

A BOOK ABOUT MY LIFE

By DR. E. L. McCREA

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Fable Rock, Nebraska

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*Donated By
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In the ups and downs of life childhood comes first. How wonderful all about things appear with the many things for the mind to comprehend; how other worlds seems so strange and the many things to study and wonder at.

I was born at the close of the Civil War on July 14, 1865. My Grandparents came to Missouri with Daniel Boone and settled along the Missouri River. They were very thrifty people. My grandfather furnished the State Prison with meat and flour, and made all the caskets for the pen and country as he had seven boys to assist him. They sawed the lumber and grandfather being a carpenter was of great assistance to the country in which he lived.

The Missouri Pacific was being built from St. Louis to Sedalia, Mo., and my father was section foreman and had extra gangs. The road ran through very rough country; the hills had to be blasted out before the road could be laid which was of solid rock. Here I grew up until I was six years old. I had many pleasant and happy days while living there. I would go with the boys to the creek and see them shoot fish which was only 100 feet from the house. The fish would come up the creek from the river which was only one mile away. The boys would go to the river and set their hooks and catch some very large catfish. I remember my father and uncle came in one morning with a very large fish. They had run a stake through the gills of the fish and its tail dragged the ground 18 inches. Some will wonder what a stake is, well, it is a long pole about 10 feet long that sticks in the ground—one on each side of the fence. This is a rail fence I am talking about and when the rails are laid up about four feet high the stakes are

at each corner of the fence and cross above the rails which make a fork, then the rider is laid in the fork. The rider is a large rail. This makes the fence strong and high. After the fish was cleaned and cut up the eggs were very large and I had a great time eating them. Mother would fry them and I would eat them cold which I liked very much, and I would take a large piece with me out to play and lay it on my table in my play house and get too busy and when I went to get it it would be gone. I was puzzled at first to know what became of it but by and by I discovered when I left to get something from the house Jim Crow was always sitting on the fence, caw, caw, caw. He was a pet crow and was into everything that he could find but was very cute. He would steal everything he could carry off—my ball gloves or any of my toys. I would find them on the shed where he stayed.

My mother could not have eggs for Jim would carry them off as fast as the hens would lay them and hide them. He was a pest; he would light on the clothes on the line and get them all dirty and if one of us opened the door and stepped out in the yard he was on our shoulder and talking to us. He would always answer us if we called him. He would go to the woods with his cousins and have a great time but when we called he would answer and soon be with us. But Jim came to his fate one day mother had made several pies as we had a number of men to board and Jim came in the pantry through the window—we did not have screens in those days—and walked all over the pies and ate what he wanted of them. As mother came in he tried to get out the window but mother saw what he had done so poor Jim was no more and she

buried him out in the garden and kept it still and when we children came we could not find Jim. We called and hunted but all in vain. Jim had been planted until the resurrection morn.

Our childhood days are the happy days. Oh, how I loved to make sugar tree molasses and eat maple sugar. I would go with the men to get the sap from the troughs and haul it to the house where the big kettles hung on long poles over the fire where the sap was boiled into molasses and sugar. The men were very angry one morning when they went to the woods to haul the sap in. It was hauled on a sled in barrels by two oxen. To their surprise a herd of cattle had found the troughs and had drunk every drop of sap. Cattle like it very much and have to be kept away from the woods.

About this time of the year the Indians would come through and trade with us. I liked them as they gave me beads and put feathers in my hair and called me little chief. I would go to their camp and they would make a great warrior of me. They would trade large knives for pumpkins, cut the pumpkins in rings and string them on poles and carry them on the side of their ponies. We could not understand many of the tribes as their language was different and they could not speak English. They made signs and talked with their hands. They would give so many knives for so many pumpkins or so many apples or wheat and corn. They were friendly Indians and never hurt any one.

About this time father was changed to Clarksburgh, about 25 miles up the road. Here I went to school for a few months and had a sweetheart, a pretty little girl. I would go to his shoe shop and wait for father to come by as I would ride on the car home. He was a very nice man and would tease me about his daughter and promised I could marry her when we grew up. This part of the country was prairie and as I had lived in timber country I thought it was wonderful as I could see so far and everything was so different. We were here only a short time when father was sent

up the road again, this time to Knobnoster, as weigh master at the coal mines. Here I went to school for a short time. Father thought it was a great sin to do anything on Sunday. He had united with the Presbyterian Church and had to live according to its ritual so we moved to the farm close to the Kansas line in Bates Co.

Here I spent my boyhood days. We moved in a lumber wagon. Father had bought a nice span of mares and new harness and wagon. We landed in the fall and lived in a one room log house. There were five in the family. All the chicken was out. You could throw a cat through between the logs. This was a very hard winter and my uncle had a large tract of timber just across the road and he gave us all the timber we wanted so the men cut wood and kept the fire in the fireplace burning with the logs. The snow would drift through the cracks until the beds would be covered with snow. Next morning we would crawl out of bed like a bunny from a snowdrift. We did not mind it as the fire burned brightly and we thought of our sled and coasting. There was a long hill from the yard to the timber below about a quarter of a mile. At night we would crack nuts and feast to our hearts' content. Hazelnuts, hickory nuts and walnuts were plentiful. We gathered several barrels of these nuts each year.

One night we were eating nuts when we heard an old hen squall then the dogs began to make a fuss and it was not long before we heard them baying. We knew they had treed something so every one grabbed his coat and cap and down through the timber we ran. When we got to the dogs they were trying to climb a four foot tree. It was a very tall tree and we could not see what it was so we pulled off our coats and tied them around the tree and went to the house and went to bed. The dogs lay down by the tree until morning when we got the rifle down from over the door and proceeded to the tree where our coats were and behold there were five coons in the tree so father would shoot on and then reload the gun as we had cap and ball those days

and could not shoot as we do now. We killed all the coons and were proud of their pelts as we had a fur cap made of them which was all the go those days.

Next spring father bought a yoke of oxen and brother broke prairie and father built a frame house on the farm which he had bought so we moved into our new house which we were very proud of.

There was a good sized stream one mile north of us and the timber was four miles across the bottom. There were all kinds of wild fruit in the woods, berries galore and plums that were of the best that grew. There were acres in plum orchards as large as tame plums. The sugar plum we would dry by tub fulls. We made plum leather out of them and had pies in the winter. Gooseberries were plentiful and we gathered them by sacks full and caned them. There were acres in persimmons and we had them all winter as they would stay on the trees as late as March. The mulberries were great. We would climb the trees and feast with the birds. How the squirrels and birds would make a fuss when we got in their trees but they were too good to let them have all of them so like boys we kept our seats and ate berries and how we enjoyed the large juicy fruit.

We had great times. We would whistle through our hands and the boys would get together for miles around and go swimming and eat berries. We had great times hunting crows and hawks' nests. We found an old Horn owl nest. One of the boys climbed the tree and we were to catch the little owls when he threw them down from the nest. About the time he got up to the nest the parent birds saw him and they came at him. They made a few squalls and the trees were alive with owls. The boy was scared and began to climb down when the owls flogged him good as we could not keep them off and the little white owls kept their nest. The young owls are white when young and the feathers very fluffy. They were sure cute and we thought we had a surprise for the folks at home but not so when we left the owls laughed at us and made all manner of

fun of us as they can act very much like humans.

The country was all new and the prairie was all open and everybody let their stock run on the prairie during grass season. We boys of the neighborhood had to go and get the cows at night. We had to go afoot as we did not have horses to ride. The riad for a quarter of a mile on the top of the ridge was cliff rock and the road went over this cliff. We did not have shoes to wear and our feet were bruised until it was difficult to walk. Some bruises are not very pleasant to have. Many times I have cried from the time I left the house until I returned with the cows.

The prairie was full of Texas cattle and very large bulls which were very dangerous. We could not go afoot if the Texas cattle were close. They stayed out on the prairie and did not range in so close as the cow boys looked after them but sometimes they would get with the cows and we had two large dogs which could keep a few off of us.

When I was ten years old I had a fine race mare so I rode and began herding cattle and as we had a large herd of cattle I was in the saddle every summer for several seasons. We had a great time in the branding season branding the cattle. They were turned out to grass and never saw home until we rounded them up in the fall.

We always fed cattle in the winter and one fall there were two Texas steers, tall as horses with long horns, that would jump any fence so father told me to call the dog which was half shepherd and half bull-dog. We called his Badger. He weighed about 60 pounds. I called the dog and told him to catch him, showing him the steer. He made for the steer and the steer started for the fence and just as he started to leap the fence the dog caught him by the nose and the steer turned a somersault and knocked the fence down for three rods. The steer got up on the other side of the fence and never looked back until he got on the prairie with the other cattle. We drove the other steer out with some of the other cattle and sent him off in pursuit of his brother which had preceded

him. That ended the Texas cattle.

My uncle had 2,000 head and he coraled them at night. They had been raiding some of the neighbor's fields so one night some men got sheets and put them over their heads and went to the corral and as they got up to the fence and raised the sheets, the cattle stampeded, went through the corral fence and scattered all over the country for fifty miles around. The boys hunted cattle all fall.

I had great fun running bulls off the prairie. We had pure bred cattle and we did not want scrub bulls with the herd so we boys would take our Jacksonvill whip and tie eight penny nails on the cracker and whip and tie eight penny nails on the cracker and whip them with that. The blood would fly when we would stick them with the nail. We would run them for miles out of the country as they did not belong in the neighborhood. When the Texas cattle began to come in a pedestrian could not go onto the prairie as the cattle would kill a man very quickly. You can do anything with them on horse back but cannot get off horse in sight of them. If you do they will stick their heads up and the whole herd makes for you and as soon as you get in your saddle they stop and go to grazing. I have tried them many times to see how quick they would start.

One evening one of the neighbor women went out on the ridge to get her cows. We had cautioned her and told her if she was ever caught by the Texas cattle how to do so they would not kill her. She had seen her cows just a short distance down the slope and she never thought about the Texas cattle as they were off in the valley. There is always one old steer watching the herd like an old gander and when he signals all go, so the cattle spied her and here the whole herd was on to her in a few minutes. She was frightened as it was sudden death so the thought came to her which we had told her and she grabbed her skirts and throwing them over her head made wings out of them with her arms and started toward the herd. They all stampeded and left the prairie and ran for miles and her life was saved by so simple

a means as that. When she told us about it she gave us praise for telling her what to do.

This knowledge all came about one morning when we went to the barn to find the stock cattle and horses in the adjoining lot had broken the fence down and were in the crib of corn. We turned our coats up over our heads and worked our arms bending low, and with a blowing sound stampeded the cattle and horses. They went over the stake and rider fence, that is those that could jump it but the most of them landed on top and tore it all down for fifty yards. When father came down and saw the fence all down he could not understand what had happened.

We did not tell him what we had done and we kept still and went to building fence. Some months later we told him what we had done and he knew there could not be so much fence down without some cause.

Some time after that I went to the barn one morning early. I heard something in the crib. I peeped around the corner of the barn and there to my surprise stood my brother's one-eyed mare. I got my coat tall over my head and came around the barn and with a few she-shew's like air escaping from a bellows I came from the blind side and when she saw me she made for the fence and as she jumped she caught her fore legs in the top rider and fell on her back 20 feet from the fence between two large logs and there she lay with her all fours sticking straight up and as stiff as a porcupine quill. I laughed until I could laugh no longer then I called the boys to come and help me extricate the old rogue. As there are tricks in all trades we were always playing the tricks.

In '76 the grasshoppers ate up everything in the country. The fall before they laid their eggs and next spring they hatched out and cleaned the fields as bare as the paved road. We had 40 acres of wheat knee high. They came in one side of the field about four o'clock in the evening and by four next day there wasn't a bit of wheat to be seen and by night they had stripped the orchard and eaten the garden up and were whetting their bills on

the hedge row and oak trees at the other side. We planted corn three times that year and cut it all up for feed. Times were very hard; no money, and cattle were not worth anything. A great many died. We had plenty for our own use but helped the neighbors out and some of our old cows had to lean against the fence to stand up!

I went to school part of the winter and worked all summer farming and herding cattle. My father was sick every winter with pneumonia and that left the managing for me as I was the eldest at home. My mother and I would husk corn until it was all gathered and as our land was rich we had thousands of bushels.

The snow was very deep those years. One winter we went to school on snow drifts 10 to 12 feet deep along hedge rows. The snow was 18 inches on the level and stayed on for three months.

We had to haul water on a bob sled in barrels three miles for all the fat cattle that we were feeding. We had 75 head of 3 and 4 year old steers feeding. Our stock cattle and horses we drove to the river once daily to water.

The rabbits traveled and rats also. There were thousands of them. They were slaughtered like flies. They ruined the corn that was in the fields. The prairie chickens came to the fields from the prairie by tens of thousands. The air would be black with chickens. They would come into the fields in the morning about 8 A.M. and leave about 10 A.M. and come again in the evening at 4 P.M. They were tame and you could get close enough to shoot them. They were only two cents so you could not make anything by shooting them for the market so we trapped them. We would build a rail pen 8 or 10 feet square and put a trap door in the top and put corn inside the pen and they would come to the pen in a few minutes and as they lit on the trap door in they went and were contented to eat the corn and they would keep that up until time to leave. People made good wages trapping. I trapped for our own use and we had one or two tubs full at the time. It was cheap meat. We would get tired of chick-

en and then I would set my quail traps and have quail until tired of them. There were thousands of quails. Some people set nets for them and caught them in great numbers. Rabbits and chickens were piled up at the railroad station like cordwood.

The deer was plentiful. We would chase herds out of the fields like cattle. We did not care for venison as it tasted too much like mutton. I would tan their hides for whips and leather. Those days we had to mend our shoes and harness and we tanned many kinds of pelts. I would take the brains of the animal and tan the small pelts but generally used wood ashes. We would spend many nights dressing the hides. They had to be rubbed across a pole or board to get them pliable. Those days we did not crave money. Everybody was congenial and happy; would visit each other and have a pleasant time; every body worked. If you had a house or barn to build you called your neighbors in and they helped until it was finished. No money was asked; every body was honest; no notes given to borrow money. Your word was law.

We did not have buggies to ride in in those days but went in lumber wagons with straw in the box to sit on for seats. We had greattimes for young folks.

In 1878 father and a man by the name of Joseph Irwin bought cattle and hogs and shipped to St. Louis, Mo., as that was the only market at that time. I was in the saddle a great deal driving stock to the shipping point which was 14 miles from home. We would make the trip in three days with hogs and two days with cattle. We would start a day ahead of the wagon and they would pick up the crips that played out so one day father came along following up the second day and looking ahead he saw an old red sow lying on the side of the hill half a mile ahead. He said to himself there is old Sandy, I wish I had not bought her but when he got up to her she was alive but given out and she weighed over 600 pounds so father waited until some men came along then they took off the read wheels and let the wagon down on the axel and rolled the old sow in and put

the wheels o nand came on just as we were drivin gthe hogs in the stock yards. We asked him how old Sandy was and he said he would never buy another like her, it sure broke him from sucking eggs, which was an old saying of his'.

On one o four trips father bought a large bull from his uncle as he handled purebred cattle. His uncle lived about a mile from Freeman, the shipping point and we often stayed all night with him. The bull had no ring in his nose and we had 13 miles to drive him. We had a halter and a long rope but we could not lead him on the horses as he would hook the horse. He weighed 1,800 pounds and had long horns so we took turns to lead him. He was so strong the could pull a freight train. However, we managed to get him home but all tired out and our hands were worn down to the quick. It took two weeks to grow new skin on our hands. The fun was yet to come. Father had to have a ring in his nose so the first time he went to Butler, our county seat, he purchased one. None of the men had ever put a ring in a bull's nose but we got twelve or fifteen men and with log chains and cable ropes we proceeded. We had self-feeders for the cattle to feed in. The posts were large an dsat in the ground, very deep so they could not be broken and large trees standing al around so the fun began. We put chains around his body and sinched him up to the feeder and ropes around his legs and neck tied to trees, ropes around his horns reaching to distant trees with men holding the ends of the ropes. When all was secure fater and two of the best men proceeded to pnuch a hole through the bull's nose. They had as their instrument a spindle from mother's spinning wheel. The point was dull and when they would stick the bull with the spindle he would roar like a lion with some one twisting his tail. It was a still fall day and the sound carried a long way across thebottom which was heavy timber to a school house about three miles distant. The children became frightened with teh bellowing of the bull. They wanted to go home as they had been told so many stories and all superstitions.

The teacher was a man and told them they were all right and there was no wild animals that would hurt them so they tsayed until time to go home then they flew like a bunch of quails with a chicken hawk after them. When they got home al lexcited over the ordeal their parents told them what had happened. The men would try to make the hole larger with a round hickory stick that they had made to enlarge the hole and the more they tried the more the bull would bellow and fight. Finally they succeeded in getting the ring through the bull's nose. He was sure mad as he could smell the blood and the next thing was to get the chains and ropes off without someone getting hurt so the men climbed trees and some got in the feeder and gradually he was released little by little until nothing was left on the bull except the ropes around his horns and his halter. He cut some monkey shines and bellowed and horns and his halter. He cut some monkey shines and bellowed and horned the earth with his horns. We kept him tied for several days and fed him but he was on the reserve order when we came about. We began to curry and brush him and pet him and he finally made friends with us but did not like the idea of being led around by the nose.

When we were boys we were not allowed to have a gun, that was for men, but we made bows and arrows and cross bows and hunted with them. We would run ferrils on the arrows and split feathers and could shoot quite well. The cross bow was quite effective. We shot spikes sharpened. They were dangerous as sometimes they shot back asc well as forward and some one got a black eye.

