

The Shelby County Herald
Wednesday, January 15, 1930
Letter From "Hank" Carroll
Shelbyville, Mo.

Lentner, Mo., Jan. 3, 1930

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 a short time after that. To the days when we could still hear the howl of the timber wolf and the call of 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 them we went along and to us it was quite a treat, in fact so great that if we were denied the pleasure, a woeful 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 Swearngen, 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 larder 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

