

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

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1936

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Get yourself a hobby and ride it. My most recent hobby has been to call back to my memory the family names of persons that I chanced to meet and form acquaintances with during a lifetime of seventy-six years. Recalling names also brings back to my memory certain happenings which to me at least are interesting and will record some of them here from time to time as they occur to me.

That I was born seems self evident as I myself stand as a monument of proof. My information is to the effect and seems entirely reliable that I was born October 18, 1859 in a log house near Polk City, Polk County, Iowa. The fact however of my birth in a log house seems to have given me the same chance of becoming great as Lincoln had - he being also born in a log house, but for reasons unknown to me this log house did not have the same effect on me as it did on Lincoln and to the best of my knowledge I have never been accused of being a great man.

Considering my very limited schooling it may seem pretentious to undertake the task of writing something that might interest others except perhaps our own family so I wish to offer my apologies for the effort. As I have already mentioned I was born and so I learned afterward that I was the sixteenth child and if it had not so happened that fifteen other youngsters had arrived at our home before me, I might have been an only child. Through the suggestion of a neighbor whose given name was Peter I was to be named Peter. My father's dislike for his own given name (Peter) was such that none of my senior brothers were named Peter. So it was agreed that I might be named Peter provided Herman were given as a second name so Peter Herman Gfeller was settled onto me for keeps. At school I was Pete; at home, Herman.

My parents arriving from Switzerland in 1853 did not learn the American language and the Swiss-German was used altogether in our house. Outside I heard mostly English so it happened that I acquired both languages at the same time. When quite young I was sometimes taken along to town by my father as an interpreter.

Our first farm was located near the timber line extending several miles from the Des Moines river and a small creek passed through our farm. This creek furnished the very popular swimming hole and at times some fishing. The pasture consisted mostly of timber and I could gather walnuts, butternuts, hickorynuts, hazelnuts, red haw, black haw; also wild cherries, wild strawberries, and May apples. Livestock raised on this farm consisted of cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs as well as chickens. Hogs especially did well, fattening and growing on acorns and the numerous nuts and berries mentioned above. The cattle grazed on open prairie and were turned out mornings and driven back home evenings.

A pet Indian pony that I well remember was used mostly for the purpose of rounding up the cattle in the evening. Well do I remember the first time I was allowed to accompany my sister, Louise, to round up the cows. I was told I would be allowed to ride the pony and that we would start at 5 P. M. It seemed about the longest day I ever experienced to wait for the clock to show five o'clock. Impatient at the slowness of the clock I finally climbed upon a chair and moved the clock hands ahead and the folks afterward wondered why the clock had gained one hour that p. m. Later I was allowed to round up the cows by myself. I must

have been quite small then for I overheard a neighbor tell father that one of his kids came by his place, the top of the kid's head being just a little higher than the saddle horn.

The grim reaper seemed to pursue me early in life as I was told later. At the tender age of two years I was rescued from a shallow well by an older sister who saved me from a watery grave.

My memory now reverts back to the time when we three youngest children slept in what was called a trundle bed which was pulled out from under our parents' big bed at night and returned back under the big bed in the daytime. Then it was that we received our first instruction in vocal music. Father would lead the scale up and down with the rhyme, "I wet I hat a hut voll hazelnuss. I wet so essa ohn vertruss" which represented the scale first up and then down. Later I learned to play some musical instruments including violin, guitar, accordian, and last but not least the Jews harp, but did not reach any notable attainments. Many years later I played a tuba bass in a band which I may describe later. All the above mentioned musical experience except the brass band were without any knowledge of notes and altogether by ear or hearing. I tried to gain some knowledge of notes as written in books but was confused by the fact that some notes had their tails up and some with tails down so gave it up as too much of a mystery for me to solve.

Before my attendance at school I recall that the schoolhouse which was located on our farm was burned. A temporary school was provided by using an old log cabin located very near our own log house to finish that term of school. The teacher, a neighbor's sister named Sue Robinson, sometimes during the noon hour would entertain me and even pick me up in her arms. Sue was always accompanied by her big black wooly dog named Bifu. Bige, as we called him, would lie down at the school house door and wait patiently for his mistress. One day I decided that Bige should go home and suiting the thought with action I began hurling stones and clubs at Bige more often hitting the schoolhouse door than the dog and so disturbing the peace of the school and compelling Miss Sue to put a stop to my disturbance. Later when I reached school age Miss Sue was still teaching. As a new school house had been built replacing the burned one it was so-called summer term. One sultry afternoon many of the kids seemed drousy; even the teacher began to nod her head. A large boy, Ike Williams, began to snore in the seat just in front of me. After due consideration I reached the verdict that I should be appointed a committee of one to wake Ike up. Searching my own clothes I located a pin which was to be used to rouse the sleeper. Cautiously I proceeded to locate my little self directly beneath Ike's seat and as the benches were all slatted I had no trouble to introduce my pin where I would bring quick results. It did bring results for Ike jumped clear out of his seat with a loud report which seemed to come from the region of his face which of course aroused the whole school the teacher included. Before I was able to get back to my seat she had me by the neck and gently helped me back to my seat. There was no more sleeping that day.

Ike's brother Ed persuaded me to sell him a nice pen and holder for ten cents. Ed was to bring me the dime to school next day and he still owes me the dime today. That wasn't the only dime that I lost in a lifetime, but goes to prove that human nature has not improved much since then.

Methods of farming however have made a wonderful advancement. Our earliest method of cornplanting was all or nearly handwork. Furrows were made with a single shoval plow and several of us kids were provided with small bags filled

with seed corn secured about our shoulders with straps, and were instructed to drop three kernels of corn about a step apart. The older brothers followed up with hoes to cover the seed. Cultivating the corn was done with a single horse attached to a single shovel plow going up and down each space between two rows three times. After that the job was finished with the hoe. The following fall every corn stalk was cut by hand and placed in shock. During the winter it was hauled to the yard to feed cattle and horses.

Prairie chickens and quail got their share of the corn as these birds were very numerous. We found it great sport to trap the birds, and in that way furnished meat for the household.

Hay for the stock was obtained out on the open prairie by the process of mowing with the scythe and raking by hand with rakes especially designed for that purpose. Small grain such as wheat or oats were harvested with a cradle (not a baby cradle) which was an implement like the grass scythe with fingers attached somewhat resembling a giant hand to catch the grain as it was cut. It was bound by hand with straw bands. Later a manufacturer in Chicago invented a machine with a sickle with a reel and platform drawn by four horses, a man standing or leaning against a post of the rear of the platform armed with a fork to rake off the grain from the platform, the bunches suitable for the binder that followed. That was called the manny reaper. Next came the Dropper which had a hinged platform that could be lowered to drop off the accumulated grain in suitable quantities for a bundle. The next improvement in harvesting machinery was the self rake which raked the bundle out away from the last swath far enough so the machine could continue without passing over the dropping of the previous swath. The rule was now established that five men should be able to bind after this machine making suitable stations around each field. Some years later the self binder was invented using wire to bind the bundles and at one time a machine called a Marsh harvester named after the manufacturer Marsh elevated the cut grain onto a platform and two men standing on the platform were supposed to do the binding, but did not always succeed in keeping up with the machines. Next came the header, twine binder, and combine.

Going back once more to my early experience I mentioned that our folks had sheep at that time and I took a childish delight when sheepshearing time arrived each spring. The wool then was prepared for spinning by some process which I do not now recall. Later this same wool was ready for the spinning wheel; my mother and sisters did the spinning, and many times I was accused of meddling with their spinning wheels, when they were absent from the room. A neighbor named Kirshner had a loom and would weave our spun yarn into cloth from which our clothes were made - both male and female - by the hands of mother and sisters. Those home spun and homemade clothes seemed never to wear out and were passed on down the line when outgrown by the older boys. Being near the bottom of the ladder no new clothes need be made for me. There were always plenty of outgrown garments for me to wear.

One winter I remember that a small tribe of Indians put up their wigwags and camped on the edge of the timber adjoining our farm. The squaws would visit neighboring farms to beg food. On a cold winter day a squaw visited our farm bringing some Indian boys and a small bundle on her back which proved to be a very young papoose. Upon coming into the house the babe began to cry. The squaw undid her bundle and nursed the babe which had been strapped to a board almost naked

with only a blanket over it for protection from the bitter cold outside. We afterward discovered the Indian boys outdoors with a longing eye on our chickens. Pointing to the chickens the Indian boys kept repeating a word that sounded to me like "pag e nah" which we interpreted to mean chicken. Upon motioning to them to try to catch a chicken which we guessed they could not do, permission was scarcely granted until to our surprise they each had a fat hen which we were told afterward were eaten raw.

Wild pigeons (which are now extinct) were so numerous then that flocks flying almost darkened the sun and were shot and trapped for food.

The usual contagious diseases of childhood such as measles, mumps, scarlet fever, or typhoid did not seem to cause me any inconvenience, being immune from all of them. Our family was stricken by a siege of typhoid fever when I was quite young, but I well recall the visits from the Doctor on horseback with his saddle-bags dangling from the saddle. Finally some of the patients began to mend and baked apples were often used to tempt their appetites. I would watch my chance to snatch up any fruit that was returned from the sick room, sneak out, and eagerly devour them, which fact according to medical authorities should have given me a real case of typhoid fever but it didn't.

We are now getting ready to move, our timber farm having been sold to a Mr. Keiser from Des Moines. Our new home was found several miles away. In the vicinity where the little town of Alleman now stands and in what might be called a Swiss settlement. At least the Swiss were in the majority. As to our associations at our new home I claim they were decidedly better than the boys were at our former home.

Three former Swiss schoolmasters were settled here, Mr. Bernhart, my father, and Mr. Fausch. The last named teaching Sunday School ably assisted by the other two. Mr. Fausch also taught a few weeks of vacation school where I got a little experience in German, and was able afterward to write a German letter that nearly anyone could read. Our district school could hardly be classed with present day graded schools. The pupils were graded as to their general knowledge by the number of readers they had passed. One having passed the fifth reader was considered very well advanced in his education and was not expected to make any further effort toward more knowledge. I had advanced to the fourth reader when I left school and secretly counted myself among the better educated. In spelling I had advanced to a point where I could spell such words as: incomprehensible, unintelligibility, and -- "constantenapolitanishedudlesaspfaifen" which seemed to me to be about the limit of literary advancement. As to grammar I must confess that my knowledge of grammar is nil as I never saw the inside of that book. In later years I often heard the expression "studying English" which almost tempted me to utter the remark that any fool could talk English.

No serious accidents are recorded in my mind of my school days. Only once do I remember that a big boy tried to whip our teacher and the boy got the worst of it.

Our new farm consisted of 160 acres with several ponds of water on it. It was a duplicate of many other farms in that vicinity as nearly all of them had more or less low land forming ponds in a wet season. Some had sizeable swamps on them which in later years were drained out with tile. Our house needed repairing and a new roof. The carpenters had built scaffold to stand on to start

shingling, and a neighbor lady who by the way did not seem very bright inquired of the carpenters what they were building. One of the men jokingly remarked that the scaffold was a porch, and the lady said, "So that's a porch." Another time this same neighbor lady was at our house during a total eclipse of the sun. "Yammers yammers," said she, "do you think we all have to die now?"

In the later part of my school days I began to seriously consider the advisability of falling in love with some of the school girls I had listed in my mind, at least four different girls that I admired and considered them worthy of my serious attentions but was unable to decide which of the four should be favored with my undivided attentions. My older brothers one after the other now reaching maturity and wishing to establish homes of their own, it was unanimously agreed that we would need to migrate farther south or west where cheaper land would be available. Consequently father started on a land seeking tour first visiting in Tennessee where he was told of a Swiss settlement. Evidently that was in or near the Cumberland mountains. He wrote home that if his sons were to inhabit this region they would need to become goat farmers. From there he headed for Kansas which seemed to suit him better as he bargained for a half section of railroad land at \$2.50 per acre. The older brothers were able to obtain homestead land at that time and promptly took advantage of this opportunity. The half section railroad land was to be divided later among the four youngest sons, Adolph, Robert, Will, and myself. Then the Iowa farm was offered for sale but some time elapsed before a sale was made. Sometime in 1874 a Mr. Peters showed up and bought our farm. He took possession March 1, 1875.

During the winter of '74 and '75 preparations were made for the coming move. Brother Will and I did the hauling to market when the roads were fit. Mostly corn and oats was raised that year. That of course took us out of school at least one term sooner than had been planned. We were also entrusted with the task of supplying our household with wood from the timber near Polk City. A neighbor boy who afterward became my brother-in-law, Gottlieb Lehman, was hired that day to help haul wood. We started out with lively teams hitched to Bob sleds. I took the lead, Brother Will next, Gottlieb third, my team outdistanced the others and reached the timber first. Loading the already cut cord wood I started back the same way we had come. A few miles back I encountered a wreck of two Bob sleighs, two boys, and one team and plenty of broken harness double trees and neckyokes. The explanation was that Gottlieb's team became unmanagable, running at breakneck speed, overtaking Will's team, and running over him and both teams in a heap. However one team managed to untangle themselves and made further progress into the timber. After finding the lost team we gathered up the wreckage and once more started on our homeward journey leaving the wreckage in Polk City for repairs. All this time I was offering congratulations to myself for being the only one of the three to return home with a full load of wood, but, "O Horrors!" about two miles out of Polk City I encountered a very icy and sideling hill. My sled, wood, and all went rolling down a steep bank leaving my team and tongue of the sled on top of the bank. We finally managed to get the empty sled back into the road, tied the tongue that had broken off back to the sled with string, rope, and wire and reached home that night empty, tired, and not very happy.

Before I am ready to start for Kansas I must once more tinker with the clock, but this time I turn the hands backward and gather up some thread of this story that did not seem to fit in or come to my memory sooner. During the later part of the Civil War every one seemed to take a very lively interest in politics. Wherever two or more neighbors met you could hear Lincoln, Douglas, and the war discussed. I had a special horror of the war rebels and when strangers appeared at our farm I would take to the tall timber, thinking them to be rebels. I

recall now the evening as father was reading the weekly paper, he looked up from his paper announcing that Lincoln had been shot, and as it seemed to me at that time that more of the neighbors were Democrats than Republicans I was not quite sure if I should feel sad over the loss of Lincoln or not.

