

The Legacy of John Richard Shuff

Vol. 3 - The Leftovers

Fourth Edition

Compiled by Dianna L. & Tom E. Snyder

Table of Contents of Vol. 3

Poems by John Richard Shuff:

- My Twentieth Birthday (1857)
- My Twenty-first Birthday (Sep 17, 1858)
- My Twenty-second Birthday (Sep 18, 1859)
- Thanksgiving poem (Nov 24, 1859)
- My Twenty-third Birthday (Sep 18, 1860)
- Father
- Faithful Father
- Mother
- My Mother (Feb 11, 1890)
- In Memoriam (An Acrostic) - about his mother (ca 1893)
- Childhood
- My Dove - My Fiancée
- Pewee
- The Little Dog
- Ice Cream
- Buttermilk
- A Parody - A Psalm of Life
- Lines to D.E. & A.F.K. Shuff (wedding) (Jan. 6, 1901)

Poems by other family members:

- "My Sister Angie" by David Edwin Shuff (ca 1896)
- Poem by Armilda Shuff (Oct 15, 1898)
- Poem by Armilda Ann Shuff (Sep 7, 1899)
- "A Mother's Lament" by Armilda Shuff Jackson
- "Pioneer Days" by David Edwin Shuff (Pub. Jan 28, 1937)
- "At the Casket of Brother Morris" by H.O.Shuff (Jan 10, 1940)

Obituaries:

- Mrs. J.R. Shuff (May 1923)
- Volna Richard Shuff
- Pearl Ada Shuff
- John Artt Shuff
- Elvin LaRoy Shuff

Miscellaneous:

- The Winter of 1885-86 by David Edwin Shuff
- Story about blizzard of 1886 by Alice Frances Kinnamon Shuff (Pub. Jan 28, 1937)

- Kinnamon-Shuff wedding (Nov 29, 1900)
- Timmons-Gilbert wedding (1954)
- A Personal Experience by Armilda Shuff Jackson
- Birthday party for Mrs. D. E. Shuff
- Geneva Shuff rides 10 miles in blizzard (date unknown)
- A paper by Geneva Shuff (date unknown)
- Newspaper article "Shuff Families Reunion" (date unknown)

Poems by John Richard Shuff

MY TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY

Twenty years have passed and gone.
Twenty years have passed away.
Twenty more may never come
Or e'en the twenty-first birthday.

Twenty years with all their train
Of joys and cares and fears.
Have now gone by with all their stain
To mingle with long, long, gone years.

Twenty years have glided by
With all their varied scenes.
Soon I'll leave this world and fly
To see what, another, means.

Twenty years oh fearful sound
IF spent in vain, or unimproved.
Twenty years O! joyful sound
If given to Christ, and well approved.

At Twenty years we stand and see
Wherein we've missed the mark,
And all agree 'twere well to flee
Sin and Satan in the Ark.

Oh that half these Twenty years
Had been devoted to the Lord
And Oh that 'till my Lord appears
I may obey and proclaim his word.

MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY - Sept. 17, 1858

Tomorrow, tomorrow, oh wonderful day
And can it be so - that I now am me.
For know you indeed tomorrow they say
I'm twenty-one years and therefore am free.

Freedom - dear freedom, hail blessed thought.
But what is the freedom hereby obtained?
Am I thus freed from Sin? this my good lot?
Or what was the bondage which over me reigned?

Was it the hard yoke of Egypt weighing me down?
Then hasten thou morrow and let me be free
Or was I reaping but the lash and the frown
Yet loud would I cry - Freedom for me.

But perhaps it was better than either of these
(Thanks to the Lord for from worse I'm preserved)
In short: I've had plenty of milk, bread and cheese
And of everything else, far more than deserved.

And how much better could I have my estate?
My bondage has been very pleasant indeed
Since this was my bondage, my Freedom relate?
What is my fate? How is it decreed?

But of this shall doubtless know more by & by
When, perchance, as tomorrow's successors roll on
I too shall live my Freedom to try
In my appointed portion above twenty-one.

MY TWENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY - Sept. 18th 1859

Today blessed Jesus our Savior arose
Overcoming for man his sirest foes
Today we assembled to worship His name
Today His Gospel, sinners o'ercame.

But this is not all that I have to say
In reference to this evermemorable day
No indeed! for today twenty-two years ago
I entered this world of sorrow and woe.

Yes twenty-two years of Infinite weight
Have rolled them by at a wonderful rate
And during this time oh what have I done-
Toward blessing the race - under the sun?

Ah surely I have much time to redeem
And perhaps not as much left now as would seem.
Then may God grant me of His ever rich grace
A strong inner man, to run in this race.

So that whether my days be many or few
When called I may gladly bid them adieu
And through the dark valley lean on His staff,
And at last enter Heaven where mourners may laugh.

Thanksgiving Poem - Nov. 24th 1859

Here we set like lonely ones
Far, far away
From our friends **THOSE LOVELY ONES**
Bright, bright as day.

Oh how we long to see
Those dear ones so far away
With whom 'tis bliss to be
Bliss, bliss for aye.

Come on you happy day
Most swiftly move
When we shall - far away
Meet those we love.

Oh we shall happy be
When from books and college free
Love we shall live with thee
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy hour
Will beam our eye-
Reserved by Venus' power
Love cannot die

Oh then to glory run
Be a lovely woman won
Then, then shall two, be one,
Be ONE, for aye.

MY TWENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY - Sept. 18, 1860

And still my little bark is going
Sailing on upon life's main
Still my tide of time is flowing
Flowing rough and smooth again

When first was launched my tiny bark
How little knew I then of life
The future all unknown and dark
Unknown its joys, unknown its strife

But now far out my bark has come
E'en twenty-three times round the sun
For this bright day makes this the sum
Of all the days that I have seen

Whether now for better or for worse
Much I've learned of real life
But the day I was born I will not curse
Nor for its joys, nor for its strife

Neither know I now nor can I say
What the future still is worth
Na more I know now what a day
A single day may yet bring forth

But may I watch my Polar Star
And trust me to the light He's given
Until I sail from earth afar
And glide into the port of Heaven!

FATHER

My Father was one 'mong the noble of earth,
Was highly esteemed for his true moral worth;
He planned and he toiled
To provide for his loved ones, and be out of debt;
'Twas on this that his mind was princip'ly set.
His efforts were foiled.

His plans, they were good; the bargains were made;
But the sum that was promised, alas, was not paid
Before his last breath.
Had they dealt in good faith, as he on his part
Then his own had not been so broken of heart
Midst the shadows of death.

Retribution must come, far spent is the night;
Things hidden in darkness will be brought to the light;
May the Lord speed the day.
Many last shall be first; many first shall be last:
The harvest shall be as the sowing that's past.
Be with us we pray.

FAITHFUL FATHER

My Father was one 'mong the noble of earth,
Was highly esteemed for his true moral worth;
Had many a friend.
As a Father, was of an affectionate mind.
As a Husband, he was most loving and kind.
Was true to the end.

Was strict in deportment, being ever on guard;
In health never idle; he always worked hard
To meet his demands
Yet, like many more, he at last fell behind
While the times were so hard and his health so declined,
Defeated his plans.

He could not give up, but continued to strive
To overcome Debt; but Disease seemed to drive
Along the old track.
And growing still worse, believing it best,
He went far away; you've heard of the rest -
He never got back.

MOTHER

How distinctly I remember
When I was a little boy;
Curly hair and face so gleeful,
Playing oft with ball and toy.

