

SHELBY COUNTY HERALD.

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SHELBYVILLE, MO., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1930.

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LETTER FROM CONGRESSMAN ROMJUE

Washington, D. C., Jan. 8, 1930.
Mr. W. C. Hewitt, Editor,
Shelby County Herald,
Shelbyville, Mo.

My Dear Mr. Hewitt:
I have been recently informed that January, 15th is the 60th birthday of the Shelby County Herald, and it is only due you and the other editors of that splendid paper, from the date of its birth to the present time, that one who has been a reader of its splendid columns as long as I have and one who has had every reasonable courtesy extended should take the opportunity to express an appreciation of the splendid service which has been rendered to the general reading public in what I believe to be the very heart of the best of the splendid state of Missouri.

Sixty years seems a long time from one viewpoint and yet from another it is quite brief. Life is so short at best that the average family barely gets squared away along the right paths of living until half of one's life is gone. Even at that, however, it is a wonderful privilege to live and to have the pleasure and companionship of one's friends.

In the three-fifths of a century during which your good paper has reflected the composite viewpoint and aspirations of the people of northeast Missouri, it has had occasion to do and has done much good by its service. It has left its imprint upon the community. After all we get out of life largely what we put into it, we frequently see the things we look for and the happiness and comfort we get out of our lives and out of the lives and companionship of our friends, depends largely upon the viewpoint we take.

Some months ago early one morning I entered an auto bus on the trip about half way across the state. As I rode along that morning I saw several fine bunches of cattle. I noticed carefully each herd. When the bus passed one bunch of cattle I was looking for the next until I had seen about thirty or forty nice bunches of cattle. I said to a party sitting on the opposite side of the bus, "I have seen several fine bunches of cattle this morning; I have seen I think at least thirty bunches. Have you noticed them?" The party replied: "No, I have not seen any." "What?" I said, "have you missed seeing those fine bunches of cattle?" The party replied "I have not seen a single cow brute, but I have seen," they said "a lot of birds nests and have counted fifty birds nests. Have you seen the birds nests?" they asked me. I said "No, I have not seen a single birds nest." "Look," said the party "there are two more birds nests, that makes fifty-two of them I have seen."

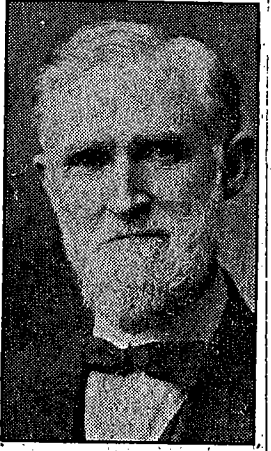
I reflected a moment, and turning to the party said: "After all, I suppose this is a lesson in life. You have seen fifty birds nests and have not seen a single cow this morning and I have seen at least thirty herds of cattle but have not seen a single birds nest until you called my attention. I have seen and you have seen just what we have been looking for and delighted in seeing and have missed seeing others." So I said, "I think we must get out of life largely what we look for." I am sure this is true as to a great many things and as to most all except such inevitable happenings no human power has any control over. However, there are times and conditions that sometimes confront us when we feel we need the help of a friend. Otherwise the world is filled with all manner and kinds of people, good and indifferent. I have found there is really a greater pleasure in doing a worthy person a favor than in being favored. One does not to be a dupe, but a good understanding of people will usually detect one from misplaced confidence.

Some morning some years ago I went out of the United States (Continued on page 5, column 4.)

LETTER FROM JAMES F. MORAN

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 1, 1930.
Dear Friend Cres:
I would consider it an honor if I could add a word of interest to your historical number of the Herald.

My wife and I were married Oct. 26, 1880, near Mayslick, Mason County, Ky., and started the same day for Shelby County, Missouri, as we had planned to go west and "grow up with the country." My wife's sister, Mrs. Lee Robertson, lived about twelve miles northwest of Shelbyville. They met us with a good team and farm wagon with two spring



JAMES F. MORAN

seats. After feeding the team and getting breakfast, we climbed in the wagon and with high hopes started out to view the country that was to be our future home. It was a beautiful Indian summer day and as we drove out over the fine country, especially when we got on the big prairie northwest of Shelbyville, we fell in love with it all and said it was good enough for us.
We drove across two or three pieces of land that had never been plowed or fenced. After looking around a few days we bought an 80-acre farm just north of Epworth at \$12 an acre. The land was very fine, only two or three crops having been taken off. There was a 160-acre farm that joined our land on the west side that spring for \$7 per acre.

The men and women of that community were fine people and if space will permit I would like to name a few of them. There were Uncle George Hubbard and wife and Thornton Norris and wife, our close neighbors, who were like father and mother as we raised our children. Any young woman who has gone to a new country and thru the perils of motherhood, will know what that means. Then there were such men as Capt. James Ewing, Martin O. Miller, M. J. Barton, Frank Merrill, the Caldwelles, Madison Vanosdol, D. C. Ragout, Bartley Parsons, Uncle Bill Vance, Dr. Bailey, Frank Baltzer, Fern (Continued on page 5, column 5.)

LETTER FROM PRINCE DIMMITT

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 2, 1930.
W. C. Hewitt
Editor Shelby County Herald
Shelbyville, Mo.

I send greetings to you on this the 60th anniversary of your valuable paper. You have asked me to write some of the numerous events that have transpired during these sixty years.

As my father moved to Shelbyville nearly 62 years ago and myself being a boy just eight years old at that time, I have therefore known the Herald since its birth and have been intimately acquainted with most of its editors. I have been a subscriber since 1878, and I believe that Mr. Willard was the editor at that time. For many years I had the honor of being its "Duncan Chapel correspondent, the 'nom plume' was 'Tommy Simpleton,' a name Joe Doyle said was not only a very appropriate name for the writer but was in line with the weekly correspondence sent in.

Having perused its columns each week all these many years it was long ago recognized as an indispensable factor in the home. During these 60 years of its existence it has participated in fifteen presidential elections, rendering valuable assistance in two local option elections and one prohibition election, one local option being held in 1887 and the other in 1901 and the prohibition election in 1910.

The Herald has always shown a vital interest in the public welfare, especially of this county and community. It has been an advocate of all those things that tend to a higher and nobler citizenship and directly opposed to everything that tends to the dragging down of the high standard of morals cherished with our borders which was characteristic of the pioneer settlers of this county and to whom this county will always be indebted. For it was these who first gave the work which finally resulted in its present state of cultivation and development.

These sixty years have brought about numerous and wonderful changes, changes that could not have been visualized at that time. The forests have disappeared, the open prairies with their tall grass waving in the sunlight have been changed into beautiful and productive farms.

The old log school houses, so few in number and so far apart, gave way to larger, commodious structures until in the language of Wallace, "They so thickly dot the hills and plains that voice merrits voice from merry children romping on the leafy oak vast chorus mounts the skies."

Houses of worship have been built in almost every neighborhood and we regret it has become necessary to close some of them and it has been predicted by some that the automobile and good roads will cause other changes to (Continued on page 5, column 5.)

LETTER FROM E. M. DAMRELL

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 8, 1930.
W. C. Hewitt, publisher
The Shelby County Herald,
Shelbyville, Mo.

I thank you very much for your invitation to write a letter for publication on the 60th birthday of the Herald, relating to happenings of general interest in Shelby County and of the changes that have taken place as far back as I can remember. I came to Shelbyville in January, 1889, and have lived here ever since, and since you will have many other letters covering the changes in the various localities, I think I shall mention some of the changes in the various lines of business and by whom the business was conducted in Shelbyville. I realize that a letter of this sort falls pretty flat with the younger generation, and possibly some of the older ones might not remember the details as I recall them.

The Herald was owned and published by W. C. Morrow, and located over the corner building now occupied by N. C. Miller's Sons; Joe Doyle was working on the paper at the time and soon became the owner and publisher and after several years sold the paper and later on bought it back and after several changes it finally became the property of W. C. Hewitt. During all the years the Herald has been regarded as one of the high class newspapers of the State, and the present management is keeping step with the times, and with the demands of the reading public until it is, in all probability, the best equipped and most modern newspaper plant of any city in Missouri or twice the population, and the people of the county and especially our little city are proud of it.

In thinking over the changes that have taken place around town since I came, I am surprised to find so few merchants or business men still in business, in fact I believe that A. M. Priest and F. L. Schofield are the only ones engaged in the same line of work. Commencing on the south side of the square, there were only three brick stores, Dussair and Levan occupied the two at the west end now occupied by N. C. Miller's Sons. William Winetroub occupied the next brick as a dry goods store and a frame building on the east of that, as a grocery. There was another frame building east of that, and that was no building where The Citizens Bank now stands. On east of that was a restaurant run by John Bauer, Jr., and the next was the City Hotel, with John Bauer, Sr., as the proprietor; then as I remember, Miss Lottie Laws was running a Millinery Store, and Capt. J. M. Kinney was running a meat market (we called it a butcher shop) then east of that was Frank Schofield with a restaurant and barber shop, pretty close to where he is now located. This row of frame buildings were known as "Tight Row," but how it got its name is beyond my recollection. (Continued on page 5, column 6.)

EARLY EXPERIENCES OF SHELBY COUNTY

Shelbyville in the late seventies, until the present day is well described in the following, an interview given by Nathan Winetroub, well known former merchant of Shelbyville and still a booster for this great little town:

"I came to Shelbyville in 1876 with my father and mother from Quincy where my father had been engaged in the hide and wool business for ten years previous to that time. My father rented a building from 'Cap' Holliday located on the site of the present store of Forman & Sanders.

"After a year in that building he found his quarters cramped and moved into the old building on the site of N. C. Miller's Sons hardware store and which building, a frame, is still standing north of the square and is known as the Garrison residence."

In 1879 again quarters were too small and Mr. Winetroub changed locations, moving just east to the old Applegate saloon building which stood on the eastern part of the present Schofield store. A portion of the stock was placed in the new acquired store room which had been purchased for \$150 including lot and the change was made in December of that year, during one of the deepest snows in history. Thirty inches of snow fell at one time and stayed on the ground until late in the spring.

Anxious to increase his business, a store was opened at Leonard and Mr. Winetroub placed his son, Nathan, in charge. The store was located on the present site of the Manuel Brothers store. This store was continued there until 1880 when it was sold to Aaron Winetroub, now of Leavenworth, Kansas. Nathan then came back to Shelbyville where he continued with his father until 1893.

In 1884 two buildings were constructed by Dussair & Winetroub. This gave Mr. Winetroub a brick building for dry goods and clothing and the frame was used for groceries.

In 1891 William Winetroub built another brick adjoining his dry goods store in place of the frame grocery, thus giving him two nice brick buildings. Two years later two more brick store rooms were built by Dr. Swinney and Richard Collier, the former operating a drug store and Collier a furniture store. The Collier building was located on the site of the present Herald office and which closed the alley which formerly intersected the main street at the crossing in front of this office.

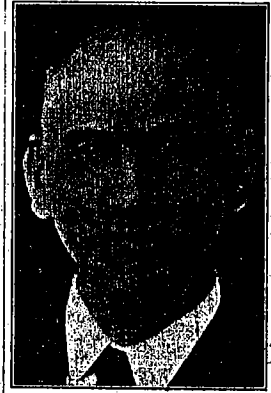
With the organization of the Citizens Bank in 1894 a building was constructed. It was in this year that Nathan's brother, Ben, became a partner with him in place of their father, who had moved to St. Louis following the death of his wife in 1892.

In the spring of 1905 Winetroub purchased the Swinney and Collier buildings and the entire block of four buildings were remodeled into the largest department store in northeast Missouri. (Continued on page 8, column 1.)

LETTER FROM FORMER EDITOR JOE DOYLE

Washington, D. C., Jan. 10, 1930
Shelby County Herald,
Shelbyville, Mo.

Dear Sir:
In submitting my contribution in connection with the observance of the 60th anniversary of the establishment of the Shelby County Herald, it is my desire to devote most of the space allotted me to the recital of incidents occurring in Shelbyville when I was a boy and young man and in recalling the names and telling of the activities of some of the older residents of that period, rather than in attempting to give a history of the paper, which can be



JOSEPH F. DOYLE

done by the present editor from the files in his office, which I believe go back to the time of W. L. Willard.

But before proceeding along the line indicated above, will say that the writer's first connection with the Shelby County Herald goes back to the time when O. B. and W. L. Willard were the proprietors, W. L. Willard being the editor.

As a boy I worked in the office several years, and among my associate workers were Det. Grogg, Mrs. Doty, Walter Bradley, Mark Leftwich, and a man by the name of Fisher, who as I remember married the daughter of J. W. Darrah.

The office was located in a frame building on the west side of the public square. At that time and for many years after it was a four-page paper, eight columns to the page, and printed on the old-style hand press. The office was also equipped with a job plant, but the machinery and equipment employed at that time would show up at a great disadvantage as compared with the modern newspaper plant of today.

W. L. Willard was a capable writer, and his paper was popular, and I believe through all this (Continued on page 2, column 1.)

LETTER FROM J. D. DALE

Columbia, Mo., Jan. 10, 1930.
W. C. Hewitt, Esq.
Editor of the Herald

Dear Friend:
Replying to your letter of Dec. 22, I will say that I esteem it a great privilege to write concerning the 60th birthday of your valuable paper, the Shelby County Herald. I have known each of its editors from its birth to the present issue, and remember them a high class of gentlemen. Ever since the United States ceased to be a part of the British Empire, and assumed the form of an independent nation, thrift and progress has attended our nation to that extent that it is admittedly the greatest nation on the globe. Many things contributed to this prosperity, thrift and the high type civilization we enjoy today; the high ideals brought across the Atlantic by the Pilgrim fathers, and sponsored by the Press of the Nation and became the fundamentals of the Declaration of Independence and Constitution, contributed no small part. The great railroad corporations which bettered the nation with bands of steel, did as much, or more, than any (Continued on page 5, column 5.)

LETTER FROM MRS. GORDON HARVEY

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 1, 1930.
Shelby County Herald,
Shelbyville, Mo.

Dear Sir:
It has long been a desire of ours to write a history of the little town of Hagers Grove, the to me sacred spot where the years of my childhood were spent, and in response to this wish comes the letter from our Herald folk asking for just such a write-up to use in their anniversary number, and to say we were pleased mildly expresses our feelings. Then when we sat down to the task felt our inability to do the subject justice.

In the beginning will ask the forbearance of the readers in the digressions I will find it necessary to make, also your permission to become somewhat personal in my narratives for in writing of Hagers Grove, the place of my nativity, is only natural to relate many personal experiences and as we have so often mentally compared our youth to Mark Twain's famous "Huckleberry Finn" we should love to dedicate this manuscript to our childhood friend and companion, Lee Patton, now Mrs. Chas. Bachstein of Fresno, Calif., as she had only a much older sister and we none at all and living close together what was more natural than for us to be constant companions, thus getting into all manner of childhood experiences, both glad and sad. Our delight would be to go to her home where we would visit the barn to see either a new lamb, a new litter of puppies, or go up into the hay mow to see the pigeon nests as there were always new birds to see. Such glee coasting down the hill or skating on the ice in the winter, then when warmer weather came and not so long after the beautiful fragrant apple blossoms fell, with some salt purloined from the kitchen, would we hitch our way to the orchard and despite all warning to the contrary, would eat to our fill of the small green apples, and not a tummy-ache do we remember having.

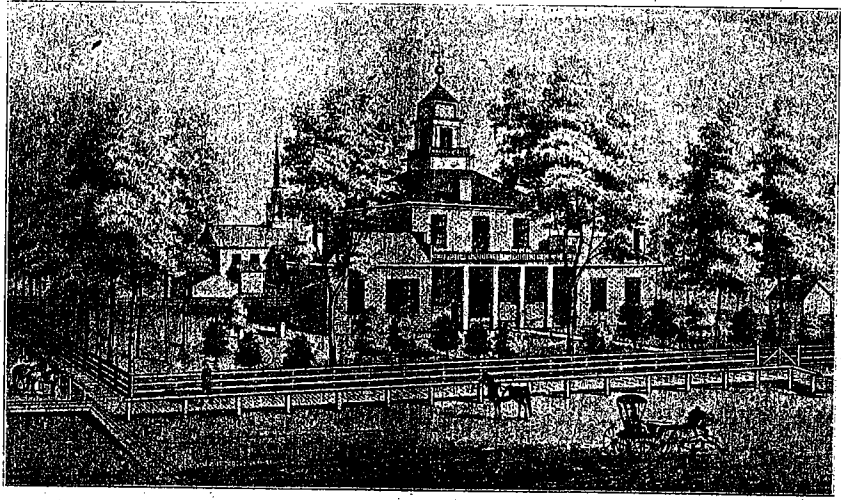
In the year of 1883, myself a very small child at that time, father and mother Roy and family moved to Hagers Grove, he having bought the store and property adjacent of Judge Hunolt, trading in at that time the farm west of there, now known as the Joe Bunn place, from which we removed. A word at this time to say these splendid people were my foster mother and father as well as uncle and aunt, my dear mother having passed on before. Remember with what glee we danced about, thinking we were to move right into the store, a fact which we think we cherished for long, remembering how disappointed when we moved into a H-O-U-S-E.

The Mill
Yes, Hagers Grove had a grist and saw mill for years after our coming and how we enjoyed a chance to go there upon Saturday afternoon when the miller would be white with the flour sifting from the corn as ground, such a fascination to watch the creamy white substance flow into the measure to be poured into the sacks for their customers; and upon any other time go watch with what precision the huge logs were carried on bearings to meet the crush of the greedy saw, whose sharp teeth cut deep into the timber, bringing out a beautiful white plank in its virgin purity. The Edward boys were for long operators of the mill.

The Molasses Mill
A "sweet" place to go "when the frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock" was the the molasses mill owned and operated by Mr. James Mabury, who with his family lived in the comfortable home they had built, which is now owned by Earl Rose.

Blacksmith Shops
There has never been any great deal of time that we have had no blacksmith here, Messrs. Brocksmith, Ritter, Hunsaker, Howerston, Poague and the present owner, Ira Gingrich, among those here. Especially do we remember when the shop stood a little to the (Continued on page 4, column 1.)

SHELBY COUNTY'S FIRST COURT HOUSE, DESTROYED BY FIRE ON JUNE 29, 1891.



