

and another into the pantry. A door on the south opened on to the porch which was built over the outside cellarway to the cellar under the old main part of the house.

Later still father built a bedroom on to the west end of the wing.

Except myself, and Darias who was born in the old log house in which we first lived, the other brother and three sisters were born in this house, - Frank, Mate, Jennie and Carrie.

A few feet from the south-west corner of the main part was the 25 ft. deep, rock-walled, open well from which we pulled up the water with an "old oaken bucket" attached to a "well rope."

Around the mouth of the well was a "well curb" of pine boards, across the top of which, fitting into half round notches in the boards on opposite sides, was the round oak log windlass about 6 inches in diameter, on the end of which was a wooden crank and to the middle of which was attached the other end of the "well rope."

Turning the crank wound up the rope with the dripping bucket full of water at the other end. On one side of the curb was a wide spout made of boards. On the part projecting outside was hung the pail and into the part inside was poured the water from the bucket.

Some of the settlers built quite pretentious curbs with a roof over the top while others substituted the more primitive well sweep for the windlass. This latter was a long pole fastened in the crotch of a forked post set a little to one side of the well.

About two-thirds or three-fourths of the pole was on the well side of the post and to the end of it, which was directly over the well, was attached the well rope.

The short end of the sweep was weighted with a rock to make the contrivance balance when the bucket was full of water.

To operate it the person who wanted the pail of water would pull on the rope thus pulling down the pole and lowering the bucket into the water in the well.

When it was filled "the drawer of water" would step to the short weighted end and pull it down thus lifting the bucket to the level of the top of the curb where it would hang because of the balanced sweep.

In those days the ground water level was very near the surface. Few wells were deeper than 25 ft.

The very first settlers whenever they had them on their land, were pretty sure to build by a spring as these afforded an abundant supply of cold, pure and open water the year round.

At the west end of the porch was the cistern which held the soft water collected from the roof. To us who now have as a matter of course all the conveniences of the times, it is not easy to understand just how much the building of this cistern meant to my mother.

At about half way between the house and the barn was the fence that separated the door-yard from the barn-yard. A much used gate let us through and sometimes let in the pigs or cattle when we were careless. Just outside this gate in the barn-yard was the wood pile, or more properly the place where we worked up the "sled length" poles and logs into stove wood.

About 150 ft. west from the gate the yard fence turned north and ran in that direction for perhaps 400 ft., then east to the road fence.

Along the road fence on the north-east of the house and the fence on the west side of the yard, father early set a row of soft maple trees that now (1938) are three or more feet in diameter. I remember well when he brought them home from town, - a bundle of little whips with roots.

The part of the yard north of the house I remember as sometimes potato patch, sometimes the calf lot and sometimes as orchard.

Father was always setting out fruit trees but somehow they never lived to a very great age. Among those north of the house I remember the St. Lawrence and russets. Even in the kitchen garden in the southwest corner of the yard he had apple trees and a row of "tame" gooseberry bushes. Among them was Hawle's Genet that for a few years bore wonderful crops of small but excellent apples.

All the "garden truck" grown in the kitchen garden, except the potatoes and tomatoes, had to be planted in raised beds with paths between.

West of the house was a bunch of native plum trees the fruit of which was no good when compared with what we could find in exceeding abundance in the plum thickets along the edges of the prairies of the wild land to the west of us.

Over the front door of the house was a small porch, 8 ft. by 8 ft., with a bench or seat on each side.

Straight in front of this was the "frontgate" on each side of which stood the cottonwoods that I have mentioned elsewhere.

In the front yard father had set transcendent and hyslop crabs and cherry trees. These came into bearing, lived their

short day and died.

Of all the fruit trees set out by my father, - and they were many for he remembered the orchards of New York state and did his part in trying to reproduce them in the west, - not one is now living.

But the great soft maples, unless they are cut down, will stand for many a year yet as a monument to the memory of the homely efforts of a pioneer to beautify his surroundings.

To the west of the gate into the Barn-yard stood the "leach." This was in those days a very necessary bit of farm equipment used in the making of "soft soap."

To make it one side of a small log about 4 ft. long was flattened and a trough cut into it with an axe or adz.

This was then laid on a couple of rocks, trough side up, and a post was set on each side of each end of it and the tops joined by cross pieces from which boards were laid slanting into the trough making a sort of V shaped bin 3 or 4 ft. deep.

At the bottom of this bin a few small sticks covered with straw were placed and the wood ashes from the ash barrels, in which they had accumulated, were dumped in, tamped down and water poured over them.

Presently the water would soak through and run out of the trough a strong lye. This was gathered in a pail set to catch it and emptied into the great iron kettle set a little to one side on some rocks. A proper amount of "lard cracklings" and refuse scraps of pork fat were then added and the whole boiled.

After a time the fatty matter would be dissolved and on cooling off the housewife would have a kettle of jelly-like soap that had the strength to eat the hair off a cast iron monkey.

a wonderful capacity for devouring dirt.

Another necessary adjunct was the "smoke-house," a small building used for curing and smoking the hams, bacon and other products of the annual butchering of hogs for home consumption.

The meat was taken from the brine in which it was first placed and hung up in the smoke-house and a small smouldering fire of hickory chips and shavings or of clean corn cobs was built under it.

If the settler had not yet arrived at the dignity of a smoke-house of boards, or better yet of stone, he hung his meat in a barrel which he turned over the fire.

Every year in those early years at Christmas time there came from the old home back in "York State" a literal barrel of good cheer.

In it was clothing for us children, - once I got a pair of boots with red tops, - things for mother and the house, lots of dried fruit and some nice red apples.

No part of those apples was wasted. We used to stand around when mother was peeling some of these to make a pie, waiting for the peelings and cores.

I do not remember that any books or toys were sent nor do I remember of father or mother ever buying us any though I can recall that once I possessed a much cherished big clear glass marble with a lion of some white metal in the center.

For Christmas we were given striped stick candy, raisins, nuts and apples.

Once father made Darius and I a bow and arrow of hickory. My first shot I remember made a nice big hole in the paper window shade and we were sent out of doors to practice.

This was early in the spring. We soon became masters of our weapon and a little later, one day when there was a great flight of wild pigeons passing over, we were playing with these "bow-narrows" in the calf pasture north of the house. Father had made us a lot of arrows of the seed-stems of cat-tails.

The birds were flying low and we could shoot these light arrows up into the flocks - a hundred feet in the air. I can remember how the birds would scurry to one side as they slithered up among them.

Such playthings as we had we mostly made for ourselves. Tops were whittled out of spools, balls made of old yarn, and whistles in their season of poplar and willow. I can still remember the first of these last that I saw or had.

We had met the Marston boys on the road half-way between our homes and they were tootling on their newly made whistles. With due ceremony they showed us how to make and blow them.

(One time I can remember they took us behind a door of their kitchen where it was a little dark and showed how to strike sparks with what was probably a flint and steel. One of the pieces used they called a "hen-stone.")

About that time father made us a sled out of oak boards shod with hoop iron. At school we slid down the short steep slope to the creek on barrel staves. Much of the time we didn't take time to bother with these and I can well remember how disgusted and angry father would get when our boots would have to be taken to old Aleck Curry, the cobbler who lived in the log house across the road from the school house, to be half-soled. Curry was an

old time shoemaker and could make boots and shoes as well as mend them.