I was good at making things. I had hickory that was straight as an arrow to work with and with draw knife and a good pocket knife I was able to make bows and arrows for the boys of the neighborhood. I would work days for the boys and they would come and do my work. We had some good times and some tough times but we mixed the bitter with the sweet and said nothing. We would meet on rainy days and

make things as we had no money to spend like we do these days. We would go to the thicket and get long willow switches and get clay and throw clay balls. That was sport for us as we could throw a long way. We would choose sides and get a long way apart and fight as though we were armies. When there were a lot of us it was dangerous as the clay balls flew pretty thick. When one got hurt the fun was off for the day, then we would go to the woods and climb trees and throw rocks with our slings. We would hunt squirrels with our dogs and we got to be quite accurate and killed lots of squirrels and rabbits. We never went home without some game.

Motner was always giving us the bright side of everything and was optimistic but father was pessimistic, always looking on the dark side of the picture and never gave us praise for anything. Father always wore the face of a Sadducee while mother had a smile for everybody.

From the time I was seven to twelve years old mother and I dropped the corn by hand. The men folks would lay the ground off and we would drop the corn and then cover it with the plow. We did not have corn planters those days but the year I was thirteen years old and the neighbors bought a planter together. One would use it and then theother, which was a great relief. Mother and I would take turns riding the planter and dropping the corn at the mark as the men used a marker and marked off the field one way and we crossed at right angles the other way and dropped the corn in the cross. We got to be pretty accurate and we could plow one way as good as the other. We had cradles to cut wheat and grain of all kinds. I had to bind the grain as I was not large enough to handle the cradle. When I got older I learned to cradle.

Then came the buckeye machine that had a reel and foot dropper. It had slats back of the sickle bar that worked on hinges and when there was enough grain on the carrier the man on the machine raised his foot which let the grain drop off. This was used on the prairie but was not used in the stumps. We also had at

that time a machine called the marsh-harvester. Two men stood on a uplatform and bound the grain as it was elevated up to the table where they stood. When I was fourteen the Champion machine came out and bound the grain with wire. This was something great but there was some draw back when it came to thrashing as the wire gave some trouble. The next year the Woods binder came out and bound with twine which was satisfactory all around.

Father had bought another farm out on th eprairie and we had to fence it. We made rails in the winter and in the spring would haul them by ox teams seven miles to the farm. We had fine timber to work with—ash, white oak, red oak, black oak and water oak. We would cut one week an dsplit the next. My father was raised in the timber and was a good chopper.

At fourteen I could chop enough timber in one day to split 400 rails the next day. I was not very large, only weighed 100 pounds at seventeen years of age. I was stout and never was ill and always worked hard.

It takes lots of rails to fence a farm with stakes and riders then there were lots of rock to haul to put under the corners of the rails to keep them from lying on the ground. A man could lay up a quarter of a mile of fence a day up to the rider which was six or seven rails high. These rails were green timber and heavy being eight to ten feet long and four to eight inches thick, split in V form. This made a good fence and the stock could not get through nor over it very easily although some rogue would throw the rider off with his horns as all cattle those days had long horns. They were the leaders and would lead the herd in and destroy a field of corn in one night. Sometimes when the field bordered on to the prairie we had trouble. A great many times we were compelled to guard the fields at night. We had two large dogs and we would take the shot gun loaded with bacon rind and when the leader came up and began to lift the riders we turned the old shot gun at him and let him have it broad

side at close range. e would give a few bellows and run with tail over his back, looking like the stars and stripes waving on a U. S. battleship. We only had to repeat this once or twice as they got wise very quickly.

One day while hauling rails from the timber we had to cross the river at the ford. The oxen were hot and thirsty and without any warning whatever they plunged into the deep water below the ford. The water was too deep to get out and no room to turn around so we had to back another wagon in and unload the rails then got the oxen from the wagon and hooked them on behind and pulled the wagon out.

Father was al lout of sorts and said he could drive those cattle and not have so much trouble so when the boys came back home that night they agreed that father should drive the large team of oxen. I was to go with father and see the fun and help him, so next morning father and I yoked the cattle and got out the gate with the wagon and headed for the timber. We hadn't go tmore than two hundred yards whe nthe oxen started to run. They ran about 300 yards and turned down the lane that led to the neighbors and ran a quarter of a mile down that lane and reaching a very high gate, stopped. Father was so mad he could not see straight and I was so tickled I thought I would split my sides laughing. I got off the wagon and opened the gate an dfather turned around and when he got through the gate the oxen started to run and they ran back home and father hanging on best he could, as he was on the running gears of the wagon. I had followed up the procession and got me a stake off the fence and stood guard at the lane but they did not try to go by me an dthey had some of the run out of them. Ts they passed me I ran and got on the wagon. Father had a mile of lane ahead of him with high fences on both sides, and thinking to get revenge father began to lay the lash to the oxen and they started to run again. They ran to the river and in they went head on over the bank. I was standing on the end of the cuppling pole and I fell off when

I saw where they were going. Father got one awful wetting. I could not keep my face straight any more than a person could with a good juicy persimmon in sight. The oxen were mad and could not be managed easily but father got them out of the water and drove them to the timber and while I was loading the wagon he went to the neighbors and got a rope and put on one of the oxen's lower jaw so was able to drive home without further trouble. The boys all wanted to know how we made it and when I told them what had happened you could have heard them laugh a mile off. Father was through with oxen and went to get a team of horses. The cattle were six years old and weighed from fifteen to eighteen hundred and as tall as good big horses. They were Colorado cattle and we could trot them like horses. I was always fond of the oxen and I liked to drive them. If they were not beaten you could drive them most any place.

One night when father and I were coming home from the timber and when about a quarter of a mile from home there was a light like a ball of fire struck the ground about two hundred yards ahead of the oxen. It was dark an dwe could not see what it was so next morning we went to the timber we looked for it and sure neough it was there in the center or the road—a grey rock about the size of a water pail—a meteorite. We left it and thought nothing about it but I would give quite a sum for it today. I think it was in 1877 when the continent of North America wa slit up by a meteor which crossed the northern part of Canada and landed in Russia and killed the timber for fifty miles around and sank so deep into the earth it left a depression that formed a lake. Those days we were superstitious as we were not educated as we are today.

We boys had lots of fun going to and from school. We would set our traps and snares and catch quails and rabbits. We always had wild meat for our dinner. We like wild meat and seldom ate domesticated meats. We would find a tall saplin and trim it up about eight feet high and tie a cord around the

top end and with a loop at the end of the string we would put it around the four pegs that we had driven into the gorund and with a trigger with a piece of an ear of corn on one end an dthe trigger set at the other we were ready for Mr. Mank, as we called a rabbit. As a rule we had all we could carry home.

One evening we were comin home from school and about a mile from home we found two mother cats and fourteen kittens. One of the Kittens was a pretty little thing and my sister wanted it. I caught it and carried it home. We were proud of the little kitten and put it in a box in the closet under the stairway where mother had a barrel of flour. There was a window pane broken out an dwhen mother opened the door next morning there was a rush of cats—the two old cats and the rest of the kittens. Mother was frightened at first and then she remembered the little kitten we had brought home the evening before.

We were gathering corn about four miles from home and as it was Saturday we had to go with the men to husk corn s omother had got a couple of sacks ready and we put the cats in the sacks and when we got down on the bottom about a quarter of a mile north of the mill we turned the cats loose and they made a beeline for the mill and when the miller came down from the upper stories of the mill the office was full of cats. e called the men at the mill and they had a free for all killing.

My brother had several calves in the little pasture close to the house and one night he heard the calves bawling and dogs barking. He jumped up and grabbed a club and ran to the barn where the noise was. The dogs had killed one of the calves and had a shoulder about off of one of the other calves. He fought the dogs off and closed the door until daylight, as it was about 4 A.M. It was in the spring of the year and I was plantin gcorn for him. Coming out of the house I saw a large dog come out of the draw down in the field almost a quarter of a mile from where I was. I ran back to the house, told my brother's wife to get me the rifle as I had seen a larfe dow down in the field.

Just as I got a few steps from the door the dog came in sight and stopped and was looking up toward the barn where the calves were. I laid the gun against the tree and took aim and the crack of the rifle made the dog jump about three feet high and he started running and as far as I could see him which was a hal fmile to the skirt of timber he was still running. I had occasion to go through that way about a week after that and behold there lay the dog by the side of the road in a coal pit. I went down into the pit to see where he was shot. The bullet hit him just in front of the hips and that gave him quite a long run before he died as no vital spot was struck. My brother was proud of the shot as he had shot at the dogs several times and did not get one. I had never shot the gnu rbut once before and that at a mark as I was not old enough to carry a gun so to cap the climax we were in the far side of the field planting corn and we ran out of oil for the planter so I went to the house to get some oil and just as I came out of the house I saw one of the largest hawks I had seen in a long time. He lit in the top of a large persimmon tree 270 steps from the house. I ran in and got the gun and took rest by the side of a little tree and all I could see of the hawk was the white spot in his breast. I pulled the trigger and down came the hawk. I laid the gun down and I never could tell how I got down there as it was down a steep hill. The top of the tree was level with me when I was standing. The weeds were higher than I could reach. When I got to the tree low and behold the hawk was not dead and showed fight. An old horse had died under the tree and I grabbed a thigh bone and I gave him a few licks on the head and laid him out. I carried him up the hill and brother's wife met me out in the yard and was as proud as I was. I laid the hawk up in th eloof and ran down the hill to where my brother was an dtold him what I had done. He said I had made some reputation and if I stayed with him long he would have to put me up against Dr. Carver. I was much elated so when we came in for din-

ner I got the hawk and he was not dead so I gave him some iron chloroform and finished him. Next thing was to see where the bullet hit him and to our surprise not a hole could be found but in the center of that white spot on the breast bone was a black spot but the skin was not broken. Brother had loaded the gun for squirrels and there was not enough force to go through the bone. We measured the hawk and he was 4 feet and 8 inches from tip to tip. He was large enough to pick up a hen and fly off with it. He had caught their chickens but they could never find the nest nor get a shot at it.

We would watch chicken hawks carry the young chickens to their young then we would follow and shoot the old birds while feeding. It was like hunting a bee tree. The bees go straight after they get up high in the air. You get their course and follow in a straight line and you will find the tree. The same with the hawk. They will fly straight to their nest, sometimes as far as a mile. You will not be disappointed if you keep in line.

We had great times hunting for young squirrels. We liked them for pets and we made cages and had wheels for them to turn in. How they would like to spin the wheel. Sometimes we would get two of the old ones as they would fight until they would kill each other. We would turn them out as the timber was only three or four rods from the house. They would come back and get in the cage and hope for nuts. We would feed them and sometimes they would bring a strange squirrel with them but they were too wild to tarry very long.

Our greatest pet was a coon. They are smart and will find candy or nuts in your pocket if you have them. They are very playful. He would get your knife or pipe and up a tree he would go and sit up there and play with it until he would get tired then he would come down and that was done. He did not want to play with it any more that day. Coons are fond of a pipe and will scratch at the tobacco out and smell it and seem to enjoy the odor. They dare fond of peanuts and candy. They do not run off like

other pets; they will go to the timber but will come back, not staying very long. They seem to like to be in the house.

I always liked to go coon hunting. We had a good coon dog and my uncle had one. Uncle lived on the hill a quarter of a mile from us. We boys would get together in the fall and winter when the snow was on an daway we would go. Some nights were quite dark in the heavy timber and when the dogs would tree a coon everybody tried to get there first. Sometimes we would fall in the creek and get wet as rats but that never stopped a coon hunter. One night the dogs treed a coon in a big log. Having an ax with us we chopped the coon out. He was two thirds grown and fat as butter. We skinned him and built a fire by the side of a large log and proceeded to roast Mr. Coon. We had no salt or pepper so drew straws to see who would go to the neighbors and get some and I was one of the two to go. We did not have very far to go until we reached a farmhouse and told them what we wanted. One of the boys showed us where the salt barrel was and gave us some pepper so back we went and fixed for the feast. The boys were roasting the coon fine. We gave him a coat of salt so it would soak in the flesh and when done we peppered him good and al decided it was the best meat we had ever tasted. We had tramped most all night and could have eaten most anything but it was something to tell the folks about. The old hunters were always telling us about roasted coon so of course we wanted to have it said we had done the trick too.

One fall several of the boys went coon hunting several miles up the creek. The dogs treed a coon in a large burr oak tree. They felled the tree and the last few licks one of the boys that was chopping on one side went to look how the other side looked and put his hand in the way of the ax and got his four fingers cut off close to the hand. The boys bound the hand up tight and came home and went to the doctor and Mr. Coon was never molested and was free at least for some time but the boys said they would have vengeance and some time after that

they caught several in that section so they were satisfied though one did loose his fingers but boys are boys and they must learn by their experiences.

We, like other boys, had to have so much recreation and were always up to something. We would yoke young steers together and hitch them to a sled and drive them around over the country and have a great time when the snow was not too deep. We had one span broken very well. When we were coming down a hill we thought it would be fun to make the steers run as we were not getting enough kick out of it so away they went. The sled was large enough for four passengers with two seats, and was quite high and made from green hickory. We were very proud of it. At last we were going at a very fast gait when all of a sudden the sled passed over a stump that was in the road and you should have seen us go; we rolled over each other and all went into a deep ditch. We were skinned and bruised allover and our shins were bleeding. I had a black eye for days over the deal. The oxen ran on down the road and turned into the timber and got straddle of a saplin and there they were stranded—one steer down and the other standing on his hind feet as the yoke was new and did not break. We got things together and went home(crippling along with our pants torn and our coats ripped up the back. We looked like we needed the assistance of a medical staff and the attention of a clothing store. However, mother like all mothers was on the job and began to dress our wounds as the blood was coming from every pore. She clipped off the skin that was hanging and applied turpentine to the wounds as that was all we had in those days to treat people with and how we danced and yelled and sang but mother assured us we would be alright when it quit smarting.

Father was one of the kind, al I told you so, well, we made another sled when we were able to get around. We made it strong enough that a stump would not make kindling of it but we never tried to run any more cattle hooked to a

sled. Experience is our best teacher and we sure got ours.

One day we came in for dinner from the field and on the porch were several hornets flying around and we boys did not want anything to do with them, at least the business end anyway. Mother told us not to strike at them and they would not bother us and to kill some flies and put them on a pin and they would get them while we held the pins and sure enough they took the flies and away they went. We watched the direction they flew and when we had our dinner we set out to find their nest. We went about three quarters of a mile through the timber and found them on a large oak tree not more than five rods from the public road. There was a hole in the nest as big as a silver dollar and we could see them going in and out like bees so brother had his rifle which was a long ranged gun and shot a number one buck shot. We were about two hundred yards from the hornets nest in sumac brush about eight or ten feet high. We were all feeling fine. Brother told us in a whisper to keep low to the ground as he shot a hole through the nest and before he could get his gun down one of the hornets just missed his head as he dodged and lay down. We were scared and lay quiet until the hornets did not see anything moving then we crawled on our all fours for an eighth of a mile and was out of sight down the hill. When brother fired the gun they saw the smoke and came for us. They are like the bee—nobody's fool. The hornets repaired their nest and we left them alone.

The sumac was very large in places where the land was fertile and not rocky the blue grass was fine and father had us to clear many acres out so the pasture would be good. We were cutting humac one day and found a large nest of yellow packets. We cut around them and left a little patch, but some of us would get stung most every day so we decided to whip them out. We got some thick branches from the trees and waded in on them. They were in a hole and we had to gouge them out with a pole and so one did the gouging and the rest of the boys

had to do the fighting while he was stirring them up. It did not take very much stirring until the air was yellow. We fought like tigers and useless to say the jackets did too but we fought until there were only a few left and when the battle cleared away we looked like a prune that had been soaked in water over night. We were stung all over; our eyes were swollen shut and our lips looked like a hippopotamus and our ears looked like an elephant's ears. We never fought any more jackets and when we did we threw a bunch of hay over the nest and set it afire. We could stand off and smile and get revenge for the former experience we never forgot.

The nut season was the time of our life. How we longed for the nuts to get ripe. We would roam the forest for the choicest nuts. After the hard frosts the nuts would fall and the hulls would burst open and leave the white nuts clean. The ground would be covered. You could pick up a bushel under one tree. We would sample the nuts and see how thick the shell was and the size of the kernel. Some nuts have a thick shell and others a thin shell. Some are round and some long and as a rule the long nuts were the best. The small nuts grew on the upland and out next to the prairie but the large nuts which we called the bottom nuts grew in the river bottoms. We would go with the wagon and get a wagon box full with the hulls on. They are large as your fist before hulled. We would build a pen and scoop them into it and days we did not have much to do we would hull them and put them in barrels in the barn and smoke house. Hazelnuts were plentiful and we gathered them by the bushel. There were ten in our family and we would devour quite a good sized pan full every night. We carried nuts in our pockets and cracked them with our teeth yet at 66 I am a vegetarian, so to speak, do not eat meats but like nuts instead I and still keep up my boyhood diet. I like fruit and have always an orchard. I like to trim trees and work in the orchard.

My father was a great horticulturist. He had a large orchard and spent much of his time through the summer months pruning the trees.

He always carried a large pruning knife in his pocket and if there was a limb that did not suit him he cut it off. He had one of the finest orchards in the country and of the choicest fruit. We never sold apples those days but gave them away by the wagon load. When the trees were small he had us take soap and soap the trees as high as we could reach that kept the borers away and made the bark red and slick. He was equal to Davey, the great tree surgeon. He would cut away any disease and fill it and always save the tree. While father liked his orchard mother liked her garden and she had the most wonderful garden I have ever seen.

