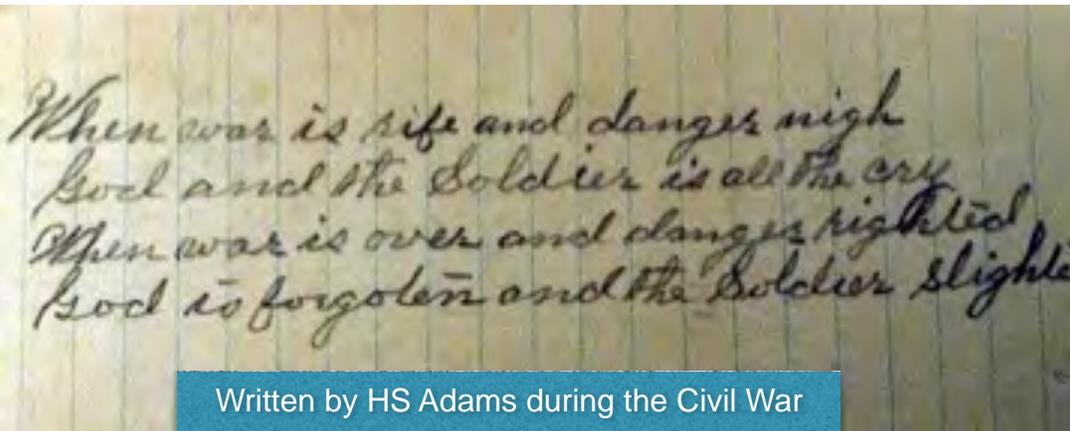


Henry Smith Adams
ca. age 25



Written by HS Adams during the Civil War

TCHS will be 40 years old in 2021 - What do you think our celebration should look like?

From the memoirs of H. S. Adams, abridged by Perry Walters, editor

Henry Smith (HS) Adams and the Mormon Uprising, 1857-1858

I was born May 2nd 1836 near the mouth of Strange's Run in the southeast part of Parke Co., Indiana. My schooling consisted of 3 - three month schools. These were held in the winter months. I attended these schools but missed many times as I had 2 miles to go.

I had been working as a teamster in Iowa. On the 12th of May I got on a boat at Omaha and headed for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The morning of the 13th, we landed in Leavenworth. I had but little money and soon wished to find employment. I was just 21 years old.

I was directed to Majors of the Majors, Russell and Waddell Co., who were hauling freight for the government with oxen. He said he would hire me at \$1 per day and board. When dinner was called a lot of very dirty fellows came in from the corral where they had been tarring the wagons. They said, "Come around back of the outfit house to dinner."

There was two long wooden benches. On them were boiled bacon in large pieces, also biscuit bread in large flat cakes, and plenty of sugar. This was out in the oxen lot. A few tin cups lay scattered about, some on the benches, and some on the ground. I looked around, got a cup, and saw the workers had cups, and the men blew in them, then wiped them on the seat of their britches. The U.S. Government was ketching out a mule train. They gave the same wages, \$30 per month and board, only we must draw our rations and cook them ourselves.

Next day I went over to the government corral and after making a full investigation hired on, and stayed with Uncle Sam that night.

The next morning our teams were caught and turned over to us. My leaders were small buckskin looking mules not broke. Neither was the off swing broke. The other three had been worked. Two days later our wagon master straightened his train out of some 25 wagons for a practice drive. We had plenty of room for there was little or no improvement southwest of Leavenworth. The wagon master said, "lock your wagons and let 'em go." When the wagons began to settle, the mules began to run like stampeded cattle. Nothing could be done but let them run. After running a mile, they began to slow up some and the drivers began to have some control. After a drive of near ten miles we came back to camp in fair order.

ed note: This was probably near Jarbalo. The military had used Jarbalo area many times.

This was done for ten days. Our wagon master was sent six or eight miles west and southwest of Leavenworth, where there was no settlement but plenty of fine grass. After being out grazing the mules for perhaps three weeks, the wagon master came and said the quartermaster at the fort (Levi Wilson), wished to hire men to drive to Utah. He will give \$30 per month until the first of June 1858 and then transportation and pay back to Fort Leavenworth not exceeding two months.

Now all being ready on the afternoon of July 18, 1857, we started to Utah. It now had been reported to us that the Mormons headed by Brigham Young were in rebellion.

We must have had near 50 head of cattle when we started. A soldier butchered one from the herd about every day.

