up the fire and give her medicine. We divided the night into shifts, and each took the same shift every night. In the spring she got better, even able to get around a little, but never well. Then, the doctor decided that her trouble was the climate. She couldn't live in that climate. I am not enough of a doctor to even guess what her original ailment was, but it weakened her 'til T.B. took over. It was already in the family. Her mother and one brother had died with it. No one knew in those days what Arizona can do for T.B. patients. She had a brother in Florida, who bragged a lot on the climate there, so she decided to go there. Father made a sale; sold everything he had; sent Mother's children to her father in Indiana and took Amanda and Lloyd to her brother, William's, in Florida. She lived about two years longer and is buried in what was then a small cemetery south of Bartow. I am satisfied that had she gone to Arizona, she would have lived several years longer, but Arizona was wholly unknown as a health resort at that time. They did the best they knew.

Chapter 4

INDIANA

We took the train at Columbus, Kansas, early in the morning of July 18, 1892. The trip must have been quite uneventful as I remember but one happening before we reached Indianapolis twenty-four hours later. I was asleep as we were running through the Ozark Mountains in Missouri. Someone very excitedly called me and told me we were up above the clouds. When I was awake and looked at the clouds, off down the side of the mountain, I, too, became excited. I have been above the clouds many times since, both when working and traveling in the mountains, and when riding in aeroplanes, but never has it given me the same thrill as on that occasion. We arrived in Indianapolis around three or four o'clock next morning; and as we rather expected someone to meet us there, we went into the Union Depot and sat down together for easier identification. We didn't have very long to wait. A man and woman came in and walked back and forth in front of us looking at us, before the man finally made up his mind we might be the ones he was looking for.

He came closer and asked, "Are you from Kansas?"

John spoke right out and said, "Yes, and I know you, too."

"No, thee don't."

"Yes, I do. You are Morton."

He had worked for Uncle Jim Hill four years before when John lived there. The rest of us hadn't seen him for nine years and he had grown a heavy mustache in the meantime. So, naturally, we didn't know him. He took us through the state capitol, and to various places of interest, during the forenoon, and we took the noon train for Westfield, only twenty miles away. We spent the rest of the week at Grandfather's.

One afternoon we went with Irvin, a first cousin, over to Uncle Morton's home. Irvin and Uncle Asher had taught Uncle Morton's ram to butt, so Irvin took us out into the pasture and put on an exhibition. Great fun; he used some of the tactics of a bullfighter with less danger and no cruelty. Sometime later, the threshers went to Uncle Morton's and I got the job of carrying water. As I went out to the machine with a bucket of water, I passed by an apple tree where the sheep were lying in the shade. I set the bucket down and proceeded to do just as I had seen Irvin do, hoping to have some fun with the ram. The ram just wouldn't cooperate. All I succeeded in doing was to attract the attention of everyone around the threshing machine that wasn't otherwise occupied. They knew sheep. I didn't. Finally in disgust, I picked up my bucket and started on. I had walked but a little way when he hit me so hard he knocked me up into the air, and in going up I automatically threw the pail of water up and poured it all over myself. When I was able to look around, that old ram was standing under the apple tree, chewing his cud and looking very innocent indeed, and the men at the machine were roaring with laughter. I picked up my bucket, and, sorrowfully and painfully, went after another bucket of water. From that day to this, if I have occasion to pass a ram, I keep my eye on him; and if he is satisfied to let me pass, I don't bother him.

On Sunday (First Day) we all went to the Friends Meeting at Chester. After meeting, the whole Tomlinson Clan, including Uncle Jim and Aunt Ruah Hill from Cicero, sixteen miles away, assembled at Grandfather's for dinner. Sometime in the afternoon, about time for the assembly to dismiss, we were all called in to be informed of the results of the family conclave. John was to go home with Uncle Jim where he had been before. It wouldn't be good to have two Roberts in one house, so how would I like to go to Uncle Robert's to live, and Robert to Uncle Morton's? While they very politely asked us how we would like it, I think the deal was already cut and dried. I don't know just what would have happened if we had said, "No". Ruth Anna was to stay at Grandfather's for the present. Before we got to Uncle Robert's, he asked if I could milk, and I think he was very glad when I said, "Yes", for he always had a lot of cows to milk. We were no more than in the house when they showed me what was to be my room, and he asked me to kindly change clothes and help milk. In the six years I made my home there, I don't think I ever missed a milking unless I was sick abed or absent at milking time.

On going to Uncle Robert's, my language took on another adjustment. While Mother lived, she saw to it that we used the plain language and learned no other. After her death, the Spencers, who moved in to care for us, knew nothing of the Quaker language and there wasn't a Quaker in school, so it is surprising how quickly we dropped it, even when talking to each other. At Grandfather's everyone used it. At Uncle Robert's, he, of course, used it, but Aunt Julia was only a "Convinced" Quaker, and not sufficiently convinced to change her language. Her father who boarded there wasn't a Quaker at all, and more than half the students in school were not either. As Chester was the only church in the neighborhood, Aunt Julia and all her brothers and sisters went to Sunday School and Church there as children, but Aunt Julia was the only one to join, which leads one to wonder if her desire to marry Uncle Robert didn't influence her convincement. Under these circumstances, I very quickly acquired the habit of speaking in the same language in which I was spoken to. Years later, when I learned to speak Spanish, the same habit clung; and, even today, I find it just as easy to speak in Spanish as in English, and

just as naturally fall into the language in which I am addressed. The language adjustment, you might say, just came naturally and was entirely painless.