I can remember that I had a place on some boards far up in the peak of the barn and hard to reach, where like a crow I hid away my treasures; a cross-bow, sundry figure fours, a walnut dart and other things on which I set store.

When we became old enough to be trusted with it father got us a squirrel gun. It had been a rifle shooting a bullet about as large as a big pea, was a muzzle loader and used a percussion cap. The spring of the lock was so weak that often it failed to explode the cap and because of this I once nearly shot one of the boys with me.

The cap had failed to go off and, cocking the hammer, I took the worthless thing off the nipple and threw it away, and pulling the trigger as the easiest way to bring the hammer down, off went the gun. A little of the fulminate in the cap had adhered to the nipple and there was force enough in the blow of the falling hammer to explode it.

Twice in after years I fired off a gun accidentally. Once through the ceiling in the kitchen, scaring my wife badly, and once on a wolf hunt while carrying the gun on my shoulder. Luckily both times the gun was pointed in the air.

Later we acquired a real Kentucky deer rifle that had been brought into the country by Duncan McDonald, who had shot many a deer with it. Then we traded the squirrel gun with the weak spring for a Sharp's army rifle - a left over from the war.

With these guns we became really good marksmen. We never thought of shooting at any part of a squirrel except his head even in the tallest trees, and we usually got him.

In after years, when a National Guardsman, I won several medals at target practice with the Springfield rifles with which we were armed and that kicked like a mule when fired.

When we got old enough we played base ball on Sundays or went swimming down on Yellow river and wrestled and jumped. Out in the barn we had a trapeze, and a turning pole in the back yard. Darius could lay and inch board on the ground, and, with a couple of car links hooked from a freight car for dumb bells, jump twelve feet; then move the board to where he had "lighted" and jump back. Of course the ground had to be level. No local man could outjump him.

When we were children mother made all our clothes out of cloth bought by the yard at the store or of the salesman for the woolen mills at Village Creek of whom she also bought the woolen rolls for making yarn.

She spun these rolls into yarn from which she knit our stockings and mittens; and made candles and soap; tried out the lard of the hogs that we butchered for home use and for the market; and churned the butter from the cream raised in the shallow "crocks" set on the cellar floor to keep the milk cool; and baked the bread from flour ground at the mills on Yellow River from the wheat raised on the farm. And last and most important raised her family decently and in order.

How she did it all is still a wonder to me. I can see her yet stepping back and forth beside the spinning wheel as she spun the rolls of wool into yarn, or as she sat evenings at her knitting, from time to time fitting the mittens to our hands to see if she was getting them the right size.

Her spinning wheel consisted of an oak plank about three feet long on three short legs. At one end was an upright post perhaps two feet high on which was the big light vertical wooden wheel, while at the other end, which was a trifle higher, was a shorter post on the end of which was the "patent head," a frame of round pieces that carried the horizontal steel "spindle" perhaps ten or twelve inches long and a sixteenth of an inch in diameter.

On the spindle was a small pulley, and below that, a part of the head, was another. These were connected by a cord belt and from them ran another cord belt to and around the big wheel.

(In due time she got a Howe sewing machine and a washing machine that worked with a lever. How much hard labor these saved her. Besides, we youngsters, as soon as we were large enough, helped at whatever we could do, - rocked the cradle, brought in the wood and water, gathered the eggs - one thing we liked to do - churned, put wicks in the candle moulds and ran errands.)

When mother whirled the big wheel with her right hand the spindle would buzz a plenty. She would take one of the carded wool rolls in her left hand and holding one end on the end of the spindle, turn the wheel and the roll would be twisted into a yarn. She would then reverse the wheel winding the yarn back

on the spindle. Then hold the end of the yarn and of a new roll together, turn the wheel forward, twisting that roll into yarn, winding it onto the spindle, and so on until the spindle was full.

Then she would wind it off onto the reel. A string was tied around every so many yarns on this reel making a skein. Skeins were taken off the reel and one of us would hold them on our outstretched hands while the other wound it into a ball. Or we would place it over two chairs turned back to back a little way apart, and walking round and round, wind it into a ball.

If we were lazy or neglectful of our work or ran away, there was always a little switch, a "persuader," handy. Still, although I doubtless deserved it often enough, I cannot remember of mother ever giving me a whipping, and can recall father whipping me but twice, - once at school when he was the teacher. Probably I deserved both of them though I did not think so at the time.

For the original, "the home eighty," father paid \$9.00 per acre. It was an inferior piece of land in that between fifteen and twenty acres of it were unfit for cultivation, being at that time wet sloughs.

The map which I have prepared will show these sloughs and other features of the farm and country round about, of which I have written.

The slough along the south side and the big slough across the west end were so swampy that they could not be crossed by wagon except on corduroy. There was always water running in them.

The slough which came down out of Marston's south-east

corner also usually required a corduroy crossing.

The south slough, the big slough, the west slough, the Marston slough and another that headed up near the Marston farm, divided the farm into five areas suitable for cultivation besides a three-cornered area of about an acre in the Northwest corner.

Besides the "Old House Spring" there was, twenty rods to the south, the "Oil Spring" which some speculators once thought showed "oil, (petroleum) blossom," and two other boggy small ones between, all coming out of the lower Makoqueta Shales, as did "Jimmy's Well" still farther south.

Not much of this eighty acres had been broken when father got it, and except for about eight acres he cleared the remainder.

It was brush land of oak, poplar and hickory. Father left seven of these hickories for the nuts which they bore and I suspect, too, partly because they were hard to grub.

From the snucks and bark of these trees I think that there were two and perhaps three species. One of these, the "big hickory", which stood in the middle of the center field, was without doubt a shag or snell bark, *Hicoria ovata*, and was a wonderful tree.

In good years we would get a grain sack full of shucked nuts, the largest and thinnest shelled of any Iowa hickory nuts that I ever saw. I remember that I gathered such a sack full on the day that Chicago burned, October 8, 1871.

Across the big slough was the log school house where mother taught school the first summer they were on the farm. This

building was afterwards sold to Jimmie Whalen who moved it over on to his eighty, which bounded father's on the south.

The total equipment with which father commenced to farm his eighty acres was a yoke of oxen, some cows and pigs, a lumber wagon with box and rack, a plow, a harrow, a double shovel plow for plowing corn, a scythe, a cradle for harvesting the wheat, an axe, a spade, hoe, rake, fork and some other small tools! But he got a span of colts and soon had a team of horses.

His wheat and oats he sowed broadcast by hand, covered with a harrow and harvested with the cradle, raking up the swath with a had rake and binding by hand. Father did the cradling, Jimmie Whalen the binding.

The first year or two the wheat was threshed with a flail - two hickory sticks about the size of a fork handle, one about four feet and the other about two feet long, the end of one tied to the end of the other by a raw hide string.

To use it the thresher took the longer stick in both hands like a fork and moved it in such a way, vigorously, that the end away from him would move in a circle, one to two feet above the spread out grain to be beaten and the grain threshed out.

This would swing the short piece in a circle and as it came round it would come down, whack, whack, whack on the grain on the clean floor, or if the pioneer had no floor, then in his wagon box.

I have never threshed wheat with a flail but I have threshed buckwheat, which I have also cradled, but I remember seeing father flailing wheat.

After it was separated from the straw it was some job to separate it from the chaff.

Corn ground was marked out with a marker of three short pieces of 2 X 6 bolted to a couple of boards sled fashion. It was marked both ways and at the crossings the corn was dropped, 3 or 4 kernels to the "hill" and covered with a hoe. In the fine mellow almost virgin soil of those days, Jimmie Whalen and another man one day covered twenty acres, keeping eight droppers busy. It was some days work.

