

# Home Town Sketches

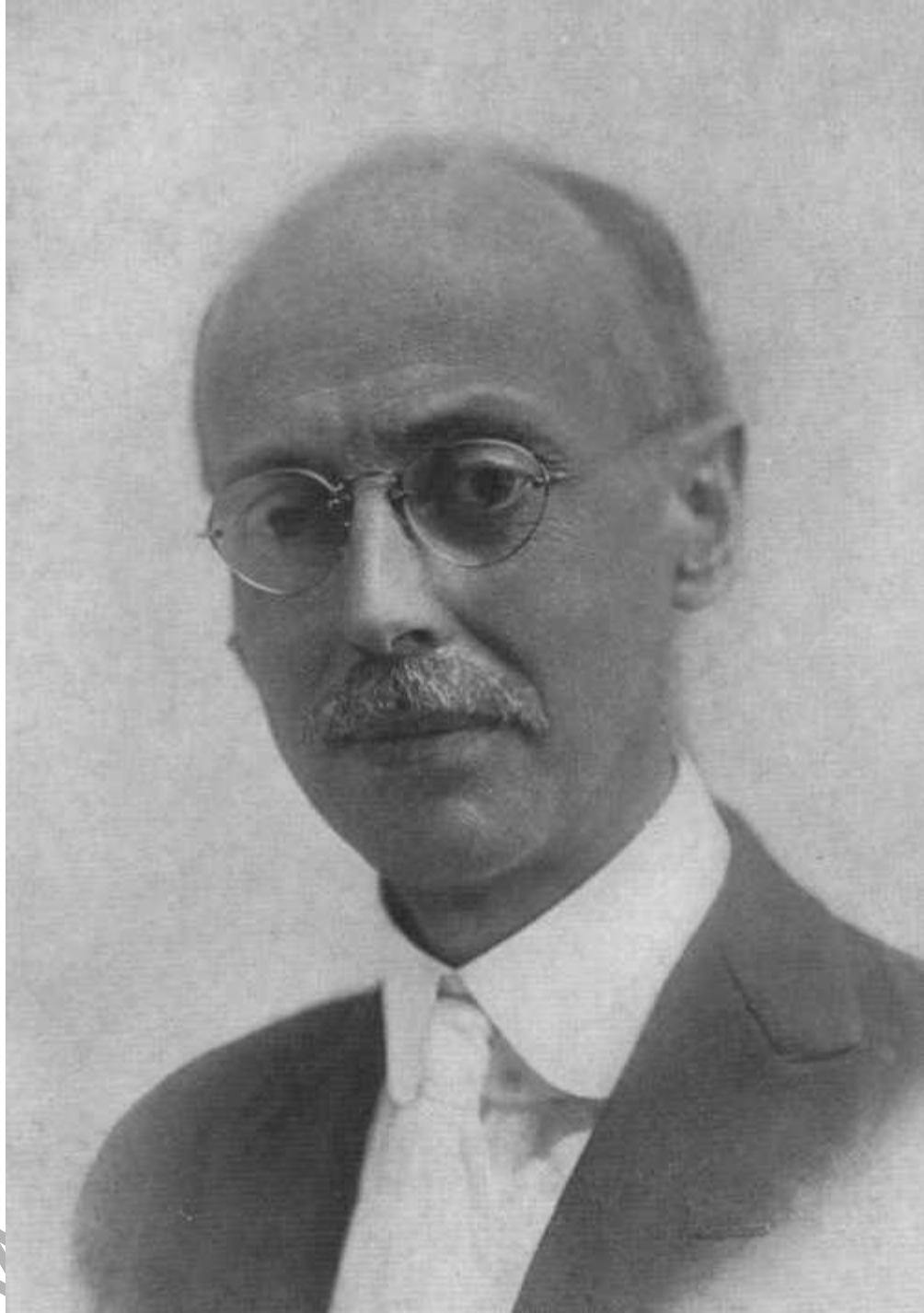
By

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Emile Pallou

### **Pages 101 through 200**

house and shot him through the head with a target rifle.

And now I had a body to dispose of and it must be done quickly. I cast my eyes about for ways and means, saw an old trunk unclaimed for many years, unlocked it, wrapped the

body in the clothes it contained, pinned the placard on top and checked the trunk to Sedalia. Then I got it off on the first train and waited, more or less calmly, for the explosion - which duly came!

### **Willie Trigg**

I notice in the Advertiser's special edition a portrait of W. W. Trigg and that he is a really mature man. I heard him spoken of as "Willie Trigg" in my boyhood home for so many years that I got the fixed idea that he was never going to be an elderly man, like his father.

The name Trigg was always associated in my mind with permanence and dependability and I'll wager that Mr. Trigg holds his clients to him by "hoops of steel." What I really mean is bonds of probity which, although an intangible entity, - are much stronger and more durable than mere steel. Next time I go to Boonville I am going to call on

**[101]**

Willie Trigg and see for myself if he is really as mature as his portrait would indicate.

### **On Going Back**

It's a queer sensation this going back to your old home town after many years. I had just a day to spend in Boonville in August, so I did not notify my friends and there was no one to meet me. I got off at the Katy station where formerly my word was law. I saw no familiar face. No one recognized me. I walked about for half an hour peering at every passerby, still no recognition.

A sense of loneliness came over me. "No use to look for an answering smile," I thought as I continued my solitary promenade. But you know how the sun breaks through the clouds sometimes in a surprising way? Well, as I passed along Spring street I heard a sweet voice hail me. "Why, Doctor Paillou - I did not recognize you until I gave you a second look!" Do you wonder I went my way rejoicing? A second look from a charming girl!

I liked that little story of W. L. Nelson's printed several weeks ago entitled "Four go

**[102]**

Fishing," it sounded so natural. I feel sure that Mr. Nelson is a good father. On my latest journey to Boonville I crossed two streams in which I used to fish, Sulphur Creek and Bonne Femme. Of course neither seemed as big as I expected.

I craned my neck out of the car window to see if there was a boy or two sitting on the banks with a can of worms by his side and perhaps a paper bag of smoked herring and

crackers on his knee. Could there be a more tasty lunch for a boy fisherman? I saw no boy, I saw very little water under the bridge, not enough for real fishing.

Then I thought, "I suppose the boy is sitting in a dark theatre, probably looking at an unclean sex play." I felt sorry for that boy who should have been sitting there in the sun fishing for craws, there was plenty of water for that. Crawfish, although not beautiful except to a boy's eyes, are not slimy and bad for boy morals as are some of the pictures they see.

### **Ringin' Off**

C. C. Bell writes me facts and figures to prove that I am wrong in my neat little paragraph

"Picking on C. C." Well, if facts are against me

[103]

so much the worse for the facts. Somebody is always taking the joy out of life by quoting facts. Too many facts, anyway, and not nearly enough joy!

Now if Mr. Bell had written me a truculent letter, if he had even insisted that the Ben Davis was an apple - but he wrote such a friendly missive that I haven't the heart. So to prove that I respond to gentle treatment I am going to admit that C. C. is the original apple buyer.

But this would have been more interesting had I been treated less gently. And now that I am conceding I may as well go further, the limit, in fact. His name is not Bell at all, it is Adam. He is the man who bought the apple from Eve. And he paid a devil of a price for it, too!

### **Rankin's Mill**

How often have you gone out to the "Teet S'leen?" after fish? That is the way we pronounced the really beautiful name, meaning the Little Salt River-why "salt" I do not know. Your objective was that dear old Rankin's Mill just seven miles south of Boonville. You got out of your bed at daybreak for this terrific journey. You always walked it, no automobiles in those

[104]

days and no wagons going out at that time of day. A hasty breakfast while mother put up a generous basket of lunch, the bait all ready the night before. Then with a fishing pole, if you had such a thing, you started out with your chum, whistling as gaily as a meadow lark.

You were fortunate to reach the Mill at seven o'clock and then began a joyous day. If you were lucky you saw Mr. Robert Rankin with his friendly smile and he would show you the best place to fish, even lend you his long fishing rod and give you a pocket full of wheat as well as a dozen apples. Who that has known Robert Rankin can ever forget his personality? I think his predominating trait was kindness. He seemed to love all creatures as well as inanimate things. I think he classed the Mill as a living creature, as indeed it was in a way, with its throbbing machinery so lovingly tended.

Mr. Rankin was an expert rifle shot but never did he use his skill for wanton killings. He venerated animal creation far too much for that kind of "sport." He was always using his manual dexterity in fashioning wooden toys for children and "keepsakes" for his friends. Did he ever labor without whistling or singing? Once he asked me into the Mill to watch him while he

[105]

"dressed" the corn burr! It was well worth missing an hour's fishing to witness this now obsolete process.

Rankin's Mill was an institution and it was a sad day when, in 1912 the machinery slowly ceased functioning and the Mill passed out of active service to live only in history and in memory. There is something fascinating about a mill, especially an old mill, and the fascination is not for man alone. Do not the gods have mills? We are told that they grind slowly, you see the gods are in no hurry-they count not Time as do we; and they grind "exceeding fine!"

I imagine that the Rankin Mill did grind well and fine. It was not expected to grind exceeding fine, that the gods alone can do or may do. But what Robert Rankin could do he did well. He has gone to his reward among his Fellow Millers and his halo is the esteem of his fellow citizens, the affection of his neighbors and the adoration of his children who spent their joyous young lives in and about the old mill on the Petite Saline.

Recently when a daughter of Robert Rankin sent me a photograph of the old mill, which I had not seen for forty-five years, it leaped up at me as I gazed with the eyes of a child,

[106]

ago. Alas, the Mill will never grind again! Perhaps you yourself are one of those little boys who trudged the seven mile pilgrimage to this old shrine of Izaak Walton, reflected in the beautiful waters of the "Teet S'sleen."

### **Along the River**

The river front provided endless amusement for the small boy as well as the big one. The mystery of the silent, endlessly flowing Missouri, the huge steam boats - The St. Luke,

the Joe Kinney, the Belle of St. Louis-do you recall that fearfully startling siren whistle carried by the Belle?

The steamboat whistle was the "call to arms" for us. A wild break for the levee where the new bridge now towers overhead and the crowd was ready for the landing of the visiting steamer and the procession of negro roustabouts unloading the merchandise.

And what a joy it was to fish in the big river I Down in the afternoon with a hundred or so feet of stout line bearing a rock at the end with a dozen hooks on staging, a few whirls about the head and out she goes with her mixed bait of liver, worms and crawfish!

[107]

Then back home to dream of the possible sharks or whales we would pull in next morning -at least one of each! Not at all disappointed next day, when the shark had sent a catfish to substitute for him or the whale a shovel fish! Oh, the joy of landing a big shovel!

For you must know Mr. Shovel Fish is an excavator and true to his name, he digs down into the sand so fast that it takes a smart boy indeed to pull him out of the tunnels he makes. We could almost see him toss the sand over his shoulders!

### **Early Bridge Advocates**

About the only people who advocated building a "wagon bridge" during the period of 1870 - '90 were a few of the type who believed in the possibilities of the horseless carriage, flying machines and kindred absurdities.

Of course no one paid them much attention except those interested in the ferry boat. You know the usual fate of visionaries!

If memory serves me rightly, Tom Plant, the "Anatomical Boot Maker," was the first person to walk across the old railroad bridge, which, by the

[108]

way, was much more beautiful than the present structure which replaced it.

I used to wonder what that word "anatomical" could mean. It never occurred to me to ask, so I evolved a satisfactory definition - as children will do, but which was incorrect.

Mr. Plant had a son, Bert, who was the stormy petrel of printer - journalism in Boonville for many years. He also had handsome daughters, the youngest of whom I have cause to remember.

I had a sentimental leaning toward the young lady and one day I sent my John Alden to this Priscilla with a message. "John" came back and I asked: "What did she say, John?" "She said, I despise the ground Emile Paillou walks on." just like that!