In the bottoms The Tenth United States Infantry was camped. Alexander, an old man was Colonel of the 10th Infantry. We took the divide in a northwest course until passing Brown Co., KS. I don't remember a single settler out on the prairie. We often saw smoke down in the timber, but we didn't know if it was white people or Indians that raised the smoke.

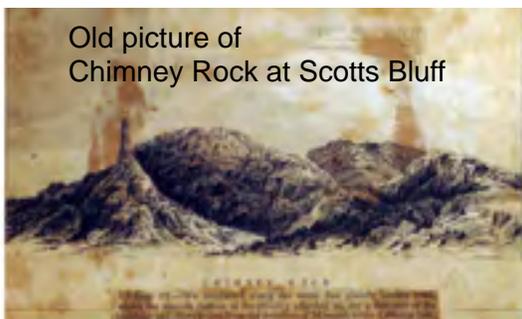
We followed up the Little Blue River 50 miles. There was not a house on it. Leaving the Little Blue in a northwest course, we finally came on the Platte River opposite Long Island 8 miles below Fort Kearney. The Platte River is near a mile wide and many sandbars. In fact the riverbed is nothing but a bed of sand.

Thirty miles west and above Kearney, we crossed Plum Creek and camped with thousands of buffalo only a half mile away. The valley was black with them on both sides of the river. Of course from that time on for several days everyone had all the buffalo meat he could dispose of.

We followed the Platte River on the south side to Julesburg, Colo. There we crossed the South Platte and drove north 18 miles over a ridge and down to **Ash Hollow** and the North Platte river. **Windlass Hill** was a fearful hill for teams to go down and to make matters worse our herd of beef cattle stampeded on top of the hill and came down among the teams. Our mule teams had just reached the foot of the hill, but many of them, mine included, ran away. I could do nothing only pull haw and make them run a circle back to the road.



Windlass Hill was steep and about 1/4 mile long. Ruts on the right picture are due to erosion where the wagon wheels used to operate



At Scottsbluff, NE the river runs against the south hills, just above them a nice running stream comes into the Platte from the south. There were old foundations of houses here said to have been built by the Hudson Bay Fur Company when they claimed the country. As we approached nearer Fort Laramie the river narrowed and bottom narrowed and the the country took on a more rugged appearance. West of Laramie, the country is mountainous.

A few days later we drove on to a Soda Lake of perhaps 40 or 80 acres. It looked like a smooth snow drift. The wagons broke it in places and we stood a piece on edge three feet wide and 6 inches thick.

A mile or two farther and we are by **Independence Rock**, a smooth granite outcropping with the **Sweetwater River** washing one side. **Independence Rock** was so noted that if you were here by July 4th



your chances of making Oregon or California before winter snow was good.

We now go west by the Sweetwater River. We soon found ourselves where the river plunged through one of those mountain ridges with a great roar. This crack in the ridge one

fourth of a mile long with perpendicular walls 200 or 300 foot high is called "**The Devil's Gate**". Perhaps the river fell 40 or 50 feet on its way through. There was a good route on the road we came. There had once been some log houses at upper end of the falls. It was thought the Mormons may have stopped here on their way to Salt Lake.



This is water in Sweetwater

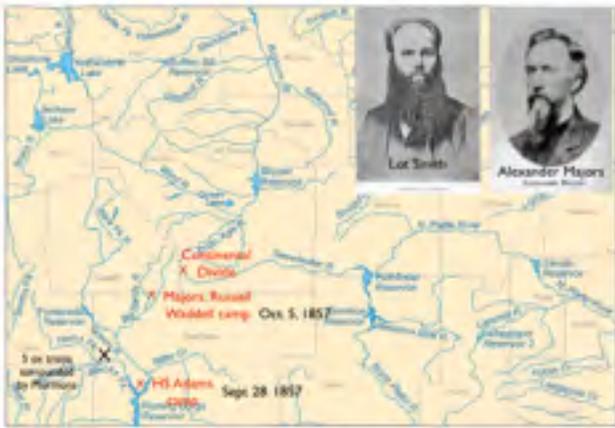


The road was a long slope up to the Continental Divide and the slope down the west side was similar. Our first camp on the Pacific slope was at **Pacific Springs** the first water running west. These springs were large and perhaps 5 miles west of the divide. About 2 o'clock that night some 5 men (Mormons) rode in among the mules and fired their guns to scare



or stampede the mules. The mules, perhaps 1000 of them ran in among the wagons and tents. All the mules but 11 were caught up by the drivers and the eleven mules were found next day. We know now that we had enemies that would bear watching to say the least. No one was injured by bullets, but one soldier died of a heart attack.