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 Published Every Wednesday
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 W. C. HEWITT
 EDITOR
 John I. Beahuer, Associate Editor
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ADVERTISING RATES
 Legal Notices, 1st insertion per line.....8c
 2nd, 3rd, 4th insertion, line 4c
 Administrator's and Executor's Notices.....\$5.00
 Final Settlement Notices.....\$4.00
 Card of Thanks.....50c
 Obituaries.....\$2.00
 Resolutions of Respect.....\$1.00
 All local advertising, per line 7 1/2

JOB PRINTING PLANT
 LETTER FROM FORMER EDITOR JOE DOYLE

(Continued from page 1)
 years up to the present time, and under various administrations, the Herald has been accorded a degree of popularity beyond that extended to most country weeklies, and received generous support from the people.

My acquaintance with the older people during the period referred to in the first paragraph of this article, was chiefly confined to those who resided in Shelbyville and vicinity, but in the list appearing below will be found the names of quite a number who resided in various parts of the county. I give only the names of men but I deem it a privilege to pay tribute to the memory of the women as well as the men of that period.

These people, all of whom I believe are dead, were not the pioneers of Shelby County, but lived in a time or generation following the pioneer settlers, and did their part in carrying on the upbuilding and development of the county.

They lived in a period of simplicity as compared to the many conveniences now available. There were no telephones, radios, electric lights, automobiles, improved highways, or modern farm equipment. Progress in any line of endeavor was slow and tedious.

But however important the many conveniences and improvements now enjoyed, and which were unknown to the early settlers (those modern conveniences were not necessary in the building up of a strong and sturdy citizenship. They worshipped in old-fashioned church buildings, and in many localities the school houses were used for religious gatherings on Sunday.

It frequently has been referred to as a debatable question as to whether with all the modern conveniences of life now available the people of the present day really enjoy themselves any more, or get more out of life, than those of the pioneer days, and whether or not our citizenship now is of a higher order than it was then.

In the following list it was my purpose to give only the names of persons who have died and no doubt there are some errors, as the list was prepared from memory, and it contains the names of only a small part of the former residents of that community who have passed away, but to all who have answered the last call, named or unnamed, we desire to pay a tribute of respect to their memory.

Adkison, Rev. J. W.; Armstrong, Robert; Allison, Sam; Appleberry, Mr.; Arnold, Mr.; Bigelow, M. M.; Bigelow, father of M. M.; Beckwith, Mr.; Baldwin, C. C.; Byrnes, Judge; Bethards, Zado; Bethards, Kim; Baker, Uncle Geo.; Baker, Ed.; Bauer, J. G.; Bower, Theo.; Bower, Walter; Bower, Sam; Bragg, S.; Bragg, J. J.; Burlingame, Mr.; Billings, "Josh"; Browning, Rev. A. C.; Brant, D. A.; Blackburn, W. C.; Bair, Harrison; Bauer, Mr.; Brown, C. S.; Bodine, R. E.; Buford, Uncle Bill; Bunn, Ben; Barton, J. S.; Bonta, I. N.; Bayliss, Dr.; Bennett, Mr.; Copenhaver, J. D.; Craun, Al.; Chinn, Eli; Chinn, Geo.; Chinn, John; Cooper, J. T.; Cooper, A.; Cooper, John; Cooper, Dave; Coe, E. M.; Conner, Uncle Billy; Carson, Dr. Wm.; Collier, Capt. J. M.; Collier, Richard; Copenhaver, Lee; Carille, H. C.; Carley, F. J.;

Cotton, C.; Crawford, Wm. J.; Conway, D. M.; Carney, J. A.; Combs, Lon; Chick, W. C.; Chick, Warren; Churchwell, Frank M.; Chambliss, A. G.; Coard, Uncle Tom; Caldwell, Mr.; Cuiver, Uncle Robert; Dimmitt, Dr. Phil; Johnson, B. P.; Dunn, Jas. L.; Dunn, Frank; Dunn, Major; Doores, Mr.; Dixon, Wesley; Duncan, Uncle Levin; Duncan, Judge Henry; Drain, S.; Dussair, J. C.; Dunah, J. W.; Dunn, P. B.; Doyle, D. G.; Duncan, John S.; Duncan, Chas.; Duncan, Geo. S.; Douglass, Uncle Bob; Dobbin, Leonard; Dale, Rufe; Drennan, Henry; Drennan, Chas.; Duncan, W. A.; Durrett, R. H.; Dye, Henry; Devin, Mr.; Dines, H. B.; Dickerson, Mr.; Davis, Bros.; Engle, S. P.; Ennis, Joshua M.; Edelen, James, Edwards, N. A.; Engle, James; Forman, Capt. J. H.; Flack, W. L.; Fisher, Wm. J.; Forman, A. B.; Freeman, Mat.; Frederick, Uncle Phil; Frederick, John; Frederick, I. N.; Fletcher, Mr.; Feely, James L.; Frye, B. F.; Farr, Mart; Gooch, Mr.; Gooch, Warren; Gooch, Ambrose; Grogg, Ben; Giles, R. P.; Glahn, Chris; Glahn, Joe; Glahn, Ben; Garrison, Uncle Tom; Gertson, J. W.; Graves, Gus; Garnett, Mosco; Garnett, W. T.; Gunby, Mr.; Mahoney, Ed; Glasscock, W. M., Sr.; Gregory, L. E.; Graham, David; Gentry, J. M.; Gooch, Robt. W.; Gooch, Eph.; Hudson, Wm.; Holliday, J. M.; Hilton, Andy; Huggins, Frank; Hughes, Wm. A.; Harrison, Frank; Hall, Uncle Bob; Hurd, Caleb; Hiles, Lon; Hiles, James; Hunolt, Judge Joseph; Hunolt, Chris; Hale, Judge J. C.; Hale, Lewis; Hayward, L. A.; Hewitt, J. J.; Hewitt, Sam; Heselton, E. D.; Hardy, Judge; Hollander, John; Hornback, Judge; Hornback, C.; Hopper, Pink; Headrick, J. T.; Hunsaker, A.; Hatcher, Mr.; Hope, G. W.; Hirtlinger, W. A.; Ham-

ilton, J. S.; Irwin, Alex B.; Irwin, John W.; Jewett, W. O. L.; Jarrell, Mr.; Jacobs, John W.; Jordan, A. K.; King, Chas. M.; Kenel, Dan; Kemper, Abe; Kemper, William; Kinsey, J. M.; King, Jack; Kennerly, Dr.; Lowman, S. B.; Lowman, father of S. B.; Lair, Capt. W. W.; Lair, John W.; Leyan, J. D.; Linsley, Henry; Lamphere, Fay; Lockyer, A.; Lyell, Uncle Al.; Lyell, John; Logsdon, Mr.; Moore, Mr.; Myeres, Judge C. H.; Muldrow, Judge W. C.; Miller, Dolph; Maggart, Rev. W. C.; McCarty, M.; Morgan, Rev.; McElhinney, Mr.; McMaster, M. E.; McMaster, W. H.; Miller, Dr. A. B.; Marmaduke, M. H.; Nelson, J. D.; McNulty, Alex; Moore, John H.; Manuel, O. A.; Mitchell, Thos.; Mead, Mr.; Miller, Dan; Muldrow, Geo.; Muldrow, Andy; Manville, M. J.; Morgan, Dave; McMurry, Rev. W. W.; McMurry, John F.; McMurry, Wilson; Miller, John; McKillip, H. W.; McVey, Oscar; Mahaffey, Dr.; McAtee, Jas. A.; Moss, Luke; Maupin, C. J. T.; Martin, W. P.; McDowell, Mr.; Miller, Mr.; Noland, Dr. A.; Nesbitt, John; Nicol, Henry; Noll, John; O'Brien, Rev. J. M.; Priest, Dr. A. G.; Penn, Rev. Thompson; Priest, Thos. S.; Priest, Mat.; Peoples, W. Z. T.; Pickett, Magruder; Pickett, Web; Padgett, J. J.; Perry, Commodore; Pollard, Uncle Billy; Perry, Judge J. T.; Perry, father of J. T.; Perry, Uncle Ben; Perry, Joe; Perry, Brack; Poage, Mr.; Ray, Andy; Raplee, Mr.; Rillings, Isaac; Rillings, father of Isaac; Randall, Oscar; Ralph, James; Reynolds, John; Roy, J. G.; Rust, Alex; Ruth, Uncle Phil; Ritter, Julius; Ritter, father of Julius; Robinson, D. M.; Robinson, O. P.; Robinson, S. N.; Reihelmer, Mr.; Reid & Taylor, bankers; Shelbina; Shores, Jacob; Sheets, T. W.; Snyder, M. F.; Smith, Solomon; Shanks, R. N.; Springsteen, Abe; Sanders, W. G.; Shackelford, C. M.; Stuart, J. G.; Sanders, Dr. W. S.; Smoot, Dr. J. J.; Smoot, S. O.; Smoot, Thos.; Smook, Judge; Stribling, J. S.; Stewart, Robert; Stewart, father of Robert; Scott, Chas. E.; Stecher, Rev. C. F.; Shale, Uncle Billy; Shale, Sam; Saunders, Robert; Saunders, the blind man; Smith, B. F.; Smith, Dr. Luke; Smith, B. F.; Singleton, Judge; Singleton, Ben; Shofstall, Uncle Billy; Sigler, J. W.; Sherwood, Mr.; Todd, Rev. J. S.; Tingle, Uncle Tom; Tarbett, "Squire"; Terwilliger, S. S.; Tolle, J. D.; Terrill, O. T.; Terrill, John; Terrill, E. M.; Tingle, E. D.; Townsend, J. Wm.; Townsend, George; Turner, Dr. L.; Tannehill, G. W.; Timmons, Mr.; Taylor, Mr.; Van-

ort, Cyrus; Vallier, Uncle Billy; Vaughn, Wilson; VanHouten, Mr.; Poage was the father of Dave Poage, Mr. Raplee the father of Perry Raplee, Mr. Sherwood the father of Frank Sherwood, Mr. Taylor the father of Edgar Taylor, and Mr. Timmons, the father of Miss Lillie Timmons and her sister, Mrs. L. G. Schofield.

Dr. Wood resided at Lentne, and was the father of Miss Maude Wood, who married Henry Reinheimer. I also recall Henry's father who lived in the German settlement west of Shelbyville.

Among the business men of Shelbyville when I was a boy I recall Collier & Darrah, general merchandise. I believe Mr. Collier was a brother of Capt. J. M. Collier, but I am not certain. N. C. Miller, hardware. M. E. McMaster, furniture. M. H. Marmaduke, druggist. C. M. Shackelford, confectioner. W. A. Dimmitt, general merchandise. Wm. Wine-troub, general merchandise. Dussair, Levan & Co. general merchandise. A. B. Irwin, hardware, Uncle Tom Garrison, general merchandise. J. T. Cooper, harness shop. C. B. Duncan, jeweler. Miss Lottie Laws, milliner. Dimmitt & Cooper, bankers. James Ralph, lumber yard, he being succeeded by Caleb Hurd. Bell Bros conducted a drug store on the south side, which was later owned by Gus Graves with Abe Kemper in charge. W. L. Flack was the shoemaker, and J. G. Stuart the undertaker. L. M., J. D. and Lee Copenhaver were blacksmiths and each had a shop of his own, as well as S. S. Terwilliger and Mr. Mead. L. M. Copenhaver and Lon Hiles were the liverymen, and they each ran a daily except Sunday, hack between Shelbyville and Shelbina, and this was continued later by Milt Baker.

The principal hotel was located on the corner across the street south from what is now A. M. Priest's drug store, but at that time it was the Marmaduke drug store. I believe the hotel was known as the Shelby House, and B. F. Smith was the first proprietor whom I can recall. The Dimmitt & Cooper bank as I remember was located in the front corner room of the hotel building and did business there for several years prior to moving to the east side. John Marquette had a barber shop in the hotel.

The Copenhaver hotel was located just south of the Mead blacksmith shop, and the proprietor was the father of L. M. and Lee Copenhaver. In addition was the Bauer hotel referred to elsewhere. Judge O. T. Terrill, in the west part of town, gave entertainment to strangers, and I recall the big sign "Entertainment" which hung facing the street in front of his house.

The lawyers who resided at Shelbyville back in the early days of my remembrance were F. M. Debyns, P. B. Dunn, J. C. Hale, H. B. Dines, E. D. Tingle and Manville & Burlingame.

So far as I can recall N. C. Miller is the oldest merchant of Shelbyville, and no doubt of Shelby county in point of service, who is still living. He was a faithful business man, always on the job, efficient in every detail, honest in every transaction, courteous and obliging—a fine man and citizen and an asset to my community.

The only telegraph office in Shelbyville that I remember was in charge of C. B. Dupon, son of John S. Duncan, former postmaster, but I cannot recall in what building it was located. Connection was made with the depot at Shelbina and message received and dispatched by the Shelbyville office. Outside communication at that time was often rippled by almost impassable roads to Shelbina, and the telegraph office was quite a convenience.

Shelbyville had a baseball club back in the seventies and eighties, and games were played with teams from Shelbina and Newark. The only players I can recall of the Shelbyville team were Warren Chick, Marvin Wood and Wm. Engle.

The Shelby County Agricultural and Mechanical Association for many years held an annual fair on their grounds a short distance south of Shelbyville. I lack in the early days this fair was quite an event, as was also the fair at Newark.

When the old courthouse building burned at Shelbyville it caused considerable apprehension on

the part of the business men and citizens, as there had been more or less agitation from time to time relative to the removal of the county seat.

Fully as much and perhaps more interest was taken in politics in Shelby county fifty years ago as is taken now. I recall a rally or demonstration pulled off by the Democrats at Shelbyville, and I believe it was in the campaign of 1876. There was a torchlight procession and a free supper. The supper was given in the building adjoining the one now occupied by the Shelby County Abstract & Loan Co. on the east side. The building was not complete at that time—just the walls up and the roof on—the interior not being finished. Tables were placed in the large room in which there was an abundance of food. You simply went in, helped yourself and passed out, carrying what food you wanted in your hands. I remember Judge Drain and myself made at least three trips to the tables and helped ourselves. As I recall Dr. Dimmitt was the chief man in charge of the supper, and he did a fine job in providing plenty of food.

Another feature of this celebration, or perhaps it was at another time, was the building of a huge wooden trestle in the court house yard, on the top of which was placed a keg of tar, and after night came on the tar was set on fire, and you may be sure it made a wonderful blaze. I remember the man who went up and applied the match got considerably burned as the blazing drops of tar fell on him as he came down the trestle.

Shelby county as far back as I can remember has had a Democratic majority, and many men of political prominence in that party visited Shelbyville and addressed the people at the court house, among whom I recall Col. Hatch, John A. Glover, Senator Cockrell, Senator Vest, Senator Stone, Gov. Lockery, and Champ Clark.

were in a decided minority, kept up their organization in the county, and I remember a big meeting they had in the court house at which the late C. I. Pillsbury of St. Louis was the speaker.

In the Republican county organization I recall Jim Watkins of Clarence, Al Huggins of Shelbina, Harrison Blair of Bethel, Leonard Dobbin, Capt. Collier and Mat Freeman of Shelbyville, and Art Freeland of Lakenan. Mr. Freeland, whom I am glad to state is still very much alive, was always active in politics, and he was usually chosen as secretary at the county meetings. I have not met him in years but remember him as a most delightful and courteous gentleman.

Among the Judges of the Judicial Circuit of which Shelby was a part I recall Judges Reed, Brace, Bacon, Ellison, Shelton—this position now being filled in a most creditable manner by my boyhood friend, Judge Drain, whose ability is unquestioned and his integrity unchallenged.

The Congressional District of which Shelby county was a part, from the time of John F. Benjamine has been represented in the National Congress by the following men: James G. Blair, John M. Glover, Wm. H. Hatch, Chas. N. Clark, James T. Lloyd, F. O. Millsapugh—this important post-

ion now being most ably filled by Hon. M. A. Romjue of Macon, who is ever active and alert in the interest of his constituents, with whom he is extremely popular.

The above is my contribution in behalf of the Herald's 60th anniversary celebration. Many other interesting incidents of the period of which I write could be recalled, but I have written enough.

JOE DOYLE

A close friend is all right—until he declines to lend you money.



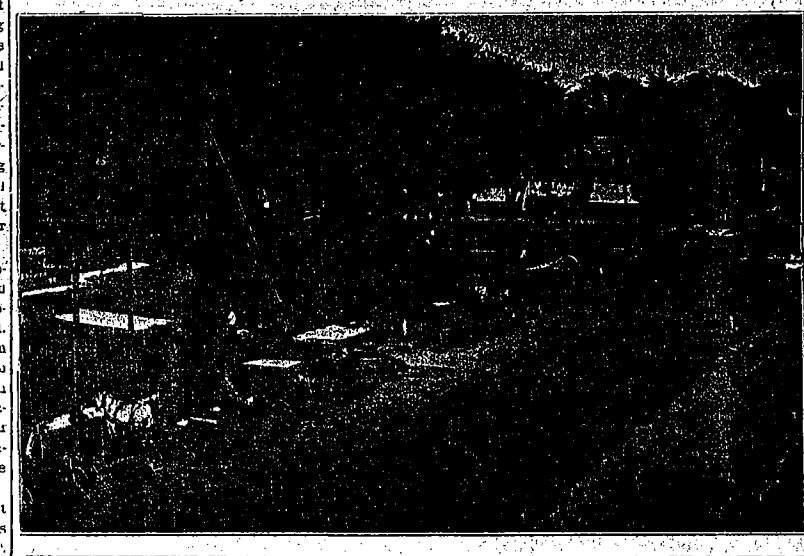
To Identify Genuine Aspirin

THE increasing use of Bayer Aspirin every year is proof that it has no ill effects. It is the accepted antidote for pain. It always helps; it never harms. Quick relief when you've a headache, or cold, or are suffering from neuralgia or neuritis. Rheumatic pains yield, too, if you'll only give these tablets a chance. But you want genuine Aspirin, so look for the Bayer Cross on every tablet. The box always bears the name Bayer and the word genuine printed in red.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacoelectrochemie of Sallerghausen.

JUST A SATURDAY IN SHELBYVILLE SEVERAL YEARS AGO



Warning and Notice!

This is to notify the public and the Doctors of Shelby County that all contagious diseases must be reported and premises placarded. This ruling is for the benefit and protection of all of the people. If you do not have a Doctor it is your duty to report these cases. We are giving warning that this law will be strictly enforced.

Diseases that must be reported are:

- Diphtheria
- Meningitis
- Chicken Pox
- Measles
- Infantile Paralysis
- Small Pox
- Scarlet Fever
- Whooping Cough
- Mumps

Penalty for failure to report same is as follows: Section 5773, Revised Statutes of Missouri, 1919, authorizes the State Board of Health to issue rules and regulations, and to designate the diseases which are infectious, contagious, communicable or dangerous in their nature.

