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### Interviews with Elizabeth Fagly, Olive Sutley, Esther Sewer, Herman Sullivan, the Stuttgart Vocal Quartet, Music by Alvin Boggle, Paul Kellerman and Fred Kellerman

Mary Grace Kinter

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RT F666m No. 10  
Tape Recording  
3 3/4 revolutions per minute

Tape prepared by Mary Grace Kinter

1st recording: Elizabeth Fagly--Logan, Kansas  
June 12, 1962  
(Recording cannot be heard)

✓ 2nd recording: Miss Olive Sutley--Speed, Kansas  
June 12, 1962

1. Parents Origin
2. Building the dugout
3. Indians
4. Grasshopper plague
5. Selling buffalo bones at Hays
6. Poem

3rd recording: Mrs. Esther Sewer--Logan, Kansas  
relates tales of her father, Fred C. Albright

1. Founding of Logan
2. Trip to Concordia
3. Building a coffin for first man buried at Logan
4. The white buffalo
5. The Logan "Goldrush"
6. Sorgum story
7. First dance in Logan
8. The skeleton
9. Waconda Springs

4th recording: Stuttgart vocal quartet  
Alvin Bay  
Alvin Boggle  
Paul Kellerman  
Herman Kellerman

5th recording: Instrumental music  
Alvin Boggle  
Paul Kellerman  
Fred Kellerman

6th recording: Herman J. Sullivan--Hays, Kansas  
Interview June 11, 1962

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no. 10

The following is a ~~trans~~ recorded interview Mrs. Esther ~~S~~ Sewer of Logan, Kansas. This interview is being taped at 3 3/4 inches per second on dual track by Mary Grace Kinter on June 14, 1962 at Logan, Kansas. Mrs. Sewer relates early time tales told to her by her father, Fred C. Albright. Mr. Albright was an rugged individual whose name and life is now interwoven with most of the early folk lore and tales of Logan and <sup>as</sup> surrounding communities and count~~ies~~es.

N. These are a few of the tales my father told of the early '70's when he homesteaded at Logan. When dad first came to Logan in 1872, three brothers named ~~Sewer~~ <sup>Brewer (Hobbs?)</sup> ~~Beaver~~ had settled on ~~Cripple~~ <sup>Cripple</sup> Creek where Roy ~~Log~~ <sup>Log</sup> now lives. They tried to establish ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> town site there which they called ~~Brewersville~~ <sup>Beaver's</sup>. But it was founded out by ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> town a half mile west on the Solomon River that Gerald Hoover named for his old army commander, John A. Logan. When dad had been here ~~an~~ week or two, he took the team and wagon and drove to Concordia for supplies. These consisted of a breaking plow, potatoes, flour, corn, nails, and some ~~boards~~ <sup>cottonwood</sup> boards to build the door of the dugout ~~that~~ they had ~~been~~ constructed. It took nine days to make the trip. And when he reached Logan on his return, he ~~found~~ <sup>had</sup> great excitement over the fact that a young man had been ~~shot~~. The victim had ~~camped~~ <sup>camped</sup> at the ~~Dinkler's~~ <sup>Giebler's</sup> ~~place~~ <sup>place</sup> that had been ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> part of a buffalo. And in the hurry to get out their guns, it was plain ~~that~~ Herb Giebler's gun had accidentally gone off, killing this stranger. All ~~arrival~~ <sup>for</sup> arrival was timely ~~because~~ they had nothing of which to build the coffin. Fresh cottonwood boards were a common ~~board~~ <sup>board</sup> with ~~the~~ <sup>that</sup> farmers in the county would pay for them. And Fred helping, they sent to work building the coffin. The ~~lumber~~ <sup>lumber</sup> was ~~xxx~~ green and hard to saw. So finally it was made. The day ~~was~~ hot, and the boards began to warp. So a ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> buffalo hide was teared into a continuous strip, a ~~xxx~~ yard long and two

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inches wide which was used to wrap the coffin tightly lengthwise and round and round. The boards not warp but the green hide ~~stuck~~<sup>shook</sup>, holding them all the ~~time~~<sup>fighter</sup>. Just at sundown on a bright October day, the young man was put into his grave a half mile north of Logan and what later became known as the old cemetery, the first person ~~to~~ ever be buried at Logan. Nothing more was thought of the matter particularly until one day a man named Knox arrived in Syracuse ~~town~~<sup>town</sup>. He had heard from him last at Logan where he had come ~~as a good kid~~<sup>with a good team</sup>, harness and wagon and money enough to last until he got located. By the time the older man came, the Beavers were gone and the things out there and money were gone with them, giving rise to the suspicion that the young fellow had been killed for his possessions. So it was never actually known whether the first man buried at Logan was murdered or accidentally shot.

