A HISTORY OF HOMES

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

SLUSHER HOMEMAKERS CLUB 1936

A VIEW OF BEAUTIFUL AND HISTORIC OLD TABO

A COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL

SKETCHES

of

SLUSHER COMMUNITY

Sponsored by

THE SLUSHER HOMEMAKER'S CLUB

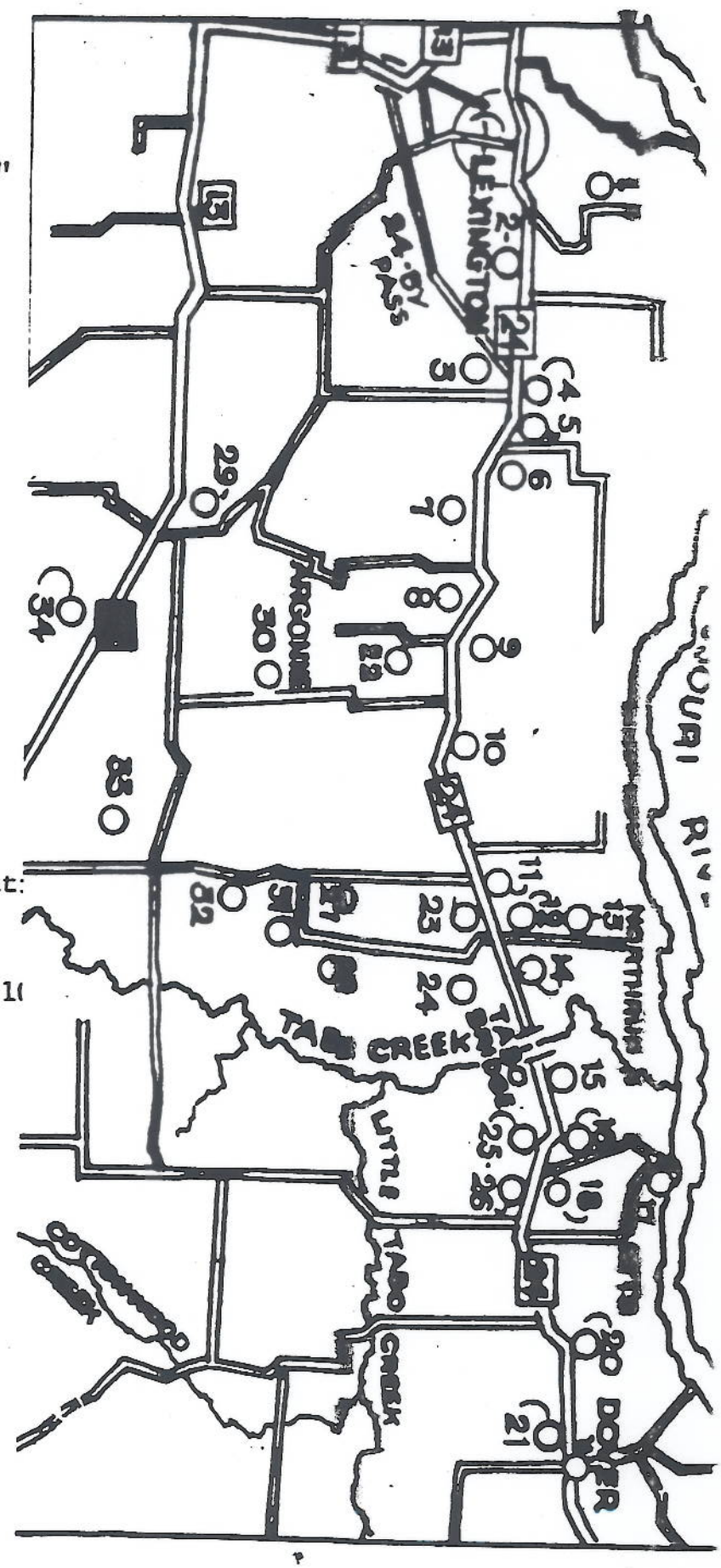
Written by

THOSE WHO HOLD DEAR THE PLACES OR THE PEOPLE

1 9 3 6

CONTENTS

CONTENTS



FOREWORD

The history of our county has been preserved in records of various sorts for over a hundred years. Some few family histories are fairly complete. So far as we know, there is no record save in the office of recorder of deeds of the individual farms and no records of the homes except on the section maps.

We believe that the homes of a community take the lead in establishing a tradition worthy of respect. We believe that we must consciously strive to retain that indefinable spiritual thing which we know as community life.

With this in mind, we have tried to find out and set down as accurately as possible what facts we have been able to gather together; as entertainingly as possible the old tales we have heard told.

It is our hope that in the history of houses, the incidents, the character sketches, we have reflected simply and honestly the background of tradition for this community.

THE SLUSHER HOMEMAKERS.

"As long as there are homes to which men turn
At close of day;
So long as there are homes where children are,
Where women stay,
If love and loyalty and faith be found
Across those sills,
A stricken nation can recover from its gravest ills
So long as there are homes where lamps are lit,
And prayers are said,
Although a people falter through the dark,
And nations grope,
With God himself back of those little homes
We have some hope."

--Grace Nowell Crowell

THE OLD HOME PLACES

Each man's chimney is his golden milestone.
It is the central point from which he measures
    Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion
Nor the march of the encroaching city
    Drives in exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
    But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

TABO

Whether it was Terre Bonne from the early French explorers, Terre Beau, corrupted by the Indians, or Tabo in the beginning will remain forever a matter for speculation. But whatever it was called it had to be crossed. There are no rocks near enought the surface of this deep wind-blown loess soil to crop out and make a ford. So man's ingenuity has been taxed. As early as 1822 Adam Lightner received a license to operate a ferry across Tabo on what was to become the Santa Fe Trail. He paid two dollars for the license. He was allowed to charge for each passenger, horse, or cow, three cents; each hog or sheep, two cents; cart or carriage, twenty five cents; wagon and team, thirty seven and one half cents.

It was told me by grandmother Garr that there was later a bridge across Tabo, but that just before the Gold Rush days of forty nine it had been washed out. Her father Thomas Slusher operated a ferry during the days when great caravans of prairie schooners passed this way.

The boat was fastened by a rope secured to a post and was drawn by hand or horse power across the stream.

When Mrs. Min McFadin was just a child,(she was Nannie Young, daughter of Evan Young), she moved with her parents from "The Prairies" in Saline county to Lafayette. Among the household goods was Biddy, her red hen, in a band box, sitting upon her eggs. When she felt the uncertain movement of the ferry boat she raised her head to investigate. She was terrified at the sight of the water. She flew off with a great cackling and was drowned. It took the combined sympathy of boatman and parents to comfort little Nanny in her loss.

Shortly after forty nine another bridge was built. This was burned by the Federal soldiers during the war. It was replaced by the county in 1867. Mr. Louis Wernwag was the builder.

On November 17, 1927, high waters took the old covered bridge.

By December 14 a temporary bridge had been constructed. This was destroyed by an ice jam January 22, 1928. Within a few days a suspension plank spanned the stream, over which the postman and other intrepid foot passengers could teeter and sway their way across. Another temporary bridge was ready by March 27. In the meantime the plans for Federal Highway 24 were under way and work on a permanent bridge was begun. July 8 the present concrete bridge was completed. There followed grading and filling of the road bed and on July 6, 1932, the new highway was completed.

The accompanying photographs of the old covered bridge show it as it was known and loved for a long time.

HIGH WATERS TAKE BRIDGE
HISTORIC LANDMARK YIELDS TO SWOLLEN WATERS
LAST OF COVERED BRIDGES IN THIS COUNTY
BUILT IN 1867

Nov. 17, 1927.-- Heavy rains over a period of several days raised historic Tabo bridge off its foundation about six o'clock this morning.

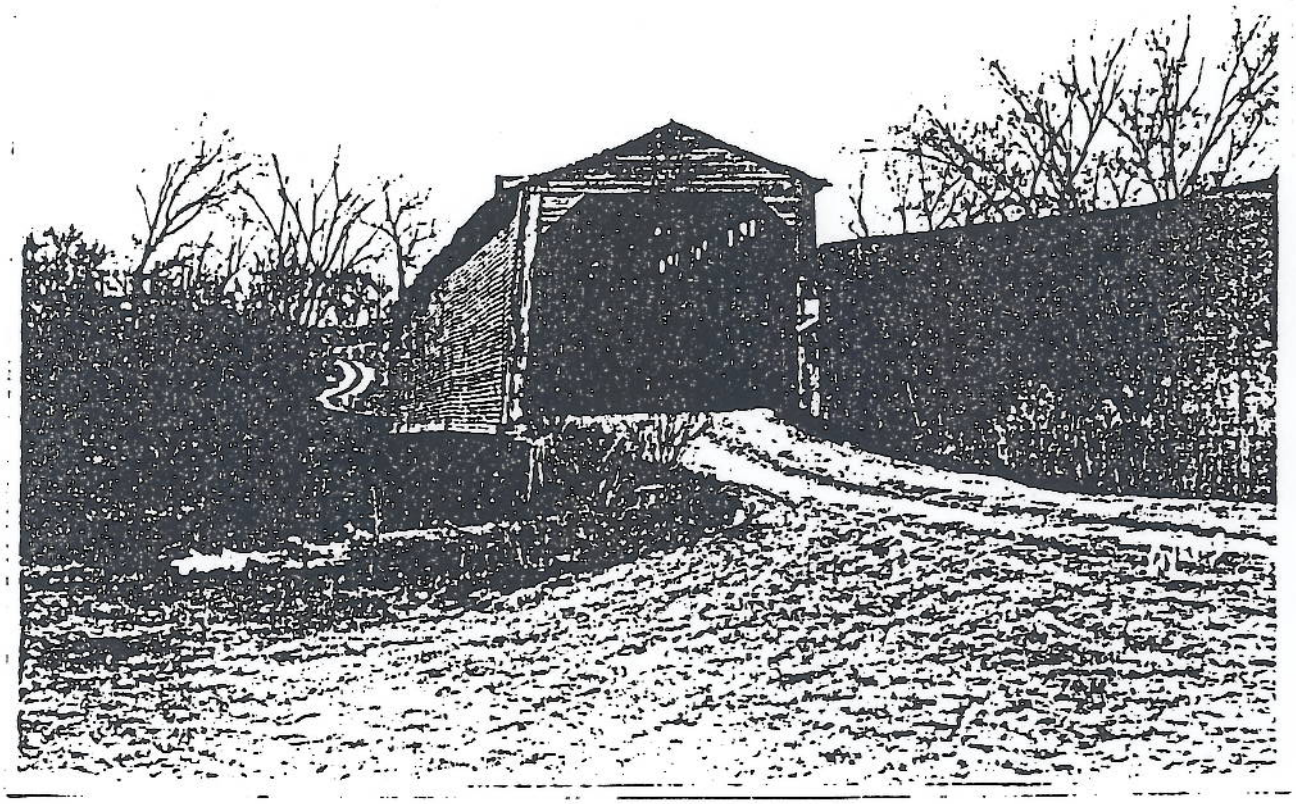
People living near by heard a thunderous crash and roar and looked out just in time to see the whole structure collapse and float away, lodging on the bank a short distance away.

It has been known for some time that the bridge was not in a condition to withstand heavy waters. The heavy rains of the last few days, followed by a torrent in the early morning hours, brought a heavy current of swift waters over the bridge.

A bridge has spanned Tabo Creek at this point on the Santa Fe Trail for over seventy five years. Some time before the Gold Rush of '49, another bridge had been washed away. During these days, trains of prairie schooners were ferried across the creek at this spot. The present bridge was built in 1867 by Mr. Louis Wernwag to take the place of the one burned by the soldiers during the Civil War. In the earlier days, bridges of considerable size were built with roof and sidewalls to protect them from the weather. Tabo was the last remaining covered bridge for miles around and was a landmark that will be missed by many people. Its days were numbered, however, for plans for the new federal highway are well under way. The county engineer, Hugh Rogers, is already making plans for the construction of a temporary bridge until the new one is ready.

(The above news item was written in 1932, as an exercise in reporting in Freshman English at Dover High School. It was written by Virginia Lee Slusher.)

Daughter of Mr & Mrs. Emmet Slusher — now Mrs. "Ped" Fisher. A.C.S.



THE COVERED BRIDGE

Some part of life becomes oblivion;
Something whose roots lie deep beneath the heart
Of simple folk is lost, as one by one
These pioneers of other days depart,
Only the country folk, whose careless tread
Endears a dusty road, can ever know
The peaceful, clattering joy of rude planks spread
Above a drowsy creek that gleams below.

Here was a refuge from the sudden showers
That swept, like moving music, field and wood,
And here cool, tunneled dark when sultry hours
Danced with white feet beyond the bridge's hood,
Yet there are soulless men whose hand and brain
Tear down what time will never give again.

—Anderson M. Scruggs.

OLD TABO BRIDGE IN SUMMER

LOOKING WEST

Hours fly
Flowers die
New days
New ways
Pass by
Love stays.

H. Vimboka

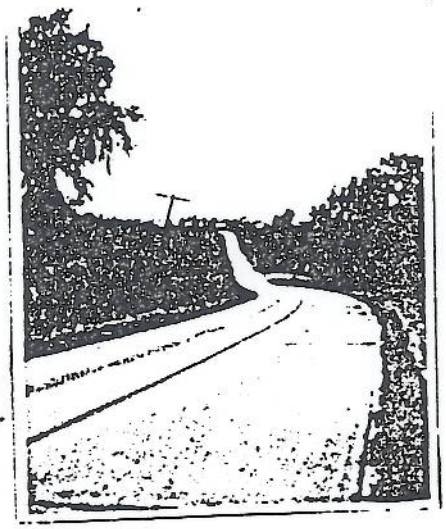
ALONG THE HIGHWAY

As the smooth ribbon of the road
Unrolls, we glide by lakes and trees,
Across small bridges, past young corn,
Or pale wheat rippling in a breeze,
Until the eye no longer turns
To note an orchard, barn, or wall,
A tall red silo, scattered cows--
"You see one farm, you see them all".

But to this girl beside a gate,
This man who tramps behind a plow,--
The little painted house, the dog,
A lilac bush, an apple bough
Are shaped in dear familiar ways.
The cows are named, and every tree
Lifted above its patch of earth
Holds intimate reality.

--Ethel Turner

DOVER ROAD



I can see from my window the new highway completed. Glistening in the morning sun, dipping and curving it would lead us outward and onward. But while I thrill to gaze upon its new brightness, I am reminded that after all it is only a very old road in a new dress. And my fancy runs back to the days when it was a pioneer road.

From the shelter of the house that was their great-great-grandfather's our children look out upon the very road over which their great-great-great-grandfather made his way more than a century ago. Finding the land to their liking they settled here and here a number of their descendants remain, till the soil, and find it good, travel the same road and find it better.

Bands of roving Indians were no uncommon sight. Oxen worked in the fields or drew their rude carts where now cars glide by in polished luxury. Trains of prairie schooners of forty-eight and forty-nine passed this very spot, pausing and pulling up as one of their number was ferried across a nearby stream and another took its place on the boat.

Soldiers in blue and gray have marched past our door on this road. It has yielded itself to the expansion of the western country. Beside it have grown up homes and churches and schools. Life has flowed past, changed in degree but much the same elementally.

And while we shall look forward to the new opportunities toward which the road beckons, let us pledge ourselves never to forget the real substance of which highways are built. It is not the concrete nor steel nor even skillful engineering that builds a road.

They are only the smooth finish on a base fused of the courage and persistence, the discouragements and heartaches, the friendships and sympathies, the dreams and idealism of many who have gone before. Only these give permance and solidarity to any human structure. Without them we may look for crumbling and decay. Let us take thought for the structure of our highways.

--Lexington Advertiser-News

(This article by Mrs. Emmet Slusher was entitled "I See From My Window" and was published in a recent issue of the Missouri Farm Bureau News.)

MOUNT VERNON

The history and traditions of this farm home are best told in a radio talk by Mrs. Ryland Todhunter.

"The first historic event in Lafayette county in the Imperial state of Missouri, was the erection of Fort Orleans, by French voyagers.

Tradition has kept alive a pretty story of these French voyagers, who, early in 1700, parted the waters of the mighty Missouri with their fleet of bateaux, and moving slowly westward from St. Louis until they came upon a clear sparkling stream, now called Tabo, which flowed from the left bank, mingling its waters with the rushing turbulent river.

Turning in upon the bosom of this stream and skirting the base of a high bluff, they entered the eastern part of Lafayette county.

Before them, round hills climbed away from the water's edge and rose, with verdant slopes to forest covered summits, stretching afar into the upland, and into thousands of acres of prairie country , which rivalled, in richness, the fabled Valley of the Nile.

Is it small wonder, then, that the beauty loving, and impulsive French men exclaimed, "Terre Beau!"? For in their language it was "Beautiful land", and the green mound suggested a Mount Verdant. In the parlyds of the later settlers, Terre Beau was corrupted into Tabo, and the green mountain became Mount Vernon. Soon a number of settlers came clustering their cabins at Mount Vernon on the site of the old fort.

4 The first territorial legislature carved out a new county, calling it Lillard, and naming Mount Vernon as the county seat. Here the first court was held; the first grand jury met; here the first marriage was solemnized--that of Mary Cox to Hohn Lovelady, a Virginia gentleman, whose very name declared his intentions.

Washington Irving, the author and traveler, in seeking local color for his works, frequently passed through this county.

On one occasion he stopped at the home of his friend, Mr. John J. Heard, and enjoyed with other invited guests an impromptu feast of turkey breasts fried in butter. This delectable dish had the advantage of being quickly prepared, for wild turkeys were so numerous that only the white breasts were used and the rest of the fowl discarded.

During the dinner Mr. Irving remarked, "Well, everybody knows that Lafayette county is the garden spot of Missouri, and Tabo Grove is its strawberry bed".

. . . . .

Long before the French voyagers sailed down the Missouri river and up Tabo, Indians had used these high hills and grassy slopes as a camping ground. There are two Indian mounds on this place and we have found many arrow heads, spear points, axes and spades.

. . . . .

(Excerpts from Chiles' "History of Lafayette County")

Mount Vernon, at this time, was a collection of a few houses, then accounted a sprightly place, but which at this day would be considered but a small village. Here the Blackfeet, Mohawks and Pawnees met for council and trading purposes. It appears likewise that Mount Vernon boasted of a tavern in those days; a well stocked store kept by Messrs. Curtis and Ely; a small manufadtory of excellent pottery, specimens of which still existed here thirty years ago; a blacksmith shop; a shoemaker and perhaps other representatives of the industrial arts."

Survey No. 1881 shows this farm is part of Sections 23 and 26, Township 51, Range 26 Lafayette County, Missouri. It contains in all 133.02 acres.

Mount Vernon was located on the New Madrid grant No. 2793 of Alexis Picard, and upon the South east quarter of Section 23, Township 51, Range 26.

The present house was built about 1912. This place was bought in 1918 from S. N. Wilson and Matt H. Wilson by E. T. Neer who moved in 1918. It is well known for its large orchards and for the attractive recreation park and tourist camp which Mr. and Mrs. Neer have developed along historic Tabo at the foot of old Mount Vernon.

***Julia Neer

11A

Extended History of Elm Acres

After 41years I am again at the desk trying to recall the people and the events that made history here at Elm Acres.

Living thru the thirties was really quite hard. 1934 was the driest year of the century, coupled with severe economic depression. Cows sold for $20.00 per head, hogs were $3.00 per cwt., milk .09¢ per gallon and eggs .05¢ per dozen. This was the year I went "down to Warrensburg for college". The fees were $12.50 per quarter including book rental, room and board .50¢ per day in a private home. The year of 1935 was very wet. The wheat was greatly damaged by black rust and most of it went for animal feed. We finished planting corn on July 4th and it did not mature. Then came our worst drought ever in 1936. Corn never reached over three feet tall and temperatures were over 100 F. many days in May. The hottest day was during the threshing season. The water boy could not find good water and the temperature reached 113 F.

The situation began to ease abit when my father, Alvin Slusher, got a job "measuring wheat" with the Farm Program @$3.00 per day. Prices began to inch up as war became eminent in Europe. We became mechanized with a one plow Model B A llis Chalmers tractor with a one row cultivator. This equipment cost $650.00. A electric fencer was also added to our line of machinery - powered with a "hot shot", of course. Twenty Jersey cows were being milked by hand and the milk was sold to Paul Slusher's Springhill Dairy. There was an active Dairy Herd Improvement Association in the county and we were on the top ten herd list many times. We were showing a few registered Jerseys at local fairs.

Edward, my only brother, left to study Forestry at the University of Idaho and dad was working full time with the Farm Program. This put me in the position of full time farmer. In 1938 I went to the University of Missouri at Columbia to study Dairy Farming. Dad ran the farm again and also continued in the Government Farm Program. After two college years at Columbia I returned to the farm.

The United States was now actively engaged in World War II, so I left farming for service in the Air Force as a weather forcaster. Dad rented some of the land out, milked a small herd of cows and continued his Farm Program work. I was married to Frieda Witzke on July 3, 1943 and we returned to Elm Acres together in September 1945. I had purchased a 54 acres farm just west of Elm Acres in 1943 and we fondly called it Elm Acres Jr.. There was a modest cottage on the place which Frieda and I made quite livable. We got electricity and water into the house, papered, painted and cleaned. We planted trees, shrubs and flowers, raised chickens and a garden, and built a new privy out back. Our family was started in this home with Roger arriving in 1947.