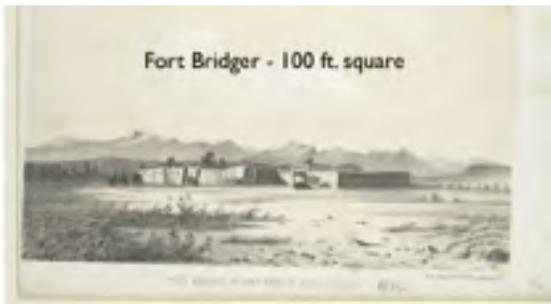
We camped at Green River near the mouth of Black's Fork. About dusk a dispatch carrier came to Colonel Alexander from the west stating that 5 ox trains were surrounded by the Mormons at the mouth at Ham's Fork 30 miles west of Black's Fork. We were ordered to be ready to start at one o'clock that night. When the sun was about 2 high next morning we came in sight of the ox train's camp. The men had made a corral of the wagons and had the cattle inside. Of course we saved these trains but



the Mormons got behind us and burned the train at Green River and both trains on the Sandy telling the drivers to save one wagon from each train turn around and go back home.

Ed Note: Wm Cody was a teamster on one of these trains captured by the Mormons. He was 12 years old. His home can still be seen NW of Leavenworth. It is just NW of Salt Creek on the old highway.

Also, this was the beginning of the demise of the Russell, Major and Waddell trucking company. There was no such thing as insurance and the Federal Government would not pay the loss. This led the company into bankruptcy. They attempted to overcome this financial problem by forming the Pony Express. This lasted a short time and was probably ruined due to the telegraph.



After waiting a few days and seeing a heavy smoke near Fort Bridger about 50 miles west our Commander decided the Mormons would resist our entering direct in to Salt Lake Valley, so we started up Ham's Fork of Black's Fork in a north west course with an idea of entering the valley by the way of Bear River. After going perhaps 75 miles without any road we were ordered to return to Black's Fork and go up that stream to Fort Bridger.

*Ed Note: Col. Alexander was frustrated because he had no horses in which to fight the Mormons. The Mormons did have horses and could easily remove themselves from harm. Alexander decided to unhook the mules and attempt to follow the Mormons. This did not work because the mules were not able to follow more than a mile because they were exhausted and starving. The Mormons referred to this as the **Jackass Cavalry**.*

In the mean time cold weather had come and the grass was limited. All told our outfit was 9 miles long including cavalry artillery mules and oxen. Many animals died from exposure in rain and snow and lack of food but after 4 or 5 days we landed at Bridger. Bridger was 100 feet square whose walls were 6 feet thick.

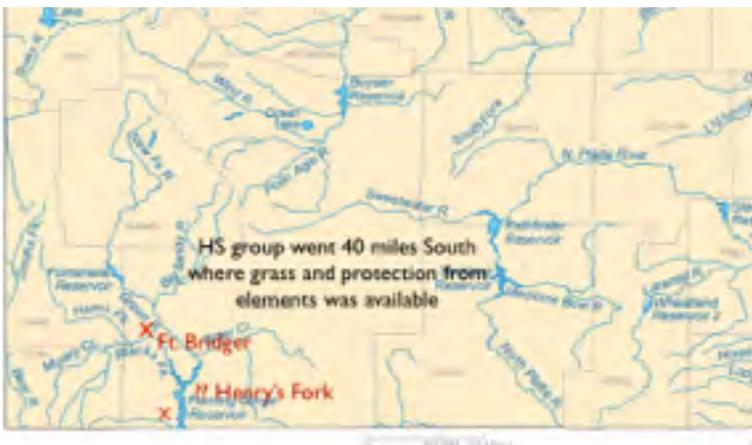
Albert Sidney Johnson was General in command. There was nothing left for us to do but remain at the east foot of the Wasatch Range of mountains until grass grew again. There was said to be 2500 of us all told. We had 1900 head of mules and of course it fell to the drivers to care for them. I don't know how many cattle there was left. It was said the Mormons took four hundred to Salt Lake City.

There had been some settlement by the Mormons about Bridger, but before our arrival, they burned all improvements and all the grass around the large area. They had stayed there until we were in 30 miles from Bridger. We saw the smoke from their burning houses and fields two days before we got there.

After we had been there a week or two it was ordered that all the mules and a large part of the horses and cattle go south about 40 miles to Henry's Fork of Green River where the grass had not been grazed off for the winter.