There were two other adjustments that were quite painful. It is indeed surprising what a move of eight hundred miles can do to a growing boy. I shrunk tremendously in the eyes of other people, both in stature and in ability to do things. I learned to plow with a two horse plow the summer I was eight years old, and in subsequent years I learned to plow with a two horse cultivator, and a double shovel, and to do practically any kind of work on the farm, including cutting bands, holding sacks, and driving a bundle wagon at the threshing machine. When we got to Indiana, threshing was in full swing, and Uncle Robert and his brothers owned and operated a threshing machine. But I wasn't big enough to do one thing around it except carry water for the men to drink. Slowly, slowly, I grew up, and one by one, found other jobs I could do around the threshing machine until the last year I was there. Six years after I went, I was one of the feeders, which is considered the hardest job around the machine. With five years plowing experience behind me, I wasn't yet old enough to plow with a two horse plow. In all fairness, I must admit, there is some difference between plowing in the two states. Our farm in Kansas had a very light soil, and there wasn't a rock on the whole farm; but this part of Indiana is in what geologists call a terminal moraine. During the ice ages, this whole part of Indiana was covered with a glacier several hundred feet thick, that slowly slid south, picking up earth and rock from every unevenness. As the ice melted, and the glacier receded, it dropped its earth and rocks down over the landscape, and it is today a heavy clay soil with many rocks in it. Yes, it was definitely harder to plow in Indiana than in Kansas. However, I don't think it was

more than five years harder, despite the fact that when I finally did get to plowing, I had my ribs cracked many times when the plow struck a buried rock. The remedy?— Walk behind the plow handles, not between them. I learned the hard way, but could have learned much sooner if I had had the opportunity.

When corn got big enough to plow, Indiana farmers plowed it once a week whether it needed it or not. Uncle Robert had three horses, a two horse cultivator, and a double shovel. I wasn't big enough to plow with the cultivator, but was big enough to plow with the double shovel. As a matter of fact, a cultivator carries the front of the plows on wheels, while you have to wrestle with the entire frame of the double shovel by sheer strength, hence it is much easier to plow with the cultivator than with the double shovel. But you couldn't convince an Indiana farmer of that. They all learned to plow with a double shovel before the cultivator was invented, so why shouldn't the next generation learn to plow with the double shovel, too?

I was assigned the double shovel and the oldest horse on the place. He was sixteen or seventeen years old and had the heaves very badly. I followed that old horse and wrestled with the double shovel through one season, and well into another. Then, one hot dry afternoon he got to heaving so badly he just couldn't go. I left him and walked over to where Uncle Robert was, and told him it was just too hot and dusty for Old Frank. He simply couldn't work. He said to just let him stand a little while. I walked back and watched him for a little while; then he spraddled his legs out, stood there and trembled like he had a chill, and fell over dead. It is really surprising how fast a boy can grow up when the circumstances are just right. By the following Monday morning I was amply big enough to plow with the two-horse cultivator, and naturally had to plow

all the corn the two of us had been plowing, while Uncle Robert did something else. So far as I can remember, he never plowed another hill of corn in all the years I lived there.

Grandfather Tomlinson was one of the most forward-looking men of his day in that part of Indiana. He organized a drainage district and drained the Dismal Swamp, mentioned in connection with the Underground Railroad. He organized a company and built the first toll turnpike in Hamilton County, running six miles north from Westfield and across the Dismal Swamp. He introduced Poland China hogs, Cots wool sheep, and Short Horn cattle into that part of the state and emphasized the importance of improving the breeds of livestock.

Tho' a Quaker and opposed to war, he was drafted into the Union Army. Twice he paid out, but the third time he gave in and went. Fortunately, it was near the end of the war and he didn't have to do any fighting. On his road home, he passed through Cincinnati, saw a cook stove, liked it, bought it, and took it home with him. It was the first one in that part of the state and was a real sensation. Women came for miles all around to see it, and Grandmother took great pride in demonstrating it and explaining its good points. No ashes, no dirt, no smoke, and it took much less wood than the fireplace and had such good heat control. But she invariably and conscientiously wound up with its one bad point: "Food cooked on it just doesn't taste as good as food cooked over the open fire."

I presume the biggest peeve I had in Indiana was the "jerk line". Whoever invented it should have had it buried with him. Just why otherwise intelligent farmers, sons of as forward a looking man as Grandfather, insisted on clinging to them and making us Kansas boys use them, when we knew so much better a method of driving, I can't figure out—even to this day. I very

much doubt if one in one-hundred of my readers ever saw one, let alone having a first-hand acquaintance with one. It won't hurt anyone to learn about one, but as I once heard a Dunkard preacher say about a mule, "A man will live longer in this world, and stand a far better chance of getting to the next, if he never has anything to do with one." An Indiana farmer in my day would no more speak of the horses of his team as right and left than a sailor would speak of the sides of a ship in the same way.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Where the terms came from I have no idea, but in the beginning of the English Navy, the right side of a ship was the Starboard and the left side the Larboard. There were so many accidents caused by sailors misunderstanding commands, that eventually they changed Larboard to Port and there it stands today.

The nomenclature of the team is said to have originated when ox drivers walked on the left side of their oxen, the more easily to apply the whip or goad with his right hand. Naturally the ox next to him was the near-ox, and the other the off-ox. By the time I came along, oxen had pretty much disappeared and been replaced by horses, tho' my father did, for a time, have one yoke after I was big enough to drive them. After horses replaced oxen, the drivers no longer walked, but sat on a seat on the wagon. In order to swing his whip without interfering with the other passengers, he sat on the right end of the seat. So naturally it looked to me that if either horse was the near-one it should be the one on the right, but you couldn't convince a Hoosier that way. I think the jerk-line made its appearance about the time of the shift from oxen to horses. All work animals were taught to drive by word of mouth; gee to turn right, haw to turn left, and whoa to stop. If the oxen didn't gee, you whipped up the near-ox; if they didn't haw, you

whipped up the off-ox; and if they didn't whoa, you ran around in front and pounded them over the noses. That worked fine with oxen but horses are more frisky, and if you whipped one, the two of them were very likely to run away, and you most definitely didn't run around in front of them and pound them over the noses.

* * * * * * * * * *

Something had to be done to control horses, so someone invented the jerk-line. It was in two parts. One part consisted of a steel ring, about two inches in diameter, and two leather straps of equal length riveted into it, and each strap had a snap riveted onto its other end. In use, the ring rested on the near-horse's back, and the straps ran from it through the haim rings, and snapped, one on each side of the near-horse's bridle. The other part of the line was a straight strap with a snap on one end and a loop on the other. The snap snapped into the ring on the near-horse's back, riveted to the other part of the line. The loop was carried in the driver's <u>left</u> hand. Why the left hand? I asked that same question. The answer I got was that you needed the right hand free to use a whip, uncover corn, or to do anything else that needed doing.