She had a large garden about three rods from the house and fenced with pickets and was a hundred and fifty feet square. She had all the vegetables except potatoes. We had them in the field close to the house. Her garden was divided into four parts by the walks which crossed through the center. The walks were three feet wide on each side of which were the flowers. She had about tall the flowers the seed of which was obtainable. She had the flower beds about two and a half feet wide. Mornings the humming birds would come in numbers and my sister would catch them and trim her hats with the plumage. People came from far and near to get flower seeds.

Mother was a great financier and her judgment was far superior to Father's. He often said, "If I had the judgment of your mother I would get rich." She was a good judge of cattle and could buy and sell far superior to father.

People those days thought they must put up fodder for their cattle, that is the stock cattle. We cut up several hundred shocks and then before feeding the cattle we would shuck all the good corn off and feed the fodder to the cattle. When the snow was deep we had to shovel the snow away from the shocks and load it on the wagon and shuck it when we got to the feed lots.

We had some pretty hard winters. The snow would stay on the ground all winter. We would put up hay out on the prairie every fall for the horses and mules. Everybody fed

cattle those days as there was no market for corn which sold from 5 to 15 cents per bushel, so it was fed to cattle and hogs and they were driven to market.

It was a new country and the railroad had just got west as far as Kansas City. This was not a city then. The steam boats had a landing and Westport was about seven miles out from the landing. This was a small town of a few houses and a postoffice. Father and uncle freighted from there to Denver, Colo., and to Huston, Texas with oxen. It would take them six months to make one trip. They had to ford streams as there were no bridges. They would camp by the side of the river for many days sometimes before they could get across. On the larger rivers there were ferries to cross on. Father freighted before the Civil War. People did most anyway to get along; money was scarce and a hired man got \$13.00 per month the year round while girls worked for \$2.50 per week and milked cows and hoed in the garden besides doing all the cooking and house work.

We wore overalls and jeans. I was 18 years old before I had a fine shirt. Mother made it, buying the front of the shirt ready made. The girls wore calico and lincy dresses. Mother made all of our clothes and wove all the blankets and bed spreads. She would knit all the socks and stockings after night while we children studied our lessons. Before we went to bed we had our nuts and always picked out some for mother and she would eat them while she knitted. We always gave her the large kernels.

We had sheep and we would wash and shear the sheep and then the wool was washed with soap and water and dried then we would card and make it into long rolls. Mother would spin the rolls into yarn thread then she would take the spool off and put on another spool. When she got a lot of them spun she would wind the yarn to hanks around the back of a chair. When that was done she would wind them into large balls for the loom. I was her main stay, being the eldest of father's children. Mother was married twice, her first husband

died and left her with two children. I would spin when I had any time from out-door work. I could spin quite well but could not spin fine thread like mother could but for ordinary use I helped her a great deal.

We raised cotton and would seed it by hand as we did not have any cotton gin in the neighborhood. We would wash the cotton and make it in cakes and dry it and when dry would card it and spin it as we did the wool.

We raised lots of mellons every year as we had prairie to break up then we would plant mellons. We had the best of times and did not mind the hardships like we do now. One year we planted ten acres in pumpkins and such pumpkins they were. They were the old stock pumpkin and they grew very large. We did not have much rain in the fall and had to haul water from the river so to keep from hauling so much water for the hogs we hauled pumpkins and fed them to the hogs. We hauled 50-wagon loads with side boards to the hogs. We had about 300 hogs to follow cattle in the feed lots. To cap it off when the hogs were ready for the market the cholera struck them and we lost every hog. Fortunately we had butchered around the holidays and had our meat for the year. Those days we did not have serum to use for the hogs and we lost them two years and the third we would ship. One year we had 400 head a year old and had run on the maize and we fed them some corn to keep them at home so that would bring them home at night. We were getting everything read to start feeding when they started to die. We lost every hog except one old white sow and she was sick for a month but finally pulled through.

We had neighbors about two miles from us by the name of Anderson and Mudd. They had 500 cattle feeding and 1,500 hogs, the hogs weighing from 360 to 400 pounds when they started to die and before the month was up they had 13 head left. The Kansas City soap factory men came down with large drays and hauled several hundred away. The rest were burned so all

in all we had losses that we do not have now.

Mother raised as high as 1,600 chickens a year and we had 16 miles to go to trade out in Kansas. They would catch the chickens at night and put the min the coops and load them into the wagon and leave about 4 A.M. and return the same day at 10 P.M. Horses were not as fast as trucks that would make the trip in one hour. They would get \$1.25 to \$1.50 a dozen for the chickens.

We milked 12 to 15 cows and made lots of butter and we got from 8 to 12 cents per pound. Eggs 5 to 10 cents per dozen. I have hauled hogs to market and got \$2.90 per hundred. Mother always raised a flock of turkeys of from 125 to 150 and around Christmas time we drove them 14 miles to market. We would make the drive in two days, stopping about sundown at some farm home and feed the turkeys and watch them until they flew up to roost in the trees then we were safe until morning as we had to be on tap early as they would be ready to fly down from their roost. We would feed them and away we would go. They drive much better than hogs and will not fly nor get out of the road like hogs do.

We had wild grapes in the timber by the loads. We would gather them and would have grape butter and jelly. After the first frosts the grapes were ripe. They were very sweet and almost as large as tame grapes.

This was the season to make up our sorghum. Every one had cane to make up. We always had two or three barrels. The mill was on my uncle's farm just across the fence and close to the big spring about 300 yards from the house. The man who owned the mill liver across the river but had his mill on uncle's farm as all south of the river came to his mill. We would have some great times making candy, everybody would have a great wad pulling it. We would pass the evening away very nicely, everybody happy. We sang love songs and played the French harp and told ghost stories which were the topic of the evening in those times. While we were small that was all we heard and we were

afraid of our shadows and were always looking back to see if the ghost was coming. We would not pass a grave yard for anything after night but would go a mile around. We lived in fear of ghosts and the devil. We listened for the chains which the devil had. We were kept in that atmosphere until we were grown. No wonder we were superstitious.

We were preached to every day and made to believe those things and even many of the old people believed such things. One evening I was alone driving the cows home and there was a big spring out from the road and a path led through the timber. The cows would go by and drink. It was quite dark in the timber and just as I got started out with the cows there was a little screech owl screamed just above me in an old dead tree. I thought it was a panther and I never stopped to see where the cows were going but hit the road and ran. Well, I should say I ran and I did not need any wings as a grey hound could not have caught me. I ran in the house all out of breath. The folks asked me what the matter was and where were the cows. I was too near out of breath and scared so badly I could not talk. When I got my wind I told them I heard a panther and they thought I sure heard one as I never told a lie for fear the devil would get me, but next day we took the dogs and went up that way and when we got under the old dead tree there sat the screech owl which I thought was a panther. We got some rocks and knocked the owls off of the limbs in a jiffy.

About this time the timber wolves came into the country and as the country was a new country and full of wild animals we began to be afraid to go alone although we went horseback but there were several men on horseback attacked. One evening father wanted to go to see about a cow that had a young calf. The cow had been pulled out of the mud and was not able to be taken home and as we were coming over the ridge and intersecting the main road we had not gone more than 50 yards when a large gray wolf came over the ridge as that was their run. He trotted along in one path and

father had a couple of rocks in his hand. What he was carrying them for I never knew but father never offered to say a word and did not throw the rocks. I was scared and to tell the truth father was scared as bad as I was so when we got up to uncle's house which was on the next hill he told uncle what he had seen. When he told mother she said these boys cannot walk any more so we rode from that time on.

One night father, mother and uncle's daughter came around on the ridge home from church. It was about four miles around on the ridge and they would bring the daughter home and come on down home and she would not be afraid. They had just come up out of the valley where the church stood and got on the ridge when there was the roar of a mountain lion. The faster they rode the faster he would come after them. They ran their horses to uncle's gate to the lot. Father pulled the saddle of hand slung it over the fence and the daughter ran in the house. The lion came on after them and the hounds and a large bull dog stopped the lion. The men got their guns but the lion saw the light and made off in the brush which was not more than thirty feet from the house. The people were losing their stock due to the wild animals and the people began going in large numbers with dogs and guns and drove them out of the country.

One evening a young man had been to Burdett to the post office for mail as everyone had to go after their mail those days. He was riding a fast horse and as he came to Nabs Creek about a mile from home just as he entered the timber a mountain lion leaped on his horse's back and was cutting the man with his teeth and the horse with his claws. The man had a revolver. He shot all the cartridges into the animal and it fell off the horse but both horse and man were cut very badly. Next morning it was reported and people gathered in large groups and hounds and dogs of all kinds went to the river bluffs. The timber was heavy and the bluffs rocky. The dogs would take the trail and run a short distance and come back. We could not get them

to follow the trail so we did not get to see the lion. My other uncle just lived two miles over this forest and cliffs in the valley below. The next day or so one of the boys was at the barn across the road when a lion roared and made for him. He ran across the road and got to the woodpile when the dogs ran out and stopped the lion. The boys grabbed their guns and ran out and shot the lion several times with shot guns but did not kill him. He ran out to the timber and disappeared but was found dead some days later. These animals were not natives of that section but were traveling through as all animals do.

I have seen the deer and squirrels travel and other animals as well. I have seen the arctic owls and hawks migrate by the thousands. You could shoot as many as you pleased and they would not fly. I have seen the squirrels by the hundreds and you could kill all you wanted but they would not run. They did not seem to be afraid. Animals are like people they like society and associate together. Animals and birds are in harmony with each other except at mating time and as soon as they have raised their young they band together.

All animal life from the insect to man likes to live in colonies. Plant life will do the same. How wonderful is nature. Mother Earth cares for us all with no partiality shown. All receive the same as nature has no respect but to serve. She gives an dtakes with a free hand, no hesitancy on her part. How she scatters her seeds over the earth to cover the soil to keep life going. If you cut a weed down today two will come tomorrow, so nature shows her handywork.

When I was plowing one spring on new ground I turned out a chipmunk. It was early in the season. Its storehouse was full of roots of sour sorrel of which there was a full gallon. The chipmunk was lying to one side and curled up in a ball. I picked it up and it seemed to be lifeless and stiff. I laid it out in the sun and watched it as I came by each time and to my surprise it began to move and was soon able to crawl about and before I left the field it had gone some where else.

It had eaten some of its store as the hulls were to one side. It no doubt lived on what it had stored up until it got cold then rolled up for his winter sleep. What seemed strange to me was that it did not freeze as the winter was a cold one and the ground had frozen two feet deep but nature had provided for it. It was in a warm bed and the air shut off so to speak and its fat that it was burning up kept it breathing and it did not get cold with its coat of fur.

Farther north the animals' fur gets heavier and the warmer climate the fur gets very light so nature provides for both alike. Take many of the fur bearing animals. They get very fat before they hibernate as they have no way to get a living at that time of year.

So with the little birds they get seeds that are on the weeds though the snow be deep yet nature is taking care of her own. How great how wonderful, how magnificent she is. When she needs oxygen or nitrogen she draws on her store house. She takes vegetables and animal life to supply her wants yet always in reserve, never wasteful, obedient to her laws.

I was ten years old when we had a total eclipse of the sun. I was plowing at the far corner of the farm to sew turnips. Father had sent me with the team and the rest of the family did not know anything about it. It was 4 P.M. and as the darkness came on so sudden and the sun was shining so brightly just before and high in the sky I was at a loss to know what it was all about. I unhitched the team from the plow and was making my way home as fast as I could when father came in sight riding his fine saddle horse and coming at no slow pace.

"Well son, he said, are you scared?" I said I was not scared but felt like something was going to happen then he told me what was the trouble. It was sure dark and the stars shone beautifully. We rode home and put up the horses and went to the house. The lamps were all burning, the folks were starting supper so we did our chores, milked the cows. They all lay down and the chickens had all

gone to roost. Every thing seemed queer. After we had our supper the esky began to get light in the west and it was not very long before the roosters began to crow and fly down from their roosts; the cattle started for the prairie. The sun shone as brightly as noon day so there was something to talk about. Father and mother had seen such before but it was something new to us children. We thought the world was coming to an end as there was a cult preaching at the church that the world was coming to an end in so many months and the earth had four corners and was flat. Some of the people believed him as they knew nothing about astronomy. Superstitions reigned in those days.

One day a young man and I were hunting cattle and we were a long ways from home. We were riding through a huge herd of cattle when a jack rabbit jumped up and I started after it. It made for a path as they like to run in a path and not in the grass. I ran it about a quarter of a mile and turned it back. It made for the cattle as they like to get to the cattle so they can get away from their enemies and the cattle do not pay any attention to them. I got my mare turned around. The rabbit was a long ways ahead of me but I soon caught up with him and I had a good cattle whip and I succeeded in cutting him across the back which left its mark. By this time the cattle had grazed some distance from us. I had a fast animal, a thoroughbred, and I could run over the rabbit on a straight run very quickly. The young man had a very good horse and would watch and keep in sight of the rabbit while I ran it down. When the rabbit would jump to one side in the grass when I had it about run down I played the whip and soon killed it. I had never seen a jack rabbit before and did not know what it was but the young man that was with me had lived in Texas and knew what it was. He laughed at me trying to catch that rabbit. I brought the rabbit home with me, tied to my saddle. I was a very proud boy. Mr. Norman, the young man, got a great deal of kick out of it and he would

tell the folks about the race. I kept the rabbit ears which were six inches long, something new to us over a cotton tail. It seemed as soon as the Texas cattle were brought into the country the jack rabbits must have followed the cattle as they grazed along from one section to another or else they were migrating as it was a short time until the country was full of them.

We boys were plowing on a farm we had bought out on the prairie and while we were building fence at noon the dogs treed something down in a canyon west of the farm. We suppose it was a den of wolves and they were always finding them. They seemed so excited we went down to where the dogs were. We had our ax and spade with us and a long pole. When we got down there we found the dogs on the side of a rocky cliff trying to get something under the ledge of rock. The dogs stopped barking when they saw us. We looked under the ledge and there was a large timber rattler. The snake was one of the largest I had ever seen at that time except one which I will tell about later. The snake was coiled up and would strike at the dogs when they would get close. I took the pole and gauged the snake when she made a hissing noise and to our surprise she opened her mouth and there were more than a dozen little snakes ran from her mouth. They were in holes under the rocks when the dogs treed the snake she had the little ones run to her and she swallowed them to protect them from the dogs but as soon as she saw death was near she released them and told them to get away to safety. I killed the mother and one little snake. They were about 12 inches long and about the size of a large wheat straw and very spotted. The dogs would kill any snake and had killed many rattlers. One day one of the dogs came home with his head swollen twice the normal size. He could not lap water so we poured milk down his throat and he lived. He had been bitten by a rattler in the woods.

Some years crops were short and we would not have corn to feed the pigs so had to pull purslane which grew plentifully in the fields. We

would take the little wagon and get it full every morning so one morning we had found a new supply and much larger than we had been gathering. It was about half a quarter from the house in our uncle's field. They had cleared off some timber and there were large stumps left in the field and they had burned them so they would rot soon and get them out of the way so they could plow. The corn was high and matured so we could get around through it and round these stumps was very rich land. I was pulling the purslane from an old stump that was burned out inside and left just a shell on three sides. I pulled the purslane from the side that had no wall and I thought I heard bees hum so I looked and there was a rattler telling me he was there and not to bother him as that was his home. He kept up the rattling and I took him at his word. I sent one of the boys to the house to get father and to bring something to kill the snake and as it was a rattler they came in a hurry and brought one of the neighbors with him. They brought an old nigger hoe as we called them. It was a heavy hoe made by a blacksmith and we had to make handles from hickory or pawpaw as this was light wood. Father pulled the weeds to one side so he could see in the stump when the old timer set his rattlers to going which was not slow. Father broke the weeds and waged war on the snake. We measured the snake and it was five feet long and had ten rattlers. The old man that was with father cut the rattlers off and sent them to his brother to put in his fiddle as he said it made the fiddle sound better. We put the snake out by the road side so every one could see it. This was the largest rattler that was ever killed in that section as far as anyone knew of. I have seen hundreds in the southwest Arizona and in the canyons but no larger than this one was. Snakes were every where and large ones.

One day we were going to water our horses down at the river. We had some land rented and it was four miles from home so we had to go to the river for water. We had to go half a mile through heavy

timber to the river, the road winding around through the trees. We heard an awful noise just ahead of us. We kept our eyes and ears open and the closer we got the louder was the noise. We got about twenty feet from a large walnut tree measuring about three feet in diameter and about five feet from the ground was a large knot and a hole in the center. On top of this knot lay a black snake that was about six feet long. There was a red-headed woodpecker about fifteen feet above the snake and coming slowly down the tree head first and screaming. The snake saw us and turned to go in the hole in the knot when I jumped down from my horse and got to the tree just as the snake was entering the hole. I grabbed the snake with both hands and braced my feet against the tree. He got about two feet in when I yelled for the boys to help me. They came running and got hold of the snake and the three of us pulled the snake into but what was in the tree stayed there. We did not get it.

In grape time we were always getting a scare. The blue racers and black snakes were always in the grape vines in the trees. They would hide in the vines and wait for the birds as it was easy to catch them when they came for grapes. It is wonderful to see how snakes will run through the branches of the trees, jumping to the ground like a squirrel and when you think a blue racer can't run you have another guess coming.