Now I hear me teasing Mother
For a piece of pie or cake.
"Make a custard. Bake a pudding,
Else an apple-dumpling make."

Ah! that Mother! loving Mother.
How unending was the call!
Made upon her time and patience
By the children large and small!

Ah! the ceaseless round of duties,
Whether sick or whether well!
Who her labors - sorrows - trials
Can the story half way tell?

And how oft, instead of comfort,
Mother's heart was deeply grieved.
Alas! alas! she weeps all lonely,
At treatment, heartless she received.

Lord, remember that dear Mother,
Who did so much, who suffered more.
May the deeds thus sown in sorrow
Bring joyous sheaves on Canaan's shore.

"My Mother" by J.R. Shuff

(Line written February 11, 1890, upon reception of a photograph of my mother)

That picture! that picture! that picture of ma!
It stirs me, it thrills me, it fills me with awe;
Many days have gone by, yea, many a year,
Since last I beheld those features so dear.

On this picture I look and clearly behold
The solemn, sad fact that mother is old,
Tho' for one of her age she still is quite strong,
But we know that her stay upon earth is not long.

In sorrow and sadness I often had thought
The race would be ended, the battle be fought,
Ere again I should grasp that warm, loving hand,
Or ever again in her dear presence stand.

But thanks to the power of science and art
Her presence appearance comes home to my heart.
No longer that hair is sprinkled with gray,
But is white as the snows of a cold wintry day.

Her cheeks they are furrowed by the plowshare of time,
But still it is mother, tho' not in her prime;
As she was in the days of my childhood and youth,
Even now I can see her in fancy forsooth,

I remember distinctly her labors of love,
Unremitting her toils she quickly did move;
In kitchen or laundry, with needle or broom,
At the wheel did she labor and also the loom.

She made and she mended by day and by night,
In sickness and health she wrought with her might;
In addition to all, her family was large-
Seven boys and four girls was no common charge.

That will power and energy still, as of old,
In full relief stands out clearly and bold;
Her form still erect, her gait I suppose
Somewhat less elastic as older she grows.

Thanks to thee, ma, for the picture which brings
So plainly to view, from off of time's wings,
Thy form and thy features as now they appear
When to threescore and ten we must add the sixth year.

By reason of strength and the mercy of God
Thy life is still lengthened, thy journey untrod.
May his blessings still follow thee e'en to the tomb,
And raise thee to live in immortal bloom.

And if, dearest mother, we never shall meet
In this sinful world each other to greet,
May we meet over there on the evergreen shore,
Where parting and death shall come never more.

"In Memoriam (An Acrostic)"

After labor and sorrow by reason of strength,
Now like corn in the shock in full age at the length,
Gone from the scenes of the earth life at last,
Ended thy sufferings, thy sorrows are past.
Let the blessedness now of the dead in the Lord
In shades be thine, as he saith in his Word.
Now sweet be thy rest till the trumpet shall sound
And this mortal body immortal be found.

Sad though our hearts gathered here at thy grave,
Hope still points to Him who has all power to save;
Up there may we meet on the evergreen shore,
Forever to praise Him and part never more.
Farewell, dearest mother, till then, fare thee well.

CHILDHOOD

How distinctly I remember when I was a little boy;
Curly hair and face so gleeful; playing oft with ball and toy.
Romping now upon the meadow; running up and down the hill;
Climbing trees and walking fences; gay and happy - seldom still.

How oft I ran for "hen a cacklin"; watched the roosters when they crew.
From every nest the eggs were gathered: chased and caught the chickens, too.
By name each chanticleer was known, sir; in them all took great delight!
Watched them perching on the branches; most assur'dly watched them fight

The pigs, the calves, the pups, the kittens; each in turn engaged much thought.
Whilst horses, plows, harness, saddles, all with interest great were fraught.
But now of school day scenes so varied, how they rush upon my view!
From "A, B, C's" to class of grammar, ah! How slowly I passed through!

The games of base and ball and marble were much enjoyed at hours of play.
With half the zest had books been studied, I'd surely known much more today.
Many scenes of childish folly I remember - e'en today.
At home, abroad, or on the roadside, daily work as well as play.

But ah! alas! those days are ended; yes, those hours have sped away.
Those moments filled with privilege, alas, they could not always stay.
Farewell once more my fellow students; fare ye well ye teachers, all;
I ne'er expect again to meet you, here upon this earthly ball.

Jan. 6 - 1901

MY DOVE - MY FIANCÉE

I love the little linnet, canaries, too I love,
I'm very fond of thrushes, but especially the Dove;
I'd hang the little songsters, in a swinging cage above
To sing for me and chatter, with the cooing of my Dove.

Would like to have a red-bird, from songsters of the grove,
Would also like a blue-bird, but much prefer a Dove;
If I were asked to choose one, the one I most do love,
A quick response I'd give sir, I'd surely choose the Dove.

He is not very tall sir, nor is he very fair,
His eyes are brown, or hazel, and curly is his hair;
His name I will not tell you, the name of him I love
Is not five years my senior-he calls me his sweet jay-bird.

He is the man for me sir, he is my darling Dove,
I must not tell the name tho-of him I dearly love;
He comes to see me ofter, our hearts together wove,
How joyfully I meet him! So proud of him I love.

PEWEE

There is a little "Pewee", he is a saucy bird;
He lives upon the Pawnee, perhaps of him you've heard.
He hears it all you see-ee, hence gathers old and new,
So just inquire of "Pewee", he'll tell you how they do.
He knows more than Aunt Phebe, or even Solomon;
A wondrous bird the "Pewee", no other like this one.

THE LITTLE DOG

I do not like to see a dog, nor pat one on the head;
Tho wag he may his dogged tail, whenever he is fed.
Some dogs are very man; nor are they worth a red;
For don't you know that they won't mind a single thing that's said?
Some dogs, also run from home, and kill the neighbors sheep;
While others bark and growl and fight! Ah! who a dog would keep?
Then I will ever beat my dog! I'll ever give him pain!
The scamp! I'll give to him no food; and he will leave me then.

ICE CREAM

Ah! here is surely something good, made of cream and froze with ice,
Trimmed with sugar, lemon, egg, with berries, too, ah! how nice!
Bring your dishes, fill them well, let them be good large ones, too,
For being bashful we would fain make the fewer of them do.
Come now, my darling, come along, let's have our fill of ice-cold cream;
We'll thus enjoy a mutual treat and strengthen joys of which we dream.

BUTTERMILK

Ah my soul, when hot the day, from the dusty road I turn,
How fondly then I seek the spring, more fondly still the churn.
Or forth, perchance, from field or plow to 'scape the rays that burn,
How gladly then I seek the shade, more gladly still the churn.

Or yet, forsooth, 'tis harvest time; the wages hard to earn;
How soothing then the cooling draught when fresh drawn from the churn.
"Tis good to take at ten A. M., at dinner, and at three;
Indeed, whenever one is dry; between meals and at Tea.

Some do boast of "good old rye"; and some of Lager Beer:
But give to me that better drink; it stands without a peer.
I'll take it fresh, or take it stale, according as I feel;
At times almost so very sour 'twould make the piggie squeal.

But never let it clabbered be, nor mingled with the whey;
Just keep it in some cooling place, through all the torrid day;
Away with all intoxicants of every name and ilk,
And give the world that best of drinks - good, rich, cool buttermilk.