That took care of the near-horse after a fashion, but left the off-horse pretty much on his own. So, they invented the jockey-stick and the tieback. The jockey-stick was most any kind of a stick four or five feet long, with a strap six or eight inches long on each end. The loose end of the strap had either a snap, or a short piece of wood, called a toggle, on it. One end of the jockey-stick was fastened to the near-horse's bottom-left haim ring, and the other end to the right ring of the off-horse's bridle bit. The tieback was a plain hitching strap snapped to the left ring of the off-horse's bridle, and tied either to the backstrap or britching of the

near-horse. The jerk-line got its name from the fact that you give the poor near-horse a jerk for gee. You give him a pull either for haw or for whoa. As both straps on the line were the same length, the only control it gave was to stop him. He was supposed to learn the words of command while working on the off-side with another horse.

When working two horses, a pull on the line stops the near-horse and the off-horse would just naturally walk around him, thus turn to the left; but by what stretch of the imagination a jerk on the same line could mean turn to the right, I never could see. Neither could most horses until after they have it pounded into them. If he didn't gee when told, you jerked him. If that didn't remind him which way to go, you held him and whipped him. If he didn't get the idea that way, still holding him, you'd walk up beside him and wallop him over the left side of the head. That usually got the answer, but what a waste of time and abuse of dumb animals. Yes, I know; once a horse is well-trained, he seldom forgets.

In Kansas, we used two lines on our horses and had complete control of them at all times. In Indiana, they used two lines for all work but plowing; and why we should throw away control of our horses when plowing, I could never see. I was told that it was too much trouble to get the lines off over your head; and, furthermore, you couldn't get out from between the plow handles if you had the lines around behind your back. As a matter of fact, you could talk to the team just as well when you have two lines on them as when you have only one. If they don't mind, you can lay back a little into the lines, twist your body, and pull them the way you want them to go. As to not being able to get out from between the plow handles, when the team was standing there was always slack enough in the traces so that you could step from between the handles

without removing the lines from your back.
They had their theories, and nothing could convince them that they were wrong, and they wouldn't try anything else.

I had experience but it got me nowhere. In all of my years of plowing in Kansas, I can remember only one time when I wanted out from between the plow handles so suddenly there wasn't time to either stop the horses nor throw the lines off over my head. I was plowing bare-footed, and a rattlesnake hole just happened to be right where I was plowing, and the snake in it. The rolling cutter cut him almost in two in one place, the plowshare in another and then dragged him out into the furrow right where I had to walk. A snake can't strike unless he is coiled, and in his condition there wasn't a chance he could coil; but you don't stop to figure things out at a time like that. There he was right where I had to walk, rattling and licking out his tongue at me, and the lines were so short I couldn't possibly get out from between the plow handles. I simply did what comes naturally. With the help of the plow handles, I made one long high jump.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Speaking of rattlesnakes reminds me of another experience several years later. One summer vacation during my college course, I was in South Dakota taking orders for enlarged pictures. The roads there were not graded, just wagon trails across the prairie, where the wagon wheels and horses' hooves wore out the sod and the rains washed the tracks into real furrows, particularly on the sloping ground. One day, I was riding my bicycle down a long hill in one of these furrows, when suddenly I saw a rattlesnake, coiled and lying in my furrow. Bicycles in those days had no brakes. I was going too fast to jump off, and the furrow was too deep to turn out of. I had to do something and do it quickly. I threw my feet up on the front fork where he couldn't strike them and coasted over him. Just as the wheel passed

over him he struck, and his head went through between the spokes. The spokes jerked him up through the fork and broke his spine, but he was still very much alive and struggling to free himself. Every time he got a chance he stuck his head out, and every time the wheel went around the fork knocked it up against the wheel. I was afraid to stop when I got to the bottom of the hill, so put my feet back on the pedals and pedaled for dear life until he was sufficiently subdued to quit sticking his head out. Then I stopped and pulled him out of the front wheel.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Going back to the jerk-line. In all my experience, I never found any justification for it 'til I went out to Nevada. There, I could see that there had been some justification for it in pioneer days. When I drove a four or six horse team in Dakota, I used four or six lines. It certainly would have been very inconvenient for the drivers of those twenty-mule outfits hauling borax out of Death Valley to handle twenty lines. What they actually did do was ride the near-wheel mule and drive the lead team with a jerk-line and jockey-stick. All the other mules just strung along, held in place by the rope or cable they all pulled by. Each driver had a "swamper" to ride the wagon, handle the brakes, and help with the mules when necessary. To this day, I haven't been able to figure out why a driver's helper should be a "swamper", when there wasn't a swamp in that whole part of the West.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Tho' we didn't live at the same place, all except John lived near enough to go to the Chester school. In passing I will say that my father taught the first school in this schoolhouse, and it was while teaching here, twenty-three years before, that he met my mother. Our first teacher was Mary Caterson. She was very small of stature and didn't keep a gad as our Kansas teachers did. Maybe Indiana boys were more civilized than

Kansas boys. This was a Quaker neighborhood and I am much more inclined to give credit to the Quaker training than to the state they lived in. Be that as it may, she taught a very good school, and with very little trouble. Her first job was to classify us Kansas children.

Indiana had graded schools. Such a thing had never been heard of in Kansas. After considerable questioning, she put Ruth Anna and Robert both in the eighth grade, but I was very deficient in grammar and she thought another year in reading wouldn't hurt me. So she organized one-pupil classes in seventh grade grammar and reading for my special benefit. All other classes I took with the eighth grade. At the end of the year, I flunked in physiology. So far as I can remember it is the only subject I ever flunked. In Kansas we had no grades and no examinations, so naturally I didn't flunk. The next year Mary Caterson was again the teacher. I took the straight eighth grade. I really studied literature, grammar, and physiology; but since I had all the others the year before I merely coasted over them, and spent a lot of my time reading. We were encouraged to read library books and report all the books we read to the teacher. The library was small, and I soon read it through and borrowed wherever I could. One morning the next spring, Uncle Robert told me I had my name in the county paper. I had read more books than any other pupil in Hamilton County.