My half-brother was ten years older than myself and he would catch snakes while playing. When I was seven or eight years old I would take water to him and would sit down at the end of the field and play and make pop guns and he would throw a handful of garter and other small snakes in my lap. It would frighten me almost to death but he would laugh and make fun of me as they would not bite nor hurt me. He could handle any kind of snakes. He would pick up a rattler and let it crawl all over him but they never bit him. He would catch a snake at school and run everybody off the school ground. We would call the teacher and he would make him put the snake

down. He seldom killed a snake and if he did he would jerk its head off as you would crack a whip. I have seen snakes coil and strike at him and all I ever saw him do was to take a weed or stick and touch the top of the snake's head and pick it up. After he had the snake in his hands it was docile and never offered to bite him. He would stroke their heads. They would run their forked tongue out but that was all. They did not seem to be afraid and try to get away. When he put them down they would crawl off slow and not run. When I was older I would pick up the garter and dog snakes and some of the small species but had nothing to do with the more vicious snakes.

We were coming from town one day in the spring wagon and heard a frog making one awful noise in the hedge row. We stopped and got out and looked and to our surprise there was a large snake that had caught a large frog. The snake would swallow the frog part way then the frog would not go any farther. We watched the procedure as the snake was not a poisonous one. The snake tried all kinds of ways to swallow the frog. I finally struck the snake with my whip and away went the frog across the road away from the snake. The snake crawled through the hedge and we drove on home.

My brother and I were riding through an old prairie field and pasture. There was an old road which ran along the slope of the hill and some distance ahead of us was a bare spot in the road. The horses snorted as we got closer to the place and we could not get them to go any farther. We saw what we thought was a pole in the road so brother got off his horse and gave me the reins. He went up to where the pole was and behold it was a bull snake. He went to the fence and got a rail and killed the snake. It measured eight and a half feet. It was the largest snake I have ever seen except in shows.

When I was herding cattle and was lying on the ground I would watch the eagles soar in the sky. I liked to watch the sky lark also. It is a little bluish gray about the size of a sparrow. The sky larks

live on the ground and have their nests on the ground. They do not bother the trees. I have watched them rise from the ground and sing as they went higher and higher until they were a mere speck in the sky. They sang all the time, soaring towards the clouds for some time and all of a sudden they would dive to the earth like they had been shot from a gun and within a few feet of the ground would turn at right angles and light as gracefully as though they had flown but a yard.

In the spring of the year when the warm days brought the mocking birds we had one kind that was yellow except its wings had a little brown, that always nested in the thickets in the field along the branches. It was our best singer and sang from morning till night and once in awhile I would hear them sing at night. The large spotted wing mocking bird had some spots of white in their wings and tail but the bird had a long tail and was of a gray color with a dove tinge. They would build in hedge rows or in the apple trees. The male would sing all day and all night. They spent little time to eat. They would light on the chimney and sing and fly up about four or five feet above the chimney and then flop their wings as though they were standing still and then light back on the chimney. How we loved the song birds. Some people would catch the young birds and put them in a cage and put them where the parent birds would feed them until grown. I never liked to cage a bird. It is like prison. They were not created to be caged but made to brighten the lives of man and beautify his world and stimulate his thoughts to higher and nobler things in his life. How dull it would be if we did not have our feathered friends. They brighten the hopes of man and elevate him to higher planes. The poet goes to the birds for his beautiful poems; how he carries your spirit to the lofty heights; how he soars to yonder skies; how his pen pictures the beauty and grandeur of the birds.

The artist with his brush paints the landscapes and the wonderful colors he has presented to you but

it is not complete unless the birds are in the scene which gives thought and in reality makes the picture worthwhile. Oh how often when I was sad and not in a mood to be cheerful the song of the birds changed my mind and caused me to forget and to whistle and sing and have a light heart. If you were never on the desert you cannot appreciate the wonderful birds. You will see nothing, no life, but as soon as you get to an oasis you will be greeted by the birds. How cheerful the birds are and how your heart throbs within you and with that buoyancy you never felt before. You may see other animals but they do not color the scene and do not bring that cheerful thought. The birds are our best friends. If it were not for the birds we could not live. The insects would destroy everything that grows.

In the West Indies the people thought the birds were destroying their crops so they killed off the birds and then their crops were destroyed but not by birds but by insects then they had to go to other countries and get more birds. What a sad, sad world this would be if we did not have birds; nothing to cheer us along life's pathway. How dull and monotonous it would be. Man would be most miserable if it were not for the pretty birds. What beautiful colors and plumage, all the colors of the rainbow. Few of the male birds build the nest to rear their young. The female does the building. I have seen the male bring sticks to the nest and the female bird would fix it over or throw them away. I have watched all the species build their nests and the male sings and guards the nest and will fly back and forth while she gathers sticks and material for the nest. Most all the male birds will set on the eggs while the mother bird is feeding. They will feed the mother bird when the eggs are hatching or during bad weather. After the eggs are hatched the male bird feeds the young the same as the mother bird.

Robins built a nest in a tree in front of the house. A storm blew the little young ones out. The parents flew around and made quite a fuss for several days but it was not

long until they built a new nest in another tree by the side of the first tree. We watched them every day. The nest had five eggs in it and another storm came and destroyed nest and eggs. The mother bird came up to the front porch and sat on the railing within four feet of us and then flew back to the tree. The male bird was close and talking to her all the time. The mother bird did this several times. I talked to her and sympathized with her and went out and picked up one of the eggs and then laid it down. She came up to the egg and looked at it and then flew away. It was easy to see the bird was trying to tell us something. There was a pergola in the yard covered with roses to which the robins went and after flying about the vines they selected a spot about five feet from the floor where the thorns were the thickest and there they built their nest. Four eggs were laid which all hatched. Cats would watch the mother bird but she paid scant attention to them for she knew she was safe as the cats could not get in those thorns. She raised the brood and they flew away with her. It showed the knowledge and wisdom of birds. They think and reason the same as we do. If we could understand their language we might learn something we do not know.

The summer I was sixteen my brother and I were hunting cattle and we were several miles in Kansas. We got our dinner as we came through West Point on the Kansas line. We had an uncle living there who was a storekeeper. We got down to the river and across the bottom and about a mile out on the prairie when we noticed a cloud in the southwest and we rode along at a fair gait. We had good saddle horses and we kept looking at the cloud. We were to the northwest as the road went up the valley. We saw it was a storm of some kind and it was traveling at a most rapid speed. We decided we had better ride to the southeast and get out of it so we stuck our spurs to the horses and rode out of its path. About a mile from where we turned off there was a farmer living who had just come there that spring and built a barn and house. The house

was blown away and the old folks were both killed and the son and daughter were bruised very badly. They had been close to the fence and had lain down and held to the posts. Their sewing machine was carried a mile and set down in the pasture and was not injured. The stand table had a Bible lying on it and eleven turkey eggs in the slide drawer and the table was carried half a mile on top of the hill and set down and did not move the Bible nor crack a single egg. There was a large mound that was very high and occupied a quarter section, which was between us and the house, that was destroyed. However, we did not know about it until next day. Tornadoes were frequent.

On July 11, 1880 we were in the midst of a tornado. Our house was damaged a great deal but was not blown away. After passing our place the tornado took every building in its path. It traveled thirty-five miles. The large church which had just been completed was blown away, nothing was left but splinters. The hail that followed cut the crops as smooth as a mowing machine. We had a hundred acres of corn and flax, wheat and oats all cut in shocks. There wasn't a bundle left in the field nor one stalk of corn.

We had cattle, horses, mules and hobs that had to be fed. Father had gone to Barton County, Mo. and bought a large tract of land and had it fenced that spring. We got our machines and rakes and went down to that county and put up several hundred tons of hay. Father let a contract to build a house so we could move down that fall. We went back home and got our sale bills struck and the 11th day of November we had our sale and the next morning we started for our new home. We had our cattle, horses and mules to drive. We had good weather and made the trip in fine shape. We were pleased with the country and as soon as we could get things in shape we began hauling stone from the quarry to build a cave for every time a cloud came up we ran for the cave. Every one was the same way and the frequent tornadoes kept us on the lookout.

We bought coal stoves and hauled coal and had things fine. At our old home we burned wood and it was a job to cut wood the year round. I being the eldest had to chop the wood. We went to school that winter and had a great time. Father asked me how I liked the coal and I replied I was in hog heaven from that time on. That was a by-word and is still repeated.

When I was four years old I saw many things for a boy of that age. We lived in the section house which was built by the railroad company for the section foreman, so we lived the length of a tie from the side track.

One morning the freight train was pulling down through the yard and just as the engine came to the house a rail broke and the engine ran off the track and just missed the corner of the house. The engine was going slow so did not hurt anyone nor the engine. If it had hit the house we would have had lots of kindling wood for fires. It was great to see the men pull the engine back on the track.

Another time we heard the engine whistle long and loud and kept it up. We knew something was wrong so everybody ran to the door. We were eating breakfast but useless to say we did not eat any more breakfast. About 100 feet east of the house was a long bridge that spanned the creek. Here we saw a drove of horses that had broken the fence down and were on the railroad track. The more the engine whistled the more the horses ran and they kept in the center of the track and when they came to the bridge the engine killed five horses; some lay by the side of the track just before they came to the bridge, two went through the bridge and one crossed on the ties and never got a scratch. The ones that went through the bridge had broken their legs and the section hands had to kill them.

I stood on the bank of the creek and saw the men shoot the horses. I thought it was awful to see a horse killed but the longer I lived on the road the more stock I saw killed.

Sometimes after that the mail train was slowing up to stop for

water as the water tank was just across the bridge three or four rods; the water was pumped from the creek. When the engine got on the bridge it gave way. In those days the bridges were made of wood. The engine went through the bridge and left the coaches on the track. The rails were very small and poor material which caused many wrecks. The engineer and fireman were killed and were carried to our house.

As I saw more of railroad life some one was hurt most every day. I have seen hands and arms cut off, also feet and legs; their skulls crushed as flat as a pancake. I never wanted to run on the railroad. I was small but would beg mother to leave and go home, meaning by that the farm where my grandparents lived. I liked to stay with them where I would not see the horrors of railroad life as it was in those days.

One day father had the construction train and the gangs of men working at the next town west. He had the engine and caboose to run down to where we lived as he had all the material that they needed for the road stored in the yard. They needed a frog to put in at the town where they were working—a frog consists of pieces of rails on a flat board piece of iron which lets the train go on another track when the switch is thrown.

Father had the man load the frog on the caboose. The large doors opened at the side of the caboose and the frog lay across the floor from one door to the other. Fond of riding, as all boys are, I went with them. There were some cars loaded with material the needed on the siding up the track and as they were switching the cars they bumped the caboose and I took a header across that frog, skinning my nose, hands and knees in great shape. I was blood all over. The men got a pan of water and washed me and stopped the bleeding. The engineer took me to the engine with him where I could see up the track. He thought a great deal of me and would take me with him on the engine. Mother did not worry when he looked after me but one day I came to grief.

The men had a car load of blasting powder, a short distance from the track which they used to blast rock. The hills were solid rock and were being cut through. One sunny day the men were working up the track and had left the door open exposing an uncovered keg of powder by the door. When I spied it I began filling my pockets with powder. This powder was in pieces from the size of a pea to the end of one's little finger. As I was going to do some construction work myself about fifty feet from the car, I made many trips from the car to the place I was going to blast. I had carried about all of the powder from the keg and was getting ready to have my hill go up in smoke when one of the men saw me as he had run the hand car down after powder. He looked in the keg and behold it was about gone. He asked me what I was doing and when I told him he saw my path of powder from the keg to the place I was to blast.

He turned me across his knee and I did not feel like sitting down the rest of the day. It was about three hundred yards from the house and the way I went was not very slow. I sure was afraid of that Irishman from that day on and had no use for him! He would try to make friends but nothing doing. That amused the rest of the men and they would give him the horse laugh. You can be sure I never bothered that car of powder any more, and it taught me a lesson to keep the door locked according to orders.

I was fond of riding on the hand-car and would go over the track with father and the men often. My maternal grandparents lived about a mile from the station and many times I would ride that far and go to their house to get something good to eat. Grandmother had an old darky woman who did the cooking and when she would see me coming across the pasture she would run to meet me and help me over the fence and carry me to the house and give me pie and cake or other good things to eat. Of course it would be useless to say a boy four years old would refuse to eat. I expect I looked more like a pig

given buttermilk than a boy. However, I had great times and did not want to go home when I was sent for.

Mother would take me when she would go to grandmother's to weave cloth as she spun all the yarn she used to make our clothes. The Negroes would take me with them and let me ride the horses which I thought great sport. I had cousins that would come when I was there and we would go and wade in the branch that ran from the big spring where the water was carried from. There were no wells then. The house was built on a hill. The darkies gave me a little red painted bucket and I thought I was one of the main men to carry water.

South of the yard where there were old roads the rain had washed the roads into gullies many feet deep as the ground was sand and clay. We would slide down these banks and then run down to the end of the gully and come back and slide down again. This was fun but hard on the rear end and required lots of patching but boys are boys and have to have their fun.

In those days there were no barbers except in the large towns so my hair was in need of attention. One of the men that boarded with us cut my hair. He was a young Irishman and spoke with a decided brogue, having come very recently from the old sod. He was just about through cutting my hair when he cut a piece out of my ear. I thought he had cut my ear off and screamed for mother who was in the next room. She ran in, grasped the situation and told me it was nothing more than a chigger bite but I was afraid of him and he never cut my hair again.

The first school I ever attended was in a log cabin and our seats were logs split into with legs put on the round side. The bark was left on, the holes for the legs were bored with an auger. We little folks got very tired as our legs were not long enough to reach the floor so the teacher permitted us to have recess a half hour before noon and again after noon. For this we thought she was quite wonderful and rewarded her with many little things.

We had few books to study. We had to buy them, none were furnished. For slate pencils we would go to the soap stone banks and get the stone and make our pencils. These were soft and did not scratch our slates. These were in many colors—red, gray, brown, yellow and pink. I still have the slate I used which my grandfather had used when he went to school.

I will have to relate a little story in which my wife was the participant. We were little folk and were visiting at the home of my wife's uncle. There were several families gathered at the house and the several children were playing out doors. There was a creek just back of the house with steep banks. For half a mile there was an old rail fence along the creek bank. About one hundred yards from the house in the corner of the fence was the nest of a goose. Some of the children knew about the nest so we must all go to see it. When we reached it the mother goose was on the nest and the old gander standing by acting as body guard. When we got up close the old gander showed fight and made for the crowd flogging one of the intruders who dissolved into tears. This excited the rest so they felt like retaliating but before the battle could start this sweetheart of mine showed her bravery. The nest was on the outside of the fence next to the creek. The fence was about 25 feet from the creek bank. As she made for the nest the old gander flogged her and as she was on a retreat she backed off the creek bank and rolled down to the edge of the water which was very deep. We thought she had killed herself so we ran toward the house screaming and the folks ran out and down to where she had fallen off the bank. As it happened she was not hurt but had to walk down the creek about a quarter of a mile before she could get out. We did not bother the geese any more, having learned a good lesson. Where there are a number of children together they will try anything and get very brave until someone gets hurt and knocks the conceit out of them.

Several of us little boys were out in the woods and the dogs ran a

rabbit in a large log that was hollow. It was large enough to crawl in for several feet then the hole got smaller, too small to go farther. One of the braves said he would get Mr. Rabbit so in he went, wearing his coat. When he got to a narrow place he edged through and when he got past this place he could not go any farther nor could he get back so he was there for good. Of course the rest of us were scared so all began screaming, bringing the men from the field to see what was the trouble. They began to laugh so we felt better. They got an ax and saw and began to saw the log into to extricate the young lad. It was not very long before the prisoner was relieved from his trap the rabbit had got him into. Then the men caught the rabbit for us so we were happy and went to the house feeling none the worse over the ordeal. But the poor bunny never ran into another log for we picked his bones and were happy and ready to go again, but not crawl in any more holes.

There were lots of prairie chickens and ducks. Father and I went to Lamar, the county seat, and bought a double barrel shotgun. I was getting old enough to handle a gun. I killed a great many chickens and ducks. There were large ponds on every farm for water and the ducks would go in swarms. I would slip up behind the dam and turn both barrels loose and the pond would be flapping with ducks. I got to be a good shot. We had plenty of wild meat which we all enjoyed as we had in our former home. We moved my half-brother down on another farm father had traded the home place for. It was eleven miles south. I would go down and help him plow and put up hay as he had no one to help him and there were four boys of us at home. Father raised two cousins, their father and mother had died when they were small.

I was helping brother put up hay and it came a rainy spell for several days so we decided to go squirrel hunting about six miles on Spring River where the squirrels were numerous. It had been some time since we had had a squirrel so away we went early one morning. I rode horseback and he rode a mule. We

got to the timber and tied the animals and off we went into the timber. It was a fine morning and still. We killed several squirrels but two or three ran in a little hickory about a foot in diameter. The hole in the tree was about fifteen feet high and brother climbed the tree and told me to kill the squirrels as they ran out. I was waiting patiently for the chance to shoot when he told me to get him a longer switch. I cut one and stepped up on an old dead log about two feet in diameter and the log split half into. I handed him the switch and he began laughing. I asked him what he was laughing at. I was standing on the log holding my gun when I felt something crawling on my face. I paid no attention but brushed it off then something was crawling on my hands. When I look to see what it was I was covered from head to foot with yellow jackets. I dropped the gun and made for the thick hazel brush. I ran for two hundred yards through the thick brush, slapping and knocking the jackets off. Was I stung? Well, you should have seen me. My neck looked like the hump of a dromedary, my hair was full and under my clothes there were hundreds. I started to run for the creek but I thought that would not do so I began to tear my shirt off. I had it in ribbons before I got it off and by the time I got my pants off my skin looked like I had been blown up with a pneumatic pump. Brother laughed until he could laugh no more. He said the brush popped and cracked equal to a her of Texas cattle stampeding. My eyes were about shut. He had to stay up the tree for some time before he could come down as the air was yellow. He finally came down and called me. I was quite a ways down the creek. He found me with my birthday clothes on and when he saw my body and face he became scared. He helped me get into what rags I had left and helped me to where the horse and mule were. The mule was the finest riding mule I ever rode so he put me on him as he was fat and needed no saddle. I had my gun in one hand and the reins in the other. We were riding pretty fast and going down a little grade where the sand was

quite deep. It was raining and the little mule started to stumble and when he went to his knees I went about twenty feet ahead of the mule. I roiled the loose sand ahead of me as I slid down the road making it look like a dredge boat had started to dredge the Mississippi. I looked for the gun and found it standing straight as an arrow in the mud at the side of the road. It was muzzle down and about six inches deep, both barrels full of mud. I got on the mule with my shoulder and brother was enjoying a hearty laugh. We had not ridden but a short distance when I yelled "Take the gun, take the gun." He grabbed for the gun but I had no time to wait since there were some jackets in the seat of my pants that were interesting me. I fell off the mule, gun and all and got my pants off double quick, not needing any assistance. I killed the jackets and was about to put my pants on again when I saw half a dozen crawling out of my pocket. There was a hole in the pocket and they had crawled out and without any warning started the exhibition in which I was the actor.