During my years away, the folks had changed the looks of the house. The front porch was replaced with a stoop and a screened porch added on the west. Dad was plenty ready to turn the farming over to me on January 1, 1946.

Things were beginning to happen at the farm also. With the arrival of electrical power we added a Surge milking machine and a six can cooler. The building of level terraces was started, the last corn crop was harvested and the hog operation ended. A well of 212 feet was drilled by Mr. Steffens from Alma. The water rose within 80 feet of the top and it provided 3 gallons of water per minute. This well served us for 29 years.

The following year the new Surge dairy barn with three walk thru stalls was built by Julius and Edward Kolster. The Jersey heifers were traded for Holsteins and a number of good Holsteins were purchased from dairy sales about the ounty. In the fall of 1947 we "went Grade A"and have been selling that way for O years. We then joined the "Pure Milk Association of Greater Kansas City". In recent years it has merged into Mid-America Dairymen, and I have served this organization in various capacities at the local level for twenty years. The purchase of a 8-N Ford tractor, disc, mower and loader was made to get"Improved Pastures" established. The grasses we used were brome, fescue and orchard with espedeza and ladino for legumes.

In the fall of 1949 the Elliott Slusher's moved to the big house and the lvin Slusher's moved to Corder. The Rupniewski's (Edward, Maria and Joseph)

Continued on 12A

ELM ACRES

R 19 T 51 S 25

When Lafayette county was but four years old, a Joseph Harrison entered a portion of this farm, the remainder being entered by John Banks some two or three years later.

This farm is located near what was at one time the county's river port, Berlin. Along this road was hauled wheat and hemp for export. A number of the elderly people of today have seen wagons loaded with hemp from Berlin to the present highway 24. One man tells of a line of wagons from Berlin to Dover, one behind the other.

In 1859, Sam M. Banks sold this farm (then 172 acres) to George J. Bowman. Mr. Bowman improved the farm, building a five room frame house with a large fireplace on either end. A kitchen was built to the northeast of the house. This was a frame structure fifteen feet square. He also made a wine cellar, a well, both of which are in use today. He set out a three acre orchard consisting of Bellflower, Pippin and Ladyfinger varieties.

In 1865, Mr. Bowman lost the farm and Marvin Banks purchased it, immediately selling it to W. H. Littlejohn from Kentucky. Mr. Littlejohn paid $17.50 an acre for it. There were then only 17 acres in cultivation. A son of this man told of one fall, during the slack time at the hemp warehouse, Mr. Wernwag bought the orchard for 10¢ a bushel. They picked and covered the apples up under the trees. As soon as the boat came, they loaded the apples and shipped them

2A

oved into the little house. They were Displaced Persons from World War II and heir home was in Poland. He worked with me and since Frieda and he both knew a little German it was our way of communicating. They moved to Kansas City in a ear or so but we are still in touch.

The cows were now being bred artificially, so rapid improvement was possible ne feed was being bought, mixed and delivered by the Lafayette Elevator in bulk his was a real labor saver over the previously used sack method. 1950 ended our icken raising. A large pond was built to store water for orchard irrigation.

It was 1952 when Elliott and Frieda purchased the farm from Alvin and Estell t was purchased on contract and paid for over a period of sixteen years. This ought our farm to 163 acres of rolling hill land on the Missouri River bluffs. is decade was to bring two more children to call Elm Acres home - a daughter Sally born in 1950 and a son Morgan born in 1957. These were years of expansion d hard work. The herd reached 40 cows at one time and we installed a bulk tank r easier and more efficient cooling. A Butler all steel barn 40' x 40' was buil or hay storage and loafing area for the cows at a cost of $4,000.00.

In 1953 dad and mother finished building a small home on the site of the or- inal Elm Acres Jr. cottage. Dad lived there until his death in January of 1970 d mother still lives there today.

The sixties were ushered in by a tornado which destroyed an old barn on the st edge of the improvements. Again, a Butler all steel barn 60' x 36' was built r a shop and more hay storage. We started selling walnut trees and have sold 291 to date from Elm Acres. There are many growing in all stages and we will like sell some more in eight to ten years.

Many improvements were made on the house. The east downstairs bedroom was re oved and replaced, a new stairway built, kitchen added, plaster and lathes re- ved and replaced with dry wall, and the windows replaced with new small pane es. The entire house was redecorated and a new hot water circulating furnace stem with baseboard registers was installed by Wellington Hardware. It used the economy fuel"LP Gas at .12¢ per gallon. A lot of living has taken place with ree children being raised here. There was Becky a faithful collie for 12 years, beloved horse called Coco, cats too numerous to mention, a couple of rabbits nd two Easter chickens that grew up.

Roger took care of the farm during the time that I had surgery on my legs. again, the family worked together to keep things going in time of need. Thru the years the landscaping of trees, shrubs and flowers have changed. Dutch Elms sease has destroyed all of the original elm trees around the house. Power mower w cut the large lawn. There is a well established wind-break of pine trees on he north side of the buildings.

The west porch is now glassed in to make a three season sitting room. A rage, bathroom, small basement and patio were added in 1973. The mail route was tended several years ago to include our lane.

The milking is now done only once a day. The big round bales of hay were rst used in 1975 and were a big labor saver for me. Rural water came in August 76 and the well retired to a standby basis. 1976 also stands out as a great apple year. Some of the trees are now 50 years old and replacements have been set ru the years. There is a six acre apple orchard of Jonathan, Red and Yellow licious trees. 1977 was high-lighted by the putting up of the Hex sign on the rn. It was built by Glen Nadler (Sally's husband) and designed and painted by ndra Slusher (Roger's wife) and given to me by them for Christmas 1976. The ntinous"S" design was done in red, white and blue as a bicentennial symbol.

Grandchildren are coming to the farm now, so we can but hope it will also find a place in their hearts as it has in the family that grew and lived here r 50 years.

Written by Elliott Slusher
September 26, 1977

to St. Louis. Mr. Littlejohn had two former slaves with him. They raised corn and a little tobacco, which sold for 25¢ a pound.

There stood two large walnuts south of the house, in which an all wood swing 30 feet long hung. On Sundays large crowds of neighbors gathered to sit in the shade. On one of the two fine springs on the place was Mr. Lockhart's saw mill.

During this time the place was famous for its blackberries. People came from south of Higginsville to pick them, staying all day. The local boys had a wonderful time stealing berries.

In 1875, Mr. Littlejohn, owing $700 on the place, lost it to Robert Cox. Mr. Cox sold the farm to Captain Ryland Todhunter. A number of people rented the farm from Captain Todhunter. During this time the kitchen was completely destroyed piece by piece for kindling.

Captain Todhunter sold the farm to Nick Loch. Mr. Loch had a large family of boys so he cleared and put in cultivation quite a bit more of the land. While Mr. Loch owned the farm the house burned but was rebuilt immediately by Mr. Vaughan. Mr. Loch sold the farm to W. M. Hackley. In 1924 Alvin P. Slusher purchased this farm. He rented it for four years and did quite a bit of improving. Fences were built, a grainery constructed and a shed added to the barn. A cistern was dug and a pond built. An eight acre orchard was set out the third year on part of the land where the original orchard stood. In 1929, Alvin Slusher and family moved to the farm. In 1930 cob pipe corn was raised which yielded 50 bushels and 10 sacks of cobs per acre. The cobs sold for $1.50 a sack.

In the center of the farm stands two mounds built by prehistoric man. From this point as one stands gazing at the mighty Missouri as she winds among the bluffs, a steamboat appears as in days gone by. She has regained her place.

--Elliot M. Slusher

WILLIG HOME

1819 -- Elizabeth Catron
1832 -- Flavel Vivian
1849 -- Martin Vivian
1855 -- Henry Gratz and Joseph Shelby
1858 -- Gratz to Lynn B. Hudson
1865 -- Shelby to James Fleming

Renters from James Flemming

Dave Loudbeek
Harry Hockensmith
Robert Pointer
William Fischer
Frank Willig

On February 3, 1902, Frank Willig bought from James Fleming 65.6 acres in S 24 T 51 R 26 and55.15 Acres in S 25 T51 R 26 and in 1913 he bought from Blanton Vaughan 35.75 acres in S 25 T 51 R 26. The house stands on this portion. In 1903 thi house was remodeled. The six foot hall was included in the large middle room. The rwo bedrooms and kitchen are very old. The doors are all hand made of walnut and pegged together. The wide board floors are those originally laid. The smokehouse with its many hooks is evidence of the generous provisioning of an early day. Before the Civil War there was a crockery factory on the east Berlin road near the present home of Alvin Slusner. It was destroyed during the Civil War.

Frank Willig died suddenly of a heart attack March 31, 1914. Mrs. Willig died September 29, 1920. The children carried on the farming witht the help of a cousin who still makes his home with them. After Mrs. Willig's death the children remaining at the home, Anna, John and Henry, bought out the other heirs, Katie, Minnie, Bettie's children and Sophia. All the children were born here except Anna who was born on the Tyree place.

Under the present ownership many improvements have been made, including hay and cow barns, garage, corn crib, machine shed. There are twelve acres of fine young orchard.

--Anna Willig

OLD HOUSES HAVE SECRETS

Old houses, like old gentle folk, are shy,
For shabbiness and quaint, old-fashioned ways
Mark them the relics of those other days
Before men worshipped speed's efficiency,
They seem to sit apart, to draw aside
From life's insistent urge. In musings deep
They dream; and tender memories they hide.
A footstep..whispers..scent of rare perfumes..
An old love song..faint rustle of a gown..
A sobbing cry..gay laughter drifting down--
These are the substance of long-lived-in rooms.
Old houses, like old hearts, are loath to tell
Dear secrets they have hidden long and well.

--Pearle R. Casey

GARR FIELDS

This home truly grew up with the country. It was begun about 1848 by Thomas Slusher, who received from his father 300 acres of land here.

He was a carpenter by trade, a farmer by occupation. The family lived in one of three log cabins that were here at that time. Soon the first four rooms and two halls were built, but even then the kitchen was for some time in the cabin. He built the house almost all of native lumber. The living room floor even today is of wide walnut boards as was much of the weatherboard and the stairs and some of the doors. Six or seven doors are hand made. In 1858 one more room was built down stairs on the west side of this house and as the years rolled by the family grew he built a room upstairs over this. Then in 1873 two more rooms were added upstairs over the kitchen and dining room. Today the house has the eight rooms and two halls. The two large fireplaces that were built into the kitchen and dining room were used for cooking as well as heating and have been taken out, but the one in the west room is still open and is the only means of heat for that room now. If the dear old homes could tell us the things they know, how thrilling it would be to hear about Mrs. Garr getting a cook stove which was set up in the fireplace. It was a strange new thing and many were sure it would blow up. And the time two rooms were built over the kitchen and dining room, a rain set in just as they got the roof off. It lasted two or three days, the family trying to cook and eat in a house without a roof.

This house has never been in the hands of but two other

men; Mr. Evans and Mr. Turpin, except Slushers and Garrs until Roy Mattingly bought the place from Willis Garr in 1933. It is occupied by Roy Stone at the present time.

Many people have lived in this house, though not many families. It has been rented for 50 years, but by only five families in all that time.

An amusing story was told me by Mrs. George Garr, who lived here both in her childhood and married life. It shows that children were as venturesome then as now. The women had been dying cloth and when they finished they left the vat of blue dye in the yard, and warned the children not to touch it, but they were curious little boys and one of them, a blond, stuck his finger in the dye and rubbed a bit of it on his hair. They seemed to like the color, so he dipped his head in and came out a strange looking child. Stranger still did he appear when the hair grew out, forming a top of white and a fringe of blue. "White Top" was his nickname for a long time.

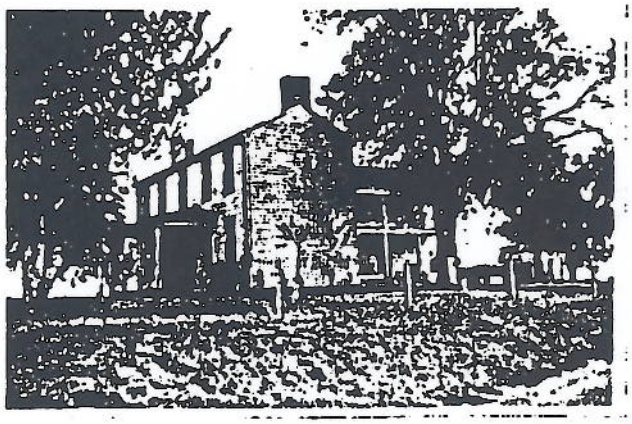
Mr. Thomas Slusher sold this place to George Garr in 1858, but before he took possession of it he went to war. He returned July, 1865 and married Mollie Slusher, Thomas Slusher's daughter, in August 1865. This same woman, when she was a little girl was frightened and fascinated by the frequent bands of Indians that travelled through the country. She could never understand their lack of respect for property, for they helped themselves to about whatever they wanted, and their ideas of the truth were very different from those of the rigidly taught little Mollie.

When the forty niners began their amazing treck to reach the gold fields of California, the road that many of them took was the one past this very door, for this was the Missouri end of the Santa Fe Trail. Little Mollie, who was then about five years old, watched from her door the great lines of prairie schooners as they halted and pulled up a wagon length and halted again--a sign that her father had ferried one more of the long train across Tabo, the stream at the foot of the hill.

Little Mollie grew to be cousin Mollie, Aunt Mollie, grandmother and great grandmother, keeping her vivid memory and great interest in people and events until the last, 1928.

This home islocated in the west half of the southwest quarter of section 25, township 51, range 26.

--Bertha Fairchild Stone



demolished in 1994

HIGHLAND VIEW

This farm is in S 36 T 51 R 27.

The west half of this land was entered by Daniel McDowell and John F. Ryland on February 8, 1832, the east half by John F. Ryland September 8, 1831.

John McFadin, sr. bought the farm March 24, 1849 from Matthew Talbott and wife. During the Civil War Mr. MCFadin was taken out in his wheat field just east of his house and shot down by bushwhackers.

On April thirtieth, 1860 John McFadin, jr. bought this farm and moved with his family from Forest City, Holt County. In moving his belongings down the Missouri River the steam boat sank and all he had was lost.

In 1907 Mr. and Mrs. McFadin rented their farm and moved to town. Mr. McFadin died in 1909 and Mrs. McFadin in 1916.

Joe B. Williams the present owner bought this farm from the McFadin heirs on November 30, 1917.

The original house which was of logs, was on the north side of the highway. While excavating the site where we built the filling station, an old well which had been walled with rocks was found, about 25 feet from the highway. The present house is an eight room frame building, which has walnut weatherboarding. The uprights are 6 x 6 inch walnut and the joists are 6 x 12 in hewed walnut. The woodwork is of white pine, the doors, hand made.

The four front rooms were heated by fireplace.

Insurance on this house was written as early as 1861.

The well in the yard is 50 feet deep and walled with brick. It was dug about 60 years ago and contains soft water.

--Mrs. Joe B. Williams.

"SPRINGHILL"

THE LEE SLUSHER HOME

This house, situated on the N. W, ¼ pf N. E. ¼ pf S 34 T51 R 26 was built in 1869.

The land was bought from the government by Christopher Slusher in 1829 and '30 and deeded to Allen Slusher, his oldest son in 1831 who occupied a log house a few feet north east of the present house. All homes were built near springs or living streams in the early days. A very good and everlasting spring is near by. It was said the women of the family thought the water had a superior bleaching quality and neighboring women availed themselves of the virtues of the water by bringing their laundry to the spring to do the work. It is said Allen Slusher did not live on the land more than a year but moved to Jackson county near Independence. He sold it to Mr. Asail Barnett in 1842, who had come from Kentucky several years before. It is not known who built the house he occupied at first, but in and around it was woven much of the history of the place. A four room house, two of logs and two of frame with porches was built. In front of this house was an avenue of locust trees six of which still stand or parts of them after the ravages of eighty years. Though but a semblance of their former glory the blossoms fill the air with fragrance just a s sweet in spring as in the years gone by. There were several cabins on the place and many slaves and one man called big Pete was in charge until they were freed. Hemp growing was the principal crop in farming tho small grain was grown for home consupption. After the slaves were made free, the farm was handled by the sons, A cousin who made his home with them at one time said, "What a beautiful farm it was and how productive—to me the wonder is the amount of work the members of the family did. I doubt if ever there was a farm to which children loved to go more than this one and how well we were treated".

Mr. Asail Barnett and his wife with seven children occupied the small house until 1868 when preparations were made to build a new home. Much of the lumber was stored in the attic of the old house for seasoning--it being native lumber and walnut. This house was burned and of course the prized lumber. The family occupied the cabins until a suitable home could be built and this is the house as it stands today, 1936.

The framing is of native lumber grown near Sheep-nose and of unusually strong proportions and there is some walnut finishing. The walls are inlaid with brick. Mr. Haines and sons, Theo and Billy, of Lexington and Mr. Ben Vaughan of Dover were the carpenters. Mr. Chris Martin of Berlin was the brick mason. Each room was equipped with a grate to burn coal for heating. Four large rooms and two halls, two rooms and a hall upstairs and the same below with an addition of four small rooms and porch in the rear. A wing on the east consisted of a large kitchen with entry and pantry between it and the main building.

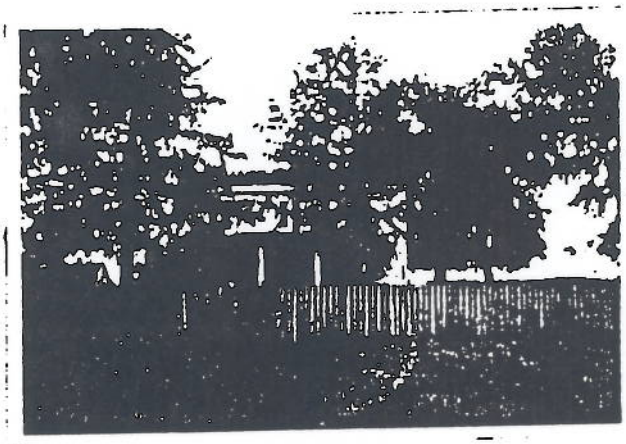
Here Mr. Barnett and family met life's joys and sorrows for nearly forty years, In this time a young son, two grown daughters and his companion passed away. A memory of this lovely character still stands at the west window of the house; a wisteria vine said to have been planted by her when the house was new, almost seventy years ago.

Mr. Barnett sold the farm to Mr. Robert Smith in 1875 who transferred it to Thomas Smith in 1882. He sold to Mr. A. J. Slusher in 1883 who sold it to Lee J. Slusher in 1888. In 1886 Lee J. Slusher came to make his home here with his widowed sister, Mrs. Mason. In 1889 he was married to Alice Carr. Front and back porches were built in 1894 and solid window panes put in the front of the house. In 1901 another wing was added on the south known as the dining room, with the bedroom above.

Here the Lee J. Slusher family has grown to maturity; six sons, a daughter, a niece and a nephew. All have gone to their own homes but two of the number. The youngest son Paul now owner of the home still carries on and a grandson revives the past of this family.

No celebrities have ever been entertained under this roof, but these echoing walls could tell you of many who came to make life brighter and better for those of us left to tell the tale.

--Alice Garr Slusher



THE FIRST SLUSHER HOME Pre-Civil War

The original owner of this home, situated in the north west quarter of the north east quarter of section 27, township 51 range 26, was Christopher Slusher, born in Pennsylvania, emigrating to Virginia with his father's family at the age of eleven years.

On attaining manhood he was married to a lady of Pennsylvanian birth, also a Virginian by adoption and lived in Virginia until 1828, when he came to Lafayette county, Missouri. He came by wagon train, making the long and toilsome journey over the Allegheny mountains through dense forests along the rivers in covered wagons, drawn by oxen. With him was his household, a wife, ten children, sons-in-law and families, and some slaves.

He located near Tabo in the fall of the year, remaining there about six months until a more permanent home could be built. This location, the present home site, about one mile west of Tabo, was chosen as the spot from which much history has sprung.

The first house was built of logs cut from trees in the surrounding timber as was all outbuildings and slave quarters. The home proper was a two story structure of large proportions, to meet the needs of a large family, and headquarters for a large colony of settlers in the early days. As was the custom of the pioneers, hospitality was extended to all. Comfort, food, and shelter were denied no passer-by who asked for them. The diaries of other pioneers refer to this home as a meeting place of travelers and an outlook to new homes. This house stood the ravages of time for about 75 years when it burned after being converted into a barn.

After acquiring several hundred acres of land he est-

ablished his children in their own homes near by and in the event of his death in 1853, this home became the property of the oldest living son, Henry Slusher, who was then married and living near Mayview. On moving to the homestead a few years later the said Henry Slusher had the present structure built in 1858 and 1859. An eight room house, two halls and stairways and porches all of native lumber, the timber cut and sawed on the place, principally oak and walnut. This saw mill was run by horse power and a son of Henry Slusher, Jack Slusher, now in his eighty sixth year, living in California, tells of driving the team and playing in the saw dust at the mill. Mr. George Garr, a Virginian and Mr. William Slusher, were the carpenters. After the family occupied the new house, some of the slaves occupied the old log house and one of them spent his last years there, passing away in 1888. One of the small log houses was used for a school house where a private school was conducted until more thickly settled conditions justified the public school system. One young woman, generally known as governess, came from Virginia to teach this school and later married the oldest son of Henry Slusher.

This family suffered the epidemic of smallpox during the Civil War but had no fatalities.