On April 3, 1928, the State Board of Health revised the regulations and designated the diseases which are dangerous to the public health. All physicians are required to make reports to the deputy state health commissioner of their respective county on the diseases designated and, where no physician is in attendance, the superintendent or person in charge of hospitals, schools, heads of households, etc., are required to make the report. Section 5786, Revised Statutes of Missouri, 1919, provides that the violation of this or any other rule or regulation made by the State Board of Health shall be classed as a misdemeanor.

Section 5786, Revised Statutes of Missouri, 1919, provides that the violation of quarantine regulations shall be classed as a misdemeanor.

REPORT ALL CASES TO Dr. H. M. LeFevre

Deputy State Health Commissioner
 Phone No. 1-W, Shelbyville, Mo.

LETTER FROM "HANK" CARROLL

Lentner, Mo., Jan. 3, 1930. Shelby County Herald, Shelbyville, Mo.

Dear Sir: We gladly accept the Herald's invitation to contribute all we know with reference to the pioneer days of the Herald, altho it is a very small item. But to begin, will say that the Herald and I are of the same age, almost exactly, so we have grown up together and have been constant friends all those years. However, the Herald has us beat in one way at least, as it has had more bosses and managers than we. As we understand it both of us began our career, or existence, in 1868. And beyond this period deponent sayeth not. Our earliest recollections take us back to a short time after that. To the days when we could still hear the howl of the timber wolf and the call of the wild turkeys, both of which were still very numerous. Our grandfather, James Carroll, and family came to Shelby county a few years before our time and settled on the farm now owned by Wm. R. Gray and when his son, Benjamin W. Carroll, married he settled on and improved the farm now owned by the corn and watermelon king, Chas. Carroll, and here in a small log cabin the writer first saw the light of day on March 24th, 1868, and this was our home until the spring of 1882, when our father, as we have often told, sold out and emigrated to Oregon, making the trip in the covered wagon. Father was, besides being a good farmer and hard worker, very fond of hunting, and altho he always used the old fashioned muzzle loading rifle always provided plenty of meat as there was plenty of all sorts of game, including wild hogs, millions of ducks and wild pigeons and we have tramped many hours with him over the hills and valley of old Salt River on his many hunts, and his old rifle is still doing duty as we are informed by its present owner, John W. Winston, of Joseph, Oregon, to whom father gave it many years ago. In those days cornbread was a regular part of the daily diet and father made regular trips to the old mill at Walkersville. On many of these we went along and to us it was a treat, in fact so great that if we were denied the pleasure, a woeeful cry would go up and sometimes so long and loud that father would stop the team and come back and give us some hickory tea, which was a sure and certain cure. But the memory of that old mill, then owned and operated by old Tom Swearingen, was indelibly fastened upon our young mind and we shall never forget the pleasure we had in watching the wheels go round and the old whip saw go up and down as it did and the beautiful rolls of wool that came from the old carding machine, all of which were operated by water power. In those days the river was fed constantly and regularly from the many smaller streams that had as their source the large prairies around Lentner and all along its course, which were nothing short of swamps in those days, and the water flowed constantly into the river and there were few days in the season that there was not plenty of water to run the mill. The river in those days was full of fish as were many of the smaller streams that emptied into it, and good fish could be caught any day and especially was the fishing fine just below the old dam at Walkersville where we have stood and watched our father and others catch some fine specimen of the channel cat as well as many others. Father was also a great "bee hunter" and always had his ladder plentifully furnished with honey, altho he could not eat this delicacy himself. His way of hunting bees was different to any we ever saw anyone else use, but was a great success. In the winter time when a nice warm day would come, such as today is, he would get an old bucket, holding about three gallons, put in some ashes, then take from the old fire place, which of course we had and always used, some good live coals, place them in the bucket and cover with more ashes, then he would get some strained honey, thin it a little with water, put in a bottle, and take some honeycomb, his gun and two or three of us kids, and take to the woods. Finding a likely looking place he would proceed to roll up some of the comb and place on some of the live coals of fire to burn. This would burn

slowly but surely and the scent of which was trailed by any bee that happened to be near and usually in a short time one or two would be seen gradually approaching, carefully keeping within the scent of the burning comb. He would then take the bottle of diluted honey, pour some on some of the comb and soon the bee would alight on it and proceed to fill up and when full would begin its flight back to its home in some old hollow tree. The first few would make many winding turns to get their bearing and finally strike the famous "bee line" and he would watch closely its course. After several had come and gone they would make less and less of these winding take offs and finally arise and go straight away, and soon he had the course and would go and look along that course and if he failed to find them soon would move his bait that way and get the course again. Sometimes they would reverse the course so he knew they were between the first set and the last and seldom, if ever, did he fail to soon locate the tree.

There were eight children in our family and when winter came with its snow, all sorts of contrivances were rigged up for coasting down the big hill on which the old cabin stood and for weeks it was our daily pleasure to slide down that old hill and soon it would resemble the famous Otter slide. We wore out more boots (we always wore boots in those days) than a millionaire could buy today climbing up that old hill, not mentioning gloves and trousers that always had to be half soled several times a year as we were not at all careful whether we were on the sled or board or just going down. But we lived and thrived, all except one brother, who only lived to be twelve years old and died with "head disease" as they called it in those days, and this writer came very near going the same way at the same time, but for some reason the good-Lord spared our worthless life to be a bother to the rest of the world. In those days chills and fever were common and often two or three or more of us were in bed at the same time shaking with a chill. But by the help of Ayers Cherry Pectoral and the draining of all the prairie land we all got thru and outgrey its effects. And when Christmas came it was a merry sight to see the little stockings that were hung around the old fire-place where old Santa could not help but see them, as he always did.

But this article is not intended as a family history in any respect, but as the Herald asked, only reminiscent of our early recollections. We have always been glad we were born and reared in an old log cabin and around the old fire-place, where in the cold winter you could and would freeze on one side and burn on the other, yet there were many things in those days to enjoy and as we did not know of so many new things we have today we were supremely happy in our childish way. The first election we remember was when a good old neighbor, Brack Pollard, who lived one and a half miles north of Lentner, got the political bee in his bonnet and ran for some office (I think representative) and was elected and there was great rejoicing among his few and wide spread neighbors. Our memory goes back just far enough to remember well the old court house and the early days of Jim Lloyd, who was just starting out in his professional life. I was summoned there once on a case in which a yearling calf was in dispute between two men and one of them was a brother-in-law of ours and we knew the calf well, and in the course of questioning me Mr. Lloyd, who was counsel for the other party, asked me if I was sure I would know this calf if seen among others. I said I could, then he asked if I knew this was the calf, and I said I would swear to it, and he said, that's all right, you have already sworn to tell the truth, and you say this is so and so's calf, and the whole bunch of spectators laughed long and loud.

We also remember the old Shelbyville fair ground well and attending several fairs there just before it was discontinued. In those days most all travel was by the old lumber wagon, as they were called, and my parents would get up very early, get the children dressed and start out by sunup and get home by dark. The Clarence band usually furnished the music for the fair, going over and

back each evening in their old band wagon, which to me was a wonderful looking thing, the body being built in the shape of a new moon, and as they went and came along the old road back of our place along the river they would play several tunes, and believe me, it was grand, being late in the evening it would ring and reverberate along the valley and hills with its echoes until it died away. It was very thrilling and we always stood out in the back yard and listened to the music.

We started our correspondence to the Herald some thirty years ago and while it has been very irregular and never amounted to much it has been interesting and withal worth while. Several editors have come and gone in that time. Our very, very good old friend, Joe Doyle, (peace to his memory) was to us the best and finest of real friends, always encouraged us to keep on and when he sold out to C. E. Wailes he re-membered us in a very fine way, and we hope he will live to again become its editor. Notwithstanding, the present editor is just as good as was Mr. Wailes, Mr. Ennis and others. All were fine friends and we shall never forget them. Mr. Wailes had some time before been our school teacher and while we had had many teachers, he succeeded in getting more ideas into our numbr skull than any other teacher. He was a prince at teaching school, and we owe him a great deal for many things we learned under his tutorship. Uncle Joe Doyle seemed to take more than a passing interest in us and once insisted on our going into his office and becoming a helper, but I was too timid and refused. But we knew his intentions were of the best and no doubt if we had listened to him we might have amounted to something.

The Herald has been in ours and my home for as long as I can remember and will continue to be a welcome visitor as long as we are able to get the cash to keep it coming. What we have said may and may not be what the editor wanted. Anyway he said to say what we cared to and if a few hundred write as much, the old paper will have to be increased in pages far beyond its present scope. May the Herald and its editor live on and on and continue to bring the news as it has for the past sixty years.

H. S. CARROLL

LETTER FROM L. S. HALE

Shelbyville, Mo., Dec. 31, 1929. Dear Mr. Editor: At your request I will try to give you a little information about the earlier days.

I was born Feb. 4, 1850, in Shelby county on a farm, which was known at that time as the old Lemon Gray farm, on the head of Black Creek. When I was but four years old my father bought one hundred acres of land and moved from the place of my birth to what is now known as the old Hale farm, three and one-half miles southeast of Shelbyville, where I lived for fifty years. At this time very little land in this section was fenced.

My first introduction to school work was in a log school house, located one mile east of where I lived. The teacher's name was Barker. He was an old man with long gray beard and had served in the war of 1812 as captain of an army, hence was known as Old Captain Barker. Mr. Barker expected you to obey his rules to the letter and when you did not he immediately applied a small paddle to the palm of your hand with sufficient force to bring about a desired result. In obstinate cases it sometimes became necessary for a second application which never failed. The equipment in the public school at this time was the "very best." The seats were made of slab with peg legs and no backs. Very comfortable indeed for the lads and lassies. The fire-place was in one end of the room. This supplied what heat we had. Much could be said on this subject but time, space and patience forbid.

Farming was done on a much cheaper scale than it now is. Most of the breaking done with oxen and a large part of the cultivating with the old single shovel plow. Harvesting the grain was done with what was called a winged cradle and when a man could down two acres per day he had done a good day's work. Likewise the man who could bind in bundles the same amount. The reaper and binder commanded the same wage,

which was one dollar and fifty cents per day. Their hours were long, but they never thot of striking for higher wages. However, they would frequently take a little time off to locate the jug of "Sod corn" which was usually setting in some fence corner or under some shrub. All work hands had the same privilege, that of tapping the Jug, at his own pleasure. But should he tap it too often it was very likely to make him sick and force him to the shade to lie down for a while, but as a rule he was back on the job next morning determined to be a little more temperate. Farming in those days was a slow process indeed. People were not living in the hurry that we modern folk are but they seemed to get along just about as well and were just as happy and perhaps more content. The farm produced most of our food. We were at very little expense. Our clothes were home spun. When a young man "donned" his new jeans suit and was off to see his best girl (which was every other Sunday) he was eyed with envy by those less fortunate. The main question was easy solved. Wild game such as deer, turkey, chicken, etc., was plentiful. So all you had to do was to provide yourself with two good dogs and a gun and in a few hours you could bring in enough meat to last until you were ready to go again.

So far as I remember we had but one doctor in the county, Dr. Day, who lived on a farm west of Shelbyville. He was only called when needed badly and often when called he would not be able to get to you until the following day.

There were no churches in the rural districts, so services were held in the homes. A minister by the name of Caldwell, also one by the name of Smith have frequently preached in my father's home. Robbers were unheard of. Once in a while a colored man would raid a hen roost and he was branded as a chicken thief.

In the sixties my mother sold a bunch of cattle to an Illinois buyer for which he gave her a draft on a Quincy bank for one thousand dollars. She sent me to Shelbyville with the draft, had it cashed, the money brought home, which was kept in the house until it was all paid out for other cattle, buying only a few at a time. We had no thought or fear of being robbed. Surely the world has not grown better along this line. For fear that this letter may seem too long I will close, wishing the Herald a prosperous New Year.

L. S. HALE.

LETTER FROM R. S. HOLLIDAY

Kahoka, Mo., Jan. 2, 1930. Editor Shelby County Herald: It is with pleasure I extend my hearty congratulations upon this, the sixtieth anniversary of the Herald.

July 14th next, Mrs. Holliday and I will have been married sixty years and it was only a short time afterward that we subscribed to the Herald, then just a few months in existence. The mists of years veil incidents and dates but I recall that it was desired to increase the subscription list rapidly, for a purpose, and my brother, McKnight Holliday, and myself took four copies. Since then it has been a weekly visitor for over half a century. As I look back over the years, I am inspired with its independence of thought, loyalty to its community and people and lack of personal aggrandizement. To maintain its convictions cost one of its first editors a personal encounter with a prominent citizen, a man we all loved and respected. No harm was done, and the two afterwards became close friends. Though absent from Shelby county over forty years, we have kept in weekly touch with friends and kin through the columns of the Herald. Please accept our sincere wishes for its continued prosperity and may what is for us the evening of life's day, be only the early dawn of a long day for the Herald.

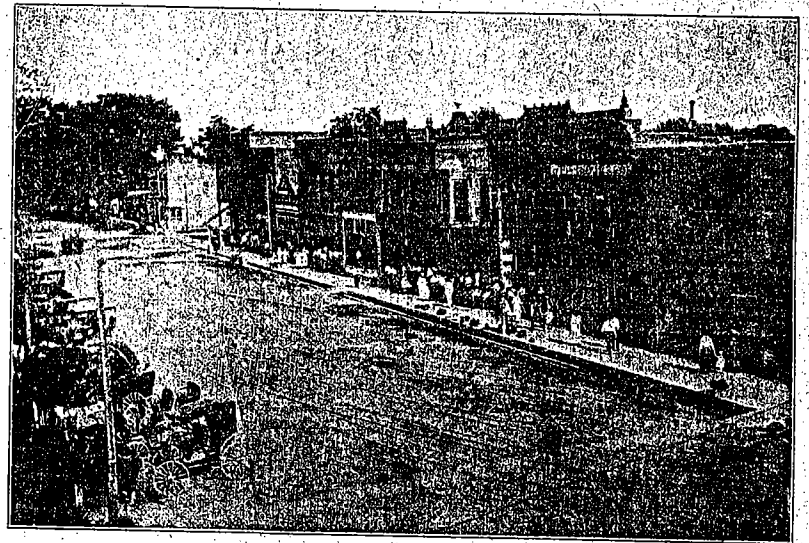
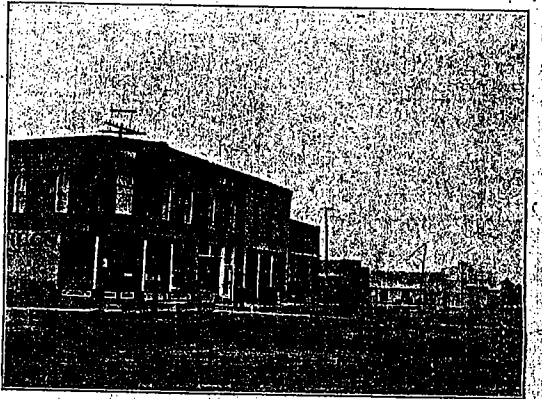
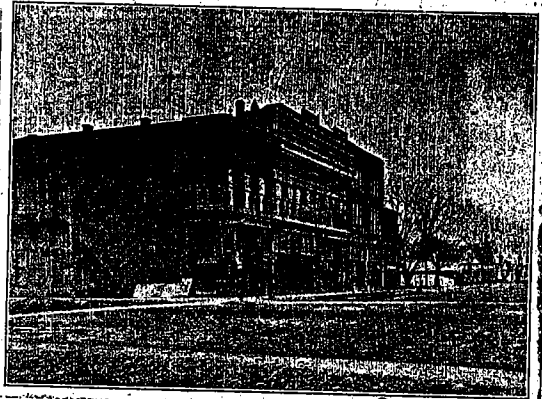
Sincerely yours,

R. S. HOLLIDAY.

Occasionally a man climbs so high that he roots above everybody else—then he begins to get lonesome.

It's surprising how many things a girl can learn at a boarding school that will never be any use to her.

VIEWS BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1918



SHELBY COUNTY INFIRMARY

LETTER FROM MRS. GORDON HARVEY

(Continued from first page.)

east of the present site, a large elm tree o'erspreading it, in the branches of which the golden oriole came each season to build its clever swinging nest, a joy to the childish beholder and for whose glorious, melodious song we eagerly watched.

Stores

At the time of our coming to the Grove Mr. Samuel Patton, father of our previously mentioned young friend, owned and operated a store in a building just opposite the residence now occupied and owned by George Koffan and family, the Patton family living there at that time. Mr. Patton later sold it to a Mr. Si Dorrell of Macon county, who after running the business for a while auctioned off the stock of goods, the building later being sold to Bud Harlan, who divided the building, using it for a residence; changed hands and was finally torn down. Dr. Sanders moved the house that Frank Simpson owns now and built the house where the former was, which George Jones now owns. The doctor had an office close by which he also had moved over on the corner where the I. O. O. F. hall now is. Daugherty and Price put in a general stock of merchandise, the doctor having an office built into this building which were both later destroyed by fire, again leaving only the one store onto which Father Roy had built another room, also had lengthened it all, making a larger structure which he continued to run until his death in 1908, when his son, Ed Roy, who had been a partner with his father took complete control, running it until its destruction by fire in 1918.

Fires

We remember just three fires here, the first a rambling frame structure where the house now owned by Steve Rose was burned, Herschel Edward building the house there at the present time, though others have remodeled it. Then on a cold winter night the cry of fire roused all, who quickly learned the store spoken of previously, just across the road, was ablaze and too far gone to even remove any of the goods and only heroic work upon the part of willing neighbors and friends kept the Roy store from being burned at the time, the years later when it too succumbed to the flames, supposedly by thieves, as seemed much of the stock was missing. Thus leaving the Grove without a store, the first time perhaps since its history. Later the lower part of the I. O. O. F. hall has been occupied in turn by Messrs. Ashby, Walker, Hooper and its present owner, Matthew Schwada, who is doing a splendid business.

Our Band

Yes, we just hear so many say, A band! Why, when? Well we did have a band and must have been a good one for their services were sought for the fairs and other entertainments had. Well do we remember the "band wagon," a huge red affair, sat high in the air, great dragon heads at front and rear, a red wagon, think of it, the players resplendent in their gala clothes, their musical instruments polished until they shone like burnished gold, why to our childish mind the most wonderful ever and am sure they were deserving of our childish pride for they had splendid instructors and were men of no mean ability. Along thru the years from, say, 1885 to 1887, the organization was at its best, such men as the Edwards boys, the Gosneys, the Maybrys, George Price, Father Roy and the boys being among the number.