### **A Message from Captain Porter!**

Long distance call for Boonville - Captain E. John Porter speaking. "Well, you had to wait until I was gone to put the bridge over. You couldn't do it so long as I was there. You've got your bridge, a great, dead, sprawling street upon stilts - but your boys will never get the joy out of that my ferry gave them, for a boat is a living, moving thing, that has more sense than many a

[109]

man I have known. Why, you can hear its voice, its heart throb, see its muscles expand and contract, hear its very blood circulating through its pipes!

"Well, it's all right, for you really do need a bridge now that I am not there to give you service. You know I was never against any real progress and I realize that a bridge is the only way to get those pesky automobiles over the river. I wouldn't have much patience with 'em anyhow!

"Say, you ought to see my new ferryboat-it's a joy to behold. I never have any trouble with either landings or labor. I am going to give you a ride some day, all of you, and the fare is just one penny. Where is my ferry? Oh, didn't you know? Why, the great ferryman - Charon, was getting pretty old and behind the times, so he retired when I came, and your Uncle John Porter will, from now on, run the ferry across the river Styx. Well, I will be looking for you all in course of time, good bye.

### **Taught Little Children**

Did you begin school in "Mrs. Schaefer's Room?" I was not so fortunate. What a blessing she was to Boonville! For, be it known, it

[110]

takes special ability and aptitude to make a good teacher of very young children.

Are both Mrs. Schaefer and Miss Josie Pinnell provided with suitable monuments in Walnut Grove? If not, I suggest that all who passed under the blessed influence of these noble women make modest contribution for such memorials and that a line like this be engraved on each stone.

"She Taught Little Children."

### **Boonville's Beach**

A bathing suit would have been a huge joke in my boyhood days, when all youthful and even adult Boonville masculinity "went in" swimming at the foot of the levee. The unwritten law was that there was to be no undressing until three stars were visible, then it was presumably dark enough to hide our nudity.

But it was hard for impatient boys to wait upon the eternal stars so, many times, we counted the big star painted on the Star Line warehouse as one of the requisite three. And do you remember those Gordian knots we so frequently found tied in our shirt sleeves and underwear after the swim? It often required an Alexandrian operation.

[111]

to undo these knots after "chawing" failed. Does that word make you smile? Then you were there!

I suppose it is no longer called Trigg's Pasture, but what a reservoir it was of walnuts and butternuts to be had for the taking! That alone would furnish a day's adventure. Further out to Gibson's pasture where red haws and hazel nuts were to be had and to Hickox pasture for persimmons! You couldn't "do" them all in one day!

Then have you fished at Gooch's Mill, in Adam's Pond - or if they didn't bite there, go back a little ways to Viertel's pond? Never did I return fishless from these places, neither from Sulphur creek nor the Bonne Femme, across the river. Does it make you homesick, old fellow?

I go a hundred and twenty-five miles away now when I go fishing, each October, and where I go the Gasconade winds through the Ozarks, a country so beautiful that it makes your heart ache. Last year I captured a fourteen pounder, but it didn't bring me the joy that - but why prolong your suffering? I merely want to remind you that the old boys had a pretty good time without modern conveniences that make it too easy. You

[112]

perhaps know that happiness comes from the successful exercise of IMPEDED energy? Now let that soak in!

### **The Lightning Express**

How many of you remember old man Shelton's "Lightning Express?" Mr. Shelton had a rickety old wagon and his successive horses must have resulted from a cross between a sloth and a tortoise. If, you wanted your trunk taken to the railway station, Mr. Shelton must have twenty-four hours' notice in order that he might get it there on time. The lightning express charged ten cents a load - of anything, and if time was no object, the service was quite satisfactory.



Mr. Shelton was a plain, inoffensive citizen with no claims to culture, but his son William was a sensitive, refined, handsome young man who was a marble cutter in Boonville and enjoyed the esteem and good will of all. Will disappeared one day and, seemingly, dropped off into space. I think no one ever heard from him afterward although many would be pleased to know that he had prospered.

[113]

### **The Old Doctor Dies-Having Never Surrendered**

Once in a generation, if a community be favored by Providence, there appears a physician of such transcendent ability, filled with such love for humanity and for his profession, that he towers above his contemporaries, is revered and his memory held green unto the third generation. Boonville and its vicinity was thus blessed when, in the year 1864 Dr. Daniel D. Miles arrived and announced that he had come to make his home there and to practice his profession. For almost fifty years he was known to almost every man, woman and child in Cooper and Howard Counties.

A few, a very few, of those who were young half a century ago will recall the advent of the sturdy young doctor at whom all looked askance for he stood convicted of the double crime of youth and of preaching a new doctrine in therapeutics, which was that medicine need not be vile in taste or drastic in action to produce curative results. Here was a heresy which none of the present generation can comprehend, for lack of experience with "old time" medicines.

The young physician was at once ostracised by the other doctors who refused to meet him in

[114]

consultation, this being equivalent to forbidding the people to employ the new doctor for a consultation, and was held over all patients who were seriously ill, a sort of "last sacrament" without which one might not die in comfort.

For years the new doctor was employed only in cases where patients "were going to die anyway;" but in the course of time it began to be noticed that they did not die! Then some of the bolder citizens called the doctor at night, for it would never do to have the heretic seen entering the homes of respectable people. For a long, long time the good man did not understand why he should be so busy only after nightfall, but he soon grew accustomed to it and then the night calls lapped over into the early morning hours and finally into regular day calls, after which the doctor had little opportunity of distinguishing night from day so far as professional duties were concerned, for his days were not infrequently twenty four hours long.

"For over twenty years I did not have a full night's sleep," he told me some years ago. He (did not add that he was often more ill than those to whom he ministered, for Dr. Miles

was a lifelong sufferer from asthma which was of a violent type and yielded slowly or, not at all to medication.

[115]

Intensely hot weather gave him his only respite. After being deprived of essential sleep for many nights, it was not unusual for wayfarers to meet the doctor's horse grazing by the roadside with his exhausted master sound asleep on the buggy seat; and oft times the same faithful horse would bring the sleeping man safely home on the darkest night.

A giant in stature, endowed with titanic physical endurance, he never spared himself, expending his wonderful energy without thought of financial return. In fact he was as a child in money matters, far more likely was he to leave a coin at the bedside of a needy patient than to ask a fee. Literally he defied the elements in making his round of professional calls. One night while a blizzard was raging and the snow was drifting over the fence tops, he was called twelve miles in the country to see a croupy child. Getting out of his warm bed, he hitched his horse to a sleigh and after overcoming incredible difficulties, he arrived at the farmer's home, his hands and feet numb with cold. Pounding on the door for several minutes, he finally had the satisfaction of hearing the second story window being raised and a voice call out quite cheerily: "That you, doctor? Well, when we sent for you little Bessie was pretty bad,

[116]

but she seems all right now so we won't need you. Good night!"

Down came the window leaving the doctor no alternative but to return home. Being now thoroughly chilled and almost exhausted, he faced the terrible storm once more and managed to reach home by daylight. This is but one case of boorish ingratitude; there must have been thousands of them but no complaint did I ever hear from this great-hearted, gentle, natural man; if he was at times treated discourteously, he was too big to allow it to color his life or his work; on the other hand he earned and retained the love and gratitude of thousands and this made life very sweet to him.

Dr. Miles remained in active practice until past eighty-three years of age and even then he put off the harness only at the earnest solicitation of his family, when growing infirmities made the burden of professional duties too heavy for the grand old veteran of many battles with Death. He could conquer when he fought for others, for these he poured out his health, his strength, his knowledge and his love. What was left? Only a shell and when Death's great ally, Time, gave notice to the Reaper that he might now strike with impunity, who shall say that Death did not

[117]

remember his ancient adversary and touch that shell gently and with awe!

## **A Colored Supplement**

You would think that a colored man named Turk Gooseberry must have some outstanding characteristics. If he had, I never heard of them. I think he was just an ordinary, everyday negro. His sister Mary, now, was quite another individual. Mary did not have a little lamb, but she did possess a large goat, formerly the property of the Boonville police.

### **PRECIDO**

Our family had a colored servitor with a most poetical name, Precido, but everybody called her Brazeeder, or more often just "Zeeder."

Now Precido and her mother, ancient Ann - a thousand years old, I thought - were the only negroes that our big black dog, Carlo, would tolerate.

If any other colored folk dared reach in to unlatch the gate or even look over the tall oak board fence, there would be heard the most horrific growl as a hundred and fifty pounds of solid dog

[118]

meat was hurled against the gate toward the offending hand or woolly head, which never remained there long enough to meet the impact. Carlo had a most deplorable race prejudice!

### **TABLEAU TILDY**

Tableau Tildy was at the very apex of high society among colored folk in Boonville. She wore a black silk dress and the most protuberent bustle I ever saw. She could easily have carried two spare tires upon it.

Who took the places of the hotel runners Henry, for the City hotel and Al for the Mansion House?

Known by thousands of travelers, these "boys" were entirely different as to type, yet each was a perfect, all around servitor. Al was older, lighter in color and more dignified than the slender, darker, more agile Henry.

Although working for rival hotels and meeting every train, day and night, I never knew of their quarreling - I never saw either lose his temper, behave rudely to each other, or to a hotel guest and they were under my observation for many years-two mighty good boys!

[119]

### **THE TOWN CRIER**

Boonville used to have a Town Crier. No, Virginia, he did not weep for the community but he did take up a large hand bell, walk up and down the streets to its music, and make corner stops to announce mass meetings, "public sale and vendue" of household goods.

At the wind-up he would say: "Walk right up, ladies and gentlemen, and give everybody a fair chance."

He was the negro Court House janitor and his name was Pat.

### **TINY TAKES NO CHANCES**

One of the low down negroes of Boonville was named Thornton. "Thornt" made a precarious living by collecting the town garbage which he fed to his hogs. He owned a rickety-rackety wagon drawn by an animal which bore a faint resemblance to the equine family, a skeleton barely held together by his skin. When in transit there was always a question which rattled the more, the horse or the cart.

Thornt had two children, Tiny, a girl about sixteen, and Joe aged ten; the family was perennially the object of charity. Tiny attached herself to the family of George Hain as doer of odd

**[120]**

jobs, such as sweeping the walks and weeding the garden. She was totally unfitted for household service but Mrs. Hains always managed to let her earn a dime in case of pressing need.

Upon one Saturday occasion Tiny was engaged to come the following Monday to weed the brick pavement. Instead her little brother put in his appearance.

"Tiny, she cain't come, Mrs. Hains, she's powerful sick," said the little darkey.

"What is the matter with her, Joe?"

"Tiny, she's got a baby, mam."

"Why, Joe I I didn't know that Tiny was married."

"Nome," said the little fellow, "Tiny's not maid but she 'lowed she wasn't goin' to die no ole maid!"

### **MIRANDY'S EXCUSE**

Nearly every family in Boonville had its colored help more or less permanent throughout the years, often taking in two generations. Some of these negro women did laundry work

only and could be relied upon for the weekly event. The family of Walter Hutchison had in this capacity old Mirandy and there was consternation in the household one day when a messenger instead of

[121]

the faithful Mirandy appeared at the back door. The daughter of the household, Miss Bernadine, had the message relayed to her by the housemaid.

"Mirandy, she aint goin' to do you-all's washin' today, Miss Burna."

"But she must do it," insisted the young mistress.

"Nome, she caint do it."

"I wish you'd tell me why she can't."

"She caint do it 'cause she's daid!"

And she was.

### **Youthful Chemists**

Chemical apparatus was too expensive for us - we had to make our own and get along as well as we could. It was most discouraging to see how often a glass retort was called for, \$1.25, utterly beyond our means! We finally achieved one and gathered in worshipful attitude as we unpacked our treasure, shipped all the way from New York.

Chemicals were cheap enough, thanks to the friendly Boonville druggists. We did find one apparatus, however, within our means; crucibles, fifteen cents a nest! We ordered two "nests" from Philadelphia, dreamed of our purchase for

[122]

days and had a rude awakening when our package came by express, charges \$1.95! We had completely forgotten the cost of transportation. I still have the "master" crucible.