In hay time I always did the stacking. I could handle all the hay the boys could get to me so I was imposed upon. One day we were stacking millet and it was very heavy. I was on the stack and it was up about ten feet high. Father and the boys were pitching and I told father to get one the tsack and I would pitch a while and rest him. I had not pitched more than five minutes when father screamed, "snake, snake, come quick." The ladder was by the side of the stack and I ran up the ladder and grabbed my knife. Father was holding his pants leg so I cut down on the snake and split a mouse from head to tail. I laughed until I could not laugh any more. Father was as white as a sheet. I told him to get down and lie down for awhile which he did, but he was sick so went to the house. He never would get on a stack again. We often told it on and would go through the performance, having a hearty laugh over it.

We had an old claybank mare which we boys rode. She was gentle

and would stand whenever she was left. I was herding cattle one cold day in the stalk field. We had shock fodder in the same field and we had to keep the cattle away so I got very cold and went to the house to warm. The house was about a quarter of a mile distant and I had not been in the house but a few minutes when someone said the cattle were in the shocks. I ran and jumped on the old mare, bareback as it was warmer without a saddle. When she galloped or trotted I would bounce high enough that I thought I would land on Mars or some of the other planets. The road was good and I was getting up speed when the old mare stumbled and plowed her head in the ground and I went into the air with my coattail over my head and landed about twenty-five feet ahead of the old mare. She got up first. I had the wind knocked out of me and I did not get up very quickly and when I did the old mare was standing by me. I was skinned from head to foot and the old mare's head looked like she had been struck by a locomotive. My nose was bleeding and my knees skinned; they looked like an elm tree that some one had started to peel for the bark.

I had many experiences while running cattle. The horse would step in a hole in the ground then I would take a header and turn those graceful curves and light on my head with my forked end sticking up like the forks of a hay shed. Those days boys practiced riding standing on the horse's back and running and jumping on the horse while the horse was running. We got to be fair circus riders or at least we thought we were. We were always trying some project.

We had a trapeze out in the timber. A dozen or fifteen boys would come to spend the evening. We would cut a grape vine that was fifty or sixty feet high where the tree stood at the bank of a branch. It would be three or four inches in diameter. We would bolt an iron plate on where we had cut the vine off and then we had a swing. We could swing across the branch as far as we wanted to go. To make it more exciting two would get on

and stand up and get the swing in motion and by moving our bodies would keep the swing going. It was great sport. After months of use the vine was dead and was not safe to go very high but one of the boys and myself got on the swing and were getting under way when the vine broke loose at the top of the tree and we landed in the branch. There was a deep pool of water under the tree so we landed in that pool and I suppose would have splashed the water all out if the big pool had not been running above. The bed of the branch was rock bottom. Our knees were skinned and we did not need any burrs in the knees of our pants to keep us off of them. Boys must be doing something. You can't keep them quiet. They like to venture.

We would walk ropes tied from trees and with a long pole to balance us we would start with the rope low and then get it higher and higher until we were many feet in the air. We were very fortunate as we never got any limbs broken.

We liked to throw rocks as that was our weapon. We would get at the edge of the timber and throw at the trees and knock all the bark off the spot that we threw at. The rocks were about the size of goose eggs and there were millions of them, it seemed. We would throw for hours with our slings far into the timber and listen when the rock struck a tree.

We would get tired of that sport and go around the hill and get shale and get on top of the hill and sail the thin rocks over the timber. We passed away many happy hours together. We loved the open.

We would gather wild flowers and bring them home in the spring time and hunt wild strawberries and bring our hats full home. We lived in that atmosphere of greatfulness. How we cherished the beautiful woods and climbed to the utmost tops of the tallest trees and swung to and fro with the wind. If we could climb the large trees and there were other trees close we would climb them and get out on a limb and swing over to a limb on the large tree and then go to the

top of it. We spent hours climbing trees.

We liked to play squirrel. We would go where the timber was thick enough to go from one tree to the next one. One boy was the squirrel and he would climb a tree and then the rest would try to catch him. Many of the boys would be in the trees all around trying to catch him, some on the ground to climb and head him off in those in the trees could not keep up with him. It was great sport. Sometimes we were not caught and claimed the squirrel got away. It was surprising to see how we could swing from tree to tree. We were equal to a lot of monkeys. The one that caught the squirrel was to be squirrel the next time. We would spend hours at this kind of play. We were bare foot and could climb like those South Sea Islanders who climb those coconut trees for the nuts. We did not have any fear of climbing. It was a great help to me when I worked with a carpenter putting up tall barns and churches. Later in life I could walk a pearline plate—made no difference how high it was.

We observed the wild animals and knew their runs. We studied their habits and watched them for hours, and knew where to find them. When the deer ranged we could go to their hiding places. All animals have their avenues of escape. You will find them where they can get away very easily when found. They know the lay of the land and how to keep out of sight when found. They are hard to catch asleep except wolves and animals of prey.

Wolves would catch our sheep and eat all they could hold and go off to the head of some draw and go to sleep in the grass. If the snow was on the ground we could track them and when they jumped up and ran off we would take after them on our horses and we had a long club. We would run over them in a short distance and they would stop and vomit as they would be sick of their stomachs. Then we killed them with the club.

The old were up to the tricks of the wild animals. They will hide their young and feed off away. The dogs and wolves will find the mother but not the young for the

young have no odor and the dogs cannot smell them. The mother will run in the opposite direction from where her young are hid and thus gets the enemy away from the section. After she has got away from the pack she will return some other way, suckle her young, hide them again and this is kept up until the young can keep up with the mother.

We had pet fawns. They were very pretty and could jump so gracefully. They like to play and jump from one side to the other. How the little kids live to suck a bottle. They will shake their tails and seem to be so greedy. Sometimes a strange dog would get after them and how they would run for us or to our dogs. Our dogs would play with them and not let a strange dog get near them. How quickly they learn where the protection is. Go to the national parks. The animals in the park are tame but outside of the parks they are very wild. They know where they are protected.

We had a pet badger, a very pretty animal. We put a collar round its neck to which was attached a long chain with the other end of the chain fastened to the side of the house. It would go under the house as the house was about two feet above the ground. The badger dug holes everywhere under the house. He would go in one hole and out another. He would come when we called him as we would give it something to eat. It had beautiful fur. We kept it for a long time and then turned it loose in the timber and what was the last we ever saw it.

We have had pets to be gone as long as a year and then come back and stay a little while and leave and never see them again. Wild animals do not like captivity even though you give them lots of room. Nature calls them and they long to go. All animals are afraid from the lowest to the highest, even man is afraid. Everything that lives is on the lookout, for it is nature's law to destroy and all life is aware of it. If there was no danger the earth could not hold us all. Life comes and goes like the tides of the ocean.

The fall of 1880 we fed cattle for the last time. The winter was very

cold and snow was deep and stayed on the ground all winter. Father had pneumonia and did not get out of the house for three months. Mother and I hauled water on the sled all winter. The hired man looked after the stock and gathered corn and hauled hay for the cattle. The children went to school and would help do the chores night and morning. I had to replenish the pile of wood each day. We never cut wood in the winter and buzzed it up as we do now but cut it with an ax. Green wood did not burn very well unless there was dry wood to go with it so the dead wood is hard as flint to cut. I only weighed one hundred pounds at seventeen years of age. I always did a man's work. I was very good with an ax and kept the woodpile up. I had to cut it in the timber and haul it to the wood pile on a wagon or sled, which ever was the best at the time of hauling. I generally hauled every Friday and out enough on Saturday to last over Sunday as father would not allow the sound of an ax on Sunday as Satan was just around the corner and with his chains to catch us.

Every Sunday we had to drive or ride horseback, as we liked, to church but had to go any kind of weather. I had to tell father when I came back from church what the text was and what the minister said. I was to follow in his footsteps. We had to read the Bible on Sunday and wear a long face and be very good on the Sabbath so when I got older I would question certain passages in the Bible. Father would get very angry and said God had written the Bible and I must not think for myself but listen to the Word and believe everything it taught so I could not say anything as I was taught never to say anything after I was told.

On New Year's day I thought I would trap some quails as there were thousands of them and I had never had a moment that fall to set a trap. I told mother I would catch some quails if she would make a quail pie so she was in for it and all the rest sanctioned it so I had a large trap in the grove about a quarter of a mile from the house so I got on my horse and with my sack

of corn and wheat away I went. I cleared off several square feet of snow with a scoop shovel and set my trap. It was snowing and I had set it in their run as they had a path. I went above the covey and they flew down to where the trap was and by the time I had got back the trap was full. I took them out and set the trap and rode around the thicket and they flew back. I went to the house with my quails and ran in with them. "Well," said father, "have you caught them already?" I told him I had and had set the trap and would go back and get some more so when I got there I could not see the trap for the quails. I jumped off the horse and cleared the trap and set it again and went around as I went home with my sack of quails. Mother said, "Son you are the greatest boy to catch quails and chickens." Of course I liked to hear mother say that as you know a little praise is a great stimulant to a boy. I emptied my sack and fed my horse and got my quail dinner. Was it good? Well, you should have seen us eat. It was good enough for the Queen of Sheba. After dinner I caught my horse and rode to my trap to find it full again. I emptied it and filled the sack but did not set the trap as I had ninety-one quails and that would last us three or four days. It is difficult to get quails out of a trap alone. I would take my heavy coat off and spread it over the trap and slip one of the top salts to one side and leave just enough room to pass my hand through. You don't want to take their heads off so with your teeth crush their head and put it in the sack with one hand and hold the other hand over the hole. This was my last quail I ever trapped. The next spring father went south and bought land and after the cyclone we left that fall and moved out on the high prairie so never trapped any more. However, there were lots of quails in that country and after I bought my gun, as I spoke of before, I went down to the field where we had corn that was not gathered and I saw a covey of quails under a tumbling weed. I was not more than twenty-five steps from them. They were all in a huddle. I shot

the barrel that scattered and killed every one in the covey, twenty-four in all. My cousin was with me and he said, "you never let one get away, did you shoot both barrels?" I said I didn't. "Well, then," he said, "how could you kill them all?" He thought I had shot both barrels as I would do ducks on the pond; so we had quail on toast again. Mother thought it looked like old times. There was good quail shooting in that country and we had quails any time we wanted them.

When I was eight years old past father, mother and we three children drove to Jefferson City and to our old home to the folks. We went in a covered wagon, driving through in four or five days. I liked to travel and cook out and sleep under the wagon. We would get apples and have a fine time. We went from one home to the other; everybody was glad to see us and wanted to know how the west was. One day we went to see one of father's old friends also mother's as she was at her wedding. They had a hall through the double log house with no steps on the east side which was about five feet high from the ground. We children would jump out that side and run around. One of the girls I liked very much and we had a great time and I did not want to go the next day. I wanted to play so they let me stay and would get me the next day when they came by. We were sweethearts from the first. We left in a few days for home and I never saw her until I was twenty-one years old. Father and I went back to that section of country and we had not been in the country twelve hours until everybody knew it. We landed there on Saturday and Sunday morning went to church. Every one was there to see Uncle John, as he was always called. I was a stranger to everybody and had to be introduced. I was with one of the young ladies where we had stopped and I soon met all the people, old and young. My childhood sweetheart was about the first to be introduced; the same smile was on her lips that I left her with when I kissed her goodby several years before. I went to see her the next day and we went horseback riding, go-

ing to see her married sisters. I went to church with her the next Sunday and the girls were all guessing what next. The next Sunday I was with another lady and so on. I was with several and we had a fine time while we were there. I had promised to write to several girls when I went home so I was busy writing for the next year but the girl that wore the smile I went to see the next year. I placed a ring on her finger and the next year I brought her to the west with me as my wife.

Father had a farm that my brother had moved off of so we moved there. That was in 1888. I had one horse and a wagon and harness and \$100.00 in money. I had rented forty acres of land and raised a good crop and sold it and was ready for the bride. We bought furniture and stoves and went to housekeeping. Father had fine stock and he gave my wife a fine cow and a fine sow and let me have horses to farm with and cows to milk until I could buy some when I was able. We raised a good crop. The land was rich and we made money fast. The cow and sow died the summer father gave them to my wife. We sold the crop and bought cows and cattle and mules so we were getting started.

In 1894 I entered the Kansas City Veterinary College. I went six months then practiced in Lamar, Mo., our county seat. My wife stayed on the farm. We had three children. The next fall we had a sale and moved to Kansas City, Mo. I went to school and graduated the next spring. We moved to Lamar and I practiced two years and went to the University Medical College at Kansas City, Mo., and graduated in 1900.

While practicing Veterinary medicine I learned a great deal, operating most every day. I operated on every inch of the equine species. I extracted thousands of teeth. I built up a good practice but I had some narrow escapes. I had all my front teeth on the upper jaw kicked out and had several other narrow calls. I made my reputation in the court room. . . . There was a banker and a rich farmer who had a law suit about the Texas fever among

their cattle. One brought it to the other by changing pasture. I had been very ill with Typhoid fever and was just able to sit up. They had the government veterinarian and the state veterinarian. I had done work for both of these men and they wanted me to see the cattle so I could not beg off anyway I tried. I was very weak to ride but they got one of the cabs and padded it with pillows and took me about six miles to the country to inspect the cattle. I had quite a number of the ticks put in a bottle and we came back to town. The case lasted several days, calling many witnesses. The last day they came after me. The lawyers got some of the veterinarians tangled up in their testimony and had a time with them. I was called to the witness stand and they began to fire questions at me. I answered "yes—No—please state the question" when I did not want to answer until I was sure of my answer. I was on the witness stand two hours and a half. The cross examination brought out many technicalities. The lawyer had a book on Veterinary medicine and one on Anatomy. I was well versed in both branches as I was just out of school so I could answer as prompt as they could ask the questions. I was ready for anything they wanted to ask. I got the lawyer who was asking me questions from the books all tangled up and he admitted it and said, "Your Honor, this man has won the case. There is no argument to make." Then he said "it is wonderful to have a young man who was raised in the county here to stand so high as a medical man." This gave me the greatest boost I ever had in my life. I did not know I had so many friends. My work increased by leaps and bounds. I began to travel on the train to distant towns to operate on fine animals and inspect diseased stock. I was on the road to success.

Mother died with appendicitis and never had anything done to help her in the way of surgery. Those days little was known about the disease. She was ill seventy-six days. I was at her bedside when she passed away and I said to myself

then that I was going to read human medicine so I did.

There were twenty-one doctors in Lamar so I left for Old Mexico. I took a sister with me to Denver, Colorado, where my other sister lived then I went south. We were in the war with Spain so a gringo (white man) had no business there so I traveled over New Mexico and Colorado and through Kansas into Nebraska and settled at Table Rock, Nebraska June 7th, on my son's fourth birthday. I started to practice medicine. I went to Belvidere, Nebraska to take a place there but I did not make the deal so came back on the last day of the month I booked \$1.00 and never collected that but the next month I made \$250.000 and I never came under that. I soon got the practice of the country, driving day and night. I rode in a buggy, having three and four teams of my own and two livery barns in town to use their teams. I had fine horses and I drove like the wind. I had a large territory. The other two doctors left and I had the sway.

The weather was very cold and the first few years I lived here I dressed in fur but many times I thought I would freeze to death facing blizzards. There was plenty of fruit and I lived on apples, never stopping to eat. I would change teams and go again. The second year I bought the property of one of the other doctors and built an office, the next year I built a barn and the third year I built my residence. Often times the snow was so deep in winter I had to go horse back a great deal. We could not drive as we cut fences and went through fields. My horse was a large saddle horse and he would give out and lay down. I would let him rest and then get him up and go again. One year the snow was very deep. I bought a sleigh and drove it all winter. The snow drifts froze hard. I would get on them and drive for miles. I had some very hazardous trips. One night I got a phone call about midnight. The river bottom was three to five feet deep with water and was a mile wide. I did not know the river had raised that night. There was a heavy rain that day up the river

and it had just got down that far. I had a good team. I stood up in the buggy and it would float around a sthe current was strong. I kept the horses' heads up stream. The wire was all down and across the road every place. I finally made it across and drove to where I was called to find them all asleep. The lady that was ready to die and could see her black box coming! I hurried in and to my surprise there was nothing the matter with her at all. I was vexed to think I had crossed the river at that time of night to go to see wel people. I was somewhat puzzled to know which way to go home. I went down the river and to my surprise I had dry land. It was like the Israelites when they left the land of Egypt and crossed the Red Sea, but I was thankful for small favors at that time of night.