We could see the smoke rising out of the pine grove and knew that was to be our home for awhile at least. There was wood, water, and grass.

Of course the grass was dead and dry but the animals must live on it and the mules did. The horses and men were tired and poor



when we got there and did not do so well. Most of the horses lived through to grass but many of the oxen died.

A large corral was made by falling pine trees as near in a circle as was possible. At night the mules were kept in the corral and two of the drivers stayed at the mouth of corral. Three men followed and herded the mules in day time. For a short time they were herded at night.

We made our beds by first putting down about 4 inches in depth of pine needles which we found dry many times a foot deep under the large pine trees. In this way we passed the winter of 1857 and 1858 from November to April. The climate was cold but it is a dry cold not much snow. The wind did not blow to drift the snow, yet it was open to the east.

Near the first of April we moved back to Bridger. The grazing was poor and to make it worse a heavy snow fell near a foot deep. The mules got restless. We could not keep them in any location we might try. They wanted to go in among the tents and wagons, and when there, they would eat the wagon covers and almost anything they came to and such bawling we had never heard before. The wagon master said put them in certain fields near a mile away and got a squad of soldiers to help take and keep them there. The field was fenced with quaking aspen poles made in a worm fence. The mules stood up to the fence on inside and drivers and soldiers on the outside to keep them in and they ate the fence almost completely up.

The first we drew rations after getting back to Bridger they gave us but 8 ounces flour and cut the rice ration but gave us plenty of beef of the kind. They made beef of oxen that barely could walk. We must live on what we have until the supply trains can cross the Mtns. Soon after that we heard General Johnson say if the supply trains cannot get here by the first of June we will have to eat mule meat.

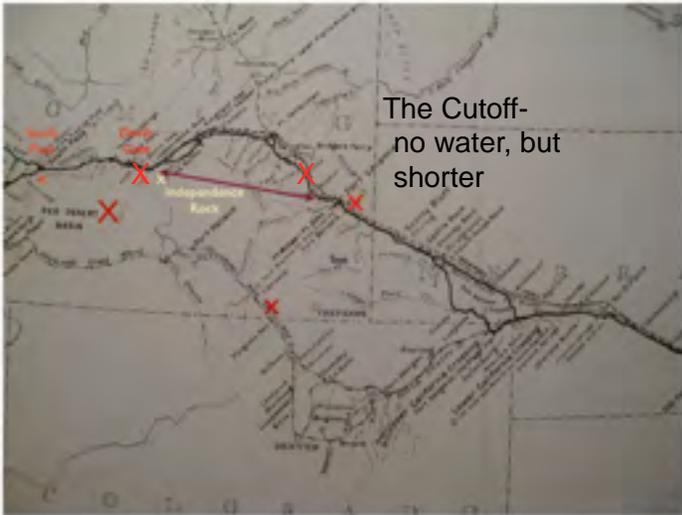
Some weeks later we were told that a kind of peace had been made with the Mormons and that quartermaster (Captain Van Vliet) would like to rehire us to drive in to Salt Lake City. I long counted on returning according to our contract and I had heard so many mean things about the Mormons and we had been compelled to camp out all winter and live largely on those poor Texas oxen until I did not wish to see anything more of Mormonism.

Near the first of June, 2 Mormon families came to Bridger on their way to the states. They wished to go down with us at least part way. They brought with them perhaps a half dozen cattle and some salt dug up on the lake shore. The salt looked like alum only it was dappled with dust that had blew in it, but it was salt all right. The Mormons butchered some of their cattle and we had good beef and salt.

On the morning of 3 of June 1858 we gathered around the Captain's tent and two of our men had gone in to talk to the captain about when we might hope to start back. The Governor said "well Captain, it is worth more than your commission to keep these men out anything to eat." Then we knew we were going to get to start soon as the train was loaded for that day. I bought me a pony, bridle, and saddle for \$60. About 180 others bought ponies. 20 men were without money and walked at the start.

The supply trains came in that evening. We drove out a few miles from Bridger and camped for the night. There were about 210 persons. We took the same road we went west on in fall. That is the main road for the South Pass on the Rocky Divide. Over high and rocky hills down to the Sweetwater, a branch of the North Platte. All went well with us until the evening of the 9th of June. We camped at Pacific Springs. At first it sprinkled rain then changed it to snow. The next morning there were two or three inches of snow. There was no wood near Pacific Spring and we had to move on. The falling snow increased until at the divide 5 or 8 miles it was ten inches and still a snowing. The men walking fell in behind the wagons. The horseback men went in front two abreast. It was hard traveling but now we were going downhill. The snow stopped, and we left the main road for Strawberry Creek where there was timber.

