt secure in his rights and possessions. Upon that he could depend whatever happened. In many ways he was a unique character, informally clad and unpretentious in manner he was just one of the common people, and they all liked him. Many amusing incidents are told in which the judge figured. In the early eighteen-nineties, a lady from Kearney, Nebraska told her friends upon returning from a trip to Europe that she saw Judge Gaslin sitting on the corner of a leading Paris thoroughfare one day at noon eating a lunch of cheese and crackers. A colorful figure of frontier days, he was a man of ability, character and purpose devoted to his profession.

FATHER AMOS DRESSER

At this point it is well to observe another strong character who stood in the background of frontier development in Pawnee-Buffalo Land. Father Dresser came as a missionary in 1878 and located at Red Willow taking charge of the Congregational Church there and ~~the one~~ at Indianola. He also held services at the Driftwood settlement and elsewhere in schoolhouses or at ranches as opportunity offered. The following year he and Mrs. Dresser moved to Indianola, living in the little cottonwood schoolhouse, the school having moved to a larger building.

He was a graduate of Lane Seminary founded by Lyman Beecher at Cincinnati, Ohio. Here with Henry Ward Beecher, two other sons of Lyman Beecher and Horace Bushnell, he received his early training. In those early days the elder Lyman Beecher was the entire institution,

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president, business manager and sole instructor. It was often necessary for him to be away soliciting funds to meet expenses. During his absence this small group of boys carried on, taking turns conducting classes, doing chores, cutting timber and 'buck-sawing' wood. Amos Dresser often told how he propped his Latin grammar on a forked stick and memorized the verb -'amo, amas, amat, amamas, amatis, amant' keeping time with the rasping saw-blade strokes.

Completing his course at Lane Seminary, he entered Oberlin College where he finished his preparation for the ministry. After ordination he preached for a while during which an admiring Irish parishoner gave him the appellation, "Father Dresser", a title which he retained. Marrying a trained medical missionary, whom he met at Oberlin, he and Mrs. Dresser embarked to carry the gospel to Jamaica natives.

A few years later we find him in Georgia and South Carolina spreading the Lloyd Garrison gospel against slavery, persisting till driven out by repeated mob violence, ^{once being given 20 lashes across his bare back.} This served only to increase his ardor. Returning north he engaged in the John Brown 'underground railroad' activities, liberating slaves. The route led through Brownville and Nebraska City, Nebraska, thence across the Missouri to Tabor, Iowa, and on to Canada at which stations escapees were hidden in caves during daylight to be carried to the next station at night. The original John Brown cabin and connecting cave at Nebraska City remain as historic landmarks of that stirring period.

Following this activity, Father Dresser settled at Camp Creek just south of Nebraska City where he spent

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several years organizing Congregational churches in that section.

His recognized ability led Professor Fairchild of Doane College to employ him as field secretary soliciting funds and procuring students. Following this he came to Red Willow County as above noted.

Always a crusader of righteousness he fearlessly denounced evil wherever he found it. A typical example of which occurred in connection with his work at Indianola in 1880, reveals the sincerity of his purpose. It was at a union sunday school picnic held in a grove four miles north of town. Two hayracks filled with children and decorated with banners led the procession on a pleasant fall morning. There was a programme followed with the usual picnic dinner. Rope swings suspended from tall trees and a 'flying Dutchman swing' pivoted on a post and such furnished amusement and everyone had an enjoyable time.

At that time Indianola was the terminus of the Burlington extension leading up the Republican valley and the shipping point at which large herds of range cattle from Texas, Colorado, Kansas and our Sandhill region were loaded for shipment to eastern markets.

A Texas outfit of six or eight cowhands had finished prodding their herd of 'longhorns' aboard and were enjoying the freedom of the town for a day. Hearing of the picnic they rode out early in the afternoon, mingled with the crowd and were apparently enjoying themselves. In time one or two of them became a little boisterous and the scent of liquor was noticeable on them. Although nothing disorderly had yet occurred, it was thought best to close the affair about four P. M. The two hayracks of

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children led the way homeward while the mounted cowboys rushed onward ahead putting on a display of horsemanship and roping as they galloped toward town, then circled back around the hayracks filled with children letting out hideous yells and cutting loose with their limbered 'sixes' over the leading hayrack whose driver had difficulty in preventing a runaway. In the melee of their departing dash to town a younger member of the gang was thrown from his pony and broke his neck.

Their boss arranged for the funeral to be held next day in the Methodist Church building with Father Dresser to preach the sermon. The boss and cowboys all attended. In characteristic manner Father Dresser strongly denounced the evils of liquor as the cause of the youth's fatal mishap.

At the close of the service the Cow Boss arose saying that he wished to say a few words in behalf of the departed. That he was a fine young man of good character from a highly respected family in Illinois whom he had known for many years, and that the boys had not been drinking; he then sat down.

To which Father Dresser simply replied: Quote; "The boys were pretty jovial! pretty jovial! ". The service then ended with a hymn by the choir. A sad event and a trying situation, it made a lasting impression upon all.

From Indianola Father Dresser moved to Franklin, Nebraska where he led in organizing Franklin Academy. In soliciting funds for which he often accepted the gift of a calf, colt or pig the proceeds from later sale to be sent to the school. With this completed he returned to

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his former home at Camp Creek near his old friend, George F. Lee, who later bequeathed his estate to Doane College for the construction of Lee Memorial Chapel. He continued serving the churches in that section til he retired, keeping up his daily practice of reading a chapter from his Hebrew Bible. An issue of The Nebraska Congregational News published in 1890 by H. A. French shows a picture of the bald white haired veteran sitting under an apple tree in his yard with an open Hebrew Bible on his lap. He received well earned recognition by being chosen moderator for the Congregational State Conference held at Crete, Nebraska in 1887.

Father Dresser passed his last days at the home of his son, Finney Dresser, at Lawrence, Kansas where his body rests; "But his soul goes marching on." Ever kind and sympathetic, yet fearless in his denunciation of evil as was the Prophet for whom he was named, was Father Amos Dresser, a modern Minor Prophet.

VOICES IN THE WILDERNESS

It is to such men as Judge William Gaslin and Father Amos Dresser that our State and Nation are indebted. They led the way in establishing the underlying principles upon which our higher order of civilization is built, breaking the ground and laying the foundation.

RAPID DEVELOPMENT IN 1880 - 1882.

The period of 1880 to 1882 was one of unusually rapid development in our upper Republican Valley. The arrival of the Burlington Railroad upon the scene gave courage to those early venturers struggling to solve the many problems facing them in the untamed frontier. They

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were removed from contact with the outside world in a region that had been shunned by all travellers and explorers as: "Unfit for human habitation, suited only for Indians and buffaloes."; described on all maps of the time with one word, "Desert." The Union Pacific Railroad had passed by on the Platte ninety miles north and the Santa Fe one hundred or more miles on the south following the Smoky Hill River route reaching on to Denver.

With the railroad at hand the people no longer felt isolated from the world. It assured them of a dependable transportation system, giving them an outlet to eastern markets which meant greater demands and better prices for the products of their fields and herds. It also meant reduced transportation costs on manufactured products shipped from the east upon which they depended. More money would be in circulation, better times were in prospect.

The country took on new life, more people came in, business of all kinds picked up. We were now a part of the real pusing world enjoying the privileges of modern civilization with up to date travelling and communication facilities including telegraph and improved mail service. It was more like real living, as father often remarked; "This country never would have amounted to anything if it hadn't been for the railroad."

TRAIN SERVICE BEGINS.

With track laying completed, a depot built and a turn-table in place the first train arrived April 20, 1880. It was a mixed train with a combination mail-baggage car followed by one or two passenger cars and a few freight

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cars with a caboose in rear; later when traffic had increased, separate passenger and freight trains were run. In those days nearly everyone in town rushed down to the depot when the train came in.

Moody Starbuck, an older brother of Ike Starbuck, was railway mail clerk. He was a capable man holding an enviable position paying \$100. or more a month which was 'big money' in those days. Like the conductor, Mr. Starbuck wore a trim blue suit with shiny gold plated buttons on front and tail of coat and a neat cap with gold braid which made a great impression upon admiring youngsters pondering whether they would prefer to ^{be} mail clerk, conductor or engineer. We now enjoyed the privilege of daily mail service. The Government also established a Star Route service west from Indianola through Culbertson and another north through Stockville to North Platte.

A BIG BUILDING BOOM.

A building boom was under way, more business places were going up in the Main Street section, also a number of new residences. Lumber and other building materials together with coal were now available at lower prices; the sound of hammer and saw were heard on all sides. The Burlington led the way erecting a large two story hotel on the corner of Main Street and Fourth Avenue, the Blakeslee House, with Mr. Blakeslee as manager, later named the Commercial Hotel.

Capable business men arrived; V. Franklin opened a general store. Mr. James W. Dolan from Exeter, Nebraska established the Bank of Red Willow County with a capital of \$25,000., John J. Lampburn, cashier. It was the first bank in Red Willow County and the country west, and was

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later re-organized as the First National Bank under the same management with increased capital. Mr. Dolan also established a ranch two miles west of town where he and Mrs. Dolan reared their family of several children.

Known for his ability and judgement he was elected to represent Red Willow and adjoining counties in the Legislature as State Senator, ^{he} and served for several years, and was regarded as Red Willow County's first citizen.

SAINT CATHERINE'S CHURCH.

Mr. Dolan was the prime mover in organizing the Catholic Church of Indianola early in 1880 and erecting a suitable church building. After removing to California some forty years later, he gave the church the funds with which to construct their ^{present} ~~splendid~~ church edifice and rectory. A noble structure, St. Catherine's Church stands at the edge of a beautiful grove on Hyway '6' four blocks west of Main Street, a monument to the memory of a devoted christian citizen.

Among other businesses entering was the Palmer and Way Company of Lincoln which opened a hardware store with M. J. Maiken as manager. Henry Baxter opened a tobacco store and cigar factory. Andy Goddard started a dairy business at the south edge of town. Mr. Hamilton set up a harness shop.

Henry Crabtree and Ben Sibbitt, experienced brick makers, from Polk County, Iowa established a brickyard on Coon Creek at the west edge of town where there was suitable clay. The material was ground through a horsepower 'gum' moulded by hand and the bricks laid out in the sun to dry then piled in kiln formations where they were fired with wood for several days til ready for use. They

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turned out a good product for which there was ready demand. The new courthouse built in 1881, Henry Baxter's store, Palmer & Way's new hardware store, a Masonic hall and other buildings together with several residences were of that material.

Two Quigley brothers, 'Free' and Taylor Quigley, homesteaders living a few miles north, now moved to town and set up in business. "Free", a shoemaker by trade, opened a much needed shoe shop, while Taylor opened a saloon alongside the Stewig Hotel. Both were considered peaceful citizens and did a good amount of business.

One day Taylor who was a large rotund man, objected to the behavior of a rowdyish fellow who drew a knife and slashed Taylor across the abdomen as Taylor attempted to expel him. The gaping wound several inches long bled some but did not penetrate through the deep layer of flesh underlying the skin ~~and was not of a fatal nature~~. The doctor stitched it together and Taylor recovered within a few weeks. The offender was arrested and held under bail for a while but was not brought to trial as he had no property or other means, so why bother about holding a fruitless trial. The fellow was set free with instructions to 'vamoose' and promptly complied. Taylor went out of the saloon business the next year.

The only fatality that occurred in the locality during frontier days besides the shooting of Mr. Scott on the Red Willow, was that of the cowboy thrown and killed in returning from the Sunday school picnic. Both Quigley brothers joined the rush to Oklahoma when that Indian territory was thrown open for settlers in 1889. 1889

OUR FIRST NEWSPAPER.

Red Willow County's first news-paper, the Indianola

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Courier, appeared in 1880 with George Bishop editor and Publisher. He was a Shaw family relative from Iowa where he had practiced law and acquired newspaper experience. Mr. Bishop started his publication in the old courthouse where he continued for a year or two till he built a printshop and residence a block north.

Scott and McKim established a drug-store. Mr. Scott was a Civil War veteran who had lost one leg in battle. He became interested in bone and fossil remains of prehistoric animals found in canyon banks in nearby localities and arranged a large showcase of such in his store, a most interesting display. Doctor Wilbur of our State University, another veteran who had lost a leg in the war, came out and gave an interesting lecture on the prehistoric animals that had roamed the plains. He spoke in the courthouse one evening and dad attended.

A BRASS BAND ORGANIZED.

In 1880 the first musical organization of the kind in that part of Nebraska, the Indianola Coronet Band, appeared upon the scene. Making its debut in up to date style it commanded great attention wearing gray broadcloth suits with heavily padded swallow tail coats having a double row of large brass buttons down the front and a pair of such on coat-tail flaps; a nifty visor cap with a wide band of gold braid crowned the head of the beaming musician proudly tooting his shiny instrument. It cut a wide swath parading down the street and commanded great attention.

Martin Anderson was the prime mover in forming the organization with the assistance of George Sheppard, our local jeweler, an experienced band director. George

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been trained for
was an enthusiastic band man who had ~~seen~~ service in the
He was an honor student in St. George's school of Music also.
British cavalry ~~where he conducted a band.~~ They soon
whipped a creditable organization into shape. Mr. Shep-
pard could play any musical instrument made and, like
Sousa, could teach almost anyone how. If a fellow was
not playing his part to suit him, George would grab the
instrument and show him how, punctuating his instructions
with terms that the blunderer would not soon forget.
A man of musical ability who commanded respect, he pro-
duced results. Each man provided his own instrument,
excepting that the bass drum was furnished by the band.
Business men paid for the uniforms.

A BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER.

There was increasing need for a bridge across the
Republican at Indianola where the stream was one hundred
and fifty or more yards wide. An agreement for its con-
struction was made by the Lincoln Land Company, the Bur-
lington Railroad and Red Willow County south of town at a
cost of \$3,000. of which the county agreed to pay half by
issuing \$1500. in bonds. Construction started in the fall
but was only partially completed when the big flood of
February 1881 swept it out, so the Lincoln Land Company
and the Railroad had to stand the cost of rebuilding.

DAD ENLARGES HIS GARDENING.

As the town increased in population, there was
greater demand for vegetables, dad turned his attention to
raising garden and other horticultural products. He grew
various kinds of vegetables and fruits including berries,
grapes and larger fruits especially those found growing
wild in the region, endeavoring to find varieties best

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suited to climatic conditions.

Father had experience in such on grandfather's Kentucky farm where they raised vegetables and fruits to supply grandfather's dairy route customers in Maysville. There he also learned a great deal about soils, contour farming and the need of preventing gully forming, all of which was necessary for successful cultivation on the rocky thin soiled hills of the Ohio River.

Farmers of those days knew enough to plow furrows around hills and slopes instead of up and down as some self styled 'farm experts' of today would have one think. Experienced farmers are found only upon the farms and in State agricultural schools where they learn from practical experience. So dad turned his attention to horticulture increasing his acreage there while maintaining his farming and cattle raising in the effort to secure a broader base of diversification necessary for success in a semi-arid region, and it paid.

CATTLE BY HERDS AND TRAIN LOADS.

Beginning in September cattle shipping continued through the fall. Day and night cattle driven in on the Chisholm Trail were prodded aboard cars for eastern markets. From the Nebraska sand-hills, Colorado, Texas and western Kansas they came. During the years when Indianola was the Burlington railroad terminus it was the chief shipping point and trade center for a large area and was designated as such with it's name printed in heavy type on all maps of the time. It was a typical 'cow town'. From our place a mile away we could hear the bawling of cattle and shouts of cow hands as they prodded the long-horns up the chutes onto the trains day and night.

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Occasionally a stubborn animal would escape and charge through town and away. As we were seated at breakfast one morning, a big Texas long horn came charging up the road and stopped at our place taking his stand stop our dugout just south of the house. He remained there defiantly shaking his wide reaching horns whenever anyone stepped outside the house, refusing to budge from his vantage point. Range cattle have no fear or respect for anyone on foot, so dad slipped out of the door on the north side of the house and made his way to the stable. Mounted on horseback and armed with a pitchfork he drove the beast away.

OUR FIRST POLITICAL RALLY.

Since a National election was coming up in 1880 considerable interest now developed in candidates and issues. More attention was given than in 1876 when the small groups of scattered settlers were occupied with local problems together with the losses from repeated grasshopper devastation and searing droughts. They were in no mood to bother about politics and paid little attention to the prolonged squabble over the disputed question as to whether Rutherford B. Hayes, the Republican candidate, or his Democratic Opponent was duly elected as President.

But now, with satisfactory crop returns and generally improved conditions they revived their interest in public affairs both state and national. So the republican organization in Lincoln arranged for a big rally to be held at Indianola in September. James W. Dawes of the Dawes and Foss law firm at Crete, Nebraska and brother of Charles W. Dawes who later became Vice President, was

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selected as orator of the day. A tall Garfield flag pole was set at the center of the town from which the stars and stripes were to float in the breeze. A decorated speakers stand was arranged atop the new hotel veranda overlooking the central street intersection.

With all set and a large assemblage at hand, the parade proceeded down Main Street headed by the Indianola Coronet Band followed by a sizeable number of Civil War veterans and other groups ~~in order~~, after which Mr. Dawes delivered a rousing address sparkling with patriotic appeal and praise for the republican presidential candidate, general James A. Garfield, and Chester A. Arthur, running for vice-president. His speech was spiced with sallies of wit and barbed thrusts against the opposing democratic opponent, Grover Cleveland. His bursts of eloquence were greeted with the usual applause and shouts from enthusiastic listeners.

The event was lauded as a great success by the Indianola Courier and the Lincoln Daily Journal.

COWBOYS TAKE OVER.

Whether unfortunately or not, there were but few cowboys on hand to participate in the grand rally. However a day or two later a bunch of red-blooded Texans with a large herd of 'long-horns' arrived. Hearing about the big political event they decided to put on a celebration of their own in a style more suited to their own ideas. After loading their cattle, they took over the town and declared a general holiday banning all traffic on Main Street as undesirable and unhealthy, they cut loose in proper style giving exhibitions of roping and marksmanship, using business signs as targets and the street as a racetrack.

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When the colored cook of the Stewig Hotel attempted to dodge across the street he barely escaped being yanked off his feet and dragged on the ground by a descending lasso. Fortunately he had been in Texas and knew the trick of warding off the noose by throwing up his arms, else there might have been a casualty.