There was a lot of fun for boys in chemistry in the old days before restrictive laws were enacted, prohibiting (ugh, but that word is getting to be obnoxious!) animals from running at large. Now what possible connection is there in that? Did you know that by watering seed corn with certain poisons in solution, you could raise corn that, when fed to wandering chickens, tends to abruptly terminate their lives? Chickens were only fifteen cents each in those days - now they are too costly for such sport.

Then too, you could demonstrate that pigs can really eat arsenic with impunity and, if arsenic, why not other interesting chemicals-just to see how many kinds Mr. Pig could

stand! There were plenty of pigs everywhere. We did not think of them as property - just as clinical material. What's a pig more or less, between friends?

I can recall only three or four cases where the pig failed to survive running the chemical gauntlet. But one day we were much perturbed when a friendly cow sampled our "stew" intended for

[123]

her humble follower, the pig. We drove her away in time but we heard that poor Mrs. Cow was somewhat ill for several days.

We boy chemists, Walter Williams, Charles Swap and I, rather specialized in the making of gases in Mr. Williams' carpenter shop, and we used large Mason jars as our containers inverted on old dishes in water to prevent leakage of gas.

Upon one occasion some envious boys whom we would not admit to our close corporation, sneaked in during our absence and released all our oxygen and hydrogen gases, so painfully collected. We laid a scientific trap for them by filling all our jars with the terrible irritating chlorine gas, then we ostentatiously closed up and departed - for a short distance, round the corner to watch the working of the trap.

We did not have long to wait. Two big boys raised the window, climbed in and turned our gas jars up - then looked around apparently to see what other mischief they could do. They never got to it, but came bolting through the open window, strangling, coughing and choking, with streaming eyes. Never again did those boys, or any others, trouble us. I guess we were the originators of poison gas in warfare after all!

[124]

### **Oyster Cans**

Who recalls "Oyster cans" who taught the parochial school in the early '74s? This "enemy" of boyhood, a tyrannical teacher whose real name I do not remember, obtained his nickname in a peculiar manner. He was in a group of men who were speaking of the day's menu. One remarked that he had canned oysters for dinner. "I had oyster cans, too," eagerly shrilled the schoolmaster - to the delight of a "little pitcher" near by and thenceforth was his life made unhappy in ejaculations of "Oyster Cans!" on every possible occasion. His real name was forgotten in the delicious pseudonym with which his small tormentors pursued him during the remainder of his school year. He did not return, the gaff was too much for him.

I must confess a bit of malice toward "Oyster cans." I attended the public school and so was antagonistic toward his students and one of the manifestations of this spirit was to annoy them in any possible way. One day we public charges had "one term," getting out

at one o'clock, so with a companion I went to pick a fight with the other school. No pupils being in sight we began to throw snowballs against the schoolhouse door.

[125]

They stood it with surprising patience and we grew bolder. Suddenly the door flew open and the entire school dashed out after us. Paralyzed with surprise and fear I did a poor job of running, in fact I tripped and measured my short-length in the icy mud which covered me from head to foot. I was a sight to behold - not a grain of fight left in me. My captor, George Mangold, seeing I was sufficiently humiliated, let me go home. But for years I dreaded to meet him and while realizing that my punishment was just, I laid it up against "old Oyster cans" and did my full share in making his life a burden, which is not at all to my credit.

### **Peter Shelby and His Lantern**

In 1835 there came to Boonville from Kentucky a young man who was an expert worker in leather. John Durr, the town's pioneer saddler, recognized the ability of the young Kentuckian, engaged his services and for more than fifty years the saddles of Peter Shelby were famous in central Missouri.

Soon after his arrival Peter met Adaline Adams and that meeting was fatal to Peter insofar as his peace of mind was concerned for Adaline's

[126]

parents would not consent to their daughter's marriage, the objection being the extreme youthfulness of the couple. But Peter Shelby knew what he was about and, Adaline saying him yea, he mounted armoured in his his steed, like any other knight, determination and, riding up to the fair maid's domicile, he had small difficulty in persuading her that his horse carried double. So the one steed carried them beyond the reach of parental objections to a friendly minister.

And did they live happily ever after? They did. Their after story was that of placid contentment and service to their fellow townsmen. Happy is the individual, also, who has no history, for "history" is a record of wars and troubles in general. Peter Shelby and his mate went about unobtrusively doing good. Is that not history enough?

Boonville was not well lighted in the early days, so Peter always carried a little lantern after dark and people who saw the twinkling light would say: "There goes Peter Shelby - I wonder who is sick." This little lantern is now the treasured possession of Mr. Shelby's granddaughter, Mrs. William J. Forsythe, now of Kansas City. So closely identified were the lantern and Peter that when the final summons came, the minister, speaking

[127]

the last word at the funeral said: "Saint Peter will know his namesake and when he sees the twinkle of the little lantern, he will say: `Here comes Peter Shelby, let us make him welcome!"

### **The Old Time Grocery**

The comparative, "slow as molasses in January," has small meaning today but in my boyhood days it stood for the acme of retardation. Many were the hours I spent in Sam Koontz's grocery awaiting the fill of my molasses jug!

In those days the stuff was handled in large barrels weighing hundreds of pounds. These were upended on a low platform and furnished with a faucet through which the thick syrup eventually passed, first into a quart measure and then into the jug or pail. We had the choice of sorghum, Sugar House and Golden Drip; the last named was for the aristocracy.

When a "grinding" faucet was invented which accelerated the sluggish flow and actually measured the quantity passing, then we thought the height of achievement had indeed arrived. No longer could the clerks start the flow of molasses, then wait on half a dozen other customers without fear of an overflow.

**[128]**

I recall also the advent of the wooden butter plates or "boats" along about 1872. Before that time each customer furnished his own dish or other container for butter, huge piles of which, exposed on the counter, were liberally sprinkled with flies in the summer time. We paid twelve and a half to fifteen cents a pound for butter, fresh or rancid; the latter was called "strong" butter. Many bitter tears did I shed because I could not tell the difference for I had to take back and exchange all the "strong" butter I purchased and the grocer would give me more samples to taste which but added to my confusion.

Imagine the time when paper bags were unknown! Sam Koontz had a clerk, the fox-faced Charley Kliess, who was an expert at wrapping granulated sugar, which was just beginning to be used, in large sheets of coarse brown paper. The purchaser got a strong, artistically made package with not a grain leaking through, even though he dropped the bundle, which I did quite frequently.

The grocer worked harder in those days. Every commodity was in bulk and open to the eye, the nose and the tongue of the customer, as well as to the pest of the myriads of flies then thought inevitable. Rats and mice had the run of the premises. Grocery keeping was a dirty job. Today

**[129]**



when neatly packaged goods are the rule, the merchant has a comparatively dainty occupation and the modern grocery is as sanitary as a drug store.

### **Those Amiable Pigotts**

Has Boonville more than its quota of amiable people - or is it just my impulsive Latin temperament that makes me think so? Now there was the family of John T. Pigott. those lovable boys of whom the home town kept two, John C. and Frank. William T., the elder son, we loaned to Montana - the Supreme Court needed him. Fred, the baby, left home when quite a boy and has achieved success as a banker in southwest Missouri.

I said we "loaned" the two boys, but I fear we will have to declare war on Montana in order to get judge William T. Pigott back to Missouri. You see, they appreciate him out there. Well, our sister states need our boys so we must not be selfish about it. It takes the good Missouri leaven to start the ferment of civilization in the newer communities.

[130]

### **"Spieler Miller"**

I hated him. How unreasoning are the hatreds of the young toward their playmates 1 Almost as unreasoning as those of the older folk toward their fellow men. It was a wise preacher who, at a meeting of his city congregation, sitting stiffly at attention, began operations thus: "Shake hands with the man at your right and get acquainted with him - you might like him!" Within fifteen minutes he had the meeting on a friendly footing.

Now, when I was a young lad just starting in to learn telegraphy, William E. Miller, better known as "Spieler," was almost a full-fledged operator. One day he did me an injury and I swore eternal enmity toward him. He must have done some terrible thing to arouse this feeling for I cannot recall what it was. I do remember, however, how I hated him!

Some playful idiot, having been given a target rifle by some one with even less intelligence, proceeded to land a bullet in Spieler's back close to the spine and I was told that my hated enemy might die. Of course I should have been delighted but, being a soft-hearted fool, I took my last quarter and bought a bag of oranges which I took to the sickroom and there was a great sob

[131]

in my throat as I gazed upon the stricken lad and realized that I did not hate him at all.

Years rolled by. Spieler rose high in the telegraphic world while I remained just a plug operator and finally abandoned the key for the study of medicine. William had an artistic soul, however, and was never quite satisfied with even the top rank in telegraphy so a few years ago he opened a studio and is going to grow old as an artist photographer. One day

when I was calling on my old friend, he suggested that I "look pleasant" for a moment. Well, the result of that pleasant moment "adorns" this volume.

### **More Shadowy People**

Who remembers Carlo Bosley? My memory of this town character is nebulous indeed but his name strangely persists. My impression is that Carlo had a weak neck upon which wobbled a hard head. He was not held up as a model for future good citizens to follow but I think he was just a wild boy with a swagger.

Now Pony Stowers I held to be a real "bad man." Pony chewed tobacco enormously and could spit its amber colored juice half way across the street. Another of his accomplishments was

[132]

that he swore horribly and we good little boys, pondered that the earth did not open and swallow a profane lad like Pony Stowers.

Johnny Booger was another tough character who was held up as a horrible example. Johnny was always looking for trouble and, if he failed to find it, he would proceed to manufacture some. Booger habitually and literally carried a chip on his shoulder and no chosen victim could hope to escape. Did he decline to knock off the chip, Johnny would just bump into him hard enough to dislodge it from his own shoulder and then proceed to administer punishment disregarding lack of provocation. Johnny Booger was truly what might be termed a "fighting fool."

I think these three boys of long ago were used, is a sort of loup garou, to frighten little folk for the good of their souls. Compared to the modern gangsters they would seem mild indeed.

### **"One Wonderful Night"**

There is one July 4th celebration that stands out in my memory. Boonville, was determined to show folks how to do it and a big fund was collected for the process. Neighboring towns were thoroughly informed as to our intentions, excursions

[133]

arranged and, for the time, all roads led, not to Rome, but to Boonville.

Brass bands met the mass of people on arriving trains and conveyances were provided for visiting celebrities. The day was ideal for the great barbecue which was the leading daylight event and which passed off to the greatest satisfaction of all animal creation in the vicinity.

But THE great feature was to be a gigantic display of fireworks on the river front. An expert in the art of pyrotechnics was engaged from St. Louis and a barge loaded with an enormous assortment was anchored out in the river.

The levee was black with humanity as was also every vantage point, especially the roofs of nearby buildings, when a bomb announced the opening of the evening's entertainment, which was awaited with bated breath.

One great skyrocket soared toward the heavens - then a blinding flash and a display that would have put Vesuvius in the shade as the whole barge load of fireworks exploded in one grand burst of glory! The two hour event was over in two minutes, to the intense disappointment of the multitude who jeered and reviled the unfortunate pyrotechnician as he was fished out of the river!

[134]

### Shakespeare

Did you know that Shakespeare once lived in Boonville? Well, he did! He had a drug and book store on Main Street near Spring, and he let little boys read his "giant books."

And he even told them giant stories that were not in regular books. He did, indeed!

And is it any wonder that those boys accepted and loved the greater Shakespeare as soon as they grew up?

You see this humble Shakespeare, by feeding our youthful minds with wondrous tales, actually prepared us to accept Shakespeare the gigantic.

### Happy Days

Jim Shelby, Adam Eckhard's butcher, never lacked assistance in the way of small boys. I wonder if the old slaughter house is still there on the river, east of Seventh street? Many a bloody drama did I witness there and the fascination never palled. I was eager to help pull in the fighting steers, but I always fled when the poor sheep went to their doom.

A rival attraction was Sombart's Mill with its fascinating machinery. We could watch the big

[135]

fly-wheel from an outside window and often remained to see her slow down and finally stop dead still, when the day's work was done.

You could put in day after day along the river. There was the lime kiln, Gaunt's Woolen Mill, the two slaughter houses, Sombart's Flour Mill, Gibson's Saw Mill, Chas.