Doctors

Dr. W. S. Sanders had been here some years before our arrival, having a large country practice which kept him busy much of the time day and night. It was a standing joke with all who knew him that it was characteristic of the doctor to storm and declare often that he was tired, he wouldn't go a step, while all the time would be getting ready quickly as possible, his team also would be ready and ere long the faithful one would be going under whip and lash if he knew the case warranted such haste—and when does one call a doctor that they, the ones needing him, do not think they do want him right now?—a man of high principle and ardent advocate of education, a man generous to a degree, his deeds of mercy, his skill as a practitioner has lived long after him. Living

just over the fence from him for years during our most impressive age we learned to reverence him and to hold him in highest respect. The doctor also had a well developed sense of humor, for at the time of the burning of his office, he spoke to his wife about his "sheepskin" burning, referring to his diploma, but she being all upset over the fire said, "Oh, no, it was saved," meaning a sheep pelt he had in an easy chair on the porch of his office, which statement caused him much mirth. About the year 1906 he removed to Clarence at which place he died several years later, a son, Rollie having preceded him, leaving a widow and one son, Sam Sanders, of Shelbyville, a constant school companion of ours and one whom we are always pleased to see.

Dr. F. K. Roy bought the practice and residence, also office of Dr. Sanders, he and wife living here for several years, when they were removed to Clarence. During his residence here he had a splendid practice and phenomenal success, aided and assisted by his faithful wife, a son being born to them just previous to their change of location.

Dr. Stark, a bachelor, came later, practicing for a time, when he too left, since which time there has been no resident physician. When roads are good not so hard to obtain medical service but otherwise often a very serious question. With the passing of the country doctor the villages and outlying districts have lost one of their most needed requisites.

Lodges

In 1890 the I. O. O. F. lodge was organized here, Pinkney Hopper, George Brewington, Wm. Hall, Charles Hill and J. G. Roy, charter members. Those mentioned took charge with such energy and enthusiasm before very many years a large membership was enrolled and today from Dr. William Byars of California to parts all around could be found men who at one time had membership here. Father Roy always entered anything he saw fit to give his time to with that whole-hearted desire to see the lodge a success that we well remember his entertaining many men high in the work of Odd Fellowship in the home. Thus from a very small person, drinking in the advantages derived from membership in such an order, that it was small wonder that we so eagerly embraced an opportunity to become a member of the Rebekah degree when years later an organization was effected here and which was greatly enjoyed for several years, but like the subordinate lodge here, the removal of many of its most substantial members has so weakened it that it as a Rebekah lodge has long ceased to function, while we are made to know that the fate of our dear brother lodge hangs in the balance. At one time there was also a strong M. W. A. organization here, but it too has long ago consolidated with the Clarence lodge. What is the matter? you ask and we tell you frankly, just the same conditions that all small towns and villages are facing, an unrest, an undefined dissatisfaction among the people, thus losing interest in these things that once meant so much to them.

Older Residents

At the time of our coming to the Grove there were but three residences on the north side of the road, the old house in the corner, occupied by Mrs. Price, a widow, with her two daughters, Misses Mary and Nancy, the latter later marrying Timothy Patton, who with their family have lived in California for a number of years as has Miss Mary. There was a brother, George, at home at that time, a wonderful, or so we thought, a great accordion player. Late of evenings the sweet strains of the music would fill the quiet air of the little village. Mr. Price later married Miss Clara Daugherty, two sons being born into the home. Later these people moved to St. Joe, Mo., the wife and mother being buried a number of years ago and we understand Mr. Price is now gone. A son, Virgil, in Omaha, a prosperous upholsterer and furniture dealer, where his relative, Charles Van Houten, has gone to enter business with him. The other two houses being on the west of the Patton store, the one we mentioned as having burned and the other was torn down. On the south side of the road the same number of houses but with the exception of the old Patton home the houses have all since been built.

Father Roy Justice of the Peace

Not many years after our coming, Father Roy was appointed justice of the peace of Clay township. Being well versed in the questions of the day, he did not refuse. Not so long thereafter, a beautiful Saturday afternoon, when Mother Roy, upon whom he so depended in an emergency, was gone to town, a happy young avain with a blushing bride presented themselves for marriage. Such a thought, as that being a part of the duties of an incumbent of that office had never been that of by the "Squire," so with much halting and embarrassment the service was performed with such satisfaction to the groom that following the ceremony he asked the fee. "Well," Father Roy said, heaving a sigh of relief that the deed was done, "the law allows me two dollars." "Here then," the generous groom said, "I will give you one, making it three." And not until long after they were gone did Father Roy realize where he had lost out, but it became a joke which lost nothing in the telling and was long before he heard the last of it. There were many suits of various kinds brought before him and the Grove would be filled with people come either as witnesses or lookers on.

Our School

We well remember our first day of school, unused to walking any very great distance and also being of a disposition to learn all possible right now, the walk and the new phase of life almost let to our undoing for came home so utterly spent and worn out, remember Mother Roy tucking me in my little bed by the west window while the sun was yet high in the sky and never did, bed feel so good. All questions were met with such utter weariness of mind they often laughed about it to me later in life. Why a school building should have been erected away back in the woods as was that one, we yet wonder, almost two miles northeast of the Grove on what was then known as the Stiles farm but later bought by H. Rose and now owned by Ed Roy. But as grew older and stronger remember going there as, some of the happiest times of our life. When we went in the summer we had great sport riding hickory horses. The boys would bend down a hickory sapling and such fine sport. Then we had such a wonderful play house in the woods too. Those days large groups of grown boys and girls, men and women, they were. Such carefree lives as they lived, romped and played like children. We had such teachers as Messrs. Weedon, Bixby, Turner, Brewington, Gaines, Hamrick, Howe; Misses Georgia Sheets and Ollie Bowman. We wonder if Mr. Hamrick remembers when the big boys tied a rope around him and threatened, in fun, what they would do for him if he failed to treat them right. We do. We always have remembered Mr. Eben Howe, now deceased, as one of the most conscientious, kindest teachers, also Miss Bowman, whose correction made you feel so little and unworthy. It was so, kindly given that you would try all the harder to never again need it. We ask Mrs. Fannie Armstrong, now Crawford, if she remembers the time when we first started to school if we were a Democrat or Republican? Those knowing our strong political party affiliations will laugh to know. I've told her we did not know but we would find out and we did. Later a new structure was built on the road just opposite to where the Robert Vickers house stands. It remained there for a number of years, when an Iowa man by the name of Kennison moved onto the former Prange farm. Having a number of school age children he petitioned the removal of the building to a more central part of the district which was done. Several years later it burned and the new building was erected upon the site of the former building just one mile north of the Grove. All interested can now see what a mistake was made, that practically all the children now ride to school and that the building should have been built at the Grove and of size to accommodate crowds that it could have been used as a community center. No wonder the young people early drift away for there is no entertainment for them, no place to have anything. Naturally no place to go, one of the greatest handicaps a community can have, and our wish is that some time not so distant some public spirited individual, say a Rockefeller or Carnegie, will find us

some day and lift us up and out.

Older Residents

Among the older residents whom we remember were Mr. and Mrs. Green Mabury, who after having lived for a number of years in a large old house on the corner as you turn north, just a short while before their passing on had the house built that is on what is now known as the Webster Glahn place. These people raised a large family who have scattered to different parts. Mr. Mabury was known and respected for his honesty and it is told of him that once hearing a noise during the night went to the barn, seeing a man in his corn crib. He afterwards said "he was just so ashamed he hurried back to the house for fear the man would see him." A short illness, pneumonia, we think, caused their death within a few hours, thus being the only double funeral here that we have knowledge of. "Grampus" Van Houten, another older person, who made daily trips to the Grove, a great hand to argue. Others knowing his weakness always were ready to oppose him in disputes; remember well early one spring day Father Roy was seeding the front yard when he came walking by and at once demanded the pan containing the seed, saying "he would show how it should be done. Unfortunately there were wickets up where croquet was often played, causing the demonstrator to trip, thus receiving a fall, scattering seed everywhere. Unhurt he picked himself up and without comment went to the store amid the laughter of bystanders. The head of a prominent Shelby county family in years to come, he and his excellent wife lived for years on the farm west of here, now occupied and owned by the Frank Van Houten family. Older residents will well remember the house they occupied, being back on the hill where the large locust trees yet stand. Mr. John Coppenhaver, the father of a large family, one son, Ferdinand, living near, was a great politician, but one who often changed about. Can remember him being a Populist, a middle of the road man, a one time Democrat, a patriarch in appearance with his long flowing beard, and a man who continually talked of the theme then uppermost in his mind. Mr. Luther Dorenhauser, also a great talker like his kinsman, always a kindly way with him, also a father of a large family, a pioneer blacksmith, whose shop across from the residence was left that he, tho in failing health for years, might yet feel the satisfaction of its continuation. As a growing girl we much enjoyed the jovial, kindly spirit of this fine man, a son of James, having occupied the home place since the passing of his parents. Mr. James Richison, a pioneer here, who with oxen broke much of the virgin soil, a man of integrity and worth, who lived until a ripe old age on the farm now owned and occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Nannie Glahn; her son, John Richison, also living there; the other son, Matt Richison, and daughter, Mrs. Mariah Schwada, both of the community, one family whose children have always lived close. Mrs. Richison is a sister of Samuel Patton, an older resident of the Grove. Mr. and Mrs. Richison are both buried at Patton burying ground. Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Peoples, another couple of fine people, whose home is now in the possession of Fred Vickers and wife, a childless couple, who adopted a daughter, who married Alex Anthony, the latter now deceased, but the former living with her son in Keokuk, Iowa. Mrs. Ellen Humphrey, a widow since our remembrance, lived just east a half mile upon the hill, the home now the property of Mrs. Zeno McCabe, the house she occupied for so many years burning and this one built just before selling the place; a mother of a large family, among whom were Mrs. Tom Tovey of Macon county, John Humphrey of St. Joe, Mrs. Mary Dick of Kansas, Mrs. Chris Hunolt, Mrs. John Sauer and Perry Humphrey, a wag, a jolly fellow, whose memory is cherished for his ability to bring laughter to those with whom he mingled, the last three persons mentioned having passed to the great beyond. Mrs. Margaret Stiles, another widow, with a large family, a fine christian character, whose farm is now known as the Rose farm, owned by W. E. Roy of Clarence. The sons are scattered but the two daughters live in Clarence, Mrs.

Milo Long and Mrs. Margaret Thompson. Mrs. Stiles and family were constant attendants at Morris Chapel church but her husband dying previous to its erection, was buried in the cemetery here where the wife was placed following her death several years ago. Mr. Richard Vickers, though not so old a man, had large land holdings just north of here, a good financier and a man who has believed in helping his children, seeing them enjoy what he had to give them while he yet lived; a fine spirit. A son, Floyd, and wife live on the home place while Mr. Vickers lives in Clarence. His boys and girls, now men and women among the vicinity's very best people, the mother having died a number of years ago. Mr. Vickers later being married to the widow of the late Benjamin Bunn, a former resident and land holder in this part of Shelby county, one of whose daughters, Mrs. Logan Daniels, and family lived for years just east of here, her husband still living there. Mrs. Daniel during her life time was a wonderful christian character. Having no daughters of their own this splendid couple took a small baby girl, an orphan, whom they gave every opportunity, a fine young woman now, who was married to Kenneth Jones, a promising and successful teacher, now living in Iowa where both teach. The Daniels also took Lula Walker when a young girl, caring for her unceasingly as few own parents do until her death as the wife of Ira Gingrich, leaving two baby girls, whom they also kept until the death of Mrs. Daniel, a people whose hearts responded so readily to the wail of the fatherless, who will wear stars in the eternal crown for the many charities given. Mr. Joseph Hunolt, probably the county's largest land holder, a man known and revered by people everywhere, a man whom we remember as kindly spirited to young and old alike, and one the county mourned for long. His murder in June of 1886 was the only one of which

we know in this vicinity. His widow, a wonderful woman, who also held the liking and respect of those with whom she came in contact, lived for a number of years afterward, still living on the home place with her son, Antone Hunolt, and family, who still reside there, a son, Chris, dying not long ago; two daughters, Mrs. John Worland, who with her family have lived on their farm north of here since her marriage, and Mrs. Neely Hornback, a widow, of Colorado, whose health will not permit her residence here. A family who has been prominent in the making of Shelby county history. Mrs. Mary Patton, a widow for years, her husband dying when the youngest of her two daughters, Mrs. John Hall, now of Bozeman, Mont., was just six weeks of age; the other daughter, the first wife of Mark Gaines of near Bethel, the devoted mother of two small daughters at the time of her death, but who have grown to young womanhood, the Misses Helen and Marian Gaines. Mrs. Patton was a truly christian character and while our home was one of hospitality the Patton home was one of refuge, a place where the sick or unfortunate found a shelter and food and needlessness of things to come to pass, the say always a full house there. Those were days previous to the services of the trained nurse, so Mrs. Patton's skill in caring for the sick was demanded and appreciated the neighborhood thru and many, many were the loving services rendered until she herself became a victim of rheumatism, making a practical shut-in of her and she now resides with her stepdaughter, Mrs. Dollie Jones, of Columbia. An undaunted christian spirit gives this splendid woman courage to see the bright side of life; her very presence is infectious, you just have to laugh with her and while not able to get about much her hands are always busy with needle, hook or thread, making something to please someone. Such a gift we so recently received and do we so appreciate

the hours of loving labor that went into the beautiful lace sent us. Mr. Henry Glahn, a Civil war veteran, was another older resident of our childhood, a man who also raised a large family, a number of whom have also passed on while the others are scattered, the only living daughter, Mrs. Wm. Foreman of Schell City, a school girl club, a splendid christian character, who besides raising a large family of her own now has three grandchildren, the mother, Mrs. Pearl Shofstall, being dead. We would love to mention more and more of the individuals whose faces were so familiar to us, but must refrain and close by just a few more individual mentions. Mrs. Hannah Hunsaker and husband lived here before our arrival. Aunt Hannah, as she was called, a veteran fisherwoman and when the signs of spring began to appear it was time to go fishing when Aunt Hannah was seen to be going to the river—an individual who lived a carefree existence, a great reader and a self-styled seer or fortune teller, and often have we seen her examine the tea leaves in the bottom of the cup and in grave tones that would make our young heart quake, tell prophecy of things to come to pass, the prophecy of which she would in that manner read, and strange to say, she was not always deceived. Another one on the list but far from the least is Aunt Bettie Daugherty, our oldest resident both in years and time of residence. Few indeed, if any, are the homes for miles around in which she has failed to be in time of sickness and we are sure she has been the one to first dress the new born babe oftener than all other women near here put together. But now her hearing is poor, her sight not so good, a frail body, but yet will she live alone despite the pleading of her relatives; her mind still acute, and as the case with older people she harks back to younger days, a pioneer who has lived in western states, she

(Continued on page five.)

PRICES SHATTERED! In This 20% Discount Sale OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK WITH ADDITIONAL DISCOUNTS ON SUITS, OVERCOATS, TOP COATS, SHEEP LINED COATS, UNDERWEAR AND SHOES. Suits \$35.00 Suits now \$23.75 \$27.50 Suits, now \$18.75 \$22.50 Suits, now \$15.75 Boys' Suits and Overcoats \$17.50 Suit or Coat \$13.75 \$15.00 Suit or Coat \$11.75 \$12.50 Suit or Coat \$8.75 \$10.00 Suit or Coat \$6.75 ARROW SHIRTS For Dress Regular \$1.95, now \$1.56 Regular \$2.45, now \$1.96 Regular \$2.95, now \$2.36 Regular \$5.00, now \$4.00 NEW ERA \$1.50 Value \$1.20 \$1.75 Value \$1.40 UNDERWEAR \$6.00 Woolens, now \$4.19 \$4.50 Woolens, now \$3.39 \$3.50 Woolens, now \$2.80 COTTON \$2.50, now 1.79 \$2.25, now 1.69 \$1.75, now 1.29 \$1.50, now 1.09 \$1.00 Athletic Underwear 69c 60c Athletic Underwear 32c WORK CLOTHING Big Smith, 8 oz. overalls, \$1.49 value, \$1.20 Big Smith, 8 oz. jumper \$1.49 value \$1.20 Lee Overalls, \$1.95, now \$1.56 Lee Jumper, \$1.95, now \$1.56 Work Shirts, Chambray, 85c, now 68c Work Shirts, Chevoit, \$1.00 value, now 79c SHOES Florsheim \$9.00, now \$6.89 Walkover \$7.50, now \$5.89 Weyenberg \$5.00, now \$3.89 Broken Sizes \$2.89 Work Shoes, \$5.00, now \$3.89 Work Shoes, \$3.50, now \$2.69 Work Shoes, \$2.50, now \$1.95 PICKETT & SPICER "Outfitters from Lad to Dad" SHELBYVILLE, MISSOURI

LETTER FROM MRS. GORDON HARVEY

(Continued from page four.)

tells many interesting experiences. A widow for many years, only one of the four children left to her, yet she has only joy in her heart, a constant attendant at all church services. We know of no one who will be more genuinely missed than she when she steps beyond. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Crawford, who with a large family lived one and one-half miles north of here for more than fifty years continuously on their farm until his death several years ago when a sale was held of the cherished personal property and the aged wife and mother went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Fannie Armstrong, in Shelbyville and is now the oldest resident of Shelby county. One son, Oren Crawford, with his family live in Colorado while the daughters live near with the exception of one, Mrs. Cora Turner of California. These girls, constant school companions, and now we are always glad to meet them. And despite her venerable age, the mother is in many ways a most remarkable woman, having full use of all her faculties, a good conversationalist and one whom it is a great pleasure to meet. Among the places we most loved to go and where we stayed so many times as a small child was at the Jacob Anthony home. They had two daughters near our age, so the jolly times we had—people who were never too busy to make a child happy or in whose home a child, especially, was always treated royally. It was only natural we should early in life enjoy a visit there; such a treat to help milk the cows, to have a large play house in the back yard, only had to watch the bees, to skate on the pond at the foot of the hill. Ah, the happy, happy days spent there. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony, friends of little children, have long since gone to their reward. Ad Rose, owner of the farm, married a granddaughter, Miss Beatie Vickers. Two daughters of the Anthonys, the girlhood friends, one, Mrs. George Brown of Anabel and Mrs. Elmore Glen of Cherry Box, are probably the last of once a large family. A son, George, recently died in Kansas City.