They wound up the day by roping and pulling down the top section of the flagpole ~~and~~ ^{with} flag attached and with this trailing they headed west for Culbertson. Meeting the mail carrier a few miles out they shot his buggy top full of holes, the carrier escaping by ducking under the seat.

Nothing was done about the infraction, however. It was just a typical 'cow-town' celebration.

THE COWBOY.
(1880)

Down from the hills, a rollicking throng

Firm set in saddle with shout and song,
Clatter-ty, clatter-ty, clatter-ty, clatter,
In rain or shine it does not matter.

Whoo-ooop, whoo-opp, whoo-ooop, ky-yi!

The cowboy troupe comes rollicking by,
Clatter-ty, clatter-ty, -- Zip, zip, - Bang-bang!
Who cares a rap, who gives a hang!

Over their heads their lassos twirl,
In and out their ponies whirl,
Clatter-ty, clatter-ty, ---get out of the way!
If you would live another day!

Out on the trail they swing along,
Their eyes alert, their sinews strong,
Clatter-ty, clatter-ty, --hip! Hip! Hooray!
In clouds of dust they fade away.

----- *W.H. Hotze*

INTO PAWNEE-BUFFALO LAND

W. H. Hotze

THE WINTER OF 1880-1881

The winter of 1880-81 was considered the severest one experienced in western Nebraska since the memorable year of 1855-56. It began with a severe sleet and snow storm in early November which blanketed the ground with an inch of ice upon which descended about two feet of heavy snow; temperatures dropped to 38 degrees below zero by father's registered thermometer. Low temperatures continued with the grass so tightly plastered to the ground that it was all but impossible for cattle to dig through the snow and ice and obtain grass necessary for survival. Horses, having stronger hoofs were better able to dig through and suffered less.

In their struggle to survive cattle devoured the willow growth fringing the banks of the Republican and the lower Red Willow, also the twigs and small branches from tree tops and lower branches of elm, cottonwood, hackberry and even the bitter tasting ash trees and brush found along streams, and peeled the bark from saplings.

As cold weather continued and snow increased in depth, cattle succumbed in increasing numbers leaving only small staggering remnants of the once large herds when spring returned. Carcasses littering the range country, lay in yards and along roads. While the average annual loss of range animals subsisting on natural forage without winter feeding was usually only about ten percent, not more than ten percent survived the rigorous winter of 1880-81. It was a calamitous loss from which many ranchers were not able to recover. Some disposed of their sadly depleted herds and quit.

Homesteaders with small herds who practiced

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mixed-farming, putting up wild hay and cutting cornfodder for winter feeding, were able to pull their cattle through without loss.

Dad bought a few head from a rancher on the Red Willow at from six to ten dollars per head. Among them was a large voracious red cow that we named Rose; she persisted in her acquired habit of eating the tops and lower branches of small trees in preference to feeding on grass.

THE RIVER FREEZES SOLID

Low temperatures persisted freezing the shallow Republican solid to its bottom excepting in the narrow swift main channel; this held through December and into January when a warm spell set in melting the snow sufficiently to send a four foot stream of water over the solid frozen river. Then cold weather shut down freezing a ten inch layer of ice on top the broad flooding stream.

Low temperatures continued till spring arrived with repeated heavy rainfall flooding the valley and breaking up the ice. A big ice jam formed opposite the mouth of the Red Willow backing the water upstream for several miles. When the jam broke a huge head of water and ice swept down the valley several feet deep shearing off the piling of the partially finished bridge at Indianola and sweeping the structure along with it; the same happened to other bridges down river to Red Cloud. (Fortunately for Red Willow County the bridge was not yet completed so the Lincoln Land Company and Burlington Railroad had to rebuild it.)

VIVID RECOLLECTIONS.

I have a vivid recollection of that terrible winter,

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as I took pneumonia from wading through the deep slushy snow during the spring thaw in going to school for there were no rubbers those days to protect ones feet from getting wet. I had to remain in bed for three weeks and suffered the agony of enduring a hot mustard plaster on my chest one day for a specified number of minutes during which I anxiously watched the clock.

It is doubtful that Nebraska has since had a more severe winter than the one of 1880-81.

~~TORNADO~~
A ~~CYCLONE~~ STRIKES.

Cutting through south of the river on May 9, 1881, a ~~cyclone~~ ^{Tornado} carried Mr. Lafferty's newly built house off its foundation demolishing it and killing Mr. Lafferty. His wife and two small children escaped to the cellar but he was caught and carried away with the house. It was the first death that had occurred among the settlers since Mr. Windhurst's son drowned in 1875.

IKE STARBUCK VISITS CULBERTSON.

A near fatality had taken place one day when Ike Starbuck made a trip to Culbertson located on the Chisholm Trail 30 miles west. At that time the place was a rip-roaring frontier border 'cow town' far outdoing eith Stockville or Indianola as such.

Ike was seated at a table where the stakes were piling high when one of the players was detected cheating; the accused pulled his gun and siezed the 'swag'; Ike also reached for his gun but the fellow plugged him through the right hand before he could reach it. Not to be daunted, Ike grasped his shooting iron with his left hand and started blazing away, chasing the thief out doors and firing

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away as the fellow started running when a slug from the fellows gun struck Ike in the forehead but he kept shooting til the fellow disappeared round the corner.

Ike collapsed and 'passed out' with his hand bleeding and blood streaming down his face. They carried him inside and laid him on a bench thinking that the slug had penetrated his craneum and he was breathing his last. But Ike revived and sat up within a few minutes. Closer examination revealed that the slug had glanced off his skull and turned at a sharp angle before bouncing away. The wound healed readily leaving a scar at the base of the hairline shaped like a figure 7. Within a few days our 'Ike' was about again as active and gritty as ever. Thereafter he wore his hat tipped forward a little to hide the scar.

Please let it be known that the Culbertson incident occurred some time before Ike married a capable highly respected young lady and settled down confining himself to his law practice ^{and a ranch} in which he was highly successful as he was in whatever else he undertook. Withal he proved to be a good citizen, highly respected who paid little attention to politics and never ran for office.

FRONTIER DAY LITERATURE.

In the early 'seventies' and 'eighties' there were no public libraries in small towns and few homes possessed more than a Bible and one or two other books such as Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress, Uncle Tom's Cabin or Robinson Crusoe. We chanced to have a copy of the latter which mother chose from a box of books sent out by some Sunday school in the east to our home missionary minister. There being no church building where they could be placed

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for general access the books were distributed among families having children. So mother selected a well worn copy of Robinson Crusoe and kept it til I was old enough to read.

The volume was printed in clear type on heavy gilt edged paper with beautiful full page colored scenes. I perused it with great interest and re-read it several times during childhood and youth; and read it again when I re-visited home in 1823, when it was all but fallen to pieces from repeated use, finding its story as interesting as ever. Such was not an unusual experience as I have discovered in talking with others who passed through those early days during childhood.

Excepting the Bible, the most widely distributed book was Hostetter's Almanac which was given away gratis at stores handling proprietary remedies. It was in a green cover with string attached so that it could be hung up for ready reference. Gotten up on about the same plan as the 'Farmer's Almanac' of our day with a full page description of 'The Signs of the Zodiac', monthly calendar and weather predictions for the full year etc. Scattered through its pages were anecdotes, cartoons with various jokes and amusing verses, making it a source of information and entertainment in those monotonous days that offered very little along that line.

Available also in early days were a few publications such as The Chatterbox published monthly for children or obtainable in bound volume at year end for \$1.00. Also was 'St. Nicholas' a monthly magazine for children and youth with a special Christmas number which was in great demand. Tilla and I usually received copies of these for Christmas.

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When I was nine years of age there came a welcome surprise; Mr. Hill gave me a carefully kept file of The Youths Companion for the previous three years which they had taken for George Hill who was a few years older than I. It was a most appreciated gift to one who had an avid appetite for ~~the~~ ^{its} marvellous stories, short sketches, a store of valuable information and other wholesome reading which this weekly paper contained. I feasted upon the contents of the three year accumulation and became a permanent subscriber until I left home for College, subscribing for it also for our daughter Harriet who enjoyed it during her youth. The Youths Companion was a wonderful publication performing a most valuable service in developing wholesome minded citizens.

READING WASHINGTON IRVING.

Having developed a taste for stimulating literature from perusing such writers as C. A. Stephens of the Youths Companion, I followed it by selections from Washington Irving found in our school reader such as The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Ichabod Crane. I read his Sketch Book and later bought Irving's Complete Works published by Bellamy's Magazine in an eight volume cloth bound edition for \$8.00 in monthly installments with a years subscription to the magazine included.

I enjoyed Irving's varied productions, narratives, descriptions and character portrayals found in his Tour of The Prairies, Astoria, Knickerbocker Papers, Salmagundi, The Alhambra and Life of Mahomet. Reading during school vacations or at odd hours while working on the farm, I kept a dictionary handy, for Irving selected his words with careful discrimination in order to express a distinct shade of meaning. It proved an interesting and valuable

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study, for his writings were a veritable gold mine of literary treasure. Such was worth while, for Washington Irving was a careful observer and ~~recognized~~ literary ability. He was credited with being 'America's first Literary Ambassador to Europe' having served as our ambassador to The Court of St. James and to Spain.

Others brought up under similar circumstances in frontier days improved their spare time similarly. (Mr. F. T. Owen of Cambridge, Nebraska whom I came to know at Doane College, said that he spent much of his time reading Chambers Encyclopedia of two dozen volumes from nearly cover to cover.) Our opportunities for recreation were limited and teachers advised us to improve our time by reading worth while books.

MUTATIONS.

As we have already noted the first white settlers in western Nebraska found an abundance of animal life existing in that section of the plains. It was composed of various species and kinds suited to surrounding conditions that had remained in stable balance for centuries. The Red Men caused little disturbance, killing only what they needed to supply their wants, ~~nor did they otherwise interfere by plowing trees and shrubs,~~ But the arrival of the white man equipped with plow and fire arms caused many changes.

Although the first settlers found many of the same animals along our western streams and fields with which they were familiar in the east they also came upon others that were peculiar to the west. Among those previously unknown were the buffalo, antelope, jack-rabbit, prairie

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dog, together with the tufted groise, sandhill crane, kill-deer, night hawk and others. But he missed his old friends of the east, the quail, robin, cardinal and squirrel. Even those that were common to both sections, had taken on a duller coat of fur or feathers more suited to western surroundings.

This the newcomer noted with a greater or less degree of disappointment. My mother felt the loss of those old familiar friends and often remarked: Quote: "We lived here seven years before I heard a quail whistle 'bob-white' and tears filled my eyes when I first hear~~it~~ it." The robin did not appear till the close of the century nor the cardinal till later. A red squirrel appeared hopping through our barn-yard in the late 'eighties'. Some of the native animals disappeared giving place to those coming in to take their place. The grouse moved westward and was replaced by the prairie-hen which in turn was replaced by the English pheasant, while the whooping-crane and others have about disappeared or have already gone to join the extinct 'dodo'.

So changes ever occur, the buffalo grass giving way to the cultivated field which in turn is followed by the 'dust bowl' and--~~f~~. As Herbert Spencer has said, Quote: "Life is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences."

BUFFALO BONES.

To supply the need for filtering material used in the process of manufacturing granulate sugar dried bones were ground up for use. So factories turned their attention to the vast quantities of buffalo bones scattered over the

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plains which could now be put to practical use, offering four dollars a ton for such delivered at railroad stations.

Alert for the opportunity to obtain a little needed cash the homesteader hauled them in by jags and loads. Long ricks of such soon lined the ^{main road} ~~track~~ awaiting shipment to St. Louis and other sugar manufacturing points. Occasionally an Indian skull or other skeletal part appeared among the piles. It was the settler's last chance to profit from the vast herds that once roamed the plains in countless numbers. So the last vestige of that noble animal, the buffalo, disappeared save perhaps a few 'buffalo chips' found handy for fuel on treeless uplands.

For countless centuries the American bison had supplied the wants of primitive peoples and served the uses of civilized man. The Indian and those before him had killed only to supply their actual needs. The hunter followed killing for only the hide or a small choice part of the animal, perhaps the tongue, leaving the rest to waste. Then came organized parties of 'sportsmen' who slaughtered with reckless disregard, all but obliterating that bovine species.

THE COREY EPISODE.

A harmless incident occurred in the winter of 1879 or thereabout that gives one a glimpse of what sometimes happened behind the scenes in frontier border days. Mr. Corey, a quiet middle aged gentleman of Scotch ancestry, came west for his health accompanied by his wife. They lived in a neat little house a few blocks from the town cross-roads, kept a horse, cow, a pig or two and a few chickens. Mr. Corey contented himself caring for these and tending his garden.

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In those days Indianola sometimes had a saloon and at other times it was a dry town, but that seemed to make little difference, for a man could find something to quench his thirst at livery barn or ⁱⁿ some back room. It was Mr. Corey's habit to go down town of afternoons, visit around in stores and drop into Dr. A. R. Hammond's drug store where he took a little nip from a bottle kept on a table in the back room on the self service basis.

One day a few others including John Welborn and George Cramer, were in the rear room and plied Mr. Corey with additional drinks till he felt so good that he started singing a Scotch ditty and taking a few dance steps. In attempting the Highland fling he bumped against the stove knocking down the stovepipe, filling the room with fumes and soot, then keeled over and 'passed out'.

Things were in a sorry mess but John took charge of the situation; he was not concerned about the condition of the room, but what to do with Mr. Corey! Assisted by George Cramer and others they loaded him into John's buggy and took him home. John went to the door and quietly explained the situation to Mrs. Corey.

"Mrs. Corey, your husband had a little spell down town and fell over on the floor."

"The doctor gave him a small dose of something and asked us to bring him home." "No, it is nothing serious; he is just shaken up a bit from the fall."

"We will bring him in and put him to bed as the doctor advised and he will be all right when he wakes up."

Mrs. Corey thanked them for their kindness in bringing Mr. Corey home, and everything came out all right.

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Proving to be a master of diplomacy on various occasions, John Welborn was elected sheriff of Red Willow County and held the office for many years.

THE BURLINGTON MOVES ON.

Having stopped two years at Indianola the Burlington now pushed on to Denver in order to accomplish its purpose of securing an outlet to the Pacific coast. As the road needed to establish a division center west of Red Cloud at which to overhaul equipment, change engines, crews etc., Indianola being just 100 miles west of ~~that~~ ^{Red} ~~Cloud~~ ^{point}, seemed to be the logical point for the purpose. However the company needed ~~to acquire~~ additional land for repair shops, roundhouse and trackage purposes. Attempting to purchase the necessary acreage they found that owners asked exorbitant prices thinking that the railroad had to buy in that vicinity, but the Burlington refused to be held up.

An agent of the company quietly bought a tract of ranch land in the valley twelve miles west. The owner's home had served as a postoffice for Driftwood settlers south of the river and a scattered few on the north. The postoffice was known as Fairview, just a handy place for the Star Route carrier to stop on his way to Culbertson eighteen miles farther west.

RAILROAD TOWN REPLACES PRAIRIE-DOG TOWN

The arrival of a surveying outfit staking out a townsite broke the news of what was taking place. This happened before the Indianola people awoke to the situation, too late for them to do anything about it. The name, Fairview, was changed to McCook in honor of General

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Alexander M. McCook, a union army Civil War officer.

As soon as road bed grading and tracklaying permitted, car loads of equipment and building material began to arrive. A depot, roundhouse, shops and other facilities for the accommodation of officials and employees were constructed, together with residences, stores and other business places extending up the hillside and above to the north, driving out the likewise surprised original occupants, the prairiedogs. Activity began May 20th, 1882 and by the middle of July about one hundred buildings were up and under construction, being occupied as soon as completed.

ACTION AT INDIANOLA.

The news of what was taking place caused a stir at Indianola also. Several business places moved to McCook including V. Franklin's store and George Scott's drug-store; Mr. Franklin later organizing a bank, ~~there~~. Some business buildings were moved and one or two resident houses. Of course it was a severe loss to the people of Indianola who realized too late that they had made a mistake, as frequently happened when greed dulls vision. Those who chose to remain saw the need of continuing their efforts to improve their town.

OUR GARDENING BUSINESS. *Expanded*

The shift of business activity from Indianola to McCook had no adverse effect upon our gardening ~~business~~. It meant only that the main market for our produce was about two hours driving distance farther away; this disadvantage was more than counter-balanced by the increased demand for fresh vegetables. In fact it gave us an additional market, a larger and better one only twelve miles

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distant in a thriving railroad town having a large number of railroad families with good steady monthly incomes who appreciated the privilege of obtaining first class products delivered fresh from the garden. Dad was alert to the opportunity increasing his gardening and making three trips a week to both towns.

We called at their doors announcing our products and inviting them to choose from an ample supply of well prepared varieties of seasonal vegetables. The trip to Indianola was easily completed by mid-forenoon, while the one to McCook took till mid-afternoon. Our load was usually disposed of there by noon and any surplus remaining was left at Mr. Franklin's store who was glad to have it for his trade. When noon arrived we put up the team used in drawing our platform spring wagon at the liverybarn for feed while we ate our meal at restaurant or hotel. In those days the Burlington's through trains to Denver and return stopped at the McCook depot hotel for dinner. When we first called upon the hotel, the manager came out and looked the load over; he was greatly surprized and pleased at being able to obtain such products fresh from the garden for his high class customers. He asked dad where we ate and what we paid for meals, saying: "You can eat with us at the same price". Of course we gladly accepted his invitation.

This increased gardening meant additional work in tending a larger acreage for vegetables while at the same time maintaining the necessary acreage for farm crops, likewise more work in picking sorting and arranging the products ~~to be sold~~, especially during the summer rush season when we made the six weekly trips to markets, during which time we hired extra help from those in town or nearby

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capable and glad for the opportunity. Among whom were the Dunning boys, Dick and John, who were most dependable. Dad made the trips to Indianola alone but I usually accompanied him to McCook and sometimes Tilla went. There was a train that left McCook at about one o'clock in the afternoon going east which I sometimes took in returning so as to have more time to help on the job of preparing next day's load.

We had from six to eight acres under garden cultivation. It was necessary to have successive plantings of peas, beans, sweetcorn and such arranged at proper intervals to produce a continuous supply ^{for} the market during the season. Dad made a careful study working out a system accordingly; always alert in selecting varieties best suited to conditions as well as developing methods of cultivation in order to obtain best results. There was practically no competition as we were able to place our products on the market about three weeks ahead of anyone else and so obtained top prices.