Meierhoffer's Sand "Drudge," as Ed Spahr called it, the bridge, then much further west, Thomas' Branch, where fish could be taken.

All along you could pick up "drift wood cigars," which only a boy could smoke. They had one virtue, they "drew" well! There is nothing to which I can compare the acrid smoke which brought blisters to our tongues, tears to our eyes, but pride to our hearts!

### **Poor Old O'Donnell**

Do you remember O'Donnell, the poor demented creature who lived on South 6th near the public school in the early '70s? I think the fact that he did live there made his recovery hopeless, for his house, his windows and his fences were continuously targets for all the schoolboys. And

[136]

have you noticed how cruel children are to abnormal beings?

You may recall O'Donnell's appearance as he made his weekly journey to down town shops. A tall, slender figure, wearing a high hat and a Joseph's coat of quilt-like-patches, a veritable pied piper of a man. All his purchases he carried home in a gunny sack slung over his shoulders.

We children were deathly afraid of him but I have learned since that he was a harmless creature who lost his mind when his wife died. She was his sheet anchor and his brain did not function smoothly after his bereavement. It was said that he kept her room for years precisely as his wife left it when she died.

Poor old O'Donnell!

### **A Mighty Man Was He**

Mike Zimmerman had his blacksmith shop just east of the Bedwell home, on Court Street, and many a joyous day did I spend with this amiable man. He let me blow the bellows and pound red hot iron to my heart's content and made for me chisels with which to cut my 'nitals in the limestone bluffs down the river.

How I loved this black-bearded village smith!

[137]

I never failed to call on him in after years when I came to Boonville and I was always affectionately greeted.

He had a son, Wyat - we pronounced it "Fide," but I believe he no longer lives in Boonville. The Zimmermans lived on 7th Street, south of Mrs. Elizabeth Kratz' home.

Mrs. Kratz, by the way, was a remarkable woman. Left a widow with four daughters at the time of the Civil War, she managed to rear three of them to womanhood. It is said that when marauding soldiers passed through Boonville, Mrs. Kratz hid her money and silverware under a manure pile. The soldiers, accustomed to having valuables hidden from them, dug up the whole garden in hunting for treasure, having heard that the widow had some money lately inherited from her husband, but they neglected the unattractive pile of fertilizer, so Mrs. Kratz had her garden all plowed up ready for spring planting and she bore the soldiers' visit with equanimity.

Her garden was every year the wonder of the neighborhood. She always had the first and finest vegetables. She kept a cow and we took milk from her and fought for the privilege of going

[138]

after it. You see Mrs. Kratz had very good-looking daughters and besides, she made "lep-cookies," the goodness of which I have never seen equaled (except by those of Mrs. Charles Meierhoffer) and she was always so generous to little boys who made two trips daily for the milk supply.

Once my mother sent me for some of those little brownish cheeses, which it seemed to us no one else could make so well. I timidly inquired whether she would sell me half a dozen. To my surprise she replied, "Go tell your mother that they are not rotten enough yet. You come back next week!" I can still feel the cold shivers up and down my spine - rotten! - all the same they were good, and I should like to have some more, for now I know that only ripe cheese is really good and that Mrs. Kratz simply expressed it in a more homely word.

Mrs. Kratz spent her last years with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Dauwalter, and I shall always be glad that I called to see her and received her blessing before the end came. The memory lingers of the dear old lady and her wheeled chair, looking so comfortable and contented in the twilight of her long and useful life.

[139]

### **Fast Colors**

I saw but three blanket Indians in Boonville in my childhood and they were in one party. One terribly cold, snowy morning they came in gaudy blankets and eagle feathers, begging at the kitchen door. I was greatly relieved when they departed without our scalps after drinking a lot of hot coffee and taking away a handout of food. This was about 1870; I think Indians had all been driven west of Missouri by that time. Then my father told us of his experience as a boy in France. They had heard that a family of negroes was to pass through a neighboring village and having never seen a black man, he got up at three a. m., and trudged five miles to see the sight. He found members of the family were

really black, but the villagers were skeptical. They coaxed away one of the children and took him down to a stream of water. There they proceeded to give the little darkey a terrific scrubbing with soap and sand to the delight of the white children who were disappointed when he was rescued and restored to his parents, unbleached by the process of lavage.

### Where God Makes Little Apples

Boonville has the distinction of being the Lady

[140]

Apple's headquarters, the largest orchard in the world being situated just out of town and containing over fourteen hundred trees of this Lilliputian of the apple family. You may recall that in a former sketch I felt obliged to discipline the owner of this orchard, C. C. Bell, by imposing upon him the fine of a barrel of real apples. And Mr. Bell had had the temerity to champion the Ben Davis as against the Geniton apple. Well, good sport that he is, Bell paid the fine with a keg of cider, an acceptable compromise.

Press of duties, sundry and various, has prevented the enjoyment of this cider which I have had stored for some time in the nice warm furnace room so that it should not be injured by our cold weather. A generous pitcherful, properly cooled, stands before me as I write and I have just taken a full glass as an inspiration. Umm - that's tasty-seems to me to have a pungent snap to it, but that cannot be, as sweet cider has absolutely no reaction. Now let me try that again!

Nothing wrong with that cider, no added eater, just the pure juice of the apple. Let me see, I wonder if it complies with the Pure Food Law; did Mr. Bell put in any benzoate of soda? I'll just take another glass and see if I can detect

[141]

any preservatives. No, I don't taste any chemicals; does warm a fellow up a little-how can cold cider do that? Oh, yes, I remember now, Bell says they use Lady Apple cider with which to make champagne in France and maybe they use it to make beer in Germany, vodka in Russia and, perhaps, arak in Borneo.

My head seems a bit disturbed. Let me see, what was I saying? Oh, yes, biggest orchard of Lady Apples, one hundred and forty thousand trees - no more than that, two hundred and forty thousand miles of trees. Or is that the distance from the earth to the moon? Yes, that's it, I knew I was right! You know old Davy Crockett? He used to say to me: "Dock, be sure you're right, then it goes to your head 1" Good man, Davy Crockett, but I'm sorry to say he's dead now. I wonder if that cider complies with that Volstead infamy! I'll jus' drink 'nother glash-shee if it does. Yesh, it aw right. Hon Volshtead he say: "Thou shalt no t-" something, can't jus' 'member what he did shay. Bell is ringin' in my earsh, what the devil Bell callin' me up for I wonder? Hell's Bells! Thatsch what I wanna shay-now I

think thash fine! Feel like writing poems, going to do it too-yesh I am, like Bell I am. Shay, watsh matter wit' youse, anyway? No, I'm not goin' to

[142]

bed - I wan' sham more shider, yes I do. Fine fellow, that Volstead - three sheers for Hell's Bells. Hip, hic, hurrah!

### **Captains Courageous**

Captain Franklin Swap! Now doesn't that look queer? Yes, it is our dear old doctor of dental surgery in the uniform of his country during the Civil War. For this is a story of two Captains, the other one is our fiery old friend, John Porter, running true to form as indicated in another sketch. John Porter, as you know, was the owner of the steam ferryboat named for his granddaughter, the Birdie Brent, about which are clustered so many undying memories of our childhood.

The time was at the tag end of the Civil War, those days of stress and anxiety when the civil courts were resuming their function. Captain Swap was provost marshal, his district extended north and south from Jefferson City to Lexington, Mo., and as far west as the sun shone. On his trips to Boonville the captain had his headquarters in the basement of the Central National Bank. It is of course impossible for many of us to imagine the chaotic conditions of life in those

[143]

days of transition from military to civil rule, but those who passed through it will never forget the feeling of insecurity which prevailed.

Circuit Judge Scott had arrived in Boonville to open court accompanied by his lovely young daughter. They lived at the City Hotel, and one day when Miss Scott was on a shopping tour she was accosted by a gang of Union soldiers who were under the influence of drink. Terribly frightened, the young lady hastened to the hotel arriving in a fainting condition, followed by the soldiers who became noisier and more offensive as they neared her sanctuary.

Brian McPherson, the innkeeper, shut and barricaded the door in the faces of the drunken soldiers who besieged the hotel threatening to burn the building, and they made ready to do just that. McPherson sent trusty messengers to several friends who rallied to his aid led by Capt. John Porter who, seeing their helpless condition, all civilians having been disarmed, made his way to the provost marshal's office.

In shirt sleeves, bareheaded, crimson from exertion and anger, Captain Porter burst into the marshal's office and saluted. "Are you Captain Swap? My name is Porter, Capt. John Porter - no, I have no time for civilities, I'll not sit

[144]

down, no I want to tell you, Capt. Swap, that some of your damned drunken soldiers have insulted a young lady, the daughter of Judge Scott, they are besieging her in her hotel and threatened to burn the building - it may be on fire now!"

Captain Swap in his calm way tried to soothe the fiery Captain Porter, who resented his unemotional poise. "By God, sir, I am a Union man but my sympathies are with the South. You have disarmed us, but at least we can die in defense of our women, and I am going back to do it!" Captain Swap gave a quiet command to his orderly, Frank Van Buskirk, a youngster hardly out of his teens. "Frank, go over and arrest those men and put a guard over the hotel. Shoot the first man who resists. I'll attend to those soldiers as soon as they are sober."

Captain Porter stamped in his impatience and broke out! " My God, sir, don't you know that boy can't arrest a dozen men who are crazy drunk? Why, they'll 'eat him alive!" "Frank knows his business," quietly replied Captain Swap, and Porter charged out of the office cursing the Union army, the North in general and Capt. Swap in particular as he followed the orderly on the run. Arriving at the hotel the youngster snapped out: "Halt! Men, you are under arrest. Line up for

[145]

the guard house. I will shoot the first man who tries to escape!"

It was then that Capt. Porter realized what a difference there was in the voice of authority behind which stood the power of the whole nation. The men submitted like lambs and marched to the guard house subdued to soberness by the threat of instant death. Porter viewed the proceeding with amazement and hurried back to the provost marshal's office. "By God, sir, Captain Swap! I have returned to beg your pardon and to thank you with all my heart. I feared you were like the rest of your men, I took your calmness for indifference. We were ready to die in defense of Miss Scott and would have done so. You have saved our lives and let me tell you, sir, that if John Porter ever gets a chance to do you a favor, may I be eternally damned if I don't do it!"

The war passed into history. Captain Swap returned to his home in Bedford, Iowa, and resumed the practice of his profession. But Iowa was a raw, new country in those days, settlers were few and patients rare. Soon the doctor began thinking longingly of the little vine-clad Missouri town and the beautiful country thereabout.

[146]

Winters were terrible in Iowa, so he moved southward and established himself in Boonville, the town of pleasant memories.



But Dr. Swap was a Yankee, there was strong southern feeling in Boonville and practice was painfully meagre, so by springtime the howling of the wolf on the doorstep had become familiar and was growing ominous. Things were at a desperate pass for the young doctor's family when one day Captain Porter called upon him and saw evidence of how badly the doctor was in need of just that favor he had promised to render, with dread alternative. Porter wormed out the story of desperate need from his reluctant friend, spoke a few cheering words and proceeded to action.

The very next day there started to Dr. Swap's office a stream of patients which never abated but grew in volume, and they all told the same story; "Capt. Porter sent me." With his dominating personality there was no resisting the appeals the commands, of the doughty captain and soon the good doctor was working eighteen hours a day.

The friendship of these two men was beautiful to behold. The one small, wiry, dynamic, with a tender heart hidden under a bluff exterior. The

[147]

other calm, forceful, steadfast, with his great sad face which we can never forget,- these were real men who lived long lives of useful service to their fellows and, having made their lasting imprint upon a page of Missouri history, they now lie peacefully asleep in beautiful Walnut Grove.

### **The Light That Cheered**

How the memory of little things about the home town clings to us! A winding path, an odd shaped stepping stone, a tall tree - they all come back to us as the years speed on. One of Boonville's daughters, now living far away, told me that one of her most pleasant memories was the sight of Col. and Mrs. Thos. A. Johnston, at their library table, under the reading lamp.

