



CATHERINE ANDREWS
February 9, 1838 – May 31, 1927

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“FROM EAST TO WEST”

A Foreword

I have passed the “dead line” of three-score years and ten, spoken of by the Psalmist as the duration of human life. The four-score mark is drawing near, so I have resolved to write of the happenings that I have many times thought of writing. Living my early life with my grandparents and being very fond of listening to their stories of olden times, I naturally stored these oft repeated tales in my mind today. I trust that this memoir will prove interesting to my children and my grandchildren, who have descended from the stock of good, moral, God-fearing people mentioned in the first chapter of this little history.

CATHERINE ANDREWS
January 15, 1915

CHAPTER 1

— SCOTLAND —

Scotland, dear to my heart, is one of the kingdoms forming the British empire. It is surrounded by the mighty ocean on all sides, except on the South where it touches England. The division of this country into highlands and lowlands is rather a division of race than of land-scape. For the North and Northwest of Scotland is that part where the Celtic language and customs still linger. The Gaelic language, used in the North and West, is a Celtic dialect, while the lowland Scotch is a form of the Saxon.

It is from the Western coast, beginning first with the family of Grahams of the House of Alva, that my ancestry begins. Descending from this House are the Campbells, McIntyres, Pattersons, Murrays and McTaggart which is Preistson in English. In Gaelic it is pronounced MacInTaggart. They were a broken clan and were former descendants of the McGregors.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, the spirit of restlessness was upon many of these people. Among them were my grandparents, Donald and Catherine McTaggart. They decided to immigrate to the much talked of British possession, the Dominion of Canada. Accompanying them were my beautiful mother, newly wedded, and my father, Archibald Munn.

Across the wide expanse of water, away from the beautiful hills of their beloved Scotland, they sailed. Never again were they to lay eyes on the glens, mountains and lakes that have made Scotland scenery famous. But possessing the true Scots-man's stout heartedness and bravery, they faced the "new land" and kept only the memory of the old home in their hearts and dreamed dreams of the golden future.

On an old sailing vessel, named the Tamberine, they began the voyage in the year of 1831. And voyage it must have been! Not a few days of pleasant ocean travel such as the traveler now knows, but for a time of eight long weeks, they remained on that vessel. They landed in Quebec a forlorn homesick crowd. At this place, they must wait for transportation down the St. Lawrence river.

During this delay, two of the young ladies of the party were taking a stroll along the roadside. A man was gathering pumpkins. Upon

their inquiries as to what fruit that might be he was gathering, he told them oranges and kindly gave them one. The girls were delighted with the gift and carried their "orange" back, only to receive the truth as to the nature of the fruit.

At that time there were no canals. So as to avoid the rapids, it meant a great deal of hard work to pull the boat across or against the rapids. Several yokes of cattle were the necessary equipment to perform this arduous task. But finally Hamilton was reached, and the trip from there on to Lobo was completed by teams of oxen.

Near London, with the limpid waters of Lake Erie so near, the township of Lobo with its abundant streams and good soil-who knows, perhaps Scotland may not have seemed the only land of dwelling to these brave immigrants.

Thus life began almost anew for these people. Many of the incidents of self sacrifice have been related to me of these days. One family started with two sleighs drawn by oxen through the wilderness. When night overtook them, the father built a big fire, saw his family snugly asleep in the sleighs and walked all night long to protect them from the big gray wolves and to see that none of his loved ones froze to death. For the snow at this time was two feet on the level.

— CHAPTER II—

THE NEW HOME

As the immigrants traveled along the Longwoods road, they saw nothing but a dense forest of valuable timber-oak, maple and walnut. Delaware was a small village on the Thames river. A few English families were located there. Some of them came from the United States after the War of 1812 and obtained grants of land from the British government. The Millers, Lockwoods, Springers, Batemans and Elliots were among those who received grants.

In 1831 there were a few scattered log houses and a few spots of clearing along the road. They who had money could buy land, paying as high as four hundred dollars and as low as three hundred dollars for one hundred acres. One hundred acres was considered a large farm. Some came later and took government land "away out in the woods." My parents were among those who settled "in the woods."

In 1837 there was a rebellion against the British Government. They were but patterning after their neighbors on the South (the United States). But there was not enough loyal ones to make a success of the plan. The leaders made their way to the United States, but their followers (poor fellows) were executed. There was no kind-hearted Abe Lincoln to forgive them and send them home in peace.

After this rebellion, soldiers were stationed at London or "upper Canada" as it was then called. Thus London was transformed from a "village in the woods" to a commercial city, instituting a market for the farmers' produce. There were large hotels or taverns with large bar-rooms and an immense fireplace. Behind the bar, liquor was sold to warm the people inwardly. For in those days this was considered quite necessary, and the hotel keeper was the leading citizen and highly respected.

Life began to move along happily for these sturdy pioneers. But one day death "passed the guard" and quietly summoned my young mother to join the silent host above. Leaving my father crushed and helpless, and my brother, five years old, and myself, two years of age, to miss her tender love and care.

I am an old woman today, but the longing to know the joy of a mother's love and kindness has never left me. They tell me she was beautiful and sweet, and how much more beautiful and sweet she would have been to me than to any one. My brother and I were separated, he going with my father to help him fight the bitter loneliness and desolation, and I to live with my Grandmother McTaggart.

"Grannie" was a woman wise in worldly lore. Today she might be termed a "money grabber." Money was always first with her, and of course, she had plenty of it to "love and cherish." Not long before her death she made this remark, "A thousand curses on the woman whose chief aim in life is to pile up wealth. There are so many better things than gold." What wisdom! But how sad that one would have to live almost ninety years to gain that knowledge.

Grandfather was a kind and dear old man. Often Grannie's out-breaks of temper and tirades would send me to him, where he would be seated in his easy chair by the fire-place. He would then tell me tales of his beloved Scotland, and once he confided in me that he loved a beautiful Scotch lassie who died, that with "Grannie" he received a large dowry, but that it was not the right thing to do -- to

marry without love. He would tell me of my mother. How beautiful and how good and sweet she was. He always wept when he talked of her, but now I think his tears were shed more for me, his daughter's child, left to a cold and merciless world.

I do not recall "Grannie" talking much about my mother. Her mind was always occupied on enlarging her fortune. She did not make my father very welcome when he came to visit me, so finally his visits ceased. He married my mother's cousin, a good, kind woman, and from her my brother received a mother's love and care, far more than did I. My father felt that the grandparent's home would naturally be better for a small girl than living with a stepmother. I never visited him until I was a grown woman. Then I discovered he was a fine good man, not the "good for nothing" that "Grannie" many times told me he was. She used to tell me when I made some foolish childish blunder, "You are a good for nothing just like your father. You'll probably marry a soldier, eat new food and wear old clothes." That used to worry me greatly, and I really had a horror of a soldier.

In my youth there were very few books available that were attractive to children. Bunyans Pilgrim Progress and "Scottish Chiefs" were among the books in my grandparent's library, and the latter was not considered good Sabbath reading. One dreary Sabbath day I was supposed to be reading my Bible, but inside of the Bible I had placed Scottish Chiefs and was tearfully pursuing the touching parts of the tale when Grannie discovered the deception and administered to me a castigation with her tongue that hurt quite as much had she used the fire tongs. When I think of the well-filled libraries of today which our young people have free and easy access to, the children of more than three quarters of a century ago, myself included, have my sincere sympathy.

CHAPTER III

—CHURCH IN THE WOODS—

There were churches built in the woods, and the loved ones who were "summoned on" were buried in the church yard, where the trees grew at their graves as monuments. Duncan McLain very zeal-

ously preached to the people, and he was a good God-fearing man who made many conversions. How often he would lead the song service, and Laughlin McGlauchin, in his rich tenor voice, would join in the good old hymns. Good old Elder Campbell would sing "I am not ashamed to own my Lord or to defend his cause."

Lobo, Ekfrid, Dunwich and Alborough had log churches. Four meetings were held each year. Elder Campbell had not the best of English, and often when performing a marriage ceremony for English-speaking persons his dialect was badly mixed, much to the amusement of the foolish young people. Yet the bonds he perpetuated were strongly made, and his blessing meant much.

Some of the ministers would become quite indignant over what we term style, and often in the pulpit "fashion" received a scourging that would bring hot flushes to guilty cheeks. Artificial flowers, veils, combs in the hair were denounced, and some of the good members' heads would be bent in shame when their daughters' hats would support a rose or their beautiful tresses a comb. Yet for all they were good people, and the influence of their worthy lives followed after them.

CHAPTER IV

—DEVELOPMENTS—

The winter of 1842 was termed the winter of the "big snow." The roads had been straightened and macadamized. Before this the Stage Company had organized a "line of stages" through that part of the country. Taylors line reached from Chatham to Archie Millers in Ekfrid. Segors line from London to Millers which met the Taylor line. As the country was becoming settled, there was a great deal of travel by stage. Mail coaches were also in use. In rainy weather when the frost was emerging from the ground, the roads would be very bad. The teams would become unable to move the load, then all of the male passengers would get out, take a rail from the fence, pry the wheels of the coach out and, of course, pay his fare in the bargain.

In the winter of 1848 and 49 there was a mad rush to California. Some went by stage east, and some went west over land. During the year of 1850 many of our dear friends were "laid to rest" by the old

log church.

Some of my people had a great love for the Presbyterian Church. One cold rainy Sunday, a party of young people went from the Baptist congregation to the "Free Kirk." It was an old log structure and very cold. Among this visiting party was myself, a small girl. I sat beside a pompous Scotchman. When the singing started a large dog in the audience (it was too cold to leave him out of doors) placed his fore-paws on the back of the seat and howled, drowning out the music of the Psalms of David. One of the elders, whose teeth were very prominent, seized his cane to administer to the poor doggie, which made him howl all the louder. I laugh today as I recall the incident, and much more amusing it appeared to me then than now that I laughed out right in meeting. Oh! the shame of it all. How disgraced I felt! My lovely young aunt apologized for me. How well I remember her word, "She is only a foolish child." This was indeed humiliating, and I was sensitive. Two years later I visited this same place of worship, but in place of the log church, a new frame one stood. I never before was in such a grand place, cushioned seats, hanging draperies and a curtained pulpit. Although it was a rainy Sunday, it was a happy day for me. We had so few pleasures.