A large family of children and many in-laws made their home under this sturdy and well-known roof. Six daughters and eight sons went from these walls into the world to add laurels to their truly grand forefathers. This house, situated on five hundred acres was sold in 1884 to Mr. A. P. Kensler and three smaller farms bought, one of which, near Webb school, Mr. Slusher occupied himself, until his death in 1893. In 1892 it was transferred to Isaac Avitt who later sold it to David A. Slusher, a grandson of the first Christopher Slusher. At the death of David Slusher it became the property of Earle Kensler, his nephew, by the will of David Slusher and later sold to Mr. Charles Lyons in 1930. Outside of repair and painting and front porch enlarged, the house remains in its original condition. Mush of the beauty of the landscape is gone because of the forest trees and orchard plantings dying. At one time evergreens ornamented the front lawn, as well as shrubs transplanted from Virginia.

--Alice Garr Slusher

Sunny Brook Farm

This farm is located in township 50, range 26, section 9.

This land was entered in February, 1836 by Thomas G. Smith who built the first house of logs probably that same year. Then in 1856, a four room dwelling was built for Mr. Smith by Mr. George Garr. In 1859 the property changed hands when it was bought by John S. Stewart. In 1863 George W. Stewart was born in this home. When about 16 years old he helped his father build the ell and porches just as it is at the present time. In 1891 George W. Stewart married Miss Fannie Spears of Lexington and brought his bride to the home place to live. In 1894 Mr. Stewart purchased his home place and lived the remainder of his life there. Their children were born here, also.

Mrs. George Stewart who is at present living at the home has some of the old furniture which belonged to her family. A highboy made of cherry which belonged to her mother's father, Hugh McDowell, and dressers and tables of walnut which belonged to her mother before the civil war when she went to housekeeping. Mrs. Stewart also has some lovely china, wedgewood and willow ware and the silver spoons made from silver dollars which came to her home from her grandfather McDowell. She has two lovely dresses from the trousseau of her mother who was married in 1859. There hangs on the walls over her fireplace an

oil painting of her nother's childhood home in Virginia-- a lovely frame house set among the trees and hills and glowing fields of that lovely state.

Within the four walls of this house abides a spirit of joyful home life which descends like a soft blessing on all who enter.

* * * * *

A HOME I KNOW

There is a Spirit- guide abiding there,
Not tangible,
Invisible--
And yet I feel its presence everywhere.

In books, though mute, a voice I seem to hear
Of ageless souls,
And poets' songs,
And art and music dwell within this sphere.

I love to linger in this home I know,
For God is there.

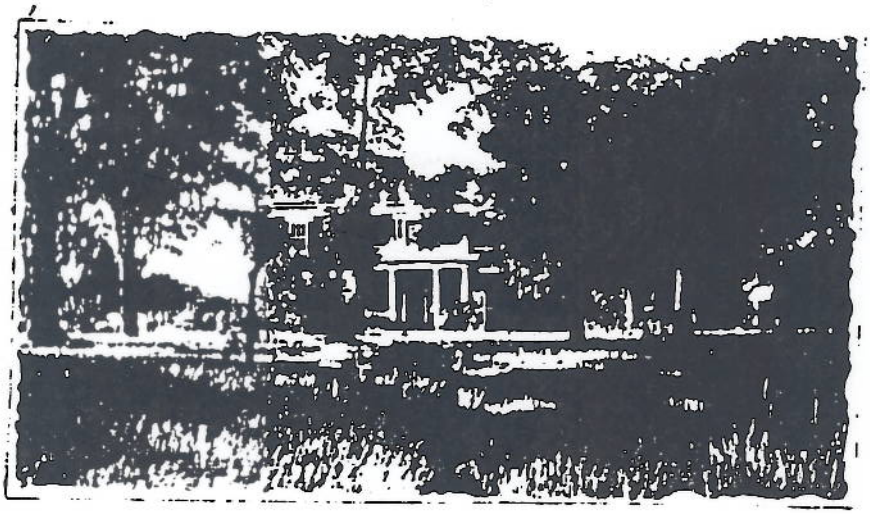
* * * * *

Come oft to the home

of thy friends . . .

Lest weeds grow

in the path . . .



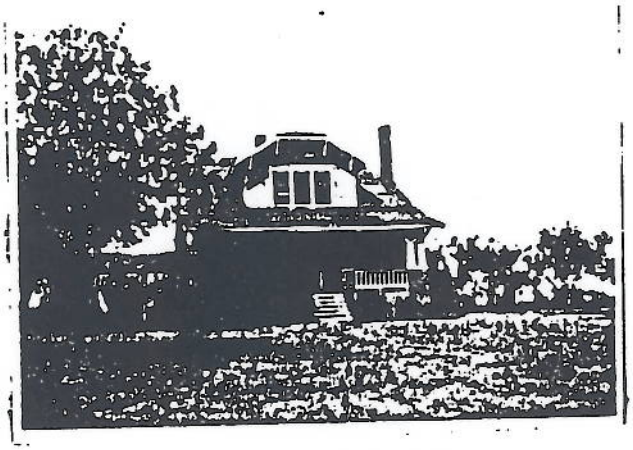
The home of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Dinwiddie near Dover, Missouri, was entered by John Black in 1826. During the administration of John Quincy Adams. After being twice sold, Dr. John Yantes, a Presbyterian minister bought the tract of 240 acres and sold to James M. Dinwiddie in 1840. He at once set to work to build his house.

The brick was burned on the place, as well as all the materials of which the two story colonial house was built. After James M. Dinwiddie's death a nephew, James T. Dinwiddie, came into possession of this home in 1875. For 96 years this home has been in the Dinwiddie name. The Dinwiddie's are descendants of Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia. This colonial home holds some rare antiques.

--Mrs. James T. Dinwiddie

"The ornaments of a house

Are the friends who frequent it..."



OAK GLEN FARM

Eighty acres of loess soil, underlaid with coal, having a half mile of running water flowing through a glen shaded by a magnificent white oak tree and fed by springs, were embodied in the grant of W 2 N W ¼ S 26, T 51, R 27, made by J. Q. Adams to Young Ewing in 1825.

The tract of land was given to Milton Ewing, a son, in 1844, by will of his father, and was later conveyed to a sister of Milton, Elizabeth Ewing, who in turn transferred it to another brother, William Ewing, to the benefit of Lucy B. Ewing, wife of Milton Ewing.

As time passed, the land was transferred by members of the Ewing family--the N W ¼ to Alexander Mott and the S W ¼ to John Bour, excepting a strip of the north side which in 1868 had been sold to Cornelius Davis, a man of color.

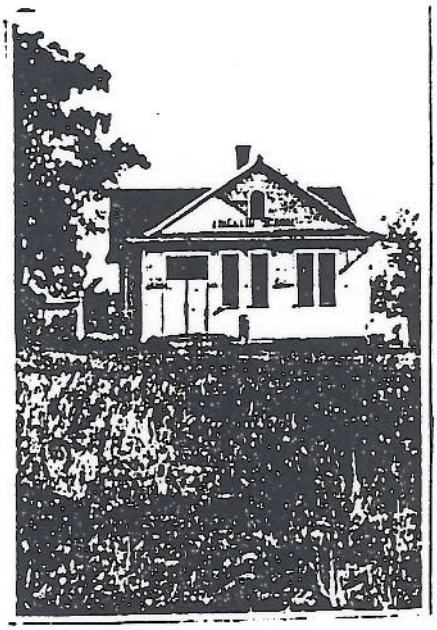
In 1893, Anton and Katherine Franciskato purchased the S W ¼ and in 1898, the N W ¼.

In 1921 this tract was purchased by George H. Prock.

Many tomohawks, arrowheads, and other Indian relics scattered over this farm and the adjacent land on the south, near the springs, tell the story of the Indian village which stood on this land in earlier days.

The first house erected on this land, and which is still standing is a three room cottage of native lumber and brick from the kilns near here. The old cistern, dug many, many years ago, with the cement on the dirt wall, still is used and has never been repaired until this year. 1936

-- Dee Dillingham Prock



HICKLIN SCHOOL

The first school house was situated about one-quarter mile east of the present school site, on the little knoll just east of Reidmore. T he small one room building was of logs with a fireplace at one end. The seats were of split logs and desks were unheard of. A stove was used in later years for heating. Parents of the attending pupils furnished the fuel.

From the minutes of a board meeting on April 24, 1874, we find that Miss S. Lelia Noel was elected teacher. School to commence the first Monday in September and continue for four months, The teacher received $35.00.per month. The president of the board was also instructed to have the teacher distribute the labor of cleaning the school room among the girls in the school, alternately and evenly as possible.

In 1876, a new site was bought from Young Hicklin where the school is now located. In 1877 a new building was finished at a cost of $379.00. This was a one room building,four windows on each side and a door in the south end. Within, double desks and seats were on either side with painted blackboards and a place for wraps. The windows were painted in order to keep the pupils mind on"'readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic".

A School was maintained for the colored children and was on the Pete Parker place in the bottom land. It was started in 1883 and closed in 1898.

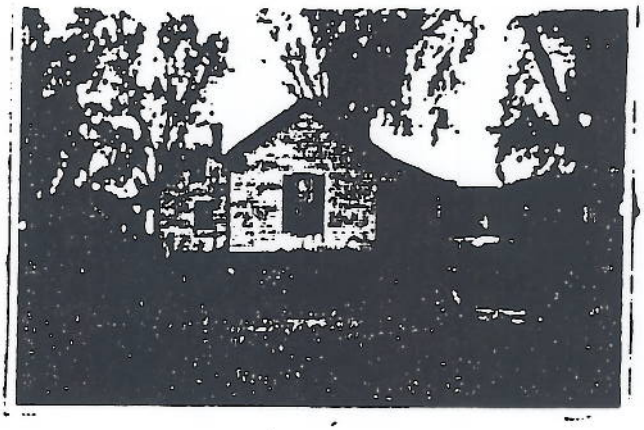
As many as eighteen negroes attended this school at one time.

In 1914, a modern school building was erected on the same site at a cost of $1600. Miss Bertha Larkin was the first teacher in this new building. As many as sixty pupils have been enrolled during the term.

In 1927, a parent-teacher association was organized with a charter membership of twenty-nine patrons. This organization has the distinction of being the first rural assocation in the county. They still function, carrying on the principal on which it was founded, closer relationship between the school and home.

This district was known as No.1, but in later years was changed to District No. 11.

Alma C. Hicklin.



NEIGHBORLINESS

My great grandmother, Elizabeth Ferguson Ryland Barnett came to Missouri in 1846 and lived with her son Joseph R. Barnett on his farm east of Lexington, south of the M. E. Catron home. It is now owned by H. W. Weitkamp.

The following story was told by my great Aunt Laura, Mrs Felix Young, to Mrs B. F. Eaton and repeated ~~by~~ to me.

Mr. Jim Hicklin asked grandmother if she would like s some turnips. She replied that she would. In a day or so Mr. Hicklin sent the turnips, heaped high in a wagon, to which four oxen were hitched and several slaves to unload them.

Thus a neighbor gave another vegetable a hundred years ago.

Elizabeth B.Fitchett.

FRIENDSHIP

The following is an excerpt copied from the Barnett family history written by Miss Elizabeth B. Young.

Robert Irvine Barnett came to Lexington in 1844 to practice law.

R. I. Barnett enlisted with Capt. McPhetus Company B 1stRegiment, Mo. Mounted Volunteers, Mexican War, June 1846 as 2nd Lieutenant, shortly after was promoted to 1st Lieutenant. He served gallantly during the campaign with honorable dischafge at close. Afterward was 1st Lieutenant of Dragons Regular Army.

Robert I. Barnett was one of four especially brave

officers whonled the wild daring charge at Chihuahua. When the army seemed at its wits end, fearing to make the next move, (so history says) Capt. Ried, disregarding the Adjutant's orders to retreat, raised his sword, standing in his stirrups shouted, "Will my men follow me?"

Lieutenant Barnett, Huston and More with twenty-five men sprang forward, carried the battery and for a season silenced the enemies guns and beat them back. Capt. Ried's horse was shot from under him. Reinforcements soon arrived and the battle was won, one of the most decisive of the war.

It was for this bravery that Lieutenant Barnett was given a magnificent sword, handsomly engraved.

During the Civil War his mother's house was being ransacked by the Federal soldiers for fire-arms. Mrs. Barnett, forgetting the old sword that hung in the attic, told them there were no arms in the house. The soldiers ran their bayonets in the feather beds--even into the walls and under the carpets in their search. Finally a burly fellow came rushing down stairs with the sword. The Captain ordered the house burned. Mrs. Barnett said, "I had forgotten about the sword--it was awarded my son Robert for bravery in the battle of Chihuahua. Tears came into the Captains eyes as he said" " Bob Barnett? I fought side by side with him during the whole time" He countermanded his order for burning the house and wrote out protection papers which secured them from further molestation during the war.

A PLAIN PRAYER

We thank thee, Lord, because we live,
That we may carry on
The work of those who came to give
Our day its dawn.

We ask thee only for the power
To do as well as they:
To give our sons as bright an hour
To start their day.

--John Alexander.

GOODLAND FARM

The land where this home stands is part of farm entered by Christopher Slusher when he came to Lafatyette county in 1828. At Christopher Slusher's death in 1853 this land was given to his son Henry.

In 1877 the first house was built on the place. A slave cabin was moved from the Christopher Slusher home and set up by a spring about a half mile east of the present home site. A lean-to kitchen was added to this one room log house and it was first occupied for a few months by a family by the name of Grindstaff.

In the fall of 1877 Henry Slusher's son, Madison T. married Elizabeth Chandler and came to this house to live on land given him by his father. This was their home for two years.

In 1879 the first part of the present home was built by Mr. Burnham, a neighbor who built many of the homes in the community. This house faced north, had three sixteen foot rooms, a center hall and a large back porch. This was the M. T. Slusher home for over fifty years.

The row of hard maples now standing on the west side of the house were planted in 1880. In 1882 M. T. Slusher bought the eighty acres of land lying west of the house from his uncle, Jackson Slusher, and shortly after the entrance from the main road was changed from the north to the west. A double row of maple trees was planted to border the drive from the yard gate to the road.

In 1895 the house was extensively remodeled. It was made to face west down the avenue of maples, the original rooms were enlarged, many windows added and a second story built. When finished it was an eight room house with a large L shaped hall and three porches.

In 1915 the bath room and east proch were built, the kitchen remodeled and a fire place built in the dining room. A large walnut beam was taken from the smoke house and made into a mantel shelf.
T The home was occupied by M. T. Slusher and his family until 1932 when it was sold to a cousin, Harold Slusher.

--Juliet Burton Slusher

"Home is where we love;
Home that the feet may leave,
But not the heart,
The chain may lengthen
But it cannot part."

OLD OAKS

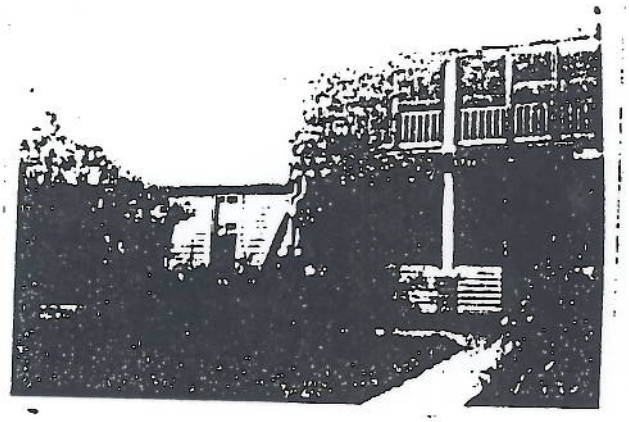
N W ¼ S 25 T 51 R 26

Our home is about eight miles east of Lexington on Highway 24 which follows the old Santa Fe Trail through Missouri. This particular seventy acres on which the house atands was entered by Andrew Patterson April 5, 1819. In 1847 along with 160 acres more it was deeded by Wm. M. Turpin to Christopher Slusher. The price paid for the 70 acres was $2000. This then became part of the farm on which Thomas and Minerva Beck Slusher lived. Before the war Thomas sold all but 70 acres of his holdings to his prospective son-in-law, George W. Garr. Then in 1859 he began to build on the seventy a house of five rooms--three below and two above, with front halls and two stairways to serve the two upperrooms which were not connected. There were fireplaces in each room. A long porch ran the length of the dining room and the kitchen on the east.

War was declared before the inside work was done. The prospective son-in-law went off to war, as did an older son. The The fourteen year old son, David enlisted and became a bugler. Work on the new house was abandoned.

When Order No. 11 forced southern sympathizers out of Jackson county, among the refugees was a brother-in-law and sister of Thomas Slusher, Harry and Susanna Hockensmith. They came to Thomas with a request to be allowed to occupy the new home. At first their request met with refusal, for this Mr. Hockensmith not so many years back had been party to breaking the will of Christopher Slusher. Minerva, the wife of Thomas, used her influence to reconcile the estrangement and soon the family was established with the understanding that Mr. Hockensmith should finish the interior plastering and woodwork.

During this period of uncertainity and distress a smallpox epidemic broke out. Soldiers stopping overnight had brought the disease unknowingly. When, a month later, a letter came from one who had stayed, telling of the death of his companion, and warning the family, already two children had died and there had been fifty two cases of the didease in the neigh-



borhood.

In the course of years the large kitchen was divided and part of the porch closed in to make and extra room.. As stoves came into common use the fireplaces were walled up. In 1916 the two east rooms were added, finishing out the original plan of a modified colonial with an ell in the rear. The carpenter architects who are responsible for the early homes in Missouri deserve praise for bringing with them a fine tradition of building. They were limited by the pioneer facilities and requirements and produced a simpler form of the colonial. It is often smaller, less elaborate, but of good scale and proportions. The inside finish in this house is of white pine, except for the stair railing and newel posts which are of native walnut. The woodwork has dignity and grace. The living room windows are paneled from ceiling to floor. Several of the original locks on the doors depict scenes of covered wagon days. One fireplace has been opened and new floors have replaced those in the older part of the house.

This house has been occupied by Harry Hockensmith and his family, Thomas and Minerva Beck Slusher, Their children, Christopher, David, James, and Isabel; Alvin E. Kensler and his wife Isabel, their son, Earl, his wife Dollie and children, Tom and Angela. James lived here a number of years after his father's death and then the property passed to Dave, who with Aunt Kate (Hockensmith) spent most of a long and useful life here. They were childless, but the home was seldom without a child. Emmet Slusher and family are the present occupants.

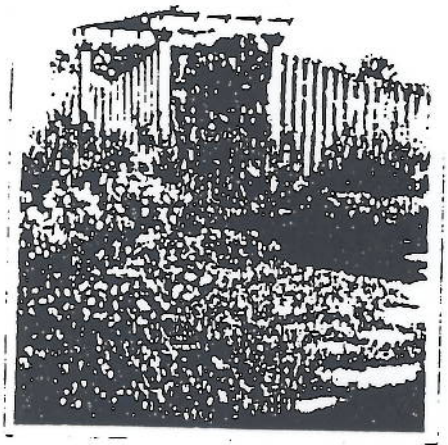
The house is located on a gentle rise of land and fronts the Santa Fe Trail. A lover of trees would mark the ancient chinquapin oaks that remain probably from the original forest surrounding the site. Next he would see the twelve sugar maples and the six tall cedar sentinels that stand on each side of the front walk. The cedars and hard maples were planted by Uncle Dave.

In the flower garden of this home has a large petrified stump that was brought by Mr. Garr from a ravine southwest of his home where this unusual formation occurs. It lay for years outside his front yard fence, and when the farm passed out of the Garr name the writer received it. Another stump was removed and given to Mrs. E. C. White who had it taken to Kansas

City and placed on the grounds of the school that bears his name.

There was before the War a schoolhouse of logs on the south end of this seventy about half mile from the road. Farther back of this place was the Greer home which was a two room log structure. One room still stands on the land belonging to Mrs. Ben Eaton(nee Garr). On her land there is also an old cemetery on an acre belonging to the city of Dover. There were only a few graves marked. The earliest legible date in 1862. This land, including all that lay along Little Tabo and Big Tabo was heavily timbered. It has mostly been cleared for cultivation. It has served five generations for fuel, building material and fencing, and the sixth is growing up. The new generation is learning to conserve and replace the forest and soil resources.

--Alice Engel Slusher



MINATREE ACRES

The Catron home is located about five meile east of Lexington on the old Santa Fe Trail, in Range 26, Township 51, sections 29 and 32. This farm, consisting of 330 acres, was part of the land entered by Christopher Catron April 1, 1819.

It was in 1817 that he and his family, also his brother, Jacob Catron, came to Missouri, remaining in what is now Saline county one year, but early in the fall of 1818 they came to Lafayette county, where thay made their permanent home on the fertile land near Lexington. Christopher Catron is credited with having the first plank and shingles made in 1819; also the first blacksmith shop and millstone and of having broken the first twenty seven acres of prairie soil in Lafayette county.

The original home was built of logs and stood on the south side of the road, directly across from the present location. The last vestige of this pioneer house was erased only a few years ago when the old stone well was found unsafe and filled. Christopher Catron died August 19,1819, less than five months after entering this land. He was 33 years old.

Minatree Catron, who was eleven years of age at the time of his father's death and the eldest in the family, was compelled to assume heavy responsibilities in assisting his mother in this pioneer home. He received this portion of the land from his father's estate. He was married in later years to Martha B. Hill of Ray county. Their two children, Evelyn and Henry, were born in the original log house.