A PARODY - THE PSALM OF LIFE

Tell us not in idle jingle, marriage is an empty dream!
For the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest! single blessedness a fib;
Man thou art, to man returnest, has been spoken of the rib.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each tomorrow finds us nearer marriage day.
Life is long, and youth is fleeting, and our hearts, though light and gay,
Still, like pleasant drums, are beating wedding marches all the day.
In the world's broad fields of battle - in the bivouac of Life -
Be not like dumb, driven cattle - be a heroine - a wife!
Trust no future, howe'er pleasant! let the dead past bury it's dead!
Act - act in the living present, hoping for a spouse ahead.
Lives of married folks remind us, we can live our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us such examples as will "tell".
Such examples, that another, wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother, seeing, may take heart and court.
Let us then be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.

Lines to D.E. and F.E.(?) Shuff upon the reception of their wedding photos

1. Joy be with you dear Son David E
May you be just as happy as happy can be.
To tell you to love her 'twere idle enough
For is she not now Mrs. David E. Shuff?
2. No other relation more endearing than this.
Your cup must be full of Hymeneal bliss.
She's a pink of perfection, we verily think.
At her heart, as a fountain of love you may drink.
3. You'll endeavor as much as you ever can learn,
To replenish that fount, by loving in turn.
Being tender and kind and thoughtful as well,
How happy you'll be no mortal can tell.
4. From her picture we judge she is surely all right,
Quite as pure, we would think, as an angel of light!
Then we trust you will prize her 'bove the diamonds of earth
While striving in vain to know her full worth.

5. She is also as true as needle to pole.
Then cherish her as of one mind and one soul.
Growing continuously more and more dear
As long as you live on this mundane sphere.
6. And when you shall pass to the evergreen shore,
You will never be parted, ah! no, nevermore!
We rejoice with you now, o'er the prize you have won
God bless you forever, dear daughter and son.
7. We were sorry indeed, we were not with you, Ed,
On the nuptial occasion, the time you were wed.
But we're hoping to see you some of these days,
And see for ourselves, how domestic your ways.
8. But should we delay, we hope you will come,
And visit us here, in the lovely old home.
Now don't when you come, Ed, let it slip from your mind
To bring Frances with you? Don't leave her behind!
9. Ah! we know you'll be sure to bring her along,
And join with us all in a Thanksgiving song.
That whereas you were twain, you now are but one.
One heart and one soul, till the race shall be run.
10. But should we never meet in the on coming years,
'Twere a common event, in this sad vale of tears.
Then we shall hope to meet over there
Where parting n'er comes, and crowns we shall wear.
11. So now, our dear children, we bid you farewell.
May the blessings of God, fore'er with you dwell.
May he temper the winds and the storms evermore,
And bring us all safe to the Evergreen shore?

Poems by other family members

"My Sister Angie" by David Edwin Shuff

Oh, Death! Alas, how sad to tell,
Has taken one whom I did love.
But still, I do remember well,
Thos songs we sang to God above.

And I shall cherish evermore,
My darling sister, Angie's love.
On her fond words ne'er cease to pore,
Although her spirit's gone before.

Yes, thy smile and voice so sweet,
Still linger with me as of yore.
When done this life we hope to meet
, Yes, meet again, to part no more.

Thy heart so pure, thy life so true,
Thy foot-steps, thou didst guide with care.
Thy face so full of Heaven's bright hue;
Thy voice as soft as breath of prayer.

When thy dear resting place I near,
Where sleeps thy body 'neath the sid,
Tis here I pause to drop a tear;
O'er angel sisters gone to God.

For thou wast placed by Zetta's side,
Who but lately went before.
Oh, may we all meet o'er the tide,
Where tears and death will be no more.
des

"Reveries" by Armilda Shuff
Mathewson, Okla. Oct. 15th: -1898

Sitting by my quiet window
On a pleasant autumn day,
I am thinking, brooding, dreaming;
And my thoughts are far away.

I, methinks, am once more strolling
'Long the skirted woods of pine,
Near to where the landscape, rolling,
Joins the restless river Rhine.

In the east the sun is shining,
And I wander slowly on,
Flowers and fresh air here combining
Make my walk a pleasant one.

Soon I reach the rolling river;
Then I seat me with my lyre,
Underneath the leaves that quiver,
Nature's beauties to admire.

As I sit in quiet listening
To the strain of Nature's song,
And behold the water glistening
As it gently glides along-

Comes a sound of youthful gladness,
Borne upon the morning breeze;
From a heart that knows no sadness,
Echoed by the vernal trees.

Look up the narrowing river
Whence I heard the joyful song-
I behold bright oars aquiver
As a small boat drifts along.

In it is a lovely maiden
Floating gently down the stream.
See! her face with rapture laden
And her eyes with pleasure beam.

In her hand she holds a neckless
Made of precious, priceless pearls;
Gems so pure, so clear, and spotless
Might adorn proud Dukes and Earls.

But those sparkling little jewels,
All unheeded, one by one
Drop beneath the dark waves cruel,
Till she from my sight has gone.

Left once more alone with Nature,
I'm absorbed in reverie;
Thinking of this fair young creature,
When this lesson comes to me:

As I journey down Life's river,
From the morn till close of day,
Opportunities are ever
Slipping, unimproved, away.

And the talents God hath given
Are not lent to usury.
When the King returns from Heaven
Will he say, approvingly-

"Thou has been a faithful servant",
If this blessing I would gain,
Let me with a soul more fervent,
Strive my jewels to retain.

Milda Shuff

Poem by Armilda A. Shuff

There's an incident related
(Where and when it is not stated)
Of a little lovers quarrel held one day.
They had been to hear a lecture,
And he gave to her a picture:
'Twas a view of the White City on the bay.

The lecture being over,
This young lady and her lover,
At her home, were talking friendly matters o'er,
When he, with good intention,
Did kindly to her mention
That, while there, her chewing gum did vex him sore.

Then she flew into a passion;
With her tongue gave him a lashin'.
And he asked her if she meant all she had said.
And she answered him by saying:
"See that you'r no longer staying."
And she dealt him quite a blow across the head.

Oh! it made her very haughty
When he called her tamper naughty!
And she said: "I want to see you never more!"
Then she took the little picture
Which he gave her at the lacture,
And she dashed it all to pieces on the floor.

Then he turned away and left her;
And she never saw him after;
For to distant lands his footsteps he did wend.
But she told me with a whimper,
The day she lost her temper
She also lost a very faithful friend.

Do you catch the moral, reader?
If you'd be a social leader
You must keep your maddened temper close at home.
If you don't 'twill not go single
But the friends with whom you mingle
With more congenial company will roam.
Armilda Shuff Sept 7th, 1899

A MOTHER'S LAMENT BY ARMILDA SHUFF JACKSON

A sorrow sits beside us
And mingles with pain every joy,
Since the Death Angel entered our circle
And bore off our beautiful boy.

Today I have folded his garments
And tenderly laid them aside;
He will need them no more for he's wearing
The robes that the Angels provide.

His little high-chair now stands empty-
As empty our home as his chair-
For the cold earth now covers his body,
And his spirit is safe in God's care.

Oh! they covered his casket with roses,
The fairest and sweetest that be,
But the bud that Death plucked from our garden
Was fairer than all these to me.

Perhaps in the dim, distant future,
When faith shall be turned into sight;
When we find our lost darling in Heaven,
Wearing robes of immaculate white,

We shall know that the gracious All-Father
In mercy hath called him away;
And hath turned all our sorrow to gladness
That shall last through an eternal day.