About two weeks after that I had another experience. I got a phone call to come just as quickly as I could. It was in the same neighborhood where the lady lived that had visions of her coffin. I hitched up one of my best teams and when I got to the river I found it was all over the bottom about up to the horses' bellies. I crossed in good shape and saw the little girl that was in convulsions. I was needed that time. I treated the child and left in a hurry to get across the bottom as they called and said another rise was coming. When I got about half-way across there was a wall of two foot coming about one hundred yards north of the road. I could only go so fast but I got in two hundred yards of the bridge when the wall of water his us. I pulled the team up stream. The buggy floated around as though we were going back. The water was over the fence posts and it was hard to tell where to go. I kept my eye on the bridge and made for the center so I would not get into the fence. I got good and wet but made the grade. When I got across I said 'thanks for the buggy ride.'

I had been in Nebraska about six months when I was called one night about 3 A.M. There were no phones those days and a messenger was always sent. I saddled my saddle mare which I had shipped to this country and we were off post haste.

The snow was about a foot deep and we had five miles to go. We got there and went into the house. It was very cold and we had to get our fingers warm as they were stiff. I had to carry a medicine case. The man of the family was ill and was in the other room begging me to hurry as he was not going to live. I rushed in and found he had heart trouble and was very pale and short of breath. I used the hypodermic needle as quickly as I could and used some anyl nitrate and got the heart so it was very good. He was scared and well he should be. I stayed with him until morning when he was feeling very good. I looked on the table an dthere sat a bottle of patent medicien with a glass and spoon. On a shelf I saw five more boittles o fthe same medicine. There had been a medicine show in town and he had bought a supply. I said to him, "have you been taking any medicine of late for your heart?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I have been under a doctor's care for over a year but I didn't get along as I thought I should so I got some medicine of that medicine man down town. The patient was a stranger to me but I thought it was a good time to give hi ma lecture so I asked him if he had taken ary of the medicine he had got down town. Of course I knew he had. He said he had taken half that was in the bottle. It was a twelve ounce bottle. The druggist an dI had put up the medicine for the medicine man so I was wise and knew what was in the bottle. Mr. Wright, the druggist, carried the water fro mthe city well and I put the medicine in the bottles and filled them with water. The medicine did not amount to very much. It contained one tea-spoonful of Gentian and a tea-spoonful of Rhubarb, I asked him if he knew I helped put the medicine up. "Why, no, they ship it in," he said. I told him they shipped in the empty bottles, labeled, and we filled them. "The medicine cots two cents to the bottle and you paid five dollars for six bottles so you see you paid dear for your experience. You are out the five, plus a night call from the doctor and will have to stay in bed for some time." But that is the way of the world. He

never bought any more patent medicine.

Some little time after that I was called to the same home. I was riding a good horse and it was about midnight. The man that came for me said the child would be dead before I could get there and would keep urging me to go faster. Our horses were about winded so I pulled u to a decent gait and he got warm around the collar so I turned around and started back to town. He asked where I was going. I replied, "to town and if you are in such a hurry, you can go on." He begged me to come on and settled down to business. We finally got to the house and went in. Every one was wringing their hands and pulling their hair. I asked what the matter was. They said the baby was dying. It was up stairs and the father and mother were with it, so I went up stairs and took a look at the child. I asked what it had eaten. They began to enumerate what she had eaten. The child was between three and four years old, a very pretty little girl with black hair. They were very exact as to what the child had all that day and the number of cups of coffee. She had three cups for breakfast and three for dinner and four for supper. The cups were coffee cups and the coffee was so strong it was black. The child was so nervous it could not lie still and was delirious. I used my hypo and vomited the child, getting a wash basin full. I proceeded to give them a lecture they never forgot. I restricted the diet and warned them to never giev any more coffee. I saw the young lady many years after and she said she never had drunk a drop of coffee from that night on.

One evening about 7 P.M. I got a hurried call to the east end of town. I saddled my horse and when I drew up at the place some of the women took the reins and ushered me in. I supposed someone was dying but when I saw th e trouble I got out my hypodermic. A young woman about twenty-five years old with all fours sticking straight up and as rigid as a board. She looked like a center table up side down. I gave her a hypo of Apamorphine and in about a minute she had al lthe kinks

taken out of her and vomited about right. I never went to see her again.

In a few days I was called to see another lady next door to this other one I had just spoken about. She was rigid as a rail. You couldn't see her breathe. She had al lthe old women going side ways. I gave her a hypo of Apamorphine and asked for a wash basin. In less than a minute she began to wiggle and began to get her breath and rolled her eyes around like a dying calf. She filled the basin. She vomsted enough to hav efed a whale. I never got to use another hypo on her again. Sometimes a doctor gets a kick out of medicine.

Many times in my life I have gone to see men that had drunk alcohol and were in a dying condition and if it had not been for my hypo some of them would have passed on and would be with St. Peter and singing and playing on their harps.

Another amusing case was in a young man about sixteen. He weighed about 180 pounds and could eat as much as four or five men. One evening about 8 P.M. the phone ran gand I was asked to come quickly. I grabbed my case and rushed down the street and into the house to find several men trying to hold the young man on the lounge or herd him in the corner of the house. He was trying to climb up the wall. I gave him my favorite remedy with my hypo and called for the wash basin. It was full in a few seconds and no one was needed to hold him any longer. In about a month I had just driven in when a boy ran up and said 'brother has another one of his fits' I had ordered his diet cut down but he would not listen to his folks. He would eat a pound of beef steak, a large bowl of beans and all the rest that would go with a meal then he would go to the lunch counter and eat as much more and eat three and four pies and cracker jacks by the bulk. I hurried over to the house and found his father lying across the boy on the bed trying to hold hi mdown. The boy was making a foot ball out of his father. His mother was there and when I asked her to get me a glass of water as I wanted to use my hypo she

began to laugh and got the water. I shot him with the hypo and called for the basin. In about a minute he began to let loose and I pulled him across the bed with his head over the side of the bed. You should have seen him feed the fish. His mother laughed until she had to leave the room. The young man said, "Why don't you laugh?" Of course we had a good laugh. I never had a chance at him again.

When I was driving horses I was coming home one evening about dusk. The telephone people had some guy wires out from the post ten feet or more along the county road but the wires were off the roadway but along the railroad right of way. It was snowing and I was driving. I pulled out on the railroad land and was making good time when one of the wheels of the buggy straddled the gy wire. The team jumped and broke the bolt in the doubletree and away the horses went. I went out of that buggy over the dash board and lit about fifteen feet flat on my belly. The horses dragged me several rods through the snow. I had a heavy fur coat on so I did not get scratched but the snow I piled up looked like an ice burg had started. My son and the boy that ate so much were with me one day and we were coming down the road and had a corner to turn. The road overseer had left a galvanized pipe for a culvert. It lay on the side of the hill and the sun was shining on the pipe and the end was black. I was driving a horse that had been driven on the race track. This horse was next to the pipe. He grabbed the bit between his teeth and around the corner we went. The buggy turned over and that scared them more than ever. They dragged the buggy on the side. We rolled out. My son's arm was broken, my head was cut over my eye which made me look like I had run into a freight train. The fat boy did not get a scratch.

When we came to Nebraska there were thousands of squirrels. I bought an automatic rifle and bought the son a sixteen shot Marland rifle. We would go to the timber and shoot squirrels. I had an invitation to every man's timber in

the country. We had lots of fun and killed squirrels by the buggy load. One day we were in the timber. One of my son's chums was with us. We had shot nine squirrels and I had not moved from my tracks. This boy that was with us looked from the way we had come and he said "Dr. look at that big rock in that nest." I turned half around, stuck a bullet in the rock and something's head dropped down out of the nest. I stuck a bullet in its head and down it came. My son was standing on the creek bank looking at the water which was about twelve feet deep. The coon fell and just as I called the son to look out the coon just missed his head and went into the river. If I had not called to the son, boy and coon both would have gone into the river over that bank together. The boys were very proud of the coon and showed it around over town. We skinned the coon and tanned its hide.

I was good with a rifle. I could shoot anything running or flying as well as sitting still. I had ten cartridges in the gun and all I had to do was pull the trigger but the best joke on me was just before the son left for medical college. We had not been out hunting for over a year so I told him to get the rifles and we would go. It was a beautiful morning and we had only two miles to go. The squirrels were running everywhere. We drove to the side of the road and got over the fence when a fox squirrel ran up an oak tree just in front of us. He was about thirty feet from the ground and lying flat against the tree with not a leaf in the way. I pulled the rifle on the squirrel and shot ten shots at that pesky squirrel and never touched a hair. The son said to me, "Dad, what are you shooting at?" I said, "Don't you see the squirrel?" He replied, "Yes, and if you will look ten feet above you will see where ten bullets made that nice little hole in that tree." I looked and sure enough a hole about the size of a nickel. I never loaded the gun again. I told him to kill the squirrel which he did. He killed all we wanted and went home for our last time. I sold the rifles as I did not have any use for them. My eye

sight had changed and I did not have glasses to correct them so no good. Some time after that I bought me a shotgun and can get the game yet with my glasses on.

The woods haunt me yet. I have a longing to go. I was trained by an old hunter who learned many tricks about wild animals and how to hunt them. I could smell a squirrel when he came out of his nest a long way and would so find him. How the naturalists love the open and all wild nature. That is his religion. I enjoy roaming in the mountains and see the beautiful granite rocks, the wonderful springs that gush forth from the mountain side and makes the pretty trout streams. How the wild animals and the birds skip and fly; how it makes your heart leap with joy; how nature clothes everything; how she cares for her wild life; how beautiful the tree sare. They stand with their heads lifted high toward the sky; the cool breeze and soft zephyr that play among the branches. How wonderful nature locks her secrets and many try to unlock them. Look at the beautiful canyons—Bryce's Canyon, the most beautiful canyon in the world—every color of the rainbow. I have seen it at sun set, the most beautiful picture eyes ever will behold. The painter's brush can never paint a picture like that.

In geological times the earth was burned and heated to the temperature that caused the color and the ages that have passed with the erosions due to rain and snow have left its marks of grace and beauty. I have traveled the U.S. from ocean to ocean, lakes to gulf, Canada and Old Mexico. The Rockies reveal the mysteries of the geological times. How she reveals the secrets that man has been ignorant of so long. I liked to travel through the Kibab woods and see the thousands of deer that speed along; how graceful they jump. You see along the roads the little animals are running every where. Life is all about. The Grand Canyon is the largest and longest canyon in the world. It is next to Bryce's Canyon for beauty. This canyon is many miles across and the Colorado River runs the full length of the canyon. It is magnificent to behold. The roads are good, all

graveled, beautiful scenery on every side. I have seen all the canyons. I have crossed the American desert several times, the last time was by auto. I crossed after night and was well along when the sun came up. The cactus trees loomed up like an orchard.

The submarine gardens are grand and beautiful. The culp that stands like tall trees in the ocean and held by the little air balls which are about the size of quail eggs. The fish that play in and around through the gardens are beautiful and of every color. All the beauty is not above the ground. The fish like to have beautiful palaces the same as man. Nature sees to it that her sea life is cared for the same as on the land. She is ever at work. Look at the beautiful shells that are in the ocean. Man can't make such. Look at the colors and the polish these shells have. These little animals are masters. They have their own laboratories. Their chemistry surpasses man's for man does not live in the water so nature does not require the animal life to understand it as they do.

There are islands made of pure shells in the South Seas. Think of the millions and millions of years to build those islands with the animal life so small. I like to see the seals play and sun themselves on the rocks in the ocean where the rocks are high above the water. They wait until the waves are large to ride them to get washed ashore. The waves will lash the rocks and if it is a large enough wave the seal lands on the rock and if not will play around until another comes and tries it again. The little seals are spotted as leopards. When they get ready to go back to sea the old ones will push the babies off into the water and they are gone.

I like to watch all life. I am part of it. I have looked at the sky scrapers in New York City but they are not natural but are man made from nature's material. One morning I stood and gazed upon those wonderful falls called the Bridal Vale in the Yosemite National Park and as I thought, My, the grandeur, the beauty that water can produce as the water rushed off the moun-

tain side and fell in spray form looked like a veil from which it takes its name. The mysteries of nature are at every hand. When I stood and gazed upon the big trees and drove through one of the trees with my car I could not but think they had stood there as long as the Pyramids of Egypt and still green and growing.

Man should reason and get that superstition out of his mind and study nature. How happy he would be. I was at the summit of Mt. Ranier. I thought of the millions of years it had stood. It is the highest glacier in the U.S., cover with ice. The snow is not fine but round like small hail. How you wonder and think of the geological time when those mountains were in the bed of the ocean and now we see them covered with pine, cedar and fir trees from which we get our lumber to build our houses and barns and we find on the summit of those mountains the sea shells which reveals its mystery and gives up its secrets.

John Burroughs, the great naturalist, went to nature to study the truth. Humboldt and Darwin went to do the same, forget our creeds and dogmatic thinking and come to a sense of justice.

I like to ride on the water but I like to stay close to land. The ocean is desolate, with nothing to cheer you, but ride on the great rivers and see how all nature speaks to you, the beautiful landscapes, the trees in shadow, the flowers, the songs of the birds. How your soul is refreshed. How cheerful every one seems when nature talks to you. The sun that shines on the dew drops, how it sparkles; the pleasant odor from the flowers. This is heaven, this is nature's method of cheering its animal life to please the eye.

I was walking one day in the forest off Puget Sound. I heard a strange noise which I had never heard before. I stopped and looked about to see what it was. I soon discovered the spot from which the sound came. I had an automatic Colts with me as there were plenty of bears in the woods and virgin timber. I did not know what I might see. I kept on in the direc-

tion of the noise and soon came to a spring of water and a little opening with but few trees. I stopped and scanned the woods. I saw squirrels and birds everywhere and they seemed to be in the height of their glory. I went down to where they were and when they saw me there was not a sound to be heard. There was a large raspberry patch there and the wwere feasting to their heart's content. I had never seen such large berries and such bushes loaded with berries. I had tramped about as far as I cared to go so I proceeded to take my hat and fill it with berries. I ate all I wanted off the bushes. I made my way to camp and had a pie made and all the sauce we wanted so there are always sounds and signs to call animal life to nature's store house and I was one of the animals.

When the berries are ripe in the mountains the bears are thick. They like berries and set up and eat them as gracefully as you please. They do not like to be intruded on as they think the berry patch belongs to them but you can pick with them if you do not get too close. I like to see them eat.

The animals on the American continent get along with each other in the wild state very well. In Africa and in hot climates they are not so friendly toward each other. Along the northern lakes and all along the Sound the ducks raise their young. The water will be alive with little ducks. They hatch close to the water and get their food in the water. Up the streams and along the lakes you see the whitepokes and blue heron. You are never alone, there is always some life present. I was sitting on a log one day eating my lunch. I had tramped along ways. There was a little stream of water flowing down the mountain side and running past where I was sitting. An ideal place to eat one's lunch. I heard the barking of some little animal which I tried to locate and finally spied a ground squirrel on an old dead snag. He had discovered me and was calling his tribe to come. In a short time there were a number of the little stripped fellows running every where and makin gall the racket of a brass band. I ate my lunch and

when I wa sthrough I tossed a piece of bread to them. They were not slow getting it. They got very tame and would get upon the log close to me and come up to my feet. I thought I would whistle to see what they would do. They would sit up and listen and not make a sound. As soon as I stopped they would run every place and bark. They had a new comer.

I liked to see the Canadian Rockies. There is a different atmosphere. There is a cool breeze blowing. There are glaciers on all sides and the wonderful rivulets of water trickling down the mountain side. These glaciers are our refrigerators in the summer time. If we did not have them we would suffer with the heat. Nature again takes care of us. It is wonderful to stand and gaze upon those lofty peaks where no animal has ever trod and stands as a monument of geological time when the earth tried to touch the sky.

The Glacier National Park is wonderful with its glaciers everywhere and with the beautiful flowers in the valley and canyons. The lakes are clear and deep. The water is ice water from the glaciers; the finest fish in the world. The wild animals are not so plentiful there as farther south. There is a gale blowing all the time. It is cold, blowing off the ice. You need heavy clothing and a fire feels comfortable when not walking or climbing. The Rokies are just as scenic as in Switzerland. We should travel this continent before we attempt to go to foreign lands.

The Columbia River is one of the most beautiful rivers on the continent. It has the clear cool water from the snow capped mountain and the many rivers emptying into it. Our largest steamships navigate the river as far as Portland. At Portland the Willamett River runs through the city and empties into the Columbia. The many water falls along the river some as high as eleven hundred feet the falls are as far as boats go up the river. Here the water has cut its way through rock and run in deep channels which nothin can get through. The Snake River is about 500 miles long, rises west of the Wellew Stone Park

an dempties into the Columbia above the Falls. This is a wonderful stream.

The American Falls is where the government has their dam. This dam waters the valley the full length of the river to where it empties into the Columbia River. The Yellowstone Park is the winding up of the western slope. Here nature has combined in a small section the whole continent.

I fished in the Yellowstone River, one of the most beautiful streams in the world, clear as crystal and deep. Th etrout fishing is great in the river and in the lake. The river runs out of the lake and on its northern course. Many miles from the lake is the falls which are beautiful and deep, several hundred feet to the canyon below. This canyon is the same as Grand Canyon but not long. The wild animals are everywhere—bear and elk in herds and deer and buffalo and all the small animals. It is the home of the beaver.