The Drainage Ditch

Messrs. L. D. Breedlove, F. P. Waters and Henry Funk, newly arrived Illinois people, who had bought large holdings of land in the northwest part of the county, conceived the idea of a drainage ditch, a corporation for which was organized in the spring of 1911, composed of Funk, Breedlove, Waters and W. E. Roy. In March, 1912, the contract was let and by Sept. 1st the huge machine was ready to begin excavation, at which time a Good-Feelers picnic was held on the Funk farm, at which time a Good-Feelers picnic was held on the Funk farm, at which time a Good-Feelers picnic was held on the Funk farm...

Our Church

The present building where it has been somewhat remodeled and the trees which now fill the yard that then was bare with the exception of three large oaks, one on one side and the two remaining on the other side of path thru the yard and we are sure the sky never looked bluer or the moon more beautiful as when a child we walked by Mother Roy's side, thinking how swiftly the moon traveled thru the sky, just as one of childhood's beliefs. Wonderful preachers have filled the pulpit here, Rev. Browning, Rev. Dorsey and others, at which time we had such patriarchal men as Messrs. Chenoweth, Perry, Creek at the top, starting at the Funk place and terminating just below the Snowden bridge, cutting a ditch twelve miles in length, those further on refusing to contribute funds for its continuance. It has washed on either side until now requires a one hundred foot bridge to span it. Following the ditch's completion much timber was removed and corn planted to its very edge. For a time it was a great success, but now in times of excess, as treme wet weather it even fails to carry away the excess amount of water pouring in from the higher ground. Am sure anyone coming here after an absence of years would be slow to recognize any of the territory just west of here as there are now two bridges and in rainy seasons two rivers and the horseshoe lake, upon which hours of pleasure were had in winter skating and a thing of rare beauty in summer, being covered with blooming pond lilies, no more as the ditch went directly through it.

Mail Service

For long the mail was delivered at the postoffice here twice weekly, then every other day, a carrier coming from Novelty, going thru to Clarence, returning over the same route the day following, also carrying mail for Cherry Box. Later every day service was had, a carrier coming from Leonard, going thru to Clarence the Novelty route discontinued, the Cherry Box mail being brought here and taken thru. As a political job first such as the Lowes, Crow, Hanna, one and another of residents had Mauck, Shoemaker and many charge of the office, but for the greater part of the time of our of their christian spirit upon this

remembrance was located in the front of Father Roy's store, he being the postmaster, and how eagerly patrons waited for the coming of Uncle Sam's man with his precious burden. The rural men have hard trips but no comparison to carriers at that time, among whom we remember Messrs. Steward, Earp, Gillaspay and many others.

In 1911 the postoffice was taken from here, since which time we have had rural route service, the carrier coming from Clarence. Before the cutting of the drainage ditch the old stream, Salt River, became very high following hard rains, causing a deep overflow between where the old bridge was, about a half-quarter mile south of the present site and where the house on the corner stood. Often the horses to the wagons would be forced to swim and we returned with what eagerness all would await the mail's coming at that time, many times almost the entire population watching at the water's edge, for going, as they did in a hack they carried passengers and oftentimes how frightened they would be and how worried the onlookers. Sometimes when too high a skiff would be sent over to the bridge to bring both mail and passengers and the many perilous times, know of no fatalities.

Amusements

No, we didn't go into Clarence of a Saturday night to hear the band play. If summer many of the women and children with the present dogs would take a walk, going down to the bridge, crossing, then coming on up the rattle just below the mill, crossing on the stepping stones, loitering on the way to talk while the children gathered the bright pebbles, a wild flower or played along the way, returning home filled with the blessing that a close touch with nature can alone give one. In the winter we had skating and coasted down the hill, the boat rides, the fishing and not to forget to mention the trips to the woods to gather the berries and nuts. As we grew older there were socials and entertainments at school. At no time in our youth did we have the dissatisfaction that today we are sorry to hear the young people express if for even a short while they are left to their own resources for entertainment.

Our Church

The present building where it has been somewhat remodeled and the trees which now fill the yard that then was bare with the exception of three large oaks, one on one side and the two remaining on the other side of path thru the yard and we are sure the sky never looked bluer or the moon more beautiful as when a child we walked by Mother Roy's side, thinking how swiftly the moon traveled thru the sky, just as one of childhood's beliefs. Wonderful preachers have filled the pulpit here, Rev. Browning, Rev. Dorsey and others, at which time we had such patriarchal men as Messrs. Chenoweth, Perry, Creek at the top, starting at the Funk place and terminating just below the Snowden bridge, cutting a ditch twelve miles in length, those further on refusing to contribute funds for its continuance. It has washed on either side until now requires a one hundred foot bridge to span it. Following the ditch's completion much timber was removed and corn planted to its very edge. For a time it was a great success, but now in times of excess, as treme wet weather it even fails to carry away the excess amount of water pouring in from the higher ground. Am sure anyone coming here after an absence of years would be slow to recognize any of the territory just west of here as there are now two bridges and in rainy seasons two rivers and the horseshoe lake, upon which hours of pleasure were had in winter skating and a thing of rare beauty in summer, being covered with blooming pond lilies, no more as the ditch went directly through it.

LETTER FROM JAMES F. MORAN

(Continued from page 1.)

Wester, Fred Johnson, Robert Powell, Fonrose and Wm. Keith, Whorton Brothers, Mr. McKillip, Uncle Tom Baker, the Panchois, the Drennan family and others just as fine and good. Bethel was, and is, a good town. They had a splendid flour and saw mill, good stores and blacksmith shops and fine gardens. Most everyone talked German. We hitched our team to the farm wagon every fourth Sunday morning and drove seven miles to North River Baptist church. This was a good prosperous country church, composed of such men as Art Carmichael, Mart Farr, the Dodds, Garnetts, Singletons, Sanders and others. We always had at least a half dozen invitations to dinner and many were the good visits we enjoyed with these

people. Messrs. Frank Alexander, Cass Stover, Henry Glahn, Father Roy were among those who served faithfully on the church board, which at the present time consists of Wm. Gosney, J. S. Hopper, Robert Vickers, Frank Van Houten, Willie Jones and Harry Glahn.

Mode of Travel

Former residents were pleased to own a buggy or carriage in which to ride, many yet going in the lumber wagon with chairs for seats. The quiet of the Sunday morning service was unbroken then by the noises now made by the numberless autos passing to and fro, whose destination is often far from the house of God, to say nothing of the drum of the huge motors propelling the huge birds of man's device that soar majestically in the air. A former resident of this vicinity returning would find the woodland with his ax nukes much difference in the landscape, for the pasture just east of the church is now practically clear of trees and the pasture south of that, where the ball games were played when we were a child, has for years been in cultivation, all making the locality look differently, the roads have never been changed, still the road to the north, also the one east going down a slope, then crossing a small bridge, then up the hill, a winding road, which we used to wonder why was not straight.

The Herald

We find in looking thru the files of the Shelby County History that one paper only, the Shelby Democrat, is a senior to the Shelby County Herald and that by only two years, it also being most familiar to us as was also a weekly visitor in the home, but Shelbyville being the county seat, more was heard about it in the home than Shelby, then too, more home news has always been in it, so it is only natural it would be a favorite with readers thru this part of the county. Remember when a great stack of copies would each week come to the Grove for distribution, a paper the same in type and form as now, has always had the same style of dress, despite the change in the clothes of its feminine readers. Remember well studying out the large letters of its name, one at a time laboriously, really learning our letters that way, and as now has it been a paper always advocating the right, the clean, just such a publication as one loves to have in the home. Well remember when Mrs. Kate Stauffer, nee Van Houten, wrote the items from this vicinity, later Dr. F. K. Roy, while yet a teacher at home, sent them in to be followed years after by Mrs. Walter McCue, who at that time lived on their farm west of here. For some time no one represented our vicinity, when your humble scribe began the work, could hardly say how many years ago. Needless to say it has accorded us much pleasure to have a part, the so small, in the making of so successful a paper and appreciate the opportunity very much, also the kindly words of appreciation given us by the readers.

Know there are many more incidents and persons we would like to give especial mention but must close, hoping this reaches many, many former residents who will be most lenient with us in our humble efforts to bring back to them as they again travel mentally the dear old spot sacred to those of us to whom every stone, tree and place has a special memory and long live the Shelby County Herald, is our wish.

Most respectfully,
Mrs. Gordon Roy Harvey.

LETTER FROM JAMES F. MORAN

(Continued from page 1.)

Wester, Fred Johnson, Robert Powell, Fonrose and Wm. Keith, Whorton Brothers, Mr. McKillip, Uncle Tom Baker, the Panchois, the Drennan family and others just as fine and good. Bethel was, and is, a good town. They had a splendid flour and saw mill, good stores and blacksmith shops and fine gardens. Most everyone talked German. We hitched our team to the farm wagon every fourth Sunday morning and drove seven miles to North River Baptist church. This was a good prosperous country church, composed of such men as Art Carmichael, Mart Farr, the Dodds, Garnetts, Singletons, Sanders and others. We always had at least a half dozen invitations to dinner and many were the good visits we enjoyed with these

brethren. It is a sad fact that our country churches of today do not compare with those of 35 to 50 years ago; also we then had full schools. The country was about as thickly settled as it is now, and I would judge the families averaged five children.

This country is greatly indebted to the old-time gospel preachers of that day. Some of the Baptist I remember were: Bros. John Eaton, O. N. Collins, Santier Smith, and our own Bro. Hale. They often rode horseback 24 to 30 miles to serve a church one-fourth time for as little as one to two hundred dollars a year. Some fine Methodist ministers I remember were: Bros. Dayholt, Carlyne and O'Brien. One of the strongest churches in the country was the German Evangelical church at Zion, west of Bethel, with Bro. Stauffer as pastor. He was one of the most consecrated of our early settlers.

The mud roads have always been a great handicap to this country. I remember we would load our hogs and start to Shelby, 18 miles of mud roads, before daylight. If we had good luck we got to Shelby and unloaded by noon, then went to Old Farmer's and got a splendid meat for 25 cents. If our hogs brought 5 cents we considered it a good price. I have known of them to be as low as 2 1/2 cents. The state highways are a great relief and perhaps in time the farm-to-market roads will give every community an outlet.

It has been almost 50 years since that first happy day in Shelby County, and while we have had some sorrows and misfortunes, yet on the whole we could not ask a better lot. We have many friends, good and true. Shelby County has been good to us. I would like to write of Shelbyville, but I fear this letter is too long. I will leave that to the better qualified. I will only say the business men of the town 50 years ago were fine men. I believe N. C. Miller and W. A. Dimmitt are the only two living. We expect to live and die in this county, and love it better than any spot on earth, and enjoy the fellowship and brotherhood to the utmost.

Your friend,

JAMES F. MORAN.

LETTER FROM M. A. ROMJUE

(Continued from page 1.)

Treasury building where I had been to see officers there concerning a lost liberty bond that some farmers had bought and got it destroyed or lost. As I walked down the street I saw an aged man apparently 75 years of age, by him was his aged wife. They were total strangers to me and I had never seen them before. They had two suit cases and a package. They were looking about as if they were lost. As I went by them I remembered what my father had often told me, "Son, always be kind to the aged." I stopped and I said, "Mister is there some place you are looking for, Can I be of any service to you?" He looked me over and hesitated before he spoke and I knew what probably was going through his mind. He was afraid to make up with a stranger in a city, which was a very good precaution.

"Finally he said 'I have a boy in this city and have been trying to find him. His mother and I have done a good deal of walking and haven't found him yet.'" I asked, "Have you his address?" He took a card from his pocket, showed it to me, and I said I know where that street is but don't know just where that house is. My car is down here at the corner of the block if you care to take the risk and will get in my car I'll drive you to that street and locate the place for you in six or seven minutes. Am just going over to the Capitol and am not rushed for time." He looked at me for a few seconds and I said "Of course you don't know who I am or what might happen to you in case you got in my car, and you won't offend me at all by refusing to go, but if I can be of any help to you it will be a pleasure for me to do so. My name is Romjue. I happen to represent the 1st Missouri District in Congress. If I can help you it will be a pleasure but you only have my word."

He looked at his wife and she looked at him and they both looked at me. The old gentleman said his whiskers a bit. I believe we will go along. So in the car

destroyed by fire in 1893. The old courthouse was also destroyed by fire in June 1891, and the proposition to issue \$25,000 bonds for a court house was voted in September, 1891. The contract for building the courthouse was let in February, 1892, and the building was completed in June, 1893.

They got and in only a few minutes I had driven up to the house to which he had the number. "Now" I said, you wait till I go to the door." I rang the bell and a party came to the door; and finding their son was stopping here the old fellow and his wife got cut and as I bade him good bye he said, "Hold on, how much do I owe you?" I said "Nothing whatever." "Well" he said "I want to pay you." I said "No, you can't give me any pay, I did not bring you around for that."

The old gentleman said "Where did you say you lived?" "I'm from Missouri!" I replied. The old gentleman took me by the hand and said, "Say I was down in Florida, my wife and myself, this winter, I am a farmer and live in New York State. We met a man down there who was from Missouri and he was quite kind to us, and now here you, a total stranger, have helped us out and won't accept even a taxi fare. What kind of people are you people in Missouri anyway?" Well, so far as I know we in Missouri are like we think people ought to be in other places and perhaps they are."

I congratulate you and my many good friends of Shelby County on the 60th birthday of the Herald. And remembering that we generally see in life, somehow what we are looking for and that the greatest pleasure comes when we can help the worthy and deserving.

Sincerely,
M. A. ROMJUE.

LETTER FROM J. D. DALE

(Continued from page 1.)

Other thing to establish our present civilization. Shelby County has kept pace with all the progress of the nation from the pioneer ox-cart to the two-horse wagon, to the spring wagon and buggy, to the automobile. Even our ladies have kept up with all the latest Parisian fashions; just a few days before I left your city a year ago, a Mr. Stone and a Mr. Wood were standing in front of the postoffice conversing when a bevy of ladies passed along, costumed in the very latest fashions, when Wood turned to Stone, and Stone turned to Wood and then they both turned to rubber.

Yes, Shelby County folks have kept up with all the progress and thrift of the nation, due primarily to the fact that the newspaper editors have kept alive the high ideals that came over with the Mayflower and settled at Plymouth, especially is this true of the Herald editors, as all of them were exceedingly cautious about the matter they published in the columns of this paper. May the Herald live on and on and continue to prosper as it will as long as it is conducted on the high plane it now is.

I have seen it grow from the old Washington hant press to the latest equipment produced by the inventive genius of the human mind. Those engaged in Journalism, form one of the most important groups of business men and women in our nation.

With best wishes for success, I remain,
JNO. D. DALE,
204 Waugh Ave.

LETTER FROM PRINCE DIMMITT

(Continued from page 1.)

be made both as to the school districts and country churches. One of the most noticeable changes to me is the passing of the old Shelbyville High School. Where the building once stood and the playgrounds adjacent, is now a beautiful cemetery, owned and well cared for by the I. C. O. F. Lodge of Shelbyville. Here lie the remains of many of the patrons and pupils of that school. Here where these pupils romped and played in the long ago, some beautiful and costly monuments mark their resting place. No doubt the large part of the population of Shelbyville sixty years ago lie here in this cemetery. There are also very few dwellings left that were here then and no business buildings unless it is the building known as the J. M. Ennis building on the corner now occupied by the bakery. "Old Tight Row" as it was familiarly known and which for forty years was a fire trap, was

business as he ever was. Where the Renner Oil Company is now located was a brick hotel building. Col. B. F. Smith was the landlord, as well as the postmaster, as the postoffice was located in a part of the building. On west on the northwest corner of that block was a blacksmith and wagon shop, the blacksmithing being done by John Dave Copenhaver and the wagon and woodwork done by Uncle Al West, father of E. M. West. Tom Mead's father and his brother, William, were running the shop where Tom is now located. Mrs. Regina Riddell was running the Virginia Hotel, which is the property where W. C. McDowell now resides. Mrs. Doyle, mother of Jas. Wm. and Joe Doyle, owned and was running the Doyle House (now the Tuggett Hotel.) I boarded there when I first came here and paid \$2.50 a week for room and board and it was certainly a nice place, and at the prevailing rates, I have always understood, she made money. Of course all kinds of provisions were cheap then. The old Court House here was surrounded by a plank fence and plank sidewalk. The Methodist, Baptist and Christian churches have all been built during this time, as well as both the brick school buildings, and several other buildings, including two up to date opera houses, both of which have been destroyed by fire. Many merchants, professional men, preachers and other citizens have come and gone during this time, whose names I will not have space to mention, a fact I very much regret, because during all these years, the little city and country adjoining it has, and still has, the best people in the world.

We had one telephone which was in the store of Dussair and Levan. Telegrams coming to Shelbyville were transmitted over it and delivered to persons in this locality. We had no railroad or gravel roads, and during the muddy times it sometimes took two or three hours to make the trip to Shelbyville in the hack, and roads generally were bad, but less was said about the bad roads at that time than there is now.

There has been little change in the population, but wonderful improvements in buildings, residences, sidewalks and streets. I have always thought that the older people who lived here when I came were wonderful, and I can think of the ones that have gone faster than I can write them down and I reverence their memory, and may I add that I am satisfied with the present generation.

We sometimes hear the question come up as to how fast the young people are going, but I have some doubts about this, because I have not forgotten my mistakes and how good the older ones were to overlook them, so it may seem that our youngsters go faster than they really go because they are on a faster track than we had. Trusting this may interest some of your readers, and that the present management may be in charge of the Herald on many more birthdays, I am,
Yours truly,
E. M. DAMRELL.

LETTER FROM E. M. DAMRELL

(Continued from page 1.)

On across the street where the bakery is now, was a hardware and implement store conducted by Josh Ennis, father of Charley Ennis. Across the street where the Shelby County Abstract & Loan Co. is now located was a frame, one-story building with an awning around it, occupied by H. C. Carlie, as an insurance man and conveyancer. The next building, as I recall, was a brick building occupied by W. A. Dimmitt, who was running a general store. Then came the drug store of J. J. Hewitt. Dr. Phil Dimmitt was the banker and the bank was in a brick building that burned a few years ago, now the Shelbyville Bank, then came J. T. Cooper's harness store, buggies, etc. This business was managed by Joe Ritter, father of Joe Ritter, the station agent. North of that on the corner was Lon Hiles's livery barn. S. S. Terwilliger, wagon maker and blacksmith, had about all there was north of the square, except a blacksmith shop owned by Levi Copenhaver. Len Copenhaver was running a blacksmith shop where the lumber yard is now located and he also owned a livery barn north of that. Going across south on the west side of the square, was J. G. Stuart, undertaker and furniture dealer, then came Dr. Priest's office, then the shoe store of Flack & Laws. Capt. J. M. Collier had a general store, and next to him was N. O. Miller's hardware store and A. M. Priest's drug store, which burned down a few years ago, but was rebuilt by him, where he has been located all these years, better equipped, enjoying a good business and so far as I can see, is as plucky-taking and well qualified to do

LETTER FROM J. A. CHRISTINE

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 2, 1930.