Years afterwards Darius and I planted another twenty acres with a hand drop Keystone horse planter. That was a ten-mile drive dropping four hills every rod. It was some days work, too.

Except for shooting the pigeons off the newly sown wheat fields, dropping corn was my first field work. Then we got the hand corn planter, - a wooden business that you thrust into the ground and worked a handle or handles that opened the blades and dropped the corn, then you pulled it out of the ground and stepped on the hill.

After that came the team-drawn, two-row planter, with one to drive and one to drop. Dropping was like shooting pigeons on the wing. You had to "yank" the lever before reaching the crossing so that the corn would strike it. It required skill.

Then we got the check rower. I have used them all.

So for the wheat, the hand-rake reaper followed the cradle. Once I drove to cut many an acre while father raked the

grain off the platform in "gavels" ready to be bound by hand.

Then we had the self-rake. Then the harvester on which two men rode and bound the grain. Then the self-binder.

Father says in his reminiscences that he prospered on the "home eighty."

Every year as he cleared more land there was more wheat to sell and more hogs. The wheat was hauled to McGregor and a load would bring a twenty-dollar gold piece which would buy a lot of the necessities of living (and that was all they spent money for) in those days.

Along in the winter there would be a butchering of the fat hogs at which three or four of the neighbors assisted. Two great kettles were set on rocks or logs and a hot fire built under them to heat the water for scalding. It was my job to keep that water hot and I had to stay by it.

A hog would be hit on the head by an ax and stunned or it would be shot in the forehead with a squirrel rifle, and neighbor Waxler would stick it. Then it was dragged over to the platform against which leaned the scalding barrel filled with hot water from the kettles and into which it was plunged head first, and plunged in and out a few times, then clear out and turned and plunged in again for a few "souses" and then out onto the platform where the scrapers soon removed the hair.

A gambrel, a stout stick pointed at each end, was then inserted in the hind legs at the knees and the hog hung up on a strong pole with nose just off the ground, where it was washed clean and the entrails removed by some one expert at that, and the then finished dressed pork left to freeze solid.

In a day or two the frozen hogs would be hauled to McGregor and sold.

Sometimes as many as forty hogs would be butchered in a day but then everyone had to be expert at his particular part of the job.

Another source of cash revenue was the prairie hay, loads of which could be sold at McGregor. Eggs and butter could be traded at the store in Postville for groceries.

LOTE LAND

I must have been ten or twelve years old when father bought the "PostEighty" for \$12.00 per acre. I remember how we were all considerably excited over the purchase.

The north end of this eighty acres joined the east end of the old home purchase on the south.

The Old Military Trail, following the divide between the Turkey and Yellow Rivers, crossed this Post Eighty towards its north end - part of a great curve around the head of Robert's Creek - southwest across its west line to Postville.

North of the trail was a fine dense grove of young "pin" oak, among which were scattered veteran old seed trees, some half dozen of which I particularly remember.

The Lybrand Road ran diagonally across the east side of the grove and alongside this road on its east side were two ancient oaks, battle-scarred by the elements and with dead dry limbs in their tops. A little to the east of these was a third, standing just in the edge of the grove.

Then in this same grove there was another oak just across the old Military Trail; two along the south side of the narrow slough that entered the grove on its north side and headed near its center. It was at a small pool midway on this slough that I saw the pigeons drinking which I have mentioned elsewhere.

And finally there was an old shell of what had once been a noble oak a short distance to the east of the head of this slough, much frequented by grey squirrels and little red owls.

When I was a teacher in the Postville School and afterwards a clerk in the bank there, in going and coming home, I used frequently to cut across lots, going by this tree. If the squirrels were not then living there, the little owl usually was, and I never tired of seeing him fade into the hollow of the old trunk from his post of observation in the big knothole.

South of the old trail it was burr-oak openings - scattering burr oaks with hazel brush. This part we cleared by grubbing, burning the brush, working the tree trunks into fence posts, and breaking up with the big 18-inch plow, drawn by two yoke of oxen and a team of horses.

The buying of that land brought a lot of hard work for me.

As I did not like work with a team, until the land was cleared and broken up, much of my time was spent in helping with that.

I came in for my share of the regular hard work of haying, harvesting and threshing, but at other times when I could be spared from the team work, I worked at trimming and working up the trees and piling and burning the brush. I did no grubbing as I was too young for that back-breaking work.

Then we bought 35 acres off the south side of the Jimmy Whalen eighty which lay to the west of the Post eighty.

This was the same kind of land and required the same treatment to make wheat land of it. Father paid \$30.00 per acre for it and the first crop of wheat sold for \$32.00 per acre. That was making money.

All these years wheat was the crop. Then there came a year when unusually hot weather a few days before it was ready to harvest ruined the crop. We did not harvest enough wheat for our flour.

For two more years we tried it and each year burned the crop on the ground. The 90 acres made a great fire. All around us other farmers were doing the same. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars those years went up in smoke.

Then we turned to raising corn and hogs and to dairying, and made even more money than in raising wheat, and with less hard labor.

The land was now cleared and the big plow laid to one side. I wonder what became of it.

This big plow would cut roots one and one-half inches in diameter and the roots of hazel brush that grew shoulder-high and would roll them under like a common plow would stubble.

Father held the handles and guided it and Jimmy Whalen drove the two yoke of stubborn oxen while I drove the team of horses or rode the "high" one. June was the month for breaking.

When I was about eighteen father bought the old "Uncle Jimmy Stevenson Farm," then owned by Henry Webb, that lay mostly south of the R. R., on which there was a new house that he moved over in the shelter of the grove on the north side of the Military

Trail. To this he built an addition and dug a well and set out an orchard.

He, himself, dug the cylindrical shaft, 5 ft. in diameter, through two sheets of till, about thirty feet in thickness, down to the Ft. Atkinson limestone, while Darias and I hauled the earth out with a bucket and windlass.

When he struck the older or lower sheet, probably Nebraskan while the upper sheet was Kansan, many strange and interesting kinds of rock began to come up in the bucket. Granite, quartz, greenstone, jasper, and one the size of a pail, not quartz, was a rich creamy white and had drift scratches on it.

Between the two tills was a layer of black soil two or three feet thick in which were many fragments of wood. One piece of root was six inches through and a foot long.

In digging a town well at Postville at the SE corner of Green and Lawler streets, the same till formations were struck with a still thicker stratum of the black soil between in which was a large quantity of small twigs.

WILD FRUIT

Scattered everywhere through the groves and brush lands were remnants of the prairie which the forest growth had not yet captured.

Along the borderland between the prairie and the encroaching brush were wild plum and crab apple patches in great abundance, with less frequent clusters of red, black and choke cherry, patches of red raspberry and grape vines. The fruit of these wild trees was, before the coming of rusts and blights, excellent and abundant.

Along the borders of the "West Slough," the "Plum Prairie" and the patches at the head of another small slough east of the former, grew the finest fruit. These were our favorite patches. When the ripe fruit had fallen, the ground underneath would be covered so thickly that one could not put his hand down without covering half a dozen.

The fruit of some of these plum patches also was as large and of as excellent flavor as any of the cultivated sorts produced in recent years. Of them mother made the most delicious preserves.

