

YESTERYEARS

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**The Jefferson County
Historical Society**

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In Memoriam: Arleta Ann Lohmann Manville, 1948-2026

Arleta Ann Manville, 77, of rural Valley Falls and Winchester, Kan., passed away Aug. 26, 2026, at F.W. Huston Medical Center in Winchester. Arleta was born Sept. 20, 1948, in Ellsworth, Kan., the daughter of **William** and **Della Achterberg Lohmann**. She was a 1966 graduate of Lincoln High School, Lincoln, Kan., and a 1969 graduate of Fort Hays State College, earning a B.S. degree in Home Economics. She served as a Jefferson County Extension Agent from 1969 to 1982. She then served as a homemaker, mother, grandmother, and farmer’s wife until her passing.

She was a member of St. Matthew Lutheran Church in Nortonville, serving as a church organist for over 40 years. She served as a Winchester 4-H Leader for many years and was a countywide 4-H leader in Jefferson County. Arleta was a 4-H judge throughout northeast Kansas and served as an Extension Council member for many years. She was also a member of Jefferson County Historical Society.

Arleta married **William M. “Bill” Manville**, her husband of 55 years on Aug. 21, 1971, at St. John Lutheran Church in Lincoln, Kan. He survives at home. She is also survived by one son, **Neil (Kristie) Manville**, Valley Falls, two daughters, **Rachelle (Mitchel) Feldkamp**, Winchester, **Camille (Josh) Beckman**, Ellsworth, Kan., one brother, **Vernon (Martha) Lohmann**, Lincoln, Kan., nine grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren. Arleta was preceded in death by an infant sister, **Reva E. Lohmann** in 1942.

You Scream, I Scream, We All Scream for Ice Cream!

By Janice Bower Tompkins

It never occurred to me there was anything odd about my family's relationship to ice cream till my brand-new husband pointed it out.

I blame it on my family's old refrigerator. We had the same round-cornered Gibson refrigerator for years when I was a kid. It was white, of course, because there was no other color, and it didn't occur to us that there could be. The ice compartment at the top was just that—maybe four inches tall, just big enough for ice cube trays. So naturally, when we bought ice cream, we had to eat it all, because there was no way to keep it.

From the Oskaloosa Independent, Mar. 15, 1951

We always bought half a gallon, because there were six of us, and we loved ice cream, almost any flavor—chocolate chip, butter pecan, maple toffee, Neapolitan, cherry nut, if it came from Safeway or the Kroger's grocery store on our side of town. Cherry Garden—a luscious blend of coconut, maraschino cherries, pineapple—came from the little convenience store on West Douglas that was on our way home from church.

Sometimes Daddy would drive all the way across town to a candy store called **Ciro's** that made its own black walnut ice cream. It was always worth the trip. We loved every flavor but vanilla. Vanilla was (is) just plain dull.

Half a gallon was just the right sized package for our family, and we didn't use a spoon or a dipper to dish it up. We just opened up that square package, side and all, and used a big knife to cut the ice cream into six more or less equal slices, and placed those in six soup bowls. After all, there would be no leftovers. We couldn't have kept any leftovers, because of that tiny ice compartment.

Undoubtedly, somewhere along the way we replaced the refrigerator with one that actually had a freezer compartment, but the family custom was well established by then. Eventually, **Freddy**, my oldest brother, married and left home, so we were cutting that half gallon into fifths. Then **Virginia** went off to college and **Bob** went off to the Navy, and we were down to three people to polish off a half gallon. It just seemed natural for us to divide it that way.

Then I married **Ken** in 1960 and the two of us settled down to housekeeping in our own rented house at Durham, Kansas, (where I was teaching while he finished his degree in Physics at Mac). At one of the first meals I cooked for him in our new home, he wanted ice cream for dessert. So, of course, I opened up the freezer, got out the half-gallon package, and gave him his half. That was the first time anybody ever told me that most people just wanted a scoop or two to eat. Amazing! Those poor folks! But I did adjust.

The rules were different, of course, for our own home-made ice cream. Making ice cream was a major event and involved the labor of lots of folks, so portion sizes weren't all that big, and we kids appreciated every spoonful we got. We only made ice cream for a big family party or for a church ice cream social. Our ice cream freezer fortunately wasn't one of those tiny one-gallon contraptions. My folks had one that made six quarts at a time.

The first thing to do, of course, was for the men to go down to the ice house and buy a block of ice, which came home in a gunny sack. Daddy would use the flat side of his double-bladed axe to smash the ice into small enough chunks to fit in the space between the metal freezer can and the blue wooden sides of the freezer bucket. And while he and the other men and boys were getting the ice and the ice cream salt ready, the girls were cleaning up the freezer can and dasher, and Mama started mixing and fussing and cooking.

Almost always Mama made strawberry ice cream from a recipe that she got from Cousin **Claude Kimmel**'s wife, **Myrtle**, years ago in the 1930s or '40s:

- 3 ½ cups sugar
- 3 Rennet Junket tablets, dissolved in 3 Tablespoons warm water
- 1 quart rich milk (or Half & Half)
- 1 can evaporated milk
- ½ tsp salt
- 3 tablespoons vanilla
- 1 tablespoon or a little more of red food color (to make it a pretty pink)
- 1 quart crushed sweetened fresh strawberries.

Warm the milk, sugar, salt & vanilla to lukewarm.
Pour into freezer can. Add enough milk to fill the freezer can within 2 inches of the top.
Add the food coloring, then add the dissolved junket tablets, and stir real well.
Then let set until clabber-like consistency, and start freezing.
When partly frozen, stir in a quart of sweetened crushed fresh strawberries.

(This is my mom's strawberry ice cream recipe as she turned it in for the Kimmel Family Cookbook in 1991, and I think it's probably complete. When she was younger and folks asked for her ice cream recipe, she had a tendency to deliberately leave out the red food coloring because she didn't want anybody else's to look as good as hers. She said they ought to be able to figure out for themselves to use the food coloring. The strawberries, of course, were from our own garden, half of which was a strawberry patch.)

When Mama deemed that the ice cream mixture had reached just the right consistency, she placed the dasher in the freezer can and carefully put on the lid. It was important that the lid be firmly closed, she told us, because on one occasion she didn't get the lid on tight, and some of the salt and ice got into the ice cream. Once she was satisfied that the first stage was finished, she carried the full freezer can out to the back porch, and the men took over.

They already had the ice and salt ready and waiting so the freezer can could be installed in the center of the freezer bucket, and they packed in the ice chunks and salt, then attached the special handle across the top that would spin the freezer can.

Cranking the freezer handle involved a lot of masculine muscle, and it wasn't unusual for the freezer itself to lift up off the porch floor. To help hold the bucket down and keep things turning, a burlap bag was folded and placed over the center of the handle mechanism, and the youngest child was instructed to sit on top of the freezer. As the baby of the family, sitting on the handle was my job for a long time, and I always assumed it was essential to the cranking process. Sometimes there were two or three kids the right size, and we eagerly took turns sitting on the freezer bucket.

The smell of wet burlap and cold brine, the happy noises of a crowd of all ages, the sense of common purpose and anticipation—it was all part of the ritual.

The men and my brothers took turns turning the crank—seemed like it took forever—and periodically they removed the handle mechanism to check the ice cream's progress. Somewhere in there, the mixture became thick enough to add the strawberries without them sinking to the bottom. Then the handle was reattached, and the men would crank some more. Eventually the handle became too hard to turn, which meant it was time to remove the dasher from the freezer can—the ice cream was actually becoming frozen. Mama would be summoned to bring a dish to hold the dasher, and a soft spatula to help rescue any bits of almost-ice-cream that wanted to stay on the dasher. Off went the dasher to the kitchen. Back on went the freezer can lid, and back to work went the handle crankers. They were nearly finished. More handle cranking, another progress check, and the ice cream was ready.

Six quarts of beautiful pink fresh strawberry ice cream, dished up straight from the freezer—in small bowls, thank you—and there were never any leftovers. All of us, company and family alike, went back for seconds till it was all gone. Of course, once it left its protective ice and brine bucket, all the ice cream had to be eaten quickly because on a hot July day in Kansas, it wouldn't take long to melt. Oh, it was good!

Not everybody did it the same way. On a trip to Fruita to visit my new in-laws, I can remember **Ken**'s mom deciding to make homemade ice cream in honor of the occasion. Ken and I were sent down to the local dairy store (a white block building right beside the **Reeds**' house on McCune) to buy the junket tablets. But except for junket, Ken's family didn't make ice cream like my folks did. They had a small electric-powered ice cream freezer that made about a half gallon at a time. My mother-in-law had a packet of chocolate-flavored powdered "ice cream mix" that she whipped together with milk or cream, poured it into the tiny freezer can, put on the lid, and flipped the ON button. It was ready in minutes. Yes, it tasted fine—surely it's impossible for anything involving chocolate and ice cream not to be good. But the whole process lacked any sense of excitement. No wonder they didn't care as much for ice cream as my family did.

Churning

From the Valley Falls Vindicator, Jan. 7, 1927

By Ella Hull Fulton

Come butter, come; come butter, come! Willy's waiting at the gate, waiting for a butter cake. Come butter, come, our old neighbor in Ohio sang to us when we were children. She churned with an old dasher churn up and down, and whether the song was to please us or to kill the monotony of that churn dash I can't say, but she immortalized herself with that song for I never churned but what those old words came back; sometimes she would count the strokes and say: one, two, buckle my shoe, three, four, shut the door; up to twenty and then start over again. She taught us snatches of old songs while she churned and we generally waited until she was through and we got a piece of her bread and butter although our mother and aunts did not consider this woman a model bread and butter maker it was the spirit she gave it in that made us want to hear her sing her churning through. We always considered churning a very monotonous task but an equally necessary one if you wanted butter.

In early days in the hot weather we would be compelled to churn most every day or the cream would spoil and sometimes it seemed an endless job with that old splashy dasher and perhaps little butter at the end. We never churned on Sunday but once, and our husband brought unexpected company home with him from church and we had corn on the cob for dinner and saw our butter melt away like snow in August and our guests would stay all night and for breakfast. We could neither beg, buy or borrow so churned while husband and our guests visited in the parlor.

Piles of Corn

From the Winchester Star, Jan. 27, 1922

By Ella Hull Fulton

They say in Western Kansas,
Where the landscape is so drear,
That now the golden corn piles
Send out their notes of cheer.
And what does it profit the farmer
To rise at early morn
To work until late in the evening
To raise the precious corn?
And what will it do for the farmer,
Those wonderful piles of gold,
If money is not its value
Even if it could be sold?
It will help to lift the mortgage
And half the battle is won,
It will pay the way to college
For that sturdy farmer's son.



From the Oskaloosa Independent, Aug. 13, 1920

We plied that old dasher in the cave in those days. We baked our own bread, churned our own butter and browned and ground our coffee and sometimes in best regulated families things went amiss. No, we don't want to go that way any more, we like the 1927 way the best, and we don't want any more dasher churns, we don't blame the dog for running off that had to churn.

The gallons of pure good milk
The pounds of butter so sweet,
The eggs, and ham and bacon
And the farmer has his meat.
It will buy some shoes for the children,
Perhaps the wife a dress,
It will keep the good team over
And save you from distress.
And plenty of lawyers and doctors
That have aspired to be great
Have depended on the corn crop
Of the drouthy Kansas state.
And here's our hat to the farmer,
Who raises the golden grain,
And here's our praise to the giver
Of blessed sunshine and rain.

When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and the Fodder is in the Shock

From the Winchester Star, Oct. 24, 1924

By **Ella Hull Fulton**

When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock, it makes one think of corn gathering time.

We always tried to feel that what came to us was for our good some way, either to teach us submission to He who ruled the rain and sunshine or to teach us gratitude for the good things received.

We were especially grateful for a good corn crop, after a long summer's work, and we never felt sure of things in Kansas, for a week's dry, hot weather along in August could blast the promise of a fine crop. But when cooler days came and gathering in of a good Kansas crop was sure a thrill it meant so much to the farmers. Feed for the cows, plenty of milk and butter, always so necessary on the farmer's table. Feed for the good team that helped so willingly to list and plow the fields and though the price was very low at times, there was always some left to provide shoes and comfort for the home.

We never burned corn but once and thought it wasteful and wrong. But one cold winter night when we were alone in the little house on the prairie with our little boys the snow had covered our wood pile. We filled the little stove with big ears of corn and got warm. And what a thrill and hurry to get the crop in. Up early getting a good breakfast, plenty of it and on time, for the men and boys, who had the teams ready to go by daylight, listening to the wagons roll out; perhaps the sun was just getting up. But no time for dreaming those mornings—too busy. Our boys would say, hurry, Ma, and get our mittens tied on—**Ed Tucking** is half way across the field. Ed was the champion corn husker those days and I can hear **George Sloop** and his men from the north. How we enjoyed the music of those ears of corn as they struck the dump board. That's **Ed Eshom** or the **McCrea** boys to the south, and those ears flew fast. The old sewing machine was kept ready and the scissors handy, for oh, while the inner man called for good substantial food and plenty of it, the outer man called for mittens. Sore hands could not keep the faith and we learned by experience that plenty of warm water and tar soap beat any dope for sore hands. And boys taking the teams away, the stronger men shoveling off the corn.