A neighbor named Beary was called to our place to do some plastering. Beary was a very sober faced homely looking creature — in fact I imagined that his face surely must cause him severe pain. He however had a sense of humor of his own. While he was in another room plastering I sneaked in and with a little stick was stirring the mortar; on his return for another batch of mortar, seeing me stirring in the mortar in order to scare me and then have a good laugh over it he put on his soberest face and called in a loud voice, "Bueb hür da chara" which of course caused me to shift in high gear to escape his wrath. Before I reached a great distance I heard him "He ha ha" and called me to come back. I mistrusted his motive however and stayed at a safe distance. He then asked me what my name might be. My reply of course was "Herman." What said he, "Her und den noch man das ist dock gar zu gut fur so no Schnuderbub." Later, the same question was put to me by a German neighbor. He repeated the name Herman several times; "Yes," he said, "that at one time was a very popular and honored name in Germany. Knights, Earls, and Dukes were honored by that name." I am sorry however to note by the recent specimens of that name that they have greatly deteriorated. This observation of course took some of the conceit out of me and the fact that I was a graduate of the fourth reader "McGuffy" at that and I also considered myself a graduate of a German school of instruction. All these accomplishments did not loom so high anymore.

Before leaving Iowa we also received religious instruction and were in due time confirmed. During this period I took it onto myself to manufacture a violin, perhaps I should say a fiddle — that sounds more like it looked. It was a fiddle and it played. For the bow I made, I got the wood part from my brother, Fred, and afterward robbed one of our gray horse's tails to supply the bow with the necessary hair. One day when I flunked on my lesson in religious instruction our pastor Rev. Kern remarked, "Du hast Wieder zuviel gegigt." One of the other boys being late to school one morning explained his tardiness by saying that one of the triggers on their clock came loose.

My brother-in-law, Fueggy, as well as all the older brothers, Fred, Godfried, Gottlieb, Adolph, and Robert had preceded us to Kansas. A sale is called and advertised to take place March 2nd, 1875 to dispose of everything we had as father did not intend to farm in Kansas. The snow was so deep around the barnyard on the date of the sale that many implements had to be dug out of the snow. We had two nearly new hay frames. One was on the wagon, the other buried in a deep drift and out of sight. The snow covered rack was sold, sight unseen at a good price. On the evening of our departure for the wild west, the young people of the neighborhood gathered at our house to bid us farewell. This gathering included the Lehman boys and their little sister, Rose. When the time of parting arrived I noticed that the boys considered it their duty to see the girls safely home. One little girl however seemed to be missed and I felt duty bound to see her home too. But on the way I recalled the savage dog called Jack, at the Lehman home, and was speculating all the way home how Jack might receive me if I should venture too near. I played safe and stayed at a respectable distance from the Lehman home and bid my little charge good-night and did not see her again for about five years. I may refer to our next meeting later. Next day we were taken to Des Moines to reach a train for Kansas. The trip to town was mostly on top of deep

snow banks which were frozen hard enough to carry team and wagon. If necessary we could pass over the top of fences with hindrances. In Des Moines we stopped that night at a sort of farmer's home. They also kept a yard and barn. The proprietor's name was Wunderlich. There I saw my first Dominos, and I was instructed how to play them. During the evening a so-called "Corn Peddler" or Doctor called there to ascertain if any of the guests had corns. The answer he received from the farmers present was that we all had corns but it was all in the crib and not on our toes.

At this time it was not uncommon to meet people that were illiterate which calls to my memory a remark of an uneducated neighbor, Alley, whose children were then going to school and would repeat words at home that they heard in school. These words were eagerly absorbed by the elder Alley with a will and purpose to use those new words at the first opportunity to impress his hearers with his wonderful knowledge of the English language. One day a storm was threatening with dense black clouds rolling in the air and with fierce thunder and lightning. A number of citizens of Polk City were discussing the probabilities of what this threatening storm might bring when Mr. Alley appeared on the scene with this view on the approaching storm. "Gentlemen," said he, "let me tell you just what is going to happen now. The atmosphere and the hemisphere will bump together and then it will rain like Hell."

A Methodist revival meeting was going forward in Polk City and the Methodist minister approached a Mr. Schneider with an earnest admonition to attend his meetings. Mr. Schneider's reply was, "No I come not. When I go way children might burn up the house down."

The principle amusements for the young people of this time was an occasional party, spelling schools, and taffy pulls. The latter were generally held in the school house. The last one that I attended was somewhat of a fizzle owing principally to the fact that heating stoves were not entirely suited for the purpose of boiling the sorghum molasses into taffy. On this occasion we managed to get the mess hot but not boiling so a committee was named to rustle some spoons and saucers and we proceeded to devour our sweets in that way. One of the larger boys however saved the day by offering to deliver a lecture for our entertainment. Taking his dish of molasses on the teacher's platform he announced his subject thus: "The old cow crossed the road and the reason she crossed the road was because she wanted to cross the road." His next sentence was as I remember it, "And I shall flee over the mountain of Hepsodem where the lion roareth and the whackadoodle mourneth for his first born." Continuing on that order he also mentioned something about Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Dontcareadam. While he was delivering his lecture he would punctuate each sentence with a liberal allowance of molasses. A vote of thanks was offered him for the entertainment. Adjournment was voted and all went home well pleased with the success of our taffy pull.

A ball game called Townball was played which somewhat resembled Baseball. Skating on the ice was a very popular sport especially where we were called upon to assist a girl learning to skate. This was also the time when hoop skirts, bustles, tucks and ruffles or whatever they were called were very popular among the ladies. Some of the boys showed up at Sunday School dressed in what we took to be boiled shirts but we soon learned the truth when we met Sunday P. M. at the swimming hole. It proved to be just a buson attached over the hickory shirt with strings around neck and body. We promptly named them "Humbug."

A Mr. Richter entering the Armstrong drugstore made this demand: "Mr. Armstrong," said he, "I want some Derpadine, I got a sick calf and I dunno was ihm fehlt."

A Swede entered the blacksmith shop of Mr. Hetherfield holding a broken clevis in his hand with the request: "Mr. Netherfield, you burn this clevis together just a little bit. I only borrow him."

Dr. Matter inquired if there might be a suitable place to practice medicine in Kansas. On being informed that Kansas people did not get sick and consequently needed no doctor, he replied, "Don't worry I will make them sick when I get there."

My first experience as a wage earner came when brother Will and I were allowed to hire out to Harry Stunford as potato pickers at the magnificent sum of ten cents per day. Our noon meal consisted of boiled potatoes, tea that was as thick as our soup at home and nearly raw bacon about three inches thick and was so fat that on touching it, it would shake and tremble like the proverbial aspen leaf. Stanford told afterward that the boys did very well picking potatoes, but were evidently not hungry at meal time and wondered why.

Some pages back I had started for Kansas and at last eight people were sitting by a table in our Hotel in Des Moines playing Dominoes. I now bid farewell to old Iowa, my old associates and friends and leave with a view of seeking adventure and excitement in a new land, Kansas, where I was to remain perhaps for the rest of my days. We arrive in Junction City in due time on March 4th and were met and welcomed by Brother-in-law, Fuegy, with a lumber wagon drawn by two little mules. As we had left high snowdrifts in Iowa we were agreeably surprised on our way to the country to see no snow. The prairies were bare and black with no dead grass or vegetation in sight anywhere. That had been cleaned up by the grasshoppers the previous fall, 1874. We were kindly received by the brothers and other relatives, but aside a remark was made to the effect that when one pest leaves another follows, referring of course to the grasshopper pest. The hoppers had deposited millions of eggs in the fall and the worry of the few settlers was what was to happen to the new crops to be planted that spring when all the hopper eggs should hatch out young hoppers, warm weather early hatched the eggs before much vegetation had started and many young hoppers perished for the want of food. Sometime later a very cold spell finished the destruction of the hopper pest and a fair crop was raised that summer.

Will and I were dumped on the day of arrival at the Gottlieb homestead where brother Robert also made his home. Our accommodations were in the little stone house (now used as a chicken-house) which consisted of two rooms -- one below which represented the kitchen, dining room, bedroom and parlor. The upper room was a bedroom exclusively and we three brothers slept in one bed. Brother Robert was of a pessimistic disposition and did not speak very encouragingly about the future prospect of a Kansas farmer. This of course caused me some uneasiness and almost started a spell of homesickness in me.

It was agreed all around that our new home was to be located on the north eighty of the half section R. R. land previously purchased by father. This eighty was to be deeded to me later when I should have reached maturity and it was agreed that I was to assume the expense of the improvements later on, which I did. Preparations were soon started to carry out this plan and a basement was excavated

and a cellar was of native stone and soon completed. Next the carpenters appeared and in a few more days our four room house - two below and two above - should be completed. But before the roof was on a storm one night tipped over the whole structure with much damage to the lumber in the building. It was now all to be done over again. All the lumber that could be salvaged was used again and some more new lumber added. In time our new home was completed and we moved in. No water being available yet we had to haul water from a spring at the creek in barrels to supply our needs and as we had no team of our own we would borrow a team and drag or wagon to haul the water. Soon after the house was occupied by us we started the task of digging a well which at that time had to be done with pick and shovel. A well digger was hired and a windlass was erected to pull up the diggings. The work had begun by harvest time that summer (later part of June). The prospective well had reached a depth of around sixty feet and now must be abandoned for a time at least as we had agreed to help the Buhers who had raised a winter wheat crop to help in the harvest. The harvest machine used was the dropper style and it was necessary to bind the wheat as fast as cut. Stations were marked around the field, each binder must finish binding his station before the machine came around again. The senior Mr. Buhrer and our well digger were the shockers. I was one of the binders and had no trouble keeping up with my station and though I was the youngest among the harvesters not yet sixteen. Father Buhrer decided one day that I was to be spared of the hard job of binding so I was to trade work with our well digger. As the shocking did not necessarily have to be kept up with the binding I would not be rushed and so would be easier on me. This change was made in the morning and at noon the driver of the dropper asked that the kid should be returned as a binder as he had to stop the machine every round and help the well digger bind his station so I returned to my old job after dinner. After harvest we again tackled the job of well digging. Father and I at the windlass with our old hand picking away in the solid rock which we encountered all the way. Late that fall we finally reached the depth of one hundred three feet where a nice flow of water was reached and the task of walling up this one hundred foot hole with rock that had previously been quarried and hauled was begun, and in time completed. A well curb was built over the well and well wheel provided with a rope and a so-called well bucket attached to each end of the rope passing over the wheel -- one bucket going down while the full bucket was going up. Not all wells at that time had two buckets, some had only one because money was not available to buy two buckets.

Having been kept very busy all that first summer no time was found to start a serious case of home-sickness and soon the memory of my old associates began to fade in my memory.

Before leaving Iowa my brother Will had learned the trade of cigar making and as no provision for farming had been made it was agreed that a stock of leaf tobacco was to be procured and he was to teach me the art of making cigars when the tobacco arrived. We started a cigar factory upstairs in our house and put in the entire winter at our trade. However the odor of tobacco together with sitting on a chair all winter did not agree with me and spring arrived I could no longer be kept in the house.

Team and harness and a plow were finally procured and once more I was happy to show my skill as a farmer. My first job of course was breaking prairie. My first furrows were a half mile long and I made about twenty rounds per day which means that many miles. About twenty acres were planted to seed corn which was

planted using an ax to cut a slit into the sod depositing a few grains of seed corn into the slit and stepping on it to cover it. A fair crop corn was produced that season and some was cut up for feed. Some of the sod broken that summer was sown to wheat which produced a good crop the next year. While very well pleased with farming I had an ambition to become a machine man so I made a trip to Enterprise to consult with Jake Ehrscm, head of the Ehrscm Milling Machine Manufacturing Company. Mr. Ehrscm readily agreed to accept me as an apprentice to learn the trade. Wheat growing now became very common and profitable. The first headers were now being introduced. A header was procured that year by Brother-in-law Fueggy, Brother Robert and Father. The task of running the header was voted onto me. Later a threshing machine was added to the equipment and I had another chance to show my skill and ability as a mechanic. So it became necessary to abandon my plans to become a real machine man at Enterprise for the time being at least. I soon became so thoroughly saturated with the threshing machine bug that I was unable to shake it off, and consequently I followed the threshing game a great many years.

Among the very first people I met on our arrival in the then small town of Junction City was a Mr. J. A. Kummer and his partner, a Mr. Reckon, who were then in the Grocery business on the corner of sixth and Washington now occupied by Hickey and Dixon. The building then was of frame of native timber and sides were boarded up and down. Other firms of that day were Streeter & Strickler, General Mdse., Blattner & Blakely Hardware, John Ross & Sons, John Gross & Sons, Sargent Bertward, Chipman, Hoppen, and Deppish, the Kiehl Bros., Frank O'Riley, Campbell (The Auctioneer) Scott & Thurstone, John David, Ed. Tribune, Geo. Martin, Ed Union, Behrend, Vogler, Starkey, Meade, Fogarty, Dr. Raber, Dr. Schleehuber. A few years later the Rockwells appeared on the scene and many others that I could mention. Most of the business houses along Washington Street were frame structures. My new associates were nearly all mature people which fact may have had a tendency to influence my mind toward maturer thoughts.