Many times when feeling blue, she would go out for a stroll and pass by the unshaded window to see the beautiful white haired lady and the courtly colonel reading to her. The sight was always uplifting and cheering. "How thankful I was that they did not pull down the shade and thus deprive me of my solace for the time being and of the associated memories which have endured for so many years!" she said.

[148]

### **An Old School Gentleman**

Another prominent citizen was C. F. Aehle - merchant and violin virtuoso. He strikingly resembled portraits of the famous Hungarian pianist, Abbe Liszt. His elder son, Ernest, lives in St. Louis and is known as "the Old Doctor" to the readers of "Rod and Gun." He is an authority on fly fishing and the making of those flies so dear to the heart of an angler.

Another son, Charles S., is a connoisseur of art objects and jewels. His daughter, Elise, who may be claimed as Boonville's granddaughter, and I assure you she is worth claiming, is becoming famous as an artiste. Her instrument is that of her grandfather, the violin, and she is now in Europe perfecting some part of her technique. Keep your eye on Miss Elise Aehle, she will go far.

### **The High Water Marker**

Haw fascinating are the natural phenomena! The hottest summer, the coldest winter, the heaviest rainfall, they all remain fixed in our minds and form subjects of conversation gathering importance with time.

A thousand times have I stopped on the levee at the stone recording the high water mark of

[149]

1844. Not until recently did I learn that the stone was placed there by one of our pioneer citizens, David Andrews, who will be remembered as a sturdy old gentleman, hard as nails. About the only kind that survived the gruelling years of pioneer life.

Did you know that Mr. Andrews was an old time mayor of Boonville? He was also a member of the first town council in the '30s. I like to think of that marking stone being ceremoniously placed 80 years ago and I hope that when the centennial of that great high water arrives there will be another ceremony at the spot and that another stone with David Andrews' name carved upon it and giving the facts will be placed near the original marker.

### **Two Old Boonville Doctors**

At the age of ten I formed the habit of visiting that fine old gentleman, Dr. Wade Howard, whose office adjoined the rear of the Koontz store on the corner of Main and Morgan. Dorsey Shackelford and his brother, "Big Shack," were also frequent visitors.

Dr. Howard recognized my hunger for knowledge and taught me, among other things, an appreciation

[150]

of those wondrous sea tales of Captain Maryatt, and you who have read these incomparable stories will agree that had Dr. Howard taught me nothing else he had done well by me. But this courteous old school gentleman did not stop there, he gave me what rudimentary medical lore a boy could take in and many other good things, good because they were fundamental. I think his influence on my life was profound.

At the age of 12 I came under the influence of Dr. C. S. Boarman, a man of brusque nature whom I instinctively antagonized. You remember that old time Civil War surgeon who was called to operate on a Union officer in an emergency? Being himself a Rebel, Dr. Boarman was under suspicion - they thought he would not try to save the officer's life so he was ordered to operate under a guard who was to shoot the doctor if his patient died.

They little knew that the humanity of Dr. Boarman was above his political creed. He refused to operate under such conditions but when the guard was removed he performed the delicate operation successfully.

From Dr. Boarman I learned tact, also caution in prognosis and I think I learned them because

[151]

he had neither. I was a very delicate child and the doctor would tell my mother in my presence "it's no use, Mrs. Paillou, you will never raise that boy - he won't live to be twenty-one!"

Imagine the depressing effect of that statement from such an authority! Why, it would have been the death sentence for many a weakling. It had the contrary effect upon me, however, I was made angry and resentful - it roused all the fighting blood I possessed - which was not a great deal, but it served.

Dr. Boarman is remembered in his later years as a tall, erect, military figure wrapped in a large, gray shawl in lieu of overcoat, trudging daily to mass regardless of the weather. I often thought that this Spartan old doctor never quite forgave me for living beyond the years he had allotted.

### **A Tragedy on Morgan Street**

Have you ever noticed that little one story and basement - with a porch, house on the south side of Morgan Street, east of the old Sandrock hotel, near the old Mo., Pacific Station? I'll wager you did not know of a tragedy that occurred therein 1871, but I was the witness and know all about it.

[152]

One summer day I was reading mysterious words the railway cars, such as "Compromise" and "M. C. B, Axle," when I heard a heart-rending shriek and saw a child flying across the street pursued by a fiend in skirts, carrying a club wrapped in a towel to conceal her brutality. She caught the poor little one and struck her cruelly, blow after blow on the back, until the spine was fractured in two places, and the child had to be carried back by the fiend, being unable of course, to walk after such injury.

With pitiful cries that rang in my ears for many years, the child was taken into the house and I waited in vain for the doctor and police to arrive. I could hear the moans as the fiend doubtless smothered the loud cries and at last I could hear no more.

For years and years this poor crippled child lingered on and on with broken back, helpless and at the mercy of one who knew no mercy, and whom the police evidently feared to arrest. She had to spend most of the time on a swing contrivance, in plaster casts and then for the rest of her life, walked on crutches.

Now this was the impression made upon me by a little girl who ran away from her mother and crossed the street just as millions of children have done and do.

[153]

Can it be that there was no club concealed in that dish towel, and that the spine was not broken in two places, and that the little girl was not compelled to swing in that terrible plaster cast, and that she never had to use a crutch in all her life? Very likely!

### **Temperamental Tommy, Henry of Navarre and the Doughty Captain**

Who remembers little Tommy Mehan, the temperamental cobbler of Morgan Street? A quaint character was Tommy Mehan, formerly drill sergeant in Her Majesty's Army and very proud of the fact.

His great opportunity came when a wave of military fervor swept over Boonville and the Waddell Guards were organized. Tommy was about the only man in town who knew anything about tactics and his services were in great demand. He did the preliminary work well and considered himself quite indispensable.

The Guards became a great factor in Boonville social life. Tommy Mehan proved a Martinet and his cranium expanded too rapidly. Being socially impossible, he was relegated to a back seat,

[154]

which he took with poor grace and finally dropped out altogether.

In the meantime Capt. S. W. Ravenel had taken command of the Waddell Guards; they were enrolled in the State's service, were nattily uniformed and acquired proficiency in drill. Don't you remember how proud we were of "our boys in blue" and how the white plumed Capt. Ravenel was called our Henry of Navarre?

The enormous success of the Waddell Guards led to the organization of a rival company, the Boonville Guards, under the command of the doughty Capt. Taliaferro, who proved a very efficient commander and the Waddells found in the new organization a "foeman" worthy of its steel.

Capt. Taliaferro's company was just as successful as the Waddells in actual battle - neither company was ever defeated - however the Boonville Guards never achieved the elan possessed by Capt. Ravenel's company - elan, you know, is what you must have to gain success in a campaign with the ladies!

### **Packety Over**

Does the old Missouri River freeze up and

**[155]**

form an ice bridge as it did in the '70s? It seems to me that it was a common occurrence for thick ice - to form late in December and to last until the end of February. What sport it was for the children, the skating without even the thought of breaking through, so securely thick was the ice. Then fishing through holes cut in the ice, a hot fire of drift wood burning close by. What a happy lot of skaters, sledders and spectators were the youngsters and oldsters as well!

Then the ice cutters. Do you know that Boonville supplied St. Louis and towns as far south as Memphis with large quantities of natural ice, besides filling all the local ice houses? W. H. (Bill) Harrison was chief of the gang who literally cut some ice in those days. How the children loved this sturdy, kindly man who always had room for two or more on his busy wagons. Have you noticed how the memory of strong men who are good to little children endures? It passes to the third generation.

There was one man who did not rejoice when the river froze over, Capt. John Porter of the ferry boat. It must have made his heart ache to see the wagon loads of Howard county tobacco and other produce, as well as the cattle and mules, crossing toll-free to Boonville. Dealers in building

**[156]**

material took advantage of the conditions to transport a year's supply of sand and gravel from the island to the shore in huge piles out of the reach of high water which inevitably came later.

Once a party of us were down the river enjoying the winter sports. We noticed old man Sorg laboriously transporting large bundles of willows from the island in the middle of the river to the Boonville shore, staggering and slipping under his unwieldy burden. A generous impulse seized upon our leader who grabbed up a bunch of willows and skated across to the Sorg shelter, calling upon us to "help the old man!" Gleefully we fell into line, making a game of the work to the intense delight of Mr. Sorg who clapped his hands and called out encouragingly: "Packety over, boys, packety over!" and to the end of his days he was known as "Packety Over."

I suppose that Mr. Sorg was not at all an old man in those days but you know that anyone over thirty is considered quite aged by extreme youth, so I speak of "old man Sorg" as I have of other adults, not in disrespect, but as we thought of them. No doubt I am "old man Paillou" or "old doc Paillou" to the dear youngsters of today. Mr. Sorg made willow baskets the like of which the present generation never saw, unless his baskets have been

[157]

down to them which is quite within the range of possibility for the Sorg baskets were made to last more than one lifetime.

### **Levi of the Brittle Bones**

Did anyone have more friends than did Levi Gibson, farmer, scion of the pioneer family of that name which was identified with the earlier history of Boonville? He was so good natured, so slow to take offense, that he was often imposed upon. Being gifted with bones of extreme brittleness, Levi was popular with the medical fraternity. The all too frequent item appearing in the local papers to the effect that, "Levi Gibson has sustained another bone fracture," was accepted with a smile by his friends, although it was no joke to Levi, whose bones were broken in all possible ways except by hard words which, as we know, break no bones. Doubtless they would have produced fracture in his case but no one had hard words for Levi Gibson.

Levi claimed to make his way by "main strength and awkwardness" and there was none to contradict him. Upon one occasion farmer Cunningham gave a dinner party. Levi was among those present around the generously laden

[158]

dining table, the blessing had been asked and the to make themselves at home. Levi had a way of tilting back his chair when in earnest conversation: he did so on this interesting occasion but he leaned too far backward; losing his balance, he clutched the table cloth in trying to regain his equilibrium. Turkey, gravy, potatoes, cranberries, china, glassware, cider, coffee and cutlery, yielded to his strong arm and the table was swept bare, covering the unhappy Levi with the dinner for a dozen. Painfully he disengaged himself. Not one word had been spoken until the poor lad groaned: "Oh, I wish I had stayed at home!" "I wish to hell you had!" ejaculated farmer Cunningham.

### **Dr. Franklin Swap**

Dr. Franklin Swap was an outstanding citizen of Boonville, who took his civic duties seriously and served his home town well as school director, magistrate and as mayor.

Did you know that he designed and built his own dental chair, long before there were any special dental chairs made? He also devised and forged his own dental instruments as experience taught him what was needed.

[159]

Many a traveling salesman for dental supply houses got ideas for new instruments from Dr. Swap's office and never did the good doctor patent anything or refuse to permit anyone to use his inventions.

What a wonderful surgeon he would have been with his fine mechanical skill, keen judgment and broad humanity! Boonville and vicinity were always proud, and rightly so, of this really great, sad faced genius who spent his life in the service of his fellow men with scant reward in material things - but with the heartfelt love of the whole community.

#### **Dr. D. D. Miles**

One may not write of Dr. Swap without thinking of his lifelong friend, Dr. Miles, who lived and labored in medicine even as did Dr. Swap in dentistry.

I wrote an appreciation of this grand old man, which was published in the Advertiser at the time of his death but it seems to me that Dr. Miles grows greater as time passes and we get his perspective.

We later doctors seem small compared to this great hearted physician. Our skill perhaps is

[160]

better because of modern discoveries and inventions.. It should be so, standing, as we do, on the shoulders of the past; but aside from that, few of us give of ourselves as he did.

Were I in the throes of battle with the Grim Reaper and could do so, I would choose for my champion Dr. Daniel D. Miles.

#### **Tyler and Phil**

Tyler K. Brant was our metropolitan citizen. As a child he spent winters in New York and his summers in Boonville. This alone gave him distinction but he had many admirable qualities which I learned to appreciate in a very close friendship during the years 1875 to '80. I have often regretted the fact that this friendship was interrupted and that I did not know Tyler in our more mature years for he gave promise of some line attributes, the development of which, doubtless, would have proved delightful to share.