After finishing the year, we had to take the County examination, then write, learn and speak an oration at the township commencement. The winner in each township went on and spoke at the County commencement. What does an eighth grade pupil know about writing an oration? Well, I didn't know anything, and doubt if many of the others knew much more. Uncle Asher's wife, Annie, was an academy graduate and had taught school several years. I talked it over with her; we agreed on a

subject, and she loaned me a book to read. After reading it, I wrote something; but it sure didn't have much resemblance to an oration. She polished it up so it was presentable; I learned it and went to the commencement. The commencements were in two sections—country schools and town schools. I won the country school contest; not because I was so good, but because my competition was so poor.

About that time Uncle Finley, the only college graduate in the whole family, came home from where he had been teaching. He didn't think much of my oration, nor even the subject. He suggested another subject and loaned me a book to read. Again I wrote something. He worked it over and made a pretty good oration out of it. I think I made a pretty good showing in the county commencement, but the competition was very much stronger and I didn't win.

That fall I started on the long road to High School; and it definitely was a long road, particularly in bad weather—three solid miles of it. That was the physical length and had nothing to do with the sociological length. My sociological troubles began immediately. I was fifteen years old, and had grown up on the farm with plenty of hard work, so was well muscled, and almost grown. I got my growth very young. I was definitely what the small-town folks called a "Country Hay Seed".

There was a gang of town hoodlums in school that thought they were the salt of the earth, and that they should salt me, so they proceeded to assault me. No matter where I was on the campus of Union High School, there were three or four of that gang there, too, with the avowed purpose of making life miserable for me. They didn't stand together but scattered out so I couldn't watch them all at once. Then the one who was for the moment behind me would slip up, throw a gravel and hit me, kick me,

knock my hat off, or do anything he could invent to annoy me. They never hurt me seriously, just enough to be annoying.

Prof. A. V. Hodgin was principal. One day as I went to the study room after the bell rang, he stood in his classroom door and called me in. He said, "Williams, I don't like to encourage fighting, but I have seen what is going on and you can handle the situation much better than I can. You are good and husky and can handle anyone there. If you will just give one of them a good drubbing, they will let you alone. Don't worry about anyone else joining in to fight. They are all a bunch of cowards."

How right he was. Not many days afterward an unusually large crowd of them formed a circle around me, as they said, to initiate me. Whichever way I looked, someone behind me would do something to me and by the time I could turn around he was a perfectly innocent bystander. I made up my mind that if I was ever going to catch anyone, I would have to turn before I felt anything from behind. Luck was with me. I swung around just in time to meet Nat Mills, known as one of the worst boys in town, running in to hit me. I beat him to the punch and landed a right straight from the shoulder squarely in his eye. He had a black eye for days after, and the other members of the gang peddled the information freely as to where he got it. Not a one made a move in my direction, but Harry Kivett, a distant cousin, pulled a twenty-two revolver out of his pocket and told me if I bothered him he would use it. He didn't point it at me. I wasn't bothered any more. I reported the revolver to Prof. Hodgin, and know he called him in on the carpet, but don't know if he did anything to him. I do know that he didn't fire him for he was there the rest of that year, then dropped out and I lost track of him.

Years later my Aunt Ruth Tomlinson wrote me that he married young, had a big family fast and took to drinking. He was working

for a telephone company, went on a big drunk over a week-end; went to work Monday morning with a hang-over; climbed a pole; fell and was killed. Fortunately, he had taken out a lot of life insurance, and the neighbors all said he did more for his family in death than he ever had in life.

As for Nat Mills, it was entirely a different story. A far better one. I think it was about a year later that there was a revival meeting going on over at the church. The evangelist came over to school one morning and conducted the morning devotions. Then he said, "I have something to tell you and I want to ask a favor of every one of you. Nat Mills saw an ad in the paper for certain second-hand school books. Last Friday night he went into his schoolroom, searched through all the desks, stole all the books that were advertised for, sold them and is now over at Noblesville in the County Jail. I went over to see him yesterday. He is quite broken up and sorry for what he has done. He doesn't know yet what is going to happen to him; and even if he should get out, he is afraid to come back here and face his fellow students, for fear of how they will treat him. I am going back today to see him and, also, see if I can get him acquitted. If I succeed, I want each and every one of you never to mention the affair to him, and to treat him just as tho' nothing had happened." The evangelist did get him acquitted; he came back to school; attended the revival meeting; was converted; and lived a very changed life. He and I became the best of friends, and corresponded long after I went West to Nebraska Central College. He studied medicine, and was a practicing physician for years. When the great scourge of Flu hit the country in 1918, he worked so hard doctoring others that he weakened his own resistance and died. He literally gave his life for others.

Another trouble was Latin. In those days, our high school had but one course of

study. You took it or quit school. A very large number of the Freshman class quit every year because there was something in the course they didn't like. I definitely did not like Latin. It was very hard for me and I couldn't see any use in it anyhow. I very seriously considered quitting school. I think there was just one thing that kept me from it. You can call it either pride or jealousy. I wouldn't admit that I couldn't do anything that Robert had done. He had already done one year of Latin with flying colors. I had already gone far enough to know that if I was to succeed I had to get the first part well. So when I finally made up my mind to go ahead with it, I really buckled down and went to work on it. It was my hardest subject and I had to put more time on it than any other study, but I did it well enough to get good grades, and learned more English grammar by far than I ever did studying it directly.

The second year, Roland Estes, a very experienced teacher, and older than Prof. Hodgin, replaced Mrs. Hodgin as second teacher. I don't think I am exaggerating when I say he was the best and most interesting instructor I ever had. He taught his classes in, and presided over, the study room. I had taken General History under Mrs. Hodgin the year before, but I soon discovered that his class in General History was much more interesting than she had made it. Consequently, I arranged my work so I could just sit and listen while that class recited, and added a lot to my knowledge of General History. His one fault was lack of discipline. He could generally make his classes so interesting that the students in it didn't get into mischief; but students in the back of the room frequently did.