The chief amusements of the early settlers were an occasional beer party and a dance or when we met to amuse ourselves telling stories. Brother Fred and Add King were voted the champion story tellers. King was one of my favorites. He would invite me to come and visit with him saying, "Come prepared to stay all day. Eat your breakfast at home. Bring along your dinner. Go home for supper and bring plenty of smoking tobacco and two pipes and then we will have a smoke together. I have some matches which I will donate free gratis." One of King's chief tricks was to scare the wits out of strangers that might happen along and ask for a night's lodging and King would go to any extremes to impress the stranger that he (King) was a pirate and a very dangerous and desperate character. A "10¢" jewelry peddler approached the King home one evening late asking for a night's lodging which was readily agreed to. During the supper hour King kept eyeing a big butcher knife and would occasionally test the knife with his thumb to ascertain the degree of sharpness of the knife. When supper was over King kindly escorted the stranger to the room he was to occupy that night being careful to leave the door partly open so the stranger might hear the conversation that took place in the next room. "Sadie," King addressed his wife, "What have you done to this knife to make it so dull? O well," says King, "that just reminds me that ain't the same knife we used to butcher that last peddler that stopped here some time ago."

"O shut up," Mrs. King ordered.

"O now," says King, "you need not deny the fact that you helped me to drag his body down to the hogpen."

Shortly after the Kings had gone to bed some slow and cautious footsteps were heard moving toward the door and a very low voice was heard to utter the remark, "Saved from a robber's den."

Another favorite story went the rounds then about the two travelers seeing a turtle with his head cut off and the turtle was still moving about. One argued that the turtle was dead because he was minus his head, the other argued the turtle was not dead as he still was able to move about. So it was agreed that the first man going that way should be asked to settle the controversy. It must have been a Swede who came along, for his decision was: "He bane dead alright but he ban such tam fool he don't find it out yet."

A friend of our family from Illinois paid us a visit about corn husking time and accompanied me to the field to husk a load of corn. Soon we spied a cotton tail rabbit and my friend producing a small revolver leaned over close to where the rabbit was resting and fired once, twice, three times. At the fourth shot the rabbit jumped up and ran away. "Now I hit him," said he, "just see him go."

We were helping some one haul wheat. About six Gfellers each with a load of wheat passed over the Rockwall scale to be weighed. A colored boy working in our neighborhood at that time brought up the rear. The weigher, Mr. Calihan, looked up at him with this question, "Which one of the Gfeller boys are you?" The reply was "Who do you take me for anyway? My name is Henry Washington." Henry Washington had been employed as a farm hand for some time and some of the boys found it to be lots of fun to teach Henry the Swiss language. So Henry became the only colored boy I ever met that could talk Swiss. Previously I have described some of the primitive methods of farming as was being practiced in our old home in Iowa. Some improvement in our methods of farming being noted are: the hand corn planter has arrived on the scene which was a contrivance that the operator carried in both hands in front of his person. The planter was then jabbed in the loose ground depositing a few kernels of corn. The field must first be plowed and harrowed, then marked out both ways so as to enable us to cultivate the corn two ways. Our first cultivators were called double shovel plows having two shovels attached to a wood frame drawn by a single horse and would finish one space between two rows each round. Later a cultivator was used drawn by two horses and would finish cultivating one full row at one operation. Small grain, wheat, oats or millet were sown by hand and we soon became expert in making a nice even spread with a heavy bag of seed on our shoulder. The then prevailing winds were mostly north and south which made it necessary to lay out the fields east and west, so the seed might spread with the prevailing winds sowing with the right hand one way using the left hand on the return trip.

Returning back to my first summer in Kansas and the prairie breaking job which job called for sharp plow shares, I conceived the idea that with the necessary equipment I would be able to hammer out my own plow shares thus saving time and money, a second hand belloes, anvil, vice, hammer and tongs were procured, set up, and my new job as blacksmith was entered into with great enthusiasm. After repeated trials I was able to sharpen plow shares, make clevises and picket pins. As my brothers and others brought their dull shares to be sharpened and bought my clevises and picket pins and I considered this easy money putting in my noon-hour and any other spare time in the shop. This was my first experience in a financial

way as that was the first real money earned that I could call my very own. After saving a few dollars I was struck with the speculative fever and invested in a pig which later raised a family of six little porkers. Later I swapped some of my swine herd for a pony and after that dealt the pony and more pork for a large mare which later also raised a family. By that time it dawned on me that I was a natural born speculator and headed in the right direction to become a successful financier.

Having now arrived at that period of life 15 to 18 where nearly all boys (and some girls too) overestimate their importance in life I began speculating as to my future greatness that I should achieve and when I should have reached my majority eventually. My thoughts would wander back to my old home in Iowa and would speculate as to which of my former girl friends I would choose for a life partner (I said choose) for it did not occur to me then that it might be necessary to consult the party of the second part in the matter -- for I felt that most any young lady should feel proud to receive attention from me. I here wish to confess that as a lover I was a complete flop. Because of the fact that girls hereabouts were very scarce I consequently had no chance to practice the gentle art of love making on them. Valentine's Day came then the same as it does now. I invested a quarter selecting a nice valentine and addressed it to Miss Rose Lehman, Palmer, Iowa, as a preliminary. Later a tintype photograph of myself was mailed to the same address which opened the way for future correspondence which finally terminated into a life partnership on the eleventh day of November 1880. The photo of myself sent to Iowa was rated as the likeness of a fair looking young man. Another photo of the same make was sent to my nephew, Herman Lehman. A low Dutch boy seeing it declared, "Da kiked grad no wie an lorg" which was not quite so complimentary and in good U. S. A. language might be translated "He looks like he might be a rascal." I have now reached manhood and thanks to my strenuous out-door exercise and the blacksmith shop I have developed a strong healthy body, especially from the shoulders down. That part of me above the shoulders need not be described here. Both parts together reached a height of five feet eight inches and the entire frame weight about 160 pounds.

Much pleasure was derived by breaking wild and outlaw horses and mules. These wild critters were shipped in from Texas, New Mexico and Oregon and could be purchased cheap. When they were broken to ride and drive they would sell again at a good price. Sometimes it became necessary to call for help with extreme unruly horses and such calls were always readily answered by my brother, Adolph. Weather and climatic conditions being quite uncertain then as now some of the older settlers became dissatisfied with the country and some were ready to move most anywhere, but Oregon seemed the most likely place to go. My brother-in-law, Fueggy, was among the most enthusiastic defenders among the Oregonians. He offered to sell me his farm at what seemed a very reasonable figure giving me plenty of time to pay. Brother Adolph had a chance to sell his farm some distance away so it was agreed that I was to buy the Fueggy farm and we would divide the place between us which we did. Fueggy now called a public sale hiring Seme Cookson for auctioneer. On the day of the sale a big crowd had gathered. A refreshment stand was also provided selling sandwiches, candy, gum, cigars, pop and hard cider. The cider barrel being well patronized, some of the crowd became quite noisay and may have had something to do with what happened afterwards. Jeff Cookson had purchased a horse at the sale and offered his Note for the purchase price which Note was not acceptable to Mr. Fueggy. Cookson went to the barn to take the horse anyway. Brother Adolph ordered Cookson out when Cookson struck Adolph and a tussal between the two came to my notice. In a few leaps I was at the

scene of the trouble, letting drive one of my blacksmith fists in Big Cookson's face, grabbed his throat and down went Cookson and me on top. He now tried to reach my head with his boots which I managed to dodge then he tried to pull my head down with a view of using his teeth as a weapon of defense which also failed. Then he agreed he had enough and I let him up. While the tussel was in progress I felt a heavy blow landing on my cheek bone which was afterward learned was delivered to me by the older Cookson with a rock and as the blood had been streaming from my wound all that time I must have been quite a sight. No sooner that it was noticed that I was bleeding a general riot started -- friends and enemies alike beating each other without mercy. The Cooksons then took to their heels and fled leaving their own team and wagon behind. Fueggy insisted that the Cooksons must come back for their team and then he would have a chance to finish the whipping that they so richly deserved. We managed to get the team and overtaking the fleeing Cooksons delivered the rig to them.

In the early days I was inclined to the Democratic side of the political fence but after reading John J. Ingalls definition of the Democrats I turned Republican and was a great admirer of Teddy Roosevelt. Ingalls definition of a Democrat was: "Not all Democrats are horsethieves but all horsethieves are Democrats." When Teddy was running for president the first time passing through Junction City he made a ten minute stop at the depot and I stood near enough to hear his talk and see him which I considered some achievement. Later I heard Mary Helen Lease who advised us farmers "to raise less wheat and more holl." I also heard Senator Peffer with the long whiskers speak, also Stubs Simpson (sockless Jerry), and Senator Capper when he was a candidate for Governor, and Tom McHiel. Later I served on a delegation of three with Governor Hoch to plead for the freedom from the penitentiary of one of our friends.

I did not reach any dizzy height in my own political experience. However I was once elected to the office of township Treasurer without my knowledge or consent. I also filled the responsible position of road overseer and other well paid positions such as member of the school board nearly forty years also church council and Sexton and many others too numerous to mention.

In time I also acquired the title of "papa" and much later "grandpa." I might also mention that I served as a director of the "Farmer's Mutual Insurance Co." about 27 years, a member of the board of directors of Golden Rule Co., also as president of that institution, Director of the Upland Mutual Telephone Co., Director of the Alida Livestock Improvement Co., President, Treasurer and General Manager of the Alida Thresher Co. Later I also served as director, appraiser and president of the Local Loan association in connection with Federal loans for the Federal Land Bank at Wichita. This probably ended my useful career as a public servant as I now sport the title, "Retired" and perhaps am now numbered among the forgotten men.

In the middle eighties I received my first lesson in feeding cattle and experienced some difficulty to find anyone who could give me the name of any Commission firm doing business in the Kansas City stockyards. This proved to be a great treat to me as I had not visited the stock yards before. This shipment proved to be quite satisfactory as I had fed mostly feed raised on our own farm and could buy bran at the Mills for \$4.00 per ton. Later I tried the feeding experiment often including hog feeding as well which were raised on our own farm. Dairying was also included in our plan of farming. About that time I felt the need of a barn which in time reached the stage where the 6 x 6 beams which constructed

the main frame were ready for erection. Brothers and neighbors appeared on that day for an old fashioned barn raising. The main frame is up and now we are ready to erect the roof stool which was mortised together from 6 x 6 beams to the length of sixty feet being a heavy lift even for the number of men present. Through an accidental slip of the pike poles used to raise this beam I received the weight of that part of the beam at my end of the raising on my shoulder which caused an injury to my spine of which I suffered severe pain for many years afterward.

The early settlers were noted for courage and endurance. One of our neighbors was suffering with a severe case of toothache which becoming unbearable induced him to visit a Dr. Rudiez, a Frenchman, who took up a homestead near Chapman farming and practicing medicine. On arrival at the Doctor's home he found the Dr. out on a call. He requested Mrs. Rudiez to perform as he could not bear the pain any longer. Mrs. Rudiez, however, refused to handle the forceps, so our patient requests the use of the forceps himself and as he describes the operation afterward he said, "After dragging myself around the room the troublesome tooth was finally extracted and I started home feeling better."

A story was told of one early settler who had no previous experience in agriculture who would go out to gather his corn crop leaving his wagon near the end of the field would send the children into the field with baskets to bring the snapped corn to the wagon to be husked there. The early homesteaders were required after five years residence on the homestead to prove by witness as to their faithful performance of residence and were also required to give truthful statements as to improvements. I was the witness for a Mr. Brueckner. The Land office attendant questioned Mr. Brueckner regarding the improvements made on his homestead during the five years residence the answer (which certainly was true) was: "First I lived in a small house, later I built a large house and a straw covered stable." The clerk repeating the above asked how large the present house was. The answer was "10 x 12 feet." A son of Mr. Brueckner who was raised in Cincinnati came out to Kansas to assist his father in farming and to learn the art of farming. As he informed me later his principal difficulty was to determine the sex of the different farm animals, and evidently he was not quite sure but that the little chicks received their nourishment from the Mother the same as the pigs did.

Pete Jackson gave me a surprise once when he started a conversation in German. On being questioned his answer was: "Wenn ich hab schnaps dann ick sprech deutch wenn ick hat kein schnaps dum ich sprech kein deutsch." Evidently this stimulant increased his vocabulary.

Tom Gearge, an Englishman, at the lumberyard used to ask us how many two by "heights heighteens" we wanted.

Before a schoolhouse was built our church services were held in Fuegy's house. Rev. Bauman, then living in the Turkey Creek vicinity south of Abilene, would hold services here once a month or oftener. Later a Rev. Schmidt served us about every two weeks meeting in the school house. About the year 1880 our Brother-in-law Rev. Lehman moved here from Illinois and a church was built and he served until his death. I was numbered among the charter members. The Methodist

denomination got an early foothold and tried hard to win us over to their faith. They were very active holding camp-meetings and numerous revival meetings where their lungs, however, were tested out to the limit. One elderly neighbor who had absolutely no talent for singing would join in the songs with the greatest enthusiasm singing the song in one tone of voice about two octaves below concert pitch which caused my father to remark, "I do not believe the good Lord would feel offended if Mr. Fourier did not try to sing."

The younger Bohnonblust boys invented an automatic grain weighing and measuring device which attached to a thrasher separator would operate by the weight of the grain and seemed a real success. Ted Manz and I were to have an interest in this invention provided we should help finance the expense of getting this device patented. In time we received our letters patent and we expected to be able to market our patent right at a good figure. The responsibility of finding a buyer for our patent was voted to me. I made a trip to Racine, Wisconsin in view of interesting the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company to purchase our patent. Mr. Case gave me a respectful hearing but declined to make any definite offer as he would need to council with his board of directors and if said directors were favorably inclined would then take up further negotiations with me. About a year later we noticed the J. I. Case separator had a measuring and weighing device on the same principal of ours but with changes sufficient so as not to infringe on our patent so we failed to get rich from our patent.

One of our early troubles were prairie fires with blue stem growing to a great height and fanned by a brisk wind created a great hazard and many a settler was burned out of house and home. When a smoke was visible in the distance all settlers began preparing to save themselves or others by starting back fires and plowing fireguards which were used to guide the backfires which were set to further safeguard the buildings. No fences were to be seen then as no material was available to build fences with except native stone which was sometimes used to build small enclosures which were called corrals. Our horses used for farm work were staked out evenings on fifty foot ropes with a picket pin driven into the ground to keep them where wanted. Milk cows were staked out the same way. Later a smooth wire was used attached to posts made from 2 x 4's. Smooth wire however did not prove satisfactory as the stock would soon learn to go through such fence. We were now being informed that a Mr. Husebrock at Riley Center had a machine that was used to fasten barbs to the smooth wire which proved to be a success in fence building and was readily used thereafter.