The present brick house was built by Minatree Catron and though the exact date is not known, it is presumed to have been about 1843. Thekiln for burning the brick was located across the road.

The two story grey-painted house is southern colonial in architecture, with lower and upper portico, supported by two large brick columns. The two large rooms in front

are separated by a hall, with two bedrooms above, the same size. The small dining room and kitchen form the ell. The walls are all of solid brick. A fireplace was originally built in each room, the largest one being in the kitchen.. Native walnut logs were used for floor joists, sycamore poles for rafters, and hand hewn hickory for laths. The woodwork is of pine with the exception of the stair railing and bannister which are walnut.

The slaves lived mostly in log houses just back of the present brick cabin unit, which was built the same time as the home. The west and largest of the four rooms was used for the smoke house. The middle two rooms each housed a slave family, and originally had firplaces. The east room is of frame and was built at a later date.

Minatree Catron was owner of many slaves and considered them very valuable. Fearing the inevitable outcome of the war when his fortune would be lost, together with poor health, resulting from a severe illness of typhoid fever, he ended his life by drowning August 13, 1862.

Lock Terhune, who had come from Kentucky, was engaged as overseer by Mrs. Catron or Aunt Patsy, as she was better known, to manage the farm. He later married Mary Ramey and used the two east rooms as their private quarters. Their five children were born here and lived until the time of Aunt Patsy's death 29 years later, March 30, 1891.

The home then came into the possession of Henry Catron, who lived in Nebraska City, Nebraska. The place was rented for a period of 27 years, Mr. Willett, Claud Neer and William Hackley being accupants during that time. Henry Catron married Medore Ewing, daughter of Henry Ewing, of Lexington, March 28, 1861. Their three childres, Bedie Fort, Minatree E. and J. Henry, were born in Nebraska City. Henry Catron died March 2, 1914 and his wife, June 27, 1918.

Minatree Catron, then came to Missouri to make his home on the land of his ancestors. He married Elizabeth Davis October 2, 1918.

The old nome then underwent many changes, new floors were laid, central heating system, electricity and water system were installed and minor improvements made here and there that have added convenience and comfort, but the house bears the marks of long years of occupancy. An old millstone in the yard, and Aunt Patsy's piper chair, made especially high--for she was a tall woman-- are relics that link the present with the past.

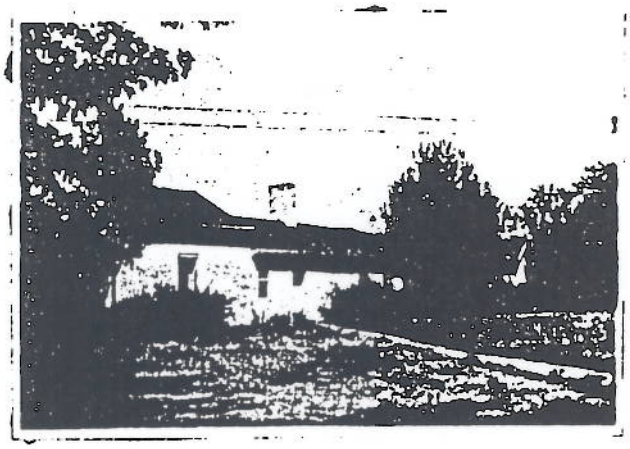
Their two sons, Eugene and Robert enjoy hearing their father tell of his childhood visits to his grand mother's home--of the fine carriage Uncle Hall would meet them in-- Mr. Terhune's saddle horse "Rock" that they rode-- the rain barrel where little Henry drowned the cat--the paper lighters they made for Aunt Patsy's pipe-- the large bucket of candy stowed away in a corner cupboard and handed out occasionally-- the fly bushes they cut-- Uncle hall's thrilling tales of the war and many other happy memories.

Uncle Hall Arbuckle, whose mother died when he was born, was raised by Aunt Patsy. Though black, he was reared as one of the family. He occupied the cabin, reared his five children and lived his entire life on this farm. Uncle Hall died January 25, 1920 and often boasted he had lived to see four generations of Catrons in the home. His children, Terhune children and Catron children, had many happy times together.

The family burial ground is located to the west of the house. The last family interrment marked was 1850, and even yet the colored people who are descended from the early families prefer to be buried here with their people.

A hundred and seventeen years this old home has faced the road and watched the stream of life--rising, sinking swelling--flow by as the epic of the midwest was written in the lives of thousands of just such pioneers as these.

--Bess Davis Catron



MEMORIES OF A PASSING GENERATION

As I drove down the highway I came to the village of Dover. Upon turning off onto a side road, perhaps a named street decades ago with houses along each side. Today there stands but a few and they are as nature has preserved them for years. Upon approaching one of these remaining ones, I found a man of four score years seated in his chair just outside the door. He lives alone as most of his generation are gone but he remains to tell their story. He remembers when Indians passed through Dover. He recalls the Trampyards back in Virginia where the grain was tramped from the straw and has lived to see the combine used in our fields. He, as many of his generation, came from Virginia by boat to Missouri. Belt's landing was the landing for Dover-bound settlers then. When the White Brothers had the first school and Fred Meyer bought the county's first steam threshing machine are among his memories. Hemp was grown extensively during his youth.

As I moved on through these grass filled streets, I came to the First Baptist Church building. Here services as a church stopped twelve years ago. On her steps have sat most of the rapidly decreasing negro population of the village. These negroes are all of the type that exist in the old south-- polite and respectful. As I approached I saw old Uncle Ed Henderson, a former slave, and I knew he had a ready tale.

He was born on Christmas Day, 1857, so his master told him. He saw a battle in his master's field and many men were killed. No fear was in this pickaninny's heart for he did not know of the danger he was in by standing too near the firing.

For some years afterward, in plowing a horse might stumble and a soldier's grave be discovered.

As this old negro told these stories he would point to his eyes which are now dim with age and say, "No one needs to tell me about dat caze I seed it wid dese hyar". He remembers a slave trader coming to town, the county seat, each Saturday and upon locking his chain of slaves to a post at each end of his long line, he would eat his dinner. During this the slaves were rationed a small portion of bread and soup. After dinner they would be put in jail until Monday morning when they were placed on the block and sold and sent south. In passing, this slave trader would holler and ask Jack Vaughan if he did not want to sell some of his slaves. Mr. Vaughan's answer was always no. "I have plenty of food, clothing and work". When the slaves were freed he had four men and four women. Before a slave could leave his cabin or surroundings, he must get a permit from his master and show it when questioned by men whose business it was to watch the slaves from running away. This old negro tells how they used to all gather for husking bees. How

shucked the corn and then danced and feasted. These
ross all like possum, coon and groundhog. There I
lked across the spot where the city well once stood.
spot is in the center of the highway now. It was des-
yed only with much opposition for it had served the
ple well. I then enter George Zeysing's General Mer-
ndise store. Upon recalling of few things of early days,
his first wedding as justice of the peace and the old
rehouse at Berlin, I went to talk with the men who loafed
t outside the store. Sitting upon a keg I heard how hemp
processed and molasses barreled. I moved on until I
to the negro shack where John Minor lives. John and
talked of hemp and he remembers how he watched them bale
and how he ate hemp seed and liked it.
A full moon stood in mid sky as I drove away and back
younger generation."

--Elliot M. Slusher

MEMORIES

I live today in memory,
The old days over once again,

The things we said, the games we played,
Our happy walks along the lane,
The lilacs bloom beside the gate,
The wind sings in the old pine trees,
The sad sweet song we used to hear,
All filled with haunting melodies.
Do you recall the hours we spent,
Wandering beside the little stream,
Beneath a sunny summer sky,
When life seemed but a golden dream?
The years pass on with flying feet,
Yet in our hearts will live forever
The things we said, the games we played,
The happy hours we spent together!

--Inza Burridge

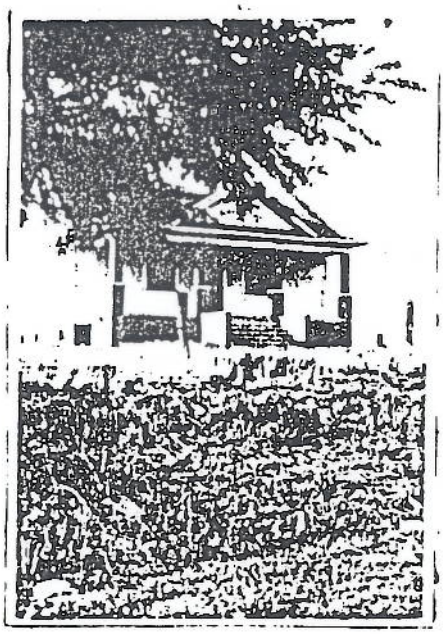
HEMP AS IT WAS THEN

As I paused for a moment from my work today, I noticed a patch of hemp which I had left for the birds and a story my grandfather told me resounded from the past. He said in April he prepared the ground as he would for wheat and broadcasted about five pecks of seed per acre. Along the first of August he would cut it with a mower and allow it to lie on the ground for a while to rot and after this he would shock or stack it. The plant grew eight to ten feet and was a member of the mulberry family. It is about 3500 years old and a native of Asia. After retting about four weeks the breaking started. The fibre was loose on the stalk now and upon breaking it the short pieces and herds fell out. The fibre was then tied in hands. The hands were baled in 200 pound bales. In that condition it was taken to Berlin and sold. Most of the hemp was shipped in the bale to St. Louis. Some was processed and rope was made here. The bales broken the hands were heckled. This process straightened and graded it. The heckles were machines which had three sets of spikes of different length over which the fibres were drawn. Three grades of fibres were gotten this way. The finest grade was made into a cloth similar to burlap and other grades were made into rope. The rope walk was 400 yards long. # About six ropes are made at a time.

There are several sets of men working a rope at the same time, each man add a strand. As the rope is made it is laid on hooks along the walk.

Hemp growing ceased here of economic necessity, due to the fact that it could be imported more cheaply and substitutes were found. The last crop grown around here was on the Varian Dysart place south of Dover in about 1880.

--Elliot M. Slusher



BURNS SCHOOL

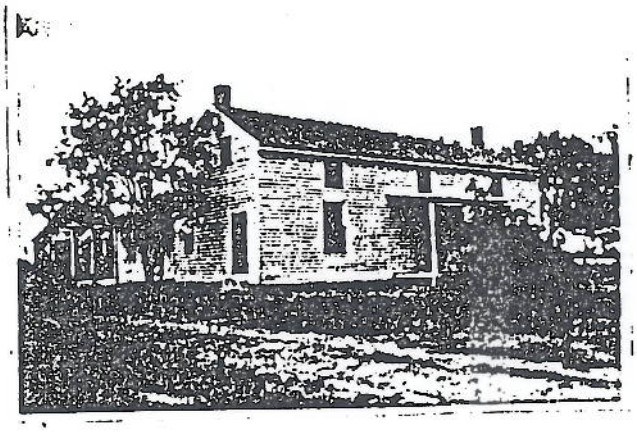
Number 2, Section 9, Township 50, Range 26. The land was deeded by James Fletcher to John Catron and James Waddell as trustees for a union church and school. There was a clause that no Catholic, Mormon or abolitioner should use it.

The deed was given July 4th, 1851. The first building was a brick church with a pulpit, fireplace and mantle.

Two of the teachers still living are Miss Mollie Cheatham and Mrs. Kate Bishop. In about 1887 or 1888 they built a frame building.

On this same site, in 1914, the first modern school in the state was built. Miss Ella Carter taught in this school building longer than any teacher has ever taught at Burns. This building burned February 15, 1931. The new building is much like the other with some improvements. It now stands, a school of which all are proud, just off the highway 13, a beautiful sight, much admired.

Mrs. George Stewart.



PRAIRIE FARM

In 1833, Minitree Catron entered 160 acres of this land. The remainder of the 300 acre farm, was entered by George H. Gordon and Thomas Shelby and later bought by Mr. Catron.

Due to the gentle lay of the land, this farm has been referred to as the "Prairie Farm" for nearly a century by the Catron family.

The age of the house is not known, but it is thought by many of the older residents to be, probably, the oldest in this community, and well past the century mark. It is made of cotton wood logs and in later years covered with hand hewn siding. When originally built, the two large rooms in front were separated by a carriage driveway, but in later years, this was converted into a hall.

Mrs. Camillus Barnett, who was married in 1843, told of attending a wedding here when she was quite young. The carriages passed through the covered driveway to unload the guests. The ceremony was performed down stairs and the guests then climbed a ladder to one of the upstairs rooms for refreshments. So hospitality of an early day did not wait on conveniences.

The house was built near several never-failing springs which decided the location, and far from the road. In recent years, a new road running north and south has been opened, which passes directly by the house. The house sets at an angle and faces southeast.

Another building on the farm is also of logs and is now covered with pine siding and is used as a granary and machine house.

Very little history of this interesting old land mark is known but one only has to ramble through the old house and note the worn flooring, the very plain facings, the home made doors and old fashioned latches, that tell their own story.

Altnough the home is old, few families have occupied it. Mr. Reynolds, Elijah Neer and J. M. Hackler have been the only three occupants during the past sixty five years. Mr. Hackler, the present leasee, has had the land the past t hirty years.

--Bessie D. Catron

SLUSHER SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 10

1/2 of one acre lying in the north east quarter of the west half of the northwest quarter of section 34, township 51, range 26, was sold May 17, 1873 by Mr. Travis Buford and his wife for $62.50 to Mr. Thomas Shelby and Mr. Evan Young, the first trustees of School District No. 2. This is the site of the school belonging to the district at present numbered 10.

Until the purchase of this land the children of the district had attended subscription school any place convenient in the neighborhood. The last of the kind was held in a small tenant dwelling owned by Mr. Henry Slusher located on the hill west of Tabo Creek on the south side of the road. Miss Blanche Tyler late of Kentucky, taught this school until she married Mr. Clifton Hodges.

Mr. Slusher, needing his tenant house, offered the north upstairs room in his own home for a school room. Miss Rachel Center taught one year there and married Mr. Creed Slusher, oldest son of Henry Slusher.

The last year of this school was held in a little house north of the Henry Slusher home.

In 1873 a one room house 20' by 30' of pine lumber was built on the newly purchased land. At this time attendance wasn't compulsory, the patrons paid a fee for each pupil, and if there were not enough pupils to pay the expense of a school, there was none. The children then attended school at the river town known as Berlin. Later to the neighboring Garr school, which was moved from Berlin, or even going as far a Dover to school. Law provided that if there were as many as ten negro pupils in the district, school had to be provided, but otherwise negro children attended school near P. Sills's home.

Boys and girls requiring a high school education went to Dover high school or to Lexington--either to high school ar to Wentworth.

The first teacher of the Slusher School was John W. Presshaw. Being a man with a small family, he lived in a house on the Barnett farm. Mr. Presshaw was a master in Penmanship so on evenings he had a class in penmanship added to his regular duties as teacher.

The second teacher was Miss Laura Barnett, daughter of one of the patrons, Mr. Asail Barnett. Miss Barnett taught two terms.

In 1908 one room was added on the west of the old house and a library established between the two rooms. Two years of high school was added, the high school teacher, teaching seventh and eighth grades as well. This lasted

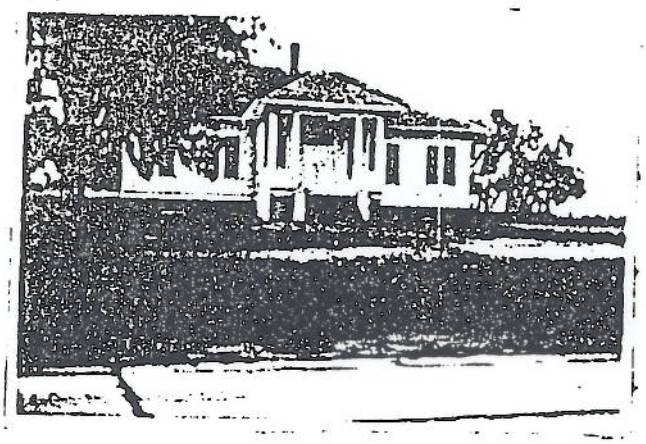
only three or four terms due to scarcity of students.

$7750 worth of bonds were issued to build and furnish a new school in 1920. The new house consisted of two large rooms with 4 small rooms adjoining.--Two libraries, two cloakrooms and a hall. In 1923 the new school burned and school continued at the McFadin home while a new building was being erected. This house was a duplicate of the other building and stands today. Electricity was installed in 1928.

The District when first organized included land in 6 sections. More territory has been added for various reasons and it now includes land in nine adjoining sections.

Mary Nellie Bunker

OLD



NEW

Woodvale
BITTERSWEET

The farm on which we now live is in S 17 T 50 R 26 and is known as the Andrew Ramey farm. The original grants were made to Frederic, Ruben, and James Fulkerson. Samuel Cox, Samuel Hudson and Orlando Bradley were also original owners. The land was entered betweem the dates of 1827 and 1840, When it was bought by Andrew Ramey and remained in the family 91 years. In fact the history of the farm is a history of the Ramey family of Missouri.

Mr. Ramey came to this state from North Carolina bringing with him his slaves and blooded horses. He bought this farm and soon afterward married a young lady of the neighborhood, Miss Amanda Fletcher, daughter of Major James Fletcher, a large land owner and prominent man in the early history of the state.

He built a house of walnut logs cut from the woods on the place. A house of big rooms and large fireplaces. A number of smaller cabins were built back of it for "nigger quarters". Large barns covered the east side of the hill for the horses and a training track was laid off north of the house. Mr. Ramey had come to stay and was to the end of his life very much a typical Missourian.

The horses raised and trained on the farm made history

in early missouri show rings. A dapple gray mare raised on this farm named Grey Leaf held the championship during her racing life never losing a race. His son, James F. Ramey, bought at three months old from a Mr. Toller of Kansas and developed the fastest harness horse in the world. He named it Jo Ann R. At two years old James Ramey sold half interest to Mr. John Gentry a friend of his from Saline County and when three years old he held the world record, going one mile in two minutes and one-half second. They sold him for thirty thousand dollars, a great deal of money for a horse in those days. His fine horses were known all over the country.

During the Civil War Mr. Ramey took the side of the south and after Price was driven out of Missouri continued to run horses through the Northern lines to the Southern Army.

A creek runs through the place and three quarters of a century ago the land around it was heavily timbered, a band of Indians were camped here and allowed to remain, There were numerous mounds and Mr. Ramey respected their graves as he did their homes and the mounds were never opened. The woods, running water and a clear lake made this an ideal camping ground, and they continued to use it on their trips through the country, long after the Red man had been moved nearer the "Setting Sun". Thw site of most of the mounds have been lost. The lake, too, is nearly dry. A tragedy occuring here many years ago gives the younger generation a chance for a ghost story. Two of the neighbor boys, from the Grant family (cousins to President Grant) living south of here were drowned while swimming. During damp weather a will-o'-the wisp ar Jack-o'-lantern can be seen nearly every night. The younger members of the family tell the story of the drowning and then show their visitors the light and tell them searchers are still looking for the bodies of the boys.

Time has not been kind to this farm. Fire swept the hill of the house and cabins. The barns burned or fell into decay. Highway 13 cut the race track in halves. Of the children, only one, the youngest, Mrs. Aubrey Kelly, of Lexington, Missouri survives. The farm itself for several years was left to the care of tenants.

At the death of Mr. Ramey and wife, Mr. Lock Terhune, husband of the eldest daughter of Mr. Ramey, bought the rest of the heirs out. After his deathin 1903 the farm was run and cared for by his widow and son, James.

In 1919 my husband, Mr. L. W. Shroyer, bought the part of the farm which is now our home. After his daath, I came here with my three children to live. The once fertile acres were washed and seamed with ditches, The fences were down, and brush was gradually reclaiming the ground

that had once been timber. We moved into one of the tenants houses and like the original owner began a house cut from timber on the land. It is still incomplete, and stands a reminder of hope deferred and the recent depression. After much hard work the soil is again beginning to respond to good treatment and we have the satisfaction of seeing each crop an improvement on the preceding one. Fences and barns are growing slowly, but best of all, the mortgage, which at first was heavy enough to "mire" our cows, is growing lighter.

To the younger members of the family there are many compensations for present discomforts.

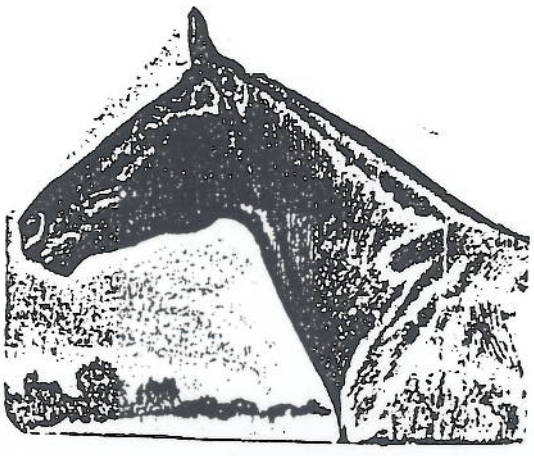
The creek runs through a permanent pasture where many trees, under which generations of Indians have lived, are still standing. There are birds, flowers, nuts, berries, as well as rabbits, squirrels, ground hogs, "pussums", coons and foxes, everything to excite the interest of a small boy.

For my youngest son, twenty-four hours is too short a day to spend there. He knows every bee tree and every birds nest, and spends practically all his waking hours out-doors. He has grown as healthy and brown as the young Indian hunters, who trapped the woods and fished the stream before him.