Dear Mr. Editor:
I see in your paper some time ago that you were thinking of having a reunion of the Herald about the middle of January and you wanted to hear from some of the old readers, so I think I have read it about as long as any one, as I started to read the Herald about the time it was born, for I don't think there is a great deal of difference in our ages.

I am a native of this county, having been born in the city of Walkersville on Salt River, which is the largest river in the county, and by the way, Walkersville used to be a great deal larger than it is now. There used to be a good number of houses, a postoffice, blacksmith shop, there used to be a big dam that backed the water up the river for several miles and that water was used for power to run the sawmill, and a grist mill for grinding all kinds of grain. A carding machine where the people had their wool carded and spun into yarn, then went into jeans for the men and linsey for the ladies, and when

LETTER FROM J. A. CHRISTINE

(Continued on page 8, column 7)

LETTER FROM FORMER EDITOR C. L. ENNIS

Quincy, Ill., Jan. 1, 1930. Dear Editor:

Having learned of your intention to celebrate the sixtieth (60th) anniversary of your valuable paper, "The Shelby County Herald," sometime this month, I thought perhaps you would like to know some of my early recollections of the beginning of that paper.

It has always been deeply impressed on my mind ever since Mr. Willard, father of Wm. Willard, made his first visit to your town.

In the first place I was only a small boy and like all small boys, was very proud to be asked about such an important business matter by an old man.

During the time I was connected with the paper the first typesetting machine was installed, also the change was made from the old "blanket form" to the present eight-page size.

Recently I came out here to sunny California, again expecting to engage in business for myself, but due to the fact that the settlement of an estate is involved, I find myself holding down another job.

Since that time the Herald has been owned and operated by William L. Ennis, Dines, Doyle & Schofield, C. L. Ennis, Ennis Brothers, Joe Doyle, C. E. Wailles, Ennis & Terrill, Ennis & Doyle, J. A. Christine, Hewitt & Thompson, and W. C. Hewitt, who is the present owner.

It is a pleasure for me to know that my old home town paper has given such unusual satisfaction all these years and is still going strong, due to your able efforts and untiring energy and by such faithful and trusted employees as Miss Rena Carney, who has been with the paper for a good many years.

Now, Mr. Editor, I must apologize for taking up so much of your valuable space but it won't be repeated, I assure you.

With my best wishes to my old friends and the Herald for a happy and most prosperous New Year, I am,

Yours truly, C. L. ENNIS.

LETTER FROM FORMER EDITOR J. M. ENNIS

San Jose, Calif., Dec. 22, 1929. Mr. W. C. Hewitt, Shelbyville, Mo.

My Dear Sir: Since you did not state very clearly what I am expected to write I hardly know whether to address this letter to "the editor," the "readers of the Herald," or to use the more common expression, "The Herald Family."

and owners, he in turn disposing of his interest to Arthur "Squick" Doyle. After several months Mr. Doyle's health failed and he decided to return to Colorado.

This was during that period of "great unrest"—the closing years of the World War, and I too decided I would make a change. Or perhaps it was the \$10,000 check John A. Christine held out so temptingly, anyway we sold out. I remember Mr. Christine told me he had always had a secret desire to become owner of the Herald, laughingly remarking that some were saying he was the biggest fool in the world; some that "it was"—"now which one of us is?" he added.

During the time I was connected with the paper the first typesetting machine was installed, also the change was made from the old "blanket form" to the present eight-page size.

As most of you know I stayed with Mr. Christine for a few weeks, then decided to go to Arkansas and buy an abstract office that I had heard about.

Recently I came out here to sunny California, again expecting to engage in business for myself, but due to the fact that the settlement of an estate is involved, I find myself holding down another job.

The subscription list has been steadily increasing from its first issue until it has reached the point where it is considered one of the best county papers in the state.

It was the father of William Willard who first came to Shelbyville to investigate about starting the paper and if I remember correctly, W. L. Willard and a Mr. Childs were the first editors and proprietors, the office being located in what was called "The Old Tight Row," not many feet from where the Herald office now stands.

Since that time the Herald has been owned and operated by William L. Ennis, Dines, Doyle & Schofield, C. L. Ennis, Ennis Brothers, Joe Doyle, C. E. Wailles, Ennis & Terrill, Ennis & Doyle, J. A. Christine, Hewitt & Thompson, and W. C. Hewitt, who is the present owner.

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Now, Mr. Editor, I must apologize for taking up so much of your valuable space but it won't be repeated, I assure you.

With my best wishes to my old friends and the Herald for a happy and most prosperous New Year, I am,

Yours truly, C. L. ENNIS.

LETTER FROM FORMER EDITOR A. L. DOYLE

Pueblo, Colo., Dec. 30, 1929. Mr. W. C. Hewitt, Editor Shelby County Herald.

Dear Sir: Let me offer my heartiest congratulations to you on the sixtieth anniversary of the publication of the Herald. The Shelby County Herald is now, and always has been to my mind, the best and most successful weekly newspaper published in the country.

Thanks, Sir, for the invitation to tell you some of the happenings of sixty years ago. Sorry I can't remember. Fact is, I was not in existence at that time.

However, some 45 years ago I became the "devil" in the Herald office at \$1.00 per week, and believe me, that was some salary to me. That of course was in the hand-set-type-days, days of the old Washington hand press and ink rollers you had to manipulate yourself and all old time machinery, which many years ago was replaced by your machine and modern presses.

have been foreman of the advertising department of the Star-Journal, the leading daily newspaper of Pueblo and of southern Colorado, and it may be I could not have done this had it not been for my knowledge of newspaper work in all its phases, learned in my early days in the Herald office.

Some of the "boys" who were in the Herald office at the beginning of my apprenticeship were "Det" Grogg, "Shy" Hale, Ed Duon, Henry Saunders and "Doc" Mahaffey.

Wishing the Herald many returns of the day, and may it come to us many more years full of news and business, is my New Year wish to you.

Sincerely, ARTHUR L. DOYLE.

LETTER FROM L. N. JONES

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 1, 1930. Dear Friend:

In reply to your request, I would say that I have been a reader of the Shelby County Herald for over 55 years, long before I was ever in the Herald office, and now I have been a subscriber to the Shelby County Herald for a little over 42 years.

In all these years there has been such changes in the improvements of farms, farm homes and all kinds of livestock. When a boy of 15 I worked for a man that raised pure bred Shorthorn cattle and Berkshire hogs, but very few men had that kind of stock.

When I was 15 years old some of the best land in Bethel township in Arkansas, and Sam and Mrs. Black Creek township as well and stock of different kinds ran on the range. Well do I remember that little old court house and Mr. Leonard Dobbin and Mr. T. Mitchell held office in the county.

Trust that this will help fill space in your anniversary edition and with the season's greetings to each one of you, I am,

Yours very truly, J. M. ENNIS.

LETTER FROM FORMER EDITOR A. L. DOYLE

Pueblo, Colo., Dec. 30, 1929. Mr. W. C. Hewitt, Editor Shelby County Herald.

Dear Sir: Let me offer my heartiest congratulations to you on the sixtieth anniversary of the publication of the Herald. The Shelby County Herald is now, and always has been to my mind, the best and most successful weekly newspaper published in the country.

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However, some 45 years ago I became the "devil" in the Herald office at \$1.00 per week, and believe me, that was some salary to me. That of course was in the hand-set-type-days, days of the old Washington hand press and ink rollers you had to manipulate yourself and all old time machinery, which many years ago was replaced by your machine and modern presses.

During the time I was connected with the paper the first typesetting machine was installed, also the change was made from the old "blanket form" to the present eight-page size.

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fact, most every township, some flourished for a time, then were moved intact, some razed and rebuilt for the same purpose, and some were made into barns. The changing of communities, people moving to town or going to other states, I had thought since I got your letter what would be the state of things, if all the people that are still living were in the county that have left here.

The growth of the Temperance question has been tremendous and one thing that has characterized the Shelby County Herald. But why should not business enterprises and all people uphold that which is for the betterment of man.

With best wishes for the Shelby County Herald and its many readers, a prosperous New Year, I am

L. N. JONES.

LETTER FROM MRS. J. C. BOETTCHER

Los Angeles, Calif., Dec. 25, 1929

Shelby County Herald, Mr. W. C. Hewitt, Publisher, Shelbyville, Mo.

At your request I will try to write a few lines for the sixtieth birthday of the Herald. I cannot remember the time when the Herald was not in my father's home for I learned my letters on it, and when I married one of the first things I did was to subscribe for it, and it has been in our home ever since.

When I think of the many changes that have come in that sixty years it seems almost unbelievable, for in those days if a young man had a horse and buggy to take his girl riding in he was the envy of all the rest of those that could not afford one. But today he has to have an auto, and a good one, or the girls do not care to have him take them out.

I can well remember being at the home of my brother, Will Ridge, with Dr. Smith of Shelby, and he said that in ten years more that we would be flying in airplanes and we laughed at him, but I have come to believe that he was a good prophet, for the airplanes fly over our home like bees every day.

I remember when I was a small child that my father thought that he would like to come to California to live, but could not afford to bring so large a family as there was of us, and therefore we could not come. A short time ago I was up in the city and saw a car from Maryland with the father and mother and six children, and I remarked to the lady beside me, "Now if we could have traveled that way I would have been in California many years before I was."

We have seen the organization of the Farmers Mutual Insurance Association and how it has worked. The organization of banks, and the passing of some, merging and otherwise. The building of better school buildings in rural districts and towns of the county affording better facilities for education of the youth. I have noted the erection of houses of worship in different parts of the country, in

years will bring forth. And if there could be as much improvement in the next twenty years as there has been in the last twenty.

I can not tell of anything that has happened in Shelby County in the last eighteen years for we came here and bought our home where we now live eighteen years ago today. I have made several trips back to see the friends and loved ones that I have there.

We had a short visit from Terry Hale and wife. They had just arrived from a visit at Shelbyville, and if you think that we did not talk some, you are mistaken. Fannie did not say much for she did not get any chance for Terry and John and I were all talking at once.

I wish for you and all the Herald force a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

MRS. J. C. BOETTCHER, 4606 Cimarron

LETTER FROM FRANK HATCHER

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 1, 1930. Herald Editor, Dear Sir:

In answer to your card will say that you cannot expect me to write such a letter as Lentner or Brookvale Bubbles. Hank writes a fine letter, and no doubt could do better if he could get his mind off of the women long enough.

We came to this county 63 years ago. I have read the Herald some since it was printed. Used to be in the office some when Willard, Det Grogg, Rufe Freeland and others run the paper, and helped the devil make fun of the country boy.

Soon after coming here, father bought a bunch of cattle, among them was a team of oxen. Had

some prairie sod to plow, so broke another team. I drove and Dick, my older brother, held the plow. Bright, one of the freshies, was unruly, so in turning the corners, would have to let Buck and Bolly hold him while I helped Dick with the plow. He was not large enough to drag it. Sod was very tough then, so that we did not expect to raise a good crop till the third year. All the tools we had was an A barrow, and shovel plows with one and two shovels. It was slow work. We planted corn with hand planters, some by hand and covered it with a hoe. Most of the land in the country then was prairie. In the spring when grass got a start, we herded the cattle a couple of weeks so that they would get the habit of coming home. We rode barebacked. For a whip we cut a nice smooth hickory, parted the bark at the top in four pieces, peeled it until short enough for a stock, then cut the top out, braided the bark and had a very good cattle whip. When we saw a rattle snake, knotted the end of the lash, hit him a few licks, slipped off the horse and knocked his head off with the stock.

In 1876 D. M. Robison paid a tax on 345 acres of land and \$1165 personal property of \$3.92. This year 128 acres of that land is taxed at \$73. We are going some, and have no road money either, have to grade the roads with poll tax money and drag for fun.

When I was 15 years old I clerked evenings, mornings and on Saturdays in a store in Shelbyville for my board and attended school. The town had four saloons then. Plenty of drunks, and the drug stores sold on prescription, too. Shelbyville had one saloon and two drug stores. Whiskey was cheap, plenty of it drank, and the drunks hit the calaboose, sometimes.

I belonged to the Good Templars Order in Shelbyville over fifty years ago, and some time after the county went dry, and

has been dry ever since. All we have to do is elect officers that are dry, and a lot of bootlegging will stop. One law is as good as another, what we want to do is to obey the law.

FRANK HATCHER

LETTER FROM A. L. MASON

Shelbyville, Mo., Dec. 30, 1929. Dear Mr. Hewitt:

As you are wanting a few lines from all the subscribers for your birthday celebration, I will at this time take pleasure in so doing. In 1882 my father bought the John Hudson farm near Pleasant Prairie church, and the price paid for the farm was \$18 per acre. He moved to that place in Oct. in the fall of '82 and in a few days went to Shelbyville and subscribed for the Herald, and he was a subscriber to it all the rest of his life, some forty years. I have been a subscriber for 42 years. In the early part of my life I was out of the state eight years, but was taking the Herald all the time, so there has not been many weeks in the past 42 years that the Herald has not been in my home.

Now, Mr. Editor, I hope you had a Merry Christmas and wishing you a happy New Year and many many more birthdays for the Herald. With kindest thoughts and best wishes for the New Year and a long and prosperous life to the Herald, I wish to remain

Very Sincerely, A. L. MASON.

F. J. Joffe of Flamborough, Eng., was given a medal for swimming a mile to rescue a dog.

Patrick Murry of Belfast shot his French wife because she bobbed her hair after he forbade her to do so.

Miss Olive Gaston of Derby, Eng., left Robert Gower at the altar when he insisted that she promise to obey him.

Any man who works for pay seldom does his best.

Advertisement for Chevrolet Six cars. Text: "I have you seen the sensational new CHEVROLET SIX". Price list: The ROADSTER \$495, The PHEATON \$495, The SPORT ROADSTER \$525, The COACH \$565, The COUPE \$565, The SPORT COUPE \$625, The CLUB SEDAN \$625, The SEDAN \$675, The SEDAN DELUXE \$595, The Light Delivery Chassis \$365, The One and One-Half Ton Chassis \$520, The One and One-Half Ton Chassis (with cab) \$625. Logan Chevrolet Co., C. W. LAIR, Salesman, SHELBYVILLE, MISSOURI. A SMOOTHER, FASTER, BETTER SIX.

Advertisement for Castoria. Text: "When Babies CRY". Image of Castoria bottle. Text: "Castoria is still the thing to give. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment, and could be no possibility do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue; won't play, can't sleep, is fretful or out of sorts. Get the genuine; it always has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package."

LETTER FROM THEODORE P. MANUEL

Moberly, Mo., Jan. 3, 1930. Shelby County Herald, W. C. Hewitt, Publ. Shelbyville, Mo., Dear Mr. Hewitt:

In response to your request of a letter from me for your birthday edition in celebration of your 60th anniversary, I wish to say it affords me great pleasure to furnish it, because of my acquaintance with many of your older constant readers and of my having once been a correspondent of the Herald for more than twenty years, writing my first article in 1878.

In casting an eye backward and viewing the history of the past, and taking cognizance of some of the changes that have taken place, the most important and surprising one is the progressive transportation of our country. Passing as it has from the log cabin, pioneer conditions of sixty years ago, to our present day advancement, of progress, with its modern conveniences and wealth. Then we not only had the log cabin, but the ox team, tallow candle and rail fence and outlying broad prairies over which the horses, cattle and sheep roamed and grazed from early spring until the frosts of winter drove them home.

The country was almost without roads and bridges, postoffices or public conveniences. That condition must now be contrasted with our modern inventions and public utilities, our concrete highways, automobiles, airplanes, telephones and radios, with mail delivered at almost every farm home.

My father became a subscriber of the Herald at the beginning of its publication. Although 60 years of time have since passed, yet remember where we were and what we were doing and some of the things that happened and were said at that time. Father was on the north side of what he then called the "prairie field," at a point 2 miles north and one-fourth mile east of where Leonard now is located. I was with him. He was building a stake and double-rider and an old fashioned form rail fence built 7 to 9 rails high before the two riders were put on. While I was only a lad eleven years old, I was helping him, I having done almost a man's work from the time I was nine until I was nearly fifty. I think two men came along, horseback. One of them was Mr. Willard who solicited father to take his paper. Father did so. I remember father's remark to him. He said, "Well, I will try your old black Republican paper." Father was always joking in his remarks and the harder he could hit the better he enjoyed it. And at that time a man who had experienced the treatment given him during the Civil war and had been disfranchised after, its close, was always putting the adjective "black" in front of the political Republican party name.

Father had spent several months in the Palmyra jail during the war because, one night a stranger knocked at his door and asked for something to eat, and my mother through her goodness of heart, gave him some bread, and father was reported and charged with feeding rebels or rebel sympathizers, and was thrust into jail because of it. This was only one of the results of war time cuseness which produced so much prejudice. I think father was excusable.

The paper came and proved to be a good one and always has been ever since, through all its changes in editorial management and party politics even down to and including its present editor and owner, who is a son of an honored sire of the old pioneer days of Shelby county. His father, with mine, began reading the Herald in its infancy.

My father took the paper as long as he lived and every family with whom I have lived, including my son and myself, have been readers of the Herald from its first issue until now.

Taylor Township at that time was almost without facilities. Its residents got most of their mail from Shelbyville. I remember a mail club was organized when I was a small boy, composed of about 20 families who took it by turns to go to Shelbyville, weekly, and bring the mail for the entire club, one going on a certain day each week, and a small box in my fathers home was used to keep

the mail in until distributed. A large one was not necessary as the whole 20 club members would not get as much mail in a week as one average family would now. This was kept up until the establishment of Leonard postoffice, which was done in the early seventies.