Some patches of crab apple also were large and of a rare aromatic flavor. One patch on the north side of the grove on the Post eighty bore fruit as large as the transcendent crab, a cultivated variety much planted in those days. Of these, too, mother made preserves such as could be made from no other fruit.

In season of bloom the fragrance of these wild plum and crab apple patches was noticeable for rods away. Down in the valley of William's Run, where it is crossed by the town line between Post and Franklin townships, a couple of miles northeast of Bethel Church, one of these patches of crab apple, about one-half acre in area, persisted after disease and pasturing had exterminated them elsewhere, and for several years at blossoming time I took the long walk of five miles down there and sat around for an hour or two enjoying the strong, rich and all-pervading perfume.

It was, I think on the last of these trips that I found the passenger pigeon's nest that I have mentioned elsewhere.

Over in the Loughlan and Minert woods three-fourths mile to the northeast, there were acres of blackberries in their season. One could pick a milk pail full of large luscious berries of a morning.

Owing to the abundant moisture of those early days the fruit grew to large size and the flavor of the dead ripe berries was unsurpassed by any cultivated variety.

Now the tall corn grows where was once this woods and wild blackberries such as we picked there are found no more. The clearing of the land and pasturage as well as lack of moisture has greatly reduced the area suited to their growth, and this with the rust, gives us now on such bushes as survive, only small worthless berries.

In the grass of the drier slough in places were found fine large and very luscious wild strawberries. Over in the slough where the sandhill cranes came down and rested, which I have mentioned elsewhere, they were exceptionally fine. Many times have I picked a hatful there.

Of wild gooseberries I remember only scattering bushes along the road to school, but they were abundant in places in the "big woods."

There were two varieties - one, smooth, the other a larger berry, covered with prickles. Alongside the road to school, at the top of the "Minert Hill" was a large old burr oak tree that had been broken off at some distance above the ground. The center of this old stub was filled with rotten wood and in it grew and flourished a gooseberry bush, whose fruit we were never able to sample.

THE LOUGHLAN HOME

About half way between our house (the one grandfather built on the home eighty) and Marston's along the road north, a lane ran east eighty rods to the old Laughlan home.

Squire Laughlan had some money when he came into the country and early built himself a two-story frame house with a story and a half wing on the north in which there was an old time fireplace of generous dimensions.

How well I remember that fireplace and its generous heat on winter days, which they used long after fireplaces had gone out of fashion. And the big living room and the well under the wide back porch.

On the north side of the lane was a three cornered field of about three acres, on the north side of which was big timber, which the squire had early set out to orchard most of which were seedling trees that bore pretty good - at least we thought they were good - clean apples.

As apples were mighty scarce then there was a ready sale for the entire crop, which the family watched pretty closely.

As we boys wanted apples and had no money to buy we resorted to the time honored way of boys and slipped over nights and took what we wanted to eat. After a raid we would hide them in the hay or in the oat bin to mellow them. Even after the crop had been picked we would still go, and on our hands and knees, feel around in the grass for any that might be hidden there and missed in the gathering.

Down in the corner at the end of the lane where the slough headed that ran across Marston's south-east corner into

ours, was a fine patch of cat-tails in a bit of swamp, in which always a pair or two of red-winged blackbirds nested.

Now the cat-tails are long gone from this corner and across the Marston land, and the slough is dry and corn grows where so many red-wings raised their families and where I found a nest of the Virginia rail made of cat-tail leaves, grass and trash, the top just above the water, and full of yellow, brown-speckled eggs.

In after years I made an excavation which gathered the water of this little slough into a small pond in which I had some carp and on which I shot three blue-winged teal ducks one fall day.

SOCIAL LIFE OF PIONEER WOMEN

The social activities of pioneer women consisted in "going visiting" and to "quiltings." At these all the doings and happenings of the neighborhood were told and commented on, and speedily spread about.

Then it was customary for the women as well as the men to exchange work at threshing and butchering time, and to go to the husking bees and barn raisings.

Threshing and butchering times and the barn raisings were always events looked forward to by us boys. Even though there was plenty of hard and dirty work connected with them there was also plenty of excitement.

The dirtier we could go in to meals which were always better than common - mashed potatoes, roast beef, sauce, pie, cake and lots besides - with the big girls and women hustling about and waiting on us - the better we liked it.

In the fall after the grain was harvested and mostly stacked, the thrashing began. In order to have help enough the farmers of a neighborhood exchanged work and for weeks we worked in a smother of dust around the machine from early morning till dark.

Father owned a machine in those days before the wheat failed and we threshed our own and some of the neighbor's grain.

Before I was old enough to "feed" the machine I "drove horse-power" with its five teams circling round and round all the livelong day. Some of the horses or sometimes both of a team learned how to shirk and the driver had to keep the long whip swinging and his mind on the job to furnish the power needed.

To be a "good feeder" was something all thresher-men aspired to. It required skill. The bundles were drawn off the "band table," one or two at a time, - sometimes we "fed" from both sides - and with a quick move of the arm, spread out over the "feed board" within reach of the all-devouring cylinder and like a flash they were gone. In the meantime another arm-ful had been drawn and spread out, and so ad infinitum. The trick was to always have the cylinder taking grain spread evenly across its entire length.

Sometimes the women folks, when the setting was near the house, would come out to see the work and occasionally a venturesome one would get up beside the "feeder" and put through a bundle or two. But it was a dirty place and they did not stay long.

It was dangerous work, too. Sometimes the "feeder" would get his hand too near the 1200 revolutions a minute cylinder,

and sometimes a cylinder tooth would come loose and come out past his head with almost the speed of a bullet.

In the winter time, for the young folks, there were singing schools, spelling schools, parties and dances at the houses.

At the spelling schools - and we attended all within half a dozen miles - we would choose sides, two of the known best spellers being selected for the leaders. Words were pronounced to each side alternately. If a word was missed the speller was out of the game and it went to the other side and back and forth till spelled correctly. The side won that had a speller in the game the longest.

Then all would stand up in a row and "spell down." In this the words were pronounced to each in turn. Those who missed sat down till only one was left standing, who, after spelling a word or two right would purposely spell one wrong. This was considered the proper thing to do.

At parties they played "drop the handkerchief," "needle's eye," "button, button" and other games. Those in which some one had to be kissed were probably the best liked though on the whole we were an awkward, shy bunch, with conversational ability limited quite largely to wise cracks and sayings.

After it was built, every night for several weeks in the winter, there would be revival meetings at Bethel Church. Before that, meetings were held in the school houses.

The preachers were without exception men of but little education and their preaching was full of set phrases and sayings, mostly directed towards scaring their hearers into believing that they were in danger of hell fire, which they preached literally and in working up a religious frenzy.

Hearers were urged to come forward and kneel at the "mourner's bench" where they were prayed over by the brethren and sisters of the church.

There were different stages of the process. First, "getting under conviction," then "going forward" to the "mourner's bench," followed by a belief that they were "saved."

In the spring those who were "converted" were baptised in the most convenient creek where the water was deep enough, usually William's Run in the valley in front of the church, with an idle, usually ill-mannered crowd as spectators.

One of the phenomena attending these meetings was that of "getting the power." This seemed to be a condition analogous to that attained by the whirling mohometan dervishes. Those attaining it seemed to be oblivious to their surroundings and to have unusual muscular strength while it lasted.

When a small boy, once at a meeting at the Minert School house - our school - I saw our neighbor Waxler (who was such a good big stickler) get into this condition. It took three or four men to hold him.

