

Memoirs-- Fred V. Welsh

Dad's parents, Jim and Elizabeth Welsh (Irish) must have emigrated from Northern Ireland to Peterborough Ontario, Canada. They were Orangemen and I think the wearers of the green drove them out of Ireland, as they always wanted to kill them. Jim Welsh was a cooper by trade, or a maker of barrels. He practiced his trade for a number of years in a town whose name I forget (Orvilla) on Lake Simcoe, where I think most of their family was born, including my father "Fred" who came to Michigan at a town now called "Peck" in Sanilac County, where he worked for a man named John Merrin who ran a farm and sub-contracted lumber logs for Simeon Murphy at a place somewhere near Cass City where Merrin ran a lumber camp. I think only white pine was cut, and was run down the Cass River to mills at Vassar. Dad worked as an axe man on the river run.

In the meantime his folks again got entangled with the green Irish and took off for Nebraska where there was a possibility of getting three quarter sections (480 acres) for working on them-- homestead, 160; pre-emption, 160; and timber claim, 160; for very little money but a "heap of work" in Howard County, about 30 miles up the North Loop River from Grand Island where they homesteaded near a town now called Cotesfield, on a second bend from river.

Dad, now 21, had a nice level "160," and a fellow living with him called Dave Shields. Both were bachelors. This was before the Union Pacific Railroad came up the valley from Grand Island 60 miles and ended in Ord. All the residents worked on it, and it meant much to them as times were hard and money scarce. But it made the North Loop Valley a place to live in, as wagon trails were the only way before, and no river bridges. (They had to ford the river.) Towns grew up along the river-- St. Paul, Elba, North Loop, Ord.

Before Dad took up his farm, he ran a tote team from Fort Hartsuff up on the Calamus River to Grand Island where the fort got its supplies. As near as I can make it, the distance was about 90 miles, with what they called a half-way stop, a large grout building of lime and gravel. The lime was burned at the location of the building close to the North Loop River, northeast of Elba, about 9 miles. The walls of this building still stand. A picture of the building, Rodney, you now have. Dad told me he had various brushes with the Indians and had to use his blacksnake whip to keep them from stealing his load of foodstuffs for the fort, but they made no attempt to kill him and take his wagon. His (Dad's) main troubles were from prairie fires and fording the North Loop River when there was high water. The river would then be about one-quarter mile wide and have a swift current that you could not swim against. I tried it many times. It had a shifting sand bottom that would vary in depth from six inches to six or seven feet, and kept changing depth constantly and in flood time was impossible to ford. Dad told me he lost several loads of supplies in it, as he had to cross it going and coming back from Grand Island.

When Dad was not on the tote team he worked as a helper in building the fort (Fort Hartsuff) the buildings of which still stand, and was, as I understand it, another case of useless expenditure by the government, as the Indians never attacked it at any time. Though the troops did go out against the Indians a number of times. Dad said that he went along several times and as he put it was "scared fartless" but the troops from the fort handled them easily.

It was after the fort was built that Dad moved into the North Loop Valley and took up his homestead near what is now called Cotesfield and married Mother, whose maiden name was Maggie Svoboda. She was born in Brunne, Moravia. Her father was a butcher. They had some money, and her brother Vince Svoboda was an educated man and knew how to make and keep money. He was in my time Howard County's richest man. He was county clerk for several years. St. Paul was county seat, and was named after a judge named N. J. Paul who married Dad and Mother in 1879. I could look up their dates, Rodney, but it would be a long and difficult task, but they are approximately right.

The folks moved to the farm near Cotesfield. Dad was an uneducated man and until after he married Mother could not write his own name. Mother was an educated woman and taught him to read and write. Dad had to make a living for his family through the years "by the sweat of his brow" and was a tireless worker and put in many 16-18 hour days. He was a good Dad, whose main fault was he was Irish and loved to fight and drink whiskey. I have seen him in a number of fights and nobody ever whipped him.