Tyler's business was in New York, but his heart was in the home town and he was not content until he had returned to it, but at that time I had gone away on my own quest so I lost him. The great Missouri River had for Tyler the fascination which it holds for so many of us who were

[161]

born and spent our childhood upon its borders. Returning from the east he decided to make his home in Boonville. Daily did he and his intimate friend, Phil Stahl, make their reverent pilgrimage to the great water for the inspiration and for the peaceful emotion which the river brings to its children. I, myself, having been under its spell can understand the satisfaction which this daily stroll gave to them.

Neither Tyler nor Phil was a lonely man; they had the great mental resources which enable one to be in good company when alone. To be really, terribly lonesome one must have an uncultivated mind and they were rich in knowledge. But you know how our joys are quadrupled when shared by kindred spirits. A sunset to one of these friends, alone, was a thing of beauty; together they thrilled over a scene of glory-God's masterpiece!

They probably gazed in awe upon the mirror of the Missouri as it reflected the shadow of that great grove of trees in Howard County, nearly opposite to Main Street and may have quote, one or the other of them, this line from Wordsworth: "That uncertain heaven received into the bosom of the steady waters." The voice of the

[162]

flowing water spoke joyously to them of the dear old steamboats of our childhood, it spoke sadly of the toll of our companions which it had taken during the period of high waters and dangerous swimming.

It spoke of those winters when its waters had been privileged to remain with its Boonville friends in the form of ice and of its regret that it was doomed to hurry, always hurry, to the great sea when it would prefer to linger in pleasant daces. Nothing in Nature may remain at a standstill, so at the flood time of the year, the Springtime urge was sensed by the Big Muddy, as it rushed onward to mingle its waters with those of the brimming Mississippi, and together they answered the call of the great oceans.

During the long years that these two friends, Tyler and Phil, communed with it, the brooding Missouri told them many things. I wonder did it hint to Phil that one day, not very far off, they would make their last visit together and that thereafter a solitary devotee would come each evening with tears in his eyes, thinking of his absent friend, Tyler Brant, whose spirit had Moved on to the sea of Eternity?

[163]

### **"-And Something Nice"**

On my way home I was passing the house of the mysterious lady on Morgan street, between Force's boarding house and the Bank. Later Mr. and Mrs. George Hain lived there.



She was a beautiful lady and I was proud to go to her when she called and sent me to Roeschel's drug store for twenty-five cents worth of something bearing a terribly hard-to-remember name.

"Hurry up and bring it to me - I'll give your nickel and something nice!"

Down the street flew little Emile on the wings of wonder and desire - a nickel - and something nice! What could that be? A hundred possibilities raced through my head and, alas I crowded out the name of the desired article.

When I got to Roeschel's I had completely forgotten what I came for. Back to the lovely lady I raced, crestfallen. "Will you please write it on a piece of paper?" I pleaded. "Never mind, little boy, I'll get it myself," she said.

Gone was the prospect of the nickel - and "something nice!" It was years before I ceased wondering what that "something" would have been. What a strong appeal has the mysterious,

[164]

unknown-and how little some people know of the childish heart and imagination!

### **Galahads Galore!**

What a bunch of Sir Galahads there was in Trigg's Dry Goods Store and what a pleasure it was to shop there with these good looking fellows to look after your needs!

Just read over the list, you girls of long ago, and sigh at the decadence which has brought to your daughters the present lot of Lounge Lizards And Cake Eaters!

There was Harry Chilton, the imperturbable; Reid Quarles, the Adonis; Matt Hall, the stately; Frank Pigott, the reliable; Lee Chilton, the charming; Frank McKinley, the suave; Jones Adams, the irresistible; Cad Chilton, the beautiful boy; Matt Gentry, the incomparable; Charley Glasscock, the irrepressible; Maurice Johnson, the debonair; John Pigott, the most amiable and Will Blakey, the well beloved.

When you think of these knightly gentlemen and the members of Boonville's literary society, the "T. P. C." you may well sigh-"them was the days!"

[165]

### **Rabbi Sonnenschein**

Back in the eighties we had the distinguished and eloquent Rabbi Sonnenschein come from St. Louis to lecture at the Thespian Hall. He was a most erudite man and favorably impressed all of our citizens who were fortunate enough to hear him.

After the lecture the young men's committee, headed by Walter Williams, went to make financial settlement with Mr. Sonnenschein. We expected a stiff demand on his part. We found the genial rabbi enjoying a cigar and made known our errand. "Oh, yes! To be sure. Well, there was my railroad fare and my sleeper - so much, and it will be the same going back. My hotel bill is two dollars, and that makes altogether, so much."

"But, Mr. Sonnenschein, you have forgotten to include your-," "Yes, that's so, gentlemen, I have forgotten to include my beer - five glasses, that makes twenty-five cents more." And he positively refused to make any further charge.

Many years later it was my good fortune to live next door to the rabbi's daughter, Mrs. Albert Loth, now of New York. Our children mingled and started a friendship that endures. Mrs. Loth has a mind that I have never seen equalled, an

[166]

erudition so profound that in our many friendly arguments, I have never been able to sound its depths. An authority on Browning, her literary work is in demand and she could lecture to metropolitan audiences continuously did her strength permit.

Mrs. Loth is an incomparable letter writer with all the charm of Mme. De Sevigne. Altogether she is a study in heredity and to her children she has passed on many of her mental attributes. Her elder son Alan, is a brilliant lawyer; the younger, David, studied journalism under Walter Williams, and at twenty-three is a feature writer on the New York World. Her daughter, Clara you wouldn't believe me if I told you of her endowments, but Clara "sacrificed" a career by marriage and has two children of her own to Whom, by present indications, she can safely pass on the torch.

Four generations of charming intellectuals, and I would have missed them all had I not heard Rabbi Sonnenschein lecture in Boonville, because his name constituted the link of immediate interest in the chain of circumstances which binds this family to mine in one of Life's rare friendships.

[167]

### **You Know It Takes Nine-**

(1) Maurice J. Wertheimer, I never saw him otherwise than spick-and-span, the whole year round, and I saw him at least twice daily. He might have served as a model for his wares. The Wertheimer family was always very popular.

(2) Henry Waterman. He was an aggressive merchant-tailor whom I did not fancy, but his son, Aleck, was my friend, and Mrs. Waterman was especially kind to me. She had in her home yard an enormous tree of sweet apples and I was always urged to take as many as I could carry.

(3) Martin Schieberl. This Bohemian tailor was a shark for work. I think he put in eighteen hours a day! Perhaps that accounted for the harassed air he had always.

(4) The rotund John Otten was the first merchant who impressed me with a financial truth that it costs money to sell goods, even tailors' goods. We call it "overhead" now. "It costs over ten per cent to sell goods," he said one day to an interested small boy.

(5) Edward Griffin dressed the part and did practical work as a tailor. I think the cup that cheers interfered occasionally with his sartorial activities.

**[168]**

(6) Andy Summers. What became of "Dude Summers?" Everybody liked Andy and he had a good business. He made my first "young man" suit.

(7) Mr. McFadden was Andy's uncle, I believe. Not a very amiable man - nay, even a pugnacious man - one of the few who made J. West Goodwin "back up." McFadden did not do much tailoring in my days.

(g) Jacob Hurle. If Jake did not make your coat, the chances are it did not fit you perfectly. Jake Hurle was the first man to impress upon me that coat making was an art, distinct from just tailoring

(9) William Forsythe. Bill Forsythe was artist-tailor, whose style required a larger field after the first few years - then Boonville lost a good tailor, and Kansas City acquired one. Do you recall Bill's extra - super-luxuriant Burnside whiskers? They were remarkable even in those foliaginous days and, today, if Bill Forsythe dared walk the streets in full regalia, he would be speed arrested for blocking the traffic. Sic transit!

### **The Devil and Tom Walker**

Tom Walker was an efficient town marshal,

**[169]**

but his efficiency was Prussian in its ruthlessness. Tom kept all the tramps outside of the three-mile limit, the criminals in jail, the obstreperous colored citizens gasping for breath and his own skin distended with the hardest of hard liquor - that is where the Devil comes in. Together they kept Boonville almost in a state of siege; personal liberty hid her face and our tyrants ruled without fear of God or man. Boonville was as quiet and peaceful as was Warsaw under the Czar.

But Tom Walker was not to trample liberty under foot without a protest. But from whence? From a most unexpected quarter, from a power seemingly so puny as to appear

ridiculous - from Editor Thornton, of the Boonville News, a little weekly paper published entirely by the Thornton family.

Mr. Thornton was a mild, gentle man, about the last person you would choose for a militant champion in any cause, but he must have had the heroic soul of a crusader. First, he called attention to the state of affairs. No results. Then he pleaded for justice and liberty only to be greeted with scornful laughter from the Devil and Tom Walker.

Then did this editor show his moral courage. No more pleading, no more compromise with the

[170]

Devil and Tom Walker. Each week he castigated the town marshal, calling attention to specific uses of abuse of authority until at last the criticisms got under the hide of Walker and aroused the Devil in him. Threats were carried to the editor he was warned that he was dealing with a dangerous man - a killer, he was told to desist. But no! back would come a stinging arraignment with its whiplash of refrain-"How long, oh, Lord! How long?"

At last The Devil and Tom Walker met the gentle editor on the street and shot him dead. \* \* Yes, they were acquitted at the trial. The plea was self-defense. It seems a pistol was found near the dead body in the gutter. Evidence, of Course. But didn't some one say it was a toy pistol?

### **Judge McFarland**

All of the old timers will remember 'Squire McFarland, who lived on the southwest corner of Sixth and High Streets. We children used to all him "Square Mac," as the word 'Squire had 110 meaning to us. The 'Squire used to start his garden on Feb. 22nd, regardless of the weather. I remember him mostly as an invalid.

[171]

Judge McFarland's daughter, Mrs. "Lay" Reynolds, was my first patient in St. Louis. She came into my office before it was quite furnished, in 1893, and she is still my patient and a privileged character. When I fail to cure her pronto, she will call me down before a room full of patients. "Emile Paillou, that last medicine was no good. You will have to do better than that, young man!" and the waiting people wonder at her temerity.

But when I tell them the story, and how Mrs. Reynolds knew me when I began to crawl, they say: "Why, the dear old lady!" For you must know that Mrs. Reynolds is no longer young and she looks at me like a mother does at her boy.

Mrs. Reynolds was named Cynthia, but as a little girl, she was nicknamed "Lady Bird," which was shortened to Lay, by which name she has been known to her intimates ever since.

### **The Old Foundry**

Do you remember the old foundry located in northwest Boonville? How many desperate efforts I made to get the requisite hundred pounds of scrap iron to obtain ten cents! Upon one occasion,

[172]

when I had reached ninety-five pounds, in sheer desperation I broke off the iron lugs of a valuable soap-boiling cauldron at home - the lugs must have weighed all of two ounces!

Del Evans once excited my envy by finding a copper plate which he sold at the foundry for twenty-five cents, copper being a precious metal. For years my mental picture of Del was a shadowy, big boy carrying the precious copper plate through the streets. So often I have wondered "Where is Del Evans?" and one day last year, I saw a notice in the paper of his death. I wish I might have spoken or written to him - I am certain he would have remembered that precious copper plate!

Speaking of shadowy people, who remembers Dick Stockton, who lived in the house at the southwest corner of Sixth and Morgan, about 1870? A peculiar action of his fixed this boy in my memory. Whenever he had come within one square of his home, Dick invariably broke into a run and I used to wonder why he hurried so. Do you recall that medicine ad, a picture of a headless man on the run? I always associated that with Dick Stockton.

[173]

### **My Word!**

You have probably not forgotten Boonville's literary club, the T. P. C., which gave to the city its first library, located in the club rooms over the Commercial Bank.

The club had its social side and we gave many entertainments at the library. Upon one occasion we gave a banquet at Wagner's to the young society ladies of Boonville. I do not recall the reason for this special occasion but our lovely guests were reasons enough, and I have no difficulty in recalling them!