CHAPTER V

—THE RAILROAD—

In 1852 the first railroad was laid through dense woods and cranberry marsh. There were many large families who had never been "out of the woods." The children were actually afraid of strangers. The men who had the contract of putting through the road would see many children playing about, but when they reached the house, none were to be seen.

The laying out of the great western railroad meant lively times on the Long woods road. And the rush to California helped to make excitement. How youth does love activity!

The older people were deeply religious and were looking for the Day of Judgment. When the whistle of the locomotive was heard, many were sure it was Gabriel's horn.

1845 found the railroad completed. The principal line of traffic extended from Niagara Falls to Windsor. Small towns sprang up along the railroad. In the fall preceding this, the large Miller house was burned to the ground. It was greatly missed. For in this hotel all the "gatherings" were held such as elections, court actions and all manner of transaction. Of course, on these occasions there would be plenty of liquor and consequently plenty of fights. No one was ever hurt very badly as no weapons were used.

Soon and steadily came changes. Many of the young people were married; new people came in; some moved away. Thus the common changes of life.

During the month of October in 1858 there appeared in the Northern sky a comet. It was not very large at first, but gradually become larger every evening until it almost filled the Northern sky. In a few days it disappeared entirely, but soon after a terrific storm swept the country. The darkness at noon time was so great that candles were lighted to distinguish objects in the house.

The year of 1859 was made memorable as the year frost occurred every month in the year. The winter was very mild and warm. Plowing was done every month in the year. On the sixteenth day of June, the leaves on the trees were frozen, as was the wheat. There prevailed a great fear of famine in the land, but everyone resorted to the planting of buckwheat, which grew. The following winter found the people sustained by buckwheat flour, used mostly in the form of pancakes three times each day. Only a small portion of white bread on very special occasions was served.

CHAPTER VI

—SCHOOL DAYS—

My days in the little old log school house were not very numerous. A month or two each year found me with my schoolmates seated on the rude benches, mastering our lessons.

We spoke no English in my grandmother's home. *Yes* and *No* were the only English words I knew when I began my school life. I was dazed, but soon my Gaelic language was almost forgotten.

Geography was my favorite subject. How I loved to study and know about the different countries! My old geography (still in my possession) taught us of the great American desert which is where I now reside. And to me it seems far removed from a desert. One teacher who was more kindhearted than the majority dwelt a great deal on geographical topics. He taught us to name the seas in unison, the whole school shouting each sea by name and always ending with Black Sea. The boys would try and see who could shout "Black Sea" the loudest, but for this they were never chided.

Some masters were unkind and inhuman in their treatment of the pupils. One incident in particular is printed on my mind to stay. When I was quite small, a boy who was oldest and largest of the school received a severe beating from the master for no reason, unless it was bad temper on the master's part. I was indignant and on our way home from school, I stamped my foot and said, "Joe Miller, why did you take that beating from the Master? You are stronger than he. Why did you not turn on him and give him what he deserved instead of allowing him to kick you the way he did? I saw the tears in your eyes. Why, the whole school would help you if necessary." So well I remember his soft answer.

"Little girl Katie, my school would have been disgraced had I struck the Master. I know I could have beaten him to death, but you know he is the master, and I saved the reputation of our school by holding my temper."

Good brave Joe Miller! Long years since he has passed through the gate that forever swings inward, but never outward. Joe always stood for right, but I doubt if he would have allowed the Master to abuse one of the younger ones in school, and I imagine the Master had a perfect understanding of the matter. Of course, we were beaten over the knuckles and received many a lash with the hickory, but we survived it all. I never did get over the feeling of hatred for the teacher who mistreated Joe, and years after, while visiting in Ontario, I resolved to go to this man and tell him how brutal he had been, how little he ever accomplished in school work, and that he was a failure, a despicable failure. I found him an old man, broken in body and spirit, so I said nothing.

One of our masters was so kind. He opened our eyes to so many wonderful things. But our school trustees decided he did not punish

enough. The hickory birch stood in the corner unused, and that was conclusive evidence he was unqualified and unfit. We all loved him and obeyed so willingly. He really gave me a genuine thirst for knowledge. I visited him when he too was an old man past ninety years of age, but his mind was keen and bright, and he was still the same kindhearted master who taught us years before. We walked arm in arm over the little bridge when I was leaving, and he smiled and waved his hand saying, "Good-bye little Katie." (I, a middle aged woman). "We'll meet again some day."

CHAPTER VII

—BRIGHTER DAYS—

The year of 1860 was a year of plenty. This meant jolly times for the young people. A "pairing bee" now and then a frolic afterward. Some of the young people paired for life.

There was a rumor that during Great Britain's second war with the United States, that one day preceding a battle two British officers hid a "pot of gold" in a bank of a creek. Both officers were killed in battle, and the gold had never been unearthed. A clairvoyant in Detroit was consulted about the matter and asked how the gold could be obtained. She told them where it was hidden, that they must be at the spot at midnight, speak no words and spill human blood over the enchanted spot.

On the night of July 15, a few of Appin's most enterprising citizens set out to win the prize, headed by a doctor. They persuaded "Red Aleck" to accompany them. Red Aleck received his name from the color of his locks. Without a doubt he had the reddest hair I ever saw. During the discussion as to how to obtain this blood, Red Aleck became alarmed thinking he might be the living sacrifice and fled.

Nearby was a graveyard. A woman had just been buried that day. The doctors had asked (and been refused) to exhume the body. The friends of the deceased were watching to see that their orders were obeyed. Seeing a silent crowd with feeble lights, they naturally supposed the doctors and their helpers had arrived to disturb the grave. Shot after shot was fired in the air. The gold diggers fled in confu-

sion. so the "pot of gold" may still be in a bank on the river Thames.

Ann was my best chum. She was a cousin near my own age, and opposite from me in disposition and manner. She was so witty, full of life, and always so happy that I used to say to her, "Ann, you are so happy. Is it because you have a mother, father and brothers?" And she would reply, "Well, Katie, if you had three brothers to tease and torment you, you wouldn't think it was such a happy existence." But of course she didn't mean a word of that, for she adored those brothers. Ann was everything to me. As near and dear as any sister could be. She was the only person I knew who dared to cross "Grannie", and she often did it.

She and I had a wonderful trip one time. We accompanied our uncle to market, going to London by team and wagon. We arose at three a.m., in order to be in the city when the markets opened. In some unexplainable way, I had persuaded "Grannie" to give me three dollars to purchase goods for a dress and cape. My aunt had kindly offered to make them. Ann had ten gold dollars with which to buy "a few things" for herself. We were almost intoxicated with delight and anticipation. It was a grand spring day, and we were young.

I made my purchase, using the best judgment I possessed, and my three dollars were "no more." Then Ann said, "Now for a good time." I believe we visited every "sweet shop", candy and fruit store in the city. Ann had no regard for money, and it almost took my breath away to see her dispose of it. Night came and the stores closed. Our uncle had given us instructions to meet him at a certain tavern when we were through shopping. I now can imagine he was thoroughly enjoying our "good time" for he neither rushed or scolded us. Suddenly it dawned upon Ann that she had nothing in the way of "treats" to carry home to her (using her own language) "wild brithers," and she insisted that we visit a candy shop once again. Store after store was closed and bolted for the night, but she remembered one Scotchman who sold her some candy earlier in the day, and I presume knowing and understanding a Scotchman's love of money, knew he would arise and open his door. She pounded upon the door and addressed him in Gaelic, telling him to "get up" it was urgent. He obeyed her, asking us what we wanted. "Why, candy, of course," said Ann. He scolded and scolded, and I shrank back in terror. Ann "sasssed" him in Gaelic, and soon he was laughing when we

were on our way to the tavern. I said, "Oh, Ann, but he did talk mean to us!" "Oh," she answered, "what do we care, we got the candy." Dear, lively, good-hearted Ann! And to think she spent most of her life in an invalid chair. When she was yet a young girl she suffered a siege of inflammatory rheumatism and never walked again.

CHAPTER VIII

—MY MARRIAGE—

On January 8, 1862, a cold winter day, I was married to Thomas Andrews, a young Englishman. We worked for our relatives and managed to save and plan for our adventure to the new and unknown country west of the Mississippi River in the United States.

In 1865, the last year of the Civil War, Canada was overrun with refugees from both the North and South. Many of them worked for their board, which made times very hard and trying for the wage-earner.

On Monday, March 4, 1865, with our two small sons, we loaded our bedding, dishes and clothing in a covered wagon, and with a splendid team of horses and good harness, we began our pilgrimage to the new country. We traveled to Windsor, Ontario. Then we crossed on the ferry to Detroit, Michigan. From there, as the roads were breaking up, we loaded our outfit on the train and came as far west as Chicago.

The night previous to entering the United States, we spent with some people who warned us against going to that "awful place." In fact, they fairly begged us not to go, saying they were a terrible class of people and that there was no law, only mob law. That they were killing each other in cold blood and what show would we have in a place like that. Why, even our small children would be slaughtered. When they saw how determined we were to go on they looked at us with pity and kept saying, "Poor children, it grieves us to see them go." They were good kind people who welcomed us in their midst. We never regretted going to the United States to find and seek a home.

By the time we reached the Mississippi River, our finances were

getting low, as traveling was expensive. So we decided to remain there and rent a farm. We were fortunate in meeting with good people there. It was while we were here, that President Lincoln was assassinated. Such profound mourning I never saw! One of our neighbors, a large man, stopped by on his way from town to tell us the news. He was crying like a child, and he said, "Ah, I could not feel much worse were it my wife, Hannah."

When our crops were harvested, we were ready to go again "push on." As I have before stated our horses and wagon we left Canada with were of the best. So my husband traded the good outfit for a cheaper one in order to get some extra cash. How it must have hurt him to make the sacrifice. But never a word of complaint passed his lips. One of our Ontario friends asked him one time how we ever managed to get through to Iowa. His reply was, "By trading off all I owned with the exception of my family and dog." An Englishman's dog is very near to his heart.