When the railroad came through the valley, it went into one corner of Dad's farm and out of the other making it into two triangles, and he was never satisfied with it, though it was rich black valley land of the kind when of late years irrigated sold for \$1000 an acre. At the time it sold for \$20 or \$30 I think. Dad dug many wells with the spade in order to have some money to keep things going, and while I am on the subject of wells, I will tell you what kind of land the North Loop Valley was. It was rich black loam and 30 to 40 feet down was just as rich as on the top. The only thing it lacked, which Nebraska lacked, was water. It never got enough rain, and crops burned up year after year. Cinch bugs and grasshoppers took the corn and wheat which at that time was all spring wheat, and cockle burrs grew shoulder high in the corn, and the prairie fires that once in a while came in from the hills of Greeley county were a sight to alarm the bravest heart. I have seen them when I was a boy. When the wind was blowing strong it looked like the waves of the Ocean 20 feet high and 10 miles wide, burning everything in their path. The farmers in the hills of Greeley would burn a fireguard around their homes and haystacks, but when the wind was a 60 mile gale the fire would jump the guards and leave nothing but the sod house which could not burn. The North Loop River was approximately a half-mile wide, and one fire out of the hills jumped the river into the valley and did all sorts of havoc in the valley.

Well, to come to a point as to what the people as a whole had to put up with, they fought drought, and famine, cinchbugs and grasshoppers, prairie fires and hail, and diseases without medical help. There were no doctors to be had in most of the places, and when diphtheria or disease came, whole families died off. When the towns were established along the railroad, a few doctors and drug stores came in, but they did not have any of the modern medicines to help them, and had to be brought to the homes with team and wagon, and it took hours to get to the nearest home. Most of the children were born with the help of a woman neighbor they called a midwife.

## Part II-- The Incidents

Well, Rod, I will forget the calamities for a spell and come back to them later, and go to the time my folks moved on to the farm near what is now Cotesfield. Dad, being Irish, tried to liven things up a bit, especially when he had a few shots of whiskey under his belt, and I will tell you about some of them. There were three or four of our family born there on the farm near Cotesfield, and that is where these incidents occurred.

### #1 The Hay Rack Race

Dad still had his hired man named Dave Shields and had to haul hay to his cattle a considerable distance, and they would take two teams and wagons with what we called hay racks. The hay at that time was all loose hay. These racks were built on a 10 by 14 platform, with a fence around them, and set loose between the bolsters of the wagon. Anyway, Dad and Dave decided to race their teams down the dirt road in the valley. It was a straight line for about 2 miles and then took a curve at right angles. They got along very well until they reached the curve, and Dad could not get his team (a pair of wild bronchs) slowed down, and his hay rack flew off the wagon with him under it, and broke several of his ribs. He could not carry on with his work for some time.

### #2 The Bull Ride

These incidents were before my time, but some of the eldest girls were born on this farm, and on the second farm on Hanson Creek, which bordered on the west by the North Loop River. It was on the level of the river and not nearly as good. I think most of these things happened on the Homestead, or the first farm.

Things had been a bit dull for some time, so Dad and Dave figured to have a little rodeo of their own. They had a herd of cows and young cattle, and a large herd bull. They lassoed the bull, snagged him to a tree, and after much time and effort saddled him with their herd saddle, which happened to be a very good and expensive one, and Dad talked Dave into trying to ride him. Dave got on him while he was still snagged to a tree, and Dad turned the bull loose. Dad said Dave rode him very well for a reasonable time, then threw him off and took west for the river, which was five or six miles away. Crossed it, and took off into the hills of Greeley County. Dad and Dave took horses and lariats and a rifle the next day, and found the bull in a valley full of wild plum brush about 8 to 10 feet high, of which there were a good many running from the hills to the river. They could not get near enough to lariat the bull and had to shoot him with the rifle to save the saddle which was worth several bulls at that time. I don't think they even dressed the bull out.

At a second thought, those plum canyons, as we called them, were a source of the only fruit much of the early settlers ever had. I have seen them blue and red with wild plums when they were ripe, to give color to the canyon. A large part of them were the size of a hickory nut, and blue. Others were the size of a walnut and yellow and red, and boy, were they delicious! There were some gooseberries without thorns like the eastern gooseberries. They were of good size. There were some chokecherries just like our eastern ones, but that was the fruit we had at first.

### #3 Revival Fires

It was another year of drought. Everything was burning up. Dad's brother-in-law was a preacher, and he and a helper named Rev. Sparks were holding revival meetings in the schoolhouse on Dad's farm, located in a grove of box elders that were planted for a timber claim. To come to the point, the preachers announced that they were going to pray for rain, and all the settlers in the valley for miles were there. Both preachers were the shouting kind. Dad said they strode up and down the platform shouting "Lord, we won't go home until you send us rain." The rest is Dad's description of it. He said the wind came up a gale, and the damndest clap of thunder you ever heard, and the hail began to fall so thick it blurred the vision. The horses all broke loose and ran away, the women all fainted, and the hail continued until the crops that were left by the drought were beaten into the ground.