~~N. O. Miss, if you'll~~ <sup>Now, I shall</sup> tell the tale of the white buffalo.

S. On June the 4th, 1873, which was dad's birthday, he spotted a buffalo that was nearly all white. This ~~is~~<sup>is</sup> very unusual. And he started out to following this buffalo. He followed him all day until they ~~accomplished~~<sup>probably</sup> 50 miles. The buffalo circled, and finally in the late afternoon, he appeared not far from where he had started in the morning. On ~~seeing~~<sup>skinning</sup> him, he discovered that it was not a natural white buffalo. But the buffalo had been rubbing on the chalk ~~grain~~<sup>grain</sup> and the white ~~red~~<sup>red</sup>. This buffalo had \_\_\_\_\_ through the years.

~~N. O.~~ Here ~~is~~ a gold rush story.

N. Logan also had her "Goldrush" ~~Solomon~~<sup>Skull</sup> Creek, which is west of Logan, was named by the early settlers. On ~~Solomon~~<sup>Skull</sup> Creek, the early settlers found evidence of ~~tragedy~~<sup>tragedy</sup>. The real truth will probably ~~never~~<sup>never</sup> be known. But the facts are these. In a natural ~~depression~~<sup>depression</sup> ~~of~~<sup>a start of</sup> wall of earth and stone had been built across the center. And ~~in many~~

manger of campfire ~~where~~ <sup>were</sup> on one side in the ashes were found a scalping  
 knife and part of several yellowing scalps with enough hair left to  
 see that the people had <sup>hair of</sup> black hair and red. Some bones were there.  
 Also some skulls. One skull was lodg<sup>ing</sup> in a tree top 20 feet above the  
 ground and gave the creek its name. Dad and others were digging around  
 the area and a bottle was found labeled ~~with~~ "strychnine" and filled with a  
 dark, heavy fluid. Dad put it in his pocket ~~and~~ intended <sup>ing</sup> to find out  
 the contents, ~~and~~ <sup>but</sup> forgot it until one day. At work he took the mail from  
 his pocket and found the bottle. He poured out the liquid and found  
 several bits of heavy substance. He took it to town and had ~~it~~ <sup>them</sup> analyzed  
 and found the nuggets to be gold. Immediately, rumors spread that he had  
 a gold mine he was working secretly. His every move was watched. Several  
 times after dark he would ~~leave~~ <sup>lead</sup> them a merry chase, leave them in  
 the dark and return home. Some staked claims but no gold was found. After  
 several months they gave up their search. These nuggets were ~~valued~~ <sup>appraised at</sup> \$19.  
 This finding always remained a mystery. It was known that Indians wouldn't  
 destroy their scalps trophies, leave no evidence of campfires and camp-  
 holes burned or unburned. Indians would not throw scalping knives into  
 the campfire. Neither would they bury gold nuggets nor carry strychnine.  
 So what? Contrary to the belief of <sup>some</sup> ~~or~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ Indians were not  
 likely to make night raids. This was left to the regenade <sup>tribes</sup> ~~twice~~ and to  
 the desperados <sup>blamed?</sup> who committed many crimes that the Indians were planned  
 for. Now dad had a lot of fun with this tale. The first spring, grandpa  
 and dad planted 40 acres of sorgum <sup>corn?</sup> and one acre of cane. Colie Smith  
 had her sorgum mill just south of the log house and ~~who~~ <sup>he</sup> made up 20 gallons  
 of sorgum for dad. They were 4 and 5 dollar \_\_\_\_\_, and there wasn't  
 much in the way of food. So several times a week they would come over  
 to play cards and visit. They would stay for supper and eat sorgum and  
 brag on it. ~~The~~ <sup>getting</sup> supply was ~~running~~ low and one evening one fellow

decided that it was the finest sorgum that he had ever tasted. Dad says, "Yes, you wouldn't suspect a cat had drowned in it, would you?" ~~He~~ <sup>They</sup> never cared for anymore sorgum from there after.

who said it? N. D.