Father found the James Vick seed company of Rochester, New York and the Burpee Company most reliable as well as most progressive in developing desirable new varieties. He tried a Michigan firm but found that they made a practice of sending their left-over seeds of the previous season out west where they thought there was not enough moisture to sprout seeds anyhow, but the company must have discovered their error for they are still in business.

HORTICULTURE.

In addition to raising vegetables dad also gave his attention to other horticultural products including

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small fruits especially those found growing native in that section, with which we also supplied our trade. He also experimented with varieties imported from other sections of the country. Successful in this he later gave attention to raising larger fruits and entered into nursery business.

ACQUIRING ADDITIONAL LAND.

While this activity was progressing we still continued our mixed farming, planting about the same acreage to grain and feed crops as previously and keeping our small herd of cattle and a few horses. In addition to the 40 acres of land acquired on the south side of our homestead, dad filed timber-claim rights upon 40 acres on the east side. He also bought the Katy Dunning claim on the west and later the quarter-section on the north that had been owned in turn by Uncle Fred Hotze, Pony Rogers and John King, which gave us nearly a section of land. With this all fenced with barbed wire and separated into fields and pastures we were able to keep all of our cattle at home so that it was no longer necessary to let part of our herd out for keeping on Frank Fritch's ranch, ~~in Frontier County~~.

THE TIMBER-CLAIM PROBLEM.

Acquiring a timber-claim presented a difficult problem since the Government required that two and a half acres of the forty be planted to timber and kept growing for five years with a certain number of trees per acre living at the end of that period in order to complete proof and receive the deed. We first planted most of it to cottonwood seedlings found growing on river sandbars.

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The trees had to be planted at four foot intervals in rows four feet apart. They grew readily under careful cultivation for the first three years and then began to die for lack of moisture enough on the upland for cottonwood trees, leaving only a scattered few remaining, not enough at the end of five years to meet requirements. Upon reporting the situation dad received an extension of five years and tried again, planting native ash with a few elm in rows at four foot intervals with alternate rows planted with ash seed gathered from trees growing along the creek. The seed was properly planted but for some reason failed to sprout, but there were enough trees in the alternate rows so he was able to receive his deed.

Such was a typical experience in attempting to grow timber on upland without means of watering, as ash were about the only tree^s that would survive. However the ash made only stunted growth and after forty or more years yielded but a few gnarled grub eaten trees which ~~were~~ suitable for nothing but fence-posts or ~~split~~ firewood, so the timber claim plan was finally abandoned and owners ~~cleared the land for farming or pasture.~~

Although the Governments timber-claim plan for raising timber on semiarid upland had failed to produce results, the authorities at Washington took up the problem of semi-arid farming, setting up an experimental farm on ~~ten~~ ^{forty} acres just east of McCook in charge of a man who had some experience in an eastern state. He planted a few acres of corn plowing deep and tamping the bottom in attempting to hold accumulated moisture, ~~This process failed to solve the problem of surface evaporation which took place during the long mid-summer dry spell.~~ He also persisted in planting the standard varieties grown in the east

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which require a long growing season. He also failed to take into account the fact that there were varieties such as the Mexican or so called 'squaw corn', which have a smaller ear with but eight rows of kernels that matured in 90 days, six weeks earlier than the common varieties, thus avoiding the extreme high temperatures of mid-summer dry spells and the searing 'sirrocco' blasts belching out of the south.

The homesteader had already learned this by experience else he starved or had to return east to his 'wife's folks'. He also learned that the 'early Minnesota' eight row variety likewise matured six weeks earlier. He was on his own and had to produce his living from the soil through diversification of crops and a small herd of livestock. However the government employee lacked the impelling incentive as he received his pay checks from the Government regardless of results, for 'Uncle Sam' assumed the risk and absorbed the loss. Under his routine procedure he produced but a small crop returns in comparison with the experienced settler.

We had the opportunity to observe the government's experiments as we passed the place on our trips to McCook. The manager's wife was one of our regular vegetable customers. Within a few years the Government gave up its experiment station attempt and our State Agricultural College took over the problem of semi-arid farming already begun by the alert early settlers, studying soil and climatic conditions and adapting methods best suited to the region.

ANOTHER CATTLE PROBLEM.

In the fall, one year in the early 'eighties', the

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cattle business received another jolt that struck suddenly just after people had turned their cattle into the cornfields to feed on the dry stalks. Many animals succumbed suddenly without apparent cause, as a half-dozen of ours did within a couple of days. The most active and healthy ones fell victim regardless of age. They fell in the fields while feeding or in corral where they were driven for the night apparently as well and frisky as ever. It was a most puzzling situation.

Some attributed it to 'black-leg', others thought it was 'dry murrain' caused by eating too much dry corn-stalks with insufficient water for proper digestion. In our case the animals were driven in every night to where they had free access to water in creek and trough, ~~and~~ ~~seemed to drink freely.~~ Examination showed no clogging in the digestive tract. Others though it was due to eating smutty nubbins or smut affected stalks, but a farmer in western Iowa disproved the latter by penning a couple of steers feeding them nothing but smutty corn without bad results.

The situation was most discouraging to stock raisers on farm and range alike. Losses continued to some extent during succeeding years till a serum treatment for 'black leg' was produced. Many quit the cattle business or disposed of part of their herds; we kept our small herd however, although livestock prices were further reduced by a series of scanty crops. John Welborn had a sizeable herd in the hills north-east of Indianola which he managed to hold onto through that discouraging period regardless of hardship till normal prices returned, when John was once more a well to do man.

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THE REPUBLICAN RIVER.

On the shade sprinkled bank where the cottonwoods grow,

I paused for an hour to watch you flow,

And I heard the clear note of your water at play

In the sweltering heat of the mid-summer day.

Then I thought of the beast with the parching thirst

On the withering stretch with drought accursed,

And the famishing hunger of the human heart

In the lonely cabin on the plain apart,

And I wondered at the buoyant spirit you bear

In a land so bleak and full of care,

Of the thirst you've quenched and the help you ~~have~~ brought,

Of the strength you've given and the lesson taught

As day and night you course along

With courage undaunted and purpose strong.

Though the hot winds belch and the fierce sun grows,

For hundreds of miles the Republican flows.

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A TRIP TO CRETE, NEBRASKA

As already stated, father had experimented with various kinds and varieties of fruits in his attempt to find those best suited to our western part of the state. He had imported nursery stock from Ohio and Kentucky along with those grown in Iowa and eastern Nebraska. That propagated in our own state, appeared to be hardier and best suited to endure existing climatic conditions. Representatives of the Crete Nurseries and the York, Nebraska nurseries had called upon us at various times and Mr. E. F. Steplens, proprietor of the Crete Nurseries, invited dad to visit his nurseries ~~and see what was being accomplished.~~

So dad made the trip in September 1883 taking me with him. We spent two or three days with Mr. Stephens who showed us around over his extensive nurseries and orchards, explaining the methods and processes employed to obtain results. We were surprised to see his orchards laden with many varieties of fruits all in prime condition. Dad profited greatly from the experience and I drank it all in. While at Crete he also had the opportunity to obtain a start in growing Jersey-red sweet potatoes, a variety superior to the yellow kind. Crete was the home of 'Sweet-potato Johnson', who made a specialty of raising large quantities of that variety, so we took a basket of the jersey-reds back with us for seed. ~~Father felt well repaid for the trip.~~

While there I caught a glimpse of Doane College from the nursery. Merrill Hall, a splendid three story brick building, loomed atop a grass covered hill overlooking the Blue River Valley from the east with the 'stars and

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stripes' floating from a tall pole in front. Two nephews of Mr. Stephens living at the nursery returned after college sessions each afternoon carrying lunch pails and tennis racket^s. All of which made an impression upon a wondering youth;--how great it would be to attend a school like that! Little did I imagine that just ten years later it would be my privilege to enter Doane. It was a wonderful trip, ~~and~~ a milepost in the life of an eager youngster whose wishful dream came true. My sister, Tilla, also graduated at Doane, *in 1898*.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

At the center of a small town in the upper reaches of the Republican valley stands a landmark of frontier civilization. It is a graceful structure with large gothic front windows, a lofty sharp angle roof and graceful corner spire reaching skyward eighty feet. For over sixty years that building sheltered the first permanent religious organization founded in southwestern Nebraska, - the Congregational Church of Indianola.

Although it was the first church to hold religious services, it was the last of three to erect a building. On July 11, 1875, two years after the townsite was *laid* ~~laid~~ out and the county organized, a small group gathered in the original frame court house. They were the Edgar S. Hill and George H. Hunter families from Tabor, Iowa, the J. S. Shaw, Jessee Welborn, Charles A. Hotze families of Indianola and the Gilbert L. Nettleton family of the Driftwood settlement. It was the call to plant the banner of higher ideals on the frontier border. A church and sunday-school were organized to stand as a beacon light of faith throughout many trying years.

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Services were conducted in that 14 by 16 frame court house furnished with cottonwood slab benches, a small table and a few plain chairs lighted by a kerosene lamp and tallow candle till 1880. Then came the first newspaper, the Indianola Courier, to install its press and typesetting outfit in the courthouse and the little church moved across the street into Berger's Hall, an attic over Joe Berger's furniture store carpenter shop. Later the church moved to Shaw's Hall two blocks northeast, then to the town's first high school building erected in 1882.

At that time our minister was Rev. George Dungan who lived at McCook, holding services there and at Indianola on alternate Sundays. It was during his ministry that our church building was erected; credit for the undertaking belongs to Mrs. Dungan, his wife. While the need for a building had been discussed it was considered too great a responsibility for the little group to assume. However Mrs. Dungan refused to let the matter rest. She quietly arranged a dinner at the H. S. West home and sprang the proposition upon the group as a surprise.

She urged: "Now is the time to build."

"Yes, you can do it." And they did!

Mr. Robert H. Thomas, a member of the congregation, an experienced builder took the contract and put his best into it. Upon seeing the plans and specifications of such a creditable structure, business men readily assisted in the effort. The result was a building of which the whole town felt proud.

So in 1883, eight years after organization the hope for a church home was realized. The church increased in membership and became self supporting, employed a full

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time resident pastor and contributed generously to the support of Franklin Academy, one of four such institutions of our denomination in Nebraska, which were maintained as necessary to prepare students for entrance to college or university. The State University also was obliged to maintain a three year preparatory course as there were very few accredited high schools. The academies continued until about 1918.

The church was fortunate in securing high type ministers. A notable instance occurred in 1892 when the county seat contest between Indianola and McCook was in progress. Our minister, Rev. George Taylor, had been called to do general missionary work among the smaller churches of the state. Rev. Charles D. Gearhart of Illinois came to occupy the pulpit for two weeks as a candidate. Following the close of evening service on the second Sunday the executive committee of the trustees met to consider calling him. They were Marion Powell, a prominent business man, S. R. Smith, a leading attorney, and my father C. A. Hotze.

Again the inevitable financial question arose as it would require a larger salary to secure Mr. Gearhart than they had been paying, when Mr. Powell declared:

"We cannot afford to let that man go!"

"Did you hear his evening prayer?"

"I'll assume the responsibility of raising that extra \$200. I'll get it from the business men outside the church!" He did; and the outsiders came to church too.

Throughout the many trying frontier days and the years following, that church held firm. Later it began to feel the loss of many staunch members who had removed from Indianola. Then a fourth church entered, which proved too

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many for a town of that size as so often happens, and the church disbanded, turning the building over to the Congregational church association. The property was sold to the American Legion and the attractive structure still stands on Main Street serving a worthy purpose, ~~although minus its spire which was removed as a safety precaution.~~

Before proceeding farther we pause to insert the description of a typical frontier 'cow town' written in 1932 which was printed by the Curtis, Nebraska Enterprise and copied by several other weekly papers in that section. It also appeared in Nebraska History Magazine of December 1933.

STOCKVILLE.

Out of the Republican Valley and up over the rolling stretch to the north, a rutted trail has given place to a graded road. Passing over the divide it leads in more rapid descent between the jagged ^{branches} walls of twisting canyons. A sharp turn and steep decline plunges into the main street of an old town.

In the valley near where the Medicine flows, a group of weathered houses huddled against a hill, Stockville lies dreaming of the past. The same trees line the nearby stream, the same stores line one side of the street, the same houses back of the stores, the same little Congregational church and the same square frame court-house stand across the way. Some of the same people in the stores and houses on the slope above. Even Ambrose Shelley, old civil war veteran and original trapper settler of 1869 was there till he passed away in July, 1931. His log still stands intact. About the same number of people, less than two hundred - everything just as it was, ten, twenty, sixty or eighty years ago.

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Staked out by W. L. McClary and settled in 1871, Stockville was already there when Frontier County was organized by H. C. Clifford, the 'squaw man', and a group of fifteen other citizens, January 5, 1872. It was there when congress authorized a federal road, May 14, 1872 from Cottonwood Springs, passing south through Stockville to the mouth of Red Willow where two companies of troops were stationed for the summer. It was there when the 'post road' was established by congressional act of June 10th, extending from North Platte through Stockville to Hayes Center, Kansas.

It was there when the historic buffalo hunt took place between the Upper Medicine and the Red Willow in January, 1872, conducted by Col. W. F. Cody, our own 'Buffalo Bill', in honor of Grand Duke Alexis who came from Russia for the occasion. The Great Chief, Spotted Tail, and one hundred of his Sioux braves took part by invitation, while Ambrose ^{Shelley} and other local citizens also participated. To Stockville goes the honor of being the first frontier town in southwestern Nebraska.

^{from} Stockville is there today, the same roads leading in ~~the~~ north and south. The same distance from the railroad twenty miles south, as in 1881 when the Burlington main line pushed through ^{to} Denver. The same distance from the railroad twelve miles north as in 1886, when the Burlington 'high line' passed by. She dreams of the hostile Indian days, the 'heyday' cattle days when she was the center of the 'range', an open fan shaped range spreading north, east and west.

There was more 'hustle' then when the tramp of hoof, the swish of the lauriat, the clang of spur, the bark and zing of the 'six' was music to her ear. Large

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orders came for 'grub' and goods to stake the outfits through. Real money passed and liquor flowed the crowded bar. Sometimes a roisterous band rode through main street shooting right and left. Some signs were marred and a few windows broken at most. Nobody was killed, kidnapped or robbed. No shows or 'movies' then, so they put on a realistic thriller of their own for the public benefit. Never anything like what happened at Ogalalla when rival factions from ranches of the Platte region met one morning to shoot it out, and eight cowboys were laid outside by side on the depot platform by citizens, rolled up in their 'slickers' and buried with their boots on.

The town itself is much the same, but times and things have changed. The Indian, the buffalo, the beaver, the trapper, the hunter, the cowboy, the range cattle, the saloon have gone. Even the printing press is gone from the old Frontier County Faber Office, and the one bank has closed its doors. But every building is there just as it was, excepting a little more weathered and scarred, the old pioneers a little more withered and gray. The county seat too is there and Stockville clings to it with ever tightening grip against every attempt of rival town to tear it away.

To the east and south four miles one sentinel stands, the Dauchay Ranch, the last unyielding outpost of former days. Dauchay's Ranch alone remains of all that dotted the range north to the Platte, and west. But a remnant of its former self when teeming herds roamed 'free range' till spring or autumn roundup brought them in for count and mark of 'searing iron', some to be driven to the nearest shipping point and prodded on board for eastern market. Now restraining fences guard the shrunken

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herds with little need of cow-man's help, where forty or more cowhands were employed, but three or four attend. A dull drab life compared with what it was. The country around has changed. Tilled fields instead of buffalo grass -- farms instead of ranches; along the road move loads of grain instead of droves of cattle. Stockville and her rugged canyons alone remain unchanged.

Her sons grown to manhood have scattered far to east and west. Ruggedly she reared them, gladly she sent them forth inured to the harder tasks of life. More of her sons have made their way to college and university than have gone from any other place of equal size in all the west; two Arnolds, three Cheynes, three Halls, three Wards, three Williams, Woodring; Lindgren, Simons, Judge Van Pelt and many others. As every community has a character determined by the class of individuals that compose it, so Stockville has a distinctive character all her own and has stamped it upon her people.

Hidden in her canyon fortress untouched by the modern machine age, Stockville pursues her tranquil way. No rushing train intrudes nor shrieking whistle penetrates. The telephone has reached in; the auto plunging down has found her quiet nook; the droning plane has spied her nest, but primitive and picturesque she rests beside the narrow stream. As the eagle clings to secluded nest, so Stockville clings to her retreat near the cool gurgling springs of the Medicine. Here she retreats as the primitive Toltecs of the open plain retreated to this canyon fastness before the conquering Indian came, holding till forced to seek refuge in mountain strongholds west. Tradition says that here the Red Man came to quench his thirst and let the cooling waters revive his weary frame. He

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lingered here for many moons till full revived and spread the news among the tribes.

Her canyons, too, hold a secret. Scored deep in their gaping sides is a record of the pre-historic past. Fossil remains cropping out may prove the locality to be the home of primitive man. Anthropologists have marked it as one of the places where the secret of the ages may be disclosed. Explorations elsewhere failing to yield results, some day they may turn to delve in Stockville's canyons for the answer to their quest.

End of article on Stockville written in 1932. Recent explorations conducted by Nebraska Historical Society and the Smithsonian Institution of Washington D. C., have yielded a wealth of such information from sites excavated along the Medicine between Stockville and Cambridge. The above description of Stockville written in 1932, holds true to this day in May ¹⁹⁶¹1958. Stockville still remains unchanged.

THE SECOND DECADE.

The arrival of the Burlington railroad at Indianola and its extension to Denver two years later ended the ten year frontier period of settlement in Pawnee-Buffalo Land. As we have already observed, the upper Republican river region had remained isolated from the outside world till the latter 'seventies' when the Burlington being unable to obtain an outlet to the Pacific coast by way of the Platte or else-where, decided to extend its line up the Republican River valley.

What little was known about that country came from an occasional adventurer who had chanced to pass through on his way to the Rockies. Explorers had passed by on

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either side considering it "unfit for human habitation". Coronado had approached its northern border in 1541 and after taking a glance in that direction, ~~passed by~~ ^{turned away} in disgust. His quest was a "Qui Vera" of tangible wealth. The Mallet Brothers were the first explorers known to have penetrated its borders. Reaching the forks of the Platte on their way down that river in 1839 they turned south to inspect the region southward but returned within a few days. The next explorer to enter was General John C. Fremont, "The Pathfinder of The West", on his trip to the Pacific coast in 1843 through Kansas; he chose to pass up the Kansas River which brought him nearer the Nebraska border than would the regular route up "The Smoky River" which lay some distance south. Nearing the western border of Kansas, he made a side trip north into Nebraska crossing the Republican near the mouth of Driftwood creek and spent several days exploring the canyon cut upper Red Willow region. Here he found croppings of mica and vast herds of buffalo on their spring migration to the sand hills. Finding nothing of particular interest he returned to resume his course up the Kansas river to Denver.