The story went the rounds of the neighborhood that one of the Snell girls at a meeting at a private house, while having the power, thrust her hand into a kettle of boiling water but was not burned.

Most of the better people who "got religion" at these meetings "stuck," but the wilder, rougher ones usually "backslid," perhaps to "come forward" and be "converted" again the next winter.

Campmeetings were held in the summer in some grove or wood where a platform and seats were erected and those who attended during the whole meeting lived in tents which they brought.

These campmeetings were conducted in the same way as the revival meetings I have been describing.

Working counter to the revival meetings were the dances at the private houses. Usually but a few were there from the immediate neighborhood, and one set of quadrilles, and if there was room, the Virginia reel, were the dances.

The music - one violin - was furnished by "Old Wat Tryon" or "Old Greely Terrill." I can see them yet perched on a chair on top of a table in a corner, sawing away on their fiddle and "calling off." We thought it great.

WAR RECOLLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCES

I was too young to remember much about the civil war - we called it the war of the rebellion, and the people of the South were rebels and our hatred of them was venomous. But there are a few things that stand out in my memory with startling distinctness.

Charlie Marston, our neighbor's boy, was to go, and on a day he with others met at Hardin where everybody went to say goodbye and see them off.

I can remember that they all had long rooster's feathers in their hats and one of them came and talked to father and mother.

The Marston boy died in the south and when his father went down to bring his body home, the next younger boy who was too small to lift the plow around the corner, did the fall plowing.

Then when "Andy" Patterson came home after Shiloh, where he was wounded, I remember him hobbling about with a cane in which he had made a hole to hold the "minnie ball" that they took out of his leg, and I remember of seeing his wife unwrap a little package of gold coin, part of his pay, which he had sent home after going back.

From time to time the slow news that a battle was on would reach us, and the neighbors would go to the village to meet the stage, eager for some word, and gather evenings to talk about what might be happening. Then at last the weekly papers would come with the lists of killed and wounded and among them perhaps the name of some one that we knew.

When the draft came I can remember father going to town one evening to learn if he was among those drawn, and how worried mother was.

And the flag with the black border floating from the new "Liberty Pole" that stood in the street west of the Lutheran Church, when Lincoln was assassinated.

When sister Kate was a babe in arms, mother went "Back east" for a visit. It was the first time since her marriage. We three boys were taken along. At some point on the trip there was a train load of soldiers. It apparently was a junction point for the depot platform was crowded with them.

Some started to carry along with them a truck load of passengers' trunks, and when mother saw her trunk going she nearly had a fit. But it came back again.

Uncle Dave Ellison was in the service for three years. He was at Vicksburg and the battles preceding it; at Fort Hudson.

and with Banks on the Red River expedition.

After the war was over he came west to see us and I remember of him telling of seeing on that campaign, a solid shot strike a federal cannon square on the muzzle, and how it went flying, end over end, through the air. And how, while waiting at Pleasant Hill for the oncoming victorious rebels, he laid a couple of fence rails up before him that a minute later were hit by a couple of bullets directly in front of his head.

After Banks got back to New Orleans the 19th Army Corps to which he belonged was sent by sea to Washington.

Grant had swung south of Richmond, and Lee, thinking to draw him off, sent Early on a raid north to threaten Washington. As it was inadequately defended by raw troops there was great alarm till the arrival of the veterans of his corps.

At the end of the war he marched in the grand review of Grant's and Sherman's armies, a hundred thousand strong, through the streets of Washington.

It was during the campaign for Lincoln's second election that a great barbecue was held at Postville. The speeches were political and party spirit ran high. Much whiskey was drunk and there were many fights to a finish.

Men who had killed or tried to kill in the war "down south" did not hesitate to nearly kill their neighbors with whom they differed politically.

One of the attractions was an ox roasted whole on a great iron spit over a four foot deep pit filled with live coals, the remnant of a big fire. This ox with an abundance of good food was free to all the hungry crowd and there was coffee by the barrel.

Out of all that I must have seen that day, I can remember only the roasting ox and the cook with his white apron bossing the fillows around who were keeping the pit filled with coals, and every now and then prodding the roast with a long sharp iron to see how it was coming along.

Twice since that day at Hardin have I seen the boys go off to war.

For fourteen years I had been an Iowa National Guardsman - had been promoted from "high private in the rear rank" to 1st Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the 4th Regiment.

For some reason not known to me the four regiments of Iowa Guards were, in 1897, consolidated into three. Being without a command the colonel of the 4th and his staff, to which I belonged, was mustered out.

On a summer day a year later a messenger came to me in the field, where I was working on the Makepeace farm west of Postville, saying "Company I (of Waukon) will entrain at Postville this P. M. for Des Moines and the war." (The Spanish-American War)

I could not make town in time but their train passed me at the creamery on their way to the war with Spain.

They went to Cuba and Florida and with Capt. Nichols, to the Phillipines.

Then came the World War. ^{My sons} Fred and Harry, registered as they were required to do but were not drawn. Jim enlisted as a sailor and in June, 1918, went from school at Ames to the Great Lakes concentration camp.

Florence, Alice and I went with him to Lansing where he took an excursion steamboat to LaCrosse where he got his transportation.

Florence and Alice went with him to LaCrosse, but I went only to Lansing; and as the boat backed out into the channel, and straightening out, started up stream, I stood on the bank and watched my boy off to the great war, and realized something of the heartache of the fathers, mothers and wives that watched the boys start for that first war so long before.

Jim was sent back to school in Sept. but a month later was transferred to an aviation corps and ordered to Minneapolis, and afterwards to Seattle where he was mustered out.

During the war of the rebellion there was an Indian uprising around New Ulm in southern Minnesota and many people were massacred. The news of the outbreak traveled over the country like wildfire and many of our neighbors were very badly scared, though I do not remember that father was.

The Loughlins packed some supplies in their lumber wagon and for days and nights kept a team harnessed ready to hitch up and run.

But the Minnesota settlers resisted stoutly and in a few weeks troops arrived from the armies in the south and chased the Indians into the Dakota country, where in a series of small battles they broke up and dispersed them.

After the Winnebagos were removed to Minnesota and later to a reservation in Nebraska, wandering bands of them

would occasionally pass through on their way back to the Upper Iowa or perhaps to some point in Wisconsin.

One summer day such a band passed the Minert School. We were all frightened but they did not stop. They were strung out along the road for a quarter of a mile and had a few ponies but mostly were on foot - the squaws carrying big bundles - or some of them both a papoose and a bundle - on their backs.

At the head, alone, marched an Indian clothed in a breechclout and moccasins to which he had added of the white man's clothes, a plug hat and a white shirt. I can remember how the wind whipped the shirt-tails about.

SOME MORE OLD TREES

Besides the old trees which I have mentioned elsewhere there were others, very familiar, of which my memory still gives me pictures:

One, an old burr oak, stood near the slough and in the edge of the field south of the old barn. It was a noble old tree and finally blew down in a storm.

Across the road in the Loughlin field to the east of this was a wide-spreading burr oak that stood there for many years.

Early one morning in the fall, on coming out of the door, I noticed a wolf snooping about near this tree. Stepping back into the house I got my Springfield army rifle that shot a bullet almost as big as my thumb. The distance was about sixty rods and the first one kicked up the dust within a few feet of Mr. Wolf who started off in a hurry.