Great young athletes they were. The strength of their arms was not gained on the ball ground. **Bill Glassel**, who was always ready to go on a moment's notice. No waiting on Bill. **Bert Sherwood**, who could throw off a load of corn in nine minutes, now a prosperous business man in Grenola, Kan. **Billy** and **Bob Martin** and **Dan McFarland** from near Superior, Neb., when their crops failed, as they said, came down to Egypt for corn. Good substantial men now in their community, all helping to solve life's problems, with grown sons and daughters their own. And some have solved the great last problems—**George Sloop**, **Jesse Glassel**, **Willis Eshom**, **Robert** and **Ernest Fulton**, **Jim Hudron**, but we cannot and will not say that they are dead. They are just away.



*Unidentified woman standing in tall corn.
Photo courtesy of Jefferson County Historical Society.*

Five Generations

All Residents of Oskaloosa, Kansas

From the Valley Falls Vindicator, June 7, 1912 (Contributed by Mary Luse)



Reading from left to right:

Elizabeth Berks was born at Bellefont, Alabama, in 1822 and was married to **Preston Wise** there June 17th 1841. They moved to Henry county, Mo., and in 1862 moved to this county where they lived together 69 years and 7 months until the death of Grandpa Wise which occurred at Oskaloosa January 22nd 1911. Mrs. Wise still resides here with her daughter **Mrs. M.L. Tedrick** and despite her 90 years retains most of her mental faculties.

Vestina Wise was born near Clinton in Henry county, Mo., May 12th 1842. She was married to **William A. Jenkins** there on Jan. 30, 1860. They moved to Jefferson county in 1862 and have resided here continuously since that time.

Oscar A. Jenkins was born at Clinton, Mo., January 14th 1861 and was brought by his parents to Oskaloosa in 1862. He married here to **Ada E.**

Huddleston March 5th 1885 who died November 24th 1894. He is a prominent farmer residing near Oskaloosa.

William Rue Jenkins was born at Oskaloosa May 23rd 1887 and married **Melva Hann** at Admire, August 24th 1910. He is a resident of Oskaloosa and cashier of the State Bank.

Harry Rowe Jenkins was born at Oskaloosa December 9th 1911 and is a bright eyed lively little chap and the hope and joy of his parents.

This is an unusual occurrence, to have five generations and more unusual to have all of them living in a community where 58 years ago no white man lived. They are all in good health and active in affairs so far as their ages will permit.

A Kansas Reminiscence

From the Oskaloosa Independent, Feb 18, 1871 (Contributed by Leanne Chapman)

A friend has related an incident of ten years ago, that has never been in print. It was in the days when Winchester, Jefferson County, was a point of importance, as the place where the Leavenworth and Atchison stages met on the main thoroughfare to Topeka.

Our friend struck Winchester just at night, on one of the coldest days of that Winter. A strolling ventriloquist happened along on the same evening, and opened up a performance in the bar-room, which was well attended by the denizens of the country round. He represented an old man and his son, with the aid of a large dog, tending a flock of sheep, somewhere in the distance, outside the front door. The sheep were heard bleating, the dog barking, and the two men calling.—Presently a commotion took place—an attack had been made by wolves, or something else had occurred to create a panic; the men began calling for help, their voices coming nearer at every jump, and the dog yelping, until the sounds seemed to be very near the door, which the ventriloquist was holding with all his might. Just at that moment, sure enough, the door was pushed open, and in marched old **Dr. Buckmaster, Marcus J. Parrott**, and a large Newfoundland dog! They had just arrived and had sought lodgings for the night. It brought down the house, or the part of it which could appreciate the coincidence. But a majority of the audience thought it was a trick put upon them; that Buckmaster, Parrot, and the dog had been engaged to help out the ventriloquist with his performance—and it was with difficulty they could be persuaded to go home without receiving their money back!—*White Cloud Chief*

Bessie Catherine Hurst, OHS Valedictorian, 1908

Bessie Hurst was born July 31, 1888, near Oskaloosa, Kan. Her father, **Thomas Edward Hurst**, had come to Jefferson County from Missouri. He married **Martha Jane Lewis** in Oskaloosa in 1886. His sister, **America Lowry Todd**, had moved here with her husband, **Adam Todd**, and their family during the Civil War. Bessie was born in rural Fairview Township, west of Oskaloosa. She had an older sister, **Ethel**, and four surviving brothers, **Thomas, Harold, Ottis**, and **Vernon**. A fifth brother, **Roger**, was born after Bessie's death. Bessie attended the Lowry School, District No. 60, and joined the United Brethren Church, which held meetings and ice cream socials at the school. In June 1904, 15-year-old Bessie enrolled for a month at the Jefferson County Normal Institute in Oskaloosa, training to become a teacher.

After she graduated from Lowry, Bessie moved into town to attend Oskaloosa high school. She was one of the first Black students admitted to the previously segregated school.* She probably stayed with Oskaloosa relatives during the school year. Her ambition was to graduate high school and attend college.

Bessie Hurst was ill during her last year of high school. She suffered from "consumption," a name given to a wasting disease that often took the form of pulmonary tuberculosis. The most common recommended treatments were bed rest and travel to a warm climate. Neither would have allowed an intelligent young woman to attend high school and college. Bessie is said to have rejected medical attention.

The class of 1908 attended its baccalaureate sermon on May 17 at the Methodist church. Commencement exercises were held May 22 at the opera house, and class exercises, including the class play, on May 25 at the opera house. The class play featured scenes from **Sir Walter Scott's** novel *Ivanhoe*. Bessie Hurst was cast as Elgitha, a maid to Lady Rowena.



*Lowry School, District No. 60, 1871-1915.
Photo courtesy of Jefferson County Historical Society.*



The Critchfield Opera House stood on the west side of the courthouse square in Oskaloosa. Photo courtesy of Jefferson County Historical Society.

Commencement filled the opera house, "floor and gallery and some late comers found standing room only," the *Oskaloosa Independent* said. The *Jefferson County Tribune* wrote, "Miss Bessie Hurst, colored, has averaged the highest grades in all studies and is the valedictorian. . . She is a studious, observant scholar." The *Independent* reported, "Several of the colleges of the state had a standing offer of a scholarship in any one of their institutions to the pupil making the highest grade in the High schools of the state, and on this occasion the honor and the scholarship belonged to Miss Bessie Hurst. As the young colored woman who stood at the head of a class of ten bright and fine looking young people arose to take the scholarship, the great audience of white people burst spontaneously into hearty applause."

In 1900, a school segregation case (predating Brown v. Board of Education) was brought by **Gracie Jones et al. against Oskaloosa high school principal **B.E. McProud et al.** The Kansas Supreme Court ruled against the Black plaintiffs. However, by 1906, Oskaloosa high school admitted both Black and White students. The colored school closed in 1907. – **Rick Nichols**, the *Oskaloosa Independent*, May 23, May 30, and June 6, 2019*

Bessie Catherine Hurst, OHS Valedictorian, 1908 (cont.)

The *Independent* wrote, “**Bessie Hurst** worked hard for and earned and deserved the honor.” Her classmates agreed and admired her courage. “For four years the girl has striven for this graduating honor, in the face of failing health and strength, pushing away medical examination lest she be forbidden to pursue her studies. . . She came to the Commencement weak and trembling, but happy in the possession of the coveted prize. And all who know of Bessie Hurst’s heroism, industry, patience and modesty will rejoice with her and her proud and happy parents.”

Bessie received her diploma, “handsome and expensive, in book form, with red Morocco covers and the name of the pupil in gilt in a panel on the front page.” The names of her classmates were listed inside.

After graduation, however, Bessie’s health continued to fail. In July 1908, the *Tribune* reported, “Miss Bessie Hurst doesn’t seem to improve very fast.” In December, the *Tribune* said, “**Dr. McCreight** reports a baby boy at the home of **Thos. Hurst** and wife of Fairview, born this week. Mr. Hurst was in town the first of the week and said his daughter wasn’t improving as well as they had hoped for.”

Bessie Hurst died Feb. 10, 1909. The Lowry correspondent for the *Jefferson County Tribune* wrote, “The community was saddened last week by the death of Bessie Hurst. She had been suffering with consumption for some time and gradually growing weaker. The funeral services were conducted by **Rev. Jones** at the Lowry school house Friday morning at eleven o’clock and interment was made in the Oskaloosa cemetery. Bessie had lived in this neighborhood since childhood and had made a host of friends by her quiet christian life. A large crowd attended the funeral services. The casket was covered with beautiful flowers given by friends and relatives as a last tribute of respect to one who had won the respect and esteem of all who knew her.”

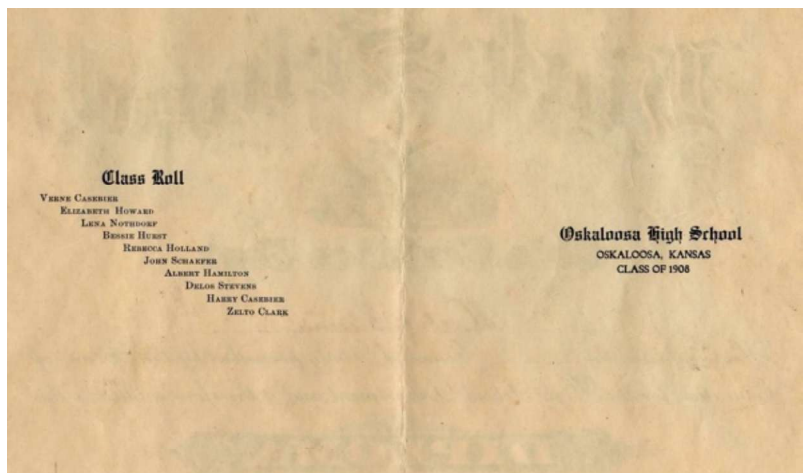
—Jane Hoskinson



Bessie’s senior class was the last to graduate from the old high school building. The *Jefferson County Tribune* wrote, “A larger, better, more enduring building will house the pupils of the coming years.” Photo courtesy of Jefferson County Historical Society.



1908 OHS diploma of Bessie’s classmate Delos Stevens. Photo courtesy of Jefferson County Historical Society.



The 1908 Oskaloosa High School diploma listed ten graduates on the Class Roll: **Verne Casebier, Elizabeth Howard, Lena Nothdorf, Bessie Hurst, Rebecca Holland, John Schaefer, Albert Hamilton, Delos Stevens, Harry Casebier, Zelto Clark.** Photo courtesy of Jefferson County Historical Society.

“American history is longer, larger, more various, more beautiful, and more terrible than anything anyone has ever said about it.” – James Baldwin

The Holton Excursionists

From the Kansas New Era, May 22, 1875

They Pay Valley Falls a Friendly Visit in Lieu of Fishing

Thursday of last week Mr. **George S. Irwin** of this office, received the following note from his friend in Holton:

May 13, 1875.

Mr. G.S. Irwin—Dear Sir: I should have written you sooner, but suppose you are expecting us on Saturday. Look, for we are coming twenty couple strong.

Yours, in a hurry.

A.D. Walker

It would be proper to state here that the young folks—not married—of Holton had been talking of an excursion for a week or two, to Valley Falls, for a “major general” good time spent in fishing and picnicing, and on this occasion had sent an invitation to the sport-loving portion of the community of Valley Falls, to join them at the depot at this place. But owing to the inclemency of the weather, Mr. Irwin and his companions, on holding a council, came to the conclusion that the gay excursionists would hardly venture out. But, knowing well the energy the young Miss possessed who had taken the management of the party in hand, he advised his companions, with himself, to report at the depot as soon as the whistle of the Kansas Central was heard.

Eight o’clock, the time for the train, drew near, and the indomitable Irwin, accompanied by his staff—**Kane**—procured an umbrella or two and repaired to the depot to receive the guests. Although it was a chilly, cloudy, rainy day, sure enough here came **Sheriff [Alonzo H.] Williams** with his gay posse to make the best of it they could in conjunction with those they might meet here. The company was conducted to the Cataract House, where the hostess and host, **Mrs. Colvin** and **Capt. L. Colvin**, her son, spared no pains in trying to make everything as pleasant as they could possibly. Several of the Misses were versed in music, and they had no piano or organ. Mr. Colvin, in company with others of the party, procured the loan of an organ of Mr. **S.A. Morrison**, to whom the party is indebted for that act of kindness, and peans were chanted to Cupid and other gods and goddesses, and—

All went merry as a marriage bell.

Though dark and gloomy without, all within that group showed by the smile that covered each face, that there was a happy heart within which partook of the songs sung by the amiable Miss **Anna Moore**, as she played upon the organ, and the various other pas-times there offered for the party’s amusement.



At about this time they had got settled down to business, and we were introduced to the company, which consisted of

A.H. Williams and Miss Hattie Jones.
Dr. J.T. Scott and Miss Flora Williams.
J.P. Moore and Miss Lida Walter.
Clarence Davis and Miss Susie Braden.
O.V. Dodge and Miss Minnie Watrous.
A.D. Walker and Miss Anna Moore.
James Teer and Miss Bertha Swartz.
Wm. McGrew and Miss Ida Sarbach.
W.L. Hoaglin and Miss Rosa Hoaglin.

After dinner was served as usual by Mrs. Colvin, the party was invited to take their baskets and repair to the dining room and spread their viands upon the table, to which they gladly assented. Hot tea and coffee were served them by the hostess, and quite a time was spent in enjoying their refreshments.

