Prairie hens or prairie chickens. This country was thehome of them, thousands of them here. They nested all over the prairie here and wherever there was any dead grass you usually found a chicken's nest. The would generally lay from eight to fifteen eggs and I have found coveys of sixteen young birds. The hens would generally go south in the early winter and if any stayed here it was usually roosters. The hens would come back in the spring ready for business. In the summer time they would roost in the grass and then along late in the fall they would be on fences, on haystacks, in trees, and anywhere and any place, but they mostly stayed in the grass. In the middle of the winter those that were here would fly along and just drop into the snow, wouldn't run along or anything, and then the wind would sift the snow over them to cover them up and they would stay there until morning, when they would break out. They were a small bird, weighing around two or three pounds, but had broad breasts and were plump. They were of a bownish color with the ends of the feathers tipped with white. The male birds had two or three long feathers on each sideof the head and just pack of them was a spot about 1½ inches across bare of any feathers and of an orange-brownish color. Whenever they would crow, which was a dreadful sound, this bare spot would be extended as though it was blown up with wind. For just a short time in the spring you could hear them crowin all over the prairies. In the spring they would gather on the knolls during the mating season and would make love to their lady friends by puffing up their feathers, strutting around to show off their best clothes, and talking to them in their best manner.

One bitter, cold winter I knew where there were chickens roosting in a big marsh and I wanted some of them, so I took my gun and started for the marsh on a bitter, cold afternoon. Everything

was still and quiet, with not a sign of a chicken, when I got there about sundown. I hardly got into the marsh before there was a chicken jumped up out of the snow and I killed it. As I walked along every now and then one jumped out of the snow and by the time it was getting dark so that I couldn't see my gun very well I started for home with twelve chickens in my coat. I thought my hands were froze when I got home but they weren't.

The quail, or bob-white, was a small bird, a lot of them were here in the early day but very few now. They nested on the ground and often times there would be 16 or 18 eggs in a nest. Whenever they went to roost at night, that is a covey of them, they would form in a circle with their tails on the inside and their heads outside so that if anything bothered them during the night when they jumped to fly they wouldn't get in each other's way.

The first dead deer I ever saw was fetched into town by Mr. Ed. Taylor, the father of Mrs. Fred Spencer, and he had killed it up on the sidehill just this side of the red bridge. A man by the name of Jim Gilson killed five over in the timber north of town here, the snow was deep and he got all five of them in one day. One day in the middle of the summer I was over on the hill north of town, on the land now owned by Albers, playing with some boys when one of the kids hollered, "Look at them deer" and I looked around and saw five on the hill about where Goschke lives and they were standing there looking the town over but they changed their minds and didn't come on down but left. They were seen around here for a number of years for they liked to lay down in the long grass on the prairies during the summer but in the winter they worked into the brush and timber.

One day along in the summer grandfather was over in the timber

looking around and he run into a bunch of turkeys, probably 12 or 15 in the bunch. They jumped up and flew up the river and he watched them until they were out of sight. When he first saw them he thought they were tame turkeys but when they jumped and flew he knew they were wild. We heard of them a few days afterwards from up the river and that is the last we knew of wild turkeys around here.

There were rabbits, squirrels and other small game around there but we didn't bother with them much when there was larger game to get, except perhaps to get a mess of squirrels. When we landed here there wasn't a jackrabbit in this country and they didn't come in until in the 1890s. When we came there were gray, ###, red and flying squirrels and later the fox squirrels, the kind we have now, came in from the south and chased all the others out, or killed them fighting, for the fox squirrel was a great deal bigger and more of a fighter than the others.