It was a rugged country into which the first group of settlers had ventured to establish their homes, organize churches and schools and set up a government of civilized order. With such accomplished and progress made in developing a system of farming suited to a semi-arid region the future looked brighter since the danger of Indian raids had been removed and periodic grasshopper invasion appeared to be past. The things necessary for a highly civilized form of life were at hand together with many luxuries unknown during the first ten year of their

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experience. Those who had endured and paved the way were glad to welcome those who came to assist in further development.

Among those who came to assist were the Powell Brothers, Frank, Henry, and Marion Powell from Filmore County, Nebraska.

THE POWELL BROTHERS.

Frank and Henry came first; Frank purchasing the general store formerly established by C. S. Quick and Henry opening a meat market alongside. Then came Marion, the youngest, planning to take a homestead and look the business situation over. Mr. J. W. Dolan, who had known Marion at Exeter and esteemed his business ability, urged him to go into the livestock business at Indianola assuring him of whatever financial support that he might need. With this assurance Marion launched into the business of buying, shipping and feeding grain-fed cattle to eastern markets, co-operating with Frank and Henry. With Frank managing the store and Henry conducting the meat market, Marion took charge of outside business activities. Establishing a feed yard just north of town, he was the first man in that part of Nebraska to ship finished cattle to market and put the 'first piece of finished beef' on the butcher's block. Previously only grass fed beef had been known in that region where round steak sold at three pounds for a quarter. People welcomed the luxury of the more toothsome product which had to sell at a higher price.

With Frank and Henry operating a first class general store and meat shop and energetic Marion rustling business on the outside, Indianola became an advantageous

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place in which to trade. (In conversation with Mr. Dolan years later he expressed the opinion that, quote: "Marion Powell was the best business man that ever came to Indianola.")

In the latter 'nineties' Powell Brothers sold their business interests at Indianola, Marion moving to the Beaver Creek Valley west of Danbury where he conducted an extensive ranch in partnership with Martin Nelson. They built a large capacity alfalfa mill, sent large shipments of cattle, sheep and hogs to Denver and east. Often as many as 5,000 sheep filled their yards, a world record.

In partnership with his brother, Frank, Marion owned stock farms at Lebanon, Nebraska, and Cedar Bluffs, Kansas, also at Danbury, Hendley and Saltillow (near Lincoln) Nebraska and was known as one of Nebraska's leading live stock men.

He ~~also~~ laid out the town site of Marion just west of Danbury in 1901, receiving wide newspaper publicity for organizing a town with deed contract restrictions prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor or gambling. In case of such violation, the property would revert to the original owner. At that time it was the only town in the United States with such restrictive provisions.

Like J. W. Dolan, his sponsor, Mr. Powell was not content with mere material achievement, but applied his talent also in the advancement of the church and the highest welfare of the community; they were men of superior qualities whose spirit and works survive. Frank and Marion finally retired from business and moved to Lincoln.

OTHER BUSINESS MEN ARRIVE.

Arriving also was William McCartney, a young man *in*

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his early 'twenties' from St. Louis, Missouri, where his father conducted a large general merchandising business. With his father's backing Bill erected a large two story brick building with basement on the south-west corner of Main Street and Fourth Avenue. The upper story of which was for public hall and operatic purposes, a welcome innovation. His father also sent out Mr. Leavenworth, one of his experienced clerks, to assist in setting up a fully stocked store and in managing the business. They succeeded in attracting a fair share of business. Bill ~~also~~ built a neat brick residence two blocks west where he and his young wife set up housekeeping.

Then came the Palmer & Way Hardware Company of Lincoln, Nebraska, who had previously opened a hardware store on the east side of the street under management of J. G. Maiken. They now erected a substantial brick building on the south-west corner of the square where they installed a complete stock of hardware and implements. Their Indianola store was one of several operated by the Way Company in western Nebraska and was larger than their central store in Lincoln. Mr. Palmer came out to manage it. He was a large well proportioned man with a flowing beard and regular features, a rather free talker with an expensive attitude and cut quite a figure in affairs. In fact he was one of the leading converts at a church revival, confessed his misdeeds and resolved to correct his ways. Withal he was a good hearted man and generally well accepted.

Along came two Harrison Brothers, Dan and Joe to open a mens clothing store on Main street. They were congenial public spirited men with mercantile experience who built up a good trade and remained many years in

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business. After a time, Joe sold his clothing interests to Dan, the older brother, purchased a tract just west of town and went into the cattle breeding business. He was successful in producing high class thoroughbred stock for which he became widely known. Soon after Joe started in the cattle business, a younger brother, John, arrived from the old home in Ireland. He was an alert middle teen-ager who soon made a raft of friends. He, too, liked livestock and engaged in buying and trading in which he continued for many years.

Deciding to rejoin his father in St. Louis, Wm. McCartney sold his store and merchandise to Beardslee and Stelle, brothers-in-law from Illinois and his residence to Dan Harrison. Mr. Beardslee conducted the mercantile business while Mr. Stelle took charge of the grocery section and produce trade. They and their families contributed much to the community welfare.

Before passing on it would be well to mention Mr. Charles D. Cramer, a well to do realty man, who assisted in the town's development building a substantial brick residence atop the hill north. Harlow W. Keyes, a man of high integrity and legal ability, exerted a strong influence in shaping a high character standard for the community.

Also came Dr. Wm. D. Machechnie soon after his graduation from the ~~Chreighton~~ ^{Mc Gill} Medical School to begin his medical practice at Indianola. A well built attractive and congenial young man, ~~he built up~~ ^{he developed} an extensive practice reaching over a wide territory to which he devoted his untiring efforts for the remainder of his life over the period of half a century. He married Miss Lillie Welborn whose two daughters survive ~~them~~.

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There were other Indianola people worthy of mention but time presses. However there was one family that cannot be passed by without depriving our picture of considerable local color.

THE SHORT FAMILY.

^{id}
~~There~~ was the Short family who came from somewhere east just before the railroad arrived. With them were two sons, George, the oldest ~~son~~ was of mature age and Bill, the youngest, a teen ager. Their other son John ^{was} circulating among the ranchers on the southwest Mexican border appeared a few years later. The Shorts built a substantial home in the northeast part of town. Mr. Short kept a spirited well groomed driving team and a saddle horse or two. Although considered well to do he sometimes drove a business man to adjoining town.

George Short was of the quiet steady type while Bill and John were more aggressive; the latter bordering on the wild. Bill was a well proportioned six footer of agile frame and regular features adorned with a black 'handle bar' mustache. Choosing to take on the cowboy type and fully looked ^{ing} ~~ed~~ the part whether striding along street with swinging arms, a ten gallon hat atop, a heavy six-shooter secured by well filled cartridge belt at mid-section and jangling spurs at boot-heels, or gracefully seated in Texas style saddle astride a sleek spirited mount with flowing mane and tail, ~~he fully looked the part.~~

Bill did not suddenly burst out full bloom as such but gradually assumed the graces of that knightly figure, the traditional cowboy. Withal he was well disposed in attitude and of good behavior. His parents were fine people and were inclined to overlook his caprice

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allowing him full rein and he carefully avoided betraying their trust. As the youngest of the family he seemed to be still under his mother's tutelage for whatever Bill did ~~she~~ ^{he} strongly defended. So the locality came to accept Bill Short as he was regardless of his expansive behavior.

As yet he had not extended the field of his activities beyond the local scope with which he seemed to feel very satisfied. But, one thing began to weigh upon the spirit of our aspiring young man, none of the acceptable ladies of the community appeared to encourage his proffered attentions. However there was a personable young lady in Danbury a distance of two hours canter south whom he had chanced to observe on some occasion that seemed to suit his ideas, Kitty Shackelton, the daughter of Druggist M. G. Shackelton. So our aspiring young Lochnivar ventured forth to pay the young lady ~~a~~ ^{her} call, but she turned him down flat.

~~But~~ ^{Thus} rebuffed, our young gallant could not return homeward in dispirited manner. He sallied hence to Lebanon six miles east to display his prowess and recover his poise. Entering the combination tavern store ~~hostelry~~ ^{he} he resumed his expansive ~~hearing~~ ^{bearing} and engaged in vociferous conversation with one of the local citizens in which that gent took exception to one of Bill's expressions. Whereupon Bill drew his 'six' and invited the worthy gentleman outside to settle the matter in proper form. In response the fellow let fly with a barrage of well directed impacts from the toe of his good sized boot driving Bill through the door and outside in the direction of his mount - ordered him to climb aboard and take his immediate departure, advising him to confine his activities to his own locality thereafter, which advice Bill

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proceeded to observe.

Thus spruned and roughly handles our 'Don' returned home, a dejected and wiser young man, but soon regained his former poise. John Short came home from his adventures in the south-west and the two brothers engaged in the livery business. One day a travelling show erected its tent near the railroad track and put on an afternoon and evening performance. There was the usual trapeze performers, jugglers, horse-riders, and clowns, the programme closing with a vaudeville act.

Preceding the latter a man led a sleek Spanish mule into the ring offering \$25.00 to anyone who could ride the animal. No one responded at the afternoon performance -- not so at the evening however. Bill Short had heard about it and consulted his brother John who had seen Spanish mules on the Mexican border, so Bill appeared in full ~~riding~~ attire at the evening performance with riding instructions from John, seated himself on the ground at the outer edge of the ring and awaited developments. When the mule was led in and the offer repeated, Bill sprang to his feet and announced;

"I'll ride you _____ old mule."

He ⁱⁿ buckled his belt with six-shooter and holster and piled it beside the ring with his hat atop. Striding up he mounted the ^{mule} ~~beast~~ facing ~~its~~ rear, lying face downward on its back he locked his legs under the 'critter's' neck, reaching below and back between the mules hind legs he grasped its tail with both hands pulling that appendage firmly forward under the animal's belly. Then commanded the handler to slip off the halter and turn the beast loose. But the fellow refused, claiming that the mule must be ridden in erect position regulation way. Bill strongly

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protested but to no avail, finally giving up, taking occasion to express his contempt for the dumb beast and handler advising the gentleman to take his 'lousy mule' and hit the trail 'pronto' for other parts. Which he did of course, the next day.

It was generally conceded that our "Bill" won the contest but was deprived of the merited \$25.00.

Had Bill Short ventured forth and shot a man in the back as ^{someone} ~~Bill Hickok of Garden City~~ was reported to have done in the Black Hills, he might have qualified as a 'western' hero. In later years Bill settled down, married a fine woman of the community and took his place among our best citizens.

OUR FIRST COUNTY FAIR

Our first Red Willow county fair was held ^{on} ~~in~~ September 1884 in the wide creek bend west of the school house. Father returned from town one day with news that the business men were preparing to put on a county fair, that they were laying out a race track and constructing an exhibition hall adjoining. Crops for the year had been better than usual and everyone was enthusiastic over the approaching event.

~~The undertaking was sponsored by Indianola business men.~~ Nominal prizes were offered, no entrance fees charged to exhibitors and admission to all events was free. There were no concessionaries or shows on the grounds or in town. Interest became widespread and many joined in the effort resulting in a large number of exhibits and a large attendance.

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Our increased acreage in garden and fruits had produced remarkably well, our livestock was sleek and trim. Dad had developed a small herd of graded stock by crossing herefords with durham and other mixed varieties. Some of our younger stock, calves, yearling, etc. were well proportioned beauties. So dad built a pen and entered a dozen or more for exhibit. We also prepared displays of various garden products. Mother joined by bringing some of her choice potted plants including geraniums, of which she made a speciality, and entered some of her barred plymouth rocks. We felt amply repaid for the effort, receiving a large number of first awards, my pop-corn winning a blue ribbon.

The fair was a remarkable success and its sponsors felt well repaid by ~~the~~ increased trade enjoyed during the session. In fact, the whole section profited by ~~the~~ showing of what could be produced in farming and stock raising. It was the best advertising possible, and the country at large took notice. People east had heard reports of crop failures and hardships from those who returned in shabby covered wagon outfits after a year or so of unsuccessful effort and drought. But here was evidence of successful achievement by those who had persisted in solving the problems of that semi-arid region. Pawnee-Buffalo Land could no longer be passed by as 'suited only for buffalo and Indians'. So the Red Willow County Fair became an established institution.

The Burlington and land companies joined in

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advertising the upper Republican valley with well-prepared brochures which were widely distributed. Father contributed his testimonial offering to give further information upon request. When such inquiries became numerous, we turned them over to Mr. C. D. Cramer, a reliable realty dealer.

"GARDEN GROVE"

Our place with its well-tended garden and orchards was described under the above title in a widely distributed brochure published by the Burlington. It was considered the show place of south-western Nebraska, and everyone visiting that part of the state came out to see what could be accomplished in that semi-arid region.

OUR NURSERY BUSINESS EXPANSION

By the middle eighties, our nursery business had increased until we had several acres devoted to that in addition to our gardening. Successful in raising small fruits, father now turned his attention to apples experimenting to find varieties best suited to our part of the state. In this, he sought the advice of E. F. Stephens of the Crete Nurseries, and C. S. Harrison of the York Nursery, both of whom were experienced nurserymen buying our grafts and budded stock from them, and the D. S. Lake Nurseries of Shenandoah, Iowa, who also handled reliable stock. Mr. Harrison had been a Congregational minister and con-

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tinues to supply churches at Indianola and other towns nearby occasionally. Whenever he came to Indianola he stopped at our place over the week-end. A well educated man and a good speaker, he talked continuously about orcharding while at our place, at the table and outdoors, where he would illustrate proper methods of selecting, planting, cultivating and trimming. All of which was most interesting and profitable to us who were eager to learn. For his discourses were as thorough as any obtainable in educationable institutions.

So our nursery efforts increased and we began producing fruit trees and shade trees suitable for the region in larger quantity, selling elm, ash, soft-maple, Jack pine and cedar for the parks and streets in Indianola and McCook. We obtained evergreen seedlings from the Colorado forests. In 1885 we planted apple tree grafts in quantity and in 1887 we had over 15,000 two year old trees ready for market, most of which we sold to the Crete and Shenandoah Nurseries for 1887 spring delivery at a good price, as these nurseries need^{ed} them to fill their increased orders.

Unfortunately, that winter had proved unfavorable for fruit trees, especially apple and cherry. They developed 'black heart' due to extreme changes in ~~winter~~ temperature during mid-winter months. It was a severe loss and father felt it the more because he had undergone a severe attack of rheumatic fever that winter which left him weakened and handicapped for several

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months, so we gave up raising apple trees and devoted our efforts to gardening.

A FRAME HOUSE AND BARN

While mother and we children were on our trip visiting relatives in Ohio and Kentucky in 1884, father and Gene Reynolds, the hired man, were running the ranch. Dad seized the opportunity to build a fourteen by sixteen addition onto the east end of our three room house, hiring Joe Teas, a local contractor, to do the job. The need for such an addition had previously been discussed but no definite plans were made. Although dad did not mention the matter in his letters to us, an item in one of the local papers he sent mentioned it, so it was no surprise to us as he had intended, but we were all pleased to have the needed room. The addition was set facing east. To correct the error made in setting the house at a slight north-northeasterly angle when the ~~first~~ log part was built, it was necessary to have a triangular intervening space between the new room and the hewn log house part; this was properly enclosed and served as a handy place to hang outdoor wraps. Our ultimate plan called for an adequate two story house to which this addition would serve as kitchen.

Two years later a thirty-two foot square frame barn was added to our farm-yard. Father built it during the summer season, employing some help. Straight ash trees and poles were used in framework construction. Substantial ash trees set in the ground served as up-

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rights, while smaller ones were used as girders and rafters, these were carefully aligned and faced with two-inch lumber dimensions. All of which required care and patience, but insured a substantial framework at minimum cash outlay, an important consideration in early day economy. The barn faced south and stood at the north side of the barnyard. There was a central driveway with double doors at each end sliding on overhead tracks. On the east side were stalls for horses, with bins for grain on the west and a large gable hay-mow over all. It stood on the east side of the stack-yard beyond which were cow stables, corral and implement sheds. The barn was painted red of course.

North of the stackyard bordering the creek bank was a long shed where ~~the~~ calves were kept for the two or three weeks during the September weaning season. It stood against the cow pasture where mother cows could come and sympathize with their loud wailing offspring, mooing in response to their vociferous appeals. The wailing continued day and night becoming intermittent in time, tapering off as the voices became more hoarse till the period ended and the calves were removed to a separate pasture.

Cattle and horses not in use were kept in separate pastures especially during winter where there were sheds for protection against severe weather. Horses object to association with horned critters while cows refuse to remain near ~~the~~ free swing horse heels. Both insist upon "segregation", the cows preferring to

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vacate, giving horses full possession.

In 1888, fifteen years after the first log house was built, a two-story frame house took shape. Stone for foundation was hauled from the Fritsch stone quarry nine miles north, and laid by a ~~stone~~ mason. Mr. Hersh, an experienced carpenter from town, took charge of construction. The lower floor of three bedrooms, living room and dining room were finished the first year, father taking a five-year bank loan at six per cent interest for the purpose, the only money we ever borrowed. The upper story was finished later.

INCREASED CROP PRODUCTION

Before proceeding further into the 'eighties', it would be well to note that although dry years continued to recur at irregular intervals, there was a gradual increase in crop returns as farmers learned to meet the situation by adjusting their methods to existing conditions. The employment of modern machinery later available, greatly increased the acreage that could be tended and the amount of grain produced for bin and market.

In the 'early seventies' with but one team of oxen or horses, both acreage and production were limited. Father, like many others, started with a fourteen-inch stirring plow; this, with the addition of a small triangular home-made harrow constructed of three wooden pieces set with a few dozen steel teeth, a one-row hand operated corn planter and a double-shovel cultivator,

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comprised his equipment. He also had a heavy 'nigger-hoe' such as was used in tobacco cultivation on rocky Kentucky hills, a scythe and a 'draw-knife' used instead of a smoothing plane for dressing timber. Later, in the eighties and nineties, with the assistance of wheel mounted plows and cultivators, the self-binder, tractor and modern combine harvester, the slow, ~~slow~~ hand-labor processes were about eliminated.