Then strengthen our faith, O our Father,
Give us power to say "Thy will be done."
And in the day that Thou gatherest thy jewels
Give us back, then, our beautiful son.

"Pioneer Days" by David Edwin Shuff (Pub. Jan 28, 1937)

We came to Kansas long ago;
And how we stayed we hardly know.
But since we'd come we meant to stay
Because we had no other way.

We settled down and made our vows
We'd stay at home and milk our cows.
Tho crops were poor we made some hay
And bye and bye our hens did lay.

On Monday morn we'd early start
With oxen team or two-wheel cart
To get supplies to last one week,
When cream and eggs again we'd seek.

No bonus checks were coming then,
We counted on our speckled hen.
We gathered chips out on the plain,
To keep us warm in snow or rain.

But take it from this singing bard,
We were happy then, tho times were hard.
Besides all this we always knew
That pluck and grit would see us thru.

Our sweethearts then were just as fair
As any now you might compare.
Her sod house then she kept so neat
Was made to you, a grand retreat.

But bye and bye as time rolled on
When on our sight it soon did dawn,
As clouds o'er head poured out the rain
We could raise a world of golden grain.

So we trade ox team and span of mules
For tractor, plow and power tools,
And do the harvest all so soon,
That used to take us all thru June.

We tear our soddy down with lean-to shed,
And build a mansion there instead;
We don't ride afar to make things known,
But stay at home and telephone.

With Ford sedan or limousine
We view the country side in green;
We don't forget the old times tho
As onward thru this life we go.

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much after all.
Remember this my dear young lads,
You'll soon be old just like your dads.

(My parents moved from southern Iowa to Hodgeman County, Kansas, in April, 1885 when I was just a lad and therefore I had a taste of pioneer life. des)

At the Casket of Brother Morris

I paused to see our brother's face
And what I saw was mere clay
But from that body's silent place,
There came a glow that seemed to say

"Bless the Lord oh my soul,"
I'm here at last, the victory's won,
Goodby to earth, I've reached the goal
Salvation's free through God's dear Son.

Yes I to, now, have tasted death.
My spirit's loosed, unbound, made free.
I'll come not back to earth beneath
But you can all come up to me.

A Casket sermon I seemed to hear.
A benediction from that dear face.
Oh what a clam, no fright, no fear,
I've fought the fight, "Saved by Grace."
H.O. Shuff Wed. Jan. 10th 1940

Obituaries

Obituary of Mrs. J.R. Shuff

Elizabeth Ann Artt was born December 21, 1839, near Louisville, Kentucky; died at her home near Piedmont, Oklahoma, May 26, 1923; aged 83 years, 7 months and 5 days. She was the oldest of five children born to John B. and Armilda Artt. Her mother died when the subject of this sketch was but 10 years of age, and thus began her responsibilities of the home. She moved with her parents in early childhood near Jacksonville, Illinois, where she grew to womanhood. She was united in marriage to J.R. Shuff December 24, 1863, who preceded her to the beyond February 10, 1904. To this union were born twelve children; seven boys and five girls. Five have passed on before. They are Jesse Richard, Ethiland, Angelina, Armilda and Euzetta.

Seven are now living to mourn their loss; Ervin A. of Piedmont, Oklahoma, J.A., D.E., J.W., and B.F. of Sylvia, Kansas, and H.O. Shuff of Edmond, Oklahoma, and quite a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Her husband, J.R. Shuff, was a preacher of the gospel for fifty years. And Grandma Shuff, as she is known to all of her friends, has lived a faithful member of the Church of Christ for over 60 years. The fact that all of her children are active workers, serving as leaders such as Elders, Deacons and Song leaders, bears evidence of her faithfulness as a mother.

Grandma's long life overflows with experiences, moving from Illinois to Nodaway county, Missouri, in 1868; near Bedford, Iowa, in 1881; to Hodgeman county, Kansas, in 1885 and to Oklahoma near Piedmont, in 1889, where she lived 'till the call to come up higher came on May 26, 1923.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

VOLNA RICHARD SHUFF

Volna Richard, son of Brother and Sister James Shuff of near Lebo, Kan., was born May 6th, and died Oct. 7th 1901, being even five months old. The writer was called upon to speak words of comfort and consolation to the heart broken parents. This was their only child, and it was sad indeed to give up the little one which heaven had sent to bless their lives, but such is the way of all the earth. All we can do is to arise and cease our mourning and go to him, for we cannot bring him back to us but we can go to him. It may be delayed but the messenger will not fail to call upon each of us in due time, so then let's all prepare to go to our loved ones we can go to them. May the bereaved be consoled by the promises of God's truly word is our prayer.

O. M. Thomason.

PEARL ADA SHUFF

Pearl Ada Shuff was born June 19, 1900. Died April 22, 1904, with scarlet fever. She was a sweet, pleasant child, and leaves a tender spot in many hearts. Bro. J. A. Shuff and family are improving, but are still under quarantine. They have had a serious time and this loss of little Pearl tries them sorely. But the faith and hope of these beloved brethren, we know will help them in their sad loss till with other loved ones, they shall meet on the other shore.

In loving remembrance, M. A. Draper.

J. A. SHUFF DIED

J. A. Shuff died Monday night at Riverside, Calif. The Shuff family, former residents of Turon and Sylvia, moved to California a few weeks ago.

The funeral will be held at Riverside, Calif., tomorrow (Friday) afternoon.

Mr. Shuff is survived by his widow: two daughters, Mrs. Oren Gilbert of Hutchinson and Mrs. H. L. Carlton of Goodland; a son, Gilbert Shuff, of the home; five brothers, E. A. Shuff, Edmond, Okla., James Shuff, Sylvia, D. E. Shuff, Hutchinson, H. O. Shuff, Oklahoma City and B. F. Shuff of Stockton, Calif., and a sister, Mrs. D. Hunter, Edmond, Okla.

Elvin LaRoy Shuff

Elvin LaRoy Shuff, 63, 404 Howard, died at St. Elizabeth Hospital Sunday. [12-11-60]

He was born Jan. 20, 1903 in St. Louis Valley, Colo., and had lived in Hutchinson the past 52 years.

Surviving are the widow, Wilma Dove; a daughter, Mrs. L. E. Worrell, RFD 4; four sons, Norman and Gary of Hutchinson, Stanley, in the Air Force in Georgia and Leon of the home; his mother, Mrs. Mollie Shuff, Hutchinson; two brothers, Merl and Marvin of Hutchinson;[rest of article missing]

Miscellaneous

SYLVIA, RENO COUNTY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1912 ON THE PLAINS OF WESTERN KANSAS THE WINTER OF 1885 AND 86 BY D. E. Shuff

Leaving Iowa early in the spring 1885, my father having tired of renting after reading the glowing reports of Kansas decided to accept Uncle Sam's offer and go to Hodgeman county and take up land. So with two teams and a family of ten children he started overland to seek our fortune in the west. This journey was made more tedious from the fact that father owned two fine Short Horn cows which he decided to take along. We boys took turns in driving them, and I thought those cows could see a gap in the fence long before we got to it. At night, however, they were tired and would lie down after they had been fed, and remain there till morning.