About the middle of the year, Prof. Hodgin took typhoid fever. Prof. Estes limped along with the whole school; getting students to teach Hodgin's classes; hoping Hodgin would soon recover. As soon as the doctors pronounced Hodgin's trouble as typhoid, the powers that be set out to find a successor. Some of our boys got a horse and buggy and drove to Noblesville to see the County Superintendent, and begged him to let Estes be temporary Principal, and get some-one else in his place. He turned them down cold. Estes was too poor a disciplinarian. The Superintendent surely jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Admittedly, Estes was a poor disciplinarian, but the students all liked him; and while some of them did get noisy sometimes, and didn't always obey immediately when spoken to, there wasn't a student in school that would deliberately plan things to create disturbances.

I don't know where the Superintendent found him, but he hired a Prof. Tyler. I think he was a college graduate, for he at least knew the subjects he taught; but he was quite young, and apparently inexperienced, or he would not have made so many blunders. He was very small. I doubt if he weighed over one hundred pounds and he looked as if a well-directed wind would blow him down. The biggest thing about him, proportionately speaking of course, was his very heavy sandy mustache. He was always immaculately dressed with his clothes neatly pressed which, of course, was very nice, but not exactly a requirement at that time and place. The first morning he was there, he conducted the morning devotions and then gave us a talk. In the course of his talk, he said that order was necessary for the efficient operation of a school. So whatever else we might have, we were going to have absolute order, and he bore down heavy on the absolute. It is surprising how many colds suddenly developed in various parts of the room, and many pupils had to either cough or clear their throats. He had said the wrong thing in the wrong place. A little runt of his size just doesn't tell a whole room full of big boys, most of them much bigger than he, what they can or

cannot do, and get away with it.

It would take a good-sized book to tell all the things that happened to that poor little professor, but he asked for it. I will mention just a few. Spitballs and pieces of chalk hitting the blackboard where he was working were common occurrences. One day, for some reason, Estes was away, and he taught one of his classes in the study room. I was not in that class, but was in my seat in the rear of the room studying, when suddenly there was a very strong odor of rotten eggs. A boy near me got up, walked over and opened a window. From his place on the rostrum, he called the boy by name and said, "It isn't so hot in here that you need that window open. Close it." "But,Professor, there is an awful odor in here." He walked back there, took one good whiff, turned red in the face and left the room. The Chemical Laboratory was right under the rear half of the study room. We had no modern heating system. Our heating system consisted of a big wood-burning stove in the front of the room, and another in the laboratory, with the stovepipe running up through our room. The pipe had a big drum in it to trap the heat. One of the chemistry students evidently knew Tyler was in the room at that time, for he never did it before, and he never did it again. He had taken a generating bottle, put some iron sulphide in it, attached a rubber tube, then run the free end of the tube up through our floor beside the stovepipe, and poured some strong acid in the bottle. He was generating artificially the very same gas that nature produces in rotten eggs, and he was generating it plenty fast.

Our sidewalks were mostly gravel. When the snow went off, they got quite muddy, and the road-crossings were worse. Tyler's pants legs were long; and if he turned them up like ordinary mortals it would spoil the crease in the front, so he just rolled them up behind. One day Omar Ditzenberger told me that all the boys were going to class with their

trousers turned up behind, and asked me to do likewise. I didn't much want to, but neither did I want to be alone, so I joined the rest. We all marched in and took the front seat. Some of the boys were brave enough to cross one leg over the other knee and sit in class pressing a nice crease into the newly folded trousers. When that was done to his satisfaction, he put that foot down; put the other foot up, and repeated. I didn't have that much nerve. I kept my feet on the floor. But, come to think of it, what did we have to be ashamed of? A teacher is supposed to set the example for his pupils, and there under his desk, in plain view, were his feet with pants legs turned up just like ours. His face turned awfully red, but he never said a word; neither did he ever come to class again with his pants legs turned up.

At another time, I was sitting on the end of the front bench when, about half way through the class, the whole bench full of boys came against me like a pile driver, and I landed all sprawled out in the middle of the floor. I, of course, saw at once that there had been collusion, for a whole bench full of boys doesn't get the same idea at the same time by accident. It was almost sixty years before I learned that the whole thing had been planned before class, with me as the goat. The planners went into class early and took the front bench, leaving the back bench for the girls. They left just room enough for me on the end next to the widest aisle, spacing themselves far enough apart to take up the rest of the bench. Naturally, no girl was going to take that seat. I was at that bashful age where boys in those days didn't run around looking for a chance to sit with the girls, so just as naturally I swallowed the bait—hook, line and sinker—sat on the end of the bench and got shoved off.

One morning, I am not quite sure if it was before school or at the morning recess,

I saw Willie Mills and one of the girls very industriously carrying water from the pump and scrubbing Prof. Tyler's room. That was indeed strange. That was no time of day to be scrubbing. Furthermore, that was janitor's work and there were no girls on the janitor force, and neither was Willie Mills, for that matter. The whole set-up was so strange I made inquiry as to what it was all about, and got a strange answer. Willie Mills was the quiet, studious type, who attended strictly to his own business and never got into anything. He was very unlike his brothers, Nat and Johnnie, who were known as the James boys, and were always into something. The girl, too, was a very quiet, studious girl. If Willie ever looked at a girl twice, no one ever found out. How could one professor so completely demoralize a whole school? Yet here were these two, among the best in the school, now accomplices in crime. That is, of course, if it is a crime to do things to a Prof. who asks for it.

Whether by accident or by design, those two met near the schoolhouse the evening before. There was an old hen nearby that didn't seem too wild, so they crowded her into a corner, caught her and shut her up in Prof. Tyler's room. She wasn't one bit happy. In fact, was quite anxious to go home. In her efforts to fly out of the closed windows, in addition to the mess she would naturally leave, she kicked all the books off Prof. Tyler's desk; knocked everything over that she could; and made a regular shambles of the place. Just how Prof. Tyler found out so soon who the guilty parties were I never learned; but from all accounts he got the right ones.

On the morning Prof. Hodgin came back and Prof. Tyler left, Tyler told Hodgin he never was so glad to get away from any place in his life, and I am certain that every pupil in school was glad to see him go, and Hodgin able to come back.

I graduated from Union High in June, 1897.