My oldest son has put his whole heart into building up the place and will not consider selling it and buying an inproved place. He has plans that may take years to realize, but when complete the farm will express his personality as if he had cleared it of its original timber.

My daughter and I plan and dream. Perhaps our dreams will never come true but it is pleasant to plan, and we are happy whenever we realize even a small part of them. With hopes and disappointments, laughter and tears, we find life on our farm good. It may be because we are simple folks, but not one of the family would exchange our "Tacky House" near the woods for the most modern city appartment or God's stars for the most brilliantly lighted city street.

Mary E. Shroyer.



HICKLIN HEARTHSTONE

There's a trail that winds high along wooded ridges and dips into the green of valleys and the mists of bottom lands--a trail that was blazed by the moccasined feet of Indians and trod by famous and infamous alike, in the early days of the country. Statesman, pioneers, highwaymen, men of wealth and culture and men of evil ways--all traveled this trail along the big river that the Indians called the "Missouri."

And it was to this promising country that James Hicklin at the age of fourteen, in the year 1819, made the perilous journey westward from Tennessee on horseback, to visit his uncle, Gilead Rupe, who had located in this territory a few years previously. James became the assistant of Green McAferty in making survey of public lands in this county and received ten dollars per month for this service.

In 1829, he bought 320 acres of land, situated in Section 25, Township 51, Range 27, about two miles east of Lexington on the Santa Fe Trail, for $3.50 per acre from Mr. William Robinson and Pink Hudson, who had entered it in 1819.

The first house, built of logs, was located a short distance west of the present site.

The present house is made of bricks baked on the place from clay out of Lafayette's own soil. The bricks have faded through the years to a soft rose red.

The house is a good example of Colonial architecture. The massive columns reach from the ground floor to cornice and support an upper portice. Both upper and lower hall door ways and fan lights are in harmony with the classic lines of the house. The door and window openings are well spaced. The roof lines are simple, yet interesting. The cornice is wide and flat with beautiful carved trimmings. The well proportioned windows have fifteen panes and have graceful, narrow framed shutters. The wide paneled doors with the large locks and five and one-half inch keys and small solid brass door knobs create great interest. Brick walls nearly eighteen inches thick go straight from ground to roof and the beams and supports are of twelve inch cypress. Within, ones interest would center on the curved walnut stairway in the hall or perhaps on the unusual size of the rooms on either side of the hall. These are twenty-one feet square with twelve foot ceilings on the upper floor. There are particularly lovely mantels in these rooms, one with pedestal base supporting tall tapering columns holding the wide tiered shelf. The floors are of wide planking and the door sills are enormous slabs of walnut. Four hooks are still in one of the upstairs ceilings, which they used to raise and lower the quilting frames as they desired. Peg hat-racks and gun-racks originally built in the walls are still in use. Deep closets are built on either side of the fire-places. The kitchen was originally seperated from the rest of the house by a brick driveway used for carriages. Later this passageway was made into a porch and dining room with a bed room above. The roof was first cavered with clapboard.

It was during the Civil War that the roof was discovered to be on fire and was extinguished by a group of bushwhackers who happened to be in the house at that time. In later years it was learned that these outlaws were Jessie James and his gang.

The slave quarters were located just back of the house. The two room overseer's house and six room brick cabin were built about the same time as the house. Brick floors, a fire-place, one north window and a south door were in each room. James Hicklin was owner of about sixty-three slaves at the time of their emancipation.

The old barn is older that the house. It is made of hewn logs and pegged with wooden pins. One timber in the barn is sixty-five feet long. As was customary the barn was built across the road in full view of the house, as was the cellar room in order that the store of provisions could be watched more carefully.

The old stone well with its moss covered buckets still stands.

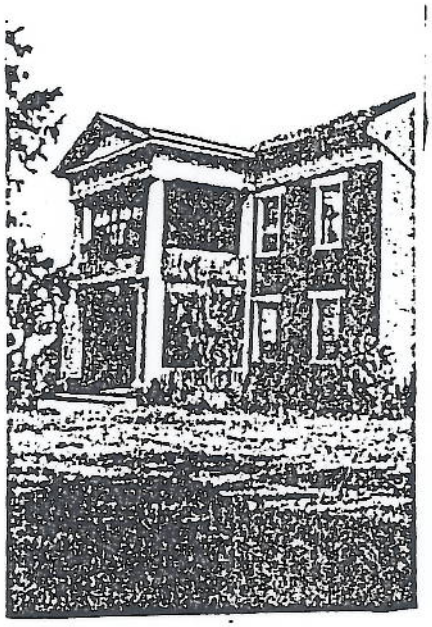
James Hicklin, although he possessed a keen intellect and business ability, was sometimes considered eccentric. When asked how he made his fortune, his reply was, " One half by attending to my own business and the other half by letting other people's business alone." He always wore a red blanket with a hole cut in the center and slipped over his head for a winter wrap. He wore his hair long and carried a cane and wore tiny gold rimmed spectacles.

A story is told how his curiosity was aroused when a preacher, who had been holding revival meetings at the school, was riding to town with him on a wagon. He was t telling Mr. Hicklin of his wonderful power from God. He said, "Now, Mr. Hicklin, suppose you were going to hit me, why, the Lord would stay your hand and not let you do it." Mr. Hicklin had heard enough so he drew back and hit him as hard as he could on the side of the head and knocked him off the wagon in the mud. The preacher arose, bewildered, and said, "Why, Mr. Hicklin! Why did you do that?" His reply was, "Now,-------I've found out just how much power from God you have."

Many interesting stories are told by William Hicklin, the only living heir of James Hicklin and better known now as "Uncle Bill", of his and his brother's wild escapades and narrow escapes. Many times they, with their negro campanions, barely reached the outside stairs leading th their room, in time to escape the none-too-gentle hand of their righteously angry father. Other stories are of the kindlier moments of their father, when he took the whole family on visits lasting from "sun-up to sun-down". This kind of day became a tradition in this part of the country and is still called a "Jim Hicklin Day".

The family burial lot is about one-fourth mile north west of the house. James Hicklin's first two wives and several Hicklin children are buried there, as are many negro slaves. In 1875 he had a vault built for his third wife, Nancy Patterson. John Gaynor built the vault. The stone was hauled from Warrensburg. It is built above the ground, is eleven feet high, ten feet long and nine feet wide. Fitted rocks form the arched roof. Marble vaults hold the caskets, which kept the bodies in a wonderful state of preservation until 1918, when the glasses were broken by vandals. An iron door with round holes forming a cross is the only opening except a tiny six by twelve inch window in the back.

Young Ewing Hicklin, after the death of his father, bought the farm for $41.00an acre, in 1877. He was married to Elizah Plummer in 1874. Seven children were born th this union. Young's mother, who was Agnes Cropp, the second wife of James Hicklin, died at his birth and he was reared by an old negro "mammy". He called his father "Master" for several years. Young Hicklin was only a



boy at the breaking of the Civil War and he joined Shelby's brigade and saw some of the hardest campaigning. After the war, he came home and was with Arch Clements when he was killed by some drunken federal soldiers stationed here. It was a miracle that Young escaped.

On advice of his father, Young went southwest where he joined the Texas Rangers and served five years on the "staked plains". He endured the greatest privations and hardships there. Later he went to Colorado as a rancher. He and his brother made a fortune riding their horses and shooting buffalo. They would kill twenty-five or thirty at one time, then come back the next dayand skin them and sell the hides. He often told of the experience he and his brother, Tolbert, had when they were called home by the death of their father. They came on their horses and finally reached Kansas City, after a long and weary journey. They were tired and nearly famished so they immediately found an eating house. After partaking of a sumptious meal, Young inquired the price. He was surprised and dismayed to find the meal was fifty cents apiece. Due to the fact that he had only seventy-five in change, he began to remonstrate and tried to "jew" the bill to that amount, but to no avail.

The manager said to Tolbert, "Didn't you get fifty cents worth of food?"

Tolbert said, "Why, yes, I had a dollars worth myself. So Young had to find a private place and get into his money belt and take a part of the $5,000 in gold to get change for their dinner. He didn't forgive his brother and when they got to the city limits, he got his revenge by giving Tolbert a terrible beating for being so "mouthy" to use his expression.

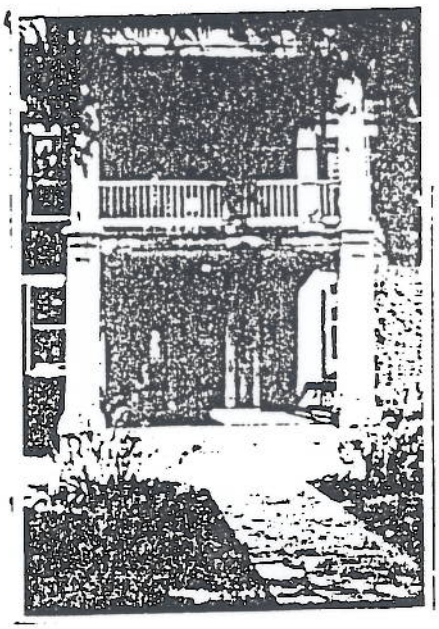
Young Hicklin inherited some of his peculiarities from his father. Some people called him stingy, but many poor and needy, both black and white have been aided by him. He never boasted of his charities, but rather, did the opposite. He seemed to delight in putting himself in the worst light. One had to know him to understand and like him. His rough exterior cavered a big heart.

Upon the death of Young Hicklin, June 12, 1912, John E. Ryland Hicklin and Pearle Hicklin became heirs of the farm. John married Alma Davis in 1915, they and their

family of five children are living in the home, Miss Pearle spends the summers here and the winters in Florida. Minor changes have been made in the house when needed, but it was built for the generations to come. So that today, nearly a hundred years later, this home still stands almost the same as originally built.

There is such wealth of interesting architectural details, of treasured heirlooms and of quaint anecdotes of by-gone days that the problem of describing them is greatly limited by the lack of space; but these are the things that the link the past with the present and are highly cherished by the family.

Alma C. Hicklin.



The First-Slusher [illegible]

A PIECE OF LAND

The mid-afternoon sum of late autumn sent its golden shafts over the beauty of the Missouri landscape. The oaks, maples, linns, redbud, hawthorne, amd sumac were in the last blaze of their glory. Over all was the blue haze of late Indian summer.

A man, tall, spare, well passed the prime of life, but still a figure to command respect and admiration by his erect bearing, penetrating glance, and keen knowledge of human nature, paused for a moment to contemplate the scene before him. Far to the north lay the river meandering to the Missippi while to the right the woods lay thick and dense until cut off from view by a sharp hill extending to the brink of the river--the hill called Sheep nose by all river pilots. Directly in front of him the woods continued to the very waters edge and to the left the same scene until the view was cut off by another long arm of land known as Berlin. Except for the three or four thin spirals of smoke that rose through the trees just west of the hill there was not a sign nor a sound of humanity. The land lay as it had come from the hand of God--fertile, langurous, idle, dreaming in that long ago autumn of 1853. The thin columns of smoke that rose from the tiny settlement marked the site of Mt. Vernon at the mouth of the Tabo as Christopher Sluhher well knew. He thought back idly to the time when he had first come into the country--1828; only a short time ago but many had been the changes. He remembered how he had entered his first land in the new court house in Lexington. He saw in memory his first load of meager provisions (gun-powder and blankets) that had been purchased to enable them to withstand the rigors of the first winter after their Virginia home. He remembered those who had come in with him--some still with him--some dead--some gone one west caught in the gold rush of '49. Thought of how the prairie schooners had passed his home over the old Santa Fe Trail all through the daylight hours of that mad, moving, rest-less year. Thought of those who had stopped to enjoy their hospitality before they continued on their way. Many whose bones marked the trail to gold across the burning western prairies.

"Gold!", he mutteres, "Gold! Gold is where you find it. I have found it here and my children shall find it here and my children's children."

Again he looked long and lovingly at the panorama spreand out before him; possibly the most beautiful of all his thousand acres of virgin timber and grass land. Yes, Jack should have this portion, this part designated as Sec. 27, T. 51, R. 26 and more too. Andrew Jackson the son born less that a year after entering this new country. He that seemed most apt to carry on his fathers ideals, his should be this most beautiful portiom, for was he not a Missourian born?

Then he bethought himself of his errand. A new gun-stock for his fun. It must be of walnut, smooth, dark, rich, hard, and beautiful. Only walnut was fit for a gunstock.

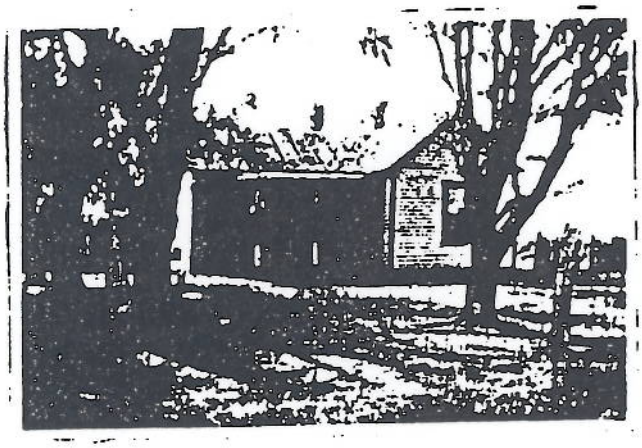
He searched among the richly timbered slope, noting the trees that had been girdled for the winters supply of wood. Soon the boys would have to get busy for there must be no small wood pile. Finally he found a log suited to his purpose, took his axe and commenced working. Guns of a pioneer must never be out of order although there was little danger any more from Indians, but from the ominous clouds gathering over Washington anything might happen; and Kansas and its turmoil was too close to be a comfortable bedfellow. And there was Jack just the right age to be enticed by war and some of the others, too. Well, a man must defend his property rights but he would bequeath to none of his children questionable property. The shining blade of his axe rose and fell to the rythm of his thoughts. Steadily the task shortened until--the axe fell with a glancing blow--slid from the log and struck the worker directly below the knee.

With an exclamation of surprise and disgust he inspected the wound; found the deep gash bleeding freely. He bound the leg with his kerckerchief and slowly made his was home, thinking little of the wound except that perhaps he would carry a stiff knee the rest of his life. Men who spent their life out-of-doors were not accustomed to think much of slight wounds. But the wound proved not to be slight,for it refused to heal and in a few days blood-poison set in and all the poultices and home remedies were of no avail. In December 1853 Christopher Slusher passed to rest--the first of that name to enter Lafayette county. A pioneer one who built homes, schools, roads, churches, and finally cemeteries. He was laid to rest in a plot of ground set aside as a family burying ground just south of the Santa Fe Trail and due west of his home on the first slight rise of the land.

As he had willed, his son, Andrew Jackson received the property west of the old home and north to the river, a part of which is the portion designated as Sec. 27, t 51, R 26. To his sons he deeded the land, and to his daughters money; but to none was the questionable property of slaves given.

Andrew Jackson Slusher built for himself and family a three room house just north of the family cemetery and across the Santa Fe Trail. Never was a man more favorably situated to watch the epic of the century. From his home he could watch the waves on waves of settlers treking westward in search of the land of promise. From his water front he could watch the coming of the steamboats. First a few venturesome ones and then more and more until the scream of a steamboat whistle was a daily occurence. Along the river docks sprung up. Berlin became the shipping point of the new neighborhood. Here three times weekly ships docked to take on passengers bound for St. Louis or Westport landing. Here also took on cargoes of hemp--a crop which was found favorable to the climate and to the use of unskilled

(The property of
Mrs Bird Slusher - Orlando Florida.)
The original Nelson home. [illegible]



labor. But although land was plentiful tools and money were scarce. The land and domestic animals furnished the necessities of life, the woods teemed with game and furs. The necessities of life were few--the luxuries none. But the lack of money was not seriously felt. The main purpose of the possession of money was to secure the possession of more land.

During the years 1850 to 1861 the country was shaken by the threat of civil strife. When war finally came in 1861 Missouri was doubly torn. Never quite able to deeide the stand she wanted to take she became the battleground for both sides and a free-for-all for t ose bands of guerrilla backwoodsmen who entered the fray for selfich and personal ends. Andrew Jackson Slusher entered the war under General Shelby to uphold the rights of a man to the possession of his personal property. He left his home in the care of his wife and several small children. Luckily his home was never ravished or burned but hostilities took plaue within a few miles of it. The horrors of war were indeed close. At the close of the war he returned home to find the land idle and his slaves gone, but as he possessed only two it did not seriously impair his fortune.

The fifty years andmore of peace that followed the Civil War were fifty years of unprecedented progress in the annals of the history of any nation.

After the close of the war Jackson Slusher set about helping to mold the community into a community in which he would be proud to have his children grow into manhood and womanhood. He promptly deeded and acre of land for the purpose of a school and helped erect a school house upon it. In 1869 he built to his home, adding a front four roome

and two halls after the southern colonial pattern. A formal pillared front entrance and balastraded upper porch lends dignity to the house which is still to be seen, test ifying to the wisdom and forethought of the builder. Around the house was preserved and planted oak, elm, cedar and maple trees.

As the years passed the greatest need was a way to get the products of the land to market. More land was coming under cultivation with each new clearing. It was found that corn was adapted to the soil, that it was an axcellent fattening crop but what was the use of fattening cattle and hogs if it could not be taken to a market where the demand paid for the labor? True the highway was a means of communication before his door but it was not an easy road to market as it now is. Then, too, the river offered a means of transportation, but the docks were infrequent and the risks were great. The shifting sand of the Missouri often proved baffling to the best of the river pilots and many a cargo went down or was blown up owing to imperfect engines. Often the owner of the produce stood the loss or paid such outrageous insurance protection that there was no profit in the venture.

Jackson Slusher was more that delighted when in 1885 an agent of the Missouri Pacific railroad approached with an offer to buy the right-of-way through his land along the river front. The road was promoting a freight route along the river front to avoid the steep grades and to compete with the steamship trade. With his native sagacity, Jackson Slusher realized that some things were more to be desired than money; that an open road of transportation was more desirable than payment. So he gave the right-of-way to the railroad company with the agreement that a flag station should be opened here as long as the railroad should operate.

The construction of the road was promptly put under way. One of the foremen of the crews that laid the steel was W. L. Nelson, granfather of the writer. By 1887 the road was completed and the first train made its maiden trip in March. The flag station received the name Northrup.

In all the years that have passed this station has proved a blessing for it was a convenient stopping place between Lexington and Dover and saved many a weary mile of travel. Not only was a flag station left but a section division made, a switch track laid, and a stock yard built. To the future tenants of the land this little stopping place with its three houses of railroad employees furnished many a spicy tale of gossip, and supplied much unasked information, and many unpaid telephone calls. The stock yards created a great boom to the whole section betweem the years 1885 and 1920. The cheap freight rated rapidly usurped all the trade of the steamboats till before long the only

boats to be seen were show boats, pleasure crafts, and now and then a few clumsy barges. Cattle, hogs, and sheep passed in an unending procession to market via Northrup and the stock yards. Many were the days when the school children were stopped on the way to school for droves of cattle and barely missed the ignominy of being late to school. The farmers of the neighborhood purchased scales and a small grain elevator. During the period between 1910 and 1920, many small grains were sold and put on the track at this point. It was for a time a busy, bustling little place but then--war, highway transportation, and depression came with their deadening weight.

But to return to the consecutive events in my narrative. Jackson Slusher soon found it necessary, with increased production, more cleared land and ever increasing holdings to employ tenant farmers to operate the land. Consequently, he had constructed a number of rude two room structures from timber cut from the land. One he built on Sec. 27, T 51, R 26 on the first rise of the land, just south of the railroad. It was across the branch from where the present house stands. In the winter dirt was thrown around the foundation to secure greater warmth. When families of more than two room population inhabited the house lean-to's were built. Mr. Looney was the first tenant renter to occupy the house.

In the year of 1900, Jackson Slusher, after having spent a life-time of service to his family and community, passed to the Great Beyond and was buried with his family. In his will it was found that he had bequeathed each of his children land. The portion of his youngest daughter, Byrd E., was Sec. 27, T 51, R 26. At that time it was thought that stock would drink only from running water so the land was so divided that each farm contained a stream of running water, much to the despair of the later generations.

The property was entailed to Byrd E. Slusher and her heirs. As she successfully escaped the pitfalls of marraige and the vicissitudes of the time she is still the sole owner of the farm. This is the only part of the land originally entered by Christopher Slusher in 1829 that has passed from father to child consecutively, for 107 years without ever passing from the name.

After her father's death her brother Lee became her adviser in matters pertaining to the farm. Although she always underrated his advice she almost always conscientiously followed it. When she became in need of a renter in 1907 he recommended a certain Rella Nelson, the son of the W. L. Nelson before mentioned. Nelson had worked for him off and on since he was fourteen years of age and he recommended him for the place. Thus at Thanksgiving 1907, R. L.

Nelson and family moved on Miss Byrd's farm with the understanding that a new house was to be constructed on a better site. By the spring of 1908 a three room structure was finished and a cistern dug near the county road on the eastern boundary of the place. The builder was a man named Teter-(Toeterman) man.

When the family moved in in the spring it had numbered four but by August a fifth had made her appearance. Yes, the third daughter arrived the fourth of August. And more to be deplored by dear and critical relatives the third daughter in three years. Deciding that femininity was to be their lot and a triple blessing enough, wise parents set about rearing and educating them. So when the oldest was seven, the secomd six, and the third five, they were carefully scoured, brushed, combed and their feet directed along the path of learning. In the year 1915 the path to school was shortened by straightening the road leading to the trail, thus the rate of learning was more rapid because the time of forgetting was not so long. Each surprisingly finished the ten years course offered in ten years, then continued their studies in Lexington and Warrensburg.