And sometimes we would meet people who seemed to look upon movers with suspicion and would refuse accommodations of any kind. I remember we traveled in the rain till nine o'clock at night, in Brown county, Kansas, passing house after house with their large barns, but the whole neighborhood were averse to keeping movers. Finally we were admitted by a big-hearted Dane. The farther west we went the more clever the people seemed to be. I distinctly remember an incident that occurred at Ft. Riley, Kansas. We had passed the fort a short distance and finding it a lovely place to camp, there being plenty of wood and water, we decided to go into camp, although it was yet early. So we put out our teams and mother prepared supper. We children were enjoying a lively game of black-man, when all of a sudden there appeared on the scene eight or ten soldiers in uniform. This surprised and made us uneasy for a while. But father said to them, "I hope we are not trespassing here, however, if we are we shall be glad to break camp and move on." Then their captain spoke up and assured him we were not. They only wanted to know who was near them. He then said, "I see you have a large family, and we are glad you have brought them to Kansas. You are entirely welcome to camp here as long as you like, and should you need our protection, just kindly let us know." With this pleasant greeting they withdrew. This being Saturday, we camped there till Monday. After leaving here we bore to the southwest, there being very few fences to interfere. After some five weeks of more or less hardships we finally landed among the hospitable people of the west.

Father immediately took up land on the ridge, which fortunately had a fine spring of water. This still being early in the spring and the country having previously been burned off by a prairie fire, was just greening up with that sweetest of all grasses, the buffalo. Oh! it was a picturesque scene, and on every hand the country was teeming with promise.

But all this scenery was subject to a great many changes as the season wore on. As we stated in the beginning there were ten children, the oldest being twenty-one years old and I was sixteen. Each and everyone old enough lent their hand to help support the family. Not being accustomed to the severe changes we failed to prepare for the many emergencies which were sure to follow. Late in the fall father and one of the older boys went several counties east to shuck corn, while my oldest brother was at work some distance from home, it fell to my lot to stay at home and look after the stock.

On the night of January 6, 1886, came an awful blizzard. The greater part of the day previous was fine. We were just out of groceries and supplies. Thinking that we could tide over one more day, instead of going to town, I took the wagon and team and some of the smaller children and went out on the prairie to get what we called "prairie coal." (In up-to-date language would be called "grassoline.") Before we returned the weather began to be threatening, so we returned with but part of a load.

Chores done and supper over, it shortly began snowing, with wind in the north and getting cold very fast. By morning the country was in the grasp of a genuine blizzard and all the draws drifted level with snow. The air was full of flying snow, and reader, if you have never been on the plains where everything looks alike, then I hope you may never have an experience like this. To get any distance from the house only rendered one a bare chance of finding their way back in the blinding snow storm.

The fury of the storm continued through the day and another night and the sun shone the greater part of the following day but the wind was still high. The air was full of frost and it was extremely cold. Our scant supply of "prairie coal" was now about exhausted, and our kitchen supplies were entirely out. To go to town was impossible. We had lived now for two days on parched corn, and this diet was not sufficient for such weather. So I decided to undertake to go on horse back one and one-half miles, quartering with the wind, to an old bachelor's to see if he could spare us some flour. Wrapping my feet with plenty of rags, to take the place of overshoes, and putting a veil over my face to keep from freezing it, I started out on the gallop. I shall never forget the anxiety that clouded mother's face as I left the house. True 'twas only a short distance, but weak and hungry I could hardly stand the cold. I thought I knew the lay of the land every foot of the way, but the draws were leveled over until they were as smooth as the prairie. These draws start in gradual from their source, and widen and deepen as they advance. In crossing them there is always a jump-off of about one foot, then gently deepening to the center. Well, I plunged into one of these, and feeling sure I was near the head of it, thought best to go on through rather than try to turn round and go back. To make matters worse, the snow had become so crusted as to almost bear up the weight of my nag. So climbing and lunging she soon exhausted herself and gave up, standing in snow up to her flanks. And this in the fourth mile of the bachelors house. In this predicament I was at a loss to know what to do. To abandon the nag was to let her perish in a short time. I was already suffering intensely with the cold and must do something to keep warm. I began stamping my feet and running back to the edge of the draw to get out of the drift. Then I would go back to encourage the nag to try again. After making two or three trips this way I discovered that I was wearing out a path in the snow. The thought occurred to me that if I could stand to keep this up long enough to get down near to terrifirma, I could then lead the nag out. So I began at once and after some difficulty the task was accomplished, which also warmed me up while doing it. I then led her out, mounted and soon completed my journey one way. The good hearted bachelor divided his only sack of flour and I made a hasty return. But I soon began to get very cold, and the good circulation I had started previously to warm me now seemed to cause me to chill through and through. The nag was getting very tired also, as more or less of the distance she had to climb and break the crust of snow. After I had covered half the distance home-ward, I determined to walk the rest of the way and turned the nag loose. I reached home with a few frozen spots on my face, and tips of one or two fingers. I could readily see relief to mother as I entered the door.

Our place of abode was a part dug-out, finished with sod and a dirt roof. This was easy to keep warm in with but little fuel. Mother soon prepared a meal which was greatly relished. But now a new difficulty must be met as our fuel supply was exhausted. Fortunately we had an ax in the house and I knew nearly where a ridge log lay, now covered up in the snow. We had intended to use it for a cave and it was twelve or fourteen feet long, by twelve inch in diameter. By the aid of an end gate rod I soon located it in the snow drift. I dug it up and carried it inside the house where I chopped it up. The next day was some better, and an old frontiersman fearing we might be suffering cut down a few small trees and brought limbs and all over to us. He lived on the creek three miles away. He also brought a sack of flour,

and we were indeed glad to see him. That evening as I went to do the chores, I spied a jackrabbit at the cane pile. I hastened to the house, shouldered the old musket, then sneaked around and killed the game. Under ordinary circumstances we would never have dressed that rabbit, but we thought that one was just about the best meat we had ever eaten. From that on, I watched the cane pile.

The effect of this storm on stock was fearful, many being unprepared. So many were depending on the open range with little or no shelter. The poor cattle would huddle around the breaks of the draws or improvised sheds, their breath would freeze and collect on their nose until great icicles would hang to them. Sometimes it would freeze entirely over their nostrils and suffocate them. Some would get out from the little protection and go with the storm until they came to a fence, where they would stand until they perished. One man had two hundred drift over an embankment thirty feet deep and the snow drifted them under. Many reports of people freezing to death were current. However, there were none in our immediate community, but much suffering.

Just two weeks from the first blizzard there was another one set in, but by this time we had adjusted ourselves some what. I made a vow then that it would never be my fault again for being out of fuel. I think that vow has been kept, as that was twenty-six years ago, and those under my care have never been short of fuel, be it "prairie coal," wood or Canyon City coal.

Story by Alice Frances Shuff Plevna, Kansas, wife of David Edwin Shuff

Just thirty-eight years ago on January 6, 1886 occurred one of the worst blizzards in the history of western Kansas. Thousands of head of cattle and many persons lost their lives in the great storm and there was untold suffering by the few dwellers of the plains. The entire month was one of much snow and cold, and only two trains succeeded in getting through from Dodge City, Kansas, to Granada, Colorado during the month.

During the early summer of 1885 J.R. Shuff and wife and ten children arrived from Iowa in a prairie schooner and located in Hodgeman county, Kansas. He immediately took up land near the Cottonwood Creek and about three miles from the Pawnee River. He was located about thirty miles north of Dodge City, sixty miles west of Larned and twenty miles south west of Ness City. The Nick Gable ranch lay about three miles to the east and Guzzler's Gulch about ten miles to the north.