Before he disappeared over the hill I had fired six times and each time I came close enough to make him "let out another link" in his speed, till as he went over the hill he was leaving "just a crack in the air." It was fun for me but I think that the wolf considered it serious.

Along the west line of the home eighty, near its south-west corner, stood two old red oaks. One with many dead limbs much resorted to by woodpeckers in the spring, one summer was the home of a pair of sparrow hawks that nested in one of its cavities. Not far from these trees, north-east, in the young oak grove, beside a small log I once found the nest of a ruffed grouse (partridge) with a handful of brown eggs, and a little to the south of it, at another time, a nest of that rare bird the cuckoo.

On the east edge of this same young oak grove, that covered a triangular area of about five acres in the south-west corner of the home eighty, and west of the swampy brook, stood the log school house, the second built in the township, in which my mother taught her second summer in Iowa.

A little to the north of this in the edge of the grove stood a squatty old burr oak, which, when father cut it, proved to be but a hollow shell which was filled with clean white honey-comb. But the bees for long had abandoned it.

Over west of the log school house on the speculator's land were a dozen burr and red oaks, patriarchs among the dense young growth that stretched away in every direction from each tree.

These old trees were much used by the pigeons for resting and roosting places.

In two of these, red-tailed hawks nested in different years.

If undisturbed each nest was usually used for several consecutive years.

Then there were the hickory trees, eight of them, left when the land was cleared - five in the west field and three in the middle one. One of these was an outstanding tree. In good years it would yield a grain sack full of shucked nuts of unusual size and very thin shelled. I picked such a sack full on the day of the great Chicago fire, Oct. 8, 1871.

In the door-yard outh of the house were two burr oaks in the south one of which an orchard oriole nested one summer, and near the north-east corner of the house stood another shaggy burr oak in which there was usually a kingbird's nest every summer, and one summer when we were raising strawberries for the market, a pair of cedar wax-wings nested in it. We thought that they were attracted by the abundant fruit.

Of all these trees, some old and some very old, only one, a hollow patriarch, standing in the pasture thirty rods northeast across the slough from the sewage disposal plant, is still living. The memory alone of the others remains.

Along the west line of the home eighty, near together, were two sink-holes. There were no others nearer than a couple of miles. The land there is underlaid by the Ft. Atkinson Limestone and their occurrence in it is unknown elsewhere. I used to wonder what fearsome cavity might be down in the rocks underneath them and was a little afraid of venturing down into them.

JIMMY WHALEN

The home eighty was longest east and west and the north end of the north and south Post eighty abutted against the south side of its east forty. Between them on the south and west was Jimmy Whalen's eighty for which he paid Uncle Sam \$1.25 per acre in gold.

Jimmy was an Irish bachelor who had helped to grade railroads in Wales, England, Connecticut and Illinois, and had worked on the "York and Erie" canal with a pick, shovel, and wheelbarrow.

Close to the north line of his land stood the "Half-way House" built by the government in 1840 for the accommodation of teamsters hauling supplies to Ft. Atkinson, and to which in 1841 an addition was made by Joel Jost.

This building appears to have been torn down before Jimmy bought the land.

He bought the log school house that stood across the swampy brook from the log house which was our first home, and where my brother Darius was born, and moved it over on to his farm and rebuilt it a little to the south-east of where the Half-way House stood. This he never floored till he married later. He doubtless had been raised, as had my father, in a house with only an earth floor.

He and father worked together very much in opening up and fencing their farms and in harvesting their crops.

Our cattle pastured on the wild land to the west and on the Post eighty before it was cleared. It was the job of us boys to hunt for and bring them home every night. There were

many cattle then running on the commons, each owner having a bell on the boss cow of his herd. All these bells were different in tone and we could tell ours as far as we could hear it.

But sometimes the cows would stray off into out-of-the-way places and then we would get Jimmy to help us find them.

Many a time the kindly Irishman tramped with us in search of those ornery cows. I can see him yet, with his stubby beard, leading the way at a good clip while we boys trotted after.

Down by the brook side was a spring which he called his well where he got his water.

Once when he was building rail fences along that same swampy brook, barefooted he was carrying rails from a pile to lay on the fence. On one of his trips to and fro from pile to fence, he found a prairie rattlesnake, a massasauga, had crawled across his path, but with a well-directed kick with his bare foot he sent it whirling rode away through the air.

Another time when he was also building rail fence a little east of where the Half-way House stood he found an old buckskin purse which he picked up, and finding nothing in it, threw away. Perhaps ten years after, when rebuilding this fence, he again found the purse, now much decayed, out of which when he picked it up dropped a ten dollar gold piece.

When I was about twelve he married a widow with a boy a couple of years older. Some Irish women in town made the match and she made him a good wife, ~~as Irish wives do~~.

From the boy, John, we boys learned to play eucher, and once when father caught us playing in the hay mow then we should have been cleaning wheat, we nearly got a tanning.

EASTER EGGS

Every year as Easter Sunday approached we boys would begin to hide away eggs for our Easter feast. As the hens of that day had not yet reached the marvelous laying record of those of today, we had to be circumspect in our takings lest mother in wrath might make us bring them in.

Then on Easter Sunday we, with perhaps some of the neighbor boys would go to some pleasant place in the woods, build a fire and have a feast of eggs, boiled, fried, and roasted in the coals. For once we had a surfeit.

WHAT WE READ

Father was a regular subscriber for years to Horace Greeley's New York Tribune, and to the American Agriculturist, the former a weekly, the latter a monthly. We liked better the New York Ledger, an all-story paper, taken by our neighbor, Mrs. Perry, who loaned it to us.

Then we bought, read and swapped Beadle's Dime Novels. I can recall the titles of two of them: * "Squint-eyed Bob the Bully of the Woods" and "Billy Bowlegs."

Most of them were the rankest of blood-and-thunder Indian stories, though before we found better reading and outgrew them, there were stories about the English highwaymen, of which "Scarlet Ned" was one.

They were paper covered - about 4 and $\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 inches in size and $\frac{3}{8}$ inches thick. We bought them for a dime. Now a well-preserved copy would be worth dollars.

THE COMING OF THE RAIL ROAD

The McGregor Western railroad was completed to Postville in Aug., 1864. For the most part the grading was done by Irish laborers, many of whom were married and had families. A man would take a sub-contract to excavate so many yards of "cut" - would build a board shanty on the right-of-way and move his family in. His equipment was a pick, a shovel and a wheelbarrow.

Often he would hire an unmarried man to help- usually one that had reached middle age, working all his life at "rail-roading."

A few ambitious ones had acquired teams, scrapers and "dump" wagons, and these contracted for such portions as were "part fill." Most of the dirt required to make the fills was hauled on the dump board wagons from the cuts at either end.

Along the south side of our farm several of these Irish families lived, two of whom, John Ward and Tom Kimmett, remained after the track was completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward were fine people but Mrs. Kimmett made life miserable for Tom and others with whom she came in contact.

The ties and rails were distributed with flat cars pushed by locomotives to near the point where they were to be used and then by mules. To house and board the men who laid the track, shanties were built on flat cars run on to sidings that were built at intervals along the track as the work advanced.

When the track was laid as far as McMaster's crossing, one-half mile east of Postville, a passenger train was run up there from McGregor, the lumbering, yellow stages, hung on straps,

and hauled by four or six horses, coming there to connect with it.