My earliest experiments with Alfalfa, Timothy, English bluegrass and Bromegrass proved to be a success from the start especially the Alfalfa and acreage was increased from time to time, until the goal of seventy-five acres was reached. This extra work of handling that amount of hay made it necessary to invest in so called labor saving machinery. However after using the labor saving machinery of every description for years it gradually dawned on me that labor saving was not the right name. It should have been named, Labor making, as I had to work harder than ever to keep all this machinery in repair so it could be used successfully. Our first tractor proved to be a regular friek, causing us an endless amount of grief. I had made a substantial cash payment on the outfit and my note for the balance and keenly felt the humiliation of being stung by a bum deal. Consequently I sought to try my hand at diplomacy. I wrote a letter to the company as follows;

To Mr. Wood,
Manager of Universal Tractor Company,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 30th ult. received and have carefully noted contents. I note also that your Mr. Wilson firmly believes that there is nothing wrong with my tractor. Now it may be that Mr. Wilson is right about the matter and then again it may be possible that he may be in error. Now the fact that the engine worked fairly well when Mr. Krugman was here is not sufficient proof that this machine can be made to work when the weather is hot. The fact of the matter is that the weather was moderately cool when Mr. Krugman was here and immediately afterward when the weather was hot the engine failed to work satisfactorily. The fact of the whole matter is this: that from July on when hot weather made its appearance this engine failed to work without overheating and causing any amount of trouble and delay. The fact that 90 acres is all I have been able to plow all this fall and that with the aid of four visits from Expert tractor men ought to bear me out in my statement. Now my contention is this: no one yet has been able to operate this engine when the mercury was up to 90 degrees or more without serious trouble and you are well aware of the fact that Kansas has the habit of furnishing just such weather at the time when we want to plow. Now would you expect me to cheerfully admit that this engine is all O. K. when I know positively that it is faulty and a freak. I do not ask you to take my word for it. But I stand ready to prove by competent witnesses that such is a fact. However, I stand ready to be convinced and would suggest that you choose an arbitrator and I will choose one. The two to choose a third. These three men to act as arbitrators hearing all evidence in this case and decide the matter. We to accept their decision as final. If they decide in my favor you are to furnish me with a new tractor and I pay you a reasonable amount for the use of this engine. If their decision is in your favor I will pay that note with interest up to date and all expense of arbitrators and witnesses. Or I will deposit \$1200.00 in the hands of some disinterested party and you are to send a man to operate this engine next summer when the thermometer stands at 90 or over. The engine to pull five fourteen inch plows, plowing six inches deep. If your man succeeds to operate said outfit for three days without serious trouble I will pay interest on the \$1200.00 deposited up to date of test. If your man fails to operate said outfit as specified you are to furnish me a new tractor F. O. B. Junction City for the sum of \$1200, the amount of note. Or if you choose a Judge and twelve jurors might decide the matter for us. Allow me to state that I am not hunting trouble. The fact is I have had trouble enough with this tractor to fully satisfy me. I believe I have been fair in my offer and if you meet me half way we may be able to reach some mutually satisfactory agreement.

P. H. Gfeller.

This letter brought results. A new tractor arrived in due time and the friek was loaded on same car and returned to Kansas City. Another unsatisfactory experience was when Bro. Adolph and I decided to open up a country store and cheese factory. A building was erected, a stock of general merchandise was purchased, and operation of cheese making begun. Beside our own milk we purchased from our neighbors all the milk we could handle. In due time we found out to our disappointment and financial loss, that cheesemaking was a howling failure which called for some radical changes. After due consideration I made a trip to

Monroe, Wisconsin (the Swiss cheese manufacturing center) to try to induce some expert cheesemaker to take over our cheese factory. I did not get much encouragement as the Wisconsin folk seemed to be well posted on our Kansas climate which was blamed for our failure in Kansas. So it was unanimously agreed to quit the cheesemaking business as we could not stand the financial strain of losing business. The store business and the Tell Post Office were continued by the firm of Gfeller Brothers for some time afterward until I purchased Brother Adolph's share and continued the business myself. About that time the firm of Clemons & Wilson had built a new elevator which caused ill feeling between the new firm and Mr. Grassberger, the proprietor of the only store in town. The result of this ill feeling was perhaps the cause that I was afterward approached by Clemons and Wilson with an attractive proposition to purchase the store and property of Mr. Grassberger and move my stock to Alida and join and share in the entire business which plan was carried out. That same year Kansas raised one of its bumper crops of corn. A ten thousand bushel corn crib was filled with 12 to 15 cent corn which the following year was sold back to the farmers that raised it at 60 to 75¢. Being encouraged by such a grand success we next tried a speculation in storing wheat which finally rewarded us with a considerable loss. My job was to look after the store and post office and had it not been for the credit business at that time might have been classed as fairly successful. A shoe salesman of whom we purchased most of our stock; this time he carried what he was pleased to call a side line which was composed of corn cure and managed to make a sale. On each trip afterward he would let me feel that he got the best of me this time as we had not made a sale of cornplaster. Knowing that he enjoyed a joke on himself as well as if he could get one on his victim I was watching for an opportunity to pay him back with interest for the corn cure joke he had played on me.

My chance came soon when he informed me that he had purchased a home of his own and he would improve and beautify the interior of his newly purchased home. Also the lot must be provided with a beautiful lawn. My suggestion was that I would be pleased to supply him with the necessary seed both blue grass and white clover and would have it billed direct from Barteldes Seed Co. to his address C. O. D. As this was a new experience to him he wished to know about the quantity of seed which would be required to seed a city lot. I suggested about a half bushel of blue grass seed and peck of white clover would be ample to insure a good stand. This was readily agreed to by him and I was secretly chuckling in anticipation as to how the joke would be received by my victim. I did not need to wait long. On his next visit he had hardly opened the door before he called out to me, "You darned fool," was his greeting. "Didn't you know that was enough seed to sow a half section farm. I have supplied all the stores in town with seed and still have enough on hand to start a wholesale seed store." After that he would introduce me to his friends as the "meanest man in Kansas" and would then caution his hearers to be on the lookout if they had any occasion to deal with me. Mr. Wilson was the engineer and elevator man. Mr. Clemons had charge of the buying of grain and livestock as well as bookkeeping and railroad and express agent which arrangement kept us all busy. After the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Wilson it became necessary for me to assume some of the outside work and also to familiarize myself with the mechanical work connected with the elevator without any previous knowledge or instruction. My first move was to build a fire under the boiler to create a head of steam. Next I tested the injectors which were to supply the boiler with water. Then cautiously I opened the steam valve and wheels began to move. Next I tested the different gadgets around to learn their relative functions, until I had familiarized myself with the machinery. Later I also found occasion to practice the art of buying and selling grain, livestock and coal. I also was occasionally pressed into serving as depot and express

agent and postmaster. On one occasion I came within an inch of losing my life at the elevator when a poison gas had accumulated in the pit. My first warning came as I was lowering myself into the pit with a lantern hanging at my side when the lantern suddenly went out; at the same moment I felt my whole frame weakening and was about to fall when with the last bit of strength I could muster I pulled myself up and fell to the floor of the elevator completely exhausted. Another close call was soon afterward when Judd Wilson had purchased a steam threshing rig and requested my assistance in getting the rigs started. I was steering the tractor to a setting of grain and had to make a very short turn; there was a gate when it became necessary to reverse the engine to bring the separator in line to the gate. The separator however instead of backing up as I expected it would only allow the tongue to hinge and I found myself pinched between the separator and tractor. Throwing the lever in forward position I found it stopped on dead center and as I was pressed so tight that I could not gain enough breath to direct the excited crowd around me I finally made myself understood by motion to move the flywheel forward from the dead center which released me from the vise I had been caught in.

George J. Wilson took the place of his father in due time and R. F. Lehman takes the place of Mr. Clemons. The firm name is now Gfeller, Wilson and Lehman. I recall many pleasant memories of my experiences at Alida during that time I put in there. In time however I began to long for my former occupation, farming. Some of our boys had now reached the age where they would be more useful on the farm than in business. We traded our stock of merchandise to Lacey and Ellis taking their farms in trade. The rest of our property is divided; George Wilson takes the store building and residence and book accounts, R. F. Lehman takes the Ellis farm and I take the Lacey farm and elevator. For some time I rented the elevator to tenants at \$75.00 per month and did not always get the \$75.00. I conceived the idea to organize a farmer's cooperative company to take over the elevator property which should prove to be a great benefit to the entire vicinity. In time enough subscriptions were secured to make it possible to organize and a proposal was made to the Upland cooperative Association to combine the Upland Store and Alida Elevator and form a new company. This plan was favorably received and we organized under the name of "The Golden Rule Co." A board of directors including myself were elected and it proved to be a success from the start. At about this time the Brown Telephone Company built a telephone line to Chapman thence north through Upland, Wakefield and Clay Center. A phone was placed in our store at Upland and by paying a toll charge could be used to communicate with several towns around. My next move was to try to persuade our directors to build a phone line from Upland to Alida for the convenience of our managers. This plan however did not meet with the approval of the directors at first. But in time the line was built as proposed. I then built a line from our home one mile north and attached my wire to the Upland-Alida wire which gave me access to the toll line. Next Mr. Olson also connected on the line and soon all of our directors were provided with phones. I next solicited all the farm owners west of Upland as far west as our Lacey farm to chip in \$5.00 each to build a phone line with the privilege of connecting a phone any time when they felt able or wanted to do so. This also was successful and telephone lines began to spread out like a spiderweb and soon called for a switchboard and organization of the Upland Mutual Telephone Co. which now numbers about 250 phones. The Golden Rule Co. proved to be quite a success but in time trouble crept in and sometimes our directors meetings were not quite harmonious. I call to mind one special meeting the nature thereof is explained in a report to the annual stockholder meeting by my report to stockholders. To my dear stockholders answering the

request of many stockholders regarding the standing of the Golden Rule Co. will say that I am feeling just a bit chesty right now for I have just recently received the last note given by our Company duly cancelled. Now that means something to me as well as it does to our stockholders. And for once in our history we are out of debt. Not only did we pay all outstanding loans and overdrafts but discounted all bills for goods at the store and today we own a cleaner more up to date stock of merchandise than we have had for years past. Now my dear stockholder this ought to be very important to us all as our indebtedness was the rock to which we came so near wrecking our old boat. Three years ago the climax was reached. The scene is a directors room. The chairman announced that the purpose of that special meeting was to consider a letter from President Pierce of the Central National Bank pertaining to an overdraft at said bank and to accept the resignation of the president of the Golden Rule Co. Our regular loans at that time were about \$5,800.00 of which \$1700 (the Steinfort Loan) was called for soon thereafter. The president's resignation was reluctantly accepted and your humble servant was chosen to act as a scapegoat to carry this load of indebtedness into the wilderness and if possible to scrape it off and loose it. Now the newly elected goat did not fully realize what he was getting into for had our numerous creditors been informed as to our financial standing would they not have called for their money and forced us into the hands of a receiver which would have spelled bankruptcy; What then must I do to escape the disgrace of being at the head of our company if it failed. Now I was in it with both feet. Your directors including the goat set to looking the old rickity delapidated calamity stricken boat over and I suggested some needed repairs and soon found that my plans did not meet with favor. One suggested that the carburetor had gone rough. Another claimed it was the Magneto or possibly the sparkplugs were causing all the trouble; another thought we might soon experience a blowout. My opinion however was that the steering apparatus had failed to work properly. Taking hold of the rudder and finding she seemed to guide all right we started our craft away from her old resting place. Seeing a suitable opportunity to escape responsibility one of my crew jumped into the water swam ashore and after expressing his opinion of his Chosen Successor in very forceful language it began to dawn upon my benighted brain that I had somehow merited his displeasure. However, being very busy trying to guide the ship to safety I failed to get very much encouragement from all the valuable suggestions offered to me free gratis and without price. Meanwhile the goat disappeared into the wilderness and as his load was rather top heavy shook himself very vigorously several times. The Steinfort loan fell off his back which made the load \$1700 lighter. Being encouraged by his success he turns three summersaults in the air and to his delight the \$600 loan from the Insurance Co. fell to earth. Next came the Tommy Wilson loan of \$1000.00. It too seemed to yield to the vigorous bucking of the goat. The next appearance of the goat was at the so-called annual meeting of Feb. 11, 1913. It was soon evident that the load still remaining \$2500 was not heavy enough to keep that unruly goat from kicking over the traces of making up behind as the dutchman said about his mule so something must be found to take the place of the reduced load. Now comes the humorous part of my experience. The scene is again a directors' room. The goat is standing trial at the bar of justice. The chief witness made it very clear that in order to make a stubborn goat perform properly he must be loaded down not only with debts but with criticism and ridicule as well. Furthermore the goat must be taught that he and his work does not smell good. The witness then proceeds to stir up a mess of something and after stirring for half an hour he got a whiff of it and decided right there and then that the odor wasn't just right. After another trial he was quite sure it didn't smell good. After the third trial he declared, "It stinks." During the trial the goat and his five loyal associates being the full board of directors sat huddled

together in fear and mental anguish of loosing their well paid and extraordinary pleasant jobs. But our fear proved to be groundless. The entire board of directors being reelected with a whoop and to crown the whole matter with glory it was announced from the floor that the goat was also a great rat exterminator. The goat now disappears again. His next stunt is to unload the Mans debt \$1000.00 which was accomplished sometime last summer. On the 30th of January 1914 he had the pleasure of handing over to our treasurer a duly cancelled note of \$1500. Now Mr. Stockholder we are out of debt and your directors feel fairly well pleased over their success. How about you Mr. Stockholder, if your directors have served you well acknowledge it, if you are displeased why not fire the whole push and elect a new board of better business men?

by P. H. Gfeller, President G. R. Co.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING

A special meeting of the shareholders of the Golden Rule Co. is hereby called to be held at Upland on the ___ day of ___ for the purpose of considering and voting on a proposition to discontinue the mercantile and elevator business and rent out our house, store and elevator. My object in calling this special meeting is to get the expression of all our shareholders on the above proposition by vote and in case of favorable action the plan should work out as follows. The stock of merchandise to be sold as soon as opportunity presents itself which at last invoice was:

Merchandise Upland	\$8950	Dividends not called for	\$222
Merchandise Alida	2800	Dividends this year	600
Accounts Alida	1166	Accounts	276
Accounts Upland	1789	Loans	3500
Cash Upland	418	Balance to stock	8998
Cash Alida	<u>993</u>		

We must allow a considerable discount on our stock of merchandise in order to make a sale and we have some doubtful accounts but a safe estimate is that all shareholders would receive back more than one half of their original investment and we still have the house, store building and elevator property. The rent from house, store, and elevator would bring in about \$900 per year out of which tax and insurance would be paid leaving enough to pay 7 or 8% dividend on the original capital stock. Whereas under our present method our profits this year amount to only \$473 about the same as last year. Nonresident stockholders and others who cannot attend this meeting are asked to fill out and sign proxy herewith and send to some friend who may vote your stock. Corporation law provides that each share of stock has one vote nullifying our by-laws on this point. Each shareholder may be held liable for double the amount of stock held.