Again bedding, clothing and dishes were loaded and our journey resumed. We found streams to cross on our way and not many bridges. One day we were debating as to the best "ford" to take, when we noticed a woman hanging clothes by the stream. My husband asked her if this was the place to cross, and she said yes. But no sooner had we entered the water when we heard her screaming, "No, no." Almost at once I saw nothing but the horses' ears above water, and my husband thrown out of sight. I felt the wagon box was moving down stream. I knew my husband was an expert swimmer, and if he were alive, could probably save us. My three year old son clung to me in terror. What thoughts pass through your mind in time of peril! I decided if I must let one child go, it would be my baby for he was unconscious of any danger, but my older child realized it all. A railroad gang was working nearby. This woman (a dear kind-hearted Irish woman) who had directed us to the wrong ford, belonged to this gang. My husband finally swam to us and bade us not to worry, although we were traveling down stream rather rapidly. The men came with ropes and soon had us on dry land. The horses swam out with the running gears of the wagon. We were surely a wet bedraggled outfit, but these kindhearted workers would not let us move on until they had dried every bit of bedding and clothing for us, fed us, and showered us with kindness such as only an Irishman can give. I

think I felt more sorry for this woman than for ourselves.

It was only one of our many experiences, and we were young and strong. We moved on to our promised land. We landed at Council Bluffs, Iowa, the first of August. Then we went about thirty miles north up the Missouri River to where Missouri Valley now is located, then a corn field.

Oh, but we were thankful for the sight that met our eyes, an abundance of crops with miles of good prairie hay to be had for the gathering, lots of good corn and cheap fuel to be had by hauling it five miles.

We bought eighty acres of land for one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. They tell me the same land today sells for three hundred dollars per acre. We then rented a farm for two years. The work was quite new to my husband and especially "corn-picking." He used to drive to his cornfield a mile away, and at night I would be listening for the sound of his wagon, so that I might go and unhitch and care for the horses, well knowing the condition his poor hands would be in. I would hear him singing a long way off. One evening I said to him, "You must be happy. I heard you singing so far away." He replied, "I sang to keep from crying with the pain." After supper I would doctor his hands, and the next morning would find him starting again to the cornfield with "a song on his lips."

Oh, those beautiful ears of yellow corn! They looked to me like so many gold dollars and even better than gold dollars. Our provisions we hauled from Council Bluffs, and prices were very high. We paid one dollar for three pounds of sugar, three dollars for one pound of tea, and other things accordingly.

In 1866, my husband with several others had a contract supplying the Union Pacific Railroad with cottonwood ties at a dollar per tie. They were rafted down the Missouri River to Omaha. The job paid very well. The friends we made in Iowa were very dear and true. How grand and loyal they were to us. We were all fairly young people in that settlement and were like one big family. There were no Mr. and Mrs. among us. We were all addressed by our given names. What good times we had! I can truthfully say I was never homesick for Ontario, but oh, the bitter pangs of homesickness for Iowa and Iowa friends. I experienced after leaving there and coming to bleak desolate Nebraska.

The first seven years of my experience in the Republican Valley is like a hideous nightmare to me. While we were still in Iowa, my husband decided I should return to Canada to visit our people. So he dressed my three youngest children and myself in good clothes, and we boarded the train in style for a visit to the old home. When I think of my friends there in Iowa who helped me sew to get ready for the journey (how anxious they were that my clothing would be perfect) I wonder if there were ever, ever friends like them. Mary was my youngest child. She too must have a cape fashioned by loving hands. And if I must admit it, she was a picture of loveliness, two years of age and carrying herself with all the dignity of a royal princess.

Well, when I reached the old home, I was eyed and wondered at. That Katie could afford to travel and dress like that was almost unbelievable. One relative asked me how many cattle we owned. I informed her that our herd consisted of forty-two head. "Oh, hear what Katie says," she repeated to her husband, "forty-two head of cattle. Why, that's more than we own." Her husband gave me a superior look and answered, "Yes, but they're not as good as ours." I wonder how he knew my husband had been importing stock. Perhaps, ours were the better.

My advice (should it be asked for) to young people is to strike out in the world away from your relatives.

The first summer we were in Iowa, our new friends insisted we attend the Fourth of July celebration. The morning's program consisted of band music and speeches. A young lawyer read the Declaration of Independence. I had never heard it read, and thought the young man was delivering an address. Of all the untruths I had ever heard! My mother country was not that cruel! Several times I started to arise from my seat and demand a retraction of his statements. Happening to glance back of me, I saw my husband and another Englishman who too had not been in the United States a sufficient length of time to receive his naturalization papers. They appeared to be in a very appeasive mood. So thinking, "Well, if you can stand it, I can," I sat down. After it was over I made my way to where they were, and addressing this friend I said, "Mr. J. are we going to let all those young man's lies go unanswered?" How well I remember his chuckle when he said, "Oh, Katie, the young man only read that. That was the Declaration of Independence. No one pays

much attention to the substance of it, probably not the young man himself. But was he not a splendid reader? By the next celebration you will be heartily in sympathy with it all." And his words proved correct. But I could not rest until I had read the Declaration of Independence myself, not once but many times.

Now came school days for my children. They received instruction, not from harsh and inhuman masters such as I in my youth knew, but from refined and cultured young women, who visited us in our home and discussed our children's applicability with us. We were greeted with, "Johnnie is a grand reader. He must recite "Give Me Three Grains of Corn" at the school exhibition. Garrick is a little restless and mischievous, but unsurpassable in mathematics. Janie is wonderful in composition. Surely some day she will be an authoress etc." Well, Johnnie recited the poem "Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother, Only three grains of corn. It will keep the little life I have, 'Til the coming of the morn." He brought tears to more than his mother's eyes.

My children's school books, and especially the fourth and fifth readers with their priceless gem, were a source of delight to me. Many a time they have caused me to "burn the midnight oil," and then I would hear a voice saying, "Katie, come to bed. You are letting the fire get low." "Yes, yes, I'm coming," I would answer. Were those happy days? Indeed, yes. The seven years we spent in Harrison County, Iowa, were years of peace, plenty, and contentment, but for one thing, "ague." This was before drainage of the land was accomplished, and the many swamps caused chills and fever. No one was exempt and there was no warning when an attack might come. Often during a threshing, the crew would be happy and jovial, then, perhaps one man would become afflicted with terrible "shaking" and soon all followed his example.

Then work would be at a standstill until recovery of part or all of the crew. One can be so ill; first the chill, then the fever. We heard of a wonderful valley in Southwest Nebraska on the Republican River where sickness of this nature could not exist, and I often wondered how anything else did.

In June, 1873, my husband, in company with several other men, set out to find and see this valley. It had been a "wet spring," and they returned with glowing accounts of the beauty of the country. So

in August (I think it was the 8th day) we again loaded our wagons, this time two, and began the trek. By now we had eighty head of cattle and some extra good horses. Our land we sold. Good-bye and God bless you dear old Iowa. You gave me the first real home I ever knew. Had I but known what the years ahead of me in Nebraska would mean, my feet would have remained firmly planted on your soil, and I would have endured the "shaking ague" with the rest.

CHAPTER IX

—DESOLATION—

The three weeks of travel in the hot burning sun was probably uneventful enough. We saw a great many wounded Indians returning from the Massacre, a little west of where we were bound for. Nice encouraging prospects, was it not?

One day I was driving one of the teams, and with me were my two young daughters and one small son. On the top of a steep hill with a forbidding canyon beneath, I must have been seized with a sudden premonition of the desolation ahead, for I stopped my horses. The men ahead came back to see why I was not coming. I said, "I can not go any farther." Bring me my two sons in the wagon ahead, for I'm going back." "Going back where?" my husband said. And I replied, "To my good friends in Iowa. I can not take my children away from churches and schools." "Oh," he said, "Just wait until you see the beautiful valley we are journeying to." Well, the "beautiful valley" he referred to proved to be nothing short of an arid desert when we reached it.

A little farther on, the day following this outbreak and rebellion on my part, there appeared to our vision many forms, which seemed to be in motion. The riders ahead came back and told me there was a band of Indians moving toward us. Then we would fortify ourselves the best we could, and fight for our lives. I didn't seem to have much fear in my heart, but was resigned to meet my fate, if only they would kill my children before taking my life. Perhaps, it would be better than going to the new country, no doubt the same fate. The "Indians" proved to be surveyors organizing and laying out Gosper County, and

I think the county received its name that same day.

On the first day of September, 1873, we arrived on the north bank of the river. We rested one day and then crossed over to where I now reside. It had not rained all summer, and the grasshoppers had denuded the valley. It certainly looked the desert it was. There were a few log cabins and "dug-outs" dug in the banks. Some were dug on level ground with steps to descend, which, in rainy weather, was anything but pleasant. The wells were shallow and the water tasted strong of alkali.

Well, it was September. We must find some feed for our livestock to carry them through the winter. And there must be some provision made for shelter for our own weary bodies. We slept in the box of our wagons, placing them on the ground and covering with the covered tops. For kitchen and dining room, we made a shelter of brush and lumber. We lived in this style for six long weeks. By this time we had a "dug-out" made with windows and doors and a floor. This was quite a cozy apartment until spring. Then the snakes became a little too familiar. They loved to crawl around the windows as much as to say, "We were here first."

On December 14, a little dark-eyed baby girl came to live with us. She was ushered into the world without aid of doctor or nurse. Only my husband's capable hands administered to her and myself. Here we were with six children, the eldest barely eleven years of age, in a nest of horse thieves and other low-down characters, equally, if not more so, as dangerous. Many were escaped fugitives from justice in the East. It was a risk and a hardship to watch your possessions; nerve racking to sleep near your stock with gun in hand. One of our neighbors had all his horses stolen in the fall of 1874. And along with his, a beautiful chestnut bay mare of ours was taken. The searching never revealed where they were. Never a trace of them was discovered. The horse thieves received so much help from the unscrupulous ones, who always settle in a new country, but flee ahead of civilization. The only settlers who could rest in peace were those who had only oxen.

One day my two small sons were playing near the canyon, when a large old buffalo with mane matted together and with cackleburs obstructing his sight came right down over the bank upon them. It was hard to know which was more frightened, the children or the

buffalo. We used a great deal of buffalo meat in those days, but we also had plenty of beef and pork. How we did miss fruit. Later, we had plenty of molasses which supplanted fruit. Pioneer life teaches resourcefulness and many were the delectable concoctions we served from molasses.