This first train arrived during the noon hour while father and Jimmy were taking their noon nap under one of the burr oaks in the yard. The long blast of the whistle, over half a mile away, sounded so loud that it frightened us boys who were playing about and who had never heard one before and wakened father and Jimmy who had not heard one for years. Then mother who remembered, came out and told us that it was the first train to Postville.

A few days later I was at the crossing, under strict admonitions from mother not to go near the train, to see it arrive. Most of our neighbors had never seen one before and they came from far and near to see the wonderful locomotives.

These were small wood-burning engines and each had its name painted under the cab windows. Twenty of the freight cars of that day, loaded with wheat, were a train load. Often they would get stuck on the hill two miles east of town and have to wait for the next train, which would detach its engine and help them over the top.

To supply the locomotives with fuel thousands of cords of wood were hauled from the Yellow River Timber every winter, and piled along the R. R. right-of-way. From Monona to beyond Postville was an almost continuous woodyard in which saws were at work all summer.

The saws left the wood in piles all over the right-of-way. Men with big wheelbarrows wheeled it out and ranked it up close to the track. That was John Ward's and Tom Kimmett's job for years afterwards.

Passing trains needing wood would stop at any convenient place and "wood-up." All the train crew would help to pitch

chunks into the tender till it was full.

Sometimes we boys when working the fields alongside would go over and help, or if we were not working, would go over, help wood-up and get a ride to town.

The train crews of those days were surely a hard-boiled lot.

FOURTH OF JULY AND CIRCUS DAY

The Fourth of July of those early days was the one big event of the year, after that, the circus. All the first part of the summer we boys looked forward to them. They seemed so slow in coming.

For the event of the Fourth of July Celebration some grove near the village was selected and a platform built for the speaker and the singers. The seats for the audience out in front were made by laying planks on logs or blocks of wood.

Long tables of boards were built on which all the food brought was placed and everyone sat down on the plank seats alongside and helped themselves.

Much "spread-eagle" oratory was indulged in by the speakers, and veterans of the civil war and other notables were invited to sit on the platform - a much coveted honor.

The singers sang patriotic songs, the boys shot off firecrackers and everyone visited and had a good time and went home happy. What the people wanted was companionship - they got enough of being "by their lonesome," out on the farms.

All the celebrations that I can now remember were in the Harmon grove just west of town, and the Brewery grove to the south-east, near the old brewery.

Sometime during the summer we would all at once find posters of fierce wild animals and wonderful acrobats posted on some barns or sheds. A half-dozen tumblers; two or three bare-back riders; a couple of trapeze performers; a trick pony; the ring master and a clown; an elephant and cage of monkeys, - but we thought it a wonderful show and could hardly wait till it came.

They traveled by team and wagon and once they passed our place. It was quite an event.

HOW I CAME TO KNOW MY GEOLOGY

Father was the owner of a 20 A. timber lot on Saw-Mill Creek, two and one-half miles north of Postville, near the south boundary of the Yellow River Woods. A part of our supply of fire-wood was cut there. Also logs were cut and hauled at different times to different saw-mills to be made into lumber.

On Saturdays, when we became old enough, we boys in the winter hauled sled-length logs and tops from there. We took great pride in our ability to haul and load - and get home through the deep snow of those days - the big logs, sometimes nearly three feet in diameter.

In summer, when we were younger, we occasionally went into the woods with father for a load.

Extending along the left bank of the Saw-Mill Creek for a distance of twenty rods was a continuous ledge of Galena-Trenton limestone, the face of which was wholly broken up into fragments having a diameter of from two to six inches, caused by frost action, and which, because of irregularity of fracture, still clung quite firmly together.

On one of our trips, while father was getting his load, Darius and I explored these ledges and found sticking in their fragmentary faces some limestone casts of the interior of the shells of large snail-like gastropods that lived in the ancient ocean at the bottom of which the limey sediment was deposited that afterwards was changed to rock.

We showed them to father who told us that they were fossils and we added them to our treasures.

At other times we found more of different kinds, most of which were more or less fragmentary. Then on our trips to mill with grists we found that the blue clay and shales that we had discovered lay beneath the ledges in our timber, contained many kinds still different but smaller. Many of these were wonderfully perfect.

And we discovered that under all the limestone and clay and shale was a bed of pure sand.

In the Unabridged Dictionary which father after much consideration had bought, there was an ideal section of all the sedimentary rocks of the earth's crust in their order, with the names of the eras, epochs, etc.

Later on studying this I concluded that the limestone and shales along the Yellow River were Trenton, - which, considering the little that I knew about it, was a good guess.

Then I got, through Mr. Amos Row, our high school principal, a kindly and very helpful teacher, a copy of Steel's Fourteen Weeks in Geology. This was a priceless book to me and enabled me to fairly well identify some of my fossils.

As I grew older I acquired from time to time, Hall's and White's Geological Reports of Iowa; the reports of the Geological Survey of Minnesota - especially rich in paleontology; and through the kindness of Dr. Samuel Calvin, whom I knew, as they appeared annually, the thirty-odd volumes of the present Survey of Iowa, to date. (1933)

Many ponderous volumes of government reports of the Geological Survey also were received besides periodicals and various reports.

Then there was much field work in north-eastern Iowa. And now I feel that I "know my Geology."

HOW I CAME TO KNOW THE BIRDS

Anton Steadt was the younger son of a German baron, who displeased his father by marrying a waitress and in a small way an actress and was forced to come to America, where he nearly starved to death trying to farm.

As he had a college education and was an apothecary, he started a little drug store in Postville where he did better.

His oldest boy had been a schoolmate of mine when he lived on the farm and I used to go to the store to see him. Once he showed me a number of end-blown bird's eggs which he had strung on a string like beads and then stretched it across the front window of the store.

Of course I "got the bug" and had to begin a collection of my own, which grew through the years till I had sets of the eggs of nearly every bird that nested in Allamakee County, a large per cent of which are no longer found in it.

In this collection there were more than half a dozen sets of both the great horned owl and the red tailed hawk - birds that now are exceedingly rare in the county.

Along with my collecting I acquired a large fund of information about the birds that laid the eggs.

In due time I acquired Coues' Key; Reed's North American Bird's Eggs; and various other books and papers, and for twenty-five years was a subscriber to Bird-Lore.

Many a long tramp, many a delightful day have I spent with our birds, till I feel that, like the rocks, I know them well.

HOW I CAME TO KNOW SOME BOTANY

J. F. Smith was the principal of the Postville Schools at the time I was teacher of the 7th and 8th grades.

Botany was one of the subjects taught in the High School and Smith had a speaking acquaintance with it.

During the years that I was clerk of court he was superintendent of schools. He was a bachelor, and my family still lived on the farm. As neither of us cared for the things - cards, billiards, etc. - with which most men at Waukon killed their spare time, we took to studying botany, specializing on the ferns.

As we both had good opportunities to get out we searched the county pretty thoroughly for these, finding and identifying in all, thirty-three species.

One rainy day when there was nothing doing in the office I was mounting some of these when the politically wise Irish-man

who occupied the auditor's office came in and on seeing what I was doing, incurred my lasting contempt by remarking that he had "seen women and girls doing such things but never before a man with whiskers on his face."

Early I learned from father the names of most of the trees and to know them at sight, and of many plants.

Later my knowledge through reading of books and field work, became quite extensive. Because of it, I was able to make the acquaintance of Dr. L. H. Pammel of the Iowa State College of Agriculture at Ames, and of Dr. E. Shimek of the State University at Iowa City, with each of whom I took a number of very pleasant trips about Allamakee.