Mount Washburn is the highest mountain in the park, around 10,000 feet, far above timberline. It is quite a drive to the top where the government has a house built of stone on the summit. The roads are blasted out of the rock around the mountain which makes a good road. At the Hot Springs the formation that is made by the hot water boiling out and running down the mountain makes the crystal terrace very beautiful. West of the city and north of the Springs is a glacier rock which is 50 or 75 feet high and 30 or 35 in diameter which from far from the north in the glacial period. The stream is rising from the earth in thousands of places, the water is boiling in basins and the mud that is boiling with no water with it all colors like you would mix paint. On the south the geysers are everywhere, the steam coming from the earth anywhere you look. Old Faithful shoots every 60 minutes. I have stood and watched her shoot and it is exact. The lake is a wonderful body of water, surrounded on two sides by glaciers. The government has never found bottom at certain places in the lake. This park is a paradise. It is a revelation showing man the

dim past an dthe ages before life was upon the earth, the millions and millions of years the little globe spun hot until cool enough that life could live. How nature takes her time and is never in a hurry, does her work well, always busy tearing down and rebuilding.

I was amazed at the bad lands and the petrified forest and think of the long ago when life disappeared and came again in a different form. I have set upon the great mica rocks and gazed upon the needles, as they are called, and think of the tremendous heat that produced them and how the water gushes out at the top of Harney's Peak, the tallest peak in the Black Hills. How strange it seems to the uninformed.

I was in Pueblo, Colorado, the next day after the flood. I had traveled through the Royal Gorge and with out reasoning, thought how wonderful it was yet when you think how long the Arkansas river has run through that gorge you can understand what made it, yet it has been ages in the making.

I was on a steamer from New York City to Albany and as I was taking in the landscape and admiring the beauty the steamer was gliding so smoothly and there was not a ripple in the water. I could not keep from thinking of the great naturalist who lived above this river and wh o had painted the picture in his books that seemed so real to me. He tried to make it seem so beautiful but when I gazed over the landscape he had not even touched it at all and no one can picture like the eye that beholds it—the orchards, the vineyards, the meadows, an dthe flowers on the hills and the rippling water below. My wife thought it very grand as she used the field glasses. The day was clear and the sun bright but not hot. The next day we went by train to Montreal by way of Lake Champlain which by the way is one of the most beautiful lakes I have ever seen, so still—not a ripple. The green hills of Vermont were a pretty sight. As we came in sight of old Fort Ticonderoga I thought of the Revolutionary War. My history came to me as though it was but yesterday. We arrived at the border and were in-

spected by revenue officers. We crossed the St. Lawrence River and were in Montreal, Canada.

The St. Lawrence is a beautiful stream. Every thin along the river was green, the flowers were in full bloom. Everything looked clean and there was a good breeze at all times. The birds di dnnot seem so plentiful as in the States nor the small animals. The water fowls were in numbers everywhere. Along the St. Lawrence River are the oldest fossil rocks. I was interested to note the formation of the rocks. The river is the deepest and is the outlet from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. The largest ships navigate this stream. The scenery along the river is grand. I never get tired of scenery—something new all the time. The eye is never fixed on one thing very long.

The Niagra Falls are wonderful and you can study the formation of the stream when you are under the Falls. The river has been for ages making those falls. The rock is joint rock and breaks away easily and crumbles slowly and gradually eats its way through the stone. It seems slow to us but fast enough as ages have passed and ages to come. The deep walls of the river below the falls show the emensity of its power. There is enough power going to waste to make enough electricity to supply many states. The Great Lakes cover a vast territory and are very deep.

I was on one of the whale backs on Lake Michigan. The weather was fine and the water was very smooth and not a ripple. You could see where other vessels had crossed hours before. I was delighted to see the beautiful fish. They would swim along side of the ship and feed from the waste as the people would throw bread and other things in the water. I enjoyed watching the flying fish on the ocean. How they rise and fly as the ship plows along. I never knew they could fly so far. Several hundred yards. There are all sizes. I like to go down in the hull and watch the big fish as they go in herds along with the ship. The first time I was on the ocean I did not like the idea of the ships listing. I was like my son who was the surgeon for a

steamship company to South America. When they were in the Carribbean Sea the sea was rough and the ship liste dvery much. The son was not at ease as he might have been if the ship was sailing smoothly so he asked one of the mates if there was any danger of the ship turning over. He replied, "No, sir." He was like myself he felt safer on land as it seems man doesn't like a watery grave. If the sea could give up her dead there would be multitudes. The water is pleasant to ride on when it is calm but hair-raising when it storms. This brings back my boyhood days.

Two men and myself were crossing the Missouri River at a place where tre river was a mile wide. A sand bar was just above us. We got about half way across when there came a storm. It came very quickly, the wind changed and the white cap were rolling high. We knew we could not cross and decided to pull for the sand bar but the wind and waves were strong so we made back to the bank from which we came. The two men were raised on th eriver, one of them was an old fisherman. He would cut the white cap before it struck the canoe. I sat in one end of the canoe and the other man in the other end. I was high in the air one second and the next down in a trough. Waves were rolling high. We drifted a long ways down the river as we could not get to the shore at any place as the waves were lashing the rocks. We drifted to where the banks were not so steep and the willows hung down to the water. This was our only chance to land. We got a fair shot for the shore and grabbed the willows. We hung on and pulled ourselves up to the bank. We were like a lot of rats, wet as wet could be. I was perfectly satisfied with the wetting I got just so I got to the shore safe and sound. I had a sweetheart about half a mile from the river that I had come a long ways to see and she was waiting my return to have a feast on the wonderful watermelon we had gone to get. I never tried the old Muddy again. I never was much of a water fowl. I would rather be on the land. I never was much of a swimmer and it seemed as though I was as heavy

as if I had lead about me and I had no inclination to see how far it was to the bottom.

I had a brother who was a wonderful swimmer. He swam the Missouri River many times when it was a mile wide. He nearly lost his life while crossing one time. A heavy gale arose before he crossed and the place where he tried to land was a ledge of rock that was perpendicular so he had to dive down until he came to some trees that were lying over the water. When he got to them he was about exhausted. He could not have lasted much longer. He never tried it any more yet he was always in the river. The smaller streams suited me the best where the shore was not so far.

My brother was a good fisherman but would not eat fish. We would go fishing and I would catch one now and then but he would catch them as fast as we could bait his hook. He would wander along the shore and pretty soon he would motion to us to come as he had found a school of fish. We would sometimes drop our hook by the side o fhis to see if we could not catch them, but nothing doing. I have seen him catch as many as 50 or 60 at a time and never move out of his tracks. We were sure of fish if he went with us. He would not clean one on a bet so we had that to do. He never could shoot a gun. I was the marksman and killed the game. Brother was just as anxious to see me shoot game as I was to see him catch fish. He was fond of rabbits and it was his delight to chase them across a path and see me shoot them as they crossed.

We had lots of sport. One spring we had lots of snow an dthe corn shocks were covered and the ducks were thick flying and lighting in the fields so I got my shot gun and had it loaded heavy. I had been shootin ggeese so I went out in the field and hid by a shock of corn. The ducks were flying thick and as they came over I pulled the trigger. I never saw any more ducks nor the gun either. The snow was about a foot deep an dthe boys ran out to get the ducks I had killed. I was only a little ways from the house an dthey were watching me. I was lying on the snow with both eyes

shut and my nose skinned and two of my fingers almost torn off with blood flowing like a stuck hog. The gun was sticking in the snow drift back of the shock as the drift was about four feet deep. The gun was very thin between the barrels and when I shot one barrel both went off at the time and as I shot the gun it was straight up and sitting against my shoulder and when it went off I got full benefit of both loads. I wore a pair of black eyes for some time and my fingers still carry the scars.

We were cattlemen and dealt in large numbers of cattle and bought and sold by herds. One evening father sent me word by a messenger to meet him at Lamar the next evening. Lamar was the county seat and we had to go through there so I rode a fine saddle horse and I had twelve miles to go as I lived south of father eleven miles. I met him at the appointed time. He was riding a saddle mule that he liked to ride and we ran cattle on it the same as horses. We were south of the city about three miles and had just come down a high hill where the coal mines were and the road was sandy and a good road. I told father to get his mule's head up or he would take a tumble. We were in a gallop the sun was just peeping in the east. We had not ridden but a short distance when the mule stepped in a hole in the sand and plowed its head in the sand and father took a header and looked like a condor of South America flying through the air with his overcoat tail spread like wings. He landed about twenty feet ahead of the mule and rolled up like an armadillo in southern Texas. I jumped off my horse and helped father up. He had one finger injured which I bandaged with my handkerchief. I put him on my horse and I took the mule. I had all the running to do and would run the mule down then run the horse down. In cutting out cattle and getting them bunched together to drive away from where they were pastured is not easy. Sometimes the only way is to run a steer down then you can drive him many places. I like to drive cattle and was raised in the saddle and always happy with a herd of

cattle. A man that has lived in the open and handled cattle is always a good natured kind of a fellow. Cattlemen like to get together and talk. They seem to pass away the time and always leave with a 'so long.' When I left cattle driving and read medicine I was lost for a long time. It seemed strange to be indoors when I had lived all my life in the open, gone through thick and thin, cold and hot, sunshine and rain, it all seemed like a dream.

The next task of my life was to run a horseless buggy. When they first came out they were high wheelers. I was among the first to buy a car. I bought it at St. Louis, Mo. and had it shipped by express as I was like Harry Lauder I couldn't wait. When the boys had it to unload from the express card it was a task. Every body and dad was called to lift the machine and get it on the platform. Finally they got it out and the next morning I was notified it was at the depot. We loaded it on to a dray and the town turned out to see it. It was a one lugger and with high wheels driven by chains. I got a mechanic from Humboldt to drive it the first time. It was a disk drive and had a six horse marine engine. It would run on dry ground but that was all. It wouldn't pull its own weight up hill so I went to the factory and they sent me another. I could go with it any place. The state law was strict about machines on the road. I had to stop 200 yards down the road and go an dlead the teams by. It took me sometimes an hour to go one mile and on Saturdays I could hardly get out of town. I had to study the automobile as hard as I studied anatomy when I was in college. There were no mechanics those days as gas engines were not in use very much. As I had to be my own mechanic I sometimes worked a good share of the night on the car so I could run it next day. We lived on the road those days. People could not bring in their sick as they do now. The cars then had carbide lamps and you had to make your own light. They gave a great deal of trouble.

One night I had to make a drive and I took my son with me. We had no lights and it was quite dark. We

could not see the road so I tied the lantern on the radiator but the car going over the rough road following the wagon tracks as it was high wheels and with solid tires it did not ride like pneumatic tires. Going over rough places would put the light out so to make it so we could get along the son sat on top of the hood and held the lantern. We made it there and back but the son was tired. It was cold but the engine warmed the hood so he did not suffer very much.

The roads were not dragged those days and they were very rough. I got a call in the next county and it was a hurry up call so I pulled the machine and away I went. I crossed the bridge in the east part of town and just as I got across the bridge the steering gear broke and the front wheels turned around to the side of the car and the end of the springs struck the ground and broke in several pieces. The springs were like a buggy spring. The car stood almost straight but I was going about twelve miles an hour which saved me from turning a flip-flop. The car finally dropped back and I was safe once more. I left the car in the street and went back to the office and got a large touring car that I had bought a short time before. I was not long making my drive with it. I had the car repaired and it was good as new. I have had seven steering gears to break at different times and five wheels run off while running.

New cars were coming out all the time and I bought a roadster with four cylinders. It had large pneumatic tires and I could travel at a fast rate of speed. One day I had made a drive into the country and I was tired so was driving at an ordinary speed. I was coming down a hill and had to make a turn at right angles. Just as I got to the bottom of the hill the hind wheel on the left side broke off and away it went. I did not get any jolt as it slid on the ground. I called the garage and the boys came and got me. My father was visiting me and we were driving this same car and we had been many miles in the next county. I came by my uncle's and father got out to visit with him the rest of the evening. I drove up

town to the garage and just as I was backing out one of the front wheels dropped off. I had been driving 50 miles per hour so it was luck again.

I went one snowy night and was driving this same car. I had seen the patient and was about a mile from the house when I went to cross a bridge and just as I got about half way across a front wheel dropped off. I had a large fur coat on and the two grips to carry so I walked home. It was getting toward morning when I got home.

I had bought several cars but it was difficult to get around in the mud. The garage men had bought a new Ford roadster and told me what they could do so I bought the car and put quick detachable wheels on left the key out of the wheels and when about four miles from home and on a good road I was traveling along at about 25 to 30 miles per hour when one of the hind wheels ran off and went down the road sixty miles or more per hour when one of the hind wheels ran off and went down the road sixty miles or more per hour. I turned almost around in the road. The wheel ran straight down the road for about 300 yards, jumping like a jack rabbit when it would strike a rough place. I was close to a house so called the garage and told them what they had done. They came out in a few minutes and brought the key.

The best joke of all was one morning I got a call eleven miles north. The mud was too deep for cars to run but I had no horses so had to go. I got five miles from home and could not go farther. There I was in the middle of the road with six miles to go. As luck would have it they had come to meet me and I transferred my bags to the buggy and we went on. They brought me back about 5 P.M. and helped me turn around and I started for town behind a wide tired wagon. I got to town and drove in the garage. I was not in the best of humor and the boys knew it. They had heard during the morning what had happened. The mechanic told me not to buy the Ford as I could not go anywhere when mud was deep but I was assured it would do the work.

The mechanic got busy and phoned to all the large towns like Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Lincoln and Beatrice to get a Buick but there was none. I asked if they had a Buick and then they told me what they had done so I asked about the cars they had. They said they had several new Chevrolets. They filled one with gas and drove me ten miles to the country. The way we had to go was terrible. As I was in no mood to argue the question I told the mechanic to give her the juice which he did. We went through some awful places but got there in the nick of time. I finished my work and back to town we drove with the muddiest car you ever saw. I traded the Ford back to them on the new Chevrolet and gave them a check before we left on the trip so that was the last Ford I ever owned. A man has H— on earth enough without driving a Ford. I would be so tired many times I would get the boys at the garage that did driving for the public to drive for me. One drove me quite a bit and I kept at him not to drive so fast and over such bad places lest we have an accident. One day we had made a long drive. They had nothing but Fords to drive. I told him he would get his neck broken before we got to town and had hardly finished the sentence when he took a header for a deep ditch. He turned the wheel short and the car crossed the road and headed for the ditch on the other side. He turned the wheel again short and the car groaned and screeched and turned up on two wheels in the middle of the road. He was as white as a sheet and his knees knocked together like a pair of clapboards that were loose and a strong wind blowing that kept them striking together. He looked at me and said, "Dr. aren't you scared?" "No," I replied, "but you are. I guess you will take warning after it is too late." He was shaking as though he had a hard chill. He told me I would have to drive to town but I said, "Not on your life. You drive or else you will walk." I reminded him of the morning when he drove a drummer and myself to the train and he turned around and started for town. The drummer jumped out

and walked to the depot so I told him I would never ride with him again. We got old Lizzie straightened up and he got to the wheel and we started for town up the bottom road. The road was very good but we took a snail's pace and kept it up. I could have got off and on and picked strawberries any place along. He drove in low gear all the way, I tried to get him to change gears but he wouldn't. When we got to the garage I got out and walked up town. He called the proprietor in the office and asked for his time. The manager asked me what the matter was as he could not get anything out of Bill. I told him what had happened. He said he was glad Bill was gone for he would likely have killed some one and himself too.

One night I was called to the country. I had to cross the river which was running bank full up to the plank of the bridge. I had a big car with good lights. It was about 2 A.M. and very dark. I had been on the go day and night for months and would fall asleep at times so when I got close to the river I was asleep and just as I was about to hit the big girder with one wheel and the rest of the river I awoke and stopped the car just in a few inches. I backed up and pulled across the river and out to one side of the road and slept fifteen minutes and then I went on again. It was a hurry-up call and I was there in time. Another night I was driving in the after part of the night and fell asleep eleven times going five miles. When the car would run in the weeds I would wake up and pull back in the road. Returning I got turned in on my driveway but before I got to the garage I was asleep. Just as I was about to drive in the garage I woke up. It was the time of the influenza epidemic.

In 1928 my wife and I and another couple toured the West. We drove 2713 miles in five weeks. We had a wonderful time but not without many scares. I was driving and at North Platte we camped there our first night up the road when the road turned north and I put on the brake but there was no check to the car. There was a lane even with the

road so I ran straight ahead and turned in the farmer's barn lot and drove out none the worse. The folks were white as sheets. The car was a large one and belonged to the other man. I am getting ahead of my story a little bit. The morning we left it had rained a little shower and when we got off the gravel the road was slick in some places and we had no chains. I wanted to put them on but he said no, he was driving and the car was skidding over the road when all of a sudden we went into the ditch. I walked to a house and got some boys and a team to pull the car out. There were no brakes on the car, that is they were no good. The emergency brake was OK. Every time you pressed the brake peddle it went to the floor and your foot pressed against the foot feed and the car went faster. We pulled into Denver and was there two and a half hours trying to set those breaks but little good was done. We drove to the canyons and when we left the mountains the owner of the car wanted to drive. We had nothing but cliffs and hills to drive but it was very bad. The road was cut around those bluffs of solid rock. We were coming around one of those sharp turns when the car headed for the canyons hundreds of feet deep and solid rock. I thought we were gone. I grabbed the wheel and threw the car into the mountain side and put on the break and got the car in the road and went on but not very fast, believe me. That was scare Number two.