The year following 1874 was not plentiful in crops. Some of the men were forced to go away in search of work so as to provide food and clothing for their families. Such an alarm of poverty and famine that spread through the settlement! Some new people moved in, and how we did welcome them. For they were good people and real builders, both spiritually and materially. The few settlers organized a school district that fall and built a sod school house. This was the eleventh school district in the county. Worthy Crippen, a young man who had come out from Ohio and homesteaded, was hired to teach the school. There was no lack of youngsters in this assembly. There were the Ickers, Karashs Thomalla, Wesley, Owen, Hardin and Andrews families. And as I think back on it now, Mr. Crippen's time must have been well occupied.

This same year Mr. Finch had moved to a small cabin near where the city of Cambridge is now located, and had a shoe-repairing shop in this cabin. His daughter, Minnie, also taught school in the same building. She afterwards taught in Arapahoe.

We used to meet in the little old sod schoolhouse and hold prayer-meetings and Sunday school. Sometimes Reverend Turner from east of Beaver City would come to our little "old soddy" and preach to us. Also, Doctor Hobson came occasionally. A certain element was not very favorable toward our meetings and our worship. We were annoyed some by different kinds of molestations. One man and his wife planted trees across the road. James Rowe was placed under arrest for driving over these small trees. There was no other way he could reach the schoolhouse but by driving over them. He was taken to Arapahoe to stand trial for this "outrageous offense."

The prosecuting attorney, in a voice of thunder, demanded to know where he was going when he trespassed on his neighbor's land. "I was going to church," replied Mr. Rowe. "Oh, you hypocrite," the lawyer said, "going to church and trespassing." After hearing both sides of the case, the judge and jury decided the prisoner was no hardened criminal. So Mr. Rowe was given his freedom, and well that

he was acquitted for a dissatisfied courtroom in a new country was not to be reckoned with. When the plaintiff left the courtroom, she addressed her attorney, saying, "You may take the bribe your received from the defendant in payment for your fee."

One Sabbath we were listening to a beautiful prayer, when suddenly the door of the little sod house was ruthlessly thrown open, and a voice in broken English shouted, "What for your horses in mine corn?" Someone had thoughtlessly tied their horse a little long, and the animal had nibbled at some dried-up corn fodder, belonging to this man, I say dried because there was little raised that year. When the crops were almost matured, the grasshoppers paid us another nice long visit.

Clothing and food were sent from the East to help the settler live through the year. But as is often the case, the distribution was poorly handled. Many received aid who did not need it, and many in need went without. This year a neighbor, Laura Hardin, sixteen years of age, was hired to teach our school, receiving a salary of sixteen dollars per month. There was no money in the school treasury, so a subscription was taken to pay her. When our County Superintendent (T.K. Clark) visited our school, he said, "Why you have the best equipped school in Furnas county. You even have a blackboard."

1876 was a most terrifying year, as frost, drought and grasshoppers took all we had. Many moved away, and our country seemed almost deserted. In 1877, there was a rumor of gold being discovered in the Black Hills. Some went from here, but had they remained and eaten cornbread with the rest of us, they would have fared better.

A few days before Christmas, my husband made a trip to Plum Creek, now Lexington, to purchase a few necessary things. Among his purchases were some apples, which he said would be a treat for the children for their bare school lunches. I couldn't endure the thought of the other children in school seeing these apples and having none. So I decided to make the precious fruit into pies where they would be less noticeable. I think I made seven or eight pies. That night (New Year's Eve) we were surprised by a lively bunch of our neighbors. (Some coming a distance of ten miles or more). After the merrymaking and games, I served the pies for midnight lunch.

My husband bought a sewing machine from the same couple who caused the arrest of good honest James Rowe. They came to our

home to make the delivery and demonstrate the machine. They had a small son, who seemed always to be in a study or daze, sort of sad and bewildered. He usually sat quiet and still on a chair, not caring to play. This day when they were in our home, we had company, a lady who had just returned from a visit in the East. When she saw the child, she said, "Why, isn't that child the exact image of Charles Ross though." These people left the country very suddenly and were never heard of again. No one missed them but there was always a suspicion that the child might have been the real Charles Ross.

One night we were awakened by a rap on the door. We were snugly asleep in our beds, and as was customary, my husband asked, "Who is there?" A name unknown to us was given, and a request for shelter for the night. When my husband admitted him, he unstrapped his guns and handed them over. I arose and prepared a bed for him. The next morning after breakfast, he said he would be moving on. So my husband gave him his guns. He was a very entertaining and well-educated man, very polite and considerate. We afterward learned he was the most cold blooded murderer of the outlaws that roamed the prairie at that time, and a deadly shot.

There was more raised in 1878 than any year since our coming to Nebraska. All were happy over the good crops, but in October rumors of Indians on the war-path began to disturb the settler.

During the five years we had been here, we had heard similar reports. At first it did not alarms us greatly. My husband and his young brother visiting here from Canada, had gone to Medicine Creek to look after the cattle, and see how the grazing was holding up; etc. I was alone with the children. About eleven o'clock one forenoon a hatless rider came galloping by, and shouted to us to flee to a certain log house (where Cambridge is now). He told us a band of Indians had been seen near Wilsonville and might come on us at any minute. In reality what they had seen was a herd of Texas cattle. I had just taken a baking of bread from the oven. My oldest daughter was but twelve years of age, but the bravest girl I ever knew. It seems that she did everything. I was not a good rider, and as she was an excellent horse woman she took the two little ones with her on the horse. The rest of us trudged along with our bread and some bedding to the fort. There we found about fifty of the settlers gathered to fortify themselves from the savages. Such confusion and chaos! It

was a restless nervous crowd of women and children and men making bullets, expecting any minute to be advised by the Scouts that the Indians were coming. There were sentinels who rested in shifts. One guard (I fancy I can hear him today) walked and sang at the top of his voice, "Hold the Fort for I am coming." (Our safety was then assured.) We remained at the Fort two nights and one day, waiting for the band of Indians that never came. When my husband heard of the Indian rumor, he hurried home, and found us not there. But we came soon after, a tired and weary bunch.

On our return home, we continued vigorously at our work, for there was much to do caring for our abundant crop. But in two days time a terrible prairie fire swept the country, leaving nothing but desolation.

Again my husband started back to look after his stock on the creek. Then came the awful fire. All morning the atmosphere held a peculiar haze, and breathing was a little difficult. But almost without warning we saw the angry flames. There was so little time in which to do anything, but again the bravery of my young daughter displayed itself. She was the commander and we all obeyed. She seemed to know just what to do. She protected the younger children from the cruel smoke with quilts, forgetting herself entirely. It seemed that almost at once I heard my husband's voice. He had turned back and ridden through smoke and cinders. Such a sight as he was, and I guess we were too. "Are you all here?" he said. That was the first remembrance I had of Danny. No, Dan was not there. Where had he gone, and how had he escaped Jane's strong hand when she barred windows and doors. My husband said, "I'll go out and find the little body." Outside, he met Danny. He had been to the canyon, and lain face downward while the angry flames swept over him, then (using his own language) had "brought water to put out the fire on the house." He had his hat partly full of water.

Well, this meant that all of our feed crops, chickens and pigs were burned. We probably were more fortunate than many, because our house did not burn. It had caught fire in several places but was easily extinguished. Many lost everything, homes, bedding, and all the stock they owned. We were compelled to sell our stock at a sacrifice for there was no feed. We had a beautiful grove of valuable trees burned to the ground.

It seems to be the common rule that one trouble follows another. But the early settlers in Furnas county seemed to have dozens follow each other.

In the winter, a terrible epidemic of diphtheria broke out. There were no families exempt from the monster. Mourning darkened the homes of many. We were fortunate as our children were stricken but recovered. Again, my husband's skillful hands ministered to the sick. He was unwearied and unafraid. Crude little coffins were fashioned of pine by the hands of Mr. Own, and dear little forms were laid to rest. Through striving, privations and women's tears comes civilization.

I think Mr. Swanson was here when we came. We soon became acquainted and friends. Mrs. Swanson remained in the Eastern part of the state to work. One day in the late spring, I was feeling rather depressed and downhearted, (things did look so bad and unpromising) and as I glanced toward the high canyon bank on the East, I saw a finely dressed young woman seeking some way of descending. I was thrilled and went out to help her find her way down to our dugout. She introduced herself as Mrs. Swanson. She wore such pretty clothes, but her walk through buffalo grass and dust had almost ruined her dainty shoes. From that day on to now, our friendship grew. It has been beautiful and lasting. Often we tell each other of our admiration and respect, not waiting until one must "pass on" to express our feelings to silent forms.

In our youngest days, many times she and I would walk four and five miles to visit some lonely neighbor, and whoever's home we reached first on our return trip (hers or mine) we entered and made our "cup of tea" and rested in peaceful contentment. Ours was a strong, tender and sincere friendship.

The year of 1879 found a great many new people moving in and around where Cambridge now is. Mr. Pickle and a young man by the name of Charles Winters opened up a new industry for us on the Medicine, a flour mill. Mrs. Pickle kept a few groceries in their log house. Afterward she was our postmistress. Previous to that time, the mail had been taken care of by Mrs. Slater. Her sole equipment for handling the mail was a wooden cracker box.

We moved to a new house, partly log and partly frame, with two large porches, one in front and one in the rear. We were really begin-

ning to live.

Christmas Eve we assembled in an old shack, without much heat, and witnessed the disrobing of a Christmas tree. One family had just lately moved in from the East. They covered the tree with articles of clothing, in fact everything from bedspreads to cups and saucers. I often wondered if their home wasn't a little bare looking while this entertainment was in progress. One poor man was shivering with the cold. His coat, cap and mittens were all on the tree waiting for Santa to shower them on him as gifts later on. A woman (bless her heart) too was shivering, for the only coat she possessed was on the tree waiting for distribution. Another was bare-headed. Her "homemade" hood nestled close to the coat. It too would find its owner later on in the same manner.

Our little daughter was told that Santa Claus would bring her a nice doll Christmas Eve, but we had forgotten to explain that it would be at home in her stocking. Well, she saw a beautiful doll on the tree and with outstretched arms demanded that it be handed to her. All our explaining was of no avail, for she insisted that it was her doll. We carried her home in tears.

Now the historical seventies are ended. It is 1880.