Dinner over away they sped for the parlor; music, dancing, games and conversation were here renewed, it seemed, with still more vigor and zest. A few hours passed, the clouds cleared away and the party concluded to take a walk, paid the New Era office a visit, and the gentlemen were here presented with a chromo, which was to be voted to the handsomest lady of the party; and the ladies were presented with a canine portrait to be voted to the handsomest gentleman of the party. They went from the printing office to the Cataract and, gathering up their baskets and partners, went to the depot. And while waiting there, the gentlemen concluded to vote the chromo away. The ballot was accordingly spread and votes taken up and counted, and Miss Minnie Watrous was the choice. Mr. O.V. Dodge was selected to make the presentation, who performed that arduous duty “with eye undimmed and nerve well strung,” without a word, if we mistake not, but there may have been volumes in the expression of his face, standing back of him we could not see. Miss Minnie bore the honors bestowed upon her with chaste modesty and blushes.



Photo courtesy of Jefferson County Historical Society.

The train came and the party was soon on its way home, taking with it the best wishes of all who met with them while here and more too.

It is the unanimous expression of the Valley Falls cousins that they may come again soon and have a better time.

The vote for the “photo” of man’s great friend did not take place until they were well on their way home. But, as the gay and well-matured mustached youths sit sighing on their seats as the contest for beauty and the struggle for victory drew near unto them, and the clouds had rolled from over the blue canopy of the horizon in the west and left the tint of the last kiss of old Sol on the cheek of some remaining vapors, and gave the sky above them such a blush as to cause the beholder thereof to imagine that the dye-pots of glory had been kicked over and was about to adorn all nature in the most beautiful colors, the chosen nine gave forth their lots, and the lot fell alike upon **A.D. Walker** and **Dr. J.T. Scott**. They divided the picture—tore it in two—and the honors likewise.

[Editor’s Note: Holton saw a number of marriages in 1875. Many of the couples courted in Valley Falls that year.]

The Cataract House

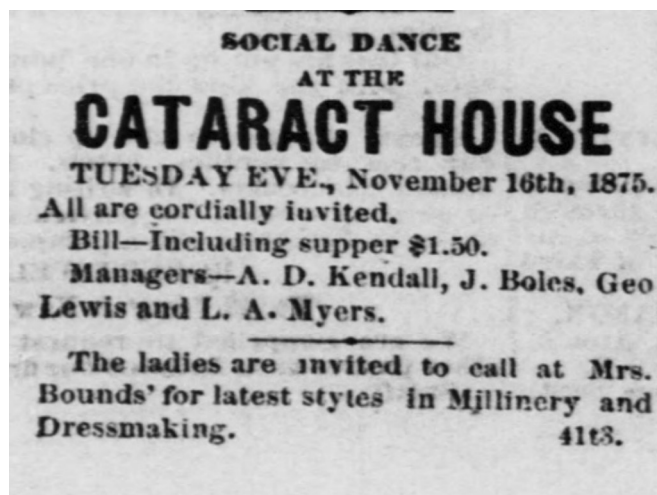
From the Valley Falls New Era, Dec. 7, 1901

Mr. **A.G. Patrick** gives us additional facts as to this old historic hotel.

During the excitement of the spring of 1857, the citizens of then Grasshopper Falls, as well as others interested in the growth of the place, got together and offered inducements for the building of a commodious hotel. The **McCarger** Brothers, about this time, came along and offered to accept 24 lots, which was agreed by all parties interested, and the lumber was immediately procured and the carpenters put to work.

Simon C. Gephart and **George Outwater** having the contract, and when the building was completed, everyone around the Falls felt proud of their fine public enterprise, and the general conclusion of the boys was that the building should be dedicated by a grand ball. Tickets were issued and invitations sent far and near and the whole affair was a perfect success. The cakes alone that adorned the table cost over \$100. There was a fine company present and a dancing accommodation for six sets of cotillions. Those days all were in for healthy and enlivening amusements, and but few who did not participate in the pleasures of the dance. Some time during the land sales of that year, **McCarger Brothers** sold out to **W.C. Butts** and **David Fradenburg**, and they to other parties—the first in succession **John Beland** and then **Adam Weiser**, **Mr. Bliss**, **Mr. Colvin** and the last landlord, **J.J. Gardiner**.

During early times, a bar was attached and whiskey drinking and card playing was as free as mountain air and Grasshopper Falls got quite a notoriety for jollification and revelry. Among frequent visitors were **Dr. A.H. Deaver**, **Bob Shanklin** and **Tom Terrill**, all hailing from a river town called “Jefferson City” about a mile north of Cedar Falls, a place that had a sickly existence with two shanties, one called a tavern and the other a grog shop and a hole of water to quench the thirst from the rot gut that was dispensed to wayward claim-hunters who happened to pass that way. They were all good at cards, especially Tom, who played upon the boys in the way they despised, holding full hands and flushes, and like the heathen Chinese throwing out with a smile so “childlike and bland.” Take down the “Cataract House,” but you can never efface from our memory old Tom and his periodical sprees; although, when sober, a decent Irishman, who finally gave up whiskey altogether.



From the Kansas New Era, Nov. 13, 1875

NO. 7.

12

Buggies to Chevies, 1902–1917

From the files of Raymond Riley

From the Winchester Star, Oct. 30, 1902

In talking about buggies the other day **James Riley** and **Harrison Talcott** remembered when **Bill Ellis** owned the only buggy in Jefferson township. The editor can remember the first surrey in this part of the country. It cost \$300 and was something grand in those days. Now nearly every farmer has a buggy, a spring wagon and a surrey.

From the Winchester Star, June 2, 1905

Atchison has the automobile fever with a temperature of 130 in the shade. **Clif Hetherington** bought a good machine. **C.D. Walker** went him one better and bought a better one and **B.P. Waggener** will go Walker one better by adding a few hundred dollars to the cost of his machine. Walker's machine was unloaded Saturday and he and his family nearly road the thing to death by Monday night. The writer was in Atchison Monday night and observed that when the Walker machine came down Commercial street the business men and others on the street "rubbered" as successfully as the country people when they see an automobile pass—Effingham New Leaf.

From the Winchester Star, Mar. 27, 1908

B.L. Seybold and wife, and son **Dwight** were starting out for an auto ride Sunday afternoon when they met with an accident. They were going north and had reached the foot of the hill at the edge of town and were just in front of **Mrs. Gardiner's** home when something got wrong with the steering apparatus and turned around and upset. **Mr. and Mrs. Seybold** were both caught under the machine. He was struck on the hip and shoulder and she was struck on the back of the head with the fender. Mrs. Seybold was badly though not seriously hurt, her nose has one or two bones dislocated and a couple of ugly gashes were cut in the back of her head. Mr. Seybold was considerably shaken up but not badly hurt while Dwight jumped from the machine and was not hurt at all. Mrs. Seybold was taken into Mrs. Gardner's where **Dr. Rankin** dressed her wounds and later she was taken home in a carriage and is getting along nicely now.

The auto was damaged some but Mr. Seybold drove it home. A little repair will put it in good shape again. This is the first accident that has occurred in the country so far as we have learned where anyone has been hurt. It has had a tendency to chill the auto enthusiasm here. Mr. Seybold says that some of those who have been promised rides are showing a decided tendency toward procrastination.—McLouth Times.

When you buy a buggy

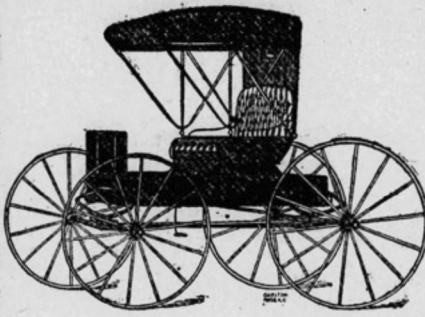
It's mighty poor policy to shut your eyes, grope around and fasten onto the first buggy that you run up against just because the price is away down.

Even price isn't of first importance.

THE VELIE BUGGY

meets every careful buyer on sensible grounds like these:

The price is within reach of every man.



It is built of just those materials which time has proven to stand highest in looks and endurance. That is not all! All the Ironings is made of Wrought Iron. This buggy rides almost like a swing---without jolting or lumbering along to shame a man's pride and stir up the tranquility of his stomach.

Bill Smith paid us **\$75.00** for a Velie Buggy last month. He came in Monday, and said: "I never spent **\$75.00** I thanked myself more for. When we take a drive we don't come back with aching bones and tired nerves. And we aren't ashamed alongside any of them, either."

Maybe it would pay you to take a peep at our VELIE.

Do you care to put your eyes on a buggy that out-looks, out-lasts and out-rides any buggy you have ever seen at considerably more money?

We are glad that we did.

J. H. WILHELM.

From the Winchester Star, May 14, 1903

Buggies to Chevies (cont.)

From the files of Raymond Riley

From the Winchester Star, June 16, 1911

Ninety seven automobiles were found in the [Jefferson] county and they are worth on an average \$435.04, the total value being \$44,200. Norton township led the procession with 24 machines. Rural and Sarcoxie each reported one.

From the Winchester Star, Jan. 23, 1914

Jefferson county has 288 autos and 69 motorcycles. This is an average of one auto to every 54 inhabitants. The population is 15,458.

From the Winchester Star, June 29, 1917

NOTICE TO AUTOMOBILE OWNERS

The City Ordinance requires that all motors, while running, shall display a light before and behind, from 1 hour before sun rise and 1 hour after sun set. Also make the speed limit at 12 miles per hour. From this date all parties caught violating this ordinance will be handled according to law. So take warning.

James P. Kiernan, Marshal.

The Winchester Star.

K, Publisher

WINCHESTER, KANSAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1916.

VOL XXIX NO. 50

STANDARD EQUIPMENT

Mohair Tailored
Top Cover and Side Curtains
Electric Horn
Ventilating Windshield

PRICE

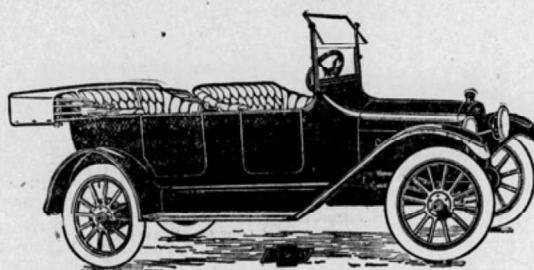
With Magneto and Presto-lite
Tank

490.00

F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

Chevrolet "Four-Ninety"

"The Product of Experience"



STANDARD EQUIPMENT

Presto-lite Tank
Complete Lamp and Tool
Equipment,
including Jack and Pump.

EXTRA

When equipped with
Electric Lights and Starter
\$60.00

The Model "FOUR-NINETY," price **\$490**, is equipped with electric lighting and starting system at **\$60** extra. When so equipped, electric head lamps with dimming attachment and electric tail lamp are used.

We strongly recommend the purchase of the Model "FOUR-NINETY" with electric lighting and starting equipment, as no car to-day is complete without. If you buy a car without electric lights and starter you will make a mistake. An attempt to correct the error by attaching a "make-shift" device is usually a costly and unsatisfactory experiment. Besides, this "make-shift" device or "after-thought" does not carry the car makers warranty. With our construction, when the Model "FOUR-NINETY" is purchased electric lighted and started, it is built as part of the car and guaranteed.

The Electric lighting and starting system used on the Model "FOUR-NINETY" is not the single unit, motor generator type used on nearly every low or medium priced car on the market, but is the reliable two-unit Auto-Lite system with Benedix drive, of the same grade and type as used on the highest priced cars built.

POTTER BROTHERS, Agents, Easton, Kansas.

Write Them for a Demonstration Without any Obligation on Your Part.

From the Winchester Star, Mar. 3, 1916

After the War

From the Oskaloosa Independent, July 4, 1946



Independence Day 1946

On this first Independence day since the fighting stopped we Oskaloosans may well review the names of those who represented us in that greatest conflict of all time. To those who are back home again or have lately come among us, to those yet in uniform, and to those who made the supreme sacrifice we say, "We are truly grateful." Let us strive to keep our land a place worthy of those who gave so much for it.



The following list has been gleaned from such public records as were available and from personal sources. It is intended to include those whose home address was Oskaloosa when they entered the service and those whose current address is Oskaloosa. The editors will be glad to have omissions and errors called to attention. And would further mention that the many returned GI's who have not had their discharge papers recorded at register of deeds office do so promptly. You may need that information some day.

Note: Figures separated by a hyphen indicate months active duty in USA—months of service overseas.

The Gold Star List

Alfred Tennyson Roberts

John Garold Spielman

Leonard C. Lobb

George Kern

Wm. A. Webber

Kent H. Rhodes

Argyl Dryden

(Service records were published in the Independent May 30.)

Howard B. Adams T/3 ORD
892 Ord H. Main Co
Auto Mech.
5-34 (Ryukyus)

Donald Jay Alexander,
1st Lt. USMCR
III Amphibious Corps Arty
16-17 (Asiatic – Pacific)
(4 campaigns)
Presidential Citation,
Bronze Star

Marlin Alexander S 1/c
Carrier USS Windham Bay
4-22 (Iwo-Saipan-Okinawa)
3 combat stars

Virginia Anderson WAC

Vinton Andre Pvt. Inf.
11 mos.