The horses and mules got little to eat. All next day we dragged ourselves through that deep snow until near sundown. We went into the Sweetwater River bottom. There was no snow, plenty of green grass, all around. Wildflowers everywhere and still we could look west and see that snow a foot deep. It was a wonderful change of climate and with us it was one trouble over.



After passing below the mouth of the Sweetwater River we left the North Platte River and turned southeast over what was then called the “*cutoff*” through the Laramie Plains to Fort Laramie.. At Fort Laramie we laid by one day and drew rations to last us to Fort Kearney said to be 300 miles.

Soon after leaving Laramie the men walking bought a one team ferry boat and floated down the Platte River camping with us each night. At Ash Hollow we turned south over a ridge to the South Platte River about 18 miles distance.

We crossed the South Platte and went down east on the south side. At Plum Creek, 30 miles above Fort Kearney we laid by one day and the boys that thought they had good horses to ride after buffalo were anxious for a try out. They rode in to a bunch a half mile away and got 2 or 3 and crippled some. Everybody had all the meat they wanted. We cut some thin slices and hung on a lariat rope and dried in the hot sunshine.

At Kearney we drew rations and the boys in the boat gave their boat to the quartermaster at the fort for the use of U.S. mule teams to carry themselves to Leavenworth.

Last year there was not a house on that Little Blue River in our route. Now we met immigrants every few miles. The roads were bad and often the women were out walking. Many of them were enormous by large dress skirts we thought until we asked some men about it and found out hoops had become a fashion since we left the civilized world.

We went to our old campground on this 22 of July 1858 near Fort Leavenworth. We had left on the 18 of July 1857. Thus ended not an extraordinary trip for that day

There are several “Traditional Tales” involved. Most of the Adams family believes as true. I will list them:

1. Henry got to know Brigham Young and bought a horse from him. **Fact: He knew who Brigham Young was, but he never met him and never bought a horse from him.**
2. HS Adams was lucky and bought a mule to ride home. He was one of about twenty who bought animals to ride. Trip home took 9 months. **Fact: All but twenty men (ca. 160 Men) bought horses to ride home. Twenty walked or rode in a raft until Ft Kearney. Trip home took two months.**
3. While at Ft. Leavenworth, HS Adams got to know Joseph Johnson (a general in the Confederate Army during the Civil War). During the Civil War HS Adams was wounded and captured by the South at the Battle of Champion Hill (Near Vicksburg). While recovering from his wounds in a tent hospital, General Joseph Johnson came through the hospital. He recognized HS Adams and let him go home. They became good friends. **Fact: It is true that Joseph Johnson was stationed at Ft. Leavenworth when HS Adams was there, BUT HS Adams never got to know J. Johnson because Joseph Johnson was TDY (temporary duty) at St. Louis.**

The traditional stories about HS Adams were handed down from generation to generation. HS Adams actual writings (where the actual truth is known) were not available to the Adams family until about 2010. A niece by marriage who lived in West Texas had all the written information. It was unavailable to the Adams family. In 2010 she decided to give that information to the Adams family. Now the truth is known.

Membership Drive

We started our 2021 membership drive in late November this year and we appreciate all of the renewing members and new members who have responded. We are pleased to welcome new members Brenda Baker, Tom Kelsall, Rose Mangan, and Donna & David Higbee.

We are also pleased to welcome new Life members Richard & Martha Dean, Nancy Pearce, Kristin Greenwell, Danny Stevens, and Jon & Glenda Nelson.

Events in the Time of COVID

The last events we held in 2020 were our Chili Supper and the fourth Tuesday program on February 25. We cancelled many events after that - we could not host the third graders in October of 2020 for their annual field trip to the museum. Nor were we able to take our Uses of the Buffalo Trunk to the first graders in September. The Memorial Day Biscuits & Gravy Breakfast did not happen. And the summer camp we had planned for June could not be scheduled.

But we have some very creative volunteers and some very good friends in the community. What follows are some of what we did do after March.

The Grand Opening of the Spring at the Fairchild Dairy was postponed from April to September and became a



socially distanced tour of the new exhibit held over three Saturdays.