Meanwhile around the homesite were arranged flowers, trees, barnyards, chickenyards, gardens, sheds and other essentials of a well ordered existence. When a carpenter was needed R. Nelson attempted the job and such small things as unfitting doors, slanting floors, and drunken chimneys were small matters when the intention was good.

When the daughters had finished their education and started teaching school the parents were faced with the problem of not one but probably three old maid school teachers. So they immediately got busy, built a few more bed rooms so that the girls might entertain in the parlor free from the unremitting snores of a placid middle age. The fact that the Santa Fe Trail nad been concreted in 1932 labeled Highway 24 helped facilitate matters, too. So, finally, in the spring of 1936 their efforts were crowned with victory when the last daughter safely passed the matrimonial hurdle.

Meanwhile the Lord and the current administration smiled favorably on Miss Byrd E. Slusher. The administration by dyking the river to cause the land to be built in and the Lord by sifting the sands of time until they fitted nicely into man's scheme. In such manner about 100 acres have been added to the prpperty.

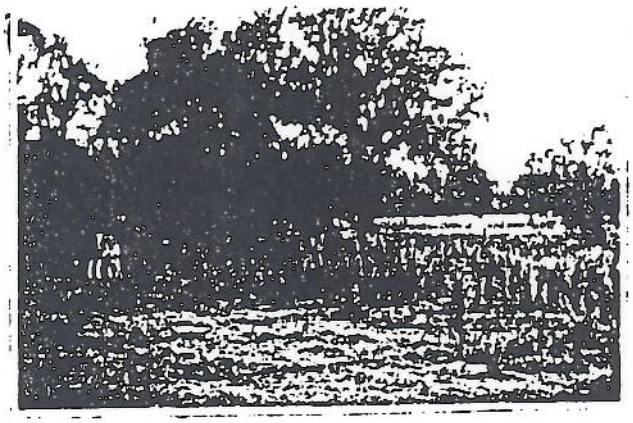
If you should happen to pass by the place and wish to stop in the cooling shade you would find a contented middle aged couple ready to welcome you. Here you could rest an hour, talk politics, crops, depression, and be invited to

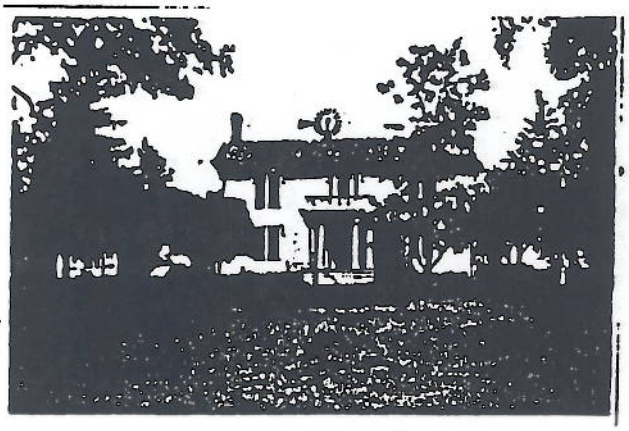
partake of a cool drink, a plug of tobacco or the seasons garden crop.

And--a Piece of Land you say? Yes, only a piece of land but the stage for the drama of hundred of lives and hundreds of lives yet unborn. Written by one who was born, christened, reared, loved, and married on that Piece of Land.

--Mrs. E. J. Jungerman--

(Linwood Nelson)





JACK
SLUSHER
HOME

This farm is generally known as the "Jack Slusher" or "John Slusher" farm and is located six and one half miles east of Lexington on highway 24. The tract of land contains two hundred acres, more or less. It is made up of the west half of the southwest quarter of the east half of the southwest quarter of section 27, Township 51, Range 26 also part of the west half of the southwest quarter of said section 27.

In 1828 Christopher Slusher, his wife, and ten children moved from Virginia and settled on a large tract of land which he obtained by a direct patent from the government. The house was located on the land now owned by Mr. Charley Lyons and occupied by M. L. Dobson. The following March, 1829, Andrew Jackson Slusher was born.

When Andrew Jackson Slusher, or Jack Slusher, married Susanna Jane Woods he started farming the western part of the land which extended to the river and included about four hundred acres. At first he built a one room log house north of the present home site and lived in it for several years.

In 1851 part of the present house was built, three rooms and a porch. Eighteen years later the front part of the house was added. Mr. Tom Slusher, Mr. A. C. Burnham, and Mr. George Garr were the carpenters. The lumber used was oak and walnt taken from trees on the farm and sawed at a mill close by.

There have been many happy and sad events in the history of this stately old house. Of the ten children born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Slusher, only one is still living in this community, Mr. Lee Slusher. Mrs. Mason, ——Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Dillard, three of the daughters, and a niece, were married in the home, the only weddings to take place here.

One son, when small, was severely scalded on the foot when a kettle of boiling water over turned in the fireplace. A daughter three years old, while putting cake in a stove, caught her apron on fire and was burned so badly before the fire could be put out, that she died a few days later.

When the Civil War started Jack Slusher left his family and joined the army. All of the horses were taken, only a colt was left and no one was able to ride it. With soldiers marching through the country small pox was carried to many families. Two Slusher families were stricken. Without horses to ride not much visiting was done by the Slusher's "On the hill", and happily for them they escaped that dreaded disease that took so many that year.

In 1888, twelve years before Jack Slusher died, he willed two hundred acres of the northern part of the farm to his youngest daughter, two hundred, which he had bought, to a daughter, and two hundred to one of his sons, John Slusher.

In 1904, John Slusher remodeled the house, a basement was dug, a hot water furnace installed, a bathroom, water in the kitchen, and acetylene lights were added. In 1907 John Slusher married Mary Slusher and they, with their son and daughter, lived here off and on until 1932.

June 22, 1916, Mrs. John Slusher dalled together her neighbors and in her home was organized and the first meeting held, of the Slusher Homemakers' Club.

About 1917 hard wood floors were put in the two front rooms and hall, a built in book case and window wear in the living room with fireplace between, A built in china closet in the dining room, going through to the cabinet in the kitchen was built also. Electricity was put in the house and all the other buildings.

The house as it now stands has four large halls, three screened in porches, a portico and eleven rooms with four fireplaces. It is indeed a beautiful and ideal old country home which has been well preserved. In the back ground are a number of barns, two silos, an elevator, and other buildings, numbering twenty seven in all.

In 1932, Mr. John Slusher died and the place was sold to Gerald Knudson of Kansas City, May, 1933. Since March, 1934, George Stewart has lived here.

When it was sold to Mr. Knudson the farm went out of the Slusher family for the first time since it had been granted by the government to Christopher Slusher, 104 years before.

--Mary Stewart

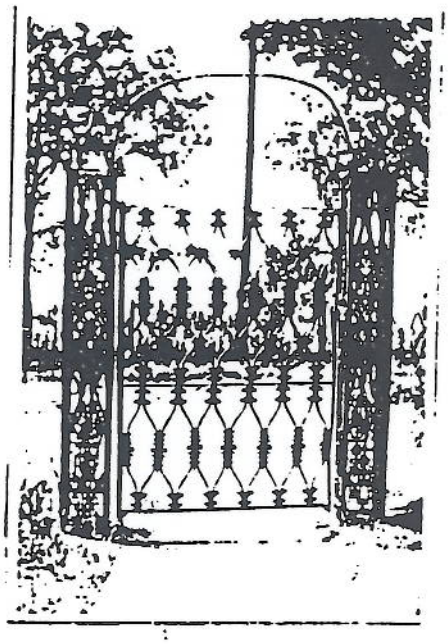
REIDMORE 1891

This farm is located in Lafayette county, Missouri in section 30, Township 51, Range 26 and is two miles east of Lexington on United States Highway 24.

On June 16, 1819, Jacob Catron entered this land. Then John Robinson, assignee of Pink Hudson, assignee of Jacob Catron received his deed from the United State government and became owner of the land, August 13, 1824.

In a period of the next 53 years it went through the hands of several owners, most of the time keeping the family name of Logan. In the last 38 years, it has been known as the Terhune farm, Lock Terhune having bought this place on March 1, 1877, from Ellen Young, wife of John C. Young, sr. On February 18, 1884 Mr. Terhune and wife Mary, sold to Alexis Wamsley, but on March 15, 1884, they purchased it back again.

The original house sits in the back yard. It is quaint looking in its architectural lines, having a portico on the front, a porch and a long the west side, two large rooms one having had an old fashioned fire place and one small room. Native materials were used in building this house. The lathes are hand hewn and the rafters are made from limbs of trees with the bark still on them and while we do not know the exact date this house was built, one of our retired farmers of this community and son of one of the pioneer owners, John Logan was born in this house 82 years ago. In 1891 Lock Terhune built this beautiful and well



located red brick house.

Mr. Terhune was born in Harrodsburg, Kentucky in 1835. He came to Lafayette county in 1858 and was an overseer for Mrs. Minitree Catron on her large farm for a period of 29 years, 14 years before he was married and 15 years afterward. He had his home under construction at the time Mrs. Catron died.

At the time this house was built in 1891, the architects had changed their lines and styles from most of the older homes along this road, however it is spacious and roomy inside with its ten large rooms and as time progressed it was a little more elegant to have double parlors on the east side, a center hall up and down stairs, a sitting room on the west with a lovers seat in the tower bay window, dining room, kitchen and porches.

Large bed rooms upstairs, the style of the high ceilings and long windows was carried throughout the house and adds coolness and comfort in the summer, but we wonder how they ever heated in the winter with its open grate fireplaces that are now in many of the rooms.

The walls and partition of the rooms are eighteen inch solid brick and it has a slate roof. There have been some changes made of the interior of the house. Since it has been made modern with hot water heat, a bath room which was made from a servant room, so in size it is a little unusual for a bath room , but nevertheless is a real comfort to a farm home.

The west side has hardwood floors while the rest of the house was left with the original wide board floors.

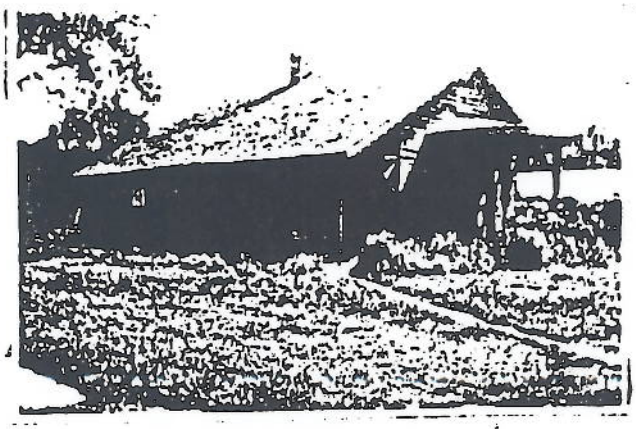
Mr. Terhune didn't live long to enjoy the comfort of this lovely home, as he passed away two years later in 1893, but he left a wife and six children to enjoy what he had provided for them.

This farm stayed in the Terhune name until January 9, 1915, when Allie Winkler bought the place from her mother, Mrs. Mary Terhune and it was Mr. and Mrs. Winkler who made it a modern home. Mrs. Winkler and her husband traded this farm to J. C. Young and wife in February, 1924, for their picture show in Lexington, known as the old Grand Opera House.

Mr. and Mrs. Young moved to the farm and lived there six years, but both having been reared in town, couldn't adjust themselves to farm life, so the bright lights called then back to the picture show business and the house stood vacant for three years.

The last three years it has been known as the Reidmore Chicken Dinner Farm and of all the hundreds of people who have eaten meals in this house, we have answered as many hundreds of questions as: How old is the house? How old are the trees? Why is this breeze always so cool out here? What a beautiful location, what a wonderful view you have and what is that town over there where I see all those lights? My, this is a lovely place--I could sit here and watch that moon and stars forever.

So you can see that while the more modern designs of architecture in the new houses have taken the place of our older ones, the old ones are not forgotten and all this is being said of the brick house, they never forget to look at the one still older in the back yard and even in its run-down, dilapidated condition on from age and neglect, it is greatly admired for its quaint and antique look and we wonder if this little red house could talk if it couldn't tell us more interesting tales, and happy and proud days that were spent there as those of the newer house or even the more modern homes of today. --Frances McFadin Moreland



SHELBY

For over a half a century this beautiful and stately old home has been known as the old Shelby place. It is located about five miles east of historic old Lexington of Highway No. 24, but better known to our community as the Dover Road, which is the old Santa Fe Trail. It is located in S 28 and 33, T 51 R26 of Lafayette county, Missouri.

The Shelby family is of Welch descent and inherited the sturdy virtues of their forefathers, the immediate ancestors having occupied positions of honor and influence in the Land of Liberty to which the early emigrants from Wales came so many generations ago.

In 1836 William and Nancy(Edmonds) Shelby purchased this land from James and Nancy Hicklin, who had been the only other owners of the land since it was entered by Samuel Dixon in 1830 and Daniel Palton 1831. Before the transaction was completed Mr. Shelby died and on October 6, 1854, the land was deeded to the heirs of William Shelby.

On December 8, 1854, it was deeded back to a son, Thomas Shelby, who with his natural ability and well directed energy, brought prosperous returns and by constantly adding to his farming property he soon owned 1000 acres of valuable land adjoining this farm. Thomas Shelby was born in Marion county, Kentucky, in 1818. He was of a family of four children, three sons and one daughter.

He spent his early youth in Marion county and attendeed a private school in his birthplace. Later he moved with his parents to this county. In 1838 he was married to Nancy H. Gordon, who was a member of two of Lafayette county's oldest and most highly respected families. She was born in the village of Canton, Trigg county, Kentucky, August 25, 1817. She was a sister of Dr. William A. and Linn B. Gordon and a daughter of George H. Gordon, who emigrated to this county with his family is the auntumn of 1832. Mr. Gordon was an

honored citizen of the county and was for some years its surveyor and laid out our town of Lexington.

He died in 1847 leaving his wife and eight children. His wife was a sister of Hon. Linn Boyd of Kentucky, who served some 16 years in Congress. Four years of which time he was speaker of the house and his picture hangs today in the Hall of Fame in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Gordon died in 1858 in this home of Thomas Shelby and in the same room in which her daughter breathed her last eighteen years later on April 21, 1876.

Thomas and Nancy Shelby were the parents of twelve children eight of whom survived her. And it was a great loss to this family when she was taken, for she was a loving and devoted wife and mother. Her health had been failing for nearly a year and when an attack of pneumonia admonished her physician that she had not long to live, she said she was ready and not afraid to die. Her greatest anxiety was to talk with her children and to advise them to walk in the right path.

The large assemblage of mourning friends around her grave attest the sympathy which they felt for this bereaved family and the loss of this beautiful character from the community.

Her remains were buried in the family burying ground which is located on what is known as the Barnett farm. Later Mr. Shelby moved her remains to his family lot at Machpelah cemetery at Lexington, where he was buried June 27, 1907.

This beautiful old home stands as a monument to the memory of these two very fine people. It was build by Mr. Shelby during 1855. The bricks that were used were molded from the clay on this farm. The old brick kiln site east of the house and the location of it can be found by a sunken place in the ground.

The framework, rafters, joists and sheeting are made of native lumber. The walls and partitions are solid brick. The window aprons above and below are made of iron, and the stair bannisters and doors are hand-made of walnut.

There are 13 rooms in the house and at the time the house was built the three basement rooms were used for dining room, kitchen and store room for food. For the later generations it has only been used as a basement.

Over the door in the front east room downstairs we find the hooks which held the old familiar shot gun, always in readiness and at the end of the mantel is the same hook on which Nancy's or Grandma Shelby's knitting bag always hung.

There have been few changes made in the house, but some of the old familiar things as the well with its old oaken bucket that stood in front of the East side gate, the brick carraige house, and the slave cabin have been torn down as the years have passed. One of the memories that are

dear to some of those that are left was the slave cabin just east of the house used as a school. Mr. Shelby, his son-in-law Evan Young and his brother-in-law, Linn Gordon, had a private school for their children. Miss Lutie Epps who was considered very fine in her work, was the teacher.

The closing of the school always was a big event, The children would put on a tableau and this would be held in the home, having the east room for their dressing room, The stage was built against the east wall of the middle room and the usual large folding doors, folding back three times between this and the west room made a very beautiful auditorium and large crowds gathered for this occasion.

Mr. Shelby devoted much of his time to stock raising and one of the familiar scenes on his farm were herds of sheep, at one time he purchased 1500 head of sheep, a shepherd dog, named Prince and a mare named Belle all from a man in Kentucky. When he went out among the sheep he would always ride Belle, but more often he sat on the front porch and watched as he had a servant open the gate and tell Prince to bring in the sheep. Prince would go and round them up, sometimes overlooking a few. When he came in his master would say, "Prince, go back, you have left some." Off he would scamper and around and around the pasture you could see him go until he found every one and brought them in with that proud and satisfied look on his face, as much as to say,"Master Shelby couldn't herd these sheep withour me".

Another familiar sight was a herd of buffalo and some of Mr. Shelby's neices today will tell you how afraid they were of these buffalo as they came through the pasture over to school.

In time this 1000 acres was made into smaller farms and in 1883 Mr. Shelby moved to Lexington to live and left to the care of others his home.

It stayed in the Shelby name until 1917.

Then in 1920, Minitree McFadin and his wife, Nannie Young McFadin, bought the farm. Mrs. McFadin was a granddaughter of Thomas and Nancy Shelby. She was born in this house on May 31, 1861, while her father was away in the war and on November 29, 1930, she passed away in the same room in which she was born.

So we have had sadness and grief in this dear old home but it is the joy and happiness that stand out in the memories of the years gone by. While all of Thomas and Nancy Shelby's children have been called to join their loved ones in the beautiful beyond, the generations that are left can always recall many happy times they have spent there.

In October, 1935, Minitree C. McFadin sold this farm to B. T. Torrens of Kansas City, Missouri, who is vice president of the Kansas City Life Insurance Company. With the substantial foundation built years ago, the tune of the saw and hammer, the skill of the paper hanger and the stroke of the paint brush and the love for beauty, Mr. and Mrs. Torrens

are restoring this lovely old home to its original beauty as a monument to the very fine old Shelby name and a home that we are proud to have in our community.

--Frances McFadin Moreland

TO AN OLD FARMHOUSE

I like old houses that are weather-stained,
Whose doorsteps sag beneath their weight of years,
Old walls that echo back with softened tone
The laughter that we knew, the sound of years.

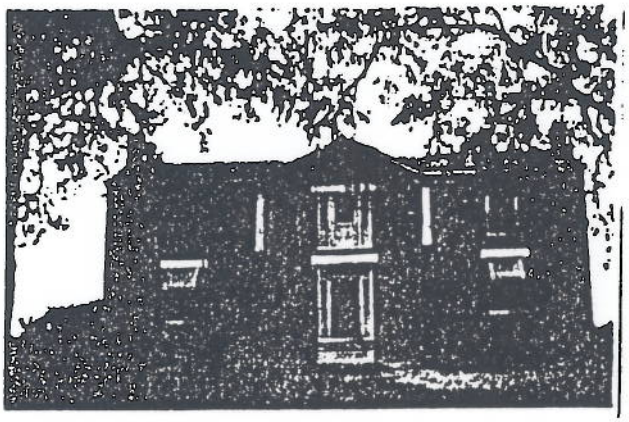
Old wooden beds that glow with luster dim,
Old rooms where birth and death have often trod,
Old stairways echoing back the tired feet,
Like rain that beats against the quiet sod.

Old treasured quilts with tiny stitches made,
Bits of gay dresses that our mothers had,
Old pictures in an album gray and dim,
A little blue-eyed boy that once was dad.

Old roomy kitchens steeped in fragrant food,
The shining stove, its welcome gracious cheer
Old cellars made of stone with crib and bin,
Storing with pride the harvest of the year.

Old parlors hushed and clean, stiff chairs arrayed
In stately rows beside the shining wall,
A feather wreath, a gaudy, painted fan,
The stilted splendor of a Chinese doll.

Old homes that breathe of peace and quiet hours,
That we in happy dreams may see again,
And taste the perfume of her glowing flowers,
Dim as forget-me-nots in the summer rain.



THE WARREN HOUSE, Dover.

This old house, although a farm house, is with the city limits of Dover while the farm stretched away to the north and west, according to the records. The strip of land upon which the house is located was entered by Solomon Cox in 1819. It passed by will in 1851 to John Cox and was transferred in 1852 to Joseph and Elizabeth Hampton. It was sold to James Dinwiddie in 1854 and sold by him to O. H. P. Banks in 1856. It is about this time that the story of our house begins, for it is an accepted tradition that the house was built by a Mr. Banks and that the Banks family lived in it until 1868 when it was sold to George Warren whose name the house has borne since.

It is known that O. H. P. Banks was unmarried. Whether he or his brother Sam built the house is uncertain but undoubtedly it was Sam Banks who with his family lived in it. It probably was built in 1856. Henry Stewart has told several Dover citizens that he himself burned the brick used in this house when he was a slave about seventeen years old.

The house is of colonial architecture. It is large, being 56 feet across the front. It has a center hall 18 feet wide. In fact all the rooms have one dimension of 18 feet. The parlor off the hall had in the ceiling a centerpiece of fancy plaster leaves. Unfortunately they were broken and had to be taken out.

Opposite the front door is the dining room with its big fireplace and cupboards from floor to ceiling.