I did chores night and morning for my board and room, walked three miles to school, and graduated second in my class with an average of ninety-seven per cent. Frank Hiatt, who was first, averaged just over ninety-eight per cent. He drove a horse and buggy seven miles.

After the farm work was done that summer, including threshing for the neighbors, Uncle Robert got me a job working in a one-man dairy. I was that man. The pay was thirteen dollars a month and board. The thirteen dollars was all right at that time, but the board was something else. The dairy belonged to Manzanita Covode, "Nita" for short. She was an only child, lived with her father, William Anderson, and operated her dairy on his farm.

Her husband was in a sanitarium. It didn't take me long to make up my mind why. I think I would have been too, if I had stayed there and eaten her cooking for long. She was a very intelligent woman, a college graduate, which was unusual in her day. She got books on dairying and operated her dairy on the most up-to-date methods she could afford with her meager resources. There were even more health cranks in those days, with less knowledge to back them up, than we have today. She had got hold of one of their books and was cooking by their recipes.

I don't remember all the horrid details, but she didn't use any salt, sugar, fat or seasoning. For bread, she mixed graham flour and water, put it in muffin pans and baked it in a hot oven. All the raising it got was from the steam generated in the baking. The principal food was some kind of thickened, unseasoned soup. We ate it with the muffins. There wasn't a thing that either appealed to my appetite or satisfied my hunger. Fortunately, it was in the fall of the year, and they had a large apple orchard. A part of my job was to pick up fallen apples; haul them to the barn; cut them up so the cows wouldn't choke on them; then feed them to

them. It wasn't in the contract, but I also fed large quantities to myself. I practically lived on them. Then, I began to worry about what I was going to live on when the apples were all gone. I asked her for milk to drink, and she told me she had to sell the milk to get money to pay my wages. I never learned whether she accidently got hold of those food books, while looking for things to keep up to date on, and in following them sent her husband to the sanitarium; or if he got sick first and she got this book hoping to cure him, thus sending him to the sanitarium instead.

One Sunday when I went down to church, Uncle Jim Hill was down for a visit. I asked him if he didn't need another hired hand. He said he was just ready to start shucking corn, and would give me seventy-five cents a day and board. I knew about his board. He was a very hard driver; but said if there was any place he hated to see a man be stingy it was at the table, and he definitely practiced what he preached. His table literally groaned with the food they put on it. I promptly told Mrs. Covode I was quitting just as soon as she could get someone to take my place. When she asked why I was quitting, I didn't tell her anything but the truth, but I just as certainly didn't tell her all the truth. I told her the hours were long, the job was lonesome, and I had a better job with higher pay.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

About the only diversion I had all the time I was at Mrs. Covode's was evenings after supper, when her father felt like talking. He was seventy-six years old. As a young man, he and his father operated a blacksmith shop there in Indiana. One day, quite a train of covered wagons came by and one of the wagons stopped to get some blacksmithing done. They were headed for Oregon. He asked if they didn't have a job for him. He was told that they could use another man to help drive the loose livestock, and would

give him his board and haul his luggage. He asked the man where they expected to camp that night, and told him he would be there in the morning. He got out that afternoon and collected some money that was owing him; gathered up all his clothes, including bedding; and, in the morning, got his father to take him to the camp. The train traveled about a hundred miles beyond St. Joseph, Missouri, and went into winter quarters. The oxen traveled on grass and there was no grass in winter.

While other men in the outfit helped the farmers shuck corn, and found any other kind of work they could get to do, he bought a blacksmith outfit and set up a blacksmith and wagon shop. Whether by accident, or prearranged plan, he didn't say, but wagon trains headed for Oregon, kept arriving all winter long. Many of these wagons needed repairs, so he did a thriving business, and between jobs for the other folks, he built himself a wagon. By spring, there had assembled, probably the longest wagon train that ever crossed the plains. He bought two yoke of oxen, loaded his shop into his wagon, and joined the procession as a teamster in his own right, no longer a hired man working for his board. He invented a kind of tally box, and bolted it onto the side of his wagon bed. Then attached a pin to a wagon spoke in such a way that every time the wheel went around the pin registered on the tally box, thus keeping track of the distance they traveled. There were many variations, but the average day's journey was ten miles.

As soon as grass was good in the spring, they took off. They had many serious difficulties with Indians, river crossings, storms, mountains, sickness, deaths, lack of food for both man and beast, but finally reached their destination in Oregon, just four months and ten days after the take off. Many of the oxen went lame or got sore necks, and had to be replaced by loose oxen they drove along

for the purpose, but Bill Anderson's oxen all went through without a break.

Their worst delay was caused by Indians. As soon as they got into Indian country, they had to stop early enough in the evening so the oxen could graze their fill before dark. The wagons were drawn up in a circle, and at dark all livestock was driven inside the circle, and a guard was posted for the night. One night they camped in the fork of two rivers. As the river banks were steep, they drew the wagons up in a straight line from one river to the other, and depended on the steep river banks to protect the other two sides. During the night, the Indians scaled the steep bank, and drove off a lot of their oxen. Then they were stuck, for a while. They had to camp right there 'til they could break every animal they had to work if it was big enough to carry a yoke, even to all the milk cows. Even with that, they didn't have enough animal power to pull all the wagons. They had to go over everything and redistribute the cargo, taking foodstuffs, and what they thought would be most essential in their new homes. Naturally, they took the best wagons, but left several serviceable wagons, and great quantities of furniture and farming equipment they would need very badly in their new homes. Highways U.S. 20 and U.S. 30 follow the old Oregon Trail for long distances in Idaho and Oregon. As I have sped over those roads at fifty to sixty miles an hour, I have often thought of Bill Anderson and his slow-plodding oxen going over those same roads at ten miles a day, more than one hundred years before.

He was in Oregon when gold was discovered in California, so rushed down to the diggings. He did very well for a while; said he never in his life worked at anything so interesting as digging gold. The days were never long enough. They ran out of food, but hated so badly to take time out to go for more, that they cooked weeds and ate them for several days. He took typhoid

fever and almost died. Before he was able to go back to digging gold, there were a lot of prospectors wanting to cross the river by his camp. He calked a wagon bed and got the men to help him put it in the river, then operated it as a ferry. One month he made over eight hundred dollars. Then some enterprising outfit built a bridge over the river and spoiled his racket.