Julius Ballagh AC

Robert G. Barton Sgt AC
Adm. NCO
7-21 (two Burma-India)

Allen L. Ballinger INF
Inducted 5-3-44 Army

Howard D. Beals AC

Burnett H. Bell ORD Sgt
662 ORD (AMM) Co.
32 (Total) ETO (3
campaigns)

William E. Bell Cpl QMC
3160 GM Serv Co
Foreman 40-0

Roy Bledsoe INF
137 Inf., 35 Div.
Entered Service 12-40

James Blevins, Army
Entered Service 2-45

Bernard L. Bliss S/Sgt. AAA
866 AAA AW Bn
Administrative NCO
5-31 (So. Phil-Ryukyus)

Orin M. Bliss, Cpl. AAF
7-24 (Six European)
Clerk typist

Van Aaron Bliss Pfc. Sig. C
593 Sig Air Warning Bn
17-21
European-Mediterranean
(5 campaigns)
Distinguished Unit Badge,
Bronze Service Arrowhead

Elmer W. Boyd Capt. AC
27-14
325 Bomb Sqdn, 92 Bomb
Grp, 8th Air Force
B-17 Pilot
ETO 19 Combat Missions
(150 Combat Hrs)
(3 campaigns)
Air Medal with 2 Clusters

Homer E. Boyd 2d Lieut AAF
42d Photo RCN, 15 Air
Force 31 mos. (USA)
still in service

Leo A. Boydston, Army
Entered Service 4-42

Alden R. Brey Cpl. FA
Btry B, 216 FA, 35th Div.
Gunner 30-16 (5 European)

Alfred O. Brey T/5 ORD
481 Ord Tire Repair Co
Tire rebuilder
16-14 (Asiatic)

Calvin J. Brey Cpl. MD
1st Convaless Hosp.
Medical NCO
21-15 (New G-So. Phil)

Harland Brown Cpl AAF
3rd air corps 32-0

Irene R. Buckingham S/Sgt
WAC
WAC Det Cav, R T C
(Ft. Riley)

John W. Campbell USN PR
3/c, 6-29-42

Julius Carey USN, 2-6-45

Richard O. Carey T/5 INF
137 Inf. 44-14 (3 European)

William Carey INF P.F.C.
44-14 137 Inf (3 European)

Bert Curtis Carlyle
Storekeeper 1/c
12-9 (USS Belle Isle)
radar supply & repair ship

Dale Carson T/5 CAC
36-11 (European)

Chalmer L. Carter T/4 FA
Hq Btry 871 FA Bn
Fire direction Center opr.
25-16 (No. France)

Waldron L.B. Casebier S/Sgt
AAF 310 Ferrying Sq.
Aerial Engineer
10-30 (Four European)

Arthur J. Cobb AC
Entered service Feb. '43
Auto Equip. Op'r
(Pacific theatre)

Luna C. Cobb USN
9-21-43

Willard E. Cope Army
Entered 1-29-42

Harold I. Cotton Cpl. TC
6-20, 601 Port Co.
Europe, South Pacific
1 battle star
Good Conduct Medal

James V. Cotton T/4 QMC
3715 QM Trk Co
Auto mech
15-16 (Rhineland)

Wendell M. Courtney Army
11-21-44

Warren E. Cox Sgt. AAF
526 Sq. 378 Bomb grp
8th Air Force
27-7 (European)
Radio-Gunner B-17s
35 missions, Air medal,
5 oak leaf clusters

Bennie Davis S/Sgt
Med Det. 130 Fa Bn 48-12

George F. Davis S/Sgt
3518 ORD M A M Co
Inducted Jany '42
Overseas (European)

Robt. T. Davis T/3 QMC
1097 Q M Service gp Avn
Q M Supply Tech.
18-27 AEMET

Richard A. Decker S/Sgt
20-16 (European)
9th Armd Div. Bronze Star

Cecil Denning S/Sgt INF
Co F, 160 Inf.
12-33 (South Pacific)

Morris F. Dissinger T-4 MC
MD 914 FA Bn
Med Lab. Tech
44-13 (Rhineland)

Joel W. Dobbs Maj. AAF
Central FTC,
Flgt eng. and co-pilot,
Tech. Eng. inspector and
Head Eng. Dept. 43 mos.
(San Antonio & Del Rio)

Edith M. Dryden Y 1/c
WAVES 41-0 Washington,
D.C. Still in Service

Karl Alfred Eagle USN
Entered Service 8-42

Eugene S. Edgington Cpl AC
Supply Clerk 22-30
(Europe-Asiatic-Pacific)

Harold V. Edmonds USNR
Fireman 1/c
23 (total) USS Trenton

Horace V. Edmonds
Specialist W 3/c

Leland R. Edmonds T/4 Inf.
Hq 7th Army G-1 Sec
Clerk typist
11-11 (two European)

Leonard S. Edmonds Capt.
Chaplain 30-0 (Texas)

Marlin Ehlers M/Sgt. AC
398 Bomb Sq.
39-5 Jap Pacific
Air Medal and 1 Bronze
Star Medal

Geo. D. Elliott T/4 Sig C
2d Sig Bn Auto Mech
23-22 (Five European)

Dale H. Evans
Motor Mach Mate 2/c
Pacific

Philip I. Everett Cpl Marines
Mortar Non-com officer
13-29 (Guam)

Ellery LeVerne Farr Sgt. AC
Hq & Hq Det 133 Repl Bn
AAF, Admin Specialist
8-28 (EAME)

LeRoy Farr S/Sgt Sig. C
52-0 Weather Bureau

Thaine A. Ferris T/5 Sig. C
3139 Sig Service Co.
Messenger Motor
10-13 (3 European)

William O. Finley S/Sgt AAF
166 AACS Sq. Admin NCO
40-0 (Texas)

Johnny Foster Cpl
Inducted April '42
QM (Hawaii)

Milferd Fowler Cpl
Co E, 13 Armed Rgt.
15-12 (Eng.-No. Afr.)
Purple heart, silver star

Wm. T. Frazier T/Sgt. AC
Air Maint. Tech
27-24 (Pacific)

Melvin Joe Frendle, Army
Medical corps.
Entered Sept. '42

William H Frisbie T/Sgt AAF
599 Bomb Sq.
Air mech. gunner
28-15 (four European)
Air medal & 2 silver oak
clusters

Otis Gaines, Army
Entered service Aug '43

Timmie Gaines

Louis Gamble T/4 CE
Hq & Serv Co 169 Eng
Combat Bn Tractor Mech
51-7 (Pacific)

Earl O. Garner, Army Pvt.
37 (Total) (4 Campaigns)
European

La Vere Garren T/Sgt MC
497 Med. Coll. Co.
15 ½ -23 (European)
5 battle stars

Edith Gibbs 1st Lieut
(Army nurse) ANC
40 mos. (Texas)

John Goss Pvt. MC
Med. Det. SCU 1928 17-0

Kenneth Gramse Sgt. AC
1537 AAF Base Unit
38-4 (Pacific)
Airplane & Eng. Mechanic

Francis L. Gutschenritter Cpl
CAC, 90 AA btry
Maint. man 39 mos
(northwestern states)

John C. Gutschenritter Cpl
Inf, 91st Div.
17-18 (European, Italy)
Combat medal

Ulysses S. Hackathorn S 1/c
USNR 3-21 (Pacific)

Adolph B. Hager Sgt MC
1st Convalesce Hosp
Med Tech.
21-25 (New G-So. Phil)

Theodore H. Hager T/5
Armed Inf
672 Amphib Tractor Bn
Truck driver 39-7 (Pacific)

Eli Hampton PFC QM
Entered service Aug. '42

Wm. T. Hannah Sgt AAF
8th Fighter Sq, 49 Fighter
Grp 22-12 (Philippine)
Airplane & Eng. Mechanic

Harley H. Hatch PFC
Entered service May '43
Still in service

Leroy Hatch, Army
Entered service June '43
163 Inf Repl. Tr. Center

Harold Hattemer PhM 3/c
USNR, Co A 2d Med Bn
2d Marine Div. (Pacific)

Kenneth Hawk T/5
342 AFA 7th Army
26-20 (3 European)

Harry A. Henninger, Army
Entered service 7-45

Wm. Holladay, Army Pvt
8 (Total)

John P. Hoskinson 1st Lieut
FA, 64 FA, 25 Division
Bn S-2
24 ½ -25 (Asiatic-Pac.)
(Luzon campaign)
(Japanese occupation)

Robt. L. Hoskinson, Chief
MoMM, LST 26
29-20 (Southwest Pac.)
Credited with 14 invasions

Leland W. Huddleston 1st
Lieut AAF, 98 Bomb Grp
38-6 (Medit. theatre)
Liberator pilot
Air medal 2 oak leaves
5 battle stars

Lesley Keith Hudson T/3
Med Det, 330 Infantry
Surgical Technician
41-16 (Five European)
Bronze Star Medal

Harry I. Icks USN S2/c
14 (total)

Ray Jeffrey Pfc MC
51 Med Bn
5-32 (Europ.-Medit.)
5 battle stars

Owen Harvey Johnston T/Sgt
Inf., 27 Inf. Div.
43 mos. overseas
(Eniwetok, Okinawa)
purple heart, silver star
Still in service

Charles L. Jones Sgt. CE
1325 Eng. Gen Serv. Rgt.
Shop Foreman
(Rhineland and Pacific)

Jay Burnett Jones Sgt. CAV
9th Cav (Ft. Riley)

Robt. Kaufman, Navy
Inducted Dec. '43

James A. Keeling Sgt. MC
Med Sec 3596 SCO
Crile General Hosp.
Med Tech 31-0

Wm. A. Kern Cpl AC
313 Bombardmt Wing
Air and Eng. Mech.
26-61 (Pacific)

George Killinger A/S 2 mos.

Don Kimmel USCG
Boatswains mate 2/c
43 mos (Southeastern
States)

Frederick Eugene Kimmons
Y 1/c 11-30 (Pacific)
USS Pres't Monroe
Silver star, 1 bronze
Philip. and Asiatic Pacific

Ernest Kingsley MC
Entered service Aug '42
(European theatre)

Lloyd O. Kinney Pfc AC
Air mechanic

Duane F. King
Gunner's Mate 2/c

Russell C. Klotz Sgt. Inf.
Hq 15th Army
Agric. & Foods Statistical
analyst
14-11 (3 Europ.)
2 battle stars

William C. Leech Capt. CAC
556 AAA Aw Bn
Adjutant
17-19 (three European)

James S. Lester Lt. Col. FA
V Corps Artillery
30-22 (four European)
Bronze Star medal
Croix de guerre with palm

Bob Lewis

Richard Lichtenstadter PhM
1/c
30 ½ -12 (Asiatic-Pacific)

Ray D. Lindsay ENS Navy
Flying Asst. Squad Navig.

Wm. S. Lohmann SKD 1/c
42 mos.

Gordon E. Lyons Y2/c USN
Cargo ship USS LUNA
(AKA7)
11-12 (Asiatic-Pacific)

Walter R. Lyons MM 2/c
36 mos. (American)

Earl A. Martin, Army MC
Maj. Entered service 8-42
Hawaii

Ione Mauzey PhM 3/c SPARS
21-0

Percy L. Mauzey Pfc Inf
263 Inf, Black Panther Div.
42-16 (European)
Truck Driver,
28-16 (No. France)
3 combat engagements

Eldon T. May T/3 CE
1469 Eng Main Co.
Diesel Mech 23-7 (EAME)

Kathryn May HA 2/c
WAVES
12 (Corpus Christi)

Ralph W. May, Jr. T/Sgt INF
21st Div. 21-2 (Manila)

Walter Marlin McPherson
Pfc-Cav Mech. Cav., 9th army
16-11 (European)
2 campaigns in Germany

Frank J. McPike AMM 2/c
Naval Air
Flight eng. on PB4Y
24-9 (Asiatic-Pac.)
3 air medals

Richard B. Means MM 2/c
USCG 40 (New York bay)

Charles Joe Metzger T/5
QMC 3352 QM Truck Co
Truck Driver
14-23 (New Guinea-Luzon)

Doren L. Metzger S1/c
4-20 (Pac.-Jap.)
USS Colorado,
Aboard on V-J day

Harold L. Metzger, Army Pvt
10 (Total)

Harry D. Metzger FA T/5
Entered Service 3-42
European, Mediterranean

Homer J. Metzger T/5 CE
997 Engineer Treadway
Bdge Co., Armorer
15-20 (Four European)
Purple Heart

Marvin Harold Metzger Pfc
Marines
Intelligence man Pacific

Russell Montgomery Sgt.
ENG, 733 Eng. Depot Co.
8-13 (Europ. & Asiatic-
Pac.)