Although our crops were very poor that year, conditions were much improved by people moving in with money, and starting to build where Cambridge now is located. The poor town bore so many names (Pickleville, Scratch Pot City and Medicine) until it finally received the dignified name of Cambridge. One of our fair young women was hired to teach school over on the Beaver. She found occasion to punish one of her pupils (a young boy). He had composed some lines and passed them to his seatmate to read. The jingle began like this, "Oh, Lord of Love, Look down from above, Upon our school committee. They've hired a fool, To teach our school, Right fresh from Scratch Pot City."

By this time, the railroad was being built. The years following were good crop years. I made another trip to my Eastern homeland, bringing back with me slips of trees. I cared for and watered them and watched the results with triumph. A row of maple and Lombardy poplar trees adorned our yards. We planted currants, gooseberries, and the most luscious of fruits, the June strawberry.

A master of music came to our little community and organized a

“singing school.” How proud we were when our children learned to sing “by note.”

A frame schoolhouse replaced the little old soddy. Our teachers were of the best to be obtained, and we watched the development of the lovely young men and women of our community with pride and joy. Although the years ahead brought lean crops and anxiety, yet we felt civilization was with us, which meant everything.

In 1888, my husband made a trip to England to import cattle. On the boat going over, he contracted typhoid fever and remained in his old home in Bideford a very sick man. But he was finally restored to us.

Moving on to the nineties, we find the Republican Valley showing signs of improvement. Again dry years came. 1894 was a complete failure. Business in and about our little city was paralyzed. Land had no value, and for a time it seemed our home, that we had worked so hard for, was toppling. But with the aid of a good friend in the East, we were loaned money, which enabled us to transport our horses and cattle to Kansas, where feed was plentiful for the winter.



Today, I am “going down the valley,” facing the sunset and evening star. And I hear a voice calling, “Come, Katie.” “Yes, yes, I’m coming.”

God bless the Republican Valley. Though it has caused me many tears and heartaches, yet it is

“Home Sweet Sweet Home.”



BACK ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: *Emma Andrews McClelland (1873-1936), Donald Andrews (1867-1923) Jana Andrews Hardin, Garrick Andrews, John Andrews, Mary (Andrews) Evans*
 FRONT ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: *Thomas Andrews (1879-1975), Catherine Munn Andrews (Mother) 1838-1927, Agnes Andrews Zimmerman, Thomas Andrews, Sr. (Father) 1840-1914, Catherine Andrews McCarl*

NEBRASKA HALL OF AGRICULTURAL ACHIEVEMENT ADDRESS

given by Mrs. Thomas Andrews, Sr. – Jan. 8, 1918

I am always pleased to receive an invitation to tell the story of my husband's life, and I hope to be pardoned if I show any over-due pride in his achievements.

Thomas Andrews was born July 26, 1840 at Bideford, Devonshire, England.

His father was a mechanic but his grand-mother owned and lived upon a farm. The farms in that part of the country were not very extensive, but were well kept and cared for, and stocked with good stock.

Thomas seemed to be born with a natural love for the soil and good stock, so he lived a greater part of the time with his grand-mother at Parkham (our homestead here in Nebraska still proudly bears the name of Parkham). When he was ten years of age, he

moved with his parents to Ontario, Canada.

Upon reaching the age of sixteen years (a very tender age to us now) his father purchased a small farm near the river Thames, and installed his son as the sole manager to carry on the work as he saw best to do. The father and another brother conducted a "machine shop" in the village near by.

Thomas was fortunate in possessing a good wise sister, although younger in years than he, she was a help and inspiration to him (all labor such as farm work was foreign and un-interesting to the mater or mother). For five years he worked this way, winning many prizes at the local fairs for stock, as well as plowing at the "plowing matches," which in those days were tests of physical ability, as well as skill and good judgment.

When twenty-one years of age he decided to marry and upon informing his parents of the fact, they in turn, informed him that no addition to their family was desirable. After six months he left his father's home with but the clothes he wore – never to return, only for short visits at long intervals.

After earning the small sum of money necessary in those days to begin home building, he was married. Then began a life of economy – no investments in diamonds or jewelry – housekeeping was begun in two small rooms and afterwards a cabin was built on some un-improved land. Crops were planted (principally potatoes), but when fall arrived the sale price for potatoes was 10¢ per bushel. This price was refused and as cattle were also cheap, he traded potatoes for stock. He took what grain he had raised (the mill having ground it), mixed potatoes with the ground mixture of oats and peas, fed and fattened his stock for the butcher. Stock being disposed of, he was soon ready to begin his journey to the Missouri River which he had set his heart on seeing for a long time.

A team and wagon were rigged out, bedding, clothing and dishes packed, which made a very heavy load. Thus he left his Canadian home and came to the good old U.S.A. where Uncle Sam offered his gift of land. As traveling was expensive, the money soon disappeared.

Upon reaching the Mississippi River at Morristown, Illinois he stopped and rented a farm. At this time the Civil War had ended and the discharged soldiers were returning to their homes and some immigrating west. He then sold his good outfit for a cheaper one and

resumed his journey to Council Bluffs, Iowa. Later years, he was asked by his friends in Canada how the journey was managed on so small a capital. He replied, "By trading off everything but my family and dog."

Council Bluffs was reached about the first of August, but the journey was continued about thirty miles north up the Missouri River near where Missouri Valley now is – then a corn field. Here he was greeted with abundant crops, good prairie hay to be had for the cutting, and plenty of cheap fuel to be obtained by hauling it a distance of five miles. He purchased eighty acres of land for one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, rented a farm for two years, then lived on his own farm for two more years.

When he journeyed to Council Bluffs to obtain his winter supplies, he paid one dollar for three pounds of sugar, three dollars for one pound of tea, and other things accordingly.

In 1870 he began the importation of stock from Eastern Canada. When his success was decidedly apparent, his father asked him to return to Canada that he might help him to buy a farm in that country, but the offer was declined with thanks, and never regretted having done so.

In May 1873, he, in a company with others, began to explore the Republican River in Nebraska. The spring happened to be very wet and they were delighted with the prospects of the "New Country." Buffalo, deer and antelope were plentiful at that time, roaming the prairie. The August following found him and his family again in loaded wagons.

Arriving at the Republican River the first day of September their hearts fell at the sight of the very different looking country. No rain had fallen during the summer and with grasshoppers raiding over the valley, it looked more like the part of desert than valley. Here he was with eighty head of cattle to care for, as well, as a number of horses, but he had sold his Iowa possessions and there remained nothing else to do but stay. Immigration to a new country means anything but ease and comfort. At night it was necessary to build a "smoke" for the mosquitoes were so bad – the team could not be unharnessed and during the day, "green head" flies drew the blood from the poor horses.

Provisions had to be hauled from the Union Pacific (sometimes

from Lowell where the land office was located) from Lexington or Plum Creek as it was then named.

During the years between 1876 and 1880 he sowed but reaped nothing. In October 1878, there swept over the prairie a terrible fire, burning the range and two hundred ton of hay. Everything was burned except the house. It was a thankful family assembled after the fire, for many were left without homes. It was then necessary to dispose of the stock at a loss as Mr. Andrews feared they might starve as everything in the valley had been burned.

In 1880 the Burlington railroad came through the valley and times began to change – some small grain and corn had been raised. Mr. Andrews then went east for more stock.

In 1888 he went to England for the purpose of importing both horses and cattle, as well as to visit his old home. While there he was taken ill with typhoid fever, so the former idea had to be abandoned. The year following (1889), the opportunity presented itself of obtaining Clydesdale horses and short horn cattle from direct importation from Scotland and England through Canadian importers.*

He then gave his undivided attention to stockraising and importing livestock. There were many successful showings at the different fairs as well as good private sales.

In 1907 he was appointed judge of short horn cattle at Portland, Oregon – two years later he was sent on a like commission to Salt Lake City. He, with Ex Governor Shallenberger held several successful sales.

Thomas Jr., his son, now carries on the same industry on part of the estate.

*In Grandma's address to the University of Nebraska Hall of Agricultural Achievement Jan. 8, 1918, the paragraph in which she mentions the opportunity presented itself in 1889 of obtaining Clydesdale horses and Shorthorn cattle through direct importation from Scotland and England to Canadian importers: Donald (Dan) was the son who went on numerous buying trips to Canada at that time. In fact, he returned from one buying trip in November 1900 bringing back his new bride, Mary Alice Clark, married Nov. 2, 1900!

THE TAMING OF A NEW FRONTIER

requires foresight, courage, bravery and resourcefulness. I am certain my pioneer parents, Thomas and Catherine Andrews met these requirements.

To the memory of the brave pioneer men and women of Southwest Nebraska, I dedicate this brief history. They came before the sod had been turned – before places of divine worship had been established, and made the great sacrifice.

Noble men and women of the prairie, through you and you alone civilization has triumphed.



Agnes Andrews Zimmerman

My mother Catherine and her brother Duncan Munn were born in Ekfrid, Ontario, Canada of Scottish parents. Duncan was born December 29, 1834. Catherine was born February 9, 1838. At the tender ages of five and two years, death summoned the young and beautiful mother during childbirth, leaving these small children and their father crushed and helpless.

Duncan and Catherine's parents, Archie and Jane Munn, took Government land (for want of money) "away out in the woods." This no doubt was the reason medical help could not have been summoned in time to save the young mother. Duncan remained with his father, but Catherine went to live with her grandparents, Donald and Catherine Mac-In-Taggart, and was reared by them.

Duncan loved the water and became a sailor of no small repute. At one time he was Captain of the "Mary Roe," a vessel of no uncertain dimensions and history. His Captain's chair adorns my brother Tom's living room where we all admire and revere it.

My mother's childhood was a lonely one except for her cousins, the McDougalls, who were her close and dear companions. A much

loved Aunt Agnes (Nancy) Livingston shared her motherly love with her own family of children.

My father was born in Devonshire, England, in the year of 1840. In the year of 1850 he immigrated to Canada with his parents. On the voyage over on the "high seas" a baby boy was born to my grandparents, Thomas and Ann Andrews. The Captain of the boat baptized and christened the babe and gave him the name Garrick, which was the name of the vessel – the vessel being named Garrick for the English actor, David Garrick. Thus Garrick became a family name.