EARLY DAY HARVESTING AND THRESHING

Harvesting was not the simple process that it is today. The field of wheat was cut when the grain was in the dough stage of maturing in order to prevent loss of grain from shattering ^{during} ~~in~~ later handling in being shocked and stacked as it would ~~if~~ allowed to become over-ripe. It also prevented loss from wind or storm. Cut by side-rake mower or other type of early day harvester, it was bound in bundles by hand, shocked and later stacked to await the threshing process. ~~When~~ ²⁸ a thresher was available, the bundles were hauled directly from shocks thus eliminating the stacking process.

Threshing was a great event, neighbors helping on the work exchange plan. Boys were usually assigned the task of stacking the straw at the rear of the machine. Neighbor women also helped prepare meals for threshing crew and helpers. When a threshing machine was not available, father threshed small batches of

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grain with a hand flail, winnowing it by hand and storing it in two-bushel grain sacks.

EARLY DAY FARM ECONOMY

Farmers of that day had to practice the strictest economy. When a wagon tongue, wagon reach, double tree or single tree broke, he did not buy a new one or purchase the material for ^{such} a new one; he cut a suitable ash pole from the creek-side and fashioned one himself. If the harness needed repair, he patched it or pieced it out effectively doing a copper rivet job. In case there was no timber on his own land he helped himself to that on Government land or school-section, there being two school-sections in each township. Such, so called, 'jay-hawking' was overlooked in those days. With the assistance of the blacksmith, the homesteader was able to do many repairs at limited expense. Money was scarce and often there was very little that one could turn into cash, so he operated on the 'do-it-yourself' basis.

THOSE WHO FAILED TO LEARN

Most of the new-comers were glad to learn from those who had had several years experience in the region, but occasionally a 'know-it-all' arrived who would attempt to show the 'natives' how farming should be done. A Mr. Crocker came from the eastern part of the state where he had operated a 'Filley' farm near Beatrice, bringing out a bunch of purebred polled angus which he

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lauded as superior to the hereford. He moved onto the quarter-section cornering our place on the north-west, ~~where he~~ built a large barn and continued using the same farm methods as in the east but with poor results. His polled angus were probably all right but people in our part of the state had no money to invest in high priced purebreds.

A year or two later came Mr. Barton ~~arrived~~ from Illinois where he had conducted a grocery business, locating on the place vacated by Dr. Hammon^d adjoining us on the north-west. The Bartons often stopped to see us on their way to town. Father offered Mr. Barton a few suggestions on crops and farming methods, but he replied:

"No. I am taking lessons from Mr. Crocker who knows all about farming."

Both Mr. Crocker and Mr. Barton left within a few years, Mr. Crocker returning to a Filley owned farm and Mr. Barton moving to Lincoln where he opened a grocery store.

A TRAGIC CAMPSITE

Wending their way up the north side of the Republican valley in June, 1886, came a group of four or five covered wagons; they were 'Check' families from Europe headed for eastern Colorado. Near sundown they reached the widespread botton of a dry canyon leading down from the rolling north hills to join the river.

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On the sloping west bank stood a couple of cottonwoods: there was scattered driftwood ~~nearby~~, plenty of good grass for tethering livestock and abundance of clear flowing river water nearby. It was an alluring place for weary travelers to stop for the night. So they camped in the depressed canyon botton and turned in to rest ~~as usual~~ oblivious of any impending danger.

To the unaccustomed, this canyon looked like any other of the many canyons they had passed along their way. There was no indication as to how far⁶ back into the upland its course might extend or how wide its branches might spread. The weather had continued clear and no threatening clouds appeared on the horizon at nightfall. However, this canyon was fifteen miles in length with wide⁷ spread upper branches and somewhere in the area a torrential downpour had occurred hours before, sending a booming flood down its course, sweeping everything before it. Without the slightest warning it struck the slumbering travelers, carrying one of the wagons out into the river together with a few of the livestock and equipment. At least four persons were drowned, some livestock lost, wagons damaged and equipment lost. It was the most disasterous calamity suffered by immigrants in that part of the state.

The people of Cambridge and vicinity came to the rescue assisting the unfortunate victims in the task of interring the drowned, helping them repair and recover their damaged and scattered property and resume their journey.

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Those tricky canyons had been a problem for the early railroad builders who ~~had~~ made the mistake of installing inadequate culverts which were swept out along with adjacent stretches of track by unpredictable floods. Learning from experience, the railroad replaced canyon ~~culverts~~ ^{and bridges with those} of sufficient capacity to handle heavy floods.

Four miles west of Cambridge where the old gravel highway skirts the hills, is a granite stone marking the site of the fateful campsite. ~~At~~ ^{On} the south edge of the Cambridge hill-top cemetery are four dim marked graves grouped in a separate enclosure ~~where~~ lie the remains of the unfortunate flood victims. So ends a tragic episode in the settlement of our great west.

THE BURLINGTON HIGH LINE

In 1886, the Burlington extended its system by running a branch line west from Holdrege, Nebraska, up the divide separating the Republican and Platte river valleys. Cutting across the headwaters of the ~~Medi-~~ ^{Medi-}cine and Red Willow creeks, it passed through the 'Heart of the buffalo country', thence into Colorado, to Sterling and south-west to Denver.

New towns sprang up along the way drawing trade that had previously gone to Stockville six miles south and towns on the main line farther south, taking considerable trade from Indianola and Culbertson. Curtis, near Medicine Lake and six miles from Stockville, was among the first towns laid out on the 'high line' and

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made rapid growth. A great deal of material used in building the town and railroad construction was shipped to Indianola and freighted across the thirty intervening miles to Curtis until the rails were laid and the branch line ready for traffic.

Attracted by business opportunities offered on the new line, some Indianola business people now moved to Curtis. Mr. Jacob Scherer, a substantial citizen, moving his blacksmith shop. Indianola had suffered severe loss and disappointment in 1882 when, after having been the Burlington main line terminus for two years, the road was ^{terminated} expanded on to Denver. (They had expected that Indianola would be made the railroad division point, but the Burlington chose to locate their division center twelve miles west where they laid out the town of McCook.) Now came an additional loss when the 'high line' cut off a large extent of their trade territory lying north.)

MANUFACTURING DEVELOPMENT

We have already noted that a sorghum mill and a brick manufacturing plant were established at Indianola soon after the railroad arrived. The former, continuing to produce syrup for the local trade and was shipped to other localities for several years till sorghum syrup was displaced by southern orleans molasses and the introduction of corn syrup or glucose. That the brick yard started by Henry Crabtree and Ben F. Sibbitt continued to turn out a substantial quality in quantity

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sufficient for several years and was used in construction of the courthouse erected at the foot of the hill on Main street in 1881, as well as in several business buildings, the Masonic Hall and a number of residences.

THE INDIANOLA FLOUR MILL

In 1885, a group of businessmen joined in building the Indianola Roller Mills just south of the railroad track powered by a wonderful Corliss engine. The company produced an excellent quality of high grade patent process flour under the management of Elias Peterman, Frank Marsh and other successful managers. ~~in~~ ^{building} turn and ~~built up~~ ^{has} an extensive trade for its products and ~~has~~ continued in operation to the present time. Its powerful engine ~~still~~ pumping water for the Indianola water system established in 1924.

THE GREAT WESTERN WATCH COMPANY

The next venture was the Great Western Watch Factory, sprung upon the community by an enterprising promoter, James A. Garner from Elgin, Illinois. Mr. Garner breezed into town in the fall of 1888 and established himself in the hotel announcing that he had had extensive experience in the watch manufacturing business at the Elgin watch plant at Elgin. He and ^{Mr. Shallenberger, &} a business associate, were looking for a desirable location for a watch factory and that he considered Indianola a favorable place; that the vacant frame school-house built

x Shallenberger

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in 1882, would make an excellent factory building with sufficient vacant area nearby for future expansion.

All of which sounded good to Indianola businessmen who were in a receptive mood, feeling the effects from loss of trade taken from them by new towns built along the Burlington high line north. Nor had they forgotten the severe disappointment of 1882 when the town lost its opportunity of becoming the railroad division point in south-western Nebraska, ~~(the Burlington choosing to locate it twelve miles west at Fairview post-office, naming it McCook).~~

In order to give Mr. Garner and his associate opportunity to present their proposition, a series of meetings were held in the large audience room on the second floor of the new brick school building where there was ample blackboard space for display of plans and drawings. Increasing enthusiasm was aroused in the project, the two weekly newspapers assisting in boosting the proposition. As a result, the Great Western Watch Company Corporation was formed of which Mr. Garner was chosen manager, he and his assistant unfolded the whole plan sketching an improved watch balance--staff invented and patented by Mr. Garner which prevented its being bent or broken in case the watch were dropped, also an improved pendant patented by his associate. The use of these valuable patents they turned in as their share of the capital stock.

With the required amount of stock subscribed, the old school building was obtained at a nominal price and the land holdings of the Lincoln Land Company

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bought for future expansion as Mr. Garner advised. The land company had obtained its land in 1880 anticipating that the railroad division would be located at Indianola and this was their opportunity to unload it.

With all set, Mr. Garner established his office on the second floor of the school building. A sizeable engine was installed on the floor below with a system of shafts, belts and pullies connected for machinery required. A tall smoke-stack reached high above the roof from which volumes of coal smoke poured at intervals during the day, and things began to look like business.

Mr. Garner continued to sit in his office with a comfortable salary for a couple of years while 'Link' Dow, a competent local citizen, remained in charge of the engine and equipment till his salary stopped. The Great Western Watch Factory had 'died a-borning', leaving its stockholders to finish paying for the acquired land. It was a hard jolt.

THE INDIANOLA PAINT FACTORY

For several years it had been known that the town was underlain by a strata of ochre six or more feet in thickness about twenty feet underground. However, no one paid any attention to the matter till in the latter eighteen-eighties. A sample of the deposit was sent away for examination to ascertain its quality and possible usefulness. Tests revealed ~~that~~ ^{it} to be of high grade quality, remarkably free from grit, suitable for grinding and desirable for use as a base in manu-

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facturing paints. So a group of citizens was formed with John J. Lampburn as manager for the purpose of mining and processing the product.

Mr. Lampburn was cashier of Mr. Dolan's Re-organized First National Bank (formerly the Bank of Red Willow County), a capable energetic businessman, he soon started things moving. Acquiring the old frame school building with its engine and equipment set up by the defunct Great Western Watch Company, a mine shaft was sunk in the north-western part of town. A paint mill and mixing process equipment installed in the building which began turning out barrels of high grade paint product for which there was a good demand.

Orders came from paint companies in the east, and the Burlington extended a spur to the mill to facilitate shipment. Clouds of smoke were again pouring from the tall unused smokestack, the wheels were now turning for a worthwhile purpose turning out a real product. Under Mr. Lampburn's management, operations continued for years.

IRRIGATION

People in southwestern Nebraska became alert to the possibilities of irrigation as a ~~possible~~ relief from drought soon after such projects were launched in eastern Colorado. The first irrigation ditch in the middle west was dug at ~~Essex~~ ^{× Messey}, Colorado, in 1884. The job was done with teams of ponies drawing hand plows and slip scrapers assisted by men with spades and shovels.

× Messey

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It was a slow tedious undertaking as ~~the~~ ponies were light for such tasks and inclined to be balky. A larger irrigation project soon followed at Fort Morgan, a little farther up the South Platte from which water was ~~also~~ taken. Both undertakings were highly successful and have continued in operation.

A few years later Mr. C. J. Jones ('Buffalo Jones') of Garden City, Kansas, arrived at Indianola with a herd of eighteen buffalo, which he kept in pasture just north of our ranch. He had completed an irrigation ditch at Garden City which had been a great success. The ditch tapped the Arkansas River underflow which insured continuous flow and required no damming of the stream. Besides his irrigation ditch construction, Mr. Jones was interested in developing a breed called 'cattalo' by crossing the buffalo with cattle in order to produce a hardier offspring more suited to our western Region.

However, Mr. Jones failed to interest Indianola people to vote bonds for a ditch or venture into cross-breeding. He was more successful at Bartley, six miles east, where ~~the~~ ^{they} voted \$10,000 in bonds to build a ditch, hoping that it would furnish water power that would induce factories to locate there. The ditch tapped the Republican just east of Indianola and led the water to Dry Creek at the west edge of Bartley, dropping a small flow over the creek bank. But no factory came.

After finishing the Bartley ditch, Mr. Jones moved to Keith county where he dug a ditch west of

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Ogallalah tapping the South Platte underflow. It was still there when the writer spent the summer of 1899 in that locality, flowing a small stream of water, but was not used for either power or irrigation, just used to water a few head of cattle. Following near the side on highway #6 it was a handy place to ~~stop and~~ take a bath.

THE J. S. HOLLAND FAMILY

In 1887, Mr. J. S. Holland with his wife, Mrs. Holland of Nebraska City and their four daughters, Anna, Nellie, Jennie and Bessie and younger son, Joy Holland, moved to Indianola occupying a ranch two miles west of town. Mr. Holland had financed a man who bought the property two years previously who was unsuccessful, so Mr. Holland took the place over and came out to manage it personally. They were fine people and proved to be a great help to the community ~~in many ways~~. We had known them in Nebraska City.

Anna and Nellie had taught in the Nebraska City schools after attending Doane College and were hired to teach in the Indianola schools the year following their arrival. Jennie also taught there after graduating from our high-school. Mr. Holland built a sizeable house ~~for the accommodation of the family~~ and otherwise improved his ranch.

THE HOLLAND IRRIGATION DITCH

In 1890, Mr. Holland constructed an irrigation ditch tapping the Red Willow creek to which his ranch

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extended on the west, using the water to irrigate his large alfalfa acreage on the creek and river valleys. Town people later induced him to extend the canal to Indianola but made very little use of the water. However, the large alfalfa crops produced on his ranch under irrigation fully paid for the project. The Holland ditch continued in use till the big flood of June 1935, carried away the dam and destroyed the irrigation channel. ~~It was the only irrigation ditch built in that locality.~~

CAMBRIDGE

Any attempt to appraise the settlement of the upper Republican valley without considering Cambridge would be unthinkable.

At the point where the Medicine breaks through the northern line of curving hills to join the Republican, lies Cambridge, a dot on the map near the western border of Furnas county, just another dot ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ the line of towns reaching west along the river. Originally a large grove fringed the base of the hills. Here varied calls of native birds broke the primitive solitude. In spring or autumn the air was filled with squawking, quacking, droning migratory fowl. Along stream the beaver built his dam; herds of buffalo, deer, elk and antelope roamed the grassy plain. Valley and hillside smiled through fields of varicolored flowers, a visual symphony presented in Nature's matchless grouping of blossoms and verdure. This was the prairie "primeval."

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On the hills above were numerous arrowheads, fragments of flints, bones and potsherds. Supported on stakes or in tree tops along the adjoining stream, were remnants of Indian burials, revealing the former sight of the Redman's camp. For the Redman claimed the locality for his abode before the Whiteman came.

Here the first settler, Hiram Doing, homesteaded in 1871, and built his house near the creek. He found the eccentric veteran buffalo hunter, John S. King, living three miles west. The Government later established a postoffice, naming it Medicine Creek; George Carruthers was the first postmaster. Twenty miles up the Medicine in the cattle range was Stockville, a trading point laid out by W. L. McClary the same year. East fifteen miles the town of Arapahoe was staked out in 1871. There also was Clute's log cabin outfitting store. West fifteen miles was Indianola, settled in 1873, where J. R. Myers, a typical Frontier trader, later opened a store. South on the Beaver was Wilsonville started in 1873 also. Such was the early day setting.

In 1878, Mr. Doing sold his land to John W. Pickle. The latter built a house among the trees and surveyed a townsite, naming it Northwood, then set up a saw mill and grist mill on the west bank. Here cottonwood logs were ~~cut~~ ^{cut} into rough lumber, and the settlers' grain was ground into flour or meal. For years on a tree by the roadside hung an iron skillet and a water pail with firewood nearby, welcoming the traveller

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to halt and rest. The next to arrive was D. W. Rockwell who built a large sod house into which he put a stock of goods; he also used part of the interior for a hotel. This was the only business place till after the railroad was completed.

When the Burlington reached through in 1880, a new name was selected as there was another Northwood in Nebraska. Since there was an "Oxford" and a "Harvard" on the line east, the name "Cambridge" was chosen to complete the triangle of American English university names. The coming of the railroad marked a new epoch; previously all supplies were hauled by wagon from Plum Creek station, now Lexington, ~~sixty~~^{seventy-} five miles north on the Union Pacific. Prices were high during that post Civil War 'greenback' inflation period; added overland freight charges made costs of necessities almost prohibitive. 'Gunpowder' tea sold for a dollar and a half a pound; flour was five dollars a hundred, and other things in proportion. Out there money was about 'as scarce as hens' teeth', but you could trade in your skunk pelts at twenty-five cents apiece, or corn at thirty-five cents a bushel, if you had any. The case of Thomas Doran illustrates the methods used by some early-day traders. After taking his one gallon jug to J. R. Myers' store for molasses, Mr. Doran related: "He charged me for a gallon and a half of the stuff and I couldn't reach it with my finger. I didn't care about the molasses, but it was such a terrible strain on the jug."

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During the years when settlers were few, there was little need for trading points nearer than Arapahoe or Indianola. It took time to travel in slow ox-team days, but time was the settler's only surplus. With no telephone, telegraph, radio or newspaper to break the monotony, and few scheduled events, long trips helped to fill the empty day. There was need for outside communication and Mr. Doing's petition to Washington in 1874 brought a postoffice. That was the only place in the picture where the settler ever turned to the Government for help. The homesteaders were independent and 'men were men'.

Mr. Pickle's mill came at an opportune time. Drought and grasshopper invasions had marked the previous 'Seventies'; the year, 1878, brought the first good crops. Now the settler could take his corn to be ground instead of grinding it at home in his coffee mill; an influx of settlers and increased cultivation followed. Larger quantities of merchandise were shipped in; livestock and other products were loaded for eastern markets. A number of good businessmen chose Cambridge as a desirable location. The first frame store was erected by I. A. Hanning in May, 1880. In July, C. C. Messer opened a hotel, and J. E. Failley a general store. Arriving in April, Samuel P. Delatour and Walter E. Babcock formed a partnership; they opened a large hardware, implement, and furniture store in July; then organized the Republican Valley Bank. To Mr. Babcock, especially, goes the credit of giving healthy impetus to business enterprise and stamping

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the high standards of the community's character. The ~~the Halden scope appeared in the late 1870's.~~ first newspaper, ~~A~~ The Clarion, began publication in 1881.