Theo. R. Montgomery S/Sgt
AC, AAF radio oper. Mech.
gunr 29-6 (two European)

James L. Morrow T/4 CE
Dispatcher
18-21 (North France)

Max M. Mountain T/Sgt. FA
219 FA Bn, Supply NCO
15-17 (Five European)

Bernard E. Mullenix S/Sgt
FA, Enlisted Jan. '41
Btry B 262 FA Bn

Clarence R. Mullenix Pacific
MD, 39 General Hospital
Med. Lab. Tech, 14-17

Leonard L. Mullenix Army
Pvt (20 (total)

James F. Newell Pfc Inf.
36-10 (European)
127 Inf 35th Div.
Purple Heart, Good
Conduct

Omer A. Newell Pfc MC
33-12 (European)
112 Genl Hospital

Vernon H. Newell Pfc INF
6-30 No. African European
10 M. Div Italy, Purple
Heart, Good Conduct

Everett W. Nichols M-T/Sgt
USMC, Motor Transp. Co
16-32 (Pacif.) Southern
Solomon campaigns
Cited for leadership

John L. Nichols, Jr. S1/c
Pacific (3d fleet)

John L. Nichols Pvt FA
70th FA, 9th army
16-28 (3 Europ.) (1 year in
Iceland) 3 battle stars

John A. Norman T/5
408 FA group
46-13 (European)

Harold B. Nyfeler M/Sgt. MC
2d Convalesc Hosp
Personnel Sgt Maj.
19-28 (A-P)

Emerson Oroke T/Sgt AC
4135 AAF Base Unit (Utah)
Tab. Mach. Operator 43-0

Emmett L. Oroke Cpl. MC
Vet Co 13th Mt Med Bn
Veterinary Tech.
17-26 (Burma-India)

Harold E. Ottensmeier Sgt
AC, Air and Eng. Mech
18-19 (Rhineland)

Elmer J. Owen
Boatswains Mate LST 383
17-10 (Normandy invasion)

Wm. H. Patrick CM 1/c
13-12 (Pac.-Jap.)
7th CB battalion

Ralph H. Perry M/Sgt FD
Chief Finance Clerk
7-37 (British Columbia)

Edward Earl Pettitt T/5 Sig
Signal Ser. Bn., Japan

Kenneth E. Phillips T/5 Sig
C, Sig Corp Attached to 9th
Div., No. African,
European (2 campaigns)
10-33

Harold F. Pottorf 2d Lieut
AC, Pilot 2 Eng.
6-12 (China, India, Burma,
Central Burma)
Air medal DFC

Marlin A. Pottorf AAF
8-0 Teletype op'r

Merle Pottorf USNR S1/c
6-18 Pacific

Roland Pottorf AAF
Bombardier 34-0

Perry E. Puderbaugh
Inducted March '43
Armed Div.

Walter D. Ratliff, Jr. T/3
ORD 944 Ord Hvy. Auto.
Co. Maintenance Personnel
NCO 25-21 (England)

Carl J. Reiling T/4 CE (Avn)
802 Eng. Av'n Bn
Auto mechanic
13-35 (Aleutians, Ryukus)

Arthur E. Replogle CB So
Pac. Baker 2/c (T)

Gerald H. Reser S/Sgt Sig C
4025 Sig Serv gp
Lineman Tele. and Teleg.
21-14 (New Guinea and 2
Philippine)

Donald Rhodes 1st Sgt., MED
26-28 (68th Genl Hosp., Eng.)
France and Germany

Warren Rhodes 1st Lieut MP
92 Div., 5th army
12-34 (Hawaii, Africa,
Italy) 4 battle stars
Bronze star, oak leaf cluster

Donald E. Richter, Ensign
Entered Service 4-11-42

Francis R. Richter S/Sgt INF
98 Inf Bn, 26-12 (ETO)
Central Europe

Harold R. Richter Pfc ASF
Det. Corps Mil. Police
Truck driver
36-24 (Canada)

Kenneth Riley T/Sgt, Sig
36-30 European
14 Maj. Port (2 Campaigns)
Purple Heart

James Donald Rogers S1/c
naval armed guard
8-22 (Asiatic-Pacif.)
2 fleet ships, 2 merchant
ships

Roscoe D. Rorabaugh 2d
Lieut USMR
32-10 (Trinidad)
Athletic officer

Ira W. Ross Cpl AAF
Truck Driver
24-30 (Tunisia, Naples-
Foggia, Rome-Arno)

Johnnie Ross Army Pvt.
11 (total)

Roy L. Ross Pfc AAF
Hq Sq Far East Air Service
Clerk General
20-17 (New Guinea)

Robert H. Russell Sgt. Sig C
Legal Clerk 37-0

Marlin V. Rumbaugh Pvt. AC
2053 Ord Co. Serv.
Amm. Handler, 10 months

Frederick J. Samples
756 Engr Parts Supply Co
(European)

Herman C. Schultz Sgt. QMC
16 QM Squ.
Truck driver, hvy
34-15 (EA-ME)

Maurice Schwinn MM 3/c CB
Entered service July '43

William E. Sebroff Sgt. Inf.
90 Div. 24-19 (European)
5 campaign stars
bronze star, purple heart

Max M. Shackelford S1/c
14-0

Vincent Odell Shaver Capt
AC, Av. Ord. Officer
40 months

Lyial Sheard Pfc Sig.
Hq Co 97 Sig. Bn 15 mos.

Melvin Sheard Pvt.
86 Recon. Co. A, Tank div.
9 ½ mos.

Chas. Edward Shrimplin
Army
Entered Service 10-42

Robt. L. Shrimplin, Army
Entered service Feb. '42

John T. Shrimplin, Army
Entered Service

Hugh V. Simon Sgt. AAF
Hq 367 Fighter gp
27-18 (Six European)
Administrative NCO
Distinguished Unit Badge
1 Bronze oak leaf cluster

Roger C. Simon Av M M 3/c
Flight Test Div.
Plane captain
18 (Jacksonville, Fla.)

Frederick W. Snodgrass
Army
Entered service Sept. '42

Robt. Leslie Spielman
Inducted March '41

Delos Stevens 1st Lieut Inf.
881 Div., 25 mos.

Eugene P. Stewart, Army Pvt
7 (total)

John T. Stewart, Jr. Cpl Inf
Captured in action in
Germany, later returned
home

Edgar H. Stice Pvt.
Attached Mil. Police
1321 Service Unit

Roscoe Stice, Army Pvt
7 (total)

Frank W. Stockwell, Army
Entered service Feb. '43

Chas. W. Sutton, Capt. Sig.
Corps, Procurement dist
(New Jersey) Auditor 46-0

Richard A. Swallow T/5 Eng.
301 Combat Eng. Bn, 76
Div., Clerk Bn HQ and
editor Bn newspaper
8 mos. (Wood & Mead)

James F. Swoyer Pvt. Inf.
328 Inf. Rgt. Arm Bearer
11-3 (Rhineland)

Warren C. Teel 1st Lieut FA
HQ IX Corps
15-20 (three Pacific)

Jas. H. Tenpenny USNR Y3/c
14-14 Pacific, Philippines
USS Wasatch

Taylor A. Tenpenny Sgt.
Enlisted March '43
53 Armd Eng. Bn.
8th Armd Div.
Army occupation Germany

Adlai Alvan Thompson
Radioman 8/c
Asiatic Pacific

Louis John Thompson, Jr.
S/Sgt AC 12-24 European

Leland (Spriggs) Todd PFC
CE,
Entered service Aug. '42
Co. A 489 Engr Bn
(Southwest Pacific)

Lloyd H. Todd PFC FA
Hq Btry 599 FA Bn.
Clerk Typist
25-21 (So. France-Po
Valley-Appennines)

Rue Todd Pvt. MP
Co. B 743 MP Bn
MP occupied Terr.
13-29 (Rome-Arno)

Vernon Turner Navy
Naval Air Corp.
Entered Service 8-42

Gene Waggoner PhM 3/c
USN
17-19 (Southwest Pac.)
malaria control unit

Buster Walker Pvt. Inf.
15-21 Pacific
164 Inf. 1 Campaign,
Presidential Unit Citation

Merle Francis Ward

Robert F. Warren Pvt. FA
Hq Btry 2d Bn 130 FA
5-0

Leslie H. Waters USMC
Enlisted Dec. '41 (Hawaii)

Kenneth E. Watson, Army
Entered service Dec. '43

Paul Wheeler Pvt.
Co. B, 86 Armd Ren Bn
9-0 (California)

Edward Weinberg Sgt. FA
161 Field Artill.
39-17 (European)
5 combat engagements

Louis Weinberg 1st Lieut AC
41 mos. (California)
Instructor radar navig.
and bombarmt

John Weishaar Y1/c
18-18 (Asiatic-Pac.)
Carrier Ticonderoga
5 combat engagements

Leroy Weishaar Sgt. Inf
Inducted Feb. '41, 35th Div.

Lee Robert Westhaver
MoMM 1/c USN

Richard Wheeler INF
Co. M, 177 Inf
(European theatre)

Frank E. Whitten, USNR CM
1/c, 20 (Total)

Wallace Wilkerson USNR As
Entered service 2-45

Ernest Williams Pfc
15-14 (European)
82d Airborne

Chester A. Willis, Army Pvt
10 (Total)

Russel K. Woods

US Maritime Service

Dick Edmonds

Kenneth Edmonds

James Gibson

Floyd King

John S. May

Danny J. Roberts

John Williams, Jr.

Laurence Woods

After the War (cont.)

On August 23, 1945, **F.H. Roberts**, editor of the *Oskaloosa Independent*, wrote, "A man in Oskaloosa who makes a practice of going downtown and talking with the boys who are home on leave, reports them all wishing they didn't have to go back—they have had enough of war and want to get back home to the farm or shop." Nearly one year later, the *Independent* published a new business page featuring post-war newcomers and returns of World War II veterans to civilian life.

"A New Tempo of Peaceful Living"

From the Oskaloosa Independent, Aug. 1, 1946

Oskaloosa Steps Forward in First Post-war Year

It is about a year since the fighting stopped in the greatest of all wars. During the war years this community was drained of its youth and those who remained were assigned unusual tasks and placed under uncommon restraints.

The year now past has been a year of attempting to swing forward into a new tempo of peaceful living. Many of our soldier boys returned to the community; new families have located here in the town and nearby rural area; new faces have appeared in the business section as proprietors or assistants.

On next Tuesday, Aug. 6, primary election day, three new establishments in Oskaloosa will observe their formal openings:

1. The Beatrice Foods Co's Milk Receiving Station, an entirely new enterprise.
2. The Oska Theatre, which will open on Thursday afternoon for its first show.
3. The Leader Store, operated by **Mr. and Mrs. J.F. Gaston** in the Goldman building.

Visitors to Oskaloosa that evening will have the opportunity to read county election returns on a blackboard at the courthouse and to listen to State returns over a radio.

Post-War Faces

From the Oskaloosa Independent, Aug. 1, 1946

In addition to the new business establishments listed herein and the new ownerships of former going concerns, there have during the past year many new faces appeared in the business section.

Cecil Hudson, pharmacist, at the McCreight drugstore.

***Russell Klotz**, county agricultural agent.

Arliss Honstead is emergency home demonstration agent.

Mary Beth Jepson is home visitor for the welfare department.

Ruth Roach, secretary at KP&L office.

Doris Johnson is secretary at Farm Bureau office.

Mr. **Joe Weishaar** is a post-war addition to the force at Corpstein-Weishaar's.

At Reusch Motor Company there are ***John Nichols**, ***Carl Reiling** and ***Eldon May**, all veterans. And **Carl Garren**, who moved in from the farm.

John Breon runs second chair at Sharp's barbershop.

***Kenneth Riley** is lineman for the telephone company.

Phil Baer is the new meat cutter at Mike Brown's.

Geo. Grace, who began last fall with Goehner & Moore, is clerk at the Leader store.

***W.H. Patrick**, president, and ***Leland Huddleston**, vice-president, back at their posts in State Bank of Oskaloosa after helping their Uncle win this war.

***Roger Simon** is back at the service station in which he is partner with his brother **Don**. Roger was in naval service.

Beverly Keeling returned to the partnership plumbing and electrical business and the firm took on **Junior Keeling** as a helper after his release from service.

Friedof Winans, whose war work took him from the business community though not from his home, is again giving full time.

***John P. Hoskinson**, back at The Independent office after four years military service, is planning to go to the university in September.

***Homer Metzger** returned to his former job as county bindweed supervisor.

***George Killinger** is undersheriff; ***Philip Everett** is assistant to the county engineer.

Bob Crouch is again in the furniture store, an assistant in the funeral service.

***Bill Finley** and ***Bill Leech** are helping **Amos [Leech]** in his abstract office.

Andy Kern is the Standard Oil Jobber dealer.

***Bill Kern** is again working at Luster motors after returning from army service.

***Harold Cotton** and ***Ed. Bell**, veterans, are at the ***[Charles L.] Jones Auto Sales**.

***Doren Metzger** returned to his job in the post office.

** Also listed in the roll of veterans in the Oskaloosa Independent, July 4, 1946, reprinted above, pages 15-17.*

Crime and Incompetence

From the Oskaloosa Independent, May 6, 1871

CRIME.—A young German named **Fred. Ames**, who had been in the employ of Mr. **J.F. Conwell**, forced an entrance into the drug store of **Buck & Ellis**, on Thursday night of last week, by removing a bar that fastened the back door. **Mr. Buck**, who had just entered the front door, heard the fellow, and “went for him” “then and there,” but he escaped, and vamosed to parts unknown.—He probably wanted whisky worse than anything else, and made the attempt to get it.

From the Oskaloosa Independent, Aug. 14, 1875

A band of thieves and robbers was recently broken into at Kansas City and found to be the perpetrators of the Perryville robbery, as well as various other little eccentricities. One of the gang made a partial confession. It is thought they had a hand in burning **Kretsinger’s** store at Perry.