At that time fresh cows, with their calves, were selling for four hundred dollars in gold. When he left Missouri, you could buy bred heifers for from six to eight dollars a head. It was a long way across the plains;but also there is a big spread between eight dollars and four hundred. He and a friend decided to go back to Missouri, buy a herd and drive them out the following summer. They sailed down the Pacific Ocean Coast to Panama; walked across the Isthmus; caught a steamer for New Orleans; and went up the Mississippi River in a stern wheeler in the dead of winter, where Bill got pneumonia. Again, he almost died. When spring came, he was unable to go West. His partner found another partner and set out to buy the cattle. He never heard from them directly again, but did hear indirectly that they bought the cattle, started across the plains, and were both killed. All the cattle were stolen by the Indians. It was while listening to his adventures that I made up my mind to see some of the world, too. He told me that he kept a diary on all his trip, and would let me read it, but I never found time. So on January 1, 1898, I started keeping a diary, and still keep one. Unfortunately, many volumes of it, including some of the most interesting ones, blew away in the Florida hurricane of 1928.

Some years after I left Indiana, I was back on a visit and met, quite by accident, Joe Baker, the man who farmed Anderson's farm. He asked if I had been to see Nita. When I told him no, he said I should go.

"She thought a lot of you. Go and have dinner with her. She has got over her foolish ideas about diet and cooks like other folks; you will have a good dinner." I took his advice and found his statement true, and we formed a friendship that has lasted over all these years. Every time I go to Indiana I visit her, and we frequently correspond between times. My last visit to her was in 1954. She was then ninety-three years old.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

When I left the dairy, I went to Uncle Jim Hill's to shuck corn. I put in something over two months, long hours and hard work, but the best eats I ever had; and coming right after Covode's, I surely did appreciate it.

Just when I finished shucking corn, I got a letter from a book company wanting me to sell books. They sent names of their best agents with their sales records, and it looked so easy. They offered me a managership if I could sell a certain number a week. The book was a good one and I fell for their line of advertising. So I, a farmer boy, without one word of instruction on salesmanship, set out to make my fortune selling books. I sold some; but needless to say, not enough to pay expenses. The weather being bad, and having nothing to do, I decided that a little more schooling might do me good, so re-entered Union High School and took a three month course in grammar and bookkeeping. During that term, Worthy Hagerman of Carmel was there. I mention him here because it was where I first met him, and I will have occasion to mention him various times later.

Sometime during that winter, I don't remember just how, Robert and I got the idea in our heads to go to North Dakota. One Saturday we drove to Arcadia to see Ott Eschelman, who had been up there the summer before; liked it; and was going back in March. He wasn't much of a talker, and

certainly didn't try to sell us on the place. In fact, he did practically no talking except answering questions. He liked it up there because farm work was easier and wages were higher. They farmed on a bigger scale up there, but the farm tools were all riding tools. Yes, it got colder up there than in Indiana; but it was a different cold and you didn't feel it so much. Which reminds me of a story.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Three brothers from the East set out in the world to make their fortunes. One went to Alaska, one to Yuma, Arizona, and one to Seattle, Washington. Some years later they all went home to help their parents celebrate their golden wedding, and they got to comparing notes. They asked the one from Alaska how cold it got up there. "Oh, forty and fifty degrees below zero are quite common, and it sometimes reaches even sixty." "How on earth can you stand such intense cold?" "It's a dry cold; you don't mind it after you get used to it." Then they turned to the one from Yuma. "They tell me it gets awfully hot there. Just how hot does it really get?" "One hundred and fifteen to eighteen in the shade are common and it sometimes reaches one hundred and twenty, and as high as one hundred and thirty-five in the sun." "How do you stand such awful heat?" "It's a dry heat. You don't mind it after you get used to it." Then they turned to the man from Seattle. "They tell me it rains a lot out there. Just how much does it really rain out there?" "Anywhere from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty days out of the year, and from sixty to eighty inches a year, and in extreme cases as much as one hundred inches." "How do you ever live through so much rain?" "Oh, those are dry rains; you don't mind them after you get used to them."

When I was in North Dakota the next winter, and saw all those farmers come out in

their bear-skin or buffalo-skin overcoats, I knew why they didn't feel the cold. I didn't have such a coat nor the money to buy one. I never suffered so much with cold in my life as I did there. I spent thirteen summers in Yuma, Arizona, and can't say I didn't mind the heat. I did; but so long as I drank plenty of water, ate plenty of salt, and didn't try to work too hard, it did me no physical damage, and I much prefer it to the cold of Dakota. I also worked three years on Hoover Dam. In the canyon it was much hotter than at Yuma, the mercury frequently going to one hundred and thirty degrees, yet I found it no harder to take than the hundred and fifteen or eighteen at Yuma. There is a lot of irrigation around Yuma, hence a lot of humidity, which surely does make a lot of difference in the human body's ability to take it. I never worked around Seattle to sample their dry rains, but I spent seventeen years in Cuba where it rains as much. In summer they are warm and not too hard to take; but I can't truthfully say I didn't mind them, and they were definitely awfully wet.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Ott told us there was plenty of work in North Dakota in the summertime. The man he worked for always hired several men, and we could very likely get work with him. We asked just when Ott was going and decided to go with him, and made our preparations accordingly. On Sunday evening before we were to leave on Tuesday morning, we started to Christian Endeavor to attend our last meeting and bid our friends good-bye. Just as we walked out of the gate at Grandfather's, Uncle Asher called us. He came out and asked if we had definitely decided to go to Dakota. We told him we had. Then he asked if we had enough money to pay our fares up there. Robert had; I would have to borrow. "I have a better idea. I must have a hired hand this summer, and I don't know of anyone I would rather have than Noah. Let him

stay here and work for me, and Robert go on alone. If it turns out bad up there, there will only be one boy to bring home. If it is good up there, Noah can finish threshing here and still get up there in time for harvest and threshing there." North Dakota was an awful long way from home, and as the day of departure drew near, I was getting a little shaky about going. I definitely would not have backed out on going. I would not have dared; but I think that deep down in my heart I was glad for a chance to get out of going gracefully. We agreed to Uncle Asher's proposition right then and there.