Mr. Pickle now rebuilt his mill; replaced the mill stones with modern patent rollers; and sold it in 1882. J. W. Newell, an experienced miller, became owner in 1886; "Gold Coin" and "Silver Coin" designating the two grades of flour he produced. Under different management that mill has continued to grind through good years and bad years, on steam power and water power, to the present time. In 1889, Arthur V. Perry, the father of Judge Ernest B. Perry, moved to Cambridge from Deer Creek and engaged in the lumber business; he operated eighteen yards located from Holdrege to Bartley and on to Beaver.

In 1883, there were scarcely three hundred people living in Cambridge; neighboring towns with earlier starts boasted larger numbers; yet history will record that the re-naming of that little village on the bank of the Medicine in 1880, put a town of a different type upon the map of ~~Nebraska~~ ^{western} Nebraska. Entering later upon the scene, it was her fortune to escape the more undesirable characters who always accompany the first waves of immigration. Her citizens were largely of the more substantial type who came later from the farther east; they were more homogeneous, cooperative and progressive. Just west, in a town of mixed stratas, there was continual conflict, although the better element usually prevailed; here progress was difficult. Farther up the valley where the rough elements had taken early possession, saloons and gambling joints flourished, crime and lawlessness ruled. With an atmosphere un-

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healthy for questionable characters, no driftwood from the stream of western immigration lodged at Cambridge. Nor did the 'populist' storm that later swept the state carry her off her feet.

There were the boom days of the middle 'Eighties'; in some cases more destructive than the 'grasshopper' years of the early 'Seventies'; many towns fell victim to the mania. McCook, a railroad division, dreamed of securing the Burlington machine shops, and launched a building splurge, but the shops went to Havelock and Denver and the bubble burst. Then Indianola, a County seat, fell victim to eastern promotion sharks who sold her citizens "The Great Western Watch Factory"; no factory was built. A mushroom town sprang up over night in a nearby cow pasture; here a "University" was launched and widely announced; teachers were induced to join the faculty. It existed till the town lots were sold and the promoter ^{Allen B. Bailey} decamped.

Whatever Cambridge has undertaken, she has carried through; vision and well-balanced judgment have held her on a steady course. The present Congregational Church grew from a Sunday School planted one summer vacation by a seminary student, Newell Dwight Hillis; he later became a noted writer and pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Like the tough-fibred elms that arch her shady streets, despite adversity, she had maintained a healthy growth. Her attractive homes, excellent schools, well attended churches, substantial business blocks, modern

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hospital, and first-class hotel speak for themselves. But these form only part of the picture. The community early developed an attractive park with a sizeable lake above the mill dam. Here young people came to enjoy skating, boating, swimming, and other wholesome recreations. The town also developed a creditable baseball team, allowed no saloons and tolerated no rowdies. For several decades a chatauqua course was maintained; crowds of five thousand or more were not unusual, many coming from Kansas and Colorado. Camp meetings also attracted large attendances. Through these avenues Cambridge extended an educational and cultural influence over a wide section.

Cambridge has welcomed everyone with genuine hospitality, with no attempt to exploit her guests. This has always been the Cambridge way. Typical of her concern for visitors were the devoted efforts ^{to} D. F. Neiswanger, heeding the injunction of the evangelist, Sam Jones: "Keep your streets clean; some day a gentleman may come to town"; he made it his voluntary task for over a quarter of a century to see that Cambridge streets were neat and free of litter. He delighted in rendering any helpful service to visitor or stranger, setting the example that others learned to follow. Always admired and respected - Cambridge has lived up to the dignity of her name.

Time will not permit the naming of many worthy citizens who have contributed to her achievement. An all pervading spirit has ever filled the locality marked by the grove where Cambridge grew. It was there when the feathered people first came to nest and sing; was there when the Red Man built his lodge; the weary traveler felt it when he saw the welcome camp site;

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whoever comes feels that spirit of hospitality and good will. Its force moves on as the strong current of the Medicine flows on to power the mill and water the thirsty soil.

Such is the picture viewed in the ^{perspective}~~prospective~~ of succeeding events; Cambridge, the gleaming gem in the beautiful setting of the Republican Valley; an ever-shining star in the line of towns reaching from the Missouri to the Rockies.

Located at the center of the Republican valley flood control project, a new opportunity awaits the little city at the mouth of the Medicine.

My above description of Cambridge was published in the Nebraska History Magazine of April 1952, also in the Sunday Lincoln Star-Journal.

CULBERTSON

In strong contrast with Cambridge in character and development, stood Culbertson, located at the center of the famous Chisholm Cattle Trail reaching from the great sand hill region lying north of the Platte to the Texas long-horn country south. Like Ogallala on the Platte near the north end of the trail, it was noted for its rough character with liquor flowing bars, gambling places and other resorts operating in conjunction or adjacent. Unlike Ogallala in one respect, Culbertson provided no 'boot hill'. How the casualties of cattle gang conflicts were disposed of appeared to have been of no concern to local denizens. However, it was rated

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as equal or second to Ogallala in rough frontier behavior.

Located several ox-team or buggy day hours travel from Indianola there was but negligible traffic or other communication between towns excepting that brought by the Star Route mail carriers. Culbertson being the county seat of Hitchcock county organized by cattlemen, was run according to their ideas and was considered of no concern to outsiders.

However there was one incident which more than shocked the law abiding citizens of our community. It occurred in 1874, just after Culbertson was staked out and the county organized. A man driving a substantial horse team outfit westward to Colorado was halted at Culbertson by an armed group, one of whom claimed to be the county sheriff. The gang charged him with horse stealing and hung him at the end of his wagon tongue, ^{his} team and outfit seized and disposed of by the outlaws.

News of the open outrage stirred the law abiding Red Willow county citizens who considered it their duty to report the matter to our state authorities but feared to act lest the gang should wreak vengeance upon informers. Such was the situation when lawlessness rode rough shod over law and order in western Nebraska till Judge Gaslin's courageous stand ended the practice.

A certain amount of lawlessness continued as long as the Chisholm train ^{was} continued in operation. Ike Starbuck's run in with the cheating card player was

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typical.

We, at our home, had often talked about visiting Culbertson out of curiosity but had not ventured to do so until the summer of 1889 during the time we were making alternate daily trips to McCook and Indianola disposing of our vegetables. One day in August father suggested that we take a load to Culbertson next day to see the town and find whether such trips would pay. So we ^{took an} ~~left~~ early start next morning stopping at V. Franklin's store in McCook. Mr. Franklin suggested that we dispose of our load there instead, but we continued on our way and managed to dispose of most of our load by mid-day, paused an hour for lunch and started for home. We still had a bushel basket of prime ripe tomatoes that would hardly stand the thirty mile jaunt back and be saleable.

At the east edge of town we came upon a fellow asleep under his wagon, his team munching hay at rear wagon end.

Dad said: "Let's rouse him and see whether he would buy our tomatoes". "There are plenty of ripe ones at home for our trip tomorrow".

Dad shouted till the sleeper slowly opened his eyes, then dad asked: "Would you like to buy a bushel of fine ripe tomatoes".

The fellow made no response but opened his eyes a little wider; so dad lifted the basket down to where the fellow could see them; still the dreamy eyed stranger did not move his lips, but kept staring at the

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tomatoes; then pulled himself up on elbow to where he could obtain a better view, scratched his head keeping his bulging eyes glued upon the tomatoes.

Then dad said: "You can have the basket and all for three dollars".

The rancher then crawled out, drew a roll of green-backs from his pocket and peeled off a 'fiver'. Receiving his change he still remained speechless. He continued looking at his purchase as we drove on and were at some distance before he reached down to lift the basket into his wagon. He was probably a rancher from the cattle range perhaps miles distant in the sand-hill country where they do not bother with such stuff as raising vegetables and might not have seen a fresh tomato for years.

It was an amusing incident and our only trip to Culbertson.

OKLAHOMA OPENED FOR SETTLERS

For several years nationwide interest had developed over the prospect that the Government would open the choice central section of Indian Territory known as Oklahoma, to land hungry settlers. In this the people of our middle west were naturally most interested. Many anxious adventurers who had viewed the land became fired with keen anticipation, and the approaching event became the leading topic of conversation in homes, on street corners, around grocery store craker barrels and stoves of winter evening where loafers gathered ~~of~~

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~~evenings~~ to discuss the leading topics of the day.

Interest in the prospect was especially noticeable in our section of Nebraska where a large number began planning ~~upon the event~~ a year or more before the opening date which had been set for April 22, 1889. From miles around they began to drift into Indianola early in the fall of 1888 to be within striking distance of the border when the eventful day arrived, some pressing farther south.

It was a mixed assemblage of hopefuls increasing in numbers as days passed. Among them were substantial citizens together with speculators, adventurers, gamblers, ne^r-er-do-wells, saloon keepers and downright rogues of all descriptions. A few were from our own locality among them were our dependable shoemaker, 'Free' Quigley and his brother, Taylor Quigley, the ex-saloon keeper, while others were from miles around. It was a heterogeneous mixture of humanity converging upon the Oklahoma .

Singly or in groups they proceeded in all types of conveyances, schooner wagons, spring wagons, buckboards, two wheeled sulky carts; or on horseback as well as on foot mooching a lift when possible. Some bringing tools and implements, a milk cow or other animals. There was a variety of household effects in evidence, a few with shoulder borne packs or blanket, clad in various attire from overalls to plug hats. Onward they pressed across the Arkansas River to the designated starting line. Army troops were there from Fort

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Sill and elsewhere to preserve order as the motley assemblage pressed against the rope marking the starting line, awaiting the noonday ^{bugle} call and starting shot on the eventful day, April 22, 1889. Many who arrived weeks or months in advance constructed dugouts or temporary shacks. To the unfortunate Indians on the opposite side ousted from their homes, this vast hord^e of voracious land grabbers must have been as disgusting as a flock of vultures hovering over their expiring prey.

UNCLE FRED AND FAMILY AGAIN

We have observed that Uncle Fred Hotze moved his family three times after bringing them to Nebraska in 1874; he moved them again after the Sappa massacre in 1878 saying he was afraid of the Indians and was leaving the state for good, sending Aunt Margaret and children back to her parental home while he departed for Texas and other parts including Colorado where he became interested in gold mining - then back to his wife's Kentucky home. There he was gladly welcomed as was Aunt Margaret who was the youngest of the Fred Otto family as was Uncle Fred who was congenial and a willing worker at whatever was to be done. Mr. Otto owned a sizeable farm part of which was productive bottom land adjoining grandfather Hotze's place.

But not for long did Fred remain. He had heard of the fortunes being made in California gold fields, however, Margaret would not listen to going that far

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west but consented to going to Carson, Iowa where the three Hotze brothers, Theodore, Herman, and Billy were doing fine on their adjoining farms . Billy had sold his farming interests to Herman and bought a hardware and furniture business in Carson and was glad to employ Fred's assistance. Their sojourn at Carson was brief. Grandmother Hotze had passed away so Fred and family returned to take responsibilities there.

The lure of the west seized Fred again and soon they were off for Texas settling on an abandoned homestead in Red River County near the Indian Territory line where he added a sod room onto the small frame shack found upon the place. When restless Apaches under Geronimo broke loose across the border everyone in Red River County fled to distant parts, Fred and family locating at Gainsville^{Texas}. The alluring hope of wealth hidden in California gold fields seized Fred again, but Aunt Margaret refused to follow him farther so he set out alone, --- for, 'once a miner, always a miner'.

AUNT MARGARET TAKES OVER

This time Aunt Margaret arose to the occasion. There were six children in the family three of whom, Henry, Savina and Freddy were teenagers. With their assistance she managed to carry on remaining in Gainsville long enough for the children to make some progress in school which had been hindered by their Gypsylike wanderings. A recent letter from Freddy states that they were there; "long enough for him to reach fourth grade". Here the family were when the Oklahoma rush was on.

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Henry had gone to the border a few months in advance of the opening day and joined the assembling thousands awaiting the jump off hour and Freddy went up to visit him a few weeks before the date. Freddy's letter states: "It turned hot and water was scarce so we hauled water and made good money selling it for five cents a cup". Then Freddy returned home to gather up the family belongings and move all with mother and children to the border to be ready for the big rush. For Aunt Margaret had decided to take her chance along with the others in the wild scramble.

So the hapless family took their stand amid the milling throng awaiting the bugle call and the signal shot to be fired at noonday April 22, 1889, when the restraining rope was cut and the human deluge poured in, each imbued with the purpose of setting his stake on a choice piece of land. When, of all the teeming thousands Margaret Hotze was the one to place her stake at the center of what became Oklahoma City. A second 160 acres chosen also fell within the city limits. Her's was the lucky strike, a veritable leap 'from rags to riches', a dramatic episode in Oklahoma frontier life. For their's was a reward far exceeding their greatest anticipation for the discovery and development of rich oil resources rapidly increased the country's wealth.

And where was Uncle Fred Hotze when this took place? Somewhere in California of course, most likely at Riverside or nearby for that section seems to have

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had magnetic attraction. In that locality he spent the greater part of his time, working in the orange groves and vineyards of the fruit producing region he obtained the where-withal to develop his gold claims a large number of which he had staked in that vicinity. Although none of his 'diggings' produced but meager returns, he never gave up hope for final success. Occasionally he came east to pay short visits to relatives or friends stopping at our place, Carson, Iowa and his family in Oklahoma. He would arrive unexpectedly, remain a few weeks then suddenly move on. The last time he visited us was in 1896 when he remained through the winter awaiting his long expected Government pension.

He did not share in the family's Oklahoma fortune which was divided among the children after Margaret's death; remaining at Riverside, California, where ~~he remained and~~ passed away at over ninety years of age. It was the irony of fate that Uncle Fred spent his life in search for the elusive pot of gold at rainbow end, while his wife Margaret won the prize at one stroke. So, as ever, impulsive Fortune with-holds or yields to whom she will.

THE CHEROKEE STRIP OPENED

Following the Oklahoma rush of 1889, a large number of disappointed land seekers complained that they had received unfair treatment, that organized schemers had seized the choice pieces in the Oklahoma distribution and appealed to the Government demanding

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a fair chance at an additional slice from the diminished Indian Territory holdings. In order to appease their vociferous clamor, congress opened the coveted Cherokee Strip in 1893, so the longsuffering Red Man continued to be pushed farther and farther back and squeezed from his source of subsistence. For him there seemed to be no recourse under the "Bill of Rights".

RECURRING DROUGHTS

Returning to the Nebraska scene, we observe that while there was no devastating grasshopper invasions as in the eighteen-seventies, ~~yet~~ there were periods of extreme drought equally as destructive. Scorching sirrocco heat pouring in from seared regions south, rapidly blasted tasseling fields of corn, sapping the thrifty growing stalks of all moisture within a few hours. Such drought periods came at varying intervals following no particular pattern, a hazard that farmers in semi-arid regions must assume. For with very limited annual rainfall there is scant subsoil moisture and with that reserve, ~~if any,~~ already drained by the thrifty growing corn fields, ~~they~~ rapidly succumb. There is no more disheartening sight than such a promising field standing under the blistering heat of the mid-summer sun plus the searing blasts of a sap consuming sirrocco. Although the sun withdraws at night those sirrocco blasts continue day and night keeping temperatures booming twenty-four hours a day.

No cloud appears - the tiller of the soil stands helpless.

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CORN CUTTERS TAKE OVER

Having sixty or seventy acres of field corn upon which our forty head of cattle and a bunch of horses depending upon fodder to tide through the winter, we sprang into action. Extra help was needed to put the fast shrivelling corn in shock before it was beyond recovery. So dad drove to town ^{hiring} such ready workers as were available and capable of swinging a corn knife - a half dozen or more. Starting early next morning most of the field was safely tied in shock by nightfall. If not, a few were willing to ^{work} ~~help~~ dad, the hired man and I ^{stay on} ~~finish~~ the job till the necessary amount was cut for our pasture acreage was limited.

During intervening periods when rainfall was sufficient to produce in excess of present needs, the extra bushels were stored in crib or bin to tide through periodic lean years. There were years during the 'eighties' when corn prices dropped to ten cents a bushel and some of it was used for fuel. Such took place regardless of whether a Democrat or Republican sat in the White House.

DROUGHT CASUALTIES IN THE 'EIGHTIES'

As in the 'seventies', many homesteaders failed to survive severe droughts, often giving up before completing the required five years residence. 'Pulling up stakes', they joined the procession going east to 'wife's folks' in the fall. Such was the situation in that part of the western plain lying beyond the 98th

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meridan. Especially was it true in the western fringe bordering the Rocky Mountains where the soil was very sandy and yielded its scant moisture rapidly in extreme summer heat. Some who had remained to prove up felt compelled to do likewise, abandoning their 'soddy' and disposing of their effects for whatever they could.

Uncle Will Hotze of Carson, Iowa sometimes visited us in the fall occasionally buying a quarter section for four or five hundred dollars and leaving it with a realty dealer to sell next spring often at a profit of three or more hundred if crop prospects were favorable.

Many of the unfortunates who ^etrek~~ed~~ east bore evidence of having suffered great hardship, their creaking weatherbeaten schooners drawn by a thin bony team of weary plugs with forlorn visaged parents and group of variclad barefoot youngsters on spring seat or huddled in rear wagon box among household effects, a cow tied to rear and a colt or two perhaps bringing up the rear was not an uncommon sight. One such appeared on Main street in Hastings, Nebraska, ^aone hot September afternoon halting at the public watering trough where the roadweary team drank its fill, then one of the horses dropped dead in its tracks.

Soon a group of curious citizens gathered, many shaking their heads and ~~shaking their heads and~~ expressing sorrow at the pitious sight.

Then a sturdy German pressed forward. Extracting a five dollar bill from his pocket and holding it

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up he called:

"I am five dollars sorry. How much are you sorry?"

There was ready response and sufficient ^{funds} raised to replace the horse and provide the unfortunate family with supplies necessary to complete their journey to their Iowa relatives.

Of course, such did not take place in all cases of need, but it revealed the prevailing spirit of willingness to help.

INDIANOLA CORNET BAND REORGANIZES

George Sheppard, the competent leader of our brass band, organized in 1880, returned to Indianola in 1889. He had moved his jewelry business to McCook in 1882 and the organization disbanded shortly after due to the loss of its leader and other ~~de~~parting members. However, Martin, the old dependable bass horn tooter, along with Charley Gobel and a few other members had seen to it that the band's instruments and old gray padded brass button long tailed uniform coats and braid trimmed visor caps had been preserved, although some of the coats had become slightly moth-eaten.