The last year of the Civil War, Thomas and Catherine and two small sons emigrated by covered wagon from Canada to Iowa, crossing the Detroit River by ferry to Detroit, Michigan. At Windsor, Ontario, preparatory to entering the United States they were dissuaded by well-meaning people to change their plans and not go into such a lawless country, saying they were killing each other in cold blood and that there was no law, only mob law. But my parents were determined to go, and go they did, contrary to the predictions of these good kind people they never regretted coming to the States to find and seek a home. It was in the spring of the year and the roads were "breaking up" making travel by wagon very difficult so at Detroit they loaded their equipment on the train and came as far west as Chicago.

It was here at Chicago my father was interviewed by a man of wealth who was trying to buy his son's release from army service. Two different times this man had been successful and this would be the third time. All this was common practice during the Civil War. He asked my father to take his son's place for the sum of \$1100. Father consented, but first he must seek my mother's consent – "Katie Darlin' will you take our two wee sons and go back to Canada?" Usually the "Katie Darlin'" won the day for my father, but not this time for my little Scotch mother said, "Indeed I will not – I am staying right here – and if you are killed I will see that our sons become American citizens."

Father was a great admirer of Abe Lincoln from what he could learn about him in Canada and was very much opposed to Great Britain (his mother country) aiding the South. They remained in a small town near Chicago where my father obtained work on a stock farm for three months.

On the 9th of April, 1865, General Lee surrendered his army to General Grant at Appomattox Court House. It was then "Roll along covered wagon, roll along." They landed in Missouri Valley, Iowa - bought 80 acres of land at the price of \$1.25 per acre.

In 1866 Father with several men held a contract supplying the Union Pacific Railroad with cottonwood ties at one dollar per tie. These were rafted down the Missouri River to Omaha. The job paid very well. This was before the drainage of the land was accomplished and the many swamps caused chills and fever, termed "ague." This malady they endured for seven years. The bonds of friendship were strong in this little community (California Junction) and moving meant the breaking of heart strings. Life would have been "like a son" but for this malaria.

In the spring of 1873 Father in company with several of his neighbors set out to see a much-talked-of valley in Southwestern Nebraska on the Republican River. It had been a "wet spring" and they returned with glowing accounts of the beauty of the country.

A company was organized and Father was made Captain. His word was to be "law" and all complaints were to be made to him. He rode a big black gelding (the scout's horse of smaller stature). A good leader takes more than his share of blame and little less than his share of credit. My mother brought her complaints to the Captain - that she could not allow her children to play with a certain family in the company for the reason these children had "head lice." Then it was my father's duty to see that these heads were cleaned. So with fine combs and kerosene the cleaning was begun. A daily inspection was made until all was well.

The three weeks' journey in the hot burning sun, finally ended. September 1, 1873, they landed on the north side of the Republican River. They rested a day, then crossed over to the south side. Here they found themselves in a den of horse thieves and other disreputable characters, many of whom were escaped fugitives from law.

The wells were shallow and tasted of alkali. It was a risk as well as a hardship - nerve-racking to sleep with "gun in hand" near their stock.

In 1874 one homesteader lost all of his horses by theft. The only settlers who could "rest in peace" were those who owned oxen.

Dan Logan and his band of out-law horse thieves made several

futile attempts to steal a beautiful brown mare, pride of the Andrews' stables. In his attempts, I have been told, he received a mark of identification which no doubt went to his grave with him.

In the fall of 1874, a school district was organized. This was the 11th district in Furnas County. Worthy Crippen, a young man who had come from Ohio to homestead, was hired to teach this school. A little one-room sod building, dirt floor, desks of every conceivable description composed the "school room." As there was no school money, Mr. Crippen's salary came from subscription. There were no lack of youngsters in this assembly. Wesleys, Ickers, Hardins, Devens and Andrews composed the district. No bad boys – all were eager to learn and delinquency was unheard of.

In 1875 Mr. and Mrs. S.K. Keyes, parents of the late Albert and Ed Keyes, came from north where Cambridge is now located and helped to organize a Sunday School. This led to Church Services and singing, by the aid of a tuning fork, was led by Mr. Keyes. Sweet old hymns were sung with fervor and feeling.

In the late 70's a man by name of Rojeer came from Lincoln and settled about three miles south of my parents' home. With him came a young couple by the name of White, to make their home with him. They were quite an addition to the country's society. Mrs. White being young, vivacious, always the "life of the party."

One day Mr. White came to my father asking that he buy a few head of cattle owned by Mr. Rojeer. Father became suspicious and asked where Mr. Rojeer was. Mr. White told him that Mr. Rojeer had gone to Iowa to make his home and left Mr. White to sell his possessions. Mr. White drove a beautiful well-matched team of Shire horses which were not for sale, for this was to be their means of conveyance to Iowa. This aroused more suspicion. Early one morning Mr. Sayer, my father and my older brother Garrick, then a lad of fifteen years of age, went to the Rojeer homestead to search for clues. There was no sign of the Whites, only the track of their wagon wheels going out from the yard. Mr. Sayer was a powerfully-built Englishman, straight as an arrow. He had a decidedly English accent and was on the Sherlock Holmes type. While Mr. Sayer and Garrick guarded the premises, my father set out alone to apprehend the culprits (I will not say he went un-armed).

He traced tracks and caught up with them east of Beaver City

where he demanded them to stop – brought them back to Beaver City and turned them over to the County Sheriff. He met with no resistance from the Whites for undoubtedly my father's reputation for being fearless as well as "quick on the trigger" and a good shot was pretty well established. This he learned from having to protect his family, himself and his possessions in the early seventies from outlaws.

I can visualize my brother Johnny on a galloping horse, alerting the countryside as to the dangers, while Father, Mr. Sayer and Garrick were in at the Rojeer homestead. In due time a crowd had gathered – thanks to good fast road horses in the homesteaders' possession. Men came with all sorts of weapons, double-barreled shot-guns, pistols, revolvers and six-shooters. Mr. Sayer kicked up some fresh dirt near a manure pile and said with his broad English accent, "Right here is where the 'auld man' (old man) is buried." They dug down and found the body of Mr. Rojeer in its shallow grave fully dressed, even his boots on. The coroner came, exhumed the body, took out the stomach which was kept at my parents' home until it could be sent to Lincoln where strychnine was found.

By this time the day was pretty well-spent and after the brave (?) men had departed with their artillery, it remained for Mr. Sayer and Garrick to bury the body. Mr. Sayer said, "Well, Garrick, this is indeed a most gruesome task they have imposed upon us." "Yes, Mr. Sayer, it is," Garrick replied, "but it would not be so bad if we only had Mr. Tuttle here to sing for us." Mr. Tuttle was a homesteader who was always in great demand to sing at funerals. This brought a burst of laughter from Mr. Sayer which helped to compensate the nervous tension.

The Whites were tried, convicted and sentenced for life to the State Penitentiary, but after ten years they were pardoned. Mr. White vowed he would return and kill Tom Andrews. This must have been a worry to my poor mother but she had so much confidence in my father's ability to "beat him to the draw" that she did not let it panic her. But it never happened.

My father never liked to talk of his hardships and close calls, for he was always looking forward to that bright and happy tomorrow. But from my mother we learned of many things that happened in their pioneer days on the prairie.

Soon after the Rojeer murder the railroad came and in its advent many good and enterprising people came, too. The outlaws and unscrupulous had vanished ahead of civilization.

Cambridge grew rapidly into a thriving town. Three churches were established; Congregational, Catholic and Methodist. My father was baptized and christened in the Episcopal Church in England. I can find nothing in way of research of his being confirmed. He had great respect for all denominations and always made provisions for our regular attendance at Sunday School and was very strict about our being "on time" – sometimes a little ahead of time, much to our embarrassment.

In the late nineties (90's) Dan Logan, the notorious horse thief of the seventies, came to Holbrook and posed as a respected citizen. A few years later in a fit of anger, he shot and killed a fine man, Chas. Christiansen, the father of a family of small children, the youngest an infant but a few weeks old. While awaiting trial in the Beaver City jail, this Dan Logan with a broken lamp chimney severed an artery and bled to death. So ended the wasted life of a thief and murderer. May God have mercy on his soul!

Father built a log house and moved his family from the dugout. The huge ash trees from the river bank were hewn and taken to a small saw mill owned and operated by Mr. Pickle. This mill operated by water power.

The trees were made into suitable lengths for building, and a log structure composed of kitchen, dining room and front room combined were built. Bedrooms of lumber were built on each side, east and west. Front and back porches were made. The lumber was hauled from Lexington (Plum Creek) a distance of fifty miles. This was considered a very spacious home with pine floors, and many the merry making and "gatherings" were held in this home.

It was in this log structure that my sister Cassie, my brother Tom and myself first saw the "light of day." My mother was very disappointed upon my arrival that her last child was not a man child so that she might have given him the name of her father, Archie. But my father received me with wide open arms and how often I found comfort and solace in those "wide open arms" from childhood sorrows. He was my friend and confidant, using Jackie Kennedy's words in describing her Senator husband.

My father was strict, but very affectionate and demonstrative. Mother made me some underwear of striped material and how well I remember of my father tossing me to his broad shoulders and singing (no doubt his own composition), "Striped breeches, end her up, wonder where they found her?" How we laughed and mother joined in with her low musical laughter.

When my mother got ready to make her social calls, either my father or one of my brothers brought her well-groomed mare to the front gate, and helped her mount her side saddle. Her brown riding habit was draped about her beautiful lithe body and the family stood and watched and admired her ride away on her "errands of mercy." Sometimes she called on a new, homesick settler or perhaps delivered some little delicacy to a sick child or an ailing parent. She was a wonderful character, much loved "Mother of the Prairie."

In 1885 Mother made a trip back to her old home in Canada bringing home with her slips of Lombardy Poplar and maple trees. These she planted, watered and gave them tender care, watching them beautify the yard and driveway. This was a wonderful playground for my young friends and me. Often with our neighborhood girl friends we would go for a "swim" in the river, returned to rest under the "Maples" and eat our lunch.

In the cruel flood of 1935 I saw these same beautiful trees uprooted and I wondered if my mother from her New Home was viewing this terrible catastrophe and seeing the work of her hands destroyed.

"Bless Her Memory"
(Written circa 1950)

INDIANS FOUGHT NEAR TRENTON

Lincoln Journal, 1973

American history notes that the last great Indian war in America was fought between the Sioux and the Pawnee near Trenton in Hitchcock County, Nebraska in 1873.

The Pawnee had a large hunting party there when they were ambushed and defeated by Sioux, who outnumbered them two-to-one.