We were going down the mountain to Zion Park when we met two dry wagons loaded with oil and goods for a town that had no railroad. The road was blasted out of the mountain and it was very narrow, only room for one car except now and then when there was a little point of rock run out. We pulled out on this point with the wheels six inches from the edge of rock that went thousands of feet to the bottom of the mountain. The driver was an old mountaineer and scraped the mountain and both got by but only had an inch to pass. Scare number three. We had good roads from that time on and had no more scares.

When we got to Los Angeles we went to the Willys Knight garage and stayed from 7:30 until 5:30 P.M. and worked on the brakes all day with four men and when we got out we had no breaks but they got \$4.00 of our money. We made the trip as far north as B. C. at Vancouver. We started south again as the northern road was under construction so we traversed the Columbia again and came home by the Yellow Stone Park.

After we left Pendleton, Oregon, we climbed the Green Mountains and when we were coming down the other side the road was graveled and the mountain was beautiful. There was a deep canyon by the side of the road and full of water. They had turned a large spring into that canyon for irrigation purposes. All of a sudden we headed for that canyon. I grabbed the wheel in time to turn it out of the canyon back in the road. I put on the break and stopped the car. The women were as white as sheets. Mr. K. woke up and asked what the matter was. I pointed to the canyon and asked him where he was going. He said he must have been asleep and did not know it. I never took my eyes off the road when he was driving.

When we were in the northern part of Nebraska coming home he was driving again and the roads were good. He was driving 45 miles per hour and the road turned south. I mentioned to him to slow up before he got too close to the corner but he kept going until it was too close to turn. The road went straight on and he could have gone that way until he could have stopped the car as I did at North Platte but instead he went into a deep ditch about six feet deep. The car ran up the ditch with the force it had before it turned over on its side. I got out and hailed a young man with a Ford and as we had a rope we hooked on after I got to the wheel with Mr. K. in the ditch against the front wheel to help turn it up the hill out of the ditch. That was scare Number four, and the last one as we have never taken another trip. I told him it was my last. He died with strangulation hernia at my hospital so we will never get an-

other scare in our automobiles together. He was a good man and the best friend I ever had.

How short is life, only a few days and we are no more. Nature needs us to keep things going. Nothing is lost but everything utilized. I have held the pulse of hundreds and saw the last breath leave the body. How calm and peaceful the last moments are when we pass into eternity. We have come to the end of a perfect day. We came from the earth, the mother of us all, and we return to her bosom to sleep the long sleep that has no waking and where we shall rest in peace. The wintry blasts and the summer showers shall not disturb us. We shall be no more. Our friends strew our graves with flowers but we are not conscious of it and only a short time and they too will sleep forever until Time shall be no more.

NATURE

A naturalist goes to the open book which is forever open to him. The objective, we learn from the five senses. All of our knowledge is derived from this source. If we could not see we could not form ideas of the things that exist. We would not know whether the sun shines or not so we would not know what was above us or around us. The vastness of things we view with our eyes, then the eyes stimulate thought and we begin to reason. If we could not hear we would not comprehend what sound is; the same with smelling, tasting and feeling. The five senses are the source from which man has come into his own; then nature reveals her secrets to him. He can reason and see what is in store for him. Man all down through the ages has advanced step by step. Think how long man has existed—millions of years and within the last few thousand years has been able to reason and accomplish anything. Evolution is a slow process—never in a hurry. Nature takes her time so we learn from the natural order of things. Man did not know that the earth turned until Galileo proved to the world that it did with a telescope, yet the people called him

crazy and had him before the law and unless he recant he would be hanged. In 1650 Bruno was burned because he claimed the world turned around the sun. That has not been so long ago.

Man has developed his mind until natural laws governed things and not superstition. As long as man was held by the church and civil laws he was not allowed to reason and if he did he was executed.

Religion has held the world in ignorance those thousand years of darkness. Remember the period of the inquisition. Man could not read, think or write. If he did the church, which was the law, imprisoned him, hanged him or put him in chains or in a dungeon until he died from filth and disease.

Voltaire, the intellectual light of the world, opened the eyes of man and science began to make headway. Man began to think and reason for himself. The Freethinker has opened the way so man can accomplish many things that he could not have done under the reign of the church. All the great thinkers are Freethinkers.

Confucius, the great Chinese sage, taught wonderful things. Christ was a Socialist; he had no wealth and was not educated but was a Freethinker and when he did not comply with the church and law he was crucified. Christ was a good man, believing in right doing. He lived in that superstitious age. He did not write anything so the men who wrote the scriptures wrote to suit themselves. In those days there was a god and a devil in partnership with each other so they had to have a heaven and a hell. Christ never taught such. He taught heaven was within you. That was your mind. Today we do not have a hell nor believe in one and it is now preached from the pulpit. Heaven is not a place but one's mind.

When we reason what keeps the world going around the sun and think how fast the earth has to travel to stay in its orbit, like an airplane, the speed with which it travels keeps it in the air so with the world turning on its own axis 2.8/10 miles per second and traveling around the sun 19 miles per

second or 1,140 miles per minute or 68,000 miles per hour then we see we are a celestial body and not a terrestrial body we are governed by the natural law of force and energy which science has proved.

Education is the light of the world. The light of day has broken. Superstition is waning; the church is falling. Instead of cathedrals we are building institutions. We are coming out of our lethargy and can see where religion has misled us. Go back for the thousands of years and all that religion has done is to make war and weapons of war. The more powerful the nation the more they fight.

There is no such thing as a Christian nation. Christ taught peace on earth, good will toward men. If we would study nature and not greed how much better world this would be. Men has only a chance from the day he is born until the day he dies. Nature does not care, neither gives nor takes only to keep its kind going. How wonderful life is; how beautiful all nature seems and what a mystery life is, and when we ask the question what is life the answer comes "I do not know."

The organized came from the unorganized; the organic from the inorganic. We have four gases, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon. These enter into all organized bodies with or without the other elements that build man built a tree. The same chemical law is in force; it builds without impartiality and disintegrates the same. When we look at a flower now we admire its beauty and in a short time it has lost all its beauty and is gone. How do we know but what it is just as sweet to die as to be born. There is nothing lost. Nature takes care of all alike. She clothes us in our fine raiment and disrobes at the same time.

Eternity is not known. The book has not been written and will not until the close of time. The old Bible is the most uncouth piece of literature and it contains more lies than any other book that was ever printed; written by a lot of priests and without name of authors to make it appear that Jehovah wrote it. All books are written by man

and not by Jehovah or God. We find in the scripture that the first five books were written by Moses. Moses was dead 600 years when the books were written. We see where he crossed the Red Sea with his host. He crossed on the land the same way his people went into Egypt over the strip of land that all peoples crossed that traded with Egypt. It extends from the Mediterranean Sea to the Red Sea where the Suez canal is now.

Again we have the flood, another fable, where Noah preached and built an ark for 120 years and had all the animals, two of a kind, and everything that crept upon the earth. How did he get the animals from foreign lands and across the ocean? The ark had but one window an dit was in the top, 24 inches square. How could life exist inside of a building with all that life and foul air in it?

Then we see where Jonah lived in a whale's stomach three days and nights. How could a man live without air?

Again we see the three Hebrew children cast into the fiery furnace and not a hair was singed on their head.

Another fable where forty-two children were devoured by two she bears for mocking Elijah when he ascended to heaven.

This Jew God is a myth. Moses and the priests had to have something to keep their tribes together. They had tried their idols and they did not save them so they substituted Jehovah (Anthropomorphic God). The people were ignorant and had no education in those days and were led by a chief as the Indians had. Science has revealed the mystery and opened the way to a better understanding of nature.

Science probes deeper into the inwardness of matter and reveals the mistakes of the past. To quote John Burroughs, in our religious culture we have beggared matter that we might exalt spirit; we have bankrupted earth that we might enrich heaven; we have debased the body that we might glorify the soul. But science has changed all this. Man-kind can never again rest in the old crude dualism.

The Devil has had his day, and

the terrible Hebrew Jehovah has had his day. The divinities of this world are now having their day. How wonderful time changes all things. Evolution is very slow but sure in its transformation. The secret of Life is under our feet but until science opened our eyes we did not know that the celestial and the terrestrial are one and that we are already in the heavens among the stars and are a part of the cosmos.

Life and death play into each other's hands and the whole truth of things cannot be compassed by any number of finite minds. All of our reason, our knowledge of the method of nature declare for evolution; because we are here is this amazing world of life about us and here it goes on through the action and interaction of purely physical and chemical forces.

Human life is a physical phenomenon operating through the universal physical law. Science traces the chain of cause to effect everywhere and finds no break. Man is a part of the whole system of things. He is here as the rains, the dews, the rocks, flowers, soil, the trees and here he appeared when the time was ripe and will disappear when the time is once ripe. Man is composed from the same stuff the ground he walks upon. Man did not appear as stated by the mosaic account in Genesis but came by the natural law of evolution through the geological ages.

The universe as a whole is the same material. When the gases are condensed we have the various formations. Look at the Needles in California, how they tower toward the heavens with their loftiness and grandeur. Again look at the Needles of granite in the Black Hills made from granite and mica—nature's temples. She has her cathedrals far superior to those man-made. I have gazed upon the cathedrals built by man—they are but toys compared to Nature's. Our diamonds are but gases condensed into carbon. How wonderful, things in their making.

How everything obeys the law of nature. The chemist analyzes all substance and can reproduce all things in the laboratory so there is no higher power that is needed to

handle or to control the universe as the Scripture informs us. I have stood on the highest mountains and viewed the surroundings with field glasses and wonder what it is all about. How did they form. By the chemical action of substance the same as a new world, or in the making through formations and explosions of gasses; the transformation of one substance into another. This proves to us that we cannot worship any power that can help us in our trials and tribulations of this life. Look at the men, women and children that are murdered and starved to death by millions. Where is your God? Look at this awful war. Don't talk God to a murdered world like this.

A naturalist worships wife and child. He has no fear of eternity. Law and order is the solution and discard religion. We do not need it for it cannot save any body from the grave. Heaven is but a name. Not reality. Who are the great men of all time? Freethinkers, because they reason for themselves.

Edison has done more for the world than all the religion that has ever been instituted. The church is a society, the same as a lodge. The church is founded on myth; the lodge on man's works. By their works ye shall know them.

Our family was raised very religious. I stood by my mother's bedside when she passed away. I said to her just before the last breath was gone, "Mother, do you see anything beyond?" "No, son, I don't." It was then that I began to doubt and as I read medicine I realized I had been misled. I began to reason and put away from my mind fear of God and Devil. I have been a different man ever since. I do not fear anything. I live a happy life and try to make every one about me happy and try to remove from the people's minds the fear of damnation.

How cheerless the home of the dead unrelieved by prospects of immortal glory! My friends, it is all a myth. I have seen animals cry at the loss of their loved ones the same as people. You will ask why. Because they are endowed with instinct and know it is the last of

their associations, the same as it is with us.

I have been amazed many times to see how people will rush a doctor into the sick room to have him save some sick soul when all had been praying for their recovery to no avail. Patient gradually slipping away but with the doctor's hypodermic the patient's life was restored. Who did the work, the prayer or the doctor?

Doctors as a rule are Freethinkers. Your god is your family doctor and he alone. Do you get help when you need it? I was called to see a minister once in great haste. He was a very religious man and he did not want to die. When I arrived the room was full of people all praying. I was very calm and asked what was the matter. The minister replied that he was going to die. "Well," I replied, "the Lord is waiting to receive you." "Yes, but I don't want to go now." I felt of his pulse and calmed him, gave him a hypodermic of morphine and left, assuring him he would be all right in the morning. The next day I was called to see a man who had no religion. There was no one present but his wife. He was leaving this world very fast. I used a heart stimulant and revived him. I called to see him some hours later and he was much better and made the remark, "Why did you not let me pass away? I was easy and did not care." I informed his wife the next time she called it would be too late. In a few days she called again. He was dead when I arrived. So we see the contrast between fear and reason.

Do not poison the mind about the hereafter. Nothing is lost; there is no lake of fire to go to as we have been taught. The older I grow in years the more I see the folly of teaching the Bible. I wish I had never heard of it. My life would have been spent to a much better advantage. I could have lived a nobler life with my mind free from fear. Why should we teach our children to fear God? Teach them to live and the wonderful things of life. It will make them happy to look on the bright side of life and not groping their way through life like going to a funeral. Do every-

thing to be happy and make others the same way.

Look at the flowers and the butterflies, what a beautiful life of three weeks they live. Their life is gaiety and love and death with no funerals or mourners. Man should take heed and live the same way. Make it a part of everyday life to help the children to be happy and have a smile. It will make life worth while. Teach nothing to a child that will cause doubt and fear.

As I am writing these lines I am in my study looking from the window and the sun is shining on the beautiful clouds. All have a silver lining. What we want in this world of ours is morality and not immortality.

We shall now turn our thoughts to the war. As I listen to the news I think of the people who call themselves Christians, fighting and praying at the same time to kill each other. This is Religion. The Pope of Rome on one side of the world praying to the deity and the President of the U.S. on this side praying to the same deity to annihilate the other. How foolish to think that anything higher than the mind can help us. Guns and ammunition and men to use them is all we need to fight any enemy and leave God out of the picture.

The song we hear over the radio is appropriate at this time. It fits into the picture very well. Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition. The author of this song wanted the ammunition to finish the work that he was to do and leave the Lord out of the game as he was not helping fight this war.

We see that man is creative, not the Lord. How the people like to stress the word Lord. When man gets to the point where he places life above greed and power then we will have a world decent to live in and not have supreme power to guide us. We are living in a world of inventions, in other words the machine age. We see the airplane killing and taking life everywhere. This is man's works. On and on we go until some great catastrophe will put an end to this globe of ours and she will be as cold and lifeless as the moon.

There is nothing to stop the in-

ventive mind and as long as we have the five senses to guide us man's mind will develop to greater things.

I have just finished a book on ancient history entitled *Religion and War* by Hemmerton, which tells how one city fought another city for no purpose other than greed. Religion is the cause of all wars. For the last six thousand years men have made war on each other, and as long as men live, they will strive to dominate each other.

Today all we hear is war and more war. No nation is satisfied, doesn't want to live in peace with others. Why can't Man reason, stop worshipping a God, and look to all things as natural? Look at the storms that sweep the land and kill the people. Look at disease—heart trouble, tuberculosis, cancer, polio—killing thousands every year. Where is that Savior that we worship and pray to so loud and long for help? He is too far away to hear. Down in our hearts we say there is no God.

Every man who runs for office today must stress the word God. Why? Because he wants to be elected. The church and politics go hand in hand. This is the downfall of the governments. Of all nations Man has been made God.

I have passed the eight-third mark and have read all the great men of all nations and studied their religions.

A book by Kersey Graves *The Sixteen Crucified Saviors* tells the history of these sixteen crucified heathens. We can see that the crucifixion of Christ is legendary and just a fable. Twelve hundred years before Christ a Savior had a Virgin Mary for his mother. He was born in a cave, crucified between two thieves, went to hell, rose on the third day and ascended to heaven. All these Gods were crucified just as Christ was. Why did the world need so many Gods? Why couldn't God look after his people without help from these would-be Saviors? Paul, the founder of the Catholic church, was the instigator of the Christ movement. It was the same sort of thing that the heathens had thousands of years before. Paul was in India for four-

teen years then went home and started his church. Being part Jewish and Greek, he took Christ, a Jew, for his God.

If man would just study the Fossil Age of millions of years ago. We find remains of dinosaurs that lived seventy-three million years ago. The mastodons roamed and were buried at the North Pole. Evolution is a slow process, and we see that Adam and Eve were a fable.

For Man to live by the Golden Rule, which Confucius taught 551 years before Christ, would make a better world.

All things have a birth and death. This globe has been spinning around the sun for millions of years and will continue to spin for millions more. There are millions of worlds like ours and they are inhabited the same. Nothing is destroyed and everything is utilized.

We are in the Atomic Age. The atom governs the universe, and Man with his genius will destroy himself. Every atom is radioactive. This is a material world, not a spiritual one. It is controlled by the electron and the atom. Every cell in the universe is electrified. That produces a physical force which governs the solar system, of which our world is a part. When we look up in the sky and see the millions of suns so far away, how little it makes us feel and wonder what it is all about. As John Burroughs said, "The scheme of the universe is too big for us to grasp—so big that it is no scheme at all." The vastness is so great that the human mind can not understand what it means. Man is at a loss to reason it out, so life goes on and so does the cosmos. It neither gives nor takes, but keeps going forever. Is it any wonder we ask if there is a God.

How helpless we are when death comes to our loved ones. Prayer and faith mean nothing. Man's fear of eternity is the cause of his worshipping Gods. Man, with his weaknesses and ignorance, does not understand Nature and her laws. Man wants to live again so he worships idols and man-made Saviors called Gods. There is no place for the supernatural.

As I listen to the radio and hear the news, the number of polio cases

and children's deaths I say there is no God. I have practiced medicine too long and have seen too many deaths to believe in any man-made Gods. I want to die as I lived—a man among men. I have lived by the Golden Rule. As Ingersoll said, "That is enough."

I made my wife's casket and my own. They are ready. When the time comes for us to sleep the long sleep that knows no awakening, our mausoleums will also have been ready for some time. It will be as well too.

As I sit in my study and see the

autumn leaves falling it brings thoughts of happy days that have passed, when life was happy and gay and we sang the songs of long ago. Those songs we cherish so today we sang to our loved ones, but two have passed away and now we are old and alone. The days go swiftly by and we wonder who next will be, Mother or I.

I hope the life I have lived has been a useful one and these lines I have penned will be of some service to men.

E. L. McCrea, M.D.

Given to Millie (Lange) Wert by Dr. E. L. McQueen

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