The first fall we were here father and grandfather took their guns and started to get our thanksgiving dinner. Snow was about a foot deep and they hunted all day and came back without a thing. Well, grandfather says, I know where I can buy a hog. We'll have some fresh pork for thanksgiving dinner anyhow. He came in the next morning, "I can't get any fresh meat," he says. The hog that I was to buy was tested to see if he was fat enough to butcher and the test was to pick her up by her ears and if the body tipped the snout up it was all right but if the snout tipped the body up it was too poor. Those days about the main part of the hog was snout and tail and were regular racehorses and it took a good dog to catch one. Prairie rooters is what they were called and they were right there with the goods all the time with their snouts. I have heard it said that when they were running and wanted to turn around quick they would stick their snouts into the ground and

turn around on them until they got headed in the direction they wanted to go. They were related to the razor-back hogs that they have in the south now.

About once a year along in the middle of the fall when the birds were ripe we had what we called our annual chicken hunt and dinner up in Popejoy's grove. The hunters would start out early in the morning and the women folks wouldn't come until a little later. They would fetch up everything to eat except prairie chickens and the hunters would come in along ten or eleven oclock. The women would dress the chickens, I don't think they saved anything but the breasts and legs, and then cook them by frying in butter, and we always had plenty too. After dinner they would visit and talk and have a good time until they got tired and then would go home, calling it a day. Everybody that could go was there, even if they didn't come up for more than the dinner. There was no game wasted for when the hunters would come in they would throw all the game in a pile and the women cooked what was needed. If any game was left it was brought back to town to be eaten at home. Sometimes as the hunters were coming home the would go around to try to get some chickens to bring home for home use. These hunts were a yearly celebration and were looked forward to by all.

In later years when the game was getting scarce and there weren't so many ardent hunters fifteen or twenty of ## us young fellows would talk it over and chose sides for a hunt. All kinds of game was fetched in and each kind had a different value in counting up the total to see which side would win. The winning side would win and the losing side would lose and the losers would have to treat the winning side and their girls to a feed some evening later. We kept these hunts up for quite a while until most of the game was just rabbits, and even counted crows for points.

When we came there the river was full of fish of all kinds but we didn't pay much attention to anything but pickeral and bass. Our fishing tackle consisted usually of an ironwood pole cut in the woods, and a chalkline such as the brick masons use and a good big hook on it. I lost my poles for a while by the boys stealing them until I got the idea of getting crooked ones and then I could always keep them and became known as the boy having the crookedest fishpole along the river. When grandfather and I were hunting bees in Boldon's timber we went down to the high bank along the river and stood looking down into the water and there were probably 30 or 40 pickeral lying along the bank, all along in there for the water was clear and you could see bottom anyplace. Right under the bank about where I stood there was a whale of an old pickeral laying there and I says "Grandfather, I am going to cetch that fellow." He says, "let him alone" I went back up into the timber a little ways and cut a pole , hunted along the little ravine there until I got a frog, had a hook and line in my pocket (I always carried one), tied it on the end of the pole just as long as I could make it and I knew I couldn't land him for I would have to pull him up about 12 Or 15 ft. straight up but I was going to play smart with him when I got him hooked I would throw the pole in the river and then watch ## the pole to see which way it went. I put my frog on and got my hook baited nicely and my line was so short that I couldn't get it a great ways ahead of him and I throwed it probably three or four feet ahead of this big pickeral and when it struch the water I presume there was a dozen pickeral started and looked at that frog and when it got down to this big fellow he was a backing up. I turned to swing the frog up away from him andI did, about the time I swung it around I guess he thought he was going to lose it and grabbed it and he settled right back down on the bottom and I stood

there and watched him until the frog went out of sight in his mouth. I had no leader on my line and I knew when the frog went out of sight I was liable to get my line cut off. I give it a jerk and set my hook and away went Mr. Pickeral across the river and when he came to the end of the line he kept right on going because it broke right at the end of the pole. There, Grandfather says, "You lost your line and hook and fish and made a fool of yourself." But I had my fishpole left and didn't have to throw that in the river. We estimated that it would weigh# about 20 pounds. The biggest pickeral that I remember of was killed by Jim Gilson by shooting it with a rifle from the bluff below Boldon's. He saw it laying there and shot it and when he weighed it it weighed thirty pounds. They cut the head off and pulled its open jaws over the top of a fence post. The fish were so plentiful that if we caught one weighing around three pounds it was getting down around the bullhead size and we threw it back into the water for we wanted the 5 or 6 pound size.