Working with the Tonganoxie Public Library, we wrote and produced eight episodes of To Tell the Historical Truth. Several episodes have already been aired on the Tonganoxie Public Library Facebook page. Seventeen TCHS members and volunteers put this program together - all done while observing social distancing and wearing masks, except for camera time. (see more in our 2020 Third Quarter Newsletter)



The
Fiddler

Also with the Tonganoxie Public Library, we assisted in presenting a Barn Dance Story Adventure on Halloween afternoon. The event had been previewed in September and was a resounding success on Halloween. Over fifty children accompanied by parents or grandparents took advantage of a lovely afternoon to engage with a story and walk the museum grounds.

Joy Lominska, Tuesday volunteer, took the lead on a collaboration with the Public Library to create From Farm to Table video for Natalie Frese's second grade classroom.

In December, we hosted a Holiday Gift Shop in the barn to display our local history merchandise. Our top selling items included the book, Jayhawk, the story of George Cooper's early years in the Philippines and as a pilot during WWII, and the hand-turned bowls

that Perry Walters created from the Mulberry tree that grew into the foundation of the spring house on the Fairchild Dairy.

Cheryl Hanback has agreed to be our Facebook Administrator for 2021. You may have noticed her posts starting in November and December - look for more in the coming year.

The Methodist Church used the Historic site in their Advent Scavenger Hunt, a drive thru event on November 29.

Grants Received to Refurbish the Reno Church Windows & Doors

The Reno Church windows will get a big makeover this year. TCHS has received two grants to refurbish the stained glass windows, to included removing the windows, replacing broken glass, reglazing and repainting the exterior faces, and refinishing the interior faces. The plexiglass that was installed years ago to protect the windows will be replaced with custom storm windows. These storm windows will allow the simple beauty of our stained glass windows to be seen. In addition, we will be replacing a portion of the ceiling in the sanctuary, repairing the front doors to the church, and repairing/replacing two other exterior doors and ten windows.

The work is supported by two grants, one each from the Pete and Margaret Leighty Trust and Leavenworth County. Improvements to our historic buildings are true investments in our museum and the historical site. We are so grateful for this support.

This project will also create some great volunteer opportunities. If you are interested in learning how to refurbish windows that are operated with ropes and weights or refinishing and reglazing windows, we will be holding a workshop with a professional restoration contractor in the near future. Let us know with an email (TCHSTonganoxie@gmail.com) or a phone call (913-845-2960) if you might be interested.

Grant Received for COVID Relief

TCHS has been fortunate to qualify for and obtain grants to help us recover from lost income due to the pandemic and to cover operational expenses, such as utilities and staff. Federal CARES Act programs were set up to assist museums and historical societies and we were fortunate to benefit from some of these.

These grants have allowed us to keep the lights and the heat on, and to allow museum operations, albeit limited, to continue throughout the year.

Many Thanks...

And we want to extend our thanks to the entire community for supporting TCHS, with membership dues and donations.

Many thanks to Scott Carpenter for his donation of roof repairs on the milking parlor after a recent windstorm. Many thanks to new volunteers - Evan Greenwell, Lauren Soetaert and Jared Jacobs who have all been out to the museum to help with cleaning.

Many thanks to the Tonganoxie Public Library for the donation of four of the library stacks which were not needed in the new library. These shelves are now in our workroom and storage area, and have greatly increased our storage capabilities.

Because I Love Cemeteries



"Ray Stockman, our board chairman, was contacted a few months ago by Brad Finch, about a gravestone that belonged in Hubbel Hill. Ray assisted Brad in replacing the headstone. What follows is Brad's story, in his own words.

On October 24, Brad Finch of KCMO reinstalled a headstone at Hubbel Hill cemetery. Here is the story.

I've always loved cemeteries, in part for the beautiful headstone art. For a variety of reasons (both legitimate and illegitimate), headstones occasionally turn up for sale. If I can, I'll buy them and then start doing research to determine the legitimacy of the find, sort of like a shelter for lost gravestones.

I start in the county the stone was purchased from, expand to the state, and so on, using census records, the Find a Grave website, City Directories, and whatever cemetery records are available. If I can prove that the stone has no home (removed and replaced, carving mistake, private land sale, sales sample, etc.) I'll keep it. But if I determine that the stone has been missing from its rightful place (and that place wants it back), I'll do everything I can to return it and see that it is put back. Because I love cemeteries.

Leta Davidson at Hubble Hill Cemetery was my first reinstall, completed on October 24, 2020.