N. D. The first dance in Logan.

N. The early settlers consisted mostly of unmarried men. They resorted to all kinds of things to relieve the monoth<sup>y</sup> during a long winter month. They \_\_\_\_\_, wrestled, and played cards, \_\_\_\_\_ and danced. They would go to a dugout one night and some other place the next night. They carried all ~~ed~~ this on by <sup>me</sup> a flickering light of a candle made from buffalo tallow. The first dance was a stag dance in front of Larry's dugout, one Sunday afternoon. Herb Marlen played the ~~kettle~~ <sup>fiddle</sup>, and they danced on a buffalo hide staked to the ground. They danced the round dances. Some of the men wore aprons. A sudden thunderstorm came up, and the lightning hit a nearby cottonwood tree. Thus ended the first dance in Logan.

N. G. The skeleton.

N. After the Sappa massacre, a Logan ~~citizen~~ <sup>physician</sup> thought it would be a good time to secure a body and get a skeleton for his office. With a team and wagon he drove up along the Sappa ~~sand~~ <sup>sand</sup> and ~~finally he~~ <sup>finding a splendid</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ ~~of~~ specimen of an ~~Indian~~ Indian man, loaded him into the wagon ~~box~~ box, feet first. He was so tall that the head was constantly falling out the end of the wagon. So finally in order to save time and trouble, he cut off the ~~head~~ and tossed it into the wagon <sup>box</sup> with the body. He arrived home late at night and left the body in the wagon. to unload the next morning. He was awakened by barking dogs at daylight and went out to find ~~that~~ they were barking over the head of the Indian. The ladies of Logan were horrified ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> the young practitioner had the bones prepared and the skeleton was hung in his <sup>sanctum</sup> sangtom.

N. Waconda Springs.

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N. <sup>Dad's</sup> ~~their~~ phrase for the German's was wagon and three oxen. He stopped ~~through~~ many times at the spirit springs. For a fifth time Waconda Springs was in the mist of the Indian country, and the waters were held sacred to the Great Spirit. Bodies of \_\_\_\_\_ were buried in the water. And tribesmen made <sup>at least</sup> one yearly visit to the home of the Great Spirit. ~~where~~ where they offered sacrifices. For many years a Spanish pony was sacrificially backed into the spring. For years, four long poles were bolted together and laid <sup>dig</sup> near the spring. Travelers would try their luck and ~~go~~ dig down <sup>terrifying</sup> ~~in~~ the poles to see what they ~~go~~ could bring up. <sup>Some times</sup> ~~Some times~~ <sup>terrifying</sup> ~~terrifying~~ and wonderful things were brought to the light of the sun. Blankets, beads, carcuses, robes, tomahaks, bows and arrows. My father said that he never had any desire to try the beneficial qualities of the spring. He also said, <sup>unless</sup> Although some people today who give to the Lord therefore wish they had no need or desire. The Indians <sup>would please</sup> believed ~~in~~ the Great Spirit <sup>with</sup> ~~was~~ the best of <sup>he</sup> ~~they~~ whatever he possessed whether it be a pony, food or clothing.

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INFORMANT BIOGRAPHY, FORM B

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Index

1. Name Olive M. Sutley 2. Date: June 12, 1962

3. Address: Speed, Kans 4. County Phillips 5. Age: 84

6. Place of Birth: Marvin (now Glade) Kansas

7. Ancestry Penna. Dutch 9. Education (circle highest)  
Grade School 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8  
High School 1 2 3 4  
College 1 2 3 4

8. Language spoken: English

10. Places of residence Marvin (now Glade) Kans Dates: May 6, 1878

Speed, Kansas Feb 1947

11. Present occupation: House Keeper 12. Former occupations: House Keeper

13. Father's name: Irvin R. Sutley 17. Mother's name: Mary S. Kenyon Sutley

14. Father's place of birth: Franklin, Penna 18. Mother's place of birth: Zanesville, Ohio

15. Grandfather's place of birth: 19. Grandfather's place of birth:

16. Grandmother's place of birth: 20. Grandmother's place of birth:

21. Place and condition of interview:  
At Miss Sutley's home

22. Remarks: I have taped this interview with Miss Sutley. She reviewed the early life of her parents for me. At the close of the interview, she asked me if I would like to read a copy of the handwritten notes written by her mother. I gave her a copy of the notes. She said she would like to see the notes if I would like to see them. I will try to find them for her.