The oldest hotel that I know about is our old restaurant, which was located on the East 2/3 of Lot 2, Block 3, Original Town. ## The upstairs was all one room with the roof coming down to about two feet from the floor along the sides. ######## The beds were all made on the floor, probably straw ticks (called a prairie bed) with the bedding on them. All the ventilation was from the windows at the ends of the xxxxx gable. One night in the summer it was so hot that the men got together and pushed the siding out to give them some draft. This building was built either in the fall of 1856 or the spring of 1857. It was made out of native timber sawed in the mill here, lath and all. The lath was made from oak boards 10 to 12 feet long and from 8 to 12 inches wide and about a half inch thick. Take one of those boards and nail the upper side of it solid, then they would start at one end with a hammer and chisel and split it perhaps a half inch wide and then nail it there, leaving the crack, then go to the next studding and split the board the same and nailing that fast, then doing the same to the other end of the board and thenrepeating this splitting and nailing back and forth across the length of the board until it was all split and nailed. No two parts of the board or the cracks were of the same width. This building was later used for saloon, drugstore, postoffice, restaurant, I think the first election in town was held in this building. The front part of this building is still in use as a wareroom back of the pool hall.

The next hotel built was the Usher House clear at the lower end of town on Lot 12, Block 8, Clovers Addition, where Fred Kirkpatrick now lives. This building was later moved off to Lot 7, Block 5, and Mrs. Mary Brassfield now lives in it. The siding of this building was made of soft wood and all of it had to be hauled in from around Cedar Rapids. The upstairs was all in

one room and this was used for the dance hall. Whenever there was a dance the hotel furnishings were moved out, and I don't know where the folks went that wanted to sleep there when they had the dances. The dances would start around 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening, as soon as it got dark, and would usually last until sunup the next morning. That old house was noted for dances all through this country. Sumner Kemp, with his fiddle, furnished the first music for the dances and later other fiddlers came until there were three or four of them. The roads then weren't rocked the way they are now and the most of the flat was a marsh, and at times when the road was so muddy that a team and wagon couldn't get through the boys would get a light wagon, put the girls in it, and then the boys would push and pull the wagon until it got down there. Most of the boys wore coarse boots and would change to their shoes when they got down there but sometimes they would take off their shoes, roll up their pants and wade. They would always have supper at twelve o'clock.

The building now standing on Lot 7, Block 8, Clover's Add, in which Mrs. Briese and Mrs. Bucy now live, was put up for a hardware store in 1857. There were five men living there up stairs and during a heavy thunderstorm three of them got up from the meal table and went down stairs. Just after that lightning struck the building and killed the two that were still upstairs. the bolt of lightning hit the gable at the south end of the building and came out under the sidewalk at the north end and it magnetized all the iron and steel in the hardware store. It also melted some of the silverware. Another building like this one was built beside it for another store but was later moved off onto a farm.

Block 3,

On Lots 3, 4 & 5, River Addition, Ed & Pete Taylor had a steam saw mill. The mill was located near the bank of the river and the

rest of the ground was used for the mill yard where they piled the rough logs and the cut lumber.

About on Lot 1, Block 3, River Add., Ludwig Rummel started a blacksmith shop. The building was made from boards set up endways. Massey was running the hardware store about across the street from it and he had a blind horse that he used for delivery. One day the old horse took a notion to run away and headed straight for the blacksmith shop and nearly tore one side out of it. This building later burned down.

On Lots 1 & 2, Block 1, Central Addition, where Leonard Orpin lives, was a stage barn. They changed horses here and had good ones. At first it was just a two horse stage and the coach would hold four passengers on the inside and one outside with the driver. They also carried the mail and had a rack on the back to put the passengers luggage. Later they had four-horse teams and the coach would carry about a dozen passengers.