News from the Museum- By Laurie Walters

In spite of our pandemic, we have been remembered with donations. A very generous donation of two flat file cabinets was given by Schlagel and Associates of Olathe. It seems Mark Breuer (lives in Tonganoxie) who is on their staff called to ask if we could use the items. Of course our answer was an enthusiastic yes. The file cabinets were delivered and carried up stairs by K. C. Installers, a local business owned by Brian Waitley, who provided the muscle power. These files (Pictured) provide flat storage for framed items, flat displays, and a myriad of other material needing a good safe home. Now the next project is to map the upper storage area, label the storage units, and make an inventory of items and where they are located.

For those new to the museum, each artifact is numbered, permanently labeled, and all information entered in to our computer data base with the location where the artifact may be found at our facility. So we have a winter project.

Flat File Cabinet



We completed a wall display in the lobby of the First State Bank on Fourth Street about authors and books from people with Tonganoxie connections. Rose Mangan, a new volunteer, has helped with this as we show her how to mount items and install them in displays. We are delighted to have her join us and invite you to visit the bank lobby when they can safely open to the public again. You will be amazed at the number of authors, the range of their topic, and their stories which are part of this assemblage. Shirley Martin provided invaluable assistance as to the “authors in our midst.”

Joy Lominska is working on the hanging map files and has completed the introductory section which tells the story of the Tonganoxie Nine Patch and the story of our Glacial Hills Quilt Trail. We have supplemented the map portion with the map of the very first survey of Kansas complete with cornfields noted, buffalo licks and the like.

In partnership with the Tonganoxie Library, we provided opportunity to photograph agricultural artifacts showing farming then and now to be used in the school. Joy Lominska and Susan Iberra from the library coordinated this effort.



We fielded several requests for research. Many could be done electronically but we used the moderate fall weather to use the barn with its excellent air circulation and big tables to provide information. Elizabeth and John Dubuisson have purchased the property north of town known as Lincoln’s Rest and wanted to know about the information in our archive. Perry Walters joined the meeting as his grandfather lived there when he was small and he remembered such things as where the garden was located, etc.

Remember Florence Flory, the nurse for Dr. Parker? Her niece Janet Hutchingson had visited her as a child and wanted to know where her home

was located.

Elizabeth McGrath a relative of Grace Courtney, remembered we had a document written in 1905 in Ackerland entitled ‘The Old Courtney Farm’ which we sent her a digital copy.

Sadly we learned of the passing of Frank Kramer and remember his family with our condolences. This family has donated their beloved prehistoric artifacts to our collection. This collection spurred us to rework our entire section of native American history. Visitors often hear of their generosity.

George Cooper

By Perry Walters

George Cooper was a remarkable person. Every situation George entered was always improved when he left. He was always able to evaluate the situation and develop a plan that would ultimately provide a satisfactory ending.

In his military career he evaluated and made proper decisions which gave a satisfactory ending. In this atmosphere of war, it seems that he had some divine assistance. Two examples provide us with some insight into this statement. His crew was flying a new B-25 medium bomber from Georgia to the far east during WW II. The flight crew was aware that a thunder storm was ahead of them, but it was believed they could make it through the storm without too much trouble. However, the storm was greater than originally thought. An attempt to fly through was tried, but George said he had had enough, he was going back to Georgia. After landing the flight mechanic looked the plane over and discovered that both new engines were extremely low on oil. It was just a matter of a

short time that the plane engines would seize and the plane would crash. New engines were placed on the plane and a few days later the crew were on their way to the Far East.

After the plane left Hawaii on the next leg of the flight, Christmas Island was the next stop. It was a small dot in the Pacific Ocean with one Pine tree about 1500 miles south of Hawaii. At this time the only thing planes had to use for guidance was celestial navigation at night and dead reckoning during the day. The island was very small. When the plane was where they thought the island should have been it wasn't. What to do? The Navigator wanted to do square search, but George didn't. He kept on flying and soon saw the island.

In each of the above one would have to believe that some divine intervention was helping George survive.

In a more humorous vein shortly after arriving in Australia, there was a party/dance given and the American people were invited. The female person dancing with George let it be known that she was, "knocked-up". George didn't know what to do so he kept quiet. Sometime later he discovered that in Australia that meant you were exhausted.

And another tale about misinterpretation of action involved George and some of his flight crew. The Japanese had done a very good job of spreading stories to the Japanese people about how the American soldiers would rape the women and kill all the men and steal anything of value. The American people believed the Japanese would fight to the death and to the last man. So shortly after the war, George and some military friends decided they would go into Tokyo to see what was there. Every time they would pass some Japanese civilians, the Japanese would turn their backs on the Americans. This happened a lot and it concerned George and his friends. George didn't want to have a battle with the Japanese now that the war was over, so they turned around and went back to the base. A few days later George learned that this was how the Japanese showed respect.