Our president at that time was Harry L. Monroe, - "Jack," to his intimates. Jack was to deliver the address of welcome. We had the band to furnish music and Charlie Wagner and the good Mrs. Wagner had simply outdone themselves and provided a perfectly scrumptious banquet, if you get my meaning.

The toast master introduced our handsome president, who began his address: "Ladies and gentlemen! There is only one word in the English

[174]

language - " Umpa! Umpa! Ump! blared the band. Down sat Harry in confusion until the music, prematurely started, could be choked off.

Then president Monroe again arose. "To resume. There is only one word in the English lang - " Hon-ki! Honk-ki! Honkihonk! Honk! kihonk! brayed a mule at the front door. Gales of laughter from the cheering guests as Harry sat down in disgust.

But encouraged by the assurance that "the third time is charmed," he made the essay bravely, beginning once more: "There is only one word - " Crash! Slam!! Bang!!! down fell a huge tray laden with glassware and china, and in a pause during the vociferous applause, I supplied Jack with the one word in the English language which did justice to the occasion - and that word was, damn!

Harry Monroe is now a substantial citizen of St. Louis, well poised, rotund of figure and apparently content with the world. His office is just across the street from my own. Do I see him

[175]

often? About once in two years - and we are pretty good friends at that!

### **Blood and Courtship**

I remember only two of the butchers employed by Adam Eckhard, did he have others? Adam Schuster was the first and I'm not very clear as to his personality but I do recall that he was an amiable man. Unless memory fails me Adam married the Eckhard housekeeper, Mary Horn, who herself was a remarkable woman. There are few if any such housekeepers these days. Mary kept house, with all the implied meaning of emphasis. Neither Mr. or Mrs. Eckhard had any of the details to bother over, they didn't even have to spank their children, Mary attended to that. Her iron rule over this household was beneficent and ended only when Adam Schuster captured and, I hope, subdued her. Sic semper tyrannis. You see Mary Horn used to order me off the premises just after she had "cleaned up!"

Jim Shelby, a handsome mulatto, was the successor of Adam Schuster. I had a positive affection

[176]

for Jim which I think was returned, for during he years I served as his assistant at the gory tasks the slaughter house, I never got a cross word from him. He gave me all the

beef bladders I could use and if you think that was a small favor, it is because you do not know the extent of the errand.

Jim never held my Caucasian race against me, he went on the principle that I had "a white skin but a good black heart." Jim Shelby did his courting from the seat of the butcher's wagon with me seated alongside. He would drive up to the home of his dusky affinity, who would come out to greet him and they became entirely oblivious of the presence of the big-eyed little boy while he was telling her how beautiful she was and how sweet she looked and that she was his sugar-lump. I looked at his sweetheart and wondered if Jim really meant what he said! Of course he thought I was too young to have any ideas on the subject and doubtless my reply would have astonished him had he done me the honor of asking my opinion as to his taste in feminine beauty.

[177]

### **Victor Roeschel**

What a wild, harum-scarum lad was Vic Roeschel and what sorrow he caused his good parents! Yet Vic had a lovable nature and all that he needed was an outlet for his abundant vitality and abstinence from the cup that inebriates but does not cheer. You know there are certain chemicals which, apart, are as mild as lambkins but when brought together they clasp hands and become as raging tigers. Our task is to keep them apart, as we do lighted matches and gunpowder. Of course we might forbid the manufacture of matches - or of gunpowder.

Tom Dunnavent was the market fisherman of my childhood days. Tom purveyed "Fresh Feesh!" from a wheelbarrow which he trundled all over town crying his wares. His complexion, being derived from exposure to both potamia and potations, left a great deal to be desired, but we accepted that along with the noble catfish steaks which Tom supplied to all and sundry.

### **Meet the New Apple**

Man rejoices when he makes two blades of grass grow where before grew only one. He may

[178]

have more pride if he makes it two blades of a better more valuable grass. May he not rejoice exceedingly if, instead of a new grass, he adds a new apple to the world's supply, especially if it be a very good apple - equal or superior to the best now grown?

When we bought our country place of five acres, overlooking the Mississippi, we found upon it peaches, pears, plums, cherries, wild crabs, persimmons and wild grapes. There was even a large patch of wild strawberries - have you eaten wild strawberries? Then you know. But to my sorrow there were no apple trees on the place.

Now, one day when I was delving in the soil, making friends with my domain, I came across four apple sprouts shooting up from an old stump below the surface. The first question was, did it come from above or below the graft? If from above, then there might reasonably be expectation for an apple of some value. If from below the graft, then it was a seedling and the chances were a thousand to one against it, for a seedling apple is nearly always worthless and is invariably destroyed in the nursery.

I dug down and found to my disappointment that the sprouts came from below the graft. But as they were not in my way and looked healthy, I

**[179]**

decided not to destroy all of them. I cut out the two weaker sprouts leaving two to grow as they would. Two years later the sprouts were husky beyond expectation.

Five years later the twin trees blossomed the first time, pink buds appearing on April 20th. I had given the trees no attention whatever, not even a spraying, so only three apples formed and they were wormy. The next year a dozen apples formed and they really looked promising but, not having been sprayed, they fell to the ground before maturity.

The following year I cut out the less promising twin and sprayed the remaining tree. The huge bouquet of glorious blossoms gave promise of apples of paradise, and sure enough, that autumn the tree bore two bushels of flaming apples and looked like a tree full of red birds.

Winter apples must be allowed to mature before they are at their best. Although these tasted good in October we knew that two months later they would be better, but we were not prepared for the superlative flavor we found in them at Christmastime. A new apple and a good one, a very good one.

Not trusting our own opinion as to a new variety, I sent samples of the apple to the Jenkins

**[180]**

nursery and to the State Horticultural Station at Columbia. The latter reported that in their opinion it was a Stayman Winesap seedling, as they could not distinguish it from the Stayman in flavor. Mr. Jenkins showed the apple to another pomologist and they agreed that it was a new variety.

My first name for the apple was "The Red Bird" but I found that name was in use so I adopted the name which my friends suggested, so now we know it as the "The Dr. Paillou Apple." two other first class apples bear the names of physicians, Dr. Matthews and Dr.



Stayman. I have had a hundred trees propagated and distributed among our friends this year and in seven years you may be enjoying the new apple!

### "Shady" Gaunt

Jesse Gaunt, known to all the boys as "Shady," was my ideal of a Beloved Vagabond, during his boyhood, but that did not prevent him from becoming a successful business man when the time came for him to put away boyish ideas. The time did come but Jesse did not see the need of turning the boy out of his heart so he just tucked him into

[181]

one of the cardiac chambers and found that he didn't interfere in the least with the performance of manly duties - in fact, the Boy kept him from taking life's burdens too seriously.

The three Gaunt boys were reared by their grandparents, Uncle Jesse and Aunt Betty Homan, who lived on High Street between Sixth and Seventh, and never did boys have a more joyous childhood than did these brothers three, Charles, Jesse and Will. Father Gaunt, a widower, lived in St. Louis and the boys had to spend most winters with him, going to school in the city; but the first spring steamboat always carried the brothers as passengers to Boonville and Jess was always the first to jump ashore before the boat landed. Barefoot, carrying his shoes, he would spring from the boat, whooping like an Indian and nearly break his neck hurrying to greet his beloved grandparents.

Very soon after the first greetings, Huck Finn - I mean Shady Gaunt - and I would be together planning to go fishing next morning. Where would it be? Rankin's Mill, Roupe's Branch, Adams' Pond, Thomas' Branch, Sulphur Creek or Bonne Femme? Often that same night we would set a line in the big river. Jess would spit on

[182]

the bait to assure a big fish the next morning - and we nearly always got him - or always nearly got him!

I well remember the sad day when we made our last piscatorial jaunt together. A "job" had been secured for "Shady" in St. Louis. He would have to wear shoes and a stiff white collar and we couldn't go swimming and fishing together any more. How silent we were, although the fish bit better than usual. But we were leaden hearted and listless all that day so heavy with portent.

It was years and years and years before I saw my friend again. He walked into my St. Louis office one day accompanied by a tall, beautiful young lady, whom he introduced as his daughter. The city had not held this nature lover very long. He had gone to the timber lands of Arkansas and there in his natural environment had established his home. "I think Virginia needs glasses, doctor, I wish you would look her over," he said. But Virginia did

not need glasses, so we sent her on a shopping expedition. Then we put up the "Out" sign in the waiting room and our feet upon my desk. And then we talked and talked and talked. I wonder if you could guess the subject of our conversation!

[183]

### **As the Twig is Bent-**

I learned to read at the age of five out of those deathless McGuffey readers - what good stuff they had in them! I learned to spell from Swinton's Word Book. My first science I got from Steele's Fourteen Weeks in Physics. The regret of my life is that I was not taught mathematics by either Anthony Haynes or Matt Singleton, for I was woefully weak in that fundamentalest of all fundamental studies without which the universe could not have been created and, lacking which, we can never begin to understand even the solar system.

Not having a robust body I could not take my full share in rough sports so I was driven to books, even as are near-sighted people whose vision limits them to their immediate surroundings. I had no one to direct me in the choice of reading so I read everything, to the horror and dismay of my spiritual advisor, who said I would be sure to land in hell if I persisted in my course of Godless reading.

The most soul-satisfying early "literature" was Jack Harkaway. Do you remember Barboni, the Brigand? Remember after the years and years of the most devilishly thrilling adventures his creator, seeing no further possibilities in him, let

[184]

Barboni die the death he so richly deserved at the end of a sinful life - drowned in a wave of boiling lava from Mt. Vesuvius. Can't you still hear his terrible cry of, "Mercy, mercy!" But there was no mercy for Barboni the Brigand so his head sank under the molten lava, cursing to the last and giving us the parting thrill up and down the spine.

Bancroft's, a great history of the United States up to 1870, is chock full of pictures. One in particular I recall, a wonderfully constructed tepee before which an Indian chief had dragged by her long hair a pioneer woman, now on her knees in supplication before his uplifted tomahawk. In the distance, fire and massacre. The chief's face was so mild looking, could he have the heart to bring his hatchet crashing through the brain of the praying woman? He could not! I know, for I looked fifty-two times a year to see if he had yet done so and always rejoiced to see the woman still intact below the uplifted tomahawk; I added my prayers to hers and our joint petition was effectual - I know, because I looked again the other day after fifty years, and she is still there!

The old Frank Leslie's Boys and Girls Weekly, which published the Jack Harkaway series, was full of compelling reading matter and, while it so richly deserved at the

[185]

was not high class literature, it gave us the first step, the desire to read. I recall the utter blank in my life when the weekly paper failed to arrive for a month. A sorrowful letter to Frank Leslie brought a wonderful apology and a bundle of back numbers, which made up for the deprivation.

I did not care for the stories of the Youth's Companion, but the publishers had a way of slipping in bits of information which I hungrily absorbed. The Companion had nothing to compare with the Boys and Girls Weekly pirate stories, for instance, where the black flag with its skull and cross bones was flung to the breeze, where the pistol and cutlass were in action, the decks ran red with blood and the prisoners walked the plank, tumbling off the end with a shriek as they were welcomed by the opened jaws of the sharks. Wasn't it great? Name of a name!

Then I discovered Captain Marryat and devoured his wondrous sea tales for which the above had prepared me. I have never lost my liking for such. You have read "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," Clark Russell's masterpiece? I think Conrad never surpassed these tales. Captain Dingle, now writing for current publications, has the flair and great popularity.

[186]

Long before I should have done so I was reading Tristram Shandy, Ten Thousand a Year, Jonathan Wild, Boccaccio, Voltaire, Gil Blas, Rabelais, Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici and the masterpieces of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas. I read Don Quixote through without a smile and wondered that people should think it humorous. To me, a twelve year old boy, it was a tragedy. I devoured the histories of Greece and Persia, lamenting the fact that I could not have lived in those stirring times. I was fascinated by, the statement that in two thousand years the longest period of peace in Persia was thirty-eight years!

My own children have not inherited my taste, they read only what the school course required. I have tried without success to arouse the curiosity to explore the world of literature. I was unable to hand on a torch, a wax taper was all they would accept. Well, a wax taper with its soft radiance may be more useful and less dangerous than a torch but, somehow, one who has the flaming desire for immortal literature can imagine nothing more appealing.