On Lot 14, Block 2, Central Addition, was what was known later as the Spencer House. This was considered a good hotel for the time for it had a good kitchen and dining room as well as office, salesroom and sleeping fooms on the first floor and the upstairs was divided into sleeping rooms instead of leaving it in one large room the way the former hotels were. The stages stopped here for meals and the drivers stayed there nights while they were waiting their next run. In later years when the hotel business got poor it was cut in two and made two good dwelling houses. These houses still stand, the one about on the same location as the hotel was built onto and is now occupied by G. J. Rust. The other half of the building was moved to the next lot east without much change in construction and Fern Oswood now lives in it.

The little building on the corner of Lot 6, Block 7, Central

Addition, just north of our school house, was built for a bank but was never used for one. You will notice the front door on the corner of the building.

Where Hattie Crisp lives on Lot 5, Block 3, Central Addition. was built by Young for a general store, the first one in town that I can remember of. He had everything for sale and that is where I used to buy my fishhooks.

The old Alden House is the building where Tom Hiday lives on Lot 2, Block 5, Original Town. It is all built of our native oak. The building has been improved some since it was used hor the hotel, but not very much. This was used for the stage house and barns for a long while. Grandfather Alden built this house.

Our present hotel building was the last building built in town for hotel purposes..

The old brick building now standing on Lot 1, Block 7, Clover's Addition, where A. L. Maury now lives was built for a hardware store.

There was a rivalry between the east and west ends of the town. The west end had the grist mill and the east end had the bridge and the steam sawmill.

The house on the hill back of us was built in 1857 by Chas. Treat, Sr., out of all native lumber, oak studding and joice and mostly black walnut siding, basswood finishing lumber, maple flooring.

The old A. C. Whitney house.

Our indians through here were Musquakies and Pottawatamies, or whatever the were. I think they belonged to the Sac and Fox tribes. They used to come up through here trapping and hunting and scouting around. They always camped up here in the woods across the river and sometimes they wouldn't stay here but a few days and then pull out up the river. Then other bands would come here late in the fall and stay all winter. One bitter cold winter here Lyme and Earl Rogers were in the fancy hog business. The cholera got into their hogs, they didn't have but a few sows and they all died. They hauled them down to the bank of the river and dumped them on the ice. Instead of buring them they thought they would go out in the spring with the high water. The squaws would come down with their axes and cut chunks out of these hogs and take them back to camp. Frank Furry, living over on the hill, had a dog and five or six puppies and he traded them to the indians for skunk oil. I bought all the fur of the indians that winter and never got a skunk skin but Frank got his quota of skunk oil just the same and I think those cholera hogs furnished the oil.

The indians at first always came on ponies, and had plenty of them, but late years always came with wagons.

A bunch of indians, bucks and squaws, had been up the river on a hunting expedition, how far up the river they went I don't know. When they go off on a war expedition they don't take their squaws with them but this time they had their squaws with them. They met a band of Sioux and got into a little scrap with them but got away without losing any one and when they got this far back they had a little celebration by having a dance , pow-wow they call it, where the Standard Oil Station, Jake's Garage and Tim Mulford's home is, being the southwestern part of Block 2, Original Town. Their horses

fed all over the bottom but more especially down where the school house now is. There was a little building there, probably 8 x 10 on the ground, got a little bit delapitated, the indians would go in there and fix up, it was their dressing room. They would come out swinging their tomahawk, yelling as loud as they could and jumping up and down. Then the others would join in with them and they had a drum made by stretching a wet hide over the end of a nail keg, driving the hoop over it and letting it dry, which made it awfully tight, and a small stick with a knob on the end of it to pound it with, and that was their music for the dancers to keep time. They stayed that night and the next day the all pulled out for home. I attended all of this dance and it was just a good old party time for them. That is the only indian dance that I know of in this part of the country.