During the occupation of Japan, George was in charge of a large group of Japanese people. His main job was to see that nothing was being done which might involve some type of military preparation to action. Only one man in this group could speak English. Not much was being accomplished. One day a person who had been a Sergeant Major in the Japanese army asked if he could take over. With the Japanese interpreter George was able to allow the Japanese Sgt. Major to take over. After that the production was greatly improved. Everyone was pleased including the Japanese. During this time two incidents took place which to the Japanese proved the Americans were not as they had been told. Now remember the Japanese were starving. George came upon an older Japanese person who was in charge and who was beating a teenager to a pulp. George asked about this and was told the boy was eating some cookies belonging to an American soldier. George knew about the starvation and asked that the boy be let go and told not to do that again. The Japanese people liked the solution.

Another story was about a young Japanese man who ran a few nails into his foot. The Japanese did not use leather shoes but sort of a canvas shoe. The action was quite painful. George had the boy taken to a military dispensary and had the foot treated and a tetanus shot given. He further had the boy driven to his home for rest. Walking would be difficult. The next day a group of civilian Japanese who knew of the action brought George some gifts of which George still has. They celebrated with tea and boiled bananas.

I grew up in the Tonganoxie Congregational Church. That's when I first became aware of George Cooper. Perhaps George's relative, Hazel McGee, had something to do with George being a member. Anyway, George loved music and he loved to sing. For a while he was the only male voice in the Choir. I also like to sing, but I don't read music. I listen for a male voice close by so I can follow the notes. George had a great voice and he was always on key. I tried to keep up with George and it was difficult until I discovered what he was doing. On any one song, George might sing Tenor for a time, Baritone for a time, or Alto for a time.

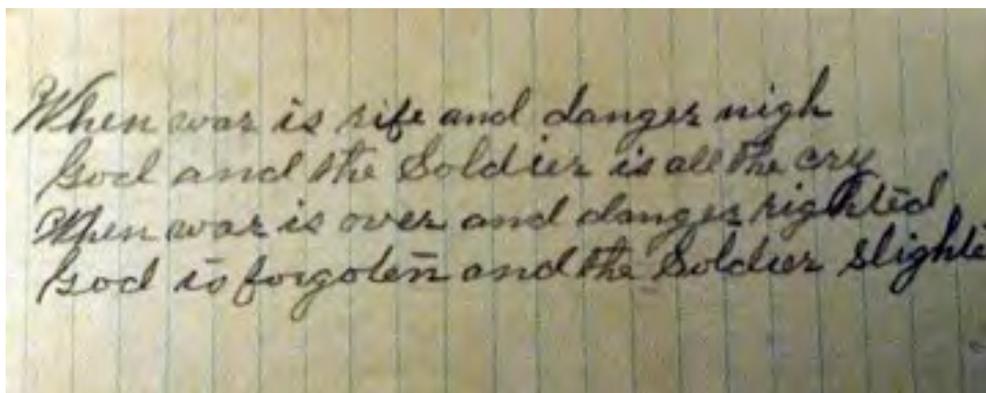
Several times over the years, I have teased him about this, but he never admitted to doing that. He just smiled.

And finally, George Cooper was actively involved with the Tonganoxie Community Historical Society for many years. He served as President, Chief Executive Officer, and a few other elected positions. His tour of duty was

from 1997 - 2009, During this period there was a great amount of activity at "the site". Mildred Knox Young had given quite a large acreage plus all the dairy buildings to our historical society.

The first day after George became an officer, he came to the site to see what was happening. What he saw was a hay barn which was in very poor condition and about to collapse. Del Englen was working on an attempt to keep the barn from falling in. Now aware of the difficult problem at hand, George began to help stabilize the barn. Pretty soon more members were helping Del on this problem and by the time they were finished for the day, most of the members were working on that barn. It took many more days to actually complete the restoration of that hay barn but now you see a well supported structure with a cement floor. The building is now totally safe. George's leadership here brought more people to help and eventually we have a great place to have all types of activity.

Once again, George Cooper was an excellent leader who could listen to other workers and direct the situation to a successful outcome. And everyone was pleased.



"When war is rife and danger nigh
God and the soldier is all the cry!
When war is over and the danger
righted,
God is forgotten and the soldier
slighted.