There were but two events that whole spring that I think worthy of mention. One of them I had not thought of for nearly fifty years. I was visiting in Indiana and an eye-witness reminded me of it. Uncle Asher and I were plowing in the same field. He had a brand-new gang plow, the first in our neighborhood, and was using four horses on it. I had three horses on a walking plow. One day just after dinner he had to go away somewhere on an errand. He told me to plow the teams alternately, one round each until he got back. I plowed the first round with my team and came up behind his plow. His team was well-trained and his furrow horse never left the furrow of his own accord. So instead of mounting the riding plow, I slackened the lines, yelled at the furrow horse, and returned to my own plow. When nearing the far end, I stopped my team; ran forward; mounted the gang; turned it around the end; drove far enough so my team could come in behind them; and stopped. Then I ran across the plowed ground to my team, plowed them around the end and yelled at Old John. Uncle Asher didn't get back 'til just quitting time. When he saw how much I had plowed, he was naturally immensely pleased. It was probably the biggest half-day's plowing ever done by one man in the state of Indiana, up to that time. Tractors had not yet been

invented.

The other event was the Spanish American War. That caused a lot of excitement and war hysteria. All the Regular Army that was stationed in Indiana and all the Indiana National Guard were called into Indianapolis for intensive training, and to muster the National Guard into the U. S. Army. Also, there was a call for volunteers. That, too, caused a lot of excitement, both for those who actually volunteered, and those who talked about it. One Saturday night I went up to Hortonville, about two miles from home, and joined a bunch who were "talking about it". It was suggested that we all go down and join up in a bunch. I wasn't quite sure if I wanted to go or not; and besides, in that war they didn't take boys until they were twenty-one or had their parent's consent. I wasn't quite nineteen, and was very skeptical about getting Father's consent. He was a Quaker, and Quakers are opposed to war; but that hadn't kept him from enlisting in the Civil War.

* * * * * * * * *

In that war they took boys at eighteen. When the war broke out, his two older brothers, Elias and John, enlisted and he followed suit just as soon as he was eighteen, something over a year later. He went to Lafayette, Indiana, and signed up; but when he took his physical they turned him down on account of a crooked arm. It was broken when he was four years old and never set. It did not interfere with his work; but the doctor told him there would be enough cripples when the war was over without taking any in. He said he felt like starting a little war of his own right there to convince that doctor he could fight, but didn't and has been glad ever since that they turned him down. His brothers got down into Kentucky and both took the measles. John died without ever seeing a Rebel in uniform. Elias got able to rejoin his regiment; went on a forced

march; took a relapse; and didn't recover; so they mustered him out and sent him home just in time to die.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Knowing Father's religious convictions, and his experience in the Civil War, I felt' like my skepticism about getting his consent to join was amply justified. There were no birth certificates in those days and many boys got in by lying about their ages, but I refused to do that. Then someone suggested that we all go down to Indianapolis and see what it was all about; and we could see when we got there whether we really wanted to enlist or not. I was all for that idea but there were two roadblocks. I didn't have any money, and the morning train didn't stop at Hortonville anyhow. Then Irving Hinshaw, a distant cousin, came up with an idea. He and his brother, Rufus, had a room rented in Westfield, where they kept batch while going to school. We could all walk down there, spend the night in their room, and catch the morning train there. It is really amazing at how many people in this world talk big but drop out when it comes to the show-down. So it was here. Irving and I were the only ones who went. We walked the entire five miles to Westfield; went past home; and I got Uncle Robert out of bed in the middle of the night to get money to go on. It was some three or four miles from the Indianapolis Union Depot to the fairground, where the soldiers were encamped. All vehicles were horse-drawn, and the traffic was so heavy that the dust was inches deep, and a dust pall hung over everything. The dust was so deep we didn't even walk in it, but on the grass beside the road. We walked faster than the draft horses pulling the heavy loads, so overtook two farm wagons with sideboards on, loaded with bread. Nothing was wrapped, and the bread was piled so high that every once in a while when a wheel hit a chuck hole, a loaf would fall off in the dust and filth. A Negro boy walked behind each wagon; and

when a loaf fell off, he tossed it back on.

Between regular Army and National Guards, there were five thousand men. We went out to the parade ground and watched them drill, and on parade. It certainly was a beautiful sight, and I wondered how I would like to be a part of such a parade. I got my answer in no uncertain terms at mess time.

In addition to the above 5,000, there were many teamsters, cooks, camp helpers, and several hundred head of horses and mules. The only toilets were of the open variety. The stench was something terrible. To combat the stench, they used liberal quantities of lime in the toilets. Maybe it helped, but it was far from effective. No one knew then where flies breed, nor that they carry disease. There were no screens, hence flies by the million. When the soldiers lined up for mess, I looked on. They formed a long line and each one had his own mess kit, consisting of a tin plate, a tin cup, knife, fork, and spoon. As they filed through the kitchen, each one was served a liberal ladle of stew, a slice of bread about two inches thick, and a tin cup full of black coffee. Flies were all over the food and the lime on them showed where they had been. To cap it off, I saw one poor fellow get a slice of bread that the wagon wheel had run over and pressed down into the dust and filth in the road. He asked for a slice that had not been run over. The mess sergeant said, "That's your slice. Eat it or you get nothing." I thought to myself: "If that is the way they treat them in the Army, I don't want any part of it." I had read in the papers how many soldiers Spain had in Cuba, and did a little mathematics on the situation. If all the forty states had as many soldiers as Indiana, that would be two hundred thousand, and I knew they were raising volunteer regiments in the South of men who had already had yellow fever and were therefore immune. I said to myself: "This bunch will never get to Cuba. If there was even a chance that I

could go right on through to Cuba, I might enlist, but with nothing in sight but this kind of camp life, I'm going home." How right I was. I promptly lost all thought of asking Father's consent to enlist. As for that particular part of the Army, they went into camp in Tennessee for more training; an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out and many of them died. The rest were mustered out and sent home.

Five and a half years later I went to Cuba on my own.