P. H. Gfeller, President G. R. Co.

The above plan was adopted at this meeting and later carried out. In the fall of 1893 I visited the world's fair at Chicago and spent a few profitable and pleasant days and found it very interesting. As I had never before witnessed a world's fair. On the 9th of October it was Chicago day when seven hundred fifty thousand people passed through the gates. That morning we ran into such a dense crowd of people trying to reach the Illinois Central R. R. from Randolph street to be taken to the Fair grounds ten miles or more down the lake side. Every ten minutes a loaded train would leave Randolph street station but this fact did

not seem to relieve the human jam very fast. Some fainted especially women and were hard to rescue from being trampled by the crowd. I carried a little lunch bag that day and on opening it at noon found my sandwich ground to powder by the jam of the crowd at the fairground. The people were so numerous that not much of interest could be seen. I ventured into one building after another and each time was caught into a jam and marched through the building without being able to stop or see anything except people. Along toward evening I chanced to meet my nephew who with a partner had a produce commission business on or near Hay Market square, Chicago. Several of their big husky employees were there too. I was asked to accompany them to the Midway Plaisance. I objected on account of the dense crowd of people. One of the huskies replied, "Just you hang to my coattail and I will show you how to proceed in a crowd." I grabbed his coattail, another of the boys grabbed mine, and so on until we were all placed in a row Indian fashion. The leader now produced a real Indian war whoop and moved forward. The crowd ahead hearing the noise, began to move sideways making a path for us to pass. We reached our Midway destination in good time and some of the boys tested their capacity for eating and drinking especially the latter. At a late hour we were loaded into what they called a "Talliho", a kind of double deked wagon drawn by four horses. The trip with horses took about one and one-half hours to reach Haymarket street and during the entire trip the boys kept on singing "Tra Ra Bumdia" and I know that tune up to this day. Some newspaper correspondent must have observed our crowd at the Midway for an accurate description of our antics at the fairgrounds were described in the Chicago Morning Tribune the next morning. Over Sunday I had the privilege of attending Church Services in the Church at Bensonville where Rev. Lehman served so many years before coming to Kansas. I made a trip to Florida. Having made a mental picture of Florida the land of flowers it was not hard to persuade me to go there with an excursion party to see for myself. A Kansas City Real Estate Co. had taken over about ten thousand acres of Florida land and offered cheap rates. Our train was made up at K. C. and would be a special going through without change. On arrival at Jacksonville we were taken on a sight seeing trip to the Alligator and Ostrich farm and were told how to raise the critters and were offered young gaiters at fifty cents each to take home for pets. Our next stop was St. Augustine where we were shown the old historic buildings and old Spanish Fort. Also the well that was supposed to produce perpetual youth. We were offered the privilege of drinking water at this wonderful well for the sum of twenty-five cents. That's where I may have made a mistake by refusing to drink that water and ever since I seem to grow older from year to year. Our main stop and destination was Espinola, a little town in the timber. On arrival my interest was aroused when a bunch of young razorback pigs came running from the timber evidently to meet our train. They would rare up on their hind legs watching for passengers to throw them some food which they often caught in their wide open mouths. We are now on the scene of our prospective land which was all over grown with pine and other needlewood. These trees were all taped for the turpentine they produce. This raw turpentine was then delivered to stills where the finished product was made. Some of this land was also overgrown with Palmetto. This plant had a great root lying on top of its ground with thousands of small shoestring like roots running deep into the soil and it was said this was more expensive to clear than the timberland. There were also large lakes on this tract with plenty of alligators so it did not appeal to me to be suitable for bathing. I would sometimes spend an hour listening to the conversation of the native backwoods men who would gather at the village store and on questioning them I found that a few miles out land could be purchased at \$2 per acre. It compared favorably with the land that our K. C. dealers were showing us at \$75 to \$125 per acre. Our bunch of landseekers were summoned to the Esponola headquarters of the K. C. Land Co. to be questioned as to our impressions

of the new land which in some cases were favorable. When my turn came I had barely started to describe my view I was promptly interrupted and excused from further testimony. We visited a real orange grove and had the privilege of picking ripe oranges with our own hands. We also visited the principle potato raising regions. The potato fields were prepared with listers. Potatoes were planted on the lister ridge in the furrows between corn. The corn at potato digging time had reached the height of about two feet. Now as the potatoes were dug for market the corn received its cultivation. The digging was all hand work done mostly by colored folk and their families. Sometime later perhaps July the corn would reach maturity and would be removed from the ground and a crop of grass sown which produced their hay crop. Thus harvesting three crops from the same land in one year. We were also taken to the east coast of Florida about 15 miles away to see the Atlantic Ocean and to try our skill as fishermen and take a swim in the Atlantic. That was my first sight of the big pond, a beautiful sight to behold. One of the Florida pests in that region was the fleas and on bidding our Landlady good-by I made the request to be allowed to take some of the troublesome insects along home. Her answer was, "You have my consent but you will find that it is impossible to induce our pets to leave Florida" which I found to be true.

My next landseekers trip was in company with Mr. Rohrer and others. We landed at Scott City and visited several farms that convinced us that western Kansas had a future chance to BECOME a successful farming region. Next we visited Leoti in Greenly County looking around there and were further impressed with the possibilities of that county. I had a desire to see Winona and something of Logan County as well as Thomas County of which I had some previous information through a Mr. Geoffrey who described that country as pleasing to the eye. We hire a livery rig and drive overland. There being no laid out roads then we followed some faint trails finding it necessary at times to lower the fence of some great pasture that lay in our path finally reaching the wonderful Beutes or Chalk bed formations of south Logan County which we considered a most wonderful freak of nature. The land around Winona proved to be as Mr. Geoffrey described it "pleasing to the eye." Later I made another trip out west in company with our three elder sons and on that trip we purchased one section of Logan County land. The following spring our second son expressed his willingness to move out to start farming our newly purchased prairie. We loaded a freight car with four mules, some implements and other necessities and we are on our way to start a new home. Our first job was to build a little bachelor's shack, some sort of stable for the stock and drill a well which proved to be a dry hole. Our second attempt proved successful at 200 feet depth but the distance from our already built home made it necessary to move the buildings to the location of the well. Later our first born and number three sons also moved there. In our many visits we formed the acquaintance and friendship of very many Logan County residents and always felt right at home among them.

Bee Keeping? Yes I also became a bee keeper and in time was the manager of about twenty colonies. I said manager which is not strictly correct as at times the bees managed to get the best of the argument with their sting.

One of our pastors who boarded with us at that time desirous of cultivating friendship with the bees offered to feed them sugar and was rewarded for his kindness with numerous bee stings and found it necessary the next Sunday to appear on the pulpit with a badly swollen face which made it difficult for some of the youngsters to keep a sober face.

In connection with bee-keeping I became a subscriber for the "A. I. Root Bee Journal." Mr. Root was a personal friend and interested observer of the Wright brothers experiments with their flying machines and would report the results of their progress regularly which to me seemed extremely interesting and I often would ask myself the question: Will they succeed? As I wish to keep up to date on the use of farm machinery I also watch the improvements being made each year on the so-called horseless carriage or devil wagon as some were pleased to call it - the automobile. The final result was the purchase of a Reo two cylinder car which had a chain drive and starter was accomplished with a crank attached to the side of the car and by vigorous turns several times would sometimes start the engine and sometimes not. It had a rubber top and side-curtains but no windshield. It was also equipped with carbide lights which were operated by dripping water on the carbide creating acetilene gas which would burn. The ignition was accomplished by a set of dry cells that had a habit of running down without previous notice. This first car that made its appearance in our neighborhood created much talk and perhaps some envy. Its proud possessor soon felt able to meet any emergency with his up-to-date car, and subsequently entered his car in an endurance run staged by the Junction City auto owners. The result of this test I will leave to be described by Mr. Harger of the Abilene Chronicle. The heading read "The farmer and his motor car and how the farmer won the race." A silver cup was offered as a prize in a two-day endurance run arranged by the automobile club of a county seat town last November. On the day of the start a farmer drove in with his car and asked if he might enter his car. It was less expensive than many in the list but the cautious gray headed owner knew his points. He dropped well into the rear of the long procession and the smart townsmen smiled at his presumption. Along in the afternoon there came engine troubles from receiving punctures, from careless driving and delays from loosened parts. But the farmer taking his time avoided ruts and pursuing a steady even course came into each control on time and with his car running smoothly. That night the city folks had a dance. The farmer went to bed early. In the morning he was fresh and cool headed while the townsmen were tired and nervous. When the race ended the farmer had the only perfect score of the seventeen entries and proudly carried the cup to his home ten miles in the country where it stands on the center table beside the family Bible. The winner was P.H. Gfeller, Junction City, Kansas. See photograph on another page."

The evening after this experience numerous congratulations were received by phone and otherwise and I had now gained some reputation as a safe driver and was afterward privileged to give several timid old ladies and children their first auto ride. The inscription on the cup is: "Won by P. H. Gfeller, November 9-10, 1908."

Years ago I unexpectedly ran into a neighboring place where a serious family quarrel was going on. An old mother was exhausting her vocabulary with all vile names she could think of directed against her son and wound up by calling to her son, "You are a son-of-a-bitch." And I wondered what she might have thought of herself had she known the meaning of her accusation. The above quarrel was finally carried to the district court, and I was summoned as witness. That was the first time I ever saw the inside of a courtroom. Later I served as a juror and after becoming familiar with court proceedings and the many foolish quarrels brought to court I made up my mind to try and settle any troubles I got into out of court if possible.

I formed an early dislike for peddlars. My first experience was when I was about twelve years old. A sewing machine peddler who stopped occasionally at our Iowa home persuaded me to part with a small revolver I had, promising me the two dollars agreed on, on his next stop which next stop never was made. Later years in Kansas a faningmill peddler appeared at our home on a cold stormy day and asked to stay for that night. My answer was that we could accommodate him with lodging at the house but I had no spare room in the barn for his team. His reply was, "I think too much of my team to leave them out at night." My reply, "And I think too much of my own stock to turn them out to accommodate a peddler. Besides you will understand that I did not send for you and expect to get along very well without your services and will allow you just ten minutes time to disappear from my premises." He did not require the full ten minutes to make himself invisible. The old lightening rod swindle had been worked in our neighborhood and had occasion on three different deals to help arbitrate between swindlers and victims. When a smooth agent with a fancy team entered our premises, first praising me as a progressive farmer and a man that was a leader in his community. Then introducing himself as the agent for a reputable firm dealing in an article that had been used to perpetrate one of the greatest swindles ever known. However to prove his honesty and as a matter of advertising he would choose the most influential farmer in a neighborhood (which of course was me) and would rod all his buildings ordinarily about a \$150 job for the small sum of \$25. Then he told me the story of a farmer he had urged to protect his premises with lightening rods and with tears coming to his eyes finished the story by describing the sad funeral of a sweet little daughter of the man who refused to have his premises protected by lightening rods and this sweet little daughter was struck by lightening and killed. At this point I broke in and asked to be permitted to say a word of my own. I addressed him as a stranger and had no good reason to doubt his honesty. You informed me that your headquarters are Clay Center. Now if you will kindly furnish me with references from the Clay Center bank, post master or business men from your town as to the truthfulness of your statement then I will be ready to further consider your proposition as I am just a little bit suspicious of lightening rod peddlars. As I just recently had the pleasure of helping three of my neighbors out of lightening rod scrapes. He seemed suddenly to remember that he had a very important engagement elsewhere and had already overstayed his time. "Goodbye."

I try my skill as a collector of bad debts. During our store-keeping days many bills on our books proved to be hard to collect which fact offered plenty of practice in collecting. I will describe only this one: I had made several trips to this customer's farm to collect and being very urgent this time I received the following answer: "If you can get this money before I do, you are (dam) welcome to get it." This answer of course stirred up a determination in me to see the matter through and if nothing more I could cause him a basket full of trouble anyway. So I make a bee line to the farm of the nearest justice of the peace and enter suit on our claim and ask the justice to provide me with a bill of attachment or whatever them things are called. The justice objected as that was not a regular procedure but if I would furnish an indemnity bond (which I did) he would proceed according to my wishes. Calling my attention to the fact that if I lost the suit that Osborn might sue for damages. The notice of attachment was issued and presented to Osborn by the constable immediately. Covering a little field of corn I had noticed growing on the Osborn farm which appeared to me to be good for a fifty bushel yield per acre and about ready to be husked. According to law I knew that this might be exempt but my attachment would make it necessary to start a replevin suit which might cost him more than the amount of our bill. That same day it was said that he made out a fake chattel mortgage

and started for Abilene to have the mortgage placed on record. But before he could reach Abilene his horse fell exhausted from over exertion and died by the time he reached Abilene. The recorder's office had been closed for the day, so all he had to show for his day's work was a failure and a dead horse. A few days later I was informed that he was husking corn and hauling it to Chapman. As our trial had not come off yet I asked the justice to place Osborn under arrest until it could be decided if the corn belonged to me or to him. Next day the constable caught Osborn on the road to Chapman with a load of corn and informed him that he was under arrest and he was to be taken to Abilene and placed in jail until after the trial. Osborn now begged to be left free and he would turn around and haul his load of corn to Alida and settle with Gfaller. In due time he arrived at Alida and paid his bill in full and received a receipt for it. I thanked him and invited him to avail himself of our liberal credit system in the future which he did not do. Now I wish to caution anyone that should persuade these lines to strict secrecy as I might be summoned to Washington D. C. to join Franklin's brain trust and be sent to Europe to collect our war debts. I have a vague notion that Osborn don't like me very much even to this day.