One evening there was a band of Siouxs came in here and camped on the hill just on the other side of the cemetery. There were probably six or eight hundred, or maybe a thousand, of them and a few squaws. the whole town went up in the evening to see them. They wasn't sociable, didn't have anything to say and didn't have any little boys to shoot pennies. The squaws was working around the campfire and one young squaw had her hair braided in two long braids and when she was bending over they would fall down into her eyes and bother her. I watched her a few minutes and then I went up to her and took the two braids, give them a half-hitch around the back of her neck, she looked up and gave me a friendly smile and I went back to where the men folks were then. Mr. Kemp said I wouldn't have done that for anything what you done, probably she would have stuck a knife into me," and then he laughed. They pulled out for the west the next morning. That is the only bank of Siouxs that I knew of stopping here.

33. In the summer of 1854 there was a report that the indians were on the warpath and were coming down this way. Everybody was scared and were getting out of here, didn't know what they were doing. Asher Boldon loaded his family in his wagon and started for Eldora and protection. It was in the summer time and was hot and in his excitement he didn't know what he was doing but to keep his cattle cool so that they would travel better he took a turkey wing to fan them with. The indians never got here.

In the winter of '55 they would gather at our old log house evenings and talk about the indians. The report came that they were all along the river, coming ## down this way. Two young fellows said they would go and find out where they were, so they took their rifles and blankets and started out in the morning. There was a few settlers all along the river up to where Belmond now is and they kept agoing but didn't find any indians. Every place they would stop the indians were just a few miles up the river and they went clear on up to the Upper Grove, that is the last grove on the Iowa River above Belmond, and when they got to the grove they parted, one went one side and the other the other and were to meet on the opposite side. It looked stormy and there was snow on the ground and they wanted to make time. The got pretty well around to the opposite side and one of them heard the report of a gun and he knew there were no whites up there and he thought his partner had got into trouble. He swung his gun down so where he could get hold of it and started on a good brisk walk through the timber but kept his eyes open, though. He met his partner and he had his boots tied together and swung over the back of his neck and a pair of indian winter mocassins on and when they got back they reported not an indian up in that country.

One day I saw our halfbreed indian hunting ground squirrels

where Millers lumber yard is, in fact all around the bottom there for there were no buildings there then. He was using an old flintlock shotgun. I thought, "Gee, if I could only have a gun like that## when I got big, how I would knock the squirrels." He was getting these squirrels to eat.

I was up the river one afternoon looking along and I run onto an indian digging out skunks. He had two dogs with him, one lay up in the grass sound asleep and the other one was helping the indian dig. I stood and watched them a few moments. I said, "John, is there any skunk in there." Yes, he said, "me gettum pretty soon." He had a forked stick which he would run down the hole and begin to twist it, pretty soon he pulled out a skunk and his dog stood right side of him. He unwould the hair and shook it off the stick and the dog grabbed it. Everythig was blue there with the scent and I backed up aways. I said, "John, what will you take for that dog?" "Me no sell him." He pointed to the one lying in the grass and said, "He no good, take $5.00 for him."

I was working in the store for Al. Furry. I had bought fur of the indians and one day there was three squaws come into the store and one of the squaws says, "How much skunk?". I says, "Twentyfive cents." They each opened their blankets and each had twentyfive skunks and I had to pay the same price right straight through, big or little. I bundled them up and sent them to Belt, Butler & Company, New York and made a little on them.

Their usual route up through here was to come in on this side of the river, cross over here onto the timber over on the other side and then go up the river. Sometimes they would come up the South Fork until they got opposite here and then cut across over to here. They would camp above Oakland and then would go over to the timber around

Wall Lake, which was quite a campingground, and from there on over to the Boone River. I don't think they were ever in a hurry to go anywhere.