I REMEMBER...

After the death of Thomas Andrews, Catherine and their youngest child, Agnes, continued to reside on the farm. About 1920 Agnes married William D. Zimmerman. He was not one of Catherine's favorite people so her daughter Catherine McCarl, our mother, invited her to live in McCook with us which she did for the rest of her life. We believe that was a happy time for her, it certainly was for us.

Helen Buhmann and Charles McCarl

She was interested in everything and everybody. On nice days she enjoyed sitting out in the yard in a rocking chair reading a book with her magnifying glass. The book was usually the Bible.



Frances was more involved in the cesspool episode than I was. We both were at Grandma's when it happened. I was up in the road playing with the girl in the tenant house. Frances suddenly heard Grandma calling for help. She had been raking leaves and stepped onto the rotted cesspool cover which gave way. Frances discovered Grandma down in the cesspool clinging to a board. She ran to tell Aunt Aggie, who then sent her on to get Denny. Grandma kept up her courage to hang on because she didn't want the paper to list her death as having taken place in the cesspool. She was rescued just in time!

I recall the cleaning up process later. There were many changes of bath water needed.

One year Grandma was at our house on April 1st for her annual visit. We kids had hoped to pull an "April Fool" on Grandma but she "beat us to the draw" when she glanced out the window and said, "What a beautiful bird out there!"

Ruth (Andrews) Hopping

Some of my fondest childhood memories were of my many visits to Grandma and Aunt Aggie's home.

On one occasion, Ruth and I were to take our piano lesson from Aunt Aggie. We decided to play a little joke on them. Ruth was to dress up as an old lady – we took along the tattered clothes as our Mother was not aware of our plan, which included Ruth wearing our Father's discarded false teeth.

We rode on "Old Maggie." Ruth got off at the bridge and changed clothes under the bridge. I rode on and soon after, here came Ruth walking slowly and limping. "Old Joe" the dog notified everyone that a stranger was arriving. Grandma and Aunt Aggie were both out to greet the stranger, Grandma saying "Don't mind the dog, he won't hurt you – come in and have a bite to eat."

How typical it was of Grandma to go and meet someone and offer help. "Old Joe" stopped barking, then Grandma and Aunt Aggie saw who was under all those old clothes.

We felt the hoax was a great success!

Frances (Andrews) Rubland



There are many memories I have of Grandma Andrews, but one that stands out is when she was visiting us one winter. I had brought my school geography book home with me and Grandma read it (with her magnifying glass) with such pleasure – a lot more than I did, I can assure you.

I was but four years old when Grandpa Andrews was dying with pneumonia. My mother took me in to see him and he took my hand and told me, "You are a good girl." That was my first and last memory of him.

Althea McClelland

Cousin Cyrus McTaggart chuckled when he told me how Grandpa Andrews had answered one of Granny's early dinner calls. When the May Meetings were held at the Old School Baptist Church, Granny would feed some of the church people at noon, after her men had eaten and were out of the way. Grandpa Andrews who was working on the barn roof did not quit immediately, when Granny gave the first dinner call. The next call was an urgent demand that he delay no longer. Grandpa yelled back, "Oh, go to Glory and climb a tree!"

Grandma Swanson always enjoyed Grandpa Andrews' wit and humor. She told Grandma, "Your husband is so "yolly" all the time."

I remember when a lovely black beaded bag arrived for Grandma from Ontario, Canada. She had won the prize for her "History of Ekfrid Township." Grandma at age 78 had written a history of the Township where she had lived the first 27 years of her life!

Mary Andrews



I have a vivid recollection when Grandpa and Grandma celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary Jan. 8, 1912. Grandma was given her gold watch by Grandpa on that occasion. The family previously told me about the watch and kept reminding me I was not to tell Grandma. Just why they let me in on the family secret remains a mystery to me. (I would have been six years old the next May.)

The big day arrived. How well I remember the long dining room table laden with good food — Aunt Aggie had prepared most of it, no doubt.

Somehow I kept the secret and Grandma was surprised.

Grandma never got up in the morning until the others were seated at the table. She then would go to the bathroom and wash her eyes with salt water while the others ate breakfast.

I remember the dish of peppermint candy which was always on the table. We were privileged to have "one."

Margaret (Andrews) Garey Ludlow

When Mother returned to Nebraska from Idaho to finalize the sale of the property there, she brought me along. I think I was under six so did not need to pay train fare.

Grandpa seemed to always give a lot of attention to his grandchildren, so I was delighted. I had crept up on his lap as a neighbor man visited with Grandpa. It seems this neighbor had a lot to say about Mormons disparagingly (He had a slight accent). I whispered into Grandpa's ear, "He talks just like a Mormon." As you could surmise, the pioneer talk of the day was distinctly rough and our Mormon neighbors were well versed in swearing and the like. Grandpa's neighbor let loose a few unpolished phrases. He demanded to know what I had whispered to Grandpa that made him chuckle. I can remember plainly the look on his face when Grandpa repeated my speech. Needless to say it hinted at more than surprise. Grandpa retold the yarn and teased his fellow neighbor for a long time.

Genevieve (Andrews) Sutton

Introduction



Of vast importance to Western literature are the historical shapings—social, political and economic—that mold the lives of their characters. Understanding Western literature to its fullest possibility warrants a careful and expansive study of its historical shapings. Catherine M. Andrews' memoir is no exception. As with any other memoir or journal, From East to West demands a study of the events and conditions which influenced the life of the principal character. In this instance, the principal character is Catherine Andrews, my great-great-grandmother. In order to make this memoir even more meaningful for me, my children and relatives, and readers of From East to West, I have written a historical, biographical survey of Catherine's life and circumstances. As the land that one lives in is irrevocably intertwined in one's being, this survey includes Scotland, Canada, Iowa and the Republican River valley in Nebraska. Such a survey of the influences in Catherine's life will hopefully enlighten the reader of her memoir and possibly the memoirs of her contemporaries.



Marilyn (Andrews) Zysset

CATHERINE ANDREWS: FRONTIER PIONEER

by Marilyn Zysset

Catherine Munn Andrews was a pioneer woman of considerable endurance and aspiration. With her husband Thomas, she undertook the conquering of several frontiers. They, with many other couples, succeeded and bequeathed to their descendants a heritage of fortitude and loyalty to the land. The life and ways of three different nations greatly influenced the person that Catherine Andrews became. By glancing at the atmosphere in which she lived, a fuller understanding can be wrought from Catherine's memoir, From East to West. Catherine wrote this pamphlet in 1915 on paper pasted on almanac pages and on stationery from her husband's Shorthorn ranch and from the Nebraska State Democratic convention. Though on humble sources, this pamphlet is an illuminating account of the noble person Catherine Andrews was.

Catherine Munn was born February 9, 1838, in Ontario, Canada. She became Mrs. Thomas Andrews on January 8, 1862. In 1865, she and her husband moved to Iowa and then on to Nebraska where they remained the rest of their lives. To them were born eleven children: John, Garrick, Jane, Donald (my great-grandfather), Mary, Jimmie, Emma, George, Catherine, Thomas and Agnes. Thomas Andrews, Sr., died June 2, 1914. Thirteen years later, on May 31, 1927, Catherine joined her husband in death.¹

This small statured lady, 5'2", lived with dignified energy. She was respected by friends and family alike. After years of moving and starting over, Catherine Andrews made a home that was a gathering place for the neighborhood. She was interested in everything and pursued every avenue of education possible. She was a serious reader and shows a keen, intelligent mind in her writings. As a tribute to her, C.M. Brown, a Cambridge banker, wrote, "Mrs. Andrews seems quite unmindful of her eighty-eight years when she goes to make her calls, walking from place to place and enjoying a pleasant visit. She is living on the old homestead where she has made her home for fifty-three years, watching the passing show in life's fitful dream. She has an unusual memory and is equally interested in affairs of the early days and the rapidly changing present. The trials and privations of the distant past return to memory in sharp contrast with the comforts and

conveniences of today. Her life was cast in a fortunate time and what is more fortunate, the present is practically free from cares.”²

Catherine and Thomas Andrews led admirable lives of which H.C. McKelvie, publisher of the Nebraska Farmer wrote:

“For more than fifty years the name of Andrews, Cambridge, Nebraska, has been synonymous with better livestock, particularly Shorthorn cattle and Clydesdale horses. The foundations were laid and the pioneering done by Thos. Andrews, Sr., who came to this untamed section of Nebraska from Canada. He and his forebears were real stock men and he brought some of the first Clydesdale horses and Shorthorn cattle into Nebraska.

“Mr. Andrews was a business farmer. He was industrious, frugal, a good judge, a thorough student and finally, as were all successful pioneers, the master of his own destiny. He and his good wife, one of the finest characters I have ever know, reared a large family and grounded them in the principles of good citizenship, industriousness, and thrift. The name and aims of this pioneer Nebraska father and mother have been carried forward with credit to their origin.”³

To you, your family pays tribute.

*Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.*

Oliver Goldsmith

Although she never set eyes on her “homeland,” Scotland was a very important part of Catherine Andrews’ life. Her family roots were deeply entrenched in the rocky soil of the Scottish Highland. The life of her ancestors on the profitless land no doubt influenced her family’s social position, ideals and expectations.

Scotland, the land of lochs and lore, was the northern part of the British Isles in the eighteenth century, the time of Catherine’s grandfather. The parliaments of England and Scotland were united in 1707, bringing to a close years of rebellion and turmoil suffered by the Scots. The Highlands are a natural distribution in Scotland. They are marked from the Lowlands by their rugged peaks broken by firth and glens. The spectacular scenery is beautiful to behold. As Catherine

wrote, however, the difference between the Highlands and the Lowlands is more racial than geographical. 'Their cultures are quite different from each other. Samuel Johnson further explained, "To the southern (Lowland) inhabitants of Scotland, the state of the mountains and the islands is equally unknown, Of both, they have heard only a little and guess the rest. They are strangers to the language and the manners, to the advantages and wants of the people, whose life they would model, and whose evil they would remedy ." Similarly, the Highlanders refused to learn from the Lowlanders, "For they have long considered them a mean and degenerate race."