My trip to Springer, New Mexico with Brother Adolph to bring home a bunch of Longhorn steers he had contracted for was a very interesting experience. Then it was that I saw some of the Rocky Mountains which from a distance appeared like a storm cloud. On nearing the mountains we passed through a tunnel arriving at the Springer ranch and we were furnished with saddle horses and were privileged to aid the round-up; a large bunch of longhorns were rounded up and corralled. Now the sorting out is under way. Brother and I take our stand on top of the stockyards fence. The steers are driven down a narrow alley leading to a double gate. The accepted steers were designated as Kansas City. Those rejected Springer. Sometimes a refused critter would find his way into our accepted bunch and had to be roped and drug out. That is where the skill of the cowboys was witnessed, also the training of the cow ponies. The yards were deep with dust from the trampling of the cattle's feet. One steer was roped and in some way got tangled in the rope. The cowboy leaves the end of the lasso tied to saddle-horn, dismounts to untangle the critter. As soon as free the steer starts on a dead run with the cowboy hanging to the rope in a sitting position which filled his pantlegs full of dust. He finally detaches himself and the horse leads the animal unaided by a rider out of the corral. Brother experienced considerable trouble to teach these cattle to eat grain as they had not seen or tasted corn before.

I encountered and became a victim of pickpockets. Wife and I receive a request to participate in the Golden Wedding Anniversary celebration of wife's parents which was to be a complete surprise to said parents. We hurriedly make the necessary preparations for the trip and on our entry in the coach of the U. P. train at Junction City looking for seats we were jostled and crowded from both rear and front which did not seem unusual on railroad trains and we thought no more about it until we approached Kansas City when I discovered to my dismay that I was minus my pocket book containing the funds necessary to continue our trip to Des Moines as our Junction City tickets were only good to Kansas City. My first thought was that we were to be stranded at Kansas City without means to get back home or to continue on to our intended destination. Arriving at Kansas City I left wife at the Union station making a hurried trip to the stock yards where I was known as a stock shipper and was successful in getting the necessary funds to continue our trip. Arriving back to the Union Station in time to catch our regular train and reached our destination on time. The plans there had been so

arranged as to take the old couple by a complete surprise. The different branches of the Lehman family were to meet at a certain place and time and proceed in a body to the Lehman home — and a surprise it was. Mother-in-law was the first to notice the gang entering the yard. "They're all here," she said, "even Herman and Rose from Kansas." They day was pleasantly spent by conversation of olden times, singing and a good dinner. Knowing that the celebrants did not speak English and wishing to please them I tried hard to keep the conversation going in our Old Swiss brogue which pleased father-in-law so well that he patted me on the shoulder in the evening with the remark, "You have helped to make this a very pleasant day for me. If it had not been for your effort to keep the conversation in a language that I can understand it would probably have drifted to English and I would not have been able to follow or contribute to the conversation." I have not heretofore made any special effort to publish my first and only contact with pick pockets.

My experience in the oil game. Dan Hennessy arrives from Wichita for a visit with us. Knowing that he had been playing with the oil game and knowing that he was familiar with that branch of knowledge I pumped him for information and became so interested that I conceived the idea to do all in my power to promote the preliminaries for a test well for oil. I suggested to Hennessy that we might be able to secure leases on ten thousand acres if he would promote the drilling on a test well. We encountered no serious difficulty in procuring the necessary leases although one old lady objected to signing the lease until we would make it known to her satisfaction if we intended to drill for just ordinary coal oil or gasoline. On being assured that we hoped to succeed in finding both she signed the lease without further objections. The necessary leases being procured Hennessy contracts for a test well to be drilled by a then reputed millionaire, Deering Marshall. A location was staked and work began. And here I will confess that in my mind's eye I could see our entire neighborhood swimming in oil and secretly I began to plan what I would do with the Millions that were in prospect. Of course I would spend a considerable sum for charitable purposes. I would also remember the church; and an orphan's home might be promoted. Perhaps I would take my whole family abroad and last but not least I would see that both of my trousers were supplied with suspenders. But all this proved to be unnecessary. We encountered all the mishaps and grief that were known to the oil drilling game. All known and unknown methods were employed to raise funds to continue drilling, and after all resources were exhausted the hole was abandoned and we had some experience in the oil game.

We see the mountains. For many years we make regular trips per auto to Western Kansas to visit our sons and their families. Our first trips were accomplished in two days steady driving on poor roads and more often no roads at all. Finding no garages or filling stations on the way. We would find shelter for the car in livery barns and sometimes in driveways of elevators and would sometimes find it difficult to find a grocery store that could supply us with the necessary gasoline and as we had no marked roads at that time it was necessary to make inquiry at every town as to how to find the next town. And on arrival at our destination I would boast of the fact that I had made from fifteen to twenty miles per hour most of the way. Later some roads had been improved and were then able to make the trip in one day. This time we were accompanied on our trip by our daughter and son-in-law. The Altweggs arriving at Winona that evening. Next morning early we left Winona on our way to Colorado Springs. On reaching Lymon Junction the roads not being well marked. We later found ourselves on the road to Denver. Arriving at the city we took in some of the sights that evening

and finally registered at a hotel we were ushered to an empty room by the bell hop and I objected to occupy a room without a bed and did not propose to sit up all night. The bellhop that proceeded to open up what seemed to be a big door in the wall and our bed dropped out of the wall and proved satisfactory. Next morning we again explored Denver finding one of the many parks which we found very interesting. Later we headed for Colorado Springs arriving there soon after the noon hour. In the afternoon we drove to Manitou and to our amazement noticed for the first time in our lives what appeared to be water running up grade. Next we visited the Cave of the Winds and Garden of the Gods. Next day our schedule called for a trip on Pikes Peak. There was some kind of an auto road to the Peak at that time but we did not care to risk our old car to take us up so we mount the cogroad and I wonder of all wonders what a sight to behold. A little train running on cogs up the mountain side some places as steep as up an ordinary house roof. With a canyon many hundred feet deep just below us. Magnificent growth of pines, wonderful formations of rocks, now and then a mountain lake came in view and at one point the conductor called our attention to the fact that mountain PEAKS from three states, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico could be seen from that point. Now we reach the timber line and I begin to labor for breath. Will Altwegg complains of his stomach feeling queer. We now reach the top of Pikes Peak. I should have enjoyed a stroll around there but found it impossible to move around very much as I felt faint and was compelled to sit still until we again reached lower altitude. We all suffered from the cold up there but we had seen Pikes Peak.

Swiss Economy. The Scotch jokes on economy and thrift have nothing on the Swiss in knowing how to help themselves in case of necessity. The Swiss men have a rather bad habit of using tobacco and as money was scarce and hard to get they would raise their own tobacco. When cured would first chew it then dry the chewed wad, put it into a pipe made of a corncob and with an elderberry stem (home manufactured) and would then smoke the previously chewed wad. The ashes were then used for snuff. The moisture produced from the nose by the snuff was used to grease their boots. This may be just a bit exaggerated and goes to prove that necessity is the mother of invention.

We organize a brass band. The members were mostly Gfellers, a few Kellers and Ted Manz. After practicing a few times we were able to play Old Hundred so well that most any listener might have recognized what it was intended for. An old band leader, Al Walters, paid us a visit and was requested to take charge of our band for the evening. He asked us to give him a sample of our ability as musicians and Old Hundred was dished up to him. "Es ist enel afa au Scpes," was his comment. At any rate it is at least something, that means his remark. Now he drills us with bass and afterbeat until we got an idea of what that was. Next he tried to take us through a simple piece of band music. Here he said to one of the alto players, "You played 'W' instead of 'F'." "Yes, I know," was the answer, "I just happened to hit the wrong trigger." In time we were invited to play for picnics and political gatherings and found lots of pleasure and satisfaction out of our experience with our band.

We organize the Alida Thresher Co. This was a poor wheat year and most of our regular threshermen moved their rigs out west where wheat was better leaving us without the necessary machines to do our threshing. We then decided to organize and buy our own threshing outfit. It was the later days of October when the outfit was ready to start work. With my title decorated as general manager we made good time with our work until a wet spell set in and the fields became so water-soaked as to make it impossible to continue until the ground froze hard enough to carry the weight of our heavy steam outfit. Later snowstorms and drifts of snow was a great hindrance in making moves from one farm to the other. Sometimes

requiring a half day to move a half mile. At one place we were within a few yards of a setting of wheat when our engine broke through the frozen ground. And with the aid of a few loads of fence posts we built a track and finally succeeded in getting set to thrash that setting. Finally we finished our last job when the thermometer stood at 15 degrees below zero. A meeting was now called to hear my report which of course did not show any very flattering financial success. Two or three of our members were displeased with the result achieved and were promptly voted out of our company. In order to prove myself a capable manager it seemed necessary to accept the job as manager for another season which proved so successful that we were able to pay for our outfit from the profits made that season. So I decided to quit while my credit was good and that's my last effort as a thresherman.

Our family were a pretty healthy bunch of youngsters and Doctors were not much in evidence at our house until the good wife and mother was attacked by a very rare eye disease called "Glaucoma" which caused her very severe pain and finally called for an operation which failed and made it necessary to remove one eye. The other eye was also affected but was saved for the time being, and served her well for about twelve years when total blindness set in. In the meantime we had retired and moved to Junction City where I was once more pressed into service as a director and land appraiser for the local Federal Loan Association. After a few years I deemed it essential to resign and once more join the society of "Has Beens."

With good intentions I had intended to recall some of my experiences and impressions connected with the period during the World War. But the subject is so distasteful to me that I shall cut it short. I had always considered myself a patriot and ready to fight for my country anytime if we were to be attacked by a foreign country. But was bitterly opposed to our entrance into the European squabble and if I had expressed my opinion then as I do now I should have been tarred and feathered or perhaps sent to the pen. What hurt my feelings perhaps the most was that everyone that happened to be afflicted with a foreign name was to be watched and mistrusted as a dangerous individual. It was also hard to bear when I needed to buy a sack of flour to be loaded down with fifty or one hundred pounds of cornmeal, chopped kaffir and cats that I did not need or want. So called liberty bonds were forced on many people that could ill afford to buy. Well that's enough on this subject — I quit right here.

Family Relations. This is a very delicate subject and I tackle it with fear and trembling because some unguarded remark might lose me my present reputation. It has been said that out of every hundred people ninety-five do not think at all. The other five that do all the thinking do not tell us whether they think so what's the difference? It has also been said that a man may look wise and get away with it provided he keeps his mouth shut, but if he goes to talking he will let the cat out of the bag. So if I had kept still and not written this story I might have probably passed myself as an intelligent man. Well I started to say or rather write something about family matters. My wife and I were separated as I have mentioned elsewhere when I went to Kansas and did not meet again until shortly before our marriage consequently we had not much chance for intimate acquaintance. Before we were united, my reasoning was that she was from a very substantial and honorable family and reared in an excellent environment and influenced by a very pious mother and I certainly took no chances in choosing her for a life partner. And my reasoning proved to be correct, she proved to be an excellent and economical housekeeper and model mother. How the bargain looks to my good wife I am not qualified to say; but to venture a guess

she may have been just a bit disappointed when she awoke to the fact that our dispositions were in many ways opposites and I wonder if she had known before the ceremony if she might not have made a mental reservation when the question was put to her, "Do you take this man," etc. "until death do us part," she might have added, "During good behaviour." But her good common sense and charitable disposition made it possible that I should be tolerated long enough that we were privileged to celebrate our fiftieth anniversary on the eleventh day of November, 1930. And now it does not seem probable that either of us will find it necessary to make a hurried trip to Reno. The rearing of a large family always is and was a problem and in this I believe we parents were both determined to raise our family so as to reflect credit to us. How well we succeeded may be left to the judgment of others. Considering the little real trouble we had it is my own opinion that our youngsters had a good disposition or that we oldsters were good disciplinarians. What the children thought of their training I can only venture another Guess. At times I imagine I may have been taken for a stern governor, perhaps bordering on dictatorship. But now since they are all grown and have families of their own and understand the problems of rearing families they may now view their home training in a different light. At any rate they all seem to enjoy a visit at the parental home as often as opportunity is found. A remark was made within my hearing which is appreciated. "There is no one I'd rather talk with than my old dad." At no time during our wedded life did it seem necessary to call for outside help as arbitrators. For the benefit however of anyone that might need advice on settling family squabbles I would recommend the old and successful remedy proposed by the wise pastor when a female member of his flock excitedly informed him of the violent temper her husband possessed. "Yes," said she, "he will quarrel with me for hours at a time and it seems impossible to bear it any longer." "I may be able to help you," answered Reverend, "if you will agree to follow my instructions to the letter." "This is a magic preparation. Now every time your husband starts a quarrel take a tablespoon full of this remedy into your mouth and don't swallow or spit it out until your tormentor quits fussing with you." This remedy will I believe bring good results even now and is hereby recommended not only for the feminine sex but for the masculine side of the household as well. Especially if the husband is a ninety-five pounder and his spouse is eligible to trot in the two hundred pound class.