I recall upon one occasion the older boy in high school was reading to me his French lesson and read it very well. I suggested; "Now let us

[187]

translate." "No, I have no time for that." "What! Have you no desire to know the meaning of what you have just read?" "No, father, why should I learn French? I am never going to

France." That was in February 1917. In less than three months he was in France on a battleship and many, many times during the next two years did he bitterly regret that he had not learned French.

### **"Cousin Mat" and the Boonville of Long, Long Ago**

The oldest inhabitant has for us the fascination which have all things that endure. The pyramids, the giant trees and the ancient tortoises we look upon with awe, realizing as we do the brevity of human life. This feeling is the reflection of our craving for immortality. Mrs. L. M. Moore, affectionately known as "Cousin Mat," is but an infant in comparison with these things, yet she could direct their destruction because she has the mind which they lack, an intellect which yet flashes keenly after nearly ninety years of function.

You would naturally expect the facts registered in the mind of Mrs. Moore to be shadowy, as if somewhat out of focus. Not so, they are sharply

**[188]**

defined and always interesting, evidence that she has kept her intellect in constant use. No complete history of Cooper County could be written without the aid of this remarkable pioneer woman. In retrospective vein she writes:

"I remember Boonville long before there was a railroad nearer than St. Louis. There was not a printing press, steam engine, public school or jail in the county. No wires had been stretched across the continent and the message. 'What hath God wrought,' was still in the future. There was not a grave in Walnut Grove cemetery, which was then known as Meyer's pasture. As for gas, that was to be found only in the dictionary!

"Marcus Williams was the big man of the town. He was a contracting builder and a steamboat captain; he owned houses, lands, a mill and a pottery. Slaves, of course. One of his houses was a big two story brick dwelling which was known as "the haunted house." The neighbors told of the flickering lights to be seen at the windows at night and of the ghosts prowling about, dragging chains up and down stairs. In the front yard there was blue grass, which seems to me to be the forgiveness of Nature. It covers the scars we make upon the blessed land and at last it covers

**[189]**

the deep and final scar after our descent into last resting place.

"Mr. and Mrs. Williams were not only distinguished citizens, but they gave to the community a family of sons and daughters of surpassing worth. Among these were judge William Muir Williams, of the Supreme Court and Editor Walter Williams, the beloved Dean of the School of Journalism, which he founded at the State University. The parents lived to see only the promise, not the full fruition of their family tree. On the other hand they did not have the sorrow to see two of their sons cut off in their prime, for judge

William M. Williams and Judge Lewis L. Williams, of Alaskan fame, died a few years ago.

"Another great man and public benefactor was John Andrews, who had his soap and candle factory in a deep woods south east of town where is now Sixth and Seventh Streets. He supplied the means of cleanliness and light. No one thought of digging or boring for oil. Kerosene was a novelty, being distilled from coal and sold at two dollars a gallon. Coal itself was to be seen only in the blacksmith shop.

"Reinhard Brenneisen operated a brewery than made good, strong, wholesome beer. He had a son named Leopold, who later was to enter the

**[190]**

grocery business with Nicholas Walz. Andrews had a friend from the southland; a tall, dark, mysterious man whose name was unknown but whose eyes seemed always to be looking backwards as if for lost joys. He had a little girl affectionately called 'Coot.' To this man Mr. Williams offered the haunted house rent free and supplied the poison with which to exterminate rats infesting the place.

"The man moved in and was untroubled by the ghosts but once little Coot cried out in the night: Oh, a snake bit me! Candles were lighted and it was seen that a rat had severed an artery in her hand Dr. Thomas was sent for but as he was out of town they had to bind up the wounded hand and soothe Coot as best they could. The busy Mr. Williams, who knew the little girl had no mother, left all his affairs and came to help care for the injured child, who bears the scar of that rat bite to this day, after eighty years.

"Old Dr. Thomas called later upon his return town. He was a tall, impressive figure in his military cloak, fastened with chains and buckles. One never had any doubt as to Dr. Thomas' presence for he always announced his approach by blowing three trumpet blasts of his nose as he entered the yard. The good doctor found that

**[191]**

the hand was being properly cared for, although we had no peroxide or iodine in those days and the nearest hospital was in St. Louis.

"The Andrews soap and candle factory was operated under great difficulties. It was a long, low shed covering a row of gum drums - five foot lengths of hollow trees filled with wood ashes, set on an incline in a trough into which the lye drained to several great vats hooped with hickory poles. I imagine the tub of Diogenes must have been such a homemade affair. All the water with which to leach the ashes had to be toted from the town spring as there was not a pump in the village. Andrews collected tallow from the slaughter house and hunted wild bees for the wax with which to harden the candles.

"So many, many changes have I seen in my long life and such hardships have I endured, yet it seems to me that we were happier with our simple tastes and desires than are the restless, modern children. But I love up to date things. I enjoy the comicalities of the daily press, Goldberg being one of my favorites. In my twilight I am content, but I would not be a child again, Oh, no! When I look back

[192]

I see the drag of a heavy chain Upon an endless track."

Reinhard Brenneisen, he of the strong beer, was an Alsatian who spoke English, German and French. I think the brain must keep its languages in separate compartments for when Brenneisen was an elderly man he had a stroke of apoplexy which apparently wrecked the English and German compartments, leaving that of the French intact, for he spoke only French from that time to the day of his death.

### **The High Street Williamses**

Older Boonville folk will recall the Williams household at the northeast corner of Sixth and High Streets. Williams, pere, was patriarchal with his long white beard and hair. I have elsewhere spoken of Mrs. Williams, his wife. Their two sons, Will and Joe, and a daughter Lizzie, comprised the family. Their home overlooked the circus grounds to the west and a good view of the performance could be obtained from the front windows, as many impecunious small boys could testify.

Joe Williams was a brick mason. He was quite an old bachelor when he married and he

[193]

always impressed me as being so much happier when he had given up his bachelorhood. Will was much more boyish in his nature. He, like his father, was a carpenter and they had a little cabin of a shop on the High street side of their lot. Will was an inventor and it was quite often that we read in the home paper an item like this: "Our esteemed fellow townsman, William E. Williams, has invented a car coupler which will revolutionize the dangerous occupation of railroading. Mr. Williams gave a demonstration of his invention last Monday before our leading citizens."

Then would follow the names of our druggists, dry goods merchants, grocers, butchers and clothiers who had witnessed the demonstration and had pronounced the invention a perfect success. I would look in vain for the names of the local railroad people who might have rendered a different verdict.

### **The Boonville Branch**

What fascination for growing boys had the old Boonville Branch Railroad! It was our connecting link with the outside world but of course we boys cared nothing for that. At an early age the home town was the world. The two trains daily

[194]

were thought sufficient and it was great sport to walk out and meet the incoming train at the top of the hill where the engine was "unhitched," leaving the two coaches, and several freight cars standing on the incline, held only by their brakes, while the great locomotive ran ahead and backed into the turn-table at the station.

As soon as this was done, two long blasts of the whistle signaled "off brakes" and the train, thus released rolled gently down the mile long grade to the "depot" and we had had a free ride. The engine was then ready and in position for the return trip to Tipton and further south to Versailles. If we did not ride the train we could always watch the engine come in and back on to the wonderful turn-table and then we would help push her around the circle. It gave us a sense of power to put our utmost strength against the monster locomotive and see it slowly turn. We did not consider that the two stalwart men on the job had done more than we, so we got quite a kick out of it.

Then do you remember that little red house between the main track and the turn-table track, south of Spring Street? It was full of the most beautiful machinery, mostly pumping apparatus, if I remember correctly. This little house had

[195]

the first stippled roof I ever saw. The building was torn down about 1875. Our beloved turntable took its toll. I recall Will (Tower) Roeschel had his leg broken there and what a hero he became! He had a broken leg and he didn't have to go to school for a long time. We actually envied him.

The years brought many changes but always "the branch" retained its fascination. What lucky fellows were Gus Gigas and Sam Jones who got to ride to Tipton and Versailles every day and be paid for it! All they had to do was to load and unload freight, act as porter, baggage master, express messenger, mail clerk, switchman, train butcher and brakeman!

Then came the day when the great railroad wizard, Jay Gould, came to Boonville and actually bought our precious railroad from the Stephens family. We never forgave him; I believe we feared that he would take it away. I saw Jay Gould many times in later life as I handed him sheaves of telegrams in his private car but never did he seem so impressive as he did on that day in Boonville. He was a modest looking little man and always friendly. He was not misnamed "The Railroad Wizard." How the old names

[196]

come back - Gould, Hoxie, Talmage, - they were the railroad giants of those days.

### **That Saving Grace**

In the original sketch of "A Tragedy on Morgan Street," I was too photographic in my description of the little home. I did not leave a loophole, much less an open door of escape. I did not dream that I would need such a thing. Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from an indignant lady saying that she had been born in this house and had lived there all of her life. Her mother had come there a bride in 1853 and had lived in this happy home forty-seven years. Furthermore neither she nor her mother had ever known of a child being inhumanly treated there by "a fiend in skirts," that I was endeavoring to put an insult and a blemish upon an honorable home so dear to her heart and also upon the memory of her mother, who could no longer defend herself, by printing this story "in a paper that went all over the universe." This with an intimation that I ought to be thoroughly ashamed of myself.

Of course I wrote a letter expressing my great

**[197]**

regret of the fact that I had wounded her feeling, and I explained minutely the workings of the child mind, winding up with the explanation that of course there had been no brutality, no ill treatment, no fiend in skirts, no tragedy whatever in the little home on Morgan street except in the imaginings of a little boy and that I hoped that she would forgive me because, from all data in my possession, I was convinced that she herself was that identical little girl who ran away from her mother that summer day so long ago and whose picture has never faded from my memory.

I received no reply although I suggested that she send my letter to that widely circulated journal, the Advertiser, in order that others might read my apology so sincerely made. I like to think of this little girl, now grown to womanhood, still living in the old home, loving it, revering the memory of her mother and quite ready to do battle in their defense. I can only regret that it was not given me to make my story so obvious as, I thought I had, or that she had failed to obtain that saving grace of humor which perhaps she does not need and therefore does not miss.

**[198]**

### **An Altruist**

Jules Sandeau was a Swiss watchmaker who established himself in Boonville in the early eighties the northeast corner of Main and Morgan streets. He had the mechanical skill of an artisan, a stock of jewelry and an abiding faith in humanity regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude.



A friendly man was Jules Sandeau, of wide tolerance in religion and politics but with decided opinions as to racial peculiarities. "What for should de neegre not be treat' well? Because he have a black skin? Me, I think dose neegre is good peep', kind, friendly and polite."

His sentiments quickly became known to his dark skinned fellow citizens and they bought freely of his wares. Watches, chains, rings, brooches and bracelets graced the persons of our colored brethren and so business was brisk at the house of Sandeau, that is, credit business.

But when bills were rendered for the merchandise and no serious attention was given them, Jules became uneasy. He applied pressure but, as always with the irresponsible, no results were obtained and soon the trustful merchant was forced to close his doors. He sadly bade farewell

[199]

to the friends he had made and he bore the puzzled aspect of a hurt child as he said: "Dose neegre is good customer - dey buy, buy, always buy, but do dey pay? Jamais!"

### **The Duns, the Duns**

I often wish that the dumb creatures could be made articulate for our edification. Would it not be a wonderful experience to listen to that sermon which is in a stone? It is true that we have only to learn a special brand of Latin in order to converse with a very intelligent member of animal creation, the dog. Trees do speak to some people but they play favorites and few understand them.

Once upon a time when we were younger and Arcadie occupied a much wider area than now appears, Frank Rogers was an esteemed proprietor and purveyor of livery in Boonville. In brief, he owned a "Liver' Stable," as we used to say, a hotel for the noble friend of man and you who have seen those perfectly matched, glorious, dun colored creatures which were the pride not only of the establishment but of all Boonville, will perhaps excuse me if I put a small interrogation point

[200]