Collector's name:  
Address:

3rd page - interview  
with Mrs. Esther Sewer (Herr?)

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no. 10

The following is a tape recorded interview with Miss Olive Sutley <sup>Cutley?</sup> of Speed, Kansas. This interview is being taped at 3 3/4 inches per second by Merry Grace Kinter on June 12, 1962 at Speed, Kansas.

Q. Miss Sutley is 84 years old and has lived all her life in Phillips County Kansas.

N. My parents, Irvin R. Sutley was born in Pennsylvania. And my mother was married in Public. And my father when he was ten years old the family moved to Wisconsin. Then to Belview, Nebraska. When my mother was <sup>about</sup> 15 years old she <sup>went</sup> ~~had~~ to Belview, Nebraska and lived with a sister.

~~They~~ remained there a <sup>number</sup> ~~couple~~ of years, came to Kansas, and arrived here August the 22nd, 1872. Father's first thought was of a home and <sup>he</sup> started one of sod. And that little sod, that little old dugout was soon completed. Soon after <sup>coming</sup> ~~they came~~, they started chopping wood on the river <sup>and</sup> started to work on working the land starting from Munjor to the river and digging and removing the grass from it

\_\_\_\_\_ and he had been worried about it at Bellview, Nebraska. Then Mom came on up the river and my father took the raft and got on the raft and he was real surprised when the raft didn't have a hole

\_\_\_\_\_. And they went on up the river and father stopped \_\_\_\_\_, the Indian went on quietly. And before then

many, many, many <sup>Indians</sup> came through. They came about one half mile ~~from~~ from my father's home. They were standing and offering things \_\_\_\_\_ nobody

was afraid of them but one and tried to get them to get out, until there was room for them all. A white man was \_\_\_\_\_ went through the garden and picked one and

gave it to the white man and \_\_\_\_\_ The Indians left and  
said they wouldn't stay there.

F662-10

Too often \_\_\_\_\_ . And they didn't care. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ and a chance of dying \_\_\_\_\_. And they finally ~~just~~ just  
*came through, <sup>they</sup> ~~and~~ lost a child.* And wrapped it in ~~xxx~~ <sup>a</sup> blankets ~~and~~ and tied  
it up in a tree. The soldiers came through later and took the little body  
down and buried it *at the root of* ~~the~~ trees. My father used ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ <sup>my</sup>  
father used ~~xxxxxx~~ oxen to break the trail \_\_\_\_\_ and <sup>during</sup> the grasshoppers'  
period. And ~~when he said~~ <sup>when he said</sup> that they came in \_\_\_\_\_ because it  
darkened the sky. They devoured ~~xx~~ everything. Oh ~~xxxxxx~~ they used to  
\_\_\_\_\_ and we used to have the buffalo. And it was a wild creature.

But we had to go to Garnie, Nebraska and to Cawker City to get supplies.

When they, *a couple of* \_\_\_\_\_ Indians <sup>women</sup> came *and wanted to* \_\_\_\_\_

*get some* \_\_\_\_\_. It was really close *but he said to go* back

*from town. Teddy up in \_\_\_\_\_ and they paid it and handed it to one, he refused to take*  
*it. He handed it to the others who also refused. They paid it,*  
~~They~~ took it down, ~~xxx~~ divided it, and gave each one their one half,

which he did and they *went away happy.* Mama was raised here, and my father,

~~and my~~ brother both were born *here,* ~~hauled them~~ all the way to

Hays about 65 miles. There ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> no ~~xxxx~~ roads, no bridges, *it took a*  
*week.* to make that trip. *I have a little poem about how the,* long, long

time <sup>Kansas</sup> ~~xxxx~~ and the settlers came, not by auto did they travel, not

by rail, not by airplane, but by horse-drawn covered wagons all by oxen

*just the same* stopping only for *minor.* assistance. *In the morning they would stake a*

*claim,* \_\_\_\_\_ *starting* in the early morning sun *and of course the falling twilight the*

*little camp was begun.* From the broad and rolling prairies *in the fields of growing grass*

~~that they trod.~~ And decided \_\_\_\_\_ The hardships ~~that~~ they

endured were many, *just as the prairie* that they trod.