The little soddy was erected near a fine spring of water. Late in the fall J.R. and John, the second oldest boy, went several counties east to shuck corn, and also preached some as he was a minister. Allison, the oldest boy, was at work some distance from home, so it fell to the lot of Edwin, a lad of sixteen, to look after things at home.

On the evening of January 6, it was perfectly clear but quite cold. The greater part of the day previous was fine. They were just about out of groceries and supplies. Thinking that they could tide over one day, instead of going to town, Edwin took the wagon and team and some of the smaller children and went out on the prairie to gather up "prairie coal", or in other words cow chips. While busy at work the weather began to be threatening, so they returned home with but part of a load.

Chores done and supper over, it shortly began snowing, with the wind in the north and getting cold very fast. By morning, January 7, the country was in the grip of a genuine blizzard and all the draws drifted level with snow. The air was full of flying snow and the wind sounded like an army of freight trains rushing by, with the thermometer some where from twenty to thirty degrees below zero. To get any distance from the house only rendered one a bare chance of finding their way back in the blinding snow storm.

The fury of the storm continued through the day and another night and the sun shone the greater part of the following day but the wind was still high. The air was full of frost and it was extremely cold. Their scant supply of "prairie coal" was now about exhausted, and their kitchen supplies were entirely out. To go to town was impossible. They lived for two days on parched corn, and this diet was not sufficient for such weather. So Edwin decided to undertake to go on horseback one and one-half miles, quartering with the wind, to an old bachelor's to see if he could spare them some flour.

Then wrapping his feet with a plenty of rags, to take the place of overshoes, and putting a veil over his face to keep from freezing it, he started out on the gallop. The mother's face was clouded with anxiety as her boy left the house and in her heart was a constant prayer for the safe return of her son. It was only a short distance, but she knew he was weak from hunger to withstand the extreme cold and the deep drifts that would require strength. Edwin thought he knew the lay of the land every foot of the way, but the draws were leveled over until they were as smooth as the prairie. These draws start in gradual from their source, and widen and deepen as they advance. In crossing them there is always a jump-off of about one foot, then gently deepening to the center. Well, he plunged into one of these, but feeling sure he was near the head of it, thought best to go on through rather than try to turn around and go back. To make matters worse, the snow had become so crusted as to almost bear up the weight of the horse. After climbing and lunging she soon exhausted herself and gave up, standing in snow up to her flanks. And this in one-fourth mile of the bachelor's house. In this predicament he was at a loss to know what to do. To abandon the horse was to let her perish in a short time. He was already suffering intensely with the cold and must do something to keep warm. He began stamping his feet and running back to the edge of the draw to get out of the drift. Then he would go back to encourage the horse to try again. After two or three trips this way he discovered that he was wearing out a path in the snow. The thought occurred to him that if he could stand to keep that up long enough to get down near to terra firma, he could then lead the horse out. So he began at once and after great difficulty the task was accomplished, which also warmed him up while doing it. He then led her out, mounted and soon completed the journey one way. The good hearted bachelor divided his only sack of flour, Edwin hurriedly started on his return trip elated over the prospect of soon having something for them all to eat. But he soon began to get very cold and the good circulation he had previously started while extricating the horse, now seemed to cause him to chill through and through. The horse was getting very tired, also, as more or less of the distance she had to climb and break the crust of snow. But the thoughts of his dear mother and the seven little ones at home entrusted in his care urged him onward and onward. After he had covered half the distance homeward, he determined to walk the rest of the way and turned the horse loose. Being very careful to keep the right course he finally found the snow covered "soddy" which was part dug-out, finished with sod and dirt roof. He could readily see great relief to his mother as he entered the door. There were a few frozen spots on his face and the tips of several fingers.

But now another difficulty must be met as the fuel supply was exhausted. Fortunately there was an ax in the house and Edwin knew about where a ridge-log lay. They had intended to use it for a cave and it was about fourteen feet long by twelve inches in diameter. By the aid of an end-gate rod he located it in a snow bank. He dug it up and carried it inside the house where he chopped it up.

That evening he found his way to the stable and cared for the stock the best he could. He had shouldered the old musket with the hopes of finding some rabbits around the cane pile and fortunately provided the family with meat this way.

The next day was some better. An old frontiersman three miles away feared they might be suffering. So he cut down a few small trees and took them over. He also took a sack of flour and looked like the good Santa Clause as he slid down into the "badger hole" as little Armilda called it.

Over on Guzzler's Gulch was a young homesteader named Sooter. His claim cornered with what was known as the Benny Brintain ranch and later the Sig Spangler ranch. He went to work on the Hubbard

Brothers ranch on the Pawnee. Grandma Hubbard, who was seventy-five years old, also had a homestead and lived alone in a dugout in the west bank of the Paunee. Sooter was given to understand by the Hubbard brothers that if he did not do anything else he must see that grandmother was well cared for, and he found it a very agreeable job.

On the evening of January 6, he loaded up a jag of wood and took it over to grandma's place which was about a mile and a half the way he had to go around the bend of the creek but only three quarters of a mile straight across. It was sundown when he got there and he just barely cut up enough wood to do grandma until he could get back the next morning.

Well, when the next morning came it was the biggest snow storm he had ever seen and the first thing he thought of was grandma. He told Robert Hubbard he had only cut enough wood to last her until morning, and he was afraid she would perish. Robert thought so, too, but said it would be utterly impossible for any man to get to her. They ate breakfast and all the time there was some strange power tugging at Sooter and he finally told Robert he would have to go, so he wrapped burlap securely around his feet and legs. He dressed as heavy as he dared to travel, and when he stepped out of the door Robert bade him goodbye, never expecting to see him alive again.

There was a barb wire fence 150 yards southwest from Sooter's starting point across the Pawnee that ran about the same distance from grandma's dugout and he thought if he could only get to that fence he could tap the wire and it would land him within 150 yards of the dugout, which was northwest from the west line of the fence.

He found the fence and followed it very well by tapping the wire with his hand. When he got to the corner he was a little bewildered and stood there trying to get his course north-west to the dugout, and finally decided to count his steps as best he could, so as to have some idea when he had gone the one hundred and fifty yards.

He missed the dugout just a few feet and finally found where the snow had been heaved up in chinks, and digging down he found the door, and called, and grandma finally heard him and opened the door and let him in. She said "I have been praying all day long for the Good Master to send you and protect you."

Snow had drifted into the dugout until she had the tub, dishpans and about everything else full and had burned all the wood that had been cut the night before, together with her crock covers and an old chair or two, in an effort to keep from freezing, and when that was all she had to burn she had tried to break her way out through the snow that had drifted her door under, in an effort to get to the pile of wood, which was just at the west end of the dugout. But just the minute she got her head above the snow bank, her eyes froze shut and she had abandon the idea.

Grandma always kept her ax in the dugout and Sooter dug out some of the wood he halued the evening before and dropping it down in the dugout he soon cut it up.