During these meetings there was a family of several-- I think four brothers to be exact, and their Dad coming to the meetings, and both the ministers advocated public confession of sin. One of the brothers got what he called religion and confessed that he had been getting friendly with his brother's wife, and as Dad put it, the damndest fight started up among the family. Dad said the old man strode up and down on the platform telling how he would wade through blood till Dad grew tired of it, and he went up and punched him in the head and dragged him outdoors.

#4

There were four men from the East who brought a lot of money into the North Loop Valley and established ranches and ran large groups of good cattle, I think most of them purebreds. At least two of them were from Michigan. The first I don't know too much about. They were before my time. But the first was named Edd Cook, a bachelor with a housekeeper. He took up huge holdings where Elba now stands that went for 4 miles along the river and way back in the hills. Cook platted Elba, laid out the streets and blocks, sub-divided the blocks into lots and sold them to the public. He built a huge house, cattle sheds, horse barns that are still there including granary and corncribs, and two large corrals or cattle yards. They were made of boards up and down, about seven feet high to keep the cattle out of the terrible cold winter winds. He died before I was old enough to remember him. His housekeeper, Mrs. Roe, lived in Elba until I was quite a large kid 6 or 7 years old.

Marion Fugate, whom Dad called Mary Ann, and who had a beautiful large house and yard in Elba was the administrator of the Cook estate, and had a large ranch of his own, later owned by Walter Riness, a son of Nelson and Sarah Riness. Anyway, Mary Ann was a rich man and a sport. I mean he had money enough to be one. He owned a race horse of his own named "Nanny O" on which he would wager what seemed to be at that time huge sums of money. "Nanny O" as far as I know never lost a race. He gave Dad a lot of work on the Elba ranch which was surely needed and paid Dad what was for that time fair wages for him and his team. I think Dad and he drank a lot of whiskey together; anyway, he would always bet on Dad's fights, which as far as I know he always won. These fights were always to the finish, not by rounds, and at times the winner was the loser, if looks counted for much. I will describe one of them.

Greeley County, Nebraska was an Irishman's town, and once in awhile one of them would come over to Elba. They were some of them real fighting men, and all were wearers of the green, who for some reason Dad heartily despised. I have found them a very likable people, especially their blue-eyed maidens! Well, to shorten a long story, Dad and this Irishman both were feeling their

oats and it was not too long till they had a fight arranged in the corral of the livery barn. As I understand, Dad was getting the worst end of it till Fugate crawled up on the fence and shouted "I will bet \$100 on Welsh," which I imagine gave him much encouragement and the other much discouragement, for after that Dad said he whipped him easily. Mother said you would never know he was the winner by the looks of him.

Well, back to the folks and their experiences on the farm on Munson Creek. As I mentioned, Dad was never satisfied with his farm after the railroad came through and made it into two triangles, so he traded it for a farm right on the Loop River and Munson Creek. It was level with the river. It was a sandy soil not nearly as good as the first one, but was a good stock farm and there was some pasture there even in drought years. His brother Jim had bought a threshing machine and could not make it, so Dad foolishly took over by mortgaging his farm. It was run by horsepower. It took four teams walking around in a circle and what we called a tumbler rod running from power to thresh machine. The machine took four men to handle it-- two band cutters, a grain feeder, and one to keep the straw away from the back end of it where it had a straw carrier built on the same principle as the combine carrier.

The man that fed the grain stood at the front with a band cutter on each side and fed the grain head first into the concaves as it was shoved to him from each side by the band cutters, a hard and dangerous job. I knew two men that lost an arm in the concaves as they grabbed the grain. The first binders tied with a small wire, which is the reason, I suppose, they burned their strawstacks when they were lucky enough to have one. These wires would bind around the concaves and have to be taken off with a hammer and chisel after each thresh job. There was much expense and little profit (drought years), few small jobs, and no money to be had, even by those lucky enough to have a small threshing. To make a long story short, Dad lost his farm to the mortgage, and moved to Elba where they had a small house and an acre of ground.

To put a little cheer in the monotony there was a prairie poet who lived on Turkey Creek and wrote some poems about the difficulties faced by the early settlers. I remember parts of some of them, and will pass on as much as I remember.