I have passed through life up to this time without any serious sickness. And still I had my share of suffering to bear. Sometimes the suffering was so severe that I became almost helpless caused by the injury to my spine at our barn-raising which I mentioned before, which may have aggravated my already well developed temper to the point where an explosion might be expected without due warning. This excuse is offered to justify and explain why my temper was not all times sugar-coated. I also experienced a spell of kidney stone also called gravel which proved to be the most painful experience of my life. I might also add that all my life I was afflicted with alequiness. This ailment should not be confused with sleeping sickness as I did not sleep all the time. My view of education or general learning may have been influenced somewhat by some stories told about boys who were sent to college. Of one it was told that he was to specialize in Latin. On his visit home after the first year in college he found his father at the barn loading a cart with manure. Wishing to test his son in his chosen Latin, pointing to the fork he was using asked what that was called in Latin. "Forkibus," answered the son. "And that?" pointing to the manurepile. "Mamuribus," was the answer. "And that," pointing to the cart. "Cartibus," promptly answered the son. "You fraudibus," thundered the old man, "now you take this forkibus and load that mamuribus into the cartibus or I'll take a strapibus and swing it over your backibus until you have boilibus over your laay hindibus, you infernal Fraudibus."

Another story was told of the old farmer who accompanied his son to college and approaching one of the professors asked what he the Prof could teach his son. "I teach general mathematics, Geometry and Trigonometry" was the answer. "Well," decided the old man, "give him plenty of trigonometry as he always was the poorest shot we had on the place."

Our own experience with college education, however, proved quite satisfactory. One son now sports the title of electrical engineer and holds down a responsible position with the General Electric. I did not try him on his Latin but guess that he must have taken some trigonometry as I am informed that he is a good shot with golf balls. Most of our other youngsters had at least a chance of a college short course. All this time we were spared the anxiety of kidnapers. Not because we did not consider any one of our children well worth a ransom of fifty-thousand dollars and my reasoning was that no kidnaper would be fool enough to try to collect a fifty thousand ransom from a five dollar man. A source of much pleasure and satisfaction of late years was our annual reunion of the Gfeller tribe where we meet to exchange greetings and renewing acquaintances and witness interesting programs and talks by some member of our clan. A family tree also has taken root and has grown branches that now number around one thousand members of the original tree who were my father and mother who arrived in America from Switzerland in 1853. At this writing only four of the fourteen original Gfeller family are living, sister Christina Buhner, Mrs. Louisa Fueggy, Brother Adolph and myself. My own family has increased from our nine living sons and daughters to thirty-seven grandchildren and one great grandson. And the least we can say that we are very proud of them.

The original Gfeller family first settled on a farm near Chicago when that place was called a town. Later moving westward by team and covered wagon and this reminds me of a joke my brother Fred used to tell on himself which happened on their way to the then young state of Iowa. Fred had taken a few lessons in the English language and was pressed into service where the English was needed. One day as the wagons were halted for a meal and rest Fred was sent to a nearby village to procure a sack of bran to feed the horses. Meeting a man he said, "Mister, could you tell me where I could buy two bushels of brandy?" The stranger answered, "If you want that much brandy you will need to go to the distillery." "Well den where do stillary live," Fred inquired.

The family in due time arrived at Polk City and settled on a farm with a log house where I first saw the light of day and started my struggle with life which has prompted these lines. I have tried to adjust myself to environment and circumstances encountered on my journey through life and gradually formed a private opinion that a person should not be punished for doing good to his fellow man and many times have taken chances in going security or bail for someone in need or trouble, and seldom met with any considerable loss until of late years when I consented to try to save a relative from ruin and bankruptcy. This proved to be the greatest error of judgment and caused me an endless amount of trouble and heavy financial loss. And my only consolation is that a local bank president who backed the same unfortunate deal sustained even a greater loss than I did. Which encourages one to say that my own judgment was at least no worse than his. This in the opinion of some people might be accounted for through signing them unfortunate papers in the wrong sign of the moon or perhaps Friday the thirteenth in the dark of the moon, etc.

And now that I am a graduate of the school of hard knocks and notice that graduates from other schools sometimes decorate their names with additional letters such as M. D., D. D., and Ph. D., I wonder if I might add a few initials

to my name something like, X. Y. W. Z.?

In summing up some of the things that happened to me and what I have done all this time it might be appropriate also to call in some of my neighbors and get them to tell some of the things that I did not do that I should have done. So I now stop to meditate trying to sum up the mysteries of life and wonder what it has all been about and what Have I achieved in a lifetime and should I be able to live my life over again would I do any better than I did. We are now living a quiet tranquil life surrounded by numerous friends as well as our own children and grandchildren who are all good to us. The good wife's blindness has been a severe blow to us all but her cheerful view of her affliction makes it more bearable. And after all we are grateful as we contemplate that something even worse might have overtaken us, and we confidentially hope that when we shall have been called to our final rest it may be said of us — they tried to do right.

My life has been full of interesting experiences having arrived at about the same time as the machine age and was privileged to witness the wonderful progress of improved farm machinery as well as telephone, electric lights, gasoline engine, streamline trains, automobiles, airplanes, radio and thousands of other inventions to lighten the human burdens and make this old world a more pleasant place to live.

Incidentally . . .

By Mary Liz Montgomery

For Gfellers only:

A non-local nurse working at Geary Community Hospital walked down the hall to the elevator with a visitor who made the remark about someone, "She's a Gfeller."

The nurse nodded pleasantly but, walking back to the nurses' station, puzzlement set in. Two nurses were in the station and our nurse asked them, "What's a Gfeller?"

Said one, "Oh, we have two on this ward."

Nursie became more confounded. "Could it be an ailment I haven't heard of . . . maybe a local epidemic of some sort," she thought. "Or maybe a brotherhood or a religious sect?"

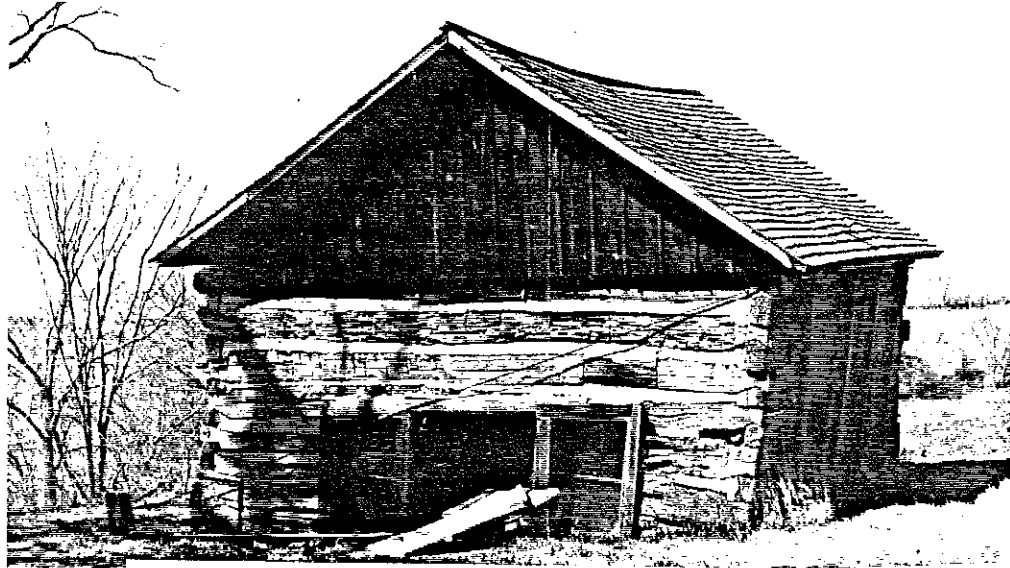
At the risk of appearing ignorant she persisted, "But WHAT is it . . . a Gfeller?"

The two other nurses dissolved in laughter telling her it is a very large local family.

Actually there are 36 listings of Gfeller in the telephone book and heaven only knows how many offspring and married-into Gfellers. Peter and Maria Gfeller came here from Switzerland in 1853 and how their tribe increased!

When we were in Bern, Switzerland, we looked in the phone book to count Gfellers and I recall there were only a few more listed than in Junction City.

So now Nursie knows what a Gfeller is, quite large and important segment of Geary and surrounding counties.



Looking North to North West 187

Log Cabin Birthplace
of
Peter Herman Gfeller
(1859-1948)
one mile north
of
Park City, Iowa



Looking South West
(Back side) 251



Looking South East (the Back Side) 238



1. P. Herman (P. H.) Gfeller -b. 1859 -D. 1948
Rosa Lehman Gfeller -D.

(Complete Family Revised 1978)

1. Emil Gfeller -D. 1963
Ivy Stoffner Gfeller

1. Garland Gfeller
Leola Gustafson Gfeller

2. Wilda Gfeller

3. Myron Gfeller -D.
Frances Atherton Gfeller

1. Eleanor Fawn Gfeller Rohn
Eldon Rohn -M.

1. Rodney Lee Rohn

2. Bryan Dean Rohn

2. James Myron Gfeller
Linda Harris Gfeller -M.

1. Pamela Jean Gfeller -D. (Infant)

2. Ryan Joseph Gfeller

3. Beckie Lynn Gfeller

3. Frances Louise Gfeller Fletcher
Donald Fletcher -M.

1. Darren Edward Fletcher

2. James Dean Fletcher

4. Margaret Ann Gfeller _____
(Marty) _____ -M.

4. Arlene Gfeller Berndt
Edmond Berndt -M.

1. Carolyn L. Bernat Manke
Leonard Manke -M.

1. Dale Leon Manke

2. Kurt Alan Manke

2. Gary Bernat (E. Gary)

Kansas City, Mo.

3. Derald Lynn Berndt -D.

5. Lorene Gfeller Clark
Walter Clark -M.

1. Terry Lee Clark
Rita Dorrell Clark -M.

1. Todd Lane Clark

2. Toby Leigh Clark

2. Jerry Dean Clark
Linda Dorrell-Clark -M.

1. Troy Blake Clark
2. Trevor Elayne Clark

6. Lucille Gfeller Lewallen
Francis Lewallen -M.

1. Paula Jean Simpson Duncan Fox
Clifford Fox -M.

1. Rodonna Jean Fox
2. Dalonna Jeaneane Fox

2. Ronald Dean Lewallen
Janice Bear Lewallen -M.

1. Rhonda L. Lewallen
2. Richard Lee Lewallen -D.
3. Robin Ann Lewallen
4. Ronald Dean Lewallen Jr. (Ronnie)
5. Rancee Sue Lewallen

3. Richard Royce Lewallen
Rita Keck Lewallen -M.

1. Eric David Lewallen
2. Patrick Lee Lewallen
3. Richard Royce Lewallen Jr.

7. Loren L. Gfeller
Adella Cress Gfeller -M.

2. Ida Gfeller Auld
Robert H. Auld -M. -D. 1963

Wakefield, Ks.

1. Robert Auld Jr.
Hazel Fasse Auld -M.

1. Robert R. Auld
Carol Mellinger Auld -M.

1. Robert Scott Auld
2. Rebecca Auld

2. Samuel (Sammy) Auld
Patricia Simon Auld

1. Susan Auld
2. Andrew Auld (Andy)
3. Aay Auld
4. Debra (Debbie) Auld

2. William Auld (Bill) Wakefield, Ks.
Lela Kregar Auld -M.
3. Louise Auld Babst " "
Bernie Babst " "
1. Larry Gene Babst " "
Sharon Nelson Babst
1. Brian Eugene Babst
2. Troy Edward Babst
3. Lisa Michelle Babst
4. Shelby Lynn Babst
4. Lester Auld (Buzz) Junction City, Ks.
Thelma (Lorraine) Jameson Auld -D. 1st-M.
Irene Westover Auld 1965-66 Mem.-D. 2nd-M.
Rosemary O'Neil Logan Auld 3rd-M.
1. Gary Auld (by #1)
2. Jarrel Auld (by #1)
Linda Yowell Auld -M.
1. Jason Jeremy Auld
2. Malia Carin Auld
3. Arvis Auld Connally (by #2)
Norman Connally -M.
1. Ryan Connally
4. Orin Auld (by #2)
5. Frank Auld
Phyllis Gaston Auld -M.
1. Marikay Auld Haggarty
Walter Haggarty -M.
1. Katherine Ann Haggarty
6. Jeanette (Jessie) Auld Braden
Dean Braden -M.
1. Dana Allen Braden
Katherine Bucklin Braden -M.
1. Jenna Braden
2. Dana Allen Braden Jr.
2. Janice Kay Braden
7. Louis Auld
8. Albert Auld
Joyce Cummins Auld -M.
1. Ron Wayne Auld
Katherine Barstow Auld -M.
1. Shelly (Michelle) Lynn Auld
2. Jennifer Dawn Auld
3. Wendy Sue Auld

2. Kent Neal Auld
Kathleen Marie Cahill Auld -M.
 1. Ryan Auld
3. Gregory Everett Auld
4. Pamela Renee Auld
5. Kathy Sue Auld
3. Alfred Gfeller -D.
4. Louis Adolph (Lute) Gfeller -B Jan. 26, 1887
Lida Waldmeier Gfeller -B. Sept. 4, 1895 -M. Box 242 Winona, Ks.
 1. Kenneta Lyle Gfeller -B. July 20, 1914 -D. Feb. 2, 1968
Marjorie Marie Emel Gfeller -B. Feb. 22, 1920
 1. Kennette Dee Gfeller Riggs -B. May 28, 1947
Robert J. Riggs (Div.)
 2. Renee Marie Gfeller Silvers -B. Oct. 22, 1950
Mitchel L. Silvers
 3. Janene Elaine Gfeller Eckerle -B. 1953
Blake Randal Eckerle -M. -B. 1953
 4. Michell Lynn Gfeller -B. 1957
2. Nelda Merle Gfeller Beesley -B. June 8, 1917
Wayne Sylvester Beesley -M. -B. May 9, 1913 -D. Nov. '77
 1. Edward Wayne Beesley -B. Nov. 7, 1944
Jacqueline Kay Gillespie Beesley -B. 1943
 1. Wendy Dee Beesley -B. Feb. 24, 1965
 2. Brendon Scott Beesley -B. May 31, 1974
 2. Carla Jeanne Beesley -B. 1949 (Harris)
Leroy Harris -B. 1942
 1. Robert Wayne Harris -B. Dec. 6, 1977
 3. Richard Lynn Beesley -B. March 23, 1957
3. Norma Bernice Gfeller Washburn -B. Feb. 22, 1919
Robert Owen Washburn -M. -B. May 15, 1915
 1. Sharon Roberta Washburn Mackley -B. Apr. 12, 1939
Douglas W. Mackley -M. -B. 1939
 1. Kathleen Sue Mackley -B. May 24, 1958
Glen Steven Kemp -M. -B. 1954
 1. Kelly Suzanne Kemp -B. June, 1977

- 2. Robert Douglas Mackley - B. Dec. 4, 1959
- 3. Dennis Eugene Mackley - B. Mar. 5, 1961
- 4. Jeffrey Cole Mackley - B. Dec. 19, 1962

- 2. Norma Lynne Washburn Scott - B. Dec. 25, 1942
Samuel J. Scott - B. Apr. 22, 1940

- 1. Julie Rene Scott - B. Sept. 13, 1960
- 2. Jill Suzanne Scott - B. Mar. 23, 1962
- 3. Joan Michelle Scott - B. Dec. 22, 1964
- 4. Daniel Taylor Scott - B. Sept. 22, 1966

- 4. Harley Clayton Gfeller - B. July 24, 1921
Janette Hamilton Gfeller - M. - B. Oct. 17, 1927

- 1. Lloyd Louis Gfeller - B. Sept. 19, 1947 - D. Nov. 1971
Linda Kay Motzkus Gfeller - B. 1946

- 1. Victoria (Tori Yvonne Gfeller - B. Dec. '66

- 2. Roger Wade Gfeller - B. Aug. 16, 1949
Marsha Jean Matney Gfeller - B. 1951 1st - M.
Marjorie Gail Hale Gfeller - B. 1953 2nd - M.