Urged by the businessmen, the remnant of old band members persuaded Mr. Sheppard to return and resume leadership. A group of recruits were enlisted so I joined and learned to play an alto trombone. Practice began in midsummer, 1890 and we made our first appearance at the September county fair. Next year we appeared at local occasions and a Bartley event. By

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1892 we were organized in force with an auxillary group from Danbury and a few of Mr. Sheppard's instrument pupils who played with us on special occasions. That year we appeared at the Bonkleman fourth of July celebration with over two dozen members. There some of our members competed in the sports events, Jim Mather of Indianola and Roy Hendershot of Danbury scooping the hundred yard dash and other foot-races. At night our band conducted the public dance which held out till three A.M. when we left for the depot to catch the four o'clock train for home.

George Sheppard, together with other leading *band* men of the state, now organized the Nebraska State Band Union and arranged to furnish the music at the September State Fair in Lincoln where we were quartered on the State Fair grounds and furnished with Nebraska National Guard tents and camping equipment. There were about twenty bands in attendance, the Indianola band with forty members and the Hemingford band of Box Butte county being the only ones from the western part of the state. Our band under the able leadership of George Sheppard was considered one of the best performing bands present, in spite of our slightly outmoded uniforms.

With George Sheppard permanently located at Indianola our band organization continued for many years. He was an accomplished musician and master of seventeen musical instruments having been an honor student in St. George's School of Musical Technique in Lon-

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don, England, taking a course which would have made him a British Army officer. However, he withdrew from the school ~~shortly~~ before graduation when his father met with business reverses and brought his family to America in 1870, locating at Beatrice, Nebraska where George learned the watchmaker trade, then moved to Lincoln, where he was flutist for three years at the opera house. Following which he came west spending the remainder of his life at Indianola and McCook working at his trade and musical instruction.

SONS OF UNION VETERANS ORGANIZE

Under 'Pioneer School Days' we have already noted the influence of the Grand Army Of The Republic and kindred organizations in stimulating the spirit of patriotism during the post civil war period. Of these the Indianola G A R Post was organized in the early 'eighties' and was later joined by the Women's Relief Corps. In 1888, J. W. Dolan Camp 68 Sons of Veterans appeared named in honor of our state senator, J. W. Dolan who presented the camp with fifty stands of arms. The Daughters of Veterans ^{organized} ~~appeared~~ a year later. All of which continued holding biweekly sessions in Masonic Hall on Main Street.

Our Sons of Veterans held military drills under instruction of Mr. Gossard who had served as lieutenant during the war. ^{sons} ~~Some~~ aged eighteen were eligible so I did not join till two years after. Mr. A. J. Rand, a local merchant, as chosen captain followed next year by W. O. Bond then came George C. Hill and next year it was

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my turn to serve as captain, and was also made Deputy State Organizer for south-western Nebraska by State Commander, Col. McArthur, a Lincoln wholesale drug dealer of ~~Lincoln~~. The following year I installed S of V camps at Cambridge, Haigler and Wilsonville. ^{Our} J. W. Dolan Camp also presented two military plays under instruction of Mr. Gossard who had had such experience in Cleveland, Ohio. With the proceeds we purchased uniforms and presented a creditable appearance on Decoration Day and other occasions.

While the G. A. R. and kindred organizations preserved the spirit of patriotism in their time, that work was taken up by the Spanish-American War Veterans followed in turn by our World War organizations, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion. All of which have performed an indispensable service in preserving our American form of government, protecting our institutions from attempts to foist socialistic-communistic ideas.

Great credit is likewise due to the loyal efforts of the Boy Scouts and lodges whose members also take the oath to defend our Constitution and honor our Flag. Such is necessary to preserve our heritage of freedom and American way of life. For today, as ever: "Eternal vigilance is the price of all good government."

ANOTHER COUNTY SEAT CONTEST.

Often in the development of a new county, the initial location of the county seat may not remain permanent. The center of population may shift or a rival

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town may outstrip the other one in ~~size and~~ importance and claim the right of being the shire town. So it was in Red Willow County, Indianola winning over Red Willow in the election of May 1873 when the county was organized. The twenty-five by thirty mile area developed slowly with the greater number of people settling in the eastern part. This was the situation till the Burlington extension reached on to Denver stopping two years at Indianola before moving on. During this interval Indianola developed rapidly becoming the chief business center in that region and appeared to be the logical location for the Burlington division point. In fact, her citizens felt sure of it.

That was where they made a grievous mistake. Needing additional land for roundhouse, repair shops and trackage areas the Burlington found that local interests priced available areas unreasonable^{ly} high, thinking the company had to buy. However the railroad decided otherwise locating their division twelve miles west at Fairview postoffice, naming it McCook as we have previously noted. McCook developed rapidly outstripping Indianola in size. Ten years later the question of re-locating the county seat arose; a special election was held in August 1892 twenty years after Red Willow county was organized.

THE ELECTION AND RE-LOCATION

It was a typical western county seat conflict with McCook offering to build a ten thousand dollar court house as an inducement. At that time it required a three-fifths majority of qualified voters residing

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within the county for one year to relocate a county seat. The election returns showed that the number voting in McCook was greater than three-fourths of its population. Votes were cast by railroad employees residing at distant points east and west. According to reliable information from disinterested observers, one group of eleven men was conveyed to several different polling places where they voted for McCook. Within a thinly populated county it does not take much of such to upset an election. The returns showed a majority of three for McCook.

There was no registration of voters nor records of voters required in those days. Tickets were passed to voters inside and outside the polling place, ~~to all who came~~. A judge received the ballot from the voter and placed it unfolded in the ballot box. If one's vote were challenged he could swear it in.

Indianola contested the election but found it difficult to prove that illegal votes were cast. It was charged ~~that~~ a few illegal votes were ~~cast~~ for Indianola. One such was that of Frank Mather. Mr. Mather, a retired minister, and family lived adjoining our place on the north-west corner. There were three sons, Jim the oldest, was in business in Indianola, Frank had finished school and was ~~managing~~ the farm, while Ben, the youngest, was eighteen years of age and attending school. It was claimed that Frank was under age but the school records showed that Frank was twenty-four years old. Evidently there was a confusion over names.

The election case was appealed from county court to District court and to Supreme court, the latter appointed Judge Cessna as referee to take local testimony,

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all of which required time and increased expense. Tiring of the prolonged expensive process, and realizing that with McCook's more rapid increase in population the latter would succeed at some future election, Indianola finally gave up.

THE 'PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY' AND 'GRANGER' MOVEMENTS.

Among the first organizations appearing in the west to advance the farmers interests, was the 'Patrons of Husbandry'. Its purpose being to voice the farmers' grievances against the railroads and other encroaching monopolies which appeared to be keeping the farmer down.

Out of this developed the 'Granger' Movement.

Late in the eighteen-seventies a few of the scattered settlers at Indianola ^{to organize a Grange} attempted but gave up. There was insufficient interest. ^{stopped at our house} One hot summer day Mr. Wm. Windhurst on his return from town thoroughly disgusted; he had walked from his place four miles north of town to attend a Grange meeting at the court-house where he waited several hours but no one else appeared; no other attempt was made.)

THE FARMERS UNION AND FARMERS ALLIANCE.

In 1884 the Farmers Union appeared, the Watkins Brothers moved their printing office from somewhere north to Indianola and published their weekly, The Farmers Union, in competition with the Indianola Courier, a republican paper ~~edited by George Bishop~~. The Farmers Alliance movement also became active in the west but no organizations resulted till the depression period of the 1880's, when the Populist movement developed breaking

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into open revolt in the 1890's.

THE POPULIST UPRISING.

This movement expressed the farmers' reaction against prevailing low farm prices, poor marketing facilities and lack of credit facilities. See, Prof. J. D. Hicks', "The Populist Revolt."

The original group of homesteaders who had turned the first furrows and endured all that this later group were complaining of and more. ⁷⁹In addition they had suffered complete loss of crops by repeated grasshopper invasions ^{of the seventies} and endured the ever present threat of Indian massacre raids. Enduring all such and in addition had organized the county, established schools and churches necessary for a civilized form of life.

The vociferous complaint arose chiefly from this latter group who were enjoying the benefits of our earlier frontier settlers' efforts. Rumblings of discontent increased in volume and intensity reaching climax in the early nineties.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Entering the political arena was William Jennings Bryan, a young man from Illinois who came to Lincoln in 1887. His first appearance in our part of the state was at the county fair held at Indianola in September 1888, the leading feature being a debate upon 'The issues of the day' between Mr. Bryan and Edward Rosewater, editor of the Omaha Bee, and republican national committee man from Nebraska. Free trade and the free coinage of silver were the principal issues discussed, the allotted

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time being equally divided with Bryan opening and closing the debate.

Mr. Bryan made a profound impression upon the mixed audience overflowing the grand stand. He was a stalwart figure immaculately dressed, his smiling countenance beaming from a regularly featured face, his expressive eyes gleaming from beneath a high broad forehead topped by a heavy growth of well combed black hair. His appearance was that of a Roman gladiator poised for the fray. He possessed a voluminous well modulated mellow toned voice with clear articulation and measured stress adapted ^{to} the thought conveyed. Like the gladiator, his thrusts were well directed and effective piercing his opponents most vulnerable efforts. A master of his art as is the skilled pipe-organist in command of his instrument.

Against such a speaker, Edward Rosewater stood at great disadvantage and recognized it. Like most editors Mr. Rosewater was primarily a writer. He presented a well prepared address, reading mostly from manuscript. He withstood Mr. Bryan's jabs and thrusts of wit and humor in good grace responding with quips and parries. For me, a teen aged high school student, it was a most valuable lesson in speech and avidly absorbed.

THE 1890 CAMPAIGN.

Dissatisfaction increased, mounting in intensity during the 1890 campaign when the Populists cut loose in full force. So greatly were they aroused that they neglected their farm work spending their time sitting on empty dry-goods boxes in front of stores whittling, discussing and ranting about varied grievances - the railroads

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and other monopolies, the usurious interest rates charged by banks and loan companies. They clamored for remedial legislation and Government assistance, holding meetings in school houses, at picnics and elsewhere.

All such, while their farms were showing effects of neglect to such extent that it was commonly said that one could drive along the roads for miles in any direction and tell a man's politics from the appearance of his farm.

DR. A. L. BIXBEE'S GRAND ISLAND EXPERIENCE.

Among the Republican speakers taking part in the 1890 campaign was Dr. A. L. Bixbee, a popular Lincoln Daily Journal columnist. He had arranged to speak in the Grand Island, Nebraska public hall for the evening. Upon arriving, the Populists approached him demanding that they be permitted to speak also. He consented with the understanding that he be allowed to finish his speech without interruption before yielding the floor. The meeting started at the appointed hour with Mr. Bixbee speaking till after 11:00 P.M. when most of the audience had departed.

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THE POPULIST WAIL.

I recall right well the 'old timer' said,
The day we landed and took our homestead,
The gray wolf's howl, the Indian dread
When Custer was killed and settlers fled;
The blizzard's icy piercing breath
And tornado's doleful trail of death,
The trying years when the grass-hoppers came
And the trees all died on our timber-claim;
When the ground parched dry and nothing would grow,
When money was scarce and the flour barrel low,
And the 'tender-foot' grumbled and went on his way
Clear back to his 'wife's folks in old 'Ioway.'

But the greatest calamity that ever did fall
Gathered like a cloud of darkening pall
In the early nineties when the Populist craze
Swept through the land like a prairie blaze.
Wild orators raved and farmers grew slack,
Their fields went to weeds their fences to rack;
Larges patches on pants, long whiskers on chin
Their cattle grew poor, their horses thin,
For everything was wrong with the Government
And without 'free silver' they'd not be content!
So ran the endless argument -- ~~the old timer~~.
But the old timer followed not after their way,
He tended his corn and stacked his hay.

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THE POPULIST PARTY.

When the political situation reached climax in 1890 breaking into open revolt, the Farmer's union joined with the Farmer's Alliance to form the Populist Party. A vigorous campaign followed, nine populist congressmen and two senators were elected on the national ticket. In the race for governor, James Boyd of Omaha, the Democratic candidate, received 71, 331 votes; "Honest" John Powers of Trenton, the Populist, 70,187 and L. D. Richards, the Republican, 68,878 votes.

The Populists enjoined James Boyd from being inaugurated Governor, alleging that he was not a bonafide citizen of Nebraska, whereupon Governor John M. Thayer refused to vacate his office, continuing to serve for more than a year. The case was taken to the federal court where James Boyd was adjudged qualified, served the remainder of the term drawing pay for the full two years.

A POPULIST LEGISLATURE.

There was no question as to the state legislature, the Populists winning both houses by a commanding majority. But while the dispute over who was elected governor was a mixup, the legislative session developed into a mess. Its members chosen for their ability as *skilled* ranters fell victims to ~~silly~~ politicians.

Phil H. Sherridan, an Indianola hardware merchant, occupying the Palmer and Way building, was elected to the legislature from our district. A well proportioned man with good voice he was rated as a good speaker. He was

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also a good poker player at which he had suffered one backset. That, when his wife, Mrs. Sherridan, burst into the secludes² rear store room one early morning flourishing a revolver, scooped a sizeable stack of swag into her apron and commanded the bunch to disperse.

However the situation in the Capital city proved too much for our 'Phil' as it did for many other inexperienced legislators. They were wined, dined and variously entertained by lobbyists and experienced politicians all of which prevented them from achieving very little in the way of legislation. The following lines are taken from Dr. A. L. Bixby's column in the Lincoln Journal of that time:

"I saw \$300. fly across the table

To him a stranger;

I'll serve my time and draw my pay

Then go home and live an honest 'granger'."

Dr. A. L. Bixby

The ^{clamorous}~~calamitous~~ group of Populists met in Omaha in July 1892 where they formally organized the Populist Party, their platform demanding a more direct form of democracy. They nominated James B. Weaver of Iowa for president, conducted a rousing campaign polling over 1,000,000 votes and receiving 22 electoral votes from Kansas, Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, North Dakota and Oregon which greatly encouraged them. But the 1894 campaign proved unsatisfactory since both the Republican and Democratic parties took a middle of the road attitude on free coinage of silver.

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THE 1896 CAMPAIGN

Prospects for Populist success in 1896 were much better. The Democratic convention assembled in Chicago endorsed the free coinage of silver together with other suggested measures following the masterful "Crown of thorns and Cross of Gold" speech delivered by Billy Bryan. It was a stirring occasion, with Colonel Bolyby, the Crete Nebraska editor, seizing the state banner and leading the procession to the speakers platform where Bryan was unanimously nominated for President.

Thus the People's Party lost its identity by merging with the democratic party. Their champion suffering defeat from the defection of 'sound money' democrats who voted for Wm. McKinley, the republican candidate whose party adhered to the gold standard. Although their attempt to elect their 'Peerless Leader' proved futile, they saw some of their principles adopted by the democrats.

1896, A FIERCE BATTLE.

An intensive nation wide effort was made to defeat W. J. Bryan in 1896. As secretary of the Doane college republican organization my job was to secure signers for the McKinley Sound Money Club and arrange transportation for students going home to vote. Every male faculty member signed and over 80% of the student voters; the framed list of signers is filed in the college archives.

Transportation was furnished by the railroads; several Doane graduates also returned from New England

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schools to cast their votes in Nebraska where the contest was close.

1896, AN EXCITING CAMPAIGN.

An intensive campaign nation wide was waged with rallies and torch light processions in every town and hamlet. There was one such at Indianola headed by John Reiter's steam tractor bringing up at the opera hall over Beardslee & Stelle's store where the sound money forces held a rousing meeting. Following the scheduled speaker, members of the audience were called upon. Among them an old Scandian arose; pulling out a long wallet almost as long as a wife's stocking and reaching to the bottom of it, he extracted the contents, a lone silver dollar. Holding it aloft he said; "If we get free silver, that is all the money you will have in your pocket", and sat down.

In spite of the strenuous effort made by sound money forces, Bryan carried Nebraska by 25,000 votes. Charles W. Dawes, a friend and D Street neighbor of Bryan in Lincoln, was in charge of the Nebraska campaign, lamented that they could have carried the state for McKinley if the national committee had sent them an additional \$25,000. Sound money democrats throughout the nation voting for McKinley spelled defeat for Bryan.

Although severely disappointed by the defeat of 1896, Bryan headed their national ticket again in 1900 and 1908 but to no avail.

POPULIST PARTY ACHIEVEMENT.

The populist attempt to form a party, faced the

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usual barrier met in forming any third political party. It is not the inertia of the voter or his adherence to party tradition, but the difficulty of persuading those who want ^a to change to unite in forming an effective organization and agreeing upon a plan of united action.

Of all the third party attempts to solve the farm problems found in the west and elsewhere, that of the Populist party was the most outstanding. While it failed in winning permanent victories, it did compel existing parties to face issues that they had evaded or ignored. Although there was no effective national organization, there were state and sectional groups wielding sufficient influence to secure national legislation regulating railroad rates, restraining monopolies, and lowering interest rates. They also urged the abolition of National banks, putting more greenbacks in circulation and free coinage of silver on the 16 to 1 basis. Such were the issues presented under W. J. Bryan, their "Peerless Leader". See Minnesota Historical Society Magazine Volume 9, pages 219-225, 376 etc.

SENATOR GEORGE W. NORRIS' RECORD.

20 *edit*
In reviewing the Populist movement the writer has come upon some facts in Senator Norris' record that do not appear to be generally known. Occasionally someone asks why Mr. Norris' name is not found in the Nebraska list of leading citizens. A writer in a nationally published magazine of January 1958 raises the question.

Arriving at Beaver City, Nebraska in 1884 was George W. Norris, a young lawyer. His early practice brought meager returns and he became pressed for funds.

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Through family influence he became city treasurer using about \$600. of Beaver City money entrusted to his care which he failed to replace. Mr. Norris and a local realty dealer organized a stock company and erected a rickety cracker-box type hotel with stockholders' funds at considerable profit to the promoters. The above information was given me voluntarily by reliable citizens on a business trip over the state in 1937. In Geneva, Nebraska I became acquainted with Mr. Frank Edgecomb, the blind editor of the Geneva Pilot, who told me that while he was cashier of the Rulo Nebraska Bank; Quote; "George W. Norris was one of our best customers in the eighteen-eighties, borrowing money at 10% interest." This when money was being loaned to farmers in that section on chattel mortgages at from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3% interest per month and the 'poor devil's' livestock seized when he failed to pay.