"Botts," as you know, is a grub in the back of cattle that comes out and makes more Bott flies. There was a bachelor in the valley named John Steer. He married a widow whose name was Botts.

"In the course of these hard times we are all glad to hear  
That the good Widow Botts has made raise to a Steer.  
He is a fine fellow, but may have some spots  
Cause 'tis very well known that the Steer has the Botts.

He's hale and he's hearty, and very well broke  
And if properly trained, he'll come under the yoke.  
He'll come under the yoke, by day or by night  
He'll get over the Botts, and come out all right."

"The Grasshopper Scourge." I only remember a very little of this one, but I have seen them come from the south and go north into the Dakotas as far as you could see up in the air, and as

far as you could see sideways. So they darkened the sun in my times, with the cripples and the worn out ones dropping to the earth, but nothing like the old settlers said "this one was."

They ate the Dakotas barren, and then came back and cleaned out Nebraska. They ate the part of the harness that was sweaty from the horse; they ate the fork handles where the sweat of the hand was, and invaded the houses, so the women could not keep them swept out. They got on the rails of the railroad, so the engine could get no traction, and utterly destroyed every green thing. I think at this time many early Nebraska people would have perished if it had not been for the good people in the eastern states that sent clothing and food.

"They went up north to search for gold, but found the weather was very cold,  
The pastures scant, and many a grasshopper fierce and bold there died of want.

In thievish tricks you can outdo the meanest thief I ever knew  
Sure even Jon Mercan you can outdo in actions base  
For in broad daylight you robbed him too, before his face."

Song-- "Nebraska Land," author unknown, tune "Beulah Land"

"We're in the land of drought and heat  
Where nothing grows for man to eat  
The wind that blows with burning heat  
Throughout this land is hard to beat.

Chorus

Oh Nebraska land, poor Nebraska land  
As on thy burned-up soil I stand  
I look away across the plains  
And wonder why it never rains.  
Old Gabriel blows his trumpet sound  
And says the rain has passed around.

Our horses are an exiled race  
Starvation stares them in the face.  
Our chickens are too poor to eat  
And pigs go squealing through the street.

We have no wheat; we have no oats.  
We have no corn to feed our shoats.  
You ask us why we always stay  
We are too poor to get away.

After the folks moved to Elba, Dad had what tools he had on the farm left, and a good team, and it was here that Marion Fugate gave him what work he could do; rebuilding corrals for the cattle; scraping them with team and scraper free of manure; ditching them so there was good drainage; patching up and rebuilding cattle sheds, and hauling in feed. It was here in Elba on Feb. 11,

1889, I had the fortune or misfortune of being born. I could never decide exactly which. Anyway, by scraping and saving, the folks saved up enough money to make a payment on a hill farm in Greeley Co. There was a lot of good land on the high fields which were of irregular shape, caused by many dry canyons. But the farm happened to be located where the cool air from the Loop River and the hot dry air from the hills met, and caused hailstones that wiped out the crop every other year-- sometimes partly, sometimes completely, leaving nothing but prairie grass which grew again.

Dad built himself a sod house on this farm. If it hadn't been for these soddies and dugouts, as they were called, where there would be a large family residing in one large room, and which were warm against the fearful cold winter winds, most all the country people would have died, as there were at that time no trees in the hill country to break the winds from the Dakotas in gales up to 70 miles an hour, and 40 below zero. I will try to tell you about the one we had after we moved to the farm in Greeley Co.

When the folks came back to Elba from the Munson Creek farm, Dad worked for Fugate, plowed and fitted gardens, mowed lots and streets, and worked on any kind of a job he could get, and he got plenty to do, as he was a hard worker, and when he was on a job he worked all the time. And the farmers were glad to get him when they could. I was born in Elba before we moved to Greeley Co. It was on the Greeley Co. farm where the folks suffered the most and got along with the least. I will attempt to describe our "soddie," as they called them. Ours was one of the best.