Newspaper clipping "Kinnamon-Shuff" wedding

A most pleasant and enjoyable event was the marriage of Miss Frances Kinnamon and Mr. D.E. Shuff at the home of the bride's parents two and a half miles east of Sylvia, Thursday evening, Nov. 29, 1900. This Thanksgiving was one which will long be remembered by those who were present. About eighty guests had assembled at five o'clock p.m. when Mrs. W.H. Cully began playing the wedding march. The bridal party, led by Miss Minnie Bemis, bridesmaid, and Geo. F. Kinnamon, groomsmen, marched from an upper room to the parlor, where a beautiful evergreen arch, visible from three rooms, had been arranged. Under this the party formed in a semicircle, while Br. M.A. Draper pronounced the words

which the contracting parties in marriage, after which Bro. J.E. Sniffen asked that the richest blessings of our Heavenly Father might be bestowed upon them throughout life's entire journey. After congratulations by their many friends, Mrs Cully again played while the party marched to the dining room followed by the guests, where an elegant and sumptuous supper was served. The remainder of the evening was spent in visiting and proved a very pleasant one indeed. The infare was given at the home of Bro. M.A. Draper Friday, Nov. 30. A more pleasant day would hardly have been possible and all enjoyed themselves with music, visiting, dinner, croquet, croconole, etc. until the shades of evening warned them that the happy day was drawing to a close.

The bride is well known in and around Sylvia, and is one of whom it may be said "She needs but to be known to be loved." The groom is a young man known for his rare musical talent and his honest and upright dealings with all. Both are faithful members of the Church of Christ at Plevna. They will visit among their many friends for a few weeks, when the new house on his farm two and a half miles west of Plevna, will be ready for occupancy, where they will be at home to their friends. Many useful and beautiful presents were received.

May joy and happiness ever attend this happy couple is our earnest and sincere wish. A Guest (Lack of space forbids our printing the list of presents. - Ed)

Timmons-Gilbert wedding (1954)

Mrs. Dorothy Gilbert became the bride of S. O. Timmons on May 15 at 3 o'clock. The double ring ceremony was performed at the home of the bride in the presence of the families and close friends of the couple. V. M. Gilbert of Des Moines, Iowa, officiated. Preceding the ceremony Miss Jackie Barr sang "Because" and "Oh, Promise Me." Miss Frances Teal of Manchester, Tennessee, was the bride's only attendant. Leonard Dane of Clay City served as best man. Immediately following the reception Mr. and Mrs. Timmons left for a short wedding trip. After their return, they will make their home in McLeansboro where Mr. Timmons is employed by the Pure Oil Company.

On May 11, Mr. Timmons and Mrs. Gilbert were entertained with a picnic supper given by several friends. Miss Teal honored Mrs. Gilbert with a breakfast at the Hotel Litz on May 15. Those attending in addition to the hostess and honoree were Mrs. Leonard Dane, Mrs. L. E. Laws, Mrs. Sam Bunn, Mrs. Doit Freeland, Miss Jackie Barr, Miss Pat Timmons, and Miss Mary Byrum.

A Personal Experience by Armilda Jackson (1910)

One of the most thrilling experiences of my life I passed through four years ago this January. Mr. Jackson and I were teaching country schools and boarding with a family that lived about half way between the two school houses. I had about three miles to go. While the weather was pretty I walked but when winter came on the roads were very bad, for we had a great deal of rain and snow that winter, and I was obliged to go on horse back.

We had just purchased a large black mare. She was quick motioned, very full of life, and an excellent saddler. At first I was not quite brave enough to mount her and ride alone over that three miles of country road in which I passed but two houses, but as I grew better acquainted with her my courage rose and one morning I ordered "Bell" saddled and bridled.

She gave me a delightful morning ride, and I told myself over and over that I had been allowing my silly fears to deprive me of many pleasures.

The morning was pretty cold, and the day grew colder as it advanced. There was no shelter at the school-house for Bell except that afforded by the school building and a blanket which I had taken to

throw over her, and she grew cold and colder. She was very well contented, however, until four o'clock when school let out and the four or five other horses which some of the pupils had ridden were off on the gallop for home. Then her head went up, her nostrils distended, she neighed and pawed and danced. If I had been as wise then as I was an hour later, I would have made it a point to be off with the rest, but I had some papers to grade, and remained for about a half hour.

Two of the big boys very kindly saddled and bridled her for me, and then of course went their way. I did not realize my helpless condition until I was ready to go. The school house had nothing near it except a barbed-wire fence and a rick of stove wood. There I was, obliged to mount a cold, restless, impatient horse sixteen hands high, and not a bench of any description to stand upon - not even a porch for the school house didn't have one. The wood pile offered the best solution to the problem, and so I determined to try it. The wood was cut in two-foot lengths and the rick was about eight feet long and two and a half or three feet high, braced at each end with a single stake set in the ground.

Bell would not stand still for a single moment; I had all I could do to hold her at all. I finally got her within a reasonable distance of the rick and, by allowing her to face homeward, although it made it awkward for me, got her still enough that I was just in the act of springing when she suddenly wheeled half way round. It gave me such a jerk that I lost my balance and in trying to regain it I started the wood to slipping. My feet shot out from under me and down I went with the wood right under Bell's feet! The more I tried to scramble back up the faster the wood tumbled down until I found myself directly under my horse! Then I was indeed frightened; but, blessings on her old head forever, Bell never moved a hoof until I had crawled out on the opposite side and was safe on my feet again.

For a moment I hesitated. Should I give her her rein and let her go? I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes to five. It would be dark long before I could walk home. Mr. Jackson would be frightened if she should go in home without a rider. No I must mount her.

I then formulated a new plan. I let down the stirrup to the lowest possible notch. I built a bench of wood only two sticks high, then leading Bell up to it, I quickly placed my foot in the low stirrup and sprang! By the time I was safely settled in the saddle, we were well off down the lane for home. I commanded Bell to "whoa" but I had as well have talked to the Niagara Falls. Bell was off for home at last and she didn't propose to loose any time in the going. The stirrup was too low to be of any practical use to me. I was using an old cloth reined riding bridle, I knew it was worn at the bits and was afraid to strain it too far; so I decided to let her go and to try to go with her if I could.

About a half mile from the school house the road ran through a pond which at that time was about knee deep to a horse. When I got time to think I wondered what she would do when she came to that. I hadn't long to wonder for we were soon there. As she approached it she slackened her pace and went into it and crossed it as carefully as if she had been drawing a cart load of little children.

I talked to her and patted her and thought I had her thinking my way about how to travel th rest of the way home; but she no sooner struck solid ground than she was off again like a shot.

The remainder of the road was practically clear and we covered it all without another hesitation until we reached the lane which leads to the barnyard gate. Then she slackened her speed and we reached the gate on a slow gallop.

Mr. Jackson met us there I dismounted, gave him the rein and told him to be sure and give her a good supper and a warm stall.

I then looked at my watch. It had been just fourteen minutes since I had crawled out from under her feet at the school house.

Birthday party for Mrs. D. E. Shuff

Wednesday of last week was the birthday anniversary of Mrs. D. E. Shuff. Mr. Shuff decided it would be a good opportunity to surprise her. He brought her to Sylvia and left her at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. R. Kinnamon. He then proceeded to invite the neighbors to the surprise which was to take place about seven thirty in the evening. After the visitors all arrived Mr. Shuff went to Sylvia and returned with Mrs. Shuff and on her arrival she was genuinely surprised to find about sixty five of her relatives and friends waiting to extend congratulations for her anniversary. Ice cream and cake were served in abundance for refreshments.

Newspaper clipping "Plucky Girl in Ride in Storm Geneva Shuff, School Teacher in Morton County, Rode 10 Miles in Blizzard"

Miss Geneva Shuff, a former Reno county girl, who is teaching school at Elkhart, wrote home folk at Plevna of a ten mile ride horseback Sunday afternoon, March 16, through the storm.

On Friday evening, she saddled up her pony, "Chigger", a full blooded saddler she had purchased earlier in the winter and went to spend the week end with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. G.F. Kinnamon, also former Reno county people and old school teachers, too.