Attempted Burglary

From the Winchester Argus, Jan. 19, 1884

(From the files of Raymond Riley)

Last Sunday night about 11:30 o’clock **Wilson, Mercer & Co’s** store was broken into by three unknown parties, whose intention were undoubtedly to crack the safe, but who, in consequence of brother **Miller’s** vigilance left the premises a little more hurriedly than they approached, Mr. Miller sleeps over the store, and when the door was forced open he heard the noise, and springing from his bed reached for his seven shooter, and made for the front door on the west. He heard the burglars in the store and imagined the noise he heard was the safe being blown open, thought the parties had effected an entrance from the east door. He fired one shot from the west door and then ran across to the east window expecting to get them as they ran out but they had come in at the north door and run out that way. Mr. Miller sent three balls after two of them who were running past **Trower’s** blacksmith shop. The shooting brought **Ed Wert** on the ground who had just got home from Nortonville and was putting his team away, and he made chase for the third villain who was running north. Ed had nothing to shoot with only his mouth and it wouldn’t go off, but he followed the fellow down as far as **Royer’s** residence, and gave up the race. The parties had prized the front door open, and had got back to the safe and left some tools on the safe. **Rev. Scott’s** team was harnessed up standing in his barn. Evidently the rascals intended to ride away with their booty. “There’s many a slip &c.” This house breaking and burglarizing is getting altogether too common. Whilst we all are glad the thieves were unsuccessful we are a little sorry Mr.

Miller was not successful in “fetching” them when he sent his little missives after them.



Photo courtesy of Jefferson County Historical Society

Burglaries

From the Winchester Herald, July 17, 1891

(From the files of Raymond Riley)

Winchester was visited by burglars last Sunday night. They broke into three stores, **F. Winetroub, Lemon Bros.,** and **Morrison & Co.** To do this they first visited **James Witt’s** wagon shop where they secured chisels, etc.

To enter Winetroub’s store they pried up the sash, breaking the fastening of the north window. Entering they gave their attention to the money safe but found nothing. They took one large valise and several suits of men’s clothing, just how many Mr. Winetroub cannot say.

They went through Morrison & Co’s, store but further than tearing out all the money drawers they did no other damage so far as Mr. Morrison can discover.

Lemon Bros. are minus a revolver and a box or so of cigars as a result of the burglars’ visit.

From the Oskaloosa Independent, Oct. 13, 1894

Some of the prisoners in the county jail were trying to escape last night and **Officer Morrow** fired two or three shots into the corridor, which quited (*sic*) ’em down.

A Boy Learns to Farm

by Donald Kimmel Bower

My father began to train his sons to learn to do useful work and to assist in all the farm operations. He started me in using horses, first by riding the horse that pulled the loaded harpoon forks from the loose hay on the hayrack, up into the hay mow. Next was a lead team in pulling a grain binder. Then came using a team pulling a two-section spike tooth harrow.

Father's teams were always trained to pull and work together. The first team I learned to drive was an old, gentle team, Bill and Doll. Bill was also a horse for the buggy. My first use of them in the field was pulling the Spike Tooth Harrow. We all learned to shock oats and wheat, hoe cockle burrs, and trim hedge fences.

Other teams were a pair of Belgians, Dick and Nell, and a young mule team. Later I learned to plow, using a twelve-inch walking plow, behind the black Percheron team.

My first paying job on the farm was using Topsy, my pony, to carry drinking water to the threshing crew for **Kenneth Dick's** father, **John**.

I also learned to milk dairy cows, teach calves to drink milk from a bucket when being weaned. If Dad wasn't around, we boys might try a little "rodeoing" by riding a few calves. (Dad was also stern in discipline. Punishment was sometimes quite corporal and severe. He was never reluctant to respond to questions with his view point of moral or political issues. He was not always considerate of other viewpoints.)

After riding the lead team in pulling farm implements like the grain binder, I next learned to drive a team from behind the team. Soon, using a well-broke, gentle team, I was riding on a plank attached to the top of two sections of a spike tooth harrow. All went well for a time, until I lost my balance and had one leg and foot dragged under one of the crossbar spike holders. I shouted excitedly at the horses to stop, but they did not, and continued on to the end of the field. There they stopped, and I was able to free my leg, unhurt because the soil had been loose and soft.

I came along too late to use one of Dad's single row walking cultivators; but I did learn to use his B.F. Avery one-row riding cultivator, and, as I grew older, to use all the horse drawn tools. Some of these were: disc harrow, sickle mower, dump and side-delivery rakes, a "Go-Devil" or buck rake to load a hay stacker, and finally, a two-row corn planter that used a notched wire to plant the rows in hills so that they could also be cultivated at 90 degrees to the rows. With a good team, I could make straight rows clear across the 80-rod field.

(Note: Terracing stopped this type of cultivation and planting.)

Topsy

by Donald Kimmel Bower

About 1915, when I started first grade, the grade school in McLouth was at least three miles from home. In the beginning, Father took me, but before the first year was over, he purchased a Shetland pony we named Topsy. She came from a farm near Lecompton.

Topsy and I both had a lot to learn in order to make the trip to town together. In the beginning, she was quite reluctant to make the trip or leave her yard pasture or stable. She would turn around on an inexperienced rider like me and head back towards the farm buildings. For a time, it required Father's assistance to help to change her mind. After we both learned, the trip was usually uneventful. During the school day, Topsy was stabled near the school. Many homes in town had stables then.

I can remember the cold north wind and sometimes big snow drifts on that three-mile ride. The east-west roads were the most likely to drift full. Sometimes all wheeled traffic was stopped, usually in March or April. Part of the time I had some fellow travelers. One of these was **Kenneth Dick**, one of our nearest neighbors. He was in high school.

My cousin, **Garland Kimmel**, a year younger than I, tried to ride Topsy too long once in our yard. Topsy got tired of it and just suddenly stopped. Garland just fell forward over her lowered head.

My brother **John**, two years younger, began riding Topsy to school with me. Father bought a pretty red-spoked pony cart. It was much better for the three of us boys to ride in the pony cart to church rather than for all of us to sit with Mother and Father in one buggy.

After we had used Topsy for several years, we took her back to the farm near Lecompton where she was originally purchased. She was left there for the summer for breeding purposes. To get to Lecompton we had to cross the Delaware River. Recent floods had destroyed the highway bridge over the Delaware at Perry, so we crossed the Delaware by rowboat, but Topsy had to swim. The high steel bridge over the Kaw was still there in good condition after the flood but seldom used.

At summer's end we brought Topsy back home. In due time, she had a male colt, which we named Tom Thumb. He was put up for sale after we moved to the farm adjacent to McLouth's city limits.

I often rode Topsy to the pasture to drive the other horses back to the barn for use. One of these horses was an old mare, Doll, who always wanted to fight with Topsy. She sometimes came flying right at Topsy. One time I got dumped off into the soft earth of newly planted winter wheat. When that happened, Dad got on Topsy and went after the horses himself. The same thing happened to him, except that he got dumped in the sand burrs this time.

Waller to Speak in Valley Falls

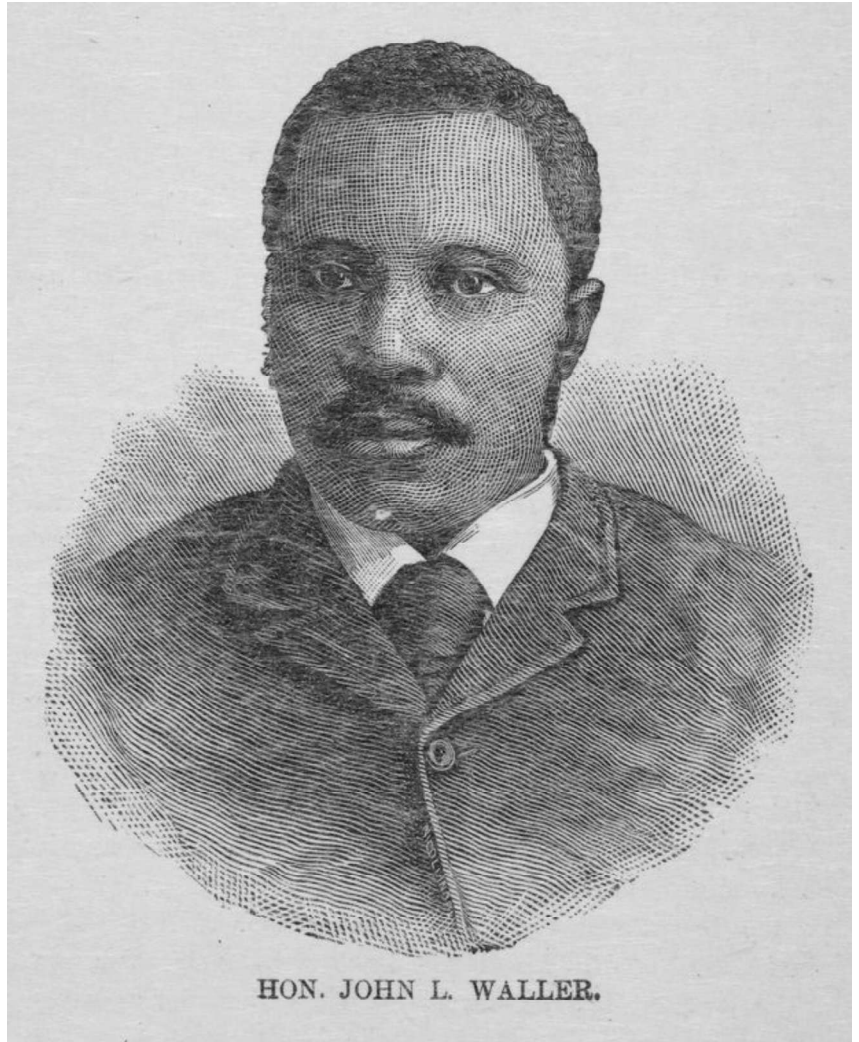
From the Valley Falls New Era, July 11, 1896

The Brainy Colored Orator will Tell of his Experiences in a French Dungeon to a Valley Falls Audience July 22.

John L. Waller, of Kansas City, Kansas, editor of *The American Citizen*, an organ for colored people, will speak in the Opera house of this city, July 22, on the subject, "Truth Crushed to Earth will Rise Again," an American's plea for justice.

Mr. Waller is one of the brainiest and best orators in the United States, and he will tell of his terrible experience in a French dungeon and his treatment by the French nation in a manner that will be interesting and instructive. He was consul during **President [Benjamin] Harrison's** administration to Tamative, Madagascar, and incurred the enmity of the French people by his efforts to protect American interests on the island. During **[President Grover] Cleveland's** administration he was succeeded by **Consul [Edward T. Wetter]**, a Southern ex-slave-owner, and then his trouble commenced. He has commenced suit against France for \$50,000 damages, and all the money he receives from his lectures will go toward paying his attorneys \$5,000 as a retainer fee. It takes money to get good attorneys to conduct a big suit.

Tickets to the lecture will be only 25 cents, and after Monday will be on sale at **Burnett's** drug store. Mr. Waller should have a good sized crowd and the lecture will be well worth the small price of admission.



Born into slavery in Missouri in 1850, **John Lewis Waller** began his formal education in Iowa at the age of 13. After graduating high school, Waller studied law in the law library of Judge **N.M. Hubbard** of Iowa, while supporting himself by working as a barber. He passed the bar in 1877 and moved to Topeka, Kansas. In 1882, he founded the *Western Recorder* newspaper. With his cousin **Anthony Morton** he established *The American Citizen* in 1888. Serving as the first Black presidential elector in Kansas, Waller cast the state's vote for Benjamin Harrison. In 1891, Harrison appointed Waller the first American consul to the Merina Kingdom of Madagascar, where he strongly supported U.S. and British interests against those of the French. His daughter, **Jennie Waller**, married a member of the Merina royal family.

Under the Cleveland administration, Waller was replaced as consul. He remained on the island trying to support a new Black agricultural community. In 1895, the French overthrew the Merina Kingdom and arrested Waller as a spy. Despite his U.S. citizenship, Waller was sentenced to 20 years in prison and sent to Marseille for incarceration. Under pressure from Congress and from statesman **John Mercer Langston**, Dean of Law at Howard University, President Cleveland demanded that Waller be set free after 10 months. France released him but refused to return his property in Madagascar.

Waller practiced law in Kansas City, Kansas, after his return to the U.S. In 1898, he organized a company of Black soldiers for the Spanish-American War. He served as Captain of Company C of the 23rd Kansas Volunteer Infantry in Cuba. After the war, Waller and his family moved to New York, where he died in 1907.

Waller's grandson, **Andy Razaf**, was a poet, composer, lyricist, vocalist, and editor, who wrote the lyrics to "In the Mood," "Honeysuckle Rose," and "Ain't Misbehavin'," among others.

<https://www.kansashistory.gov/kansapedia/john-waller/12232>

<https://aaregistry.org/story/john-l-walker-lawyer-born/>

“John Quade” – John William Saunders III

Actor Attended Perry High School, Graduated from Highland Park, Topeka, 1956

You may have seen his face before. He was hired to play heavies in films like **Clint Eastwood**’s “Every Which Way But Loose.” His wife, **Gwen Rice Saunders**, said, “His face definitely stands out in a crowd. He had to be careful he didn’t overshadow scenes just by the way he looked. The first film he did with Clint Eastwood, Clint hired him for his face and told him afterward that he felt like he got a bonus because John could act.”