It was approximately 16 by 20 feet, with a little kitchen built on one end about 8 feet square. It was built on a hillside, and about five feet on the back dug out of the yellow clay to a front where there was very little digging. The back and ends were carried up to an 8 foot ceiling out of sod chunks or bricks 5 inches thick, 14 inches wide, and four feet long. They were broken out of the prairie with a breaking plow, and cut in lengths with a spade, and was laid in the same method as bricks are laid, using loose yellow clay as a mortar. The front of our house was of up and down pine boards, 8 feet long and 1 foot wide, with wood batts over the cracks up and down. There were 2 regular 2 sash windows and a 3 by 7 door facing the valley. I think the door was up and down boards 2 thick with tar paper between. The kitchen had sod sides and end, and a one sash window with no door. The ends of the roof were laid in a slight circle and it was built of 2 by 10 joist lengthwise with the house, so were in a circle also. These were covered with shiplap boards bent to the circle and covered with tar paper on top of which was 12 to 16 inches of loose yellow clay. I don't remember of it ever leaking anywhere. The floor was of shiplap laid lengthwise on wood joists. The clay and sod sides were whitewashed. the wood front was papered on the wood.

#### More Description of Life in Elba

As I have stated before, Fugate and Lewis both ran a ranch, and gave Dad all the work he could do after we moved to Elba. A man named John Anderson ran at that time the Cook ranch, part of which Elba was built on, and had a boy named Hans, who in later years was my pal after we came back to Elba from the Greeley Co. farm when we starved off of it. The old folks would not stay down regardless of the number of times they were whipped by circumstances they could not control. The biggest mistake they ever made was going to this farm in Greeley, where the devil

and his imps seemed to be in full control. How the folks scraped up the money for the down payment I can't figure, but they did. Some of these obstacles I will try to describe. There was drought, and hail, cinch bugs, grasshoppers, prairie fires, no fuel of any kind, diseases without doctors or medicines, and you name it, it was all there. How many lived in that God forsaken country I'll never know, but many survived. we moved to Greeley Co. when I was three years old. Dad had fenced in 40 acres of pasture and had 6 or 8 milk cows, which when the grass did not dry up gave us milk and butter which could be sold in Elba. But it was ten miles across the hills and was a day's drive with team and lumber wagon. This trip was made once a week, and was one of the highlights of my youthful days. We traded in a little store run by Jay Smith, and he always gave us a small sack of mixed hard candy. This Smith was a good man and built his business into what would be considered quite a store, even in these days. But he got to fighting booze, and as most of the Polanders and Danes were boozers, they quit him and he went broke, as they quit him and went to a store run by their own kind.

This farm in Greeley had a lot of flat hilltop land that was good but had irregular shaped fields that would have produced good crops if drought and hail had left it alone. Walter Riness, in his later years (Dad's nephew) put down deep wells that cost 7 or 8 thousand apiece and irrigated it with aluminum pipes and produced good crops. He acquired several thousand acres of this land.

We had what was one of the better soddies which I have described, and these soddies were the only reason people could live, as they were warm and held out the howling blasts of Nebraska's blizzards. The cow barn was dug out of a hillside and covered with hay.

One of the main troubles was lack of fuel, as at that time there were no trees only along the river ten miles away. These trees were owned by ranchers and valley farmers; however, many a load of trees were hauled into the hills. We went over the pastures and picked up dried cow manure which would burn in the kitchen stove, but nearly drive you out of the house. We also used dried sunflower stalks which grew in the valley bottom as large as a man's arm, dried cornstalk roots, and twisted hay. There was considerable ear corn burnt when they had it also, as it sold for very little and was a day's haul to the nearest town (Elba) on clay hills without roads.

The folks always tried to raise pork enough to eat, and most you had pork put down in salt brine once a day. In years of drought even this was not possible, as were potatoes and any kind of garden stuff. Most of our breakfasts were, as I remember them, mush and milk, and a piece of toast, if we were lucky. Dinner was fried mush and salt pork, and if we had it, bread. Supper more of the same.

We had kerosene lamps most of the time, but once in awhile the oil would run out and we would have to get along with a "bitch" (rightly named) which was a tin cup of lard with a wool rag for a wick. It gave quite a light but gave off a black smoke that would nearly choke you if you used it too long, so we had our pollution problem long before modern cities. I have seen my poor old Mother (God love her) with her work cracked hands at midnight making moccasins and work mitts by the light of these bitches, out of old clothes sent in by the eastern states, and eating dry bread that she might save the butter for the rest of us. Well, enough calamity for now. I will come back to it later.