There are four fireplaces. There is no mill work in

the house--all the wood work, including the mantels stairway and doors, are handmade and all are of black walnut.

The fine front porch has disappeared so that now the house presents a rather bleak appearance and you feel instinctively that if there isn't somewhere a mystery story connected with the place, there ought to be. And here we have one and this seems to be the plane to tell it. It seems that a slave, a nurse girl, was found to have poisoned her two charges. We are not told why. At any rate the poor thing was hung on a tree out by the Dover Cemetery, That is the tale and the tree, of course, is still standing.

After the house passed into the possession of Col. Warren it became an active part of the life of the towm. Here was made the first Jefferson Davis pie, the story of which was told some years ago by Douglas Meng in the Kansas City Journal by ~~Douglas Meng~~,

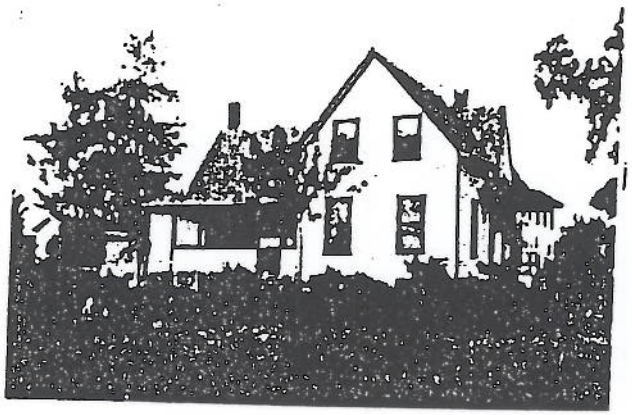
It seems that a number of ladies were having luncheon at the Warren home when they were served this delecable desert. When asked the name of this delicious pie, Aunt Julie Ann, the cook, said, "Oh, just call it Jefferson Davis pie!" Of course the receipt was obtained forthwith and passed about and so originated.the popular Jeff Davis pie.

Something like forty years ago the house and farm passed from Col. Warren in the possession of J. Q. Plattenberg since which time it has been occupied by tenants.

It is hoped that some time it may be restored to its former dignity and beauty.

Luella Plattenberg

(Mrs. Walter L. Plattenberg) Kansas City



EHLEBRACHT FARM

The Rex farm is situated eight mil s east of Lexington and one and one half miles south of the Santa Fe Trail, between Campbell and Fitchett lanes.

The land was entered in 1836 by James Campbell and was sold to George Rex in 1870. Mr. Rex built the house that is there now in the same year.

The rock used for the house came from an old rock quarry on Tabo near the mouth of Little Tabo. Mr. Rex cut, sawed and planed all the lumber used. It is all hard wood--mostly walnut. All inside wood is walnut beautifully finished. The house now stands just as it was built. The floors and doors are as solid as when new. The house when finished cost $17.50. That was for nails, locks and hinges.

Mr. Rex was killed accidentally in, I think, 1875. (A t team ran off and he was caught between the wagon and the tree.) His family lived on the farm for quite a while. Then the farm went into the hands of Mr. Rex's son, Calvin M. Rex.

In 1910 Mr. August Ehlebracht bought the farm from Calvin M. Rex. In 1912 Mr. Ehlebracht bought the eighty acres north of his house from Dr. Claude Johnson. That eighty was entered in 1835 by Solomon Cox.

The farm has been much improved since Mr. Ehlebracht has lived there. The house has not been changed except that the porch on the west, has been made into a radio room and the porch on the east part has been made into a bath room. It is the only old house in the neighborhood that has all modern improvements.

The looks of the farm are much improved. New barns, new outbuildings of all kinds have been added. As one of Mr. Ehlebracht's sons said to me, "Each time I come Home the place looks prettier".

A sense of sure hospitality leads me through the shady lawn to this "House by the Side of the Road".

--Caltha Campbell

CA BARNETT HOME

In 1836, a widow named Mrs Elizabeth Dinwiddie Barnett, with six children, came to Lafayette Co. Missouri, from Kentucky. She entered a section of land in Sec. 10, Township 50, Range 26. The land was then cleared, only about five acres having been in cultivation at the time the land was entered. The clearing and later cultivation was done with the help of Camillus, the fifteen year old boy. However between time, Camillus still found time to attend winter school, and so receive some education.

At the age of twenty-one Camillus started out alone as a farmer, and in a few years had one of the best farms in this section of the country. In 1843 Camillus married Marthe Young, the daughter of an ex-govenor of Missouri, James Young. Of this marriage twelve children were born of which, nine grew to maturity.

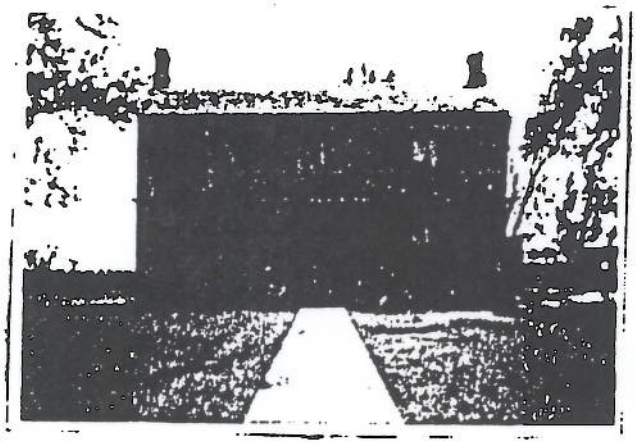
The present house was built in 1879 and 1880 and is of frame construction. At the time the house was built, Camillus in spite of the fact that most people were cutting down trees, had the foresight to plant some trees. These trees were maples, and although they are not standing now, they can be still remembered by some people.

The farm was not in the hands of the Barnett family for a while, but in 1913 when Mrs P. V. Barnett obtained the part on which the house stands, it returned to the family. That same year (1913) some work was done and the house was somewhat modernized.

At the present time the renter of the land is J. A. Johnston.

--Woodson Barnett, jr.

(Vernon Barnett's)



CLARA VISTA

The home with which this history is concerned has stood for ninty years on a tract of land described as part of the NW & SW ¼s Section 32, Township 51, Range 26 at first a part of Cooper County.

In the distance to the north, the Missouri River may be seen after the leaves have fallen from the trees. A few yards in front wound a road, first an an Indian trail, which was to become famous in 1849 as the"Santa Fe Trail" where traveled the covered wagons on the long tortuous journey to California, in the feverish days of the gold rush. Later it was the"Big Road" between the thriving towns of Lexington and Dover. During the troublous years of the Civil War companies of Confederate and Union soldiers marched along it. Now it is a smooth stretch of concrete between Kansas City and Chicago.

A quarter section of land was entered by Christopher Catron of Howard County, Mo., at the Federal Land Office in Franklin, Missouri, on the first day of April, 1819, and a second quarter section on May 18 of that year.

The General Land Office at Washington issued him a patent certificate, dated October 2, 1820, worded as follows:

"Know ye that Christopher Catron------having deposited in the General Land Office a certificate of the Land Office at Franklin, in Missouri, whereby it appears that full payment has been made for the SW¼ of Sec32 in fractional Township 51 of Range 26 containing 160 acres of the lands directed to be sold at Franklin by the Acts of Congress, providing for the sale of the lands of the United States, in Missouri.

There is granted by the United States, unto the said Christopher Catron the quarter, lot or section of land above described.

Habendum unto Christopher Catron his assigns forever.

In Testimony Whereof, I have caused these letters to be made Patent and the Seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

By the President, James Monroe."

An identical patent was granted for the northwest section. The purchase price was a dollar and a quarter per acre.

A year and six months had elapsed since Christopher Catron applied for the land and Christopher Catron was dead. The transaction of business was lengthy in those days of slow transportation.

He died sometime prior to September 29, 1819 on which date letters of administration were granted to Famey Catron and Jacob in the circuit court room in Cooper Co., Mo. He left five minor childrem, Minitree, Stephen, John, Elizabeth and Christopher. They dwelt with the widow in a log house on their nearby acquired land.

On July 29, 1829, the lands were equally divided among the five children, who were still minors, their guardians James Fletcher and John Robinson. The land was new in Lafayette County and five men, John Stopp, Thomas Swift, Abel Owen, William Horn and William Robinson were appointed by the Circuit Court of that County to make the partition. They had completed the division by November 24, 1829, and no exception was made to it by anyone.

Young Christopher Catron received 93.51 acres in the northwest quarter and 36.02 acres in the southwest quarter together with other land.

His first home was a log cabin across the road and to the west of the site of the later home, no trace is left of it. By October 1846 he had built a two-story brick structure, pretentious for that time and still standing and occupied.

Christopher Catron was of a mechanical bent and burnt the brick for his house and laid it himself. Traces of the brick kiln a few yards from the house may still be seen. He also aided his brothers Stephen and Minitree, in building similar homes for themselves, Stephens to the west, Minitree's to the east, both of them within view from his own house. Both of these houses are still in good condition and occupied.

Christopher Catron had to fashion many of the tools used in building his house himself. He was very proficient in this way and many of his neighbors and even people from

a considerable distance came to have him make things for them. The shingles for his house were hand split, the floor joists hand hewn. The ceiling rafters in the ell rooms were small tree trunks cut from the forest and notched with a wedge inserted to keep them from sagging. In the front rooms the ceiling rafters were hand hewn timbers. The lath was hand split hickory. Builders of the early day had to use what was at hand.

The interior trim and doors were of white pine, which was a luxury because it had to be shipped from St. Louis. Walnut was not then considered so fine in as much as it was to be had in great abundance in the forest. The doors in the front part of the house are of an especially dignified and beautiful design. They are, of course, hand made, and are put together, not with nails, but with wooden pegs. It is believed that Christopher Catron made the doors himself.

Each of the three houses which Christopher Catron built exhibits fine mass and proportion. For his own house he used the prevailing place plan of a broad front joined by an ell at the back. Each of the front rooms downstairs had a stairway to the room above, an arrangement changed by a subsequent owner of the place. The boys of the family had one of the rooms upstairs, the girls the other. The parents slept in the room downstairs directly beneath the daughter's bedroom, so that they could neither enter nor leave their room without their parent's knowledge, unless they were mercifully sound sleepers. Mrs. Carrie Fevel, a daughter of Christopher Catron, when an old lady recalling her early days, said,"You see how daughters were safeguarded in those days."

In the kitchen of Christopher Catron's new home from the day he moved into it, was a cookstove instead of the usual fireplace. People came from miles around to view a and admire this startling innovation. The owners regarded it with distrust and were fearful for some time that it might explode. The remaining rooms were heated by fireplaces, one to each room.

Christopher Catron was a very progressive man and later purchased the first sewing machine in Lafayette Co. This sewing machine was an exceedingly interesting thing and on it a daughter, Elizabeth, later Mrs. Metcalfe, while a young girl, quilted a beautiful silk quilt, intrically,pieced by hand, the pieces unbelievably small. This quilt took a prize at the fair and is still remarkably preserved.

Once a year Christopher Catron made a trip to St. Louis, driving stock there overland, and bringing back

cloth by the bolt for garments for his wife and five daughters.

Of the furnishings of the home little is known except that there were "Piper" chairs, which were famous in this locality, made by a chair-maker named Piper, who plied his trade up and down the Missouri River. Piper chairs were a work of art. There was a large one for Christopher who was a man of more than average size and a small one for Nancy, his wife, who was a tiny woman.

A daughter of the family, Mrs. Elizabeth Metcalf, born in 1844, is still living. She said to the writer, "A great many Indians used to pass by on their ponies going west when I was a child. Sometimes it would take two or three hours for them to pass. The schoolhouse was about a quarter of a mile away and I used to be afraid to go to school and would wait until the Indiand had passed. Sometimes one of Uncle Stephen's boys would come down and go with me to school when the Indians were going by."

"Mother said the Indians admired me a great deal as a baby. T he squaws were always wanting to hold me, but mother was afraid for them to, and would never let them."

Two babies who were born here a boy in 1849, and a girl in 1850, died in infancy and were buried in the Catron cemetery on the land of Minitree Catron.

Christopher Catron felt the need of more land and in 1854 he sold his place to William Duvall and Milton F. Price and moved to the vicinity of Waverly. He received for $9750.

Cosly Price purchased it from William Duvall, his brother-in-law, and Milton Price, his brother, on the very sameday, July 25, and for the same amount.

Cosly Price died in March 1860, and in his will ordered that the land be sold in order that his property might be divided equally among his widow and six cildren. Accordingly, the land was sold, March4, 1861, by the executors of the estate, William Duvall and Milton Price. It was bought by William D. McCord, who gave it as a wedding gift to his daughter Martha, on the occassion of her marriage to John E. Robinson in 1875.

The Robinsons sold it in June 1881, to Joseph B. Shelby, Jr., a member of the famous Missouri family of that name, who in turn sold it in December 1891, to Thaddeus W. Slusher. The Slushers dwelt there twenty-six years.

In the meantime the beautiful simplicity of the early home was departed from and the house suffered from the addition of those excrescences and gewgaws so prevalent and so admired in the Victorian age.

Thaddeus Slusher died in 1915, and in the era of

reckless land speculation which followed during the World War, Mrs. Slusher and her son Leroy sold the place.

The purchaser was Dr. G. H. Frey of Higginsville, who as a small boy many years before had come by river boat from Warren county with his parents and landed at Berlin. He now resides with his family on the farm.

--Edna Frey Fulbright

Birthplace of Rudolf Frey

MEAD ACRES

HISTORY OF AN OLD HOUSE AND A GRAND OLD MAN

As human beings are more interesting than real estate, I will write a biographical sketch of my great uncle, William Stith Mead, who bought this place and built the house.

Uncle Will was the fifth son of a family of eight. His father, a wealthy southern planter of Lynchburg, Virginia, owned, it was said, more than a hundred slaves before receiving the call to preach. Already highly educated, he devoted several years to the study of theology and was ordained a Methodist minister November 29, 1794. Feeling that slavery was not in accord with the Gospel he was preaching he freed all his slaves except one for each member of the family.

He educated for the ministry a bright young negro he had freed. This boy he took with him as he rode on horseback over his circuit which extended from Kentucky throught Virginia, North and South Carolina. It was said that the young negro got to be as fine a preacher as his one time master and teacher.

William Stith Mead, my great uncle, seeing the family fortune given to the church, the slaves freed and the life of comfort and ease as a Southern gentleman which so became him vanishing grew somewhat bitter against the church. So, at the age of twenty, taking his young slave Trod with him, he turned his face westward, seeking to repair his fortune in the new land. He landed in Berlin in 1846 and traveled from then on to Lexington. As his education was more classical than practical, he apprenticed himself for three years to the firm of Cheatham and Flemming Architects and Carpenters.

His brother also came to Missouri and entered land at

Arrow Rock, later moving to Slater. He took care of my uncle's young slave. Uncle, although offered $1500 did not have the heart to part with him, but no doubt later wished he had done so for, when the war between the states broke out, this slave ran off, joined the Yankee army and was killed.

After three years of apprenticeship with very little pay, my uncle's fortune was very small indeed and looked as if it would remain so. Rumor of the discovery of gold in California reached Lexington about this time. Uncle had saved enough to buy a small mule and saddle for $180, a gun and camping equipment, and to pay a covered wagon train for permission to ride along with them to the gold fields of California. Leaving Westport early in 1850 for his journey which was to take him more than six months, he once more turned his face toward the almost unknown west.

Many an evening we children have been thrilled to the marrow of our bones listening to his adventures of crossing the plains, climbing mountains, and fording swollen rivers; of hurriedly placing the wagons in circle formation when war-painted Indians came too close or V-shaped formation when a million buffoloes stampeeded; of coming upon a spring of clear cold water after crossing the desert to see the sign, "Don't drink, water is poison" and a number of newly made graves to substantiate the sign; of being thrown many times when a rattler buzzed close to his mule; of dividing the last of the water in his canteen with his beloved mule and of having him stolen the first night in California.

A tale that always thrilled us was about one of the bull whackers who was so expert with his whip that he could pick a big fly off one of the oxen without touching the ox. One day the snakes were crossing the trail in such great numbers that this bull whacker began popping snakes heads off with his whip and keeping count until he had killed ninety nine. As he passed through the hoard of moving snakes, he remarked he was " a mind" to turn back and get the hundredth snake.

The leader of the wagon train was a Presbyterian preacher from Carroll county, named Mussett, a wonderful leader whose ability and wisdom saved the train on several occasions. Once while crossing the desert the entire train was suffering for water. The oxen pulling the wagons became so crazed wiht thirst that the leader came to Uncle Will and told him that he believed uncle's mule was the only animal able to go on and bring back water. All the drinking water, only a few cups full, was collected and given to the mule. Then my uncle, with his two five gallon canteens rode ahead ten miles to a spring and brought back enough water to wet the swollen tongues of the oxen so that they were able to go on.

After fourteen years in the gold fields uncle returned

to Missouri, making the trip by stage in less than a month, to visit his mother and sister who had recently moved to Berlin. A year later he returned to California, going by boat to St. Louis, to New York City by rail, by boat to Panama, across the Isthmus, and up the west coast by boat to San Francisco.

While there he sent back $5000 to his brother's family at Slater and $5000 to his sister at Berlin and her husband, Mr. Burnham, for the purchase of this place and the building of the house. Three years later, when uncle returned by way of Panama, he visited in Virginia and brought back to Missouri the youngest daughter of his sister who had recently died. On her, and later her three children, he lavished all his love and affection.

The north half of this 80 known as the east half of S 3 T 50 R 26 was entered June 26, 1836 by Thomas Shelby, the south half by William Shelby on June 15, 1836 who later bought Thomas Shelby's part and in December 1850 sold it to Judge Robert A. Barnett, my wife's grandfather. To meet a note he had endorsed for a friend, Mr. Barnett was forced to sell; July 26, 1866, this 80 and a 10 acre wood lot two miles north, not now included in the farm for the sum of $3279.75 or $37.50 an acre. At uncle's death the place was left to his two great nephews, and great neice. In 1918 I bought the other heirs out for $200 per acre. The house was built by Mr. A. C. Burnham in 1866-67. The L was built first but the four rooms and hall were never added as he had planned. The walnut timbers in the house were given to Mr. Burnham by his friend and neighbor, Mr. Jack Slusher.

Though Uncle Will never married he always had quite a family--his sister, Mrs. Burnham, her husband, a boy they reared, his brother, Francis Asbury Mead, his niece Fanny Taylor Fitchett, her husband, and their three children.

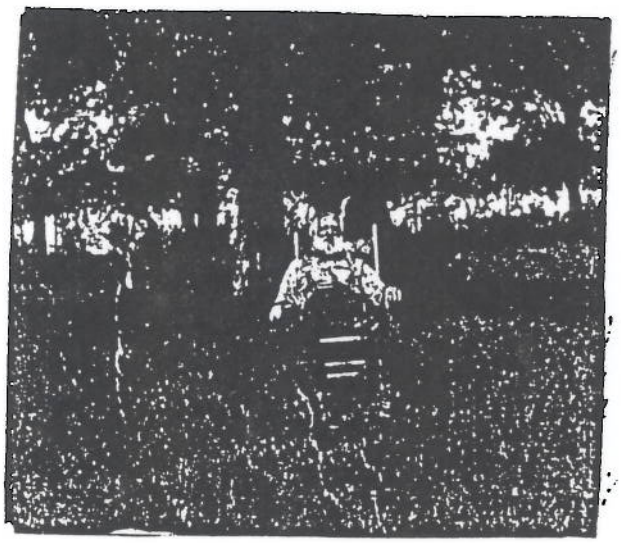
Uncle Will left us some Blakey spoons which were his grandmother's--his mother was born in 1788, so these spoons are quite old; also some Warwick teaspoons which were his great grandmother's, so must be very old.