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*Insert following
the Short family*
THE PLOURD FAMILY.

Prominent among those who deserve recognition for distinguished achievement in western Nebraska was the Plourd family.

Arriving at Indianola from Odell, Nebraska in 1895 were Mr. & Mrs. M. W. Plourd accompanied by their sons Wallace and William Plourd. They engaged in the blacksmithing business and manufactured a type of 'go-devil' cultivator for use in tending listed corn. Always interested in thoroughbred race horses, they developed three race horses which became widely known in state racing circles. They were Emerald, Druggist and Indianola. The former two were winners in the Nebraska Derby at the state fair. The Plourd stables also raced at some of the country's largest race meets in Illinois, Missouri, California and in Mexico. Their horse, Indianola, established the record of having won the largest number of first prizes of any horse in Nebraska.

Wallace and William Plourd also invented a new type of bar plate shoe adapted to the shoeing of race horses, constructed to maintain the proper weight and balance of the horse's stepping action. Wallace developed a thriving business in the manufacture of these plates until his death in 1935, receiving a larger mail business than he could supply, many coming from Europe. Owners sent plaster casts of horse's foot and hoof by which he constructed the bar-shoe suitable in each case. In such he was a high skilled artisan. Walter Ripley devoted an article to Mr. Plourd's achievements in his

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"Believe It Or Not", syndicated columns.

William Plourd served the community several years and with his sons he established the first picture show in Indianola in 1913 projecting the silent films of that day. He installed an electric generating plant to supply the arc light in projecting machines; This later developed into the town's first electric light plant, serving the business and residential sections.

BILL SHORT AGAIN.

"An amusing incident occurred following the opening of the picture show venture in which our old cow-boy friend, Bill Short, appeared. Bill vociferously opined; that; "Sitting in a show watching pictures was a downright waste of time and money and he did not want anything to do with such ~~amusement~~." One night some friends prevailed upon Bill to accompany them into the show."

"A typical 'western' of that time was on the screen; the hero was stranded in the parching desert; the villian had stolen his horse while he slept."

"Next day the bone weary traveller trudged on nearing exhaustion and the end of his meager water supply; that night the heartless villian crept up and sneaked the last remaining drop of water into the desert sand!"

"At that point in the show, Bill sprang to his feet and everybody in the house heard Bill roar:

'Why! The blank-ety blank-ety lousy ----S-O-B!!!'

"After that Bill Short was a regular theater attendant."

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Besides introducing the picture show into the community William Plourd operated a recreation parlor; it was a well conducted orderly place and a credit to the community.

His son, William H. Plourd, is a well known newspaper man of the state and publisher of the Nance County Journal at Fullerton, Nebraska. To him the writer is indebted for most of the above information as quoted.

In an accompanying letter written in April, 1846, Mr. Plourd stated: "The older I become, the more respect and reverence I have for the kind of men and women who developed western Nebraska whom as a small boy I was privileged to know. Those were the days when industry and thrift were respected and when honesty was admired as a cardinal virtue". Signed W. H. Plourd.

OTHERS DESERVING MENTION.

In sketching the upper Republican Valley development scene the writer has presented typical cases in order to portray the prevailing frontier day spirit.

Among others who took part in this early day in the experience was Rufus Moses Snavelly, a budding young lawyer from the middle east. Proceeding unpretentiously he developed a creditable practice. He was the first member of his profession to employ a typewriter and hire a typist, one of the masculine gender. This novelty elicited a great deal of curiosity. As Mr. Snavelly's business grew his attention turned towards taking on a helpmate, so he consulted a successful housewife to ascertain the cost of supporting a wife. This caused

Handwritten:
Fullerton
see
earlier

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considerable comment of course, but Rufus took the plunge and with his common sense wife began housekeeping in a modest 'soddy' at the north edge of Indianola.

With continued concentration and practice he developed a wide reputation, then removed to Denver where he became one of the city's successful attorneys. Thus a green country lad climbed the ladder of achievement.

Another Indianola lawyer, Harlow W. Keyes, also established an outstanding reputation for his legal knowledge and unbiased judgement. He and his estimable wife contributed a great deal toward the community's reputation of ~~the town's being~~ a good place in which to live. Although Mr. Keyes possessed outstanding ability he held aloof from seeking office.

In 1879 the Glandon family from the 'Old dominion State' of Virginia homesteaded in the broken canyon section four miles north-east of town: accustomed to farming under rugged conditions he succeeded where others had failed. Mr. and Mrs. Glandon and their three youthful children were regular church and sunday-school attendants. Mr. Glandon continuing as sunday school superintendent for several years. Later, the older son, Verdon, carried on in that capacity.

West of Indianola four miles was the John F. Helm family who filed upon an abandoned creek bottom claim in 1876, Mr. Helm becoming one of our most successful farmers.

Five miles north on the Red Willow and four miles east was the Dick Hatcher family; Mr. Hatcher was a capable energetic man who by persistent application met with

*But
on
insert
Glandon*

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Dele
success in farming and operating a steam thresher outfit with which he covered a wide territory during threshing season. He gave attention to community development, serving as schoolboard chairman for many years.

THE COON CREEK NEIGHBORHOOD.

Dele
on insert earlier
Our list would be incomplete ~~noting~~ without mentioning those living at the head of Coon Creek, a wide spread section along the Frontier County line. Near this line and alongside the road to Stockville was the Ammi C. Teal family who came in the early eighties and stuck through the years, constructing a substantial sod house and laying out a baseball diamond in front. Their sons, Frank and Dell, developed a first class baseball team practicing on evenings and week ends. Dell became a successful player who served many years as a member of the Ottumwa, Iowa team of the famous 'Three I' League. He attained the distinction of being one of the few among his profession who saved all his money.

Frank Teal, the oldest son, was a staunch dependable citizen. Retiring at Indianola he became one of its leaders in promoting community well-being. Gretie Teal, the daughter, occupied an important business position in town and later served as matron of Hot Springs, Missouri's well known Elms Hotel.

Included in the Coon Creek group ^{were} ~~was~~ the Barber brothers, Andy and Robert, who also moved to Indianola where Andy became an interior decorator, then construction manager for the Havana Telephone Company, while

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Robert operated a general insurance business. William McCool of the Coon Creek neighborhood was a successful school teacher; proficient in music he formed a choral organization singing in country churches and on other occasions. He later became Red Willow county sherrif. In this group were the Coburns, Pat Callen and others.

SOUTH OF INDIANOLA.

On upland south of the River was Dave Deveny who made a speciality of developing red duroc swine for which he became widely known, his animals winning many exhibition prizes. He was followed by his sons, Harold and Dave, the former being well known as a cattle feeder and shipper.

Farther south and in Beaver Creek Valley at Danbury and Lebanon lived many of the original settlers, B. B. Duacworth, B. F. Bradbury, the Devoe family, Mr. Herzekern and Mr. S. W. Stilgebour -- the latter's son dropping out of school ^{at Indianola} because he did not like to bother with grammar.-- Also were Mr. Lyons, the Bond family and Mr. W. S. Fitch on the Driftwood Creek. All of whom had what it takes to endure despite difficulties.

FRONTIER ECONOMY.

As we have already observed the first settlers found it necessary to practice the strictest economy in order to survive, making careful use of what they produced and storing sufficient surplus to tide them through lean years. Any who failed to do so, had to 'go into Egypt', the Iowa Illinois section,-- the dependable crop

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region,-- when drought descended.

However many of the later arrivals of our semi-arid region and a few older ones became overconfident hoping that good years would continue indefinitely. They not only failed to provide for the future but borrowed money at high interest rates, living beyond their means, buying additional machinery on the future payment plan allowing it to stand in yard or field unprotected from the weather and indulging in various luxuries. When the lean years came, their money spent and credit gone, unable to meet their obligations, mortgage foreclosures followed leaving them in destitution.

*Do not
or else
harder*

All of which compells one to observe that present day man, a creature endowed with so high a degree of intelligence, has learned so little from the pages of history and from present day experience that he dumbly continues to ignore the lessons taught. That Emperor Diocletian's elaborate attempt at regimentation and price-fixing ~~system~~ of the second century proved an utter failure as such has ¹wherever and whenever tried. That socialism and communism have been likewise abandoned as unworkable and self defeating the world over.

Do not

All such while the common sense principle of supply and demand is found to be the only workable economic plan, that our American system of government is capable of carrying it on. It is time that we face the facts ere we lose our freedom. ~~For sooner or later we must face reality.~~

Certain things were learned by the first settlers that should be carefully noted by ^{every one} ~~all~~ who would succeed at farming in a semi-arid region. First, that

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crops must be diversified in order to secure sufficient returns. In this it is necessary to select hardy drought resisting varieties of grains. He should also know that whoever depends upon but one kind of crop is doomed to failure -- ^{for} he is not a farmer but a 'Cropper' whether the crop be wheat, cotton, or corn.

Nor can diversification and careful selection alone be depended upon to insure sufficient returns in a capricious semi-arid climate. There it is necessary to combine farming with livestock raising in order to succeed; mixed farming is found to be the only solution. In this the farmer must also carefully select breeds and varieties best adapted to existing conditions. To obtain such results herfords were crossed with durham, the wiry western pony with the larger sturdy clydesdale or norman to secure ^{those capable} of rustling for themselves on native forage in the open when ~~found~~ necessary. The semi-arid farmers economy will not permit supplemental feeding nor the construction of expensive barns -- just stables for milk cows and work animals. The rest must endure under shed protection or that furnished by creekside timber or canyon bank, ~~provided by nature~~.

From all of which it is evident that the only place where the farmer's problems can be solved is on the farm by the intelligent farmer, himself, free to choose for himself the kind of crops, the amount of acreage to be allotted to each, the form of tillage desirable under existing soil and moisture conditions in that particular season all suited to the land he operates. This together with the proper number and balance

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of livestock required as best ^{suited} to the situation.

Done
The farmer's business cannot be managed by remote control from Washington by a politically-minded beaurocratic New York lawyer unable to tell a goat from a shoat, ~~for~~ oats from spelts. The whole farm business has become so hopelessly messed up by swivel-chair occupants during the past quarter-century that even an honest to goodness dirt farmer such as Exera Benson of Idaho has found it impossible to untangle the hopeless mess dumped into his office.)

A PREDICAMENT.

Done
It is unfortunate that man who possesses the power to reason and exercise his judgement, so often seems to lack the common sense needed for solving the problems of life. Too bad that he lacks the inherent instinct possessed by the lower creatures which guards them from error and pitfalls, such as the honeybee, and others among the lower animals ^{possess} to guide them in the struggle for existence. Man failing to use his mental powers is hopeless for, the law: "The survival of the fittest"; holds for all animate life alike: The expression; "As free from brains as a hop toad", ^{which} is frequently heard in rural Ohio, may sound harsh but holds true in too many cases.

The lower orders of creation may yet survive the present human race upon this earth. As for the future, we who would remedy the situation, can but strive and hope for the best. No greater truths has been recently voiced than that of Editor Harvey Newbranch of the Omaha World-Herals, January 26, 1949: —

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"God hates a coward": God hates and all Nature despises all such as cringe from facing life's realities.

NATURE IN ITS PRIMITIVE STATE.

It is something to have viewed Nature in her primitive beauty undisturbed by the intruding hand of man, to have seen her meandering streams lined by growth of virgin timber with trees of various kinds and varieties grouped in creek bends. Here they stood interspersed with clumps of bushes and various plant growth huddling near the larger protecting growth of timber, or reaching toward upland clinging to broken hillside. Likewise spread before the field of vision were areas covered by various kinds of grasses suited to soil and climatic conditions with deep rooted firm ~~added~~ short thin bladed buffalo grass predominating. These firmed the surface protecting the soil from erosion. The whole served to maintain a harmonious balance enhancing the beauty of the wide spread scene. Such was the prairie primeval, the home of nature's children, -- the Red Man, buffalo, elk and kindred companions.

Greeting the eye also were fields and patches of flowering fruit bearing shrubs and plants lending their beauty to the overall scene during spring and summer season. There were fields and patches of varicolored plants including the buffalo pea and trailing buffalo bean displaying their bluish tinge, there the goldenrod waved its deep rich colored spray, the wild rose smiled with pink tint face. The yellow-root raised its tiny yellow flowered spray from rooted base close to clump of wiry red bunch-grass on broken hillside step.

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On upland also spread the rough vined buffalo squash bearing green striped base-ball sized ~~squash~~^{fruit} of bitter taste, its vines twelve feet or more in length leading from central stem a foot long ~~reaching~~^{and} down to a central spongy body several inches in diameter ~~reaching~~^{extending} several feet farther, called 'man-in-the-ground', which served to hold accumulated moisture for tiding the plant through drought.

On hilltop also was the pincushion cactus singly or in groups clinging close to ground armed with needle^{like} spines supporting one or two pink hued flowers wafting sweet aroma. Nearby were nests of 'prickly-pear' cactus with chains of dark green spongy discs ~~with~~^{bearing} rich yellow bell-shaped blossoms of pleasant odor. Studding the landscape at intervals were bold sentinals of 'Spanish bayonett' with needle pointed double-edged green blades a foot in length guarding a central stalk three feet high bearing numerous aromatic white blossoms known as yucca or 'Indian soap-weed', the roots of which the Red Man used in laundering and swished in pool to stupefy fish for easy catch.

Add to this the delightful view of crystal sandy bottom gravelly streams fed by Rocky Mountain snowfed springs, their murmuring waters ~~lined~~^{bordered} by banks lined with velvety green mosses, fishes darting here and there in stream or pool. The overall scene being further enriched by free roaming animal life feeding upon the boundless expanse in valley and upland - vast herds of bison plus smaller groups of deer, elk and timid curious antelope. The presence of ~~which~~^{such} assured the venturer

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that he need not feel lonely nor want for food.

Wherever one ~~trod~~ ^{turned} he was greeted by the staccatto bark of prairie-dog sitting ~~on~~ ^{upon mound of} patted earth disk guarding his underground abode. Passing on, the wanderer perchance was startled by a grouse bursting in sudden flight or wild turkey speeding on foot or wing from her hidden nest. Or glancing toward horizon he spied a skulking coyote or caught a glimpse of scurrying prairie fox.

Pp There were numerous feathered people too on land and in air, singly or in flocks winging to places near or far. The friendly meadowlark approached and followed the traveller flitting from post to post or other prominent spot uttering his cheerful greeting strain. Swarms of ever present blackbirds loaded streamside treetops filling the air with their rasping clatter; at nightfall swift winged night-hawks swept close to earth and on, the kill-deers stepped rapidly along the broken hillside, the quavering voice of whipporwill arose from creekside; the screech owls shuddering voice stabbed the ear, or hootowl's doleful call boomed from distant treetop. At dawn the yellowhammer and redheaded woodpecker beat tattoo on dead branched tree in quest of breakfast, the blue heron swooped down upon the stream to stab an unwary fish. Keen eyed hawks of various sizes peered from sky to spot their quarry; there were flocks of plover on land and swallows soaring overhead while beebirds fed on insects or chased the hawks away. There were other feathered people also -- too numerous to mention.

For Pawnee-Buffalo Land lying in the upper Republican Valley with it's ever flowing timbered streams

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was a veritable paradise of varied wild life, in contrast with the treeless region of the Platte and beyond. It's whole panorama was further enriched by the golden varicolored delicately tinted sunsets for which western Nebraska is famous, the beauty of which is beyond description.

All of which is but a glimpse of the scene upon which the pioneers eyes feasted, a veritable soul filling source of inspiration. In this he was akin to the Red Man, the true child of Nature, who likewise experienced all this --- nor was he un-appreciative of Nature's bounteous riches. The Red Man ~~also~~ veritably loved this land; his God, the Great Spirit, created it and entrusted to his care. It was an inseparable part of his life and being.

While it was wonderful to view nature in her primitive form, undisturbed by the hand of man, it was something more to have lived through those frontier border experiences and observed the various stages through which that region passed in establishing its civil institutions and becoming an integral part of a leading grain producing live stock raising state of our middle west. It was a great privilege to live through that period in company with those who accomplished the task. They were men and women who had what it takes to overcome, possessing the qualities of character necessary for achievement, intelligence, sound judgement, courage, perseverance and devoted purpose plus an additional element, vision, that inspiration force which leads on to the goal of achievement.

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They set the pattern laying the foundation upon which our State has continued to build; for the future of Nebraska depends upon the preservation of her fertile soil and the devoted purpose of her people. Our state may not be the richest one in material resources in metals or minerals, but we are carefully conserving and developing what we have, paying as we go instead of borrowing upon an uncertain future and piling up a monstrous burden of debt for our children and grandchildren and their children to pay.

We are determined to leave them a heritage which they will be proud to receive - our American form of government with its freedom to choose for themselves without beaurocratic domination or restraint, free from socialistic and communistic isms that would honey-comb our institutions with elements of moth and corruption, that would result in their certain destruction. Our patriotic American citizens have the spirit to resist all such in our united purpose to preserve that heritage entrusted to our care by the founders of our government, the patriotic Americans of the past. We are proud to "Stand Up For Nebraska", the 'Land of the free'. "Thou TooSSail on Oh Ship of State!"

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Finis.

Such is the picture viewed in perspective reaching back eighty-six years into the past. Those who formed the spear-head thrust into that untried region lie at rest in the hill-top cemetery located on the north end of the old Pawnee camping ground reaching to the look-out point atop the high Coon Creek bluff commanding a sweeping view of the beautiful Republican valley ^{the point} where they interred the wounded Pawnee squaw victim of the Sioux-Pawnee massacre in August 1873.

They were courageous purposeful souls many of whom survived to advanced age, (my father reaching age ninety-five while others pressed near the century mark.) Having completed their task they could well report as did Caesar of old: "Vini, vidi, vinci."

So, let them rest.

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The Trumpet Call

Taps sound for him!

The pioneer who westward came
When life was stern and difficult,
And paths were dim.

His call at last!

Who, from the vantage ground
Of more than ninety summer times,
Surveyed the past.

His task well done!

Our scout and guide with vision clear
Has battled long without a fear,
And victory won.

With armor bright!

He presses on to take his stand
Beyond the crest of border-land,
A Noble Knight!

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Into Pawnee-Buffalo Land.

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THE PIONEER WHO WESTWARD CAME
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