Henry G. Miller, familiarly known as "Dolph Miller" moved his sawmill to a site on Black Creek just east of the bridge north of Leonard in 1873. The old Black Creek road then followed by the timber farms on the east side of Black Creek, east of Leonard, leading on to Shelbyville. Mr. Miller put his mill to work, sawed lumber and built a residence and store where Mrs. Harriett Stuart and N. P. Wright now live. The store was on the ground where the Leonard Lumber Company now stands. The village was first called "Millersburg," in honor of its founder, but when time came for the establishment of a postoffice, and when the petition for the same was sent to the post office department at Washington, D. C., asking for a postoffice, the name of Millersburg was sent in. The government granted the post office but informed the petitioners they would have to select another name as there was already a post office in Missouri named Millersburg. So when the reply came, the child was born, and had to be given a different name, other than the one the village had. All parties interested set their wits to work to select a name and after much deliberation and study the name Leonard was agreed upon, and the scribber who did the writing, not being in those days an expert penman, and typewriters and stenographers being unknown, when he wrote the name in his crude way, penned the name with the last o before his r more like an a than an o and finished the word with a high top on the last a, and the wise men in Washington interpreted it or read it Leonard which was much better.

H. G. Miller was made its first postmaster and kept the office in his store and served in that capacity until he sold out to Martin L. Stuart and Geo. A. Stuart, who in the firm name of Stuart Bros. succeeded him in the mercantile business, and Geo. A. Stuart became its second postmaster. Mr. Miller moved to Shelbyville, and the name Leonard eventually supplanted Millersburg which is now almost unknown to many of Leonard's present citizens and young people now on the stage of action.

Among the first citizens of Leonard with H. G. Miller who were readers of the Herald a half century and more ago, were Greenleaf Smith and sons, Asa, James, G., and Granville, who built a store on the corner where Manuel Bros. store now stands, and a dwelling just south of it, which was occupied by the writer of this article from 1883 until 1901, and Geo. W. Hall, in 1873, bought the 160 acres of land of F. F. B. Robison, just west of Leonard now occupied by Preston Ballance and others, and built a blacksmith shop on the corner where the Leonard Hardware store now stands, and he and his boys ran the same for some time, when Jas. H. Hall, one of his sons succeeded them. He married in 1879 and built the house where Manuel Bros. and their mother now live, and he and his wife remained citizens of Leonard until their death which recently occurred.

Allen L. McQuary came to Leonard early in its history and built the dwelling where Mrs. Coleman now lives and ran a hardware store on the corner where the present one now is. Then in a few years the Leonard Christian Church was built, being dedicated in 1884. Then in 1885 T. P. Manuel built the east room of the store now occupied by Manuel Bros. and following this Leonard took on new life and many residences and business houses were built. Mrs. Harriett E. Stuart is now, both from point of age and length of time living in Leonard, its oldest citizen, and she has likely read every issue and almost every article published in the Herald from the first issue to date. Mrs. O. A. Manuel and Mrs. P. A. Wright are now octogenarian citizens, and are residents of Leonard and have likely read every issue of the Herald ever printed.

Another great change that 60 years of time has brought about that should be of interest to us all, is the difference in the customs, habits and character of our pioneer fathers, who then lived and developed our country, and our present day, modern civilization with all our wealth and conveniences. Our present day citizenship is of a different type to the old pioneers of 60 years and more ago. In many respects, like our means of transportation, and gathering information, things are much faster. But these things to some extent have changed the customs and habits and transformed our citizenship and made us a nation of a different type of people to that of our forefathers and the grand old pioneers who made this great nation of wealth and modern conveniences possible by building on the foundation that they did. The foundation of honesty, industry, economy, liberality and safety. I fear that modern conditions and practices are stamping out and eliminating some of the cardinal principals upon which the early pioneers founded our great nation and country, and some of the most important things that are essential to peace and happiness, prosperity and the perpetuity of this great nation are being lost sight of.

Now I do not wish to be a pessimist, and would not go back to the hardships and inconveniences of the systems of living of 60 years or more ago. But what we need to do is to hold fast to those things that our forefathers held dear and taught us, that were so good and productive of peace and happiness and prosperity, and guard against the harmful and destructive practices that our modern civilization seems to be facing. I attribute the dangerous and harmful conditions just now that confront us mostly to our wars. Our Civil War bred hatred, prejudice, revenge and factionalism and our World War has destroyed much of our economy, honesty, industry, contentment and respect for law and human life. Our fathers were educated in the schools of hard knocks, they never knew what luxury and wealth were. They had to be economical and saving. They sinned, saved and worked. They avoided the great risks of going in debt beyond their ability to pay. They practiced and taught economy and honesty, and pure, genuine hospitality was a treasure that they held dear and prized more highly than wealth. They stood for those things that give man a clear conscience and make him appreciate a neighbor. They never had to ask "who is my neighbor?" They were ready to help any man, whether they had ever seen him before or not. The getting of money and the satisfying of the pleasures of the flesh were not their only ambition, aim and purpose in life. But now, we have drifted far away from some of these things. We have become a nation of money grabbers and pleasure seekers. We are money mad and pleasure crazy. We have become a nation of gamblers and spendthrifts, and the gamblers are not all to be found on Wall Street in the great metropolis of New York. But some of them may be found along our newly built highways, our farm-to-market roads in our rural communities and in our small towns and cities. Every man wants to take a chance. And since our recent World War which sent three million of our boys and young men from the christian homes of America, here they had been taught caution and economy, honesty and thrift and respect for life and their fellow man and drilled them in those things that destroy these fundamentals that are necessary to a happy, contented, honest and hospitable citizenship. The result is we have a dissatisfied people, who seem to be going at breakneck speed with the time, away from these things that make for peace, happiness, contentment and the perpetuity of our nation.

What a change time has wrought. Now we have innumerable divorces, suicides, holdups, thefts, robberies, and everything to make Satan smile and man unhappy. Then our fathers taught the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount and the fundamentals of freedom, peace and happiness and the way that leads upward as well as onward. The Bible was read daily and a family altar established in many homes where prayer was made. Now we read

the daily newspaper filled with the dramatic reports of crime, bloodshed, and robbery of every description, many crimes are so vulgar and dastardly pictured that the public should never see them, yet they are thrown upon the screen daily in our picture shows before the eyes of our boys and girls. "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien to be hated needs but to be seen. But seen too often we grow familiar with his face. First pity, then endure, then embrace." There is much good in the world today, but our great daily newspapers broadcast to their readers more of crime than of good. The minds of their readers feed upon evil thoughts instead of the good. And as the wise man Solomon said, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Our Government

Then it seems that our government is drifting away from these cardinal principles upon which our forefathers founded it. And from the Democracy toward bureaucracy. This is a bad omen. Everything it seems will soon be governed by bureaus, commissions, and boards. We entered the late war to make the world safe for democracy. And when it ended many kings, fled from their thrones. Monarchies crumbled, and republics were founded on their ruins, and the outlook was much better for the people of the nations of the earth. And we only hope that this may continue and that the spirit and teachings of the babe born in Bethlehem whose birthday we have so recently and elaborately celebrated, may rule the hearts of the people as they rule their nations. And may our own free America and beloved republic lead and be an example for the other nations of the earth in establishing the will of our Savior as sung by the angels, "Peace on earth and good will toward men." But in order to do this we must not depart from the cardinal principles that have brought us so far, and made us such a great nation of wealth and knowledge. Now to maintain our perpetuity we must guard against the power and rule of wealth. Money, like knowledge, is power and power to be a good thing must be rightly applied. Wealth is a blessing if rightly used, but when used purely for greater gain and selfish ends it becomes a menace to Democracy, peace and happiness. The red flag of danger has been hung up and is now seen in many places. Money is now extravagantly used by spendthrifts, which only hurts and pauperizes the parties concerned. And it is being amassed and congregated in some instances by hungry greed and used to oppress and pauperize and increase the number of the poor and to make the many poor, poorer and the rich, richer. It is being used to subsidize the press, publish false propaganda for selfish ends, influence and bribe voters, purchase seats in the United States Senate, buy decisions of Judges and legislators, all that laws may be enacted in the interests of a few to the detriment of the whole people, destroying the real purpose of a Democracy.

The danger signals are hanging out before us. Let the great public be careful how they drive and where they go. The small town newspapers like the Herald with a christian editor, seem to be the poor man's hope of salvation from the conditions that now threaten him and his government.

The late war took our young men away from the farm and the small towns, and gave them a taste of the city life with high wages and dazzling pleasures, and deceptive promises and many of them have never come back to run our farms and take care of our agricultural interest and home industries and country homes. For the past ten years these have not prospered, been kept up, or kept pace with the growth of our wealth and the industrial interests of our nation, but we hope (?) there are better days coming, that in a few years our rural districts will pass into and through a period of progress and prosperity, transformation and modernization that will furnish to those who have country homes all the conveniences and pleasures that the city residents now enjoy, minus its temptations and drawbacks that make it unfit in many respects as a place to grow a boy into a great man, and girls into the women who are to be the mothers of the oncoming

generations. Then will come the cry, back to the farm.

Then, we predict, that when our highways and farm-to-market roads are complete, and electricity is carried to every home with its power, light and heat, and the country home is completely modernized, and all our rural schools are so connected with colleges as to furnish the means of a college education, brought within an hours reach of every country home, then, with the flowers blooming around our homes adorning them with God's beauty for the eye to feast upon, with the pure country air to breathe, and the pleasant means of transportation that the future will have for us brought to us by our present motor inventions and others yet unknown, then the cry back to the farm will be heard not only from the laborer and agriculturists, but millionaires like our home grown product, Theodore Gerry of Macon, will come and build for themselves homes where Gods air is purest and his flowers, the most beautiful and fragrant, where the din and noise of the great city is not heard, away out in God's open country where all is peace and quiet and they will bring with them the present day modern conveniences of the city.

Our country and small town newspapers must help bring these things about, and while our great metropolitan dailies are so busy telling us of every crime, murder, holdup, accident and tragic death that occurs in every corner of the world, you must tell more of life, how to live, and of the good things that make us happy, and the world a better place in which to live, and not give us so much blood and thunder and heart-rending tales, that only poison the minds, and make us unhappy. I would like in 60 years from now, if our people remain true to their God and improve their present opportunity, to come back and fly over this country and view the grandeur and beauty. But if they do not, and they fail to properly build upon the wonderful foundation that our pioneers have laid for them, and leave the Great Creator and Savior of mankind out of their lives, all our wealth and modern civilization will be swept from the earth as but a great conflagration, and our great cities with their skyscrapers and dazzling brilliancy, will be razed to the ground and all our wonderful modern homes with their conveniences, and our beautiful country with all its wealth and splendor will be laid waste, and

ground, self-exalted man will cast his idols of silver and gold to the moles and bats and the glory of our nation and its people will pass away. We will travel backward as did the once glorious Jerusalem and Judea after the latter days of the life and rule of King Solomon. Let us hope that no one will ever be permitted to see this, but that our people may continue to progress and move forward for another 60 years and that in some future day of our nation, that the words of our Master may be fulfilled in which he said: "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish the purpose whereunto I sent it," and may the knowledge of Him cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. And may men beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and may they not learn war any more, and may we have not only wealth and prosperity, but righteousness, joy and peace, as well.

I wish to say that the Herald is today, and always has been, a country newspaper of a high moral standard devoted to the best interests of its readers and far above the average of those operating in its sphere. With the best of wishes for the dear old Herald, its present editor and its many readers, we lay down our pencil and bid you all adieu.

T. P. MANUEL

LETTER FROM O. B. KIRK

Leonard, Mo., Dec. 22, 1929 Editor of Shelby Co. Herald. Dear Sir:

At your invitation I will try to tell you some of the past history of Shelby county, Mo., as I have seen it in the passing of the last 60 years. I came to Shelby county from Utica, Ohio, on the 28th day of February, 1879, and have lived in Shelby county since that time. I subscribed for the Herald in March, 1881, when W. L. Willard was editor and it has been a visitor to my home ever since that time and in that time it has brought to our home both joy and sorrow. Joy in the well doing of our friends and neighbors; sorrow by bringing news to us of the passing of our friends. As we look back over the years we are reminded of those who were here. Where are the young men of Shelbyville when we first saw the town? Not one in business. Now that was 50 years ago. I can think of only two, N. C. Miller and W. A. Dimmitt. You go over to the court house and what do we find—not one of them. Frank Harrison was sheriff and collector; Van Vaughn, deputy;

Charley Myers, probate judge; Tom Mitchell, county clerk; J. J. Bragg, circuit clerk and recorder; S. B. Lowman, surveyor; John J. Foster, presiding county judge, and perhaps others who have gone from our memory. Take the bar of Shelby county at that time and we find P. B. Dunn and J. C. Hale of Shelbyville; C. M. King, W. O. L. Jewett, Dick Giles, E. F. Dobyne of Shelbina, all passed to their reward.

Just take the improvement and progress of Shelby county as I recall and have seen in the past half century and it is wonderful in one agriculture. Fifty years ago we used a 12-inch walking plow and would plow 1 1/2 to 2 acres per day. Now we use the tractor two and three bottom plow and turn from 10 to 20 acres per day. Then we cut our grain with a cradle or reaper and bound it by hand with four or five binders in the field. Now the six binders do the work of five or six men and raise ten times the amount of grain.

Take the country around Leonard, 50 years ago it was surrounded with heavy timber, now a village of fine and happy homes. Go down into Tiger Fork. Then the roads just followed trails, now the homes of a prosperous and happy people. Fifty years ago Tiger Fork was spoken of as Hell's Half Acre, on account of so many illiterate people. I well remember the election of 1896 when there were 18 men who had to have their tickets filled out by judges of the election stating that they could not read or write, out of a vote of 196 cast at the election. Now they have good schools and churches. And the same applies to all of Shelby county.

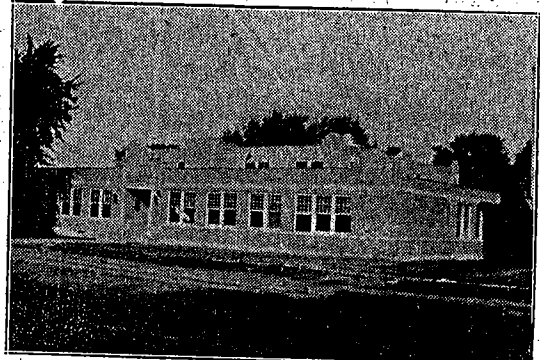
Wishing all the people of Shelby county a happy and prosperous New Year of 1930, I am an old friend,

O. B. KIRK

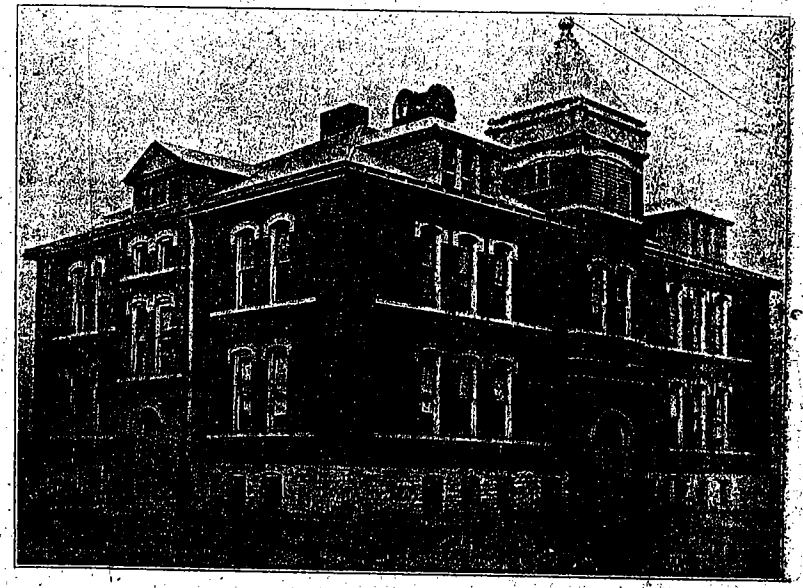
LETTER FROM M. L. GRAY

Chillicothe, Mo., Dec. 30, 1929. Editor Herald:

I see you are to issue a special edition of the Herald for the old times. Here is my bit. I have recently made an important discovery, namely, that Mark Twain, Hank and myself were born on Salt River. I had never before thought of Salt River being so famous. I feel very confident that Hank is kin to Mark Twain, but so far as I am concerned, I can't find a link that connects me with the Mark Twain family tree. Yours for Salt River, Hank and Mark Twain. Very truly, M. L. GRAY. Subscribe for the Herald.



SHELBYVILLE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING ABOVE; GRADE BUILDING BELOW



EARLY EXPERIENCES OF SHELBY COUNTY

(Continued from page 1.)

In 1833, just before the bank building was constructed, the block of buildings directly east of the present bank property, known as "Tight Row," was destroyed by fire.

The general mercantile business of Winetroub Sons continued until the disastrous fire which swept the south side in October, 1918. The fire, the origin of which was never determined, spent the entire block, except one building at each end, including Winetroub's large building and large stock.

Mr. Winetroub and his brother then moved into their building on the west side where they opened a coal, feed and grocery business. In 1924, at the death of his brother, Mr. Winetroub sold the business to Albert Copenhaver, retaining the building on which lot is standing the business of the Illinois Oil Company.

Has Progressed Many persons, according to Mr. Winetroub, think and state that Shelbyville has not progressed and in defiance of such statement he said: "When we came to Shelbyville there were no houses east of S. R. Orr's present home, there was no street running north and south along the west side of the school building and south to J. F. Moran's residence. That portion of the town was pasture land with no residences.

In the north part of town the street along which Thomas Eagle lives was not open and there were no houses east of his property, which was recently torn down and a new home built. That was known as the Vandiver addition. The modern homes of L. A. Kaylor, I. B. Pickett, A. W. Steinbach, L. G. Schofield, W. R. and J. F. Moran, Ben Gwynn, J. E. Miller, Judge V. L. Drain, the two modern homes of W. T. Dimmitt and the modern Methodist parsonage, had not been conceived until many years later. That was all a cow pasture."

First Auto Ride One of the first automobiles to come to Shelbyville was described by Mr. Winetroub as being a high buggy affair with high spring wagon like wheels. The car was a two cylinder one using a chain drive and was steered by means of a lever in front of the driver. Who was representing a publishing house in Chicago. He stayed here from Friday until Monday.

"On Sunday morning we had planned to make a trip to Bethel and preparations were begun early. I carried the water for the instrument of torture until I felt like the little boy who paid his way to the circus by watering the elephant."

"At 9 o'clock everything was pronounced in readiness and the start was made. We got along nicely until the horseless carriage got stubborn. We finally made it into Bethel, the time I don't recall. Citizens ran from doorways to see this carriage which did not use horses. We drove up and down the street and stopped at the main intersection. M. Miller, druggist of Bethel, approached me and said 'I have read of them, heard of them and talked of them but I never expected to see one in Bethel.'"