But his wife said his fierce features were misleading. “He was one of the nicest men you’d ever want to know, but he looked mean and nasty,” she said. “He looked like he could do murder and mayhem at any moment, but he was a big teddy bear.”

John William Saunders III was born Apr. 1, 1938, in Kansas City, Kan., He was the son of **John “Bunny” Saunders Jr.**, a Santa Fe Railroad engineer, and **Norma Graves Saunders**. He attended Perry High School in the 1950s, transferring to Topeka’s Highland Park High School in 1954. At Highland Park, he joined the Radio, Stamp and Chess/Checkers clubs. He was a tackle on the football team, played basketball, and participated in track. He graduated in 1956, attended Washburn University for a semester, then worked at the Santa Fe Railway repair shop in Topeka.

Saunders met an engineer who was building missile silos in Kansas and became interested in engineering. He moved to California in 1964 to work in the CalTech/NASA Jet Propulsion Laboratory. “He got involved in missile and aerospace for a while,” his wife said. “He built parts that are still on the moon.” His acting career began when he was approached in a Pasadena restaurant, she said. “He was sitting with a bunch of guys and this man noticed him and asked, ‘Have you thought about acting?’ It had to be his face; it wasn’t anything else.”

Under his stage name, **John Quade**, he appeared in such films as “High Plains Drifter” (1973), “Papillon” (1973), “The Sting” (1973), “Mr. Ricco” (1975), “The Outlaw Josey Wales” (1976), “Every Which Way But Loose” (1978), and “Cattle Annie and Little Britches” (1981). His many television credits include episodes of “The Wild Wild West,” “Bonanza,” “Kung Fu,” “The Rockford Files,” and “The A-Team.” He also played Sheriff Charlie Biggs in the television miniseries “Roots” (1977).

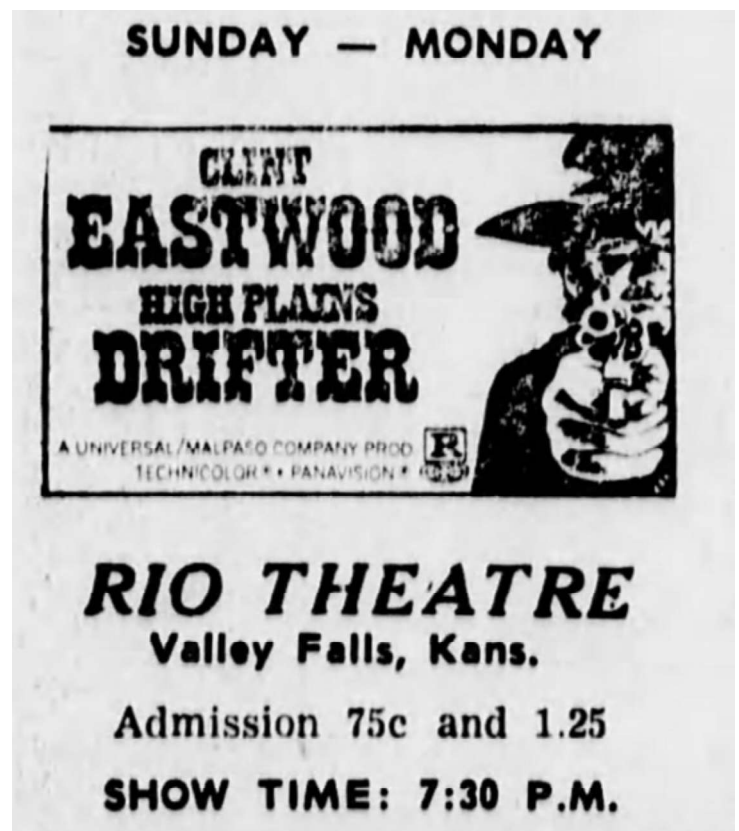
John Saunders died in his sleep of natural causes Aug. 9, 2009. John and Gwen Saunders were married for 38 years. They had six children, **John Saunders IV**, **Joseph Saunders**, **Steven Saunders**, **Heather Clark**, **Katherine Adame** and **Rebecca Saunders**.

Sources

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Quade

<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/40615114/john-quade>

McLellan, Dennis (Aug. 13, 2009). [“John Quade dies at 71; character actor specialized in playing heavies”](#). [The Los Angeles Times](#).



From the Valley Falls Vindicator, Mar. 14, 1974

J.B. Hazen's Wagon Train, Oskaloosa to California

By Liz Leech

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte Hazen moved to Oskaloosa, Kansas Territory, during Bleeding Kansas Days. He fought for freedom in those difficult times and again in the Civil War. In May 1867 he was loading the wagons for California and heading west. He wrote a journal of his wagon train move for the Oskaloosa *Independent* newspaper, published in nine entries from June 1867 to Feb. 15, 1868.

I transcribed his story into the blog [Jefferson County Jayhawkers and Forgotten Freestaters](#) and reproduce it here for *Yesteryears*. I've found nothing in the Oskaloosa newspaper that announces that J.B. Hazen and his family were leaving town, although Mr. Hazen had been a popular man whose activities were frequently in the newspaper pages. But his journal, published late in the lives of the Oregon Trail and the California Trail, provides a peek at life on the westward emigrant roads. And although not highly detailed, J.B. Hazen's journal does include intriguing observations, including the suggestion that he did not believe Indians were always at the root of the violence attributed to them during the 1867 Indian Wars.

J.B. Hazen was one of **Jesse Newell's** rifle [company](#) members that helped escort the rescuers of failed Underground Railroad conductor **John Doy** back to Lawrence, Kansas, from a Missouri jail in 1859. In 1863, sidelined by injury from his service in Co. E of the 5th Kansas Cavalry, Hazen organized the "Lawrence Avengers" [militia group](#) after Quantrill's murderous raid on Lawrence. He had arrived in Kansas Territory during the worst Bleeding Kansas year, 1856, with a group of freestaters sent from Chicago with support from the National Kansas Committee to help repel proslavers and to settle in a new land.

Most importantly, **Kirk Webb**, GIS manager and web developer for Jefferson County, Kansas, created three splendid maps to accompany J.B. Hazen's story. The maps show Mr. Hazen's route from Oskaloosa into Nebraska, accompanied by historical Oregon Trail routes.

Although I was able to find loads of information about the trails and where they led, I don't know very much about these famous old routes. I hope that readers who can fill in the blanks or correct my conclusions or give us better perspective will share their thoughts.

Here are Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte Hazen's published journals for the trip that eventually took him to his new home in San Luis Obispo County, California.

Part I

From the Oskaloosa Independent, June 22, 1867. Correspondence: We have before us the diary of Mr. J.B. Hazen, who left our midst recently for California, and gives extracts from it to our readers:

May 22 (1867). Left Oskaloosa about ten o'clock, A.M. for our long journey; cold wind from the north; camped on Peter's Creek, one mile west of Grasshopper, for the night. In the morning woke up with colds, but moved ahead, and at evening pitched camp on Elk Creek; two miles west of Holton.

Weather cold and dreary. During the night our stock got stampeded; the mules came to camp all right, but the horses could not be found.

Hunted all day without finding them; but on **Saturday morning the 25th** as we were preparing for a big hunt for the horses, they came to camp all right, dragging their lariats.

Considering ourselves in luck, we soon were on our way, and camped on Cedar creek, three miles west of America¹ for the night. Under the circumstances, thought best to travel the next day.

¹ America City in Jackson County, Kansas



This map shows J.B. Hazen's start (from Oskaloosa, Kansas) for the Oregon Trail on May 22, 1867. The shaded route with long dashes shows Hazen's route into Nebraska, based on our reading of his journal, with the red crosses showing his stopping points. The roads marked with smaller dashes are two routes joining the Oregon Trail, the St. Joseph Road on the north and the Independence Road on the south. Hazen joins the Oregon Trail near Marysville, Kansas.

Sunday the 26th. – Made a good drive, and camped on the Black Vermillion [river]. It rained very hard. It was rainy and wet during Monday; but at night we camped on the Big Blue [river]. Expected here to find a trail but found none. Tuesday, weather cool and rainy, reached Cottonwood creek, twenty miles from Marysville. Wednesday, weather pleasant, after a hard frost during the night. Moved ahead and reached a small creek in **Jefferson County, Nebraska**, where we camped. Thursday, pleasant; made a good day's drive, and camped at night five miles west of Big Sandy. Friday, rainy all day made but fifteen miles, and camped at Little Sandy creek.

Saturday, June 1st. [In Nebraska] weather wet, roads muddy; traveled up the Little Blue [river] fifteen miles, and camped for the night. Sunday a majority of the train voted to travel, and we went forward, weather warm and pleasant. Monday fine, and made favorable time; and on Tuesday reached the Platte [river], and that evening camped three miles from Fort Kearney.



Listed on the National Registry of Historic Places, Dobytown, Nebraska, is now a ghost town. It began as one of the “road ranches” that grew up west of Fort Kearny, Nebraska, offering supplies, shelter and entertainment to travelers. Dobytown received its name because of its adobe buildings. Along with supplies for outfitting travelers, freighters and wagon trains, the town provided gambling, prostitution and “tanglefoot” liquor.

Fort Kearny was situated in the area where several smaller trails converged to form the Great Platte River Road. Soldiers from the fort were charged with protecting both emigrants and Indigenous people.

Wednesday 5th remained in camp all day. Have not yet seen an Indian – they are always ahead. Moved out on Thursday, and camped at Rancho No. 2,² ten miles from Kearney. Our train numbers thirty wagons. [Report?] says Rancho No. 1,³ was robbed of 16 horses by 17 Indians, yesterday.

During the night we had a hard storm, and some excitement growing out of an attempt of some white Indians⁴ to rob our camp. – They failed in their object. We took two of them prisoners; there were six of them. Eight shots were fired during the transaction. Friday made good time. At noon organized into a company and elected a captain; we numbered 35 men and 23 wagons; [?] men and 15 wagons had been left behind; they came up before we left, but being heavily loaded – they are freighting to Denver – will not be able to keep up with us. Started again, but at three o'clock stopped and corralled on account of a severe hail storm, which lasted for half an hour when we moved ahead and camped on Plum creek.

Yesterday the Indians robbed one six-wagon train of their stock; also in another place, one emigrant wagon and elsewhere killed one man. They are very troublesome. During the night we had a hard storm, but on Saturday morning it was clear, and we set out in good spirits – roads bad, made about fifteen miles and came to a new grave made yesterday. On a board at the head was this inscription: ‘**W.D. Vance**, a telegraph operator killed by the Indians’.”

But we all think it was white Indians who did the murderous work. We have yet to see an Indian.

Our company is increasing. To-day we recruited seven men and six wagons. A freight [wagon] train is camped by us. They are bound for Oregon and will travel with us.

² Possibly a road ranch, a station set up along the trail to offer supplies to travelers, like water, food, animal feed.

³ Possibly a road ranch, a station set up along the trail to offer supplies to travelers, like water, food, animal feed.

⁴ “White Indians” is a term **J.B. Hazen** used more than once in his trail journal. I hope someone with knowledge of its meaning will enlighten us. One guess would be it referred to white people committing crimes along the trail hoping to create the appearance that the perpetrators were Native American Indians.

Sunday [June 9] struck out and made a big drive. While stopping for dinner saw a lot of men on the sand hills, and such rushing for the stock you never saw as we then made. The women were scared greatly. I and five other men mounted and went to see who they were and what they were after. They were about three miles distant. At a half mile off, we concluded they were Indians, and returned to camp. I offered to bet my outfit against one dollar they were not Indians but the others laughed at me. We made ready and set out on our journey – proceeded about a mile when the captain came dashing up calling out:

‘Indians coming! Corral your teams!’⁵

I was at the head of the column, and on looking around found the teams in considerable of an uproar, but we were soon in position and in very good order. Then followed the fixing up of feather beds, blankets, etc., at the sides of the wagons for the protection of the women and children. We looked for the redskins, and saw two companies of cavalry and some wagons going in the opposite direction from us. I told the boys they were soldiers in search of redskins, but all hooted at the idea. Soon 18 wagons came in sight and one of my men said it was Indians with white blankets on; my wife **[Rebecca Gamble Hazen]** said that was a good sign, as they showed the color of peace. Soon, however, we learned that it was **Gen. Custer**’s⁶ command coming over from the Smoky Hill route⁷ on his way to meet **Sherman**⁸.

After the excitement was over we proceeded, and soon came upon another fresh grave, with a wagon standing nearby, and learned from some traders that there had been two men in the wagon, one was left dead, the other and the team was missing, and could not be found. Now I think there was foul play. If the white rascals could be ‘cleaned out,’ there would be no trouble with the Indians.

The rains have made the roads bad, and we do not make the best time. We camped 25 miles from Cottonwood. –

We are said to be now in the worst part of the country, but I do not anticipate any trouble with Indians.

Monday 10th. Weather fair and cool; made a good day’s drive and camped one mile east of Fort Cottonwood.

This ends the narrative for the present, but we have the promise of all that will be interesting of the journey. All were doing well, and in good health and spirits.