It was still snowing Sunday morning with a strong wind from the northeast. But about three o'clock the sun broke through some and the wind changed to the northwest but was still very cold. So she decided to try to return to her boarding place five miles east and five miles north. The snow was from three to nine inches on the level and drifts four and five feet deep. She had plenty of warm wraps but the only thing that worried her was that the pony couldnt get through.

She started about four o'clock and "Chigger" was plucky and faced right into it and she didn't have a moment's trouble with her. It was pretty bad going north and she got off and walked a couple of times to keep warm - about one mile in all. When going north the wind whipped into her left eye and made it water and then it would freeze onto the lashes until she could hardly see out of that eye. However, her glasses were a great protection. Icicles hung from "Chigger's" nose and her lashes were frozen together with chunks of ice.

She surprised her landlady when she arrived at six o'clock and she wasn't so very cold either, but feared she had frosted her chin some.

A Paper by Miss Geneva Shuff

On the prairies in the southwest corner of Kansas near Elkhart in Morton county, there has been observed for the last fifteen years or more a most unusual light. It is known throughout the country as the "ghost light", as the phenomena has never been explained.

About five miles east of Elkhart, and extending in a northeasterly direction for perhaps another five miles, is found a narrow ridge rising abruptly from the surrounding level plains. It is along this ridge that the spooky light is to be seen cavorting at irregular intervals, in various places, and at unusual hours of the night. There is no way by which it's appearance can be timed, as it is sometimes months between the times that it is observed; and again it may seem nearly every night.

The light is a dull red in color unlike anything before observed. On the occasions on which it was observed close at hand it was the size of a wagon wheel, but seen at a distance was no larger than the light shed by a lantern.

About midway on this ridge is the Prairie View school house and it is near the school grounds that the light is most frequently seen. It is at this schoolhouse that I teach. The light, while certainly most mysterious and uncanny, does not alarm me in the least, as there most assuredly must be some plausible cause for it. Most of the people in the neighborhood, while quite curious as to the cause, are both terrified by all of it but take it in a very matter of fact way. They are inclined to believe that the causes for it are quite natural, stories repeated to the contrary, nevertheless.

Of course there is a story connected with it. In the latter 80's, the spot where the schoolhouse now stands, was the sight of a boomday prairie town, long ago off the map. An open well was put down to water, 200 feet. After the boom "busted" there was an epidemic among the cattle, and many of them died. Their carcasses were thrown into the well, and the story has it that a man was killed and thrown in with the cattle. Then later, about ten years ago, the well was filled up. There is a sunken spot yet to mark the well. Some, more superstitious than others, claim the light to be the ghost of the dead man.

Once when they were having a literary at the old schoolhouse, the light appeared from the east, raised over the schoolhouse and traveled away down the ridge. A number of boys got on horseback and chased it for several miles. It kept just so far ahead of them. When they stopped it stopped, and when they turned to come back it followed them; finally disappearing. I know some of the men that were in that bunch.

On another occasion, a neighbor woman died. Two women with whom I am acquainted, sat up that night with the body. This was at a place a mile north of the schoolhouse. Soon it started down the road, coming to within a few rods of the house, and returned. Three times it made the trip then disappeared. One night last winter as Mr. W.P. Crawley's, with whom I board, were returning from a program at Wilburton, a little hamlet three miles north of the schoolhouse, they saw the light just east of the schoolhouse. When they arrived home, at the foot of the ridge just a third of a mile from the schoolhouse, the light seemed to disappear, but was probably hid from view by the intervening ridge. Later their son Clarence and another boy came from Wilburton on horseback. They saw it; much the size of a big full red-hued moon. Then it began traveling with a rolling motion, behind the schoolhouse, out to the barn and then back to the schoolhouse and disappeared.

I have seen it twice myself; upon one occasion as I returned from school. The sun had set but it was not quite dark yet. The first thing to attract my attention was its peculiar red color, also the fact that it shone so distinctly when it was no darker than it was. I watched closely. It appeared to be traveling northward along the ridge. Once it divided into two distinct lights apparently several rods apart, then they rejoined. Later it appeared to rise quite a distance into the air, remaining stationary awhile then dropped back again. It was not a steady light but seemed to twinkle like a star. When I arrived at my boarding place all of them came out to look at it. Finally it faded away. On another occasion we saw it for a few minutes, at very nearly the same place.

One family living near the southwest part of the ridge claim that they see it every few nights, but have never been able to get close to it.

There has been a number of explanations offered as to its possible cause. One of these is that it is a "jack o' lantern" or "will o' the wisp", but they are usually found in lower damper country. Another explanation is that of a night mirage. The most plausible explanation, however, is that it is brought about by gas or else some chemical combination of minerals. One story that upholds the gas theory is that a man shot at it once with a high powered rifle. The light shot up into the air and exploded into atoms. The reason for the chemical theory is that this country lies in the Cimmaron valley. It is not far from Satanta, Kansas where is located the only powdered silicia mine in the world. A geologist who examined the country before the opening of the silicia mine said that there were to be found in the Cimmaron Valley some of the most unusual combinations of chemicals he had ever observed.

Newspaper Article - Shuff Families Reunion

On last Thursday occurred a very pleasant gathering at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Shuff.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelly and family and Mrs. Logan from Raymond, Kans, Mrs. E.A. Shuff of Piedmont, Okla., and son H.O. Shuff, of Wellston, Okla., and Miss Clara Brown of Woodward, Okla., Mr. and Mrs. B.F. Shuff, and family, of Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. James Shuff and Mr. and Mrs. E. Edwin Shuff and their respective families. A bounteous dinner of turkey and all the many good eatables that go with it was served. Mrs. Shuff certainly proved her skill in the culinary department.

The afternoon was spent in music and recitations. Miss Jewel Shuff rendered some fine piano music and H.O. Shuff some very interesting recitations. Geneva Shuff also gave a recitation. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Shuff and daughter Miss Stella from Jacksonville, Ill., arrived on No. 1 and were at once motored to the Shuff home, where the other guests greeted them. Oliver Shuff is a brother of J.R. Shuff the deceased father of the Shuff boys residing here. Mrs. E.A. Shuff mother of the Shuff boys here had not seen her brother-in-law for 46 years, and it was a mere coincidence of their meeting here.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Shuff were visiting her sister Mrs. Jeffries, wife of the manager of the Jeffries band of Hutchinson. They there found B.F. Shuff who runs a grocery store and learned of the other boys residing here, and that their mother was coming here on a visit.

At a late hour their pleasant day and evening was brought to a close and Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Shuff and daughter accompanied Mr. and Mrs. D.E. Shuff to their home.

On Friday evening all the crowd mentioned above (minus the parties from Raymond and Miss Brown) with a number of near neighbors of J.W.'s and a crowd of young people making about sixty-eight, met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Shuff south of Sylvia where they gave a "house warming" on the completion of their new nine-room house, with bath, halls, pantry, closets, three large porches, two large rooms in the basement and equipped with furnace and acetyline lights. They had also adorned their new home with a fine piano. Music and recitations were the principal features of the evening. Mr. and Mrs. D.A. Waite rendered some very nice music on the piano and violin. Miss Jewel Shuff also gave a selection. Miss Stella Shuff being a graduate in elocutionary and voice culture gave some very interesting selections in both. H.O. Shuff, proffessor of the Wellston schools gave some very enjoyable recitations. Refreshments were served at a late hour and H.O. Shuff made a closing speech.