"I had been invited to dinner at noon that day but when we finally arrived in Shelbyville it was 2 o'clock. Without changing clothes I rushed to my hostess's home and explained the cause of the delay."

"We had been five hours making the trip and had spent about 15 minutes in Bethel. On the return we had trouble continuously from the time we started and thought we would never get back home with it."

What as probably the first auto to visit Shelbyville and Shelby county was one driven by Colonel Brees of Macon, commandant of the Brees Military School at Macon, who drove the car through to Shelbyville from Clarence.

of this city, who was the proud possessor of an International single cylinder car. E. M. West, marshal, said the other day: "Everyone recalls Jobe's almost everyone in the county wanted to shoot him for scaring their horses."

Ben Gwynn of this city owned the second auto in Shelbyville and the car was one of the first Fords. In describing Col. Brees' entry into Shelbyville from the west, he said "the telephone lines had been in an uproar with the reports of the strange affair. I got out of the house in time to see a cloud of dust going down the road."

LETTER FROM R. T. JACKSON

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 1, 1930. Dear Editor: I will try and give you some of the changes that have come about in my lifetime.

My father and mother landed in Shelbyville in the summer of 1842, with their wagon and team and fifty cents in money. There was not a house east of Shelbyville until you came to the Lone House southwest of the town of Emden. Later on they went to a farm two miles northwest of Bacon Chapel church where they spent the remainder of their lives.

When I was six years old I was started to school. The distance from our home to the school house was two and one-half miles, a long walk for a six year old boy. My first teacher was W. W. McMurry, and my next was S. B. Lowman, both good men. In those days the children all walked to school. Quite different today. They either go on horseback or in an automobile. I remember when I was a small boy that we went to Bacon Chapel church in an ox wagon. A person was to go to church these times in an ox wagon they would have him arrested for disturbing Public Worship. That was a lynch pin wagon, with the tar bucket hanging on the back end of the coupling pole. Please ask some person what kind of a wagon it was.

And later on come the spring wagon and that was a great change in the way of travel, and next the one-horse buggy. That was a great change and a good one. Then came the two-horse surrey, and everyone thought that nothing could beat that in the way of traveling. Next came the automobile. Then the people went wild. Everyone got in a hurry to get somewhere, and no time to stop for a railroad train.

The telephone was talked about and people said these is nothing to that. To think about talking over a little wire. Nothing to that. And today you will find a telephone in most every home, and we can't get along without them. And today we have the automobile, one of the greatest and most useful things of the present day. Some one said: "That is too slow for me, I want to fly in the air" and he invented the airplane. And it looks like they will be a success in time.

The next wonder of the wonders of the world was the Radio, bringing entertainment and instruction to many homes. 1929 has passed to its allotted place in the world of endless years. While 1930, eager to entertain and test the experience of the coming twelve months, will greet us with promise and exaction alike, which necessarily will attain in the affairs of the world throughout the impending days.

We together have rejoiced in the prosperity, the health, the fellowship, the cheering and congenial associations upon our lives, as well as the stimulus and thrill of high adventure during the old year to which we now say good-bye.

We bid 1929 farewell with a feeling of regret, for without question it has been the most eventful year of all years. But while this is true, our fondest anticipations for ourselves and for all who know us run forward to greet the young and buoyant incoming 1930.

And we all shall pass out of this life, one by one, as the year 1929 has passed on. And the most important thing to do is to be prepared and ready when the time comes to go.

May all to whom these thoughts are addressed know the coming

year from beginning to end as a year of health and real happiness, of success and prosperity, of enriching experiences, coupled with an unalloyed appreciation of the fine high redeeming things of life and character.

Wishing you all Health, Happiness and Prosperity during the year 1930.

R. T. JACKSON.

LETTER FROM Wm. CLAUSSEN

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 2, 1930. Dear Editor: I will try to tell you briefly of some of the changes during my time.

I was born Jan. 30, 1878, six miles west of Shelbyville, and lived in this neck of the woods all these 52 years, excepting a few months that I spent in Chicago and various other parts of northern Illinois in the fall of 1899. I have read the Shelby County Herald all of my lifetime and I don't see how we could get along without it, as it keeps us posted on the news and happenings in general.

I remember when there were only two kind of farm fences, hedge fences and rail fences, generally called worm fences or stake and rider fences. A few years later they built the post and rail fence, then a little later came the barbed wire. My father built 80 rods of fence, using three 6-in. pine boards and three barbed wires on top. I remember some people passing, would stop, looking at the fence, would remark that was the first wire fence they had ever seen. One man asked what kind of strings were those. Barbed wire was very expensive and not used much until a few years later, when the price was more reasonable. Farming was on a very small scale as farm machinery was not complete in those days. Corn was plowed with a double shovel, there were no self binders and not many corn planters. We either walked or rode a farm wagon to Sunday School and preaching when I was a little boy. All little folks walked barefooted and some old ones, too, in summer time. Some lived in log cabins and others in small frame houses, but most everybody seemed to be contented and happy and the spirit of unity was among all in the community. I just remember seeing a few yokes of oxen working, as most farmers had horses. Threshing was done by using from 8 to 12 horses on a circular horse power driving the grain separator. Much of this land was just a vast prairie, not fenced. In those days farm hands received \$80 to \$125 per year. Fat hog prices ranged from 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 cents per pound. We sold a string of fat cattle in March, 1899, to Lew Hale of Shelbyville at \$3.25 per cwt. Those cattle were fed about 200 days and weighed about 1400 pounds. In the fall of 1930 we sold a load of fat cattle to Tom Hunolt, at \$3.37 1/2 per cwt., and in 1893 we sold 46 fat cattle at \$4.25 per cwt. These cattle were fed 110 days and the price looked good. The first bunch of fat hogs that I sold of my own feeding was in Dec., 1900, they sold for \$3.00 per cwt. I don't think hogs sold that cheap any time since but there have been ups and downs in feeding always.

Not in leaps and bounds, but gradually things improved in old Shelby. Even out west of Shelbyville, if I am not mistaken, it was in the summer of 1885 when things began to boom out here and Preston Dunn, Jr., of Shelbyville came out to our neighbor's, John F. McMurry's, to board and attend Red Star school with the writer. I think about 5 years later the old school house burned down one night and consequently a new school house was built, and then came Jno. Surface all the way from Virginia to get an education at the Red Star school. Well, I won't say any more or some may ask what is the matter.

Well, the farmers gradually improved their farms by building good dwellings and barns and also other outbuildings, and rotating crops and with modern machinery the more acres can be farmed with less labor.

The way of travel kept fully in pace with other lines. The big wagon was followed by a spring wagon, then the buggy and carriage, next as the auto and

airplane. What will be next? When I can first remember Shelbyville was a nice little town. The court house looked fine for those days, also the brick business houses. The Dimmitt block, east side, N. C. Miller's, Marmaduke's on the west side, Collier & Darrach, the Herald office and others, but several years later it looked dull when the court house burned down. However a better one was built and everybody felt proud of it.

It seems like Shelbyville has been very unfortunate with fires, as practically every old business house in town has been destroyed by fire and some new ones. Well, better luck hereafter. Will sign off to leave a little space for others.

WM. CLAUSSEN.

LETTER FROM CATHERINE NEUSCHAFER

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 3, 1930. Dear Editor:

In response to your letter, I will try to give a little data. I was born in Germany, November 1, 1851. At the age of three years, left Germany for Australia with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Reinheimer. After seeking for a fortune in the gold mines for 13 years, we decided to move to London, Canada. In the fall of 1868, we came to Shelby County, Mo., where my father bought a farm at \$10 per acre. This consisted of virgin prairie land and some timber. Father built a log cabin, also a log barn. The next spring he broke some prairie sod with 3 yoke of oxen to draw the plow. This was our first year, 1869, on the farm. It was extremely wet, this being in our favor on this prairie sod, so we raised a good crop. Father hauled some corn to Shelbyville the next spring and sold it for \$1.00 per bushel. Money was scarce and interest high. Father borrowed some money and paid 10 per cent interest in advance, quarterly. I was married Dec. 11, 1869, to John Neuschafner, who also settled in Shelby county the same time and bought this farm where I am still residing. The only way of travel in those days was walking, riding horse-back or on a farm wagon.

I will give some of the most noticeable changes. In 1869 we planted corn by cutting holes with an ax and dropping the corn in them and plowed corn with a double shovel and laid it with a diamond plow. Small grain was cut with a cradle. After a few years the horse drawn corn planter became popular, also the cultivator. Next came along the reaper and then followed the self-binder, and last but not least, came the spring wagon and buggy, also surrey and fine driving horses. But now the auto and airplanes as everybody seems to crave for speed.

I have read the Herald over 40 years and enjoy reading it. CATHERINE NEUSCHAFER.

LETTER FROM CLAY DAVIS

Emden, Mo., Jan. 10, 1930. Shelby County Herald Shelbyville, Mo. Dear Sir:

In celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the "Herald" it is interesting to its many readers to note the changes that have been made in Shelby County during the years that it has been the medium through which all the local happenings of interest have been transmitted to the world. To all those who have at any time lived in North River Township or who are interested in that part of the County I will endeavor to write some of the changes that have been made in Emden which is the center of this community. In 1837, at which time I came to Shelby County and at which time I started reading the "Herald," there was no Emden. The land where Emden is located was all in brush. Among the residents of the community that I remember at that time and who took most interest in community activities were Phillip Ruth, Jas. W. Turner, R. H. Durrett, James Martin, Henry Couch and the Goodwin Brothers. In 1839 a Mr. Dennison opened a general store at the cross roads where Emden is now located. He was in business two years. Gus Simon then bought out Mr. Dennison and he was succeeded by Jesse Gray. Then in 1897 C. E. Miles succeeded Mr. Gray and Emden began to grow

rapidly as a trade center. Since that time Emden has grown to be quite an inland town. There are now one hardware store, three general merchandise stores, one garage, one bank, a theatre, a produce station and two blacksmith shops. There is a Baptist church which was started in 1833 and a Christian church started in 1899. In the way of schools we have advanced from a one room 20 foot by 24 foot building to a modern, two room, third class school system, maintaining a grade school and two years high school. So in a religious and in an educational way we are at least to all outward appearances keeping pace with the times. It is also interesting to note that at the present time a large percentage of the residents of this community are children or grandchildren of those old pioneers who cleared the brush and worked so heroically to build homes in this new territory.

CLAY DAVIS.

LETTER FROM MRS. MAY SPARKS

Shelbyville, Mo. Jan. 1, 1930. Editor of the Herald Dear Mr. Hewitt:

We congratulate the Herald as it is entering its sixtieth birthday. Sometimes we feel when we write a letter as when a party once gave an address of welcome, they said, you see it makes no difference what you say at a time like this to such a crowd for there is no one listening; but first as we have read the Herald as far back as we remember, we think of it as a continued story. As it each week gives the story of someone in success, of the life of someone goes out of the many tragedies, murders, crimes and sorrow. We each week don't give it much thought but if we could put the many publications of the Herald for the past sixty years together, it would be one of the greatest stores ever printed. We, ourselves, have never spent many hours of our life reading continued stories of fables but are always glad to receive the Herald for it is composed of our county news that are of interest. We don't think folks criticize our present editor, but Mr. Hank, when he gets in earnest of filling a space of the Herald with his picture and his "better half" before the next birthday.

In speaking of our town, Emden, we remember when only one store was there, in 1892, and Jesse Gray was the keeper. Then Mr. and Mrs. Ed Miles came, being there several years, and they both have since gone on to their rest. Several years ago Charley Curllie and Lee Simmons came and gave the town a wonderful boost by building a hardware store and beautiful homes.

We could speak of the pioneer of early days but it would take too long, but there is one thing I think of all the towns in our county that has suffered loss it is our county seat, but after all it is a wide awake town in general business. October 1918 was one of the largest fires in history when eight business houses went up in flames and as the town was in mourning over the loss of its soldier boy, Ben Drain, and attending Ms funeral.

We will also say two of our Emden boys left for camp that day. They were Omer Fouk and Melvin Mersman. That tall Homer Calvert was in camp and wrote to relatives saying he had the influenza and 36 boys died the previous night of the dreaded disease. Sometimes we wonder if war will ever come to us again and how we would receive it.

We attended the double funeral held for the two Teachenor boys, at Shelbyville after their bodies had been sent back from overseas. I think one of the greatest love letters ever published in the Herald was that Brooks Teachenor sent to his mother after he had heard of his brother's death. He said: "Mother I walked over to the nearby woods and gave myself up, heart and soul, to God. I think for the first time, and while I am thinking of brother I am also thinking of my mother, who has washed and prayed for our welfare, ever since babyhood. I know you will be brave and be proud to have a son die for this great cause."

We know there will be many letters more interesting than ours so will not take the space.

MRS. MAY SPARKS.

LETTER FROM J. S. GOOCH

Shelby County Herald Dear Herald:

Congratulations on your sixtieth birthday. I have been a reader of the Herald from its very first issue and personally acquainted with each of its several editors. I am glad to say I have always considered the Herald a constructive force in the community. The changes that have taken place here are about the same as in other parts of the country— from the ox cart to the automobile, from the tallow candle to the electric light.

I have in my possession a Tax receipt to my father in 1838 for \$1.71, the tax at that time on the farm where I was born and reared and have lived practically all my life. It is a mere scrap of paper, torn apparently from the leaf of a ledger and signed by Robert Duncan, collector. Compared with our present tax today this is probably as striking a change as any.

How many know that years ago we had saloons in this town? I have an old whiskey barrel with the name Thomas Applesberry plainly to be seen on it. He was the proprietor of one of these places sixty years ago and I remember him well. Saloons had not come into disfavor at that time. May the Herald have many happy returns of the day and a long and useful journey through life. Yours truly, J. S. GOOCH.

LETTER FROM L. L. DUNCAN

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 1, 1930. Dear Editor:

A few days ago I received an invitation to write something for the sixtieth birthday of the Herald. Now, on one hand felt much puffed up at the thought of getting into print, but to acknowledge was old enough to get in on a sixty year birthday party was not so easy.

Well, about the earliest recollection we have of the Herald was when as a small boy I went with my father to visit the office of the great weekly, which was located up stairs on the west side of the square. Mr. "Bill" Willard, the editor, was sitting by a table with feet on top of same, writing up the next issue of the paper. To me the greatest thing in the scene was the cigar holder which he had in his mouth—the first I had ever seen. Have had the pleasure of knowing each editor of the paper since, and the Herald has been a regular visitor in our home since its first publication, read and enjoyed by the entire household. Speaking of the half century and more that has passed since the Herald had its inception and believe these the best years in history—and to have lived these years a wonderful blessing. We well remember the first printing press used in getting out the Herald. Compare that with the present equipment. In fact most all the great inventions we now enjoy have come to the world during these years. But as a county we have had losses during these same years. Bethel and Shelbyville each had a good floor mill as you would need to see. Shelbyville has lost a factory of cloth, and even Walkersville had a carding mill, grist mill and a sawmill. Shelbyville once had an exclusive boot and shoe store; Bethel had a furniture factory and tannery, Shelbyville had two wagon factories and Shelbyville a County Fair. All these since this paper's first publication. During this time two reconstructive periods, that following the civil war and now the great world war. Truly great men have lived in Shelby County during these years, many I would like to mention but space forbids. To these we owe our present high type of civilization. I think of those I have known during these years, there is one man comes to my mind and I make bold to mention as having done as much for the uplift of Shelby County as any one man. I refer to Rev. J. M. O'Brien. Peace to his ashes.

Now we hear on every hand that times are not as good as used to be. Will venture to say one cause is the fact that so much of our money leaves the county. From the toothpick to the automobile, all along the line, we send our money away for what we use. Even the flower of our young

manhood and womanhood, we educate and send away to bless the world with their endeavors. But no one can tell what part the county paper has played in the drama of these years of the Herald's existence. And may we hope that in the coming years, as in the past, the Herald and its readers shall stand for the best and noblest in life then we are sure the peace that passeth knowledge shall be ours.

L. L. DUNCAN.

LETTER FROM J. A. CHRISTINE

(Continued from page 5.) they got a suit of clothes made out of that cloth, zero weather was not so bad.

When I was 19, I thought I was about grown and I made up my mind I wanted a wife and as there were lots of pretty girls in that part of the country I had no trouble, for I had been looking around and had one picked out and when I popped the question, she said yes, and we started on life's journey together, which is an up hill journey for any couple, starting with nothing, for I sure had nothing when I was married but a wife and she had nothing but me, and we have traveled together until I feel like we have reached the top of the hill, for now we have gotten to be middle aged people, I being born in '57 and my wife a few months later, so now we will be starting down the shady side of life and as we look ahead in our imagination we expect to travel at a faster gait like traveling in an automobile and liable to stop any time.

Well, I must close trusting that you all had a Merry Christmas and I wish the editor and the whole staff a prosperous new year. I have been reading the Herald ever since I could read and I think it is the grandest paper I ever read, if I hadn't thought so I would have bought it for I owned it 3 months, and I expect did the wrong thing in selling it, but I often do wrong, but there is one thing about it, I gave the Herald a good home.

Yours respectfully, JOHN A. CHRISTINE.

LETTER FROM JOHN A. CHRISTINE

Shelbyville, Mo., Jan. 1, 1930. Dear Herald Editor:

The 60th anniversary of your good paper takes us back to the old log school house on the banks of North River, where we had more thrills and spills than any other place in the world. I cannot say that I have been a reader from the first issue. The Herald has been a regular visitor at our house from the time it was started.

It seems to me now that it took two terms on the alphabet then and about three on the multiplication tables. Thoroughness was the watchword, that was before the days of the parole law. It seems now that practical lines were followed a little more closely than then.

In 1872 I think it was, Mr. W. Dimmitt taught the Nesbit school. During that winter when the river was frozen over except just below the riffles, as Mr. Dimmitt came back from dinner at Mr. Nesbit's, the boys were standing on the ice at the regular crossing place. Mr. Dimmitt came up and took in the situation, and walked back to an old sycamore tree and procured a limb about 12 feet long, and with a splendid burst of speed approached the open water, just below the riffle. Everything went perfectly until over midstream when the pole broke and he came down, knee deep in the ice water. It was too cold to try it any more. The afternoon was taken up building fires and staying close to it. We had no bridges to cross and would walk a log if we did not have a horse that would swim.

I have a Bible now that was given me as a prize by Mr. Dimmitt. Competition for the head of the class was just as keen then as it ever was at any school and the fact was recognized that if you got any good out of anything you must put the best there was in you into it. That is the reason for the success of the Shelby County Herald.

With best wishes, I am Yours truly, C. A. BUCKINGHAM.