My grandfather was setting on the dam fishing one Sunday and our preacher, Mr. Plummer, he lived over across the river over on the hill, had his bible under his arm and was going up to the old schoolhouse to preach. My grandfather sat there on the dam and didn't fish any, didnat care to fish any until about the time the church was out, and then he started to fish. It wasn't long before he hookd a good sized pickerel. The dam was dry and they could walk right across it. He fooled with that pickerel until he got him all tired out and the preacher came along and stopped to visit with grandfather. He said, "Heree, take my pole" for he wanted to do something. The preacher laid his bible down, took the pole and raised up up and away went the fish on the end of it and the preacher landed the pickerel. He says "Henry, that was one on me" for he could see the joke in it. "Well, as long as I have landed him I may as well take him home" and picked up the fish and went home.

My first letter was to Uncle Harry back in Mass. I went down to grandfather's cabin one morning and he was writing to his son back in Mass. He says, "Don't you want to write to Uncle Harry?" I says, "yes." So grandfather started out by writing for me, Dear Uncle Harry. I didn't know what to say so he says ##### "You've got the itch, haven't you?" and I said "Yes". Then he said, "You've got lice haven't you?" and I said "yes." so he put that down and then I thought that the old cow had got a calf, and he wrote that down. That made the letter read, "Dear Uncle Harry: I've got the itch, I've got lice, and the old cow has got a calf. George."

When we first came here there were already a few settlers around the country.

Asher Boldon was down the river where Emil Dass now lives. It is still owned by his descendents. The old original log cabin is still standing but the present house has been built around it.

Philemon Plummer was living where Will Granzow does now. Before he left this part of the country he had twentyone children. He is the one that got father's baby clothes and you can see the need of them.

The rest of the settlers were up the river.

Tom Bailey had a log cabin at what we call Olsen's spring, on the river bank just below Olsen's pond. He also had another cabin where Leo Nott lives. He owned most of the land through there at that time. All the early settlers were great movers and Bailey would live in one house for a while and then move to the other for a change. The winter I lived with them they lived down by the spring. He wouldn't farm any, his wife did that, and he would trap and hunt. I was up to the upper place on spring and he took me down cellar to show me his birds. He invited me to go around, they had an outside cellarway and had it all boarded up, to see his prairie chickens. It seemed to me as if he had his celllar full. He told me he was going to get quite a number more and then he was going to pull a board off and set outside and see them fly away. And his wife cleaned up the cellar. He caught them in a lath trap 2 or 3 ft. square with a trap on top. This trap was fastened near the middle, one end being heavier than the other, so that if a bird would step on the lighter end its weight would tip the paddle up and the bird would slide into the trap. He

would bait it by sticking some nubbins of corn around the edge of the top and fix it so they couldn't fly up on the trap from one end and would have to go to the other end to get up to the corn. When they would get on top and on thepaddle it would tip with them and since they have to have good footing to fly they would just be able to flutter and slide into the trap. Sometimes he would get the trap almost full of the birds ###### during the day.

Myers lived where (Nelson's own the place and the house is where the buildings are.

Pleasant Jones lived on the land now owned by the Olsen's. His house was on the knoll on the east side of the road just south of the culvert just before the road branches west. Spencer was teaching school up there, the school house stands just about where the present one is by Everhart's, and kept his mules in Jones" barn. the door was low for them and they would bump their heads going in and they didn't go in to suit him and he gave them a jerk and they went right backwards into a well that Jones was digging. This was about ten feet deep and six or eight feet across. They both went in backwards and wedged themselves in with their forefees and heads sticking out. They had to stay there until the folks went to down and got some rope and a pulley and pulled them out.