⁵ Teams were the animals pulling the wagons.

⁶ Reference to **Gen. George Armstrong Custer**, most likely. Custer was indeed on the Plains at this time and did meet **Gen. William T. Sherman** in Nebraska. But it is not confirmed that this is what **J.B. Hazen**’s group saw. Read more from the Kansas State Historical Society at <https://www.kshs.org/p/the-west-breaks-in-general-custer/13206>.

⁷ The Smoky Hill Trail ran from Atchison, Kansas, to Denver, Colorado. More information is available on the Smoky Hill Trail Association’s website at <https://smokyhilltrail.com/>

⁸ Reference to Gen. William T. Sherman, most likely. Still, it is not clear that J.B. Hazen and co. saw Custer travelling to meet Sherman. More information is offered by the Kansas State Historical Society at: <https://www.kshs.org/p/kansas-historical-quarterly-defense-of-the-kansas-frontier-1866-1867/12554>

Part II

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte Hazen and his wagon train continue from Camp Cottonwood in western Nebraska: J.B. Hazen’s Diary, published July 20, 1867, in the Oskaloosa Independent

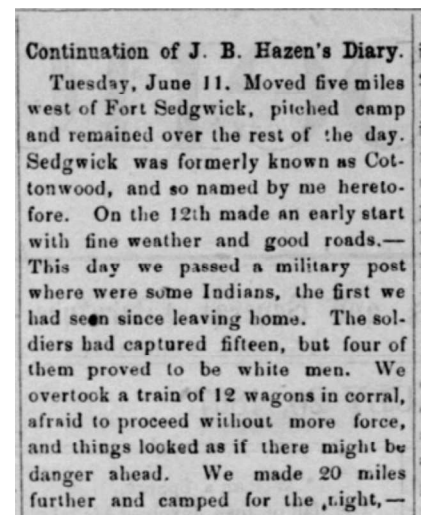
Tuesday, June 11. Moved five miles west of Fort Sedgwick,⁹ pitched camp and remained over the rest of the day. Sedgwick was formerly known as Cottonwood, and so named by me heretofore.

On the 12th made an early start with fine weather and good roads. – This day we passed a military post where were some Indians, the first we had seen since leaving home. The soldiers had captured fifteen, but four of them proved to be white men. We overtook a train of 12 wagons in corral, afraid to proceed without more force, and things looked as if there might be danger ahead. We made 20 miles further and camped for the night.

Next morning, 13th, we set out in good season, with a continuation of fine weather, but during the day found the roads sandy and heavy, and the hottest weather I ever experienced. This day recruited 25 more wagons and 30 men, and now number 100 fighting men.

We hear large stories of Indians and their barbarity; but the scene of these atrocities is always ahead or somewhere else. I have seen no sign except fresh graves on the route, and these maybe have been caused by other hands than those of the redskins. A child four days old was buried from our train last night.

⁹ Fort Sedgwick is just inside the northeast Colorado border; Camp Cottonwood is in western Nebraska.



14th. Made a good day's drive – saw no Indians, but we keep well guarded.

15th. Weather cool, roads fine – made a big drive. Saw no Indians, but heard of lots of them just ahead.

Sunday, 16th – Had a heavy storm last night, and remained in camp all day, but could not rest much for drying clothes, cooking, etc. Weather quite cool.

17th – A bright morning, moved out early, made good time, and camped at night two miles west of Julesburg. During the day recruited 18 wagons and 30 men.

18th – Made a good drive. No adventure.

19th – Were aroused in the morning by the cry of “Indians coming!” Rode out to see. Every man was at his post; but we soon found out it was a false alarm. The guard had seen two wolves, which they mistook in the shadowy twilight for savages. We were soon quiet, made an early start and a good drive. Weather clear and hot. All the excitement of the day was the shooting of some antelopes, which made a fine supper for some of us.

20th – Roads sandy and weather hot. During the day passed the place where a large emigrant train had been attacked by Indians, who captured all the horses; saw one dead horse and the graves of four men. Made 18 miles today.

21st – Passed some sand hills, then had good roads. During the day captured a man on suspicion that he had killed a soldier. He had a soldier's gun, but said he had killed an Indian. We could not find the body of the dead. It is probable the fellow stole the gun from some military post. After dark, captured another chap who came straggling into camp and could give no account of himself that was satisfactory. So far thieves are very plenty and redskins scarce.

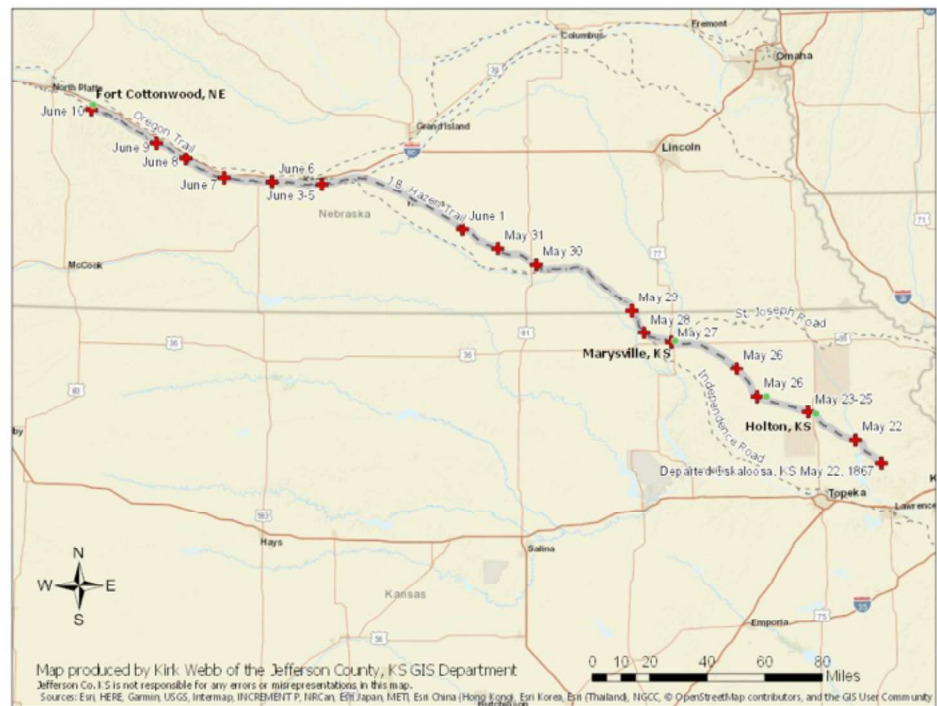
22nd – Weather pleasant, made good speed and camped at the Snowy Range.

Sunday, 23^d. Set out, drove into Fort Morgan,¹⁰ where we had to undergo an inspection of stock, wagons and men, which detained us some hours.—We have 69 women, 65 men and 35 children. Made ten miles from the fort, found no water after leaving it—none tonight for stock, and have to go yet ten miles before we find any.

24th – Started early, drove to water and camped for dinner; made six miles further to next water, and camped for the night, as it was ten miles before we should come to water again. Five freight wagons went on, the drivers refusing to camp; the captain told them if they did so it was at their peril; they got angry, and for a time it seemed as though there would be trouble, but it passed over without. We have antelope for supper; it is very fine eating.

[June] 25th – On our way early. The cool winds from the mountains are much like the fall winds of Kansas. Find plenty of water to-day, and made good headway. One man sick; the first sickness since we were all together—chickens \$2,50 each; butter \$1,50 per pound. Pretty high.

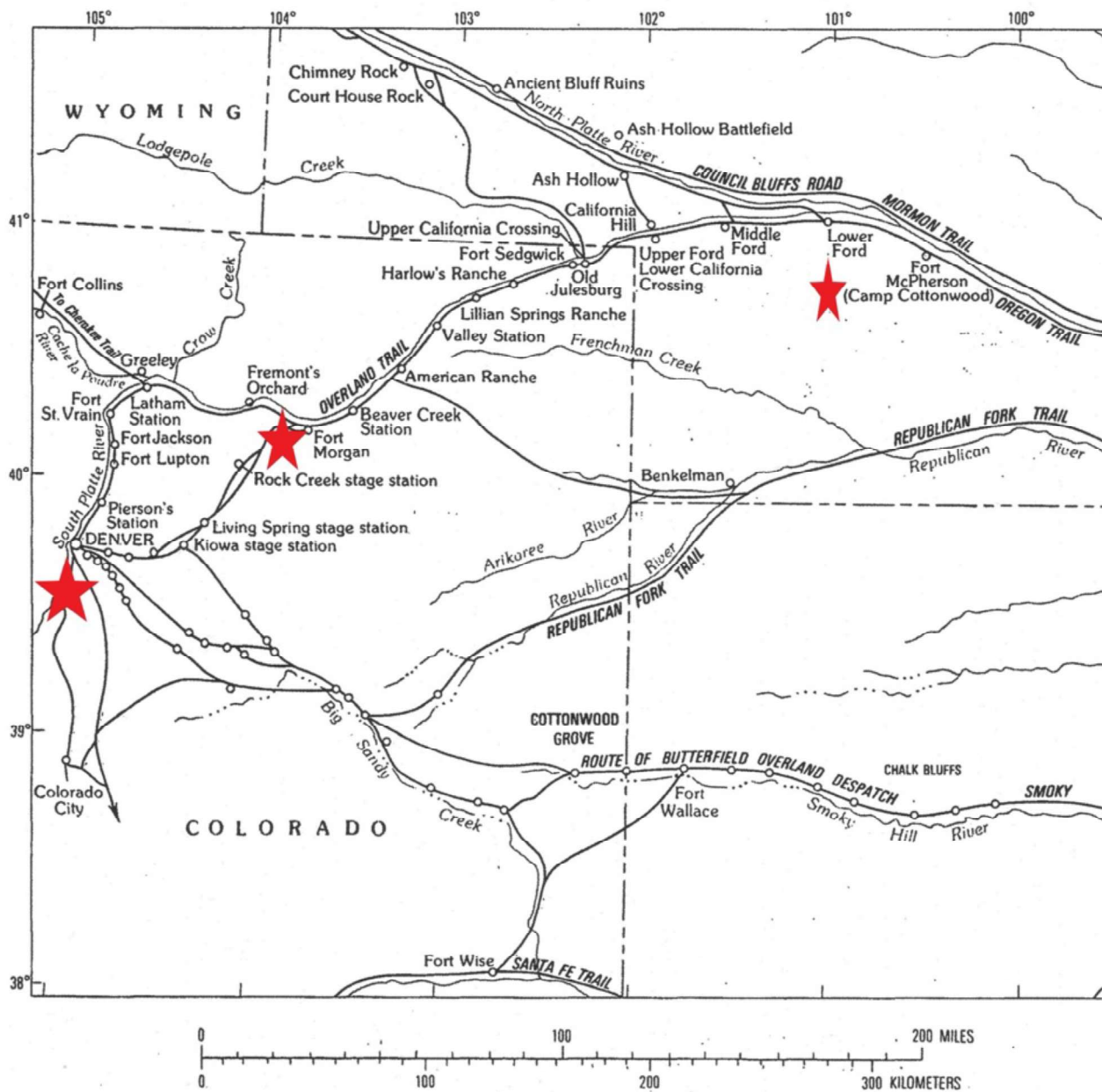
26th – Made a long drive and camped on Box Elder creek. 22 miles from Denver. Here found plenty of good water; the water has generally been bad since we left the Platte at Fort Morgan. The grasshoppers are nearly as thick here as they were in Kansas last fall,¹¹ and almost as large—some as large again. I have seen lots of them every day since leaving home.



Kirk Webb's map shows an early part of J.B. Hazen's Oregon Trail trip in 1867 from Oskaloosa, Kansas, to Camp Cottonwood in Nebraska. The red cross marks show places where J.B. Hazen's wagon train stopped.

¹⁰ Fort Morgan was southwest of Fort Sedgwick between Denver and Fort Sedgwick, all in Colorado.

¹¹ A reference to the grasshopper plagues of 1866 in Kansas.



The map shows **J.B. Hazen**'s estimated route from Nebraska into Denver, Colorado, from the second installment of his travel journal detailing his move from Kansas to California in 1867. The map is from the Department of the Interior, U.S. Geological Survey, and an article, *Historic Trail Maps of the Sterling 1° X 2° Quadrangle, Northeastern Colorado*, by **Glenn R. Scott**. The red star overlays point to wagon train stops noted by Hazen. This map and the article can be read at <https://pubs.usgs.gov/imap/1894/report.pdf> [here](#)

27th. Out in good time, and drove through Denver, which is quite a nice looking city about one-half as large as Leavenworth. The houses are constructed with much taste. Business seems lively, and there are a number of new buildings going up. Wages are \$40 a month and hands boarded. Flour is from \$8 to \$11 per hundred, corn 6 cents per pound. I succeeded in getting some for five cents per pound.

29th. Remained in camp—went into the city and took a look through it. It is quite a lively place and improving rapidly. The grasshoppers are very thick and doing great damage. The people say they will soon leave for other parts. Do not know where they will go. Kansas certainly has enough already. All well.

Follow **J.B. Hazen** and his wagon train on the journey to California on **Liz Leech**'s blog, [Jefferson County Jayhawkers and Forgotten Freestaters](#), and in the next issue of Yesteryears.