A few books are all that is left of my great-grandfather's large library. Many of them were burned when the Federals sacked and burned Richmond, Virginia during the war. These books have an interesting name plate which reads:--

This book
belongs to
Stith Mead
near Lynchburg, Va.
If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, <u>not to lend</u>
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth,
Diminish learnings store;
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

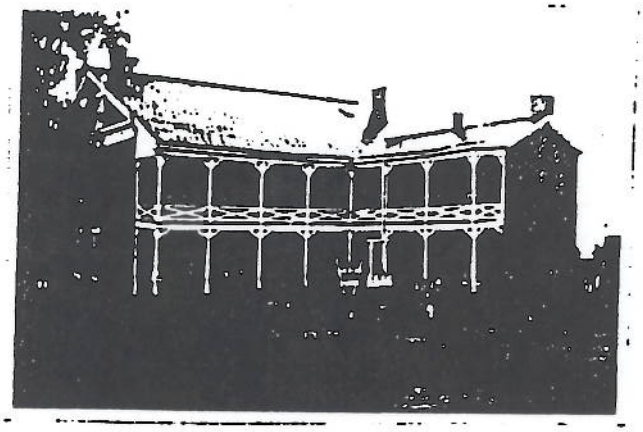
Read slowly, pause frequently
Think seriously, return duly, with the
corners of the leaves not turned down.
--Frank Fitchett



INSCRIPTION FOR A FRIEND'S

HOUSE

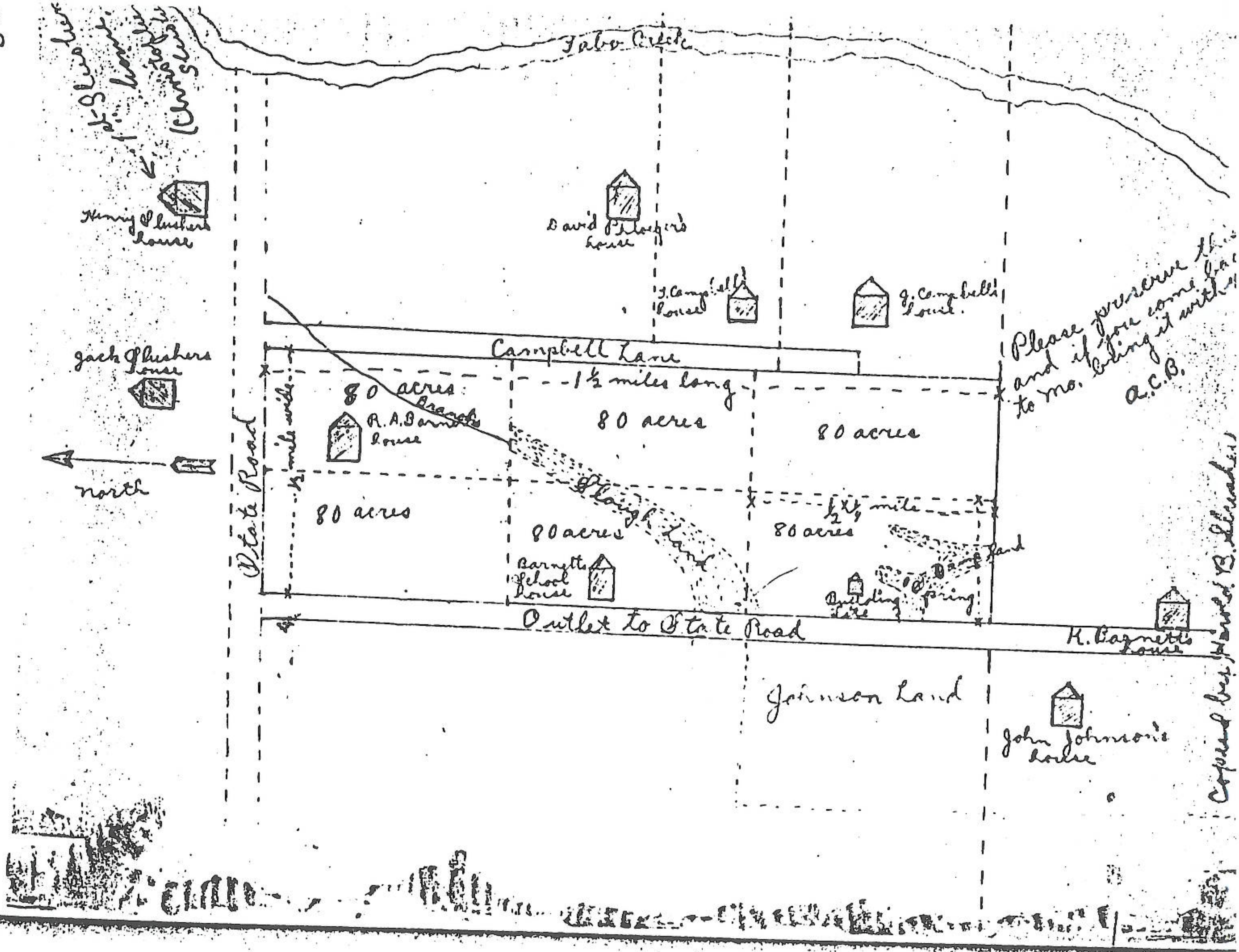
The cornerstone in Truth is laid,
The guardian walls of Honour made,
The roof of Faith is built above,
The fire upon the hearth is Love:
Though rains descend and loud winds call,
This happy house shall never fall.

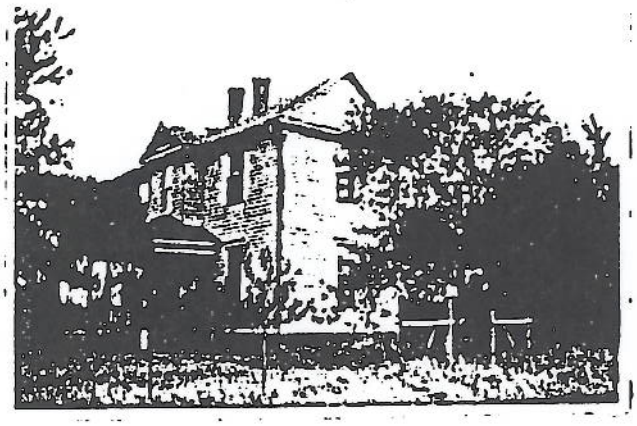


ANDERSON'S HOUSE

Lexington's Museum in the the historical Anderson house overlooking the Missouri River and used as a hospital for soldiers during the war.

On the following page is a copy of a map of Slusher neighborhood sent by Mr. A. C. Burnham, to Mr. Mead in California in 1865 to describe the land Mr. Burnham was purchasing for Mr. Mead.


Fabo Creek
Henry Slusher's house
David Schlosser's house
J. Campbell's house
G. Campbell's house
Jack Slusher's house
north
Campbell Lane
1½ miles long
80 acres
Branch
R. A. Barnett's house
State Road
½ mile wide
80 acres
80 acres
80 acres
Slough Lane
80 acres
80 acres
½ ¼ mile
Barnett's School house
Building site
Spring
Land
Outlet to State Road
K. Barnett's house
Johnson Land
John Johnson's house
Please preserve this and if you come bring it with you to me.
A.C.B.
Copied by Harold B. Slusher



EDGEWOOD

Two and one-half miles east of beautiful and historic old Lexington on the old Santa Fe Trail now Highway 24, is the twenty-six and half acre home of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wahl. Situated in Section 35, Township 51 and Range 27.

This land was entered from the government in the year 1830, by Young E wing and was owned by the family until 1845. The next owners were Stephen G. Wentworth and Lewis N. Smallwood, they selling to Edwin H. Carter, a name that is familiar to most of us. He owned it during the Civil War from 1860 to 1866. Fromthat time to 1901, it changed owners several times.Fritz Bruening bought it in 1906 from the Summers family.

Ihave been told there was a large house southeast of the present one, that burned. A small two room house replaced it and stood until 1922. The present house was built by Mr. Bruening in 1907. It has seven rooms, is very comfortable and homelike, and in most ways very convenient.

In 1916 it was sold to Maude S. Caldwell, and in 1922 was bought by H. G. Wahl and wife. After our ownership, we built a barn, poultry house and two brooder houses. Many other small improvements have been made.

Just west of the home stand a group of forest trees, stately old oaks and elms, and known as Edgewood Grove. They have sheltered many weary travelers, In years past. They were, very beautiful but the dry summers of the last few years have killed many of them.

Ola D. Wahl.

BERLIN

We cannot see the river from our house unless it is very high and then only a silver streak of it in the opening through the hills and trees as we look toward Northrup where the smoke from freight trains marks the path of the "River Route". But we are conscious of the river just over the bluffs in its ever powerful, silent flow to the Mississippe, the Gulf and the Sea. It is one of our favorite walks in early spring to follow the old road north from Garr School past the brick house where Robert Rasa lives--the house that is on the plat as part of the town of Berlin laid out is 1854, a town whose growth never reached the scale to which it was planned. For this house is at least half a mile from out old Berlin. Soon the road debouches into a deep ravine which we can scarcely follow on foot. But this old road was the gateway to the outside world during the years when Berlin was a bustling little village.

How long this had been a boat landing when in 1854 it was platted on S 24 T 51 R 26, by Gratz and Shelby no one seems to know. Before 1817 keel boats had passed, perhaps landed here. In the spring of 1819 the first steamboat, followed by nine keel boats made its way past going up the river. The "Western Engineer" made regular trips as early as 1826. They say it was called Seabrook's Landing in earlier days.

We stand at the end of the old road overgrown now with briars and nettles and try to reconstruct the scenes of almost a hundred years ago. They say the railroad passes directly over the spot where stood a large warehouse. No stone remains to mark the spot. Beyond it lay the wharf, loaded with hemp and ropes, apples and cordwood to be picked up by the next boat going east. From the warehouse eastward ran the ropewalk, for manufacturing the hemp into rope was a profitable business. Farther down the river was a distillery built over a large spring whose cool waters served to condense the alcohol. It was later washed away by a spring freshet, it is said. There were a blacksmith shop and 2 general stores in the business district. In the general stores were sold at first perhaps the few necessities of pioneer days, firearms, powder, lead, iron, dry goods, later more and more the necessities of the east became the luxuries of the new west, and finally the luxuries became necessities in the new civilization.

In the back of the General Store there stood, as a pledge of good fellowship, a barrel of whisky. The tin cup was chained to the barrel but the contents were the expression of the storekeeper's hospitality to his customers.

Living and working here in Berlin was a Mr. Piper whose chairs of hickory with woven split bottom are now a treasured possession in those homes that are fortunate enough to possess them. The hickory in Piper chairs was well seasoned, and put together with great skill and care. They can be identified by their slender back posts and legs and the thin slats of the ladder back. These chairs which have been in use between

sixty and a hundred years are still light and strong. Some of them have recently been rescated under the instruction of the home demonstration agents. A chair maker by the name of Tiltion followed Piper. But to this day Piper is the name that signifies an excellent piece of work. The residence district never grew to include rows of houses on Mulberry and Bluff streets. A brick house among the cedars and wild plums belonged to G neral Shelby. The piles of old brick and a caved in cistern may still be seen. Further up the hill, he built a frame house of thirteen rooms on the spot where Hohn Rasa's house stands. This house later was destroyed by fire.

From before the war until 1879 the school house was at Berlin. In 1878 there was talk of moving it out to Dover Road--for by this time the business of Berlin was declining. True, a brick kiln had been added to its activities, but hemp growing was no longer profitable and river traffic was being supplanted by the railroads. But a controversy arose between the residents of Berlin and those on the "big road". Neither faction would yield so for one year there was only a subsrciption school on Dover Road. The next year the school house was moved to a corner of the Garr farm where it still stands, receiving, sheltering, training country boys and girls, grand neices and nephews, grand daughters and sons of people who made their way down the bluff to go to school in Berlin.

There is always something intriguing about the spot. As we make our way back up the bluff we turn to look once more half expecting to see that cluster of simple homes, the wharf loaded with bales of hemp, to hear the steamboat whistle as it rounds the bend at Dover. But we look down on swaying tops of elm and linden and cottonwood and hear only the chatter of a squirrel as he scolds us for trespassing on his preserves. "Nothing is changeless but change" murmurs someone, and we turn again and the river is lost as the bluff hides it from view.

--Alice Engel Slusher

school house in 1942

GARR SCHOOL

TROPHIES

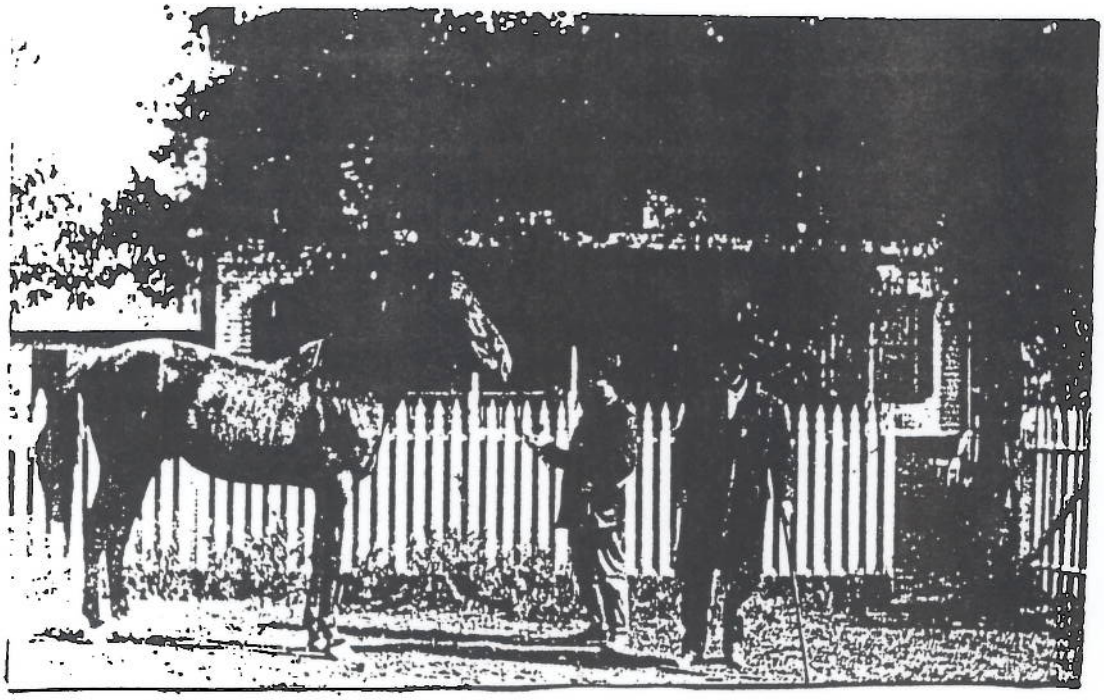
Silver pitcher engraved;

To
Thomas Campbell
from
Joseph Shelby and Co.
For the best crop of hemp
delivered at Berlin
1858

Silver cup given Thomas Campbell when a small boy for best saddle horse

Medal won by Thomas Campbell at World's Fair for best cob pipe corn

Old conch shell



THOMAS CAMPBELL

GRACELAND PARK

My grandfather, James Campbell fought in the War of 1812. Came to Missouri in 1820 from Alabama. He married Anne Jennings on a farm just east of Tabo Creek, ½ mile south of the Santa Fe Trail. They rode horses to Huntsville, Alabama. The bride carried her clothes in a carpet bag on her saddle. My grandfather afterwards owned the land on which they were married. In 1836 they came back to Missouri with their six children. They came in style. Their carraige was upholstered in tan cloth with glass doors and windows and little silk curtains at the windows, carpeted steps that would fold up and let down when one would wish to enter the carraige. Grandfather was something of an old sport. He would go many miles to a horse race and had some pretty good horses himself. I have a silver cup my father won on a horse my grandfather gave him. Old Mr. Manvel Buford was the judge. Grandfather also won a twenty dollar silver medal for the best wheat shipped to St. Louis. I do not know what year.

Grandfather entered the home place in 1836 a mile and one half south of the Santa Fe Trail and west of Tabo Creek on what is known as the Campbell Lane. Grandfather bought the road from the farm out to the trail from Mr. David Pfl-lger. The deed was not made then. Mr. Pfl-lger was going to Virginia for a visit. He died there and there never was a deed. But it made no difference--the family knew that grandfather had paid for it as they were neighbors and friends. Years later father and Mr. Frank Thornton opened the road from the trail to the south road,

The old house was just north from the one which is there now. I do not know the year in which the new house was built. It was built many years before the war. I do not know that all the rock used came from a rock quarry grandfather owned on Tabo near the mouth of Little Tabo.

Grandmother and my aunt were baptized in Tabo when the ice was a foot thick. Grandfather and my father and his brothers were also baptized in Tabo by a Christian minister. And here out of respect for grand old men of grandfather's and my father's days, their names should be mentioned: Dr. Flavel Vivian and Dr. Samuel Keng were friends and physicians of grandfather. And then old Dr. W. C. Webb who was father's physician and one of the grandest and most beloved men I knew. All the ministers that preached in the Dover church were entertained in this old home. Mr. Gains, Rev. J. W. McGarney, Rev. Moses E. Ladd, Dr. T. P. Haley, Rev. Fred Lose, Rev. George Plattenberg and many other grand old preachers. And my father was always delighted when Charley Plattenberg son of the Rev made him a visit.

There was a rail fence in front of the house. Grandmother had a boy make a hole in the ground in the corners of the fence at which time she planted walnuts. They grew

to trees and were nearly a hundred years old. We felt it was almost a crime to cut them down as they had shared all our joys and sorrows--a part of the family.

The negro cabins were north and a little east of the house. Uncle Wes Mason, colored, was stolen from one of these cabins during the war by the James boys. He went all through the war with them. After the war he came home and lived with father for many years. The Campbell children were raised on Uncle Wes's stories, of, as he said, "the Jeems boys" and Cole Younger. One of Uncle Wes's stories was that they stayed a week in a school house in Arkansas and they wrote on the blackboard, "This school is taught by Wes Mason, Jessie James and Cole Younger.

The last of the cabins burned in 1926 and there is only one of the old servants living, Hi Woodson, who lives (1936) on 17th street in Lexington. Grandfather gave him to my oldest brother, Robert, to play with him.

My father, Thomas B. Campbell, graduated in the first graduating class in the University of Missouri, in 1851. In 1858 he ran the farm for grandfather, and General Joseph Shelby gave him a silver pitcher for the best hemp delivered to Berlin, a shipping point on the Missouri river east of Tabo Creek. My father and mother, who was Sally Hix, bought the north part of the home place, now owned by the Temple Estate, from grandfather some time before the war. After the war grandfather moved to Dover and father bought the home place and moved there. The farm then was 625 acres.

At one time father owned one of the three finest red shorthorn herds west of the Mississippi river. After the cattle he owned a number of fine horses. The race track was in the flat between the two farms. One horse, Billie Bolton, had a record of 2-2¼.

In 1904 father won a medal at the World's Fair in St. Louis for the best cob pipe corn. I have a pipe made from the cobs of that corn and the medal.

The front lawn was fenced in for a little park for deer/ there were five of them. There were all kinds of pets a t one time or another. City guests would sometime be wakeneed in the night, thinking that someone was being murdered, and would be told to go back to sleep as it was only the peacocks.

The old home was known for its fine cattle, good horses and for its hospitality.

There were no keys to the doors that I ever saw. The back door was held open by the old shell grandfather brought from Alabama. They used to blow for the men to come from th field with it. I have the shell.

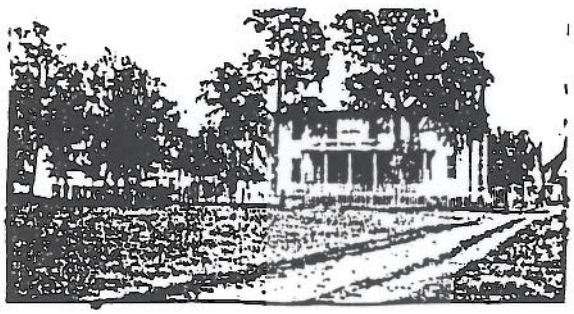
There never was a better cook than our Green. My mother raised him and taught him how to cook. Although he was black he had the manners and instinct of a gentleman.

He always knew his place and was loved and respected by the family and friends. He welcomed all guests and gave them the best we had. He looked like McKinley but differed in politics. Green was one o the family group and buried on the family lot. There were only two Campbells born of the old farm, my brother's oldest daughter and myself. The old home is now owned by Henry Temple. The two cedars nearly 100 years old stand like sentinels on each side of the walk. The old red honeysuckle given my mother by Mr. Zan Barnett 70 years ago still blooms at the end of the south porch. The old well, located by water witch and dug way before the war is there and the old Oaken bucket truly hangs in that well. Dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood and all the years of my life I feel that I have poorly pictured the beloved old home and the kindly grand old man, my father sitting on the vine covered porch talking to guests who might come. There was always an extra place on the table for who ever might come. T

The little girls playing on the lawn, the colored help laughing and talking in the back yard as in the days gone by. The grand and golden sunset through the old walnut trees, all of us waiting to hear Green call "Come to supper." Our day's work was finished.

"Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chains have bound me
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me
Like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

Caltha Campbell



Graceland Park

Hi Woodson, still living, the last of the Campbell ser

THE MEYER HOME

The Rev. John C. Meyer bought this farm in 1888 from Mrs. James Kelly. The farm was previously owned by the McCord, Kurtley and Ware families. The land was entered by Christopher Catron in 1819. His son, Stephen Catron built the house, and made his home there for many years. He burned the brick on the farm. The kiln was on the extreme south boundary of the place. Negro slaves made the bricks on the farm. A log blacksmith shop was built about the same time, approximately, where the old log corn crib was across the road from the house.

There were slave quarters built behind the house. These houses had been torn down when the Meyer family came there, but evidence of them still existed.

The house itself had two rather interesting features. Above the downstairs parlor was a large room used as a dance hall. There was an outside stairway to this dance hall. The room had a fireplace, as all the rooms in the house had. On each side of the fireplace, extending to the wall were two closets, very shallow, for the purpose of hanging guests wraps. These closets were too shallow to be used as modern clothes closets. They contained long nails or spikes for hanging coats.

The other rather interesting feature of the place was a cellar directly in the center of the present dining room. Just what was the purpose of this cellar we cannot ascertain. The fact the door was in the center of the room, that there were no windows for ventilation, and no shelves, make it unlikely it was a fruit cellar. It has been thought that perhaps it was used as a punishment for slaves, a wine cellar, a place to hide valuables during the war, or a place to hide and assist runaway slaves. The trap door would easily be concealed by a rug.

On the land formerly owned by Richard Holms,(negro) was a negro school--also one on the land Pete Parker, (negro) owned, north of Hicklin School. Pete Parker later lived in the negro school house.

--Charline Meyer

Wherefore, when we build, let us
think that we build forever; that a time
is to come when these stones shall be
held dacred because our hands have toucned
them; and that when men gaze upon the labor
and the wrougnt substance thereof, they
will say, "See, this our fathers did for us!"

--John Ruskin

END OF DOCUMENT

Scanned from a photocopy 26 July 2010 by
Jeff Slusher