Hitt lived north of the Meyers place on the hill on the east side of the road just before you go down to the bridge. Hitt didn't stay there very long

Tom Bailey had what we call Olsen's Pond all fenced in tight and about every July or August he would start out for wild geese gosling, going out anywhere where the big ponds were out by Wilke, or anywhere. After catching them he would clip the tip of the bone off of one wing so that when they got big and would try to fly it would

tip them off balance and they couldn't fly. I have been up there when he would have 40 or 50 geese in the pond. Along in August when they began to shed thy had a little pen they would drive them in and pick the feathers off. When it came snow and all froze up they would open the pen up and let them out and they would all come up around the buildings and during the winter the foxes and wolves would get a few of them and next summer he would build up his flock again but catching some more young ones. If they got too many old geese they would kill them and pick them and throw the carcassover to the hogs. These tame wild geese were great decoys for their wild geese that were migrating. These migrating birds if they stopped would mostly light in the river and Bailey would shoot a lot of them, saving their feathers. The feathers made awful good feather beds and their carcasses made good hog feed.

I live there one winter with them when I was 9 or 10 years old. They had three girls and one boy when I lived with them. When I went there I had the itch and they had lice and soon all of us had both but we got rid of them by spring. Mrs. Bailey would take a frame that would hold some bed quilts up and put it in front of te fireplace with the girls on one side and us boys on the other side. We would all undress and then she would take cup of sulphur and lard and grease every one of us and when spring come we were all cleared up and everything was fine.

Mr. Bailey couldn't read or write but he gave all of his children a good education.

The first bridge was at the lower end of town just below where the ford is now. It was a wooden bridge supported by wooden piling at the ends and in the middle. These supports were made by taking oak timbers about twelve inches wide and four inches thick and

sinking them lengthways in the rock crossways with the bridge. Then they would take other timbers about the same size and mortice them into the sills in the rock and then strengthen these uprights by cross braces from the top of one to thebottom of the other and with a pland across the top of these uprights, two uprights to each bottom sill. These uprights were placed sloping so that the bottom of the supports was wider than the top and the slope on the upstream side also protected the bridge from the ice for if a chunk of ice would strike them it would slide up the plank a ways and then either break or slide off. There were probably three of these supports, or benz, in the stream besides the ones at each end. The roadbed of the bridge was just wide enough for one wagon. During the life of the bridge the fill of dirt at the north end washed out several times and was refilled. When the fill was out a two inch plank was placed across it so that one could walk over it but teams couldn't get across. When the bridge did go out it started at the north end caused by an ice gorge above it. It went out a section at a time and didn't take very long for it all to go out.

Once when the fill was out and just a plank across it, a flock of geese lit in the pond at the foot of the hill just east of our present road by Albers. Ed Taylor took his gun and went over and got one and got back to the bridge and stood there and hesitated He carried the goose clear down to the bridge by its neck and he give it a throw to throw it onto the bridge but it never hit the bridge but away it went down the river flying just as nice as could be and he stood there with his gun in his hand looking at it.

The first roads weren't on section lines like they are now but usually went the straightest to their destination that they could. The first road to Iowa Falls followed down the river to Arthur Wood's and then up over the hill ~~and through the timber~~

and followed the ridge for two or three miles until it came to the timber back of Edlewild then through the timber by the easiest route, up hill and down dale, to Iowa Falls. I remember one trip over this road when I went down to the brickyard near Iowa Falls after some brick. They filled the box just level full and of course they weren't tight and when they were trotting they would shuck. I had two yoke of cattle on the wagon and I was setting on the brick with my feet hanging off the wagon. Going down a little pitch the brick shucked around and they pinched my pants and a little hide and I would put my hands out to save that end and it would pinch my hands and after a little ########### the load hit a little bump and shucked it sideways and I was so interested in keeping from getting pinched that I lost my balance and fell off.

Then going west from town the road crossed the bottom and came up the little ravine just back of our house now and out onto the prairie and would around the ponds and sloughs, wherever it was dry enough to go, clear to Webster City.

They had roads anyplace and anywhere wherever they wanted to go until the settlers commenced to get quite thick and then they commenced to locate the roads about where they are now. In the wintertime when it was frozen and the sleighing was good all over they would go straight across the country to their destination. We had good sleighing all up and down the river for years and the frozen river was the main road for the northwest.