- 1. Hayley Lynn Gfeller - B. Nov. 28, 1968
- 2. Heath Lloyd Gfeller - B. Nov. 12, 1972

- (By #2) 3. Scott Meridith Gfeller - B. Nov. 27, 1977

- 3. Curtis Craig Gfeller - B. Apr. 22, 1951

- 4. Warren Harley Gfeller - B. Sept. 14, 1952
June Margaret Dumler Gfeller - M. B. 1954

- 5. Gayle Patricia Gfeller Hanes - B. July 10, 1956
Jeffrey Scott Hanes - M. - B. 1954

- 1. Jarod Michael Hanes - B. Oct. 2, 1977

- 6. Anita Dea Gfeller - B. Jan. 22, 1960

- 7. Ronald Blake Gfeller - B. June 18, 1965

- 5. William Gfeller
Manna Lehman Gfeller - D. 1965 Rest Home at Colby, Ks.

- 1. Harold Gfeller - D. 1967
Helen Zerfas Gfeller - M.

- 1. Dennis Gfeller - D. 1965-66 Reunion Mem.
Diana Wagoner Gfeller - M.-D. " " " " Winona, Ks.

- 1. Dayna Sue Gfeller - B. 1963

- 2. Darla Kay Gfeller - B. 1964

- 2. David Harold Gfeller
Judy Mae Stramel Gfeller - M.

- 1. Kent David Gfeller - B. 1965

- 2. Dennis Ray Gfeller - B. 1966

- 3. Staci Lane Gfeller - B. 1971

- 3. Deora Lynn Gfeller Wright - B. 1957
Kendal Eugene Wright - M.

- 1. Trudy Lynn Wright - B. 1974

2. Keith Leroy Gfeller
Helen E. Criddle Gfeller -M.
 1. Terrell Leroy Gfeller -D. 1941
 2. Lana Jeanne Gfeller Starkey (Twin) -B. 1947
Harold D. Starkey -M.
 1. Matthew Davis Starkey -B. 1975
 3. Cheryl Gfeller Schlenk (Twin) -B. 1947
Sumner E. Schlenk -M.
 1. Travis Dean Schlenk -B. 1973
 2. Maryse Danielle Schlenk -B. 1975
3. Chester E. Gfeller
Mamie Stapaniski Gfeller -M.
4. Gladys Marie Gfeller Collins
Chester E. Collins -M.
 1. Diana Fern Collins Noll -B. 1946
Tommy George Noll -M.
 1. Teri Rene Noll -B. 1955
 2. Scott Thomas Noll -B. 1967
 2. Linda Colleen Collins Lacy Cady -B. 1948
Dale Allen Lacy 1st-M.
Al Cady 2nd-M.
 1. Marie Dianne Lacy -B. 1972
 2. Jason Dean Lacy -B. 1973
 3. Travis Lee Cady -B. 1976
 3. Nancy Jane Collins Artley -B. 1952
Adriene Artley -M.
 1. Mark Adriene Artley -B. 1969
 2. Traci Lynn Artley -B. 1971
 4. Philip Lee Collins -B. 1954
Debra Diana Nickel Collins -M.

5. Frieda Lean Gfeller Wickizer
Thomas Earl Wickizer
 1. Shirley Sue Wickizer Stilwell -B. 1948
Ronald Gene Stilwell -M.
 2. Mark Thomas Wickizer

6. Helen Louise Gfeller Boyd
Maurice Wayne Boyd -M.
 1. Stephen Eugene Boyd -B. 1956
 2. Robert Allen Boyd -B. 1961

7. Lois Lee Gfeller Nickelson
Kenneth R. Nickelson
 1. Stan Lee Nickelson -B. 1965

8. Donald Dean Gfeller
Margie Hockaday Gfeller 1st-M.
Juanita Klietnermes Gfeller 2nd-M.
 1. Brenda Lou Gfeller -B. 1958
 2. Ronald Dean Gfeller -B. 1958

5. Ella Elise Geller Lewis -B. 1891 Hannibal, Mo.
J. Crawford Lewis -M. -B. 1892 -D. 1908

1. Milton Reid Lewis -B. 1917 -D. 1961
Mary Elizabeth Susan Lewis -M. -B. 1919
 1. Frank Crawford Lewis -B. 1943
 2. Jo Ella Lewis -B. 1945
2. Winona Maxene Lewis Damer -B. 1918
Dr. Eugene Frances Damer -B. 1915 -D. 1972
 1. Donald Wayne Damer -B. 1940 -D. 1960
 2. David Lee Damer -B. 1941
Frances Litterie Damer -M. -B. 1943
 1. Donna Jean Damer -B. 1973
 3. Marsha Ann Damer Waitman -B. 1943
William Waitman -M. -B. 1940
 1. John David Waitman -B. 1970
 2. Dee Ann Waitman -B. 1971
 4. Rhonda Kay Damer Dunn -B. 1945
Wayne Dunn -M. -B. 1945
 1. Jessica Rae Dunn -B. 1977
3. Wayne Edwin Lewis -B. 1921
Marie Lynch Lewis -M. -B. 1928
 1. Judith Marie Lewis Merritt -B. 1948
Stephen John Merritt -M. -B. 1948
 2. Ruth Ellen Lewis Barrett -B. 1950
Richard Barrett -B. 1948
 1. Adam Marc Barrett -B. 1972
 2. Christine Renee Barrett -B. 1975
 - +3. Heath Allen Barrett -B. May, 1978
 3. Edith Eileen Lewis Daniel -B. 1952
Wm. Edwin Daniel -M. -B. 1950
 1. William Edwin Daniel -B. 1976
 4. Lois Jane Lewis Griffin -B. 1954
Richard Griffin -B. 1952 -M.
4. Carol Elida Lewis Swank -B. 1931 -D. 1968
David Eugene Swank -B. 1930
 1. Dianna Marie Swank -B. 1956
 2. Jo Ella Swank -B. 1959

Handwritten signature

7. Elmer Gfeller -D. 1973-74 Reunion Memorial
 Martna Slupianek Gfeller -M. Junction City, Ks.
1. Arnold Gfeller Junction City, Ks.
 Winabeth (Beth) Pettit Gfeller 1st-M.
 Marie Roberts Butts Gfeller 2nd-M.
 1. Marilyn Gfeller Seitz -S. 1942
 Michael Seitz -M. 1962
 1. Scott Michael Seitz
 2. William Michael (Billy) Seitz
 2. Richard Wickliffe Gfeller (Rick) -B. 1948
 Patricia Pendleton Gfeller -M. 1975
 3. Sidney Gfeller -B. 1956 Lives in Okla.
 2. Betty Gfeller Rutherford
 Ben Rutherford -M.
 1. Pamela Rutherford Bombard
 Peter Bombard -M.
 1. Melissa Bombard
 2. Carrilyn Bombard
 3. Terry Bombard
 2. Timothy Craig Rutherford
 3. Ronald Gfeller (Ron) Junction City, Ks.
 Barbara Kirkpatrick Gfeller -M.
 1. Angela Dawn Gfeller
 2. Tracy Lee Gfeller
 8. Louise Gfeller Altwegg -D. 1975-76 Mem. Both buried at St. John's Cem.
 Will Altwegg -M. -D. 1971-72 Reun. Mem. Jct. City, Ks.
 1. Enid Altwegg Niquette
 Robert M. Niquette -M. 1941
 1. Renée Jean Niquette Toews
 Dennis Toews -M.
 1. Michael Toews
 2. Craig Toews
 3. Matthew Toews

2. Charles M. Niquette
Earland Fincher Niquette -M.
(No children)

3. Donna Niquette Belt (Twin)
James Belt -M.

4. Denise Niquette _____ (Twin)
John ~~Hecker~~ (engaged)

2. Marjorie Altwegg McVay
Harvey McVay -M.

R.R. J. C. Ks.

1. Richard Harvey McVay
Marsha Clary McVay

1. Natalie Renee Budden McVay (Adopted)

2. Rachel K. McVay

3. Erika Diane McVay

2. Larry Neal McVay
Joan K. Long -M.

1. Ben William McVay

2. Kelley Kristine McVay

3. Woreen Altwegg Zumbrunn
Dan Zumbrunn -M.

Chapman, Ks.

1. Craig Dennis Zumbrunn -D.

2. Stephen Phillip Zumbrunn (Steve) -B. 10-30-1951 J.C.Ks
Marlo Ledy Zumbrunn-B.5-15-1953 -M. 5-31-75

1. Burton Daniel Zumbrunn -B. Jan. 6, 1977

3. Gail Louise Zumbrunn William Westgate-B. 5-17-1954
+ Donald Dean William-M.3-20-1976-Div.10-6-1977-B.12-28-
+ Duane Westgate 2nd-M.4-17-1978 -B. 5-24-1938 49

4. Colleen Zumbrunn -B. 2-13-1958

5. Patricia (Patty) Zumbrunn -B. Sept. 7, 1961

9. Lester Gfeller -B. Feb. 23, 1898

Alice Connor -M. 1941 -D. 1944 (Gfeller) -B. 1898

Wanda Kerr Gfeller -M. 1951

Alhambra, Ca.

10. Homer Gfeller -B. Mar. 9, 1905

Florence Shirley Gfeller -M. Feb. 9, 1929 -B. May 25, 1908

At. 1 ex 103 Jamul, Ca.

1. Frances Leona Gfeller Shook Rayman -B. Sept. 18, 1928

Robert F. Shook -B. 1921 (3/18) -M. 7/10/47 (Div. 1957)

Dennis Robert Rayman 2nd-M. June 18, 1957 -B. June 30, 1928

1. Robert David Shook -B. Aug. 2, 1948

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2. Rex Michael Shook -B. 1951 (3/23)
Ladonna Hazedorn -B. 1950 -M. 1/21/70 (Div. 1974)
 1. Tara Lynn Shook -B. 1970 (9/12)
 3. Craig Allen Shook -B. 1953 -B. 1954
 4. Margaret Ann Shook -B. 1955 (12/27)
Steven Paul Bishop -M. March 6, 1976 -B. Aug. 14, 1951
- (End of P.H. & Rosa's Family)

Peter Herman (P. H.) was the 13th child of Peter & Anna Maria Gfeller. He was born in 1859 in Iowa and grew up on the farm there. He and his brother Will came to Kansas after the other brothers did and he and Will were both dumped after having been met by brother-in-law Pugsy at Gottlieb's house which consisted only of a stone building one room main floor with a loft above for the young men to sleep in, and share one large bed. He courted Rosa Lenman by mail who lived in Palmer, Iowa, and they were married Nov. 11, 1880. He had a quarter section which Peter turned over to him, the N.W. Quarter of Section 27-11-4, Fragrant Hill Township, Dickinson Co. Kas., right across the road from the large Church, then Evangelical United Brethren, and now Alida United Methodist, which is now our Alida-Hupland Cooperative Parish Church. They were the parents of 10 children. Several interesting articles were written by P. H., including his autobiography, and needless to say, he had literary talent, and a way with words, all articles read have been very interesting. Peter's mother Anna Maria Moser Gfeller lived with them in her declining years, after Peter's death. P. H. died in 1948. He took a very active part in the Gfeller Reunions and wrote many articles for them. From reading some of his things, one would surmise that he was also quite a philosopher. Thanks to Mrs. Elmer (Martna) for lending material.

# 1	Emil	had	7 Ch.	12 Gndch.	23 GrGndch.				
# 2	Ida Auld	"	8 "	15 " "	20 " " "				G.G.Gndch.
# 3	Alfred	"	0						
# 4	Lute (Louis)	"	4 "	16 " "	16 " " "			1	" " " "
# 5	Wm.	"	8 "	17 " "	16 " " "				
# 6	Ella Lewis	"	4 "	12 " "	7 " " "				
# 7	Elmer	"	3 "	7 " "	5 " " "				
# 8	Louise Mitwegg	"	3 "	11 " "	9 " " "				
# 9	Lester	"	0						
# 10	Walter	"	1 "	4 " "	1 " " "				
			38 "	94 " "	97 " " " "			1	" " " "