*And decided that trials and temptations* \_\_\_\_\_

*The End*

I: Kinter, Mary Grace

N: Mrs. Esther <sup>Kerr?</sup> Sewer

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The following is a recorded interview with Mrs. Esther ~~Sewer~~ of Logan, Kansas. This interview is being taped at 3 3/4 inches per second on dual track by Mary Grace Kinter on June 14, 1962 at Logan, Kansas. Mrs. ~~Sewer~~ <sup>Kerr</sup> relates early time tales told to her by her father, Fred C. Albright. Mr. Albright was a rugged individual whose name and life is now interwoven with most of the early folklore and tales of Logan and its surrounding communities and counties.

N. These are a few of the tales my father told of the early '70's when he homesteaded at Logan. When dad first came to Logan in 1872, three brothers named Beaver had settled on Cripple Creek where Roy Leg now lives. They tried to establish a town site there which they called Beaversville. But it was founded out by the town a half mile west on the Solomon River that Gerald Hoover named for his old army commander, John A. Logan. When dad had been here a week or two, he took the team and wagon and drove to Concordia for supplies. These consisted of a breaking plow, potatoes, flour, corn, nails, and some cottonwood boards to build the door of the dugout they had constructed. It took nine days to make the trip. And when he reached Logan on his return, he had found great excitement over the fact that a young man had been shot. The victim had camped at the Giebler's place that had been a part a buffalo. And in the hurry to get out their guns, it was plain Herb Giebler's gun had accidentally gone off, killing this stranger. All \_\_\_\_\_ arrival was timely for they had nothing of which to build the coffin. Fresh cottonwood boards were a common board with the farmers that the county would pay for them. And Fred helping, they sent to work building the coffin. The lumber was green and hard to

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saw. So finally it was made. The day was hot, and the boards began to warp. So a green buffalo hide was teared into a continuous strip, a yard long and two inches wide which was used to wrap the coffin tightly lengthwise and round and round. The boards not warp but the green hide shrunk holding them all the tighter. Just at sundown on a bright October day, the young man was put into his grave a half mile north of Logan and what later became known as the old cemetery, the first person ever be buried at Logan. Nothing more was thought of the matter particularly until one day a man named Knox arrived in Syracuse town. He had heard from him last at Logan where he had come with a good team harness and wagon and money enough to last until he got located. By the time the older man came, the Beavers were gone and the things out there and money were gone with them, giving rise to the suspicion that the young fellow had been killed for his possessions. So it was never actually known whether the first man buried at Logan was murdered or accidentally shot.

Now, I shall tell the tale of the white buffalo. On June the 4th, 1973, which was dad's birthday, he spotted a buffalo that was nearly all white. This is very unusual. And he started out to following his buffalo. He followed him all day until probably 50 miles. The buffalo circled, and finally in the late afternoon, he appeared not far from where he had started in the morning. On skinning him, he discovered that it was not a natural white buffalo. But the buffalo had been rubbing on the chalk grain and the white red \_\_\_\_\_. This buffalo had \_\_\_\_\_ through the years.

Here is a gold rush story. Logan also had her "Gold rush" Skull Creek, which is west of Logan, was named by the early settlers. On Skull Creek, the early settlers found evidence of tragedy. The real truth probably will

never be known. But the facts are these. In a natural depression a start of wall of earth and stone had been built across the center. And manger of campfire were on one side in the ashes were found a scalping knife and part of several yellowing scalps with enough hair left to see that the people had hair of black hair and red. Some bones were there. Also some skulls. One skull was lodging in a tree top 20 feet above the ground and gave the creek its name. Dad and others were digging around the area and a bottle was found labeled "strinine" and filled with a dark, heavy fluid. Dad put it in his pocket intending to find out the contents but forgot it until one day. At work he took the mail from his pocket and found the bottle. He poured out the liquid and found several bits of heavy substance. He took it to town and had them analyzed and found the nuggets to be gold. Immediately, rumors spread that he had a gold mine he was working secretly. His every move was watched. Several times after dark he would lead them a merry chase, leave them in the dark and return home. Some staked claims but no gold was found. After several months they gave up their search. These nuggets were appraised at 19 dollars. This finding always remained a mystery. It was known that Indians wouldn't destroy their scalps trophies, leave no evidence of campfires and campholes burned or unburned. Indians would not throw scalping knives into the campfire. Niether would they bury gold nuggets nor carry stricnine. So what? Contrary to the belief of some, it seems that Indians were not likely to make night raids. This was left to the renegade tribes and to the desberatos who committed many crimes that the Indians were planned for. Now dad had a lot of fun with this tale. The first spring, grandpa and dad planted 40 acres of sorgum corn and one one acre of cane. Celie Smith had her sorgum mill just south of the log house and he made up 20 gallons of sorgum for dad. They were 4 and 5