I will try to tell some of Dad's doings while we were in Greeley Co. The county seat was Greeley, a town of Irish wearers of the green, and Dad heartily despised these men. Greeley was nearer than St. Paul and a place where you could get whiskey and a fight if you were so inclined. Dad decided to go there on St. Patrick's Day. Well, to make a long story short, he headed for the saloon. The bar was lined with Irish toasting St. Patrick. Dad asked them what all the fuss was about. They knew he was Irish, and said "You devil ye! Don't you know it is St. Patrick's Day?" By this time Dad had enough whiskey in him to make him cocky, and he said "To hell with St. Patrick! He is no better man than I am." That started it. Being badly outnumbered, he sought a little assistance by breaking a leg out of a card table, and when he hit an Irishman, he went down and stayed down. He was getting along fairly well until they started throwing billiard balls at him and hit him in the eye with one. After this it was going very badly with him, until an auctioneer named Bill Covey, who was on Dad's side and was about the same caliber as Dad, came in the saloon and broke the butt end of a billiard cue and waded in, and it was a bad day for the Irish. At least Abe saved Dad's life and got him out of there, and by that time it was a question if he was worth saving. I remember very well how he looked when he came home that night; I was three years old. Where the billiard ball had struck him in the eye it was a bluish-green and stuck out of his head a full inch; his nose was smashed flat; and the rest of his face looked like pounded beefsteak. I remember poor old Mother worked over him all night with poultices and hot epsom salts before he even looked human. At least he survived, and one would have thought that he would never to back to Greeley, but he did.

As soon as he had recuperated, he went back with a load of corn. This time he took his old double barreled shot gun with him and kept away from the saloon. It was dark when he had his corns old and groceries bought and started for home. He was about half way home when his team stopped, and when he tried to urge them on an Irishman said "Ye devil! We got you now." Dad reached and picked up his shotgun and shot a load of buckshot between his team about ear height. Dad said there was the "damndest" running and thumping going on as the green Irish took for the timber. Fortunately he did not kill anybody, but he sure tried. After this affair they left him alone, and he did not go to Greeley anymore at night time.

Well, I may as well tell you about the coyote and hen incident while I am at it. By this time my oldest sister Bessie had gone through the 8th grade, and the folks, however they did it I can't figure out, had sent Bessie to Fremont Normal College. In those days you could teach if you had good grades, and could get a term in the state normal, which she did. Of course she could teach only in the country schools. So Dad bought her a spotted horse, a nice blocky little fellow that could run faster than any ordinary horse I ever saw. It was the same one I have my picture on, with Hans Anderson on his. We kept the horse until he died of advanced old age. Anyway, we always kept a bunch of hens, and the coyotes always liked a hen to eat. One day Dad was leading Spot to water with his bridle on and a coyote came into the yard and picked up a hen. Dad jumped on Spot and took after him. You could guide Spot by leaning left or right. He overtook the wolf, jerked Spot's bridle off, and whipped the wolf with the bridle until he dropped the hen. And Dad brought the hen back with him. They had to kill her, but she made a very welcome pot dinner.

Dad had a very nice little rifle and was a very good shot and a good many of the meats for our meals was from prairie chickens or rabbits shot by him. It was a muzzle loader and used a

buckshot for a ball. I think brother Glenn's boys still have it. I used it a good deal myself when I was a kid.

Well, after crop failures from drought, hail, cinch bugs, and prairie fires, Dad allowed himself to be talked into a trip to Missouri, by an old neighbor, Mike Lobart, who used to live beside him when he was in the Loop Valley, and who had a brother living there. So they rigged up two covered wagons and lit out. I remember how badly I wanted to go with them, but poor old Mother had troubles enough without me to worry about, trying to keep things going. We had a large shepherd dog who went along under the wagon.

About three weeks after they left, the old dog came back home, so sore footed that he could hardly travel. After they returned home they told us that the dog was with them when they got to Missouri, and had whipped all the dogs along the way, but when they had gotten to Missouri there was an old Billy goat eating along the road, and when the dog tackled him, he was soon to find out that a Billy goat was an altogether different matter than a dog. The last they saw of goat and dog, the dog was leading, and they were headed for Nebraska. Dad also got into a fracas with a large Negro and broke his hands all up pounding him on the head, till a bystander says "The way we fight them blokes is to kick them in the shins," after which he came out all right.

Neither Dad nor Lobert had any use for Missouri, its methods of farming, or way of living, so they took off after the dog. On the way home they accumulated 2 barrels of apples and brought them along home. The neighbors and relatives were there, and our barrel of apples was gone in two days time.

In some way the folks traded what they had in the farm for an old livery and feed barn in Elba, and we moved back to town, which was mighty lucky for all of us.