HOW I CAME TO KNOW MY ARCHAEOLOGY

I think that it was in the fall of 1878 that I consented to fill out the Republican ticket by being a candidate for the office of Sup't of Schools. The Democratic majority was over 1000, and I came within thirty-odd votes of defeating my opponent. This I accounted pretty good, especially as I had had "the time of my life" seeing "Old Allamakee."

That was long before the days of the auto and I drove a fine team and buggy which father, along with a roll of bills, donated towards the campaign.

Part of one trip was down the valley of the Upper Iowa from New Galena to New Albin. On this drive I collected fragments of prehistoric pottery, "grinding stones," and mortars enough to fill the back end of my buggy.

Every house where I stopped had some of the pottery, which I now believe I was more interested in collecting than I was in

advancing my political fortunes.

This was the beginning of my interest in archaeology and of my collection, well over a thousand pieces, which I have this year (1933) donated to the State Historical Society of Iowa.

How far I have come since then.

A few years later my old friend, Wilbur Dresser, who, though a much older man, was my companion on many a long tramp, came out to the farm one evening and told me that the people on the Iowa River were finding many Indian graves containing relics, and offered to go up and dig if I would grub-stake him, and we would divide the plunder which he might get evenly between us.

He said that he had all the time there was but no money, and that he knew that I had no time but might have a little money. So we struck a bargain.

He bummed a ride all the way there and back - which he admitted and I always suspected that he also bummed his grub. But he got what he went after.

He "dug" some dozen graves and as I remember it found something in every one. For my share I got a fine pot, a pipe and a finely wrought chalcedony - amber colored - spear head and some other things that I have now forgot. This amber-colored spear head is made of chalcedony found near the west boundary line of North Dakota.

The enjoyment that my old friend got out of that trip was worth to me all the money I put into it.

He had secured permission to "dig" a group of rock-over graves which he found on the small low terrace under the

head of "The Elephant" and had excavated two of them, from one of which he got a fine pot, when the owner stopped him.

Shortly after Dr. Ratcliffe came along and without permission, opened the next one and in it he found the "Dragon Pipe," the finest known in the world of that type.

A large part of my collection has been acquired by purchase of local material. I have collected very little outside of north-eastern Iowa, and have dug very little.

Most of my work has been the surveying, mapping and describing of mound groups, camp sites and rock shelters.

From the mouth of the Turkey River north to the Iowa-Minn. state line and along the Upper Iowa I have visited and surveyed every known earthwork or group of mounds.

I have written papers for the Iowa Academy of Sciences and for newspapers - and because of all these, have become an authority on the archaeology of northeastern Iowa.

And now my appointed task is done. I have typed here some things that were easily recalled, others of which I have been reminded by some recent incident, and still others that came and went like the passing of a summer cloud.

Of much of my life my memory is a blank. Only here and there is something remembered, sometimes of moment, sometimes trivial.

I have typed them as they came to me - and they have not always been told the best, nor always the best grammar used, and I suspect, not always the best spelling.

But it must now stand as it is.

Perhaps when I, like these incidents of my life of which I have told, am but a memory, my children or children's children may read what I have written, which they can never see or know except as they know them through these pages.

I trust that they may, in reading, glimpse something of the wild beauty of that new country, and back of the hardships, and toil of pioneer life, catch something of the spirit, the neighborliness and the simplicity of those that lived it.

Waukon, Iowa, Mar. 22d, 1933.

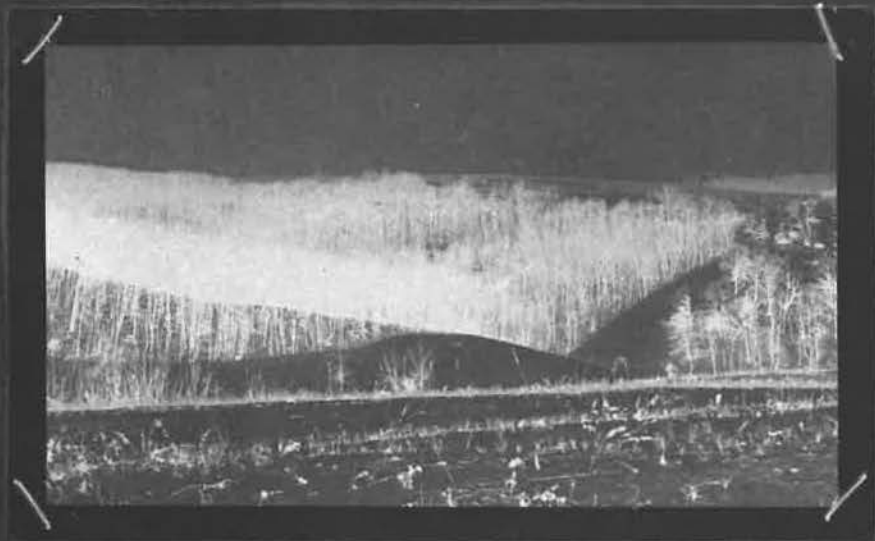
(Signed) Ellison Orr



No. 7. View north from
Jennings Liebhardt Unit



No. 8. In Sny-Magill group



No. 5. View southwest from
Jennings Liebhardt Unit



No. 6. View east from
Jennings Liebhardt Unit



No. 5. View southwest from
Jennings Liebhardt Unit



No. 6. View east from
Jennings Liebhardt Unit



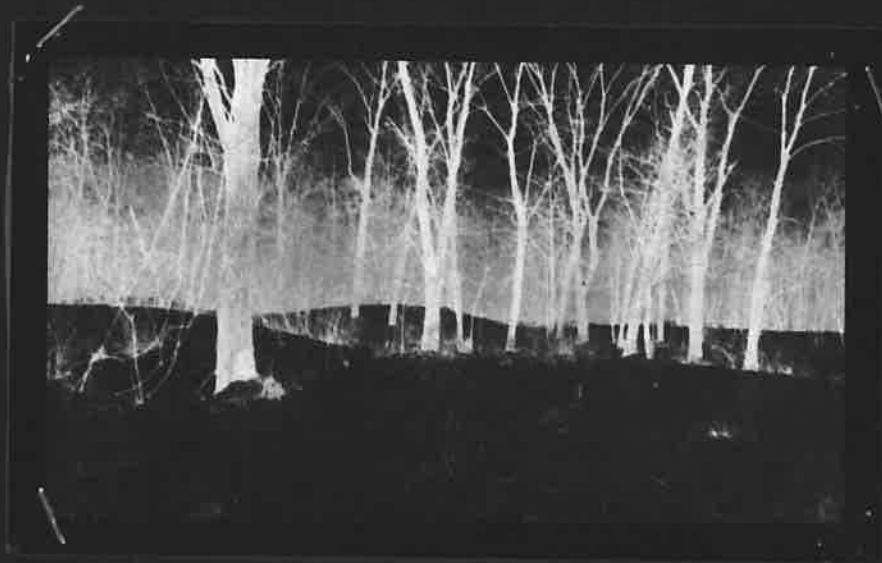
No. 7. View north from
Jennings Liebhardt Unit



No. 8. In Sny-Magill group



No. 9. Sny-Magill group



No. 10. Sny-Magill group



No. 11. Sny-Magill Group



No. 12. Sny-Magill Group



No. 9. Sny-Magill group



No. 10. Sny-Magill group