dollar \_\_\_\_\_, and there wasn't much in the way of food. So several times a week they would come over to play cards and visit. They would stay for supper and eat sorgum and brag on it. The supply was getting low and one evening one fellow decided that it was the finest sorgum that he had tasted. Dad says, "Yes, you wouldn't suspect a cat had drowned in it, would you?" They never cared for anymore sorgum from there after.

The first dance in Logan. The early settlers consisted mostly of unmarried men. They resorted to all kinds of things to relieve the monotony during a long winter month. They \_\_\_\_\_, wrestled, and played cards, \_\_\_\_\_ and danced. They would go to a dugout one night and some other place the next night. They carried all this on by the flickering light of a candle made from buffalo tallow. The first dance was a stag dance in front of Larry's dugout one Sunday afternoon. Herb Marlen played the fiddle and they danced on a buffalo hide staked to the ground. They danced the round dances. Some of the men wore aprons. A sudden thunderstorm came up, and the lightning hit a nearby cottonwood tree. Thus ended the first dance in Logan.

The skeleton. After the Sapa massacre, a Logan physician thought it would be a good time to secure a body and get a skeleton for his office. With a team and wagon he drove up along the Sapa and finding a splendid specimen of an Indian man head, loaded him into the wagon box, feet first. He was so tall that the head was constantly falling out the end of the wagon. So finally in order to save time and trouble, he cut off the head and tossed it into the wagon box with the body. He arrived home late at night and left the body in the wagon to unload the next morning. He was awakened by barking dogs at daylight and went out to find they were barking over the head of the Indian. The ladies of Logan were horrified but the young practitioner had the bones prepared and the skeleton was hung in his sangtom.

Waconda Springs. Dad's phrase for the German's was wagon and three oxen. He stopped many times at the spirit springs. For a fifth time Waconda Springs was in the mist of the Indian country, and the waters were held sacred to the Great Spirit. Bodies of \_\_\_\_\_ were buried in the water. And tribesmen made at least one yearly visit to the home of the Great Spirit where they offered sacrifices. For many years a Spaniard pony was sacrificially backed into the spring. For years, four long poles were bolted together and lay near the spring. Travelers would try their luck and dig down twisting the poles to see what they could bring up. Fearful and wonderful things were sometimes brought to the light of the sun. Blankets, beads, carcuses, robes, tomahawks, bows and arrows. My father said that he never had any desire to try the beneficial qualities of the spring. He also said, "Unless some people today who give to the Lord therefore wish they had no need or desire. The Indians would please the Great Spirit with the best of whatever he possessed whether it be a pony, food or clothing."

RT  
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8 min

Interview with Mrs. Elizabeth Fagly, is 96 yrs old -  
name only audible, then blank - then muffled -

1 min

Interview with Esther Sewer - granddaughter  
of Mrs. Fagly - tells of grandmother was very  
good Christian woman - loved life -

Interview with Olive Suttley who is 84 years old.  
Tells of Indians encounters - not always  
very clear - Tells about grasshopper invasion -  
Recites poem.

Topic

Time

Break between side A and B

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20 min

Interview with Ester Sewer of Logan, KS in 1962 - Tells of Mr. Albright, her father, of tales of happenings around Logan in early 1872 - Tells of father's trip to Concordia for household <sup>food</sup> supplies to put into dugout for stores - Tells of young stranger being accidentally shot when he returned from his 9 day trip - Tells about coffin being made of green lumber - First person buried in Logan - Later when his father came + inquired about his son - questions were raised whether he was killed or accidentally shot - Tells of buffalo story in 1873 - Tells also about gold rush story in Logan - finding skulls, knives - black hair - found bottle + had it analyzed - realized the men thought it was gold + worked secretly at night - In Logan <sup>earlier days</sup> were mostly men - had dances - men even dressed in aprons -

11 min

Next is Stuttgart Quartet - Alvin Bay, Alvin Boggle, Paul Kellerman, Herman Kellerman - Instrumental music - Alvin Boggle, Paul Kellerman, Fred Kellerman - Herman J. Sullivan