The Highlanders originated from the Celts who were driven back into the Highlands by Germanic invasion of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The people developed their own language, the Gaelic dialect spoken by Catherine and her forebears. They also developed a clan system for social stratification and were steeped in centuries of religious dispute. The clan system evolved out of the old Celtic days. A clan was seen as the family of the chief, or fatherhead, of the family. Many traditions and clan laws were employed. The system was quite direct in the beginning. Members of a clan were direct descendants of the chief. However, as times got worse, many people ignored the bloodline and sought protection under a chief other than their own. This situation created a "broken clan," one of which Catherine's family issued from. Also, sons of a family often took the same Christian name or surname of a great family. There were also septs or subdivisions of a clan with no ties at all to the main clan. These occurrences only added to the confusion, build-up and intricacy of the clan system. Members of clans delighted in recalling the history, traditions and laws of their clan, making every Highlander a genealogist. By perpetuating their tales and descriptions, especially through the colorful local works of Highland poets, an important and beautiful part of Scottish history was retained.

In the Highland also emerged a class system which left a great number of people in the poverty-stricken farming class. Through the centuries, the land was owned by a few number, while it was worked by thousands who could do little to improve their station. These workers, known as crofters, were sub-tenants of the land and paid their rent in kind, or crops. The little farms clustered together and shared a common grazing land; fences were not introduced. Their farming methods were primitive and the weather did not cooperate. Many of the crofters were on, or over, the brink of starvation. The landowners had great benefit, however, in having many tenants. A

landowner's strength was measured not in silver but in manpower for defense. This situation changed as the country became more politically stable. The landowner's concentration turned from insuring defense to turning a profit. Landowners saw greater monetary returns in sheep farming. Their former farming land was turned into grazeland. The tenants were turned out. As with the story of many nations, these displaced crofters put social pressure on Scotland. Thousands roamed the country looking for work and food.

Thus the life of the Highland peasantry was anything but pleasant. However, as I.F. Grant wrote, "In dealing with a people so full of character and so intellectual as the Scotch, it would be grossly misleading to describe the hardness and narrowness of their material economic conditions, which might be common to any starving, down-trodden peasantry, without indicating the pride and courage, fervent imagination and intellectual energy of the race, that has sent them forth from their rocky hills, not merely to subsist in the wider world, but to dominate it.

"It is also more and more important, with our steadily rising present-day standards of comfort, to remember how much of poetry and romance and love of nature, of old clan ideals and old working songs, of the sense of history, and of the pride of birth, have passed away from the Highlands with the simpler and incomparably harder way of life of the folk that went before us."⁶ Among those who conquered that hard way of life in the wider world were the parents of Catherine Munn Andrews.

When Catherine's newly wedded parents set sail on the "Tamberline" in 1831, they broke a lineage that had been continued in the Scottish Highlands for centuries. The Scottish family tree was traced to a branch of the McTaggarts, known as McIntaggarts in Gaelic and Priestson in English. The McTaggarts, along with the Campbells, McIntyres, Pattersons, and Murrays, all descended from the House of Alva.⁷

Lachlan McTaggart, Catherine's great-grandfather, lived in Northknappdale, Argyllshire, Scotland, in the eighteenth century. Little is known about the man, only that he was blind the last few years of his lengthy 95 years. Lachlan married twice. His first wife was of the family name of Baxter. Elizabeth Graham, the second wife, descended from the House of Alva. Elizabeth and Lachlan McTaggart had two children, Donald, born in 1771, and Effie, born in 1786. The family lived in Northknappdale in the western Highlands of Scotland. Little else is known of the family's history at this time.

Donald McTaggart, the son, married Catherine Johnson. Together they worked and managed a part of the Oib Grame farm. This farm was owned by the Duke of Argyll, whose title had been handed down since 1457. These dukes were descendants of the House of Campbell and were greatly involved with the Protestant cause and so influenced the people of Argyllshire. The McTaggarts lived near Oban in the western Highlands in Argyllshire. Oban was originally established as a fishing port because of its sealinks to the Hebrides. It was made a burgh, or town, in 1811. Many towns like Oban were planned villages created to relieve some of the social and economic tension of the Highlands. Today, Oban is noted for its tweeds and decorative glass manufacturing as well as its cattle markets, fishing and resort areas.⁸

In Scotland, Donald and Catherine McTaggart had six children: Lachlan, Jane (Catherine's mother), Mary, Elizabeth, Nancy, Angus and a twin brother of Angus' who died in infancy. Effie McTaggart, Donald's sister, married John McLachlan at a young age and they also undertook farming. The couple had seven children. In 1831, Donald and Catherine's beautiful daughter Jane married Archibald Munn. Also that year, the McTaggart and McLachlan families, including the newlyweds, decided to search for better conditions across the ocean. Australia was their first choice. Then they were beckoned by the backwoods frontier of Upper Canada. In May, 1831, they set sail for a new life on the old vessel, "Tamberline."

*Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North!
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.*

Robert Burns

Back into the hinterlands of Upper Canada the McTaggart and McLachlan families journeyed to stake out their new home. Until 1840, the Dominion of Canada was divided into Upper and Lower Canada. In Upper Canada, their new home, southwestern Ontario, was a peninsula of land created by Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario. After a two month stay in Lobe township, the families moved westward to the less settled township of Ekfrid. After arriving, however,

they chose to purchase previously cleared land. As the years passed, these Scottish farmers were undoubtedly influenced by the contradictory aspects of this backwoods frontier. The area was a combination of provincial and liberalized ideals. After the death of her mother, Jane, Catherine Munn lived with her elderly Highlander immigrant grandparents. As a young girl, she was surely exposed to many different forces that helped change her life.

Coming from a very homogeneous society, the McTaggarts, as well as thousands of fellow immigrants, found themselves thrown into an unaccustomed welter of people. During the first half of the nineteenth century, the British Isles were bled of the peasants. These immigrants "swelled the population of towns already established and filled the unoccupied spaces of the old townships and overflowed into the hinterlands."⁹ Once in Canada, such people found themselves felling trees beside others of varied cultural backgrounds. In 1840, the union of Upper and Lower Canada symbolized a political and cultural bonding. However, in backwoods such as Ekfrid, this union was a mere news pulse which did not affect the people's relations with one another.

For the most part, immigrants to this frontier found themselves freer than they could have imagined possible. With wideflung vision, they could see that it was possible to be someone and to help their children "climb to the top." Immigrants were willing to begin from the bottom because the top was limitless. Besides, with the Highland Scots, pioneering was fairly easy as it was merely moving from "one set of primitive conditions to the next."¹⁰ The difference came in the possibility of changing the primitive into the prosperous. No longer were they shackled to poverty because of the class level they had inherited. However, although there was a lack of class consciousness, the differences in religion and race prevented an ideal intermixing of the cultures. So these people lived quietly in the backwoods of Canada, living together but living apart. There were many isolated islands of people, preventing an assimilation of a Canadian people but retaining and regenerating separate cultures.

The relative prosperity of the 1850's enhanced these folk cultures in southwestern Ontario. The times bred a healthy rural culture during Catherine Munn's teen years. "And a good age it was: simple, parochial, limited, but healthy, contented, marked by a wisdom close to the soil."¹¹ This agrarian living seemed to fulfill the people's needs. They were content with their provincial attitude. Even so, contrary forces within and without were coloring the people's beliefs, if mere-

ly by diffusion.

Southwestern Ontario was greatly influenced by the neighboring Mideastern United States. Even the backwoods Rebellion of 1837 was patterned after the liberalized beliefs of America's Mideast. Hoping to break away from the Mother Country of England, the backwoods Canadians rebelled with the hope of gaining help from the United States, who had succeeded in the very same task. Although the Rebellion failed, the ideals were still transmitted through the years. The 1850's found southwestern Ontario with a great deal of American influence on the folk cultures. John A. McDonald wrote that the area was bursting with "Yankees and Covenanters."¹² He was referring to the Loyalists from New York, the land-hungry American immigrants, and the Scottish immigrants who clung tightly to their land in western townships. Added to these were Americans making stop-overs before continuing on to the Midwestern frontier of America.

It was impossible for the area not to be shaded by the liberalizing American ideals. The naturally provincial attitude was encountering a wider scope of people and ideas. The unrest and uneasiness brought about a belief that the United States was the ideal democracy. A rural attitude known as "Clear Grits" developed. "Clear Grits" was a political belief mildly patterned like the spitfire ideals of the Jacksonian democracy and the later Lincoln Republicanism. With these American influences, change was wrought in the beliefs and actions of Canadians.

Religion was another factor which affected rural attitudes. Many immigrants to Upper Canada had had only one stabilizing force in their native lands – a structured religion. Their faiths ranged from Roman Catholic to Presbyterian to Anglican. However, once in the backwoods of Ontario, the established religions had no means or desire to provide for their followers. Structured religion fell off. However, religious belief still sustained many. This situation in the backwoods gave rise to the Methodist Church as it would and did roll up its sleeves and trek through the forests.¹³

With folk cultures, American influence, and religious dissents, changes were wrought in the beliefs of those Canadians. Many people, including Catherine and her husband of three years, Thomas Andrews, responded to these changes. March 4, 1865, Catherine, Thomas and two small sons packed a covered wagon and headed for the United States, the land of possibilities.

*Then dust arose, a long dim line like smoke
From out of riven earth. The wheels went groaning by
The thousand feet in harness and in yoke,
They tore the ways of ashen alkali.*

Joaquin Miller

Undoubtedly, the decision to leave the quickly settled province of Ontario was a difficult one to make. This difficulty was especially true when the choice was to enter what some Canadians still considered the “barbaric” United States. The Civil War was still on. The Andrews, however, were determined to go. After crossing at Detroit with their wagons, teams and supplies, the family made their way to Morristown, Illinois, near Chicago. There, with finances low, they stopped to replenish their traveling funds. During their three month stay, Thomas worked on a stock farm. Although the stay was short, it had an extreme influence on their “assimilation” in America. At that time, Thomas became further impressed with Abraham Lincoln, only to be rudely awakened by his assassination. Also at that time, Thomas was approached by a wealthy man trying to buy his son’s way out of the army for \$1,100. Although Thomas would have consented, Catherine refused to comply with the plan. Money or not, a GAR (Grand Army of the Republic) marker is placed by Thomas’ grave in Cambridge, Nebraska.

With the crops in, the Andrews kept moving west. This popular trend of westward expansion was settling the land west of the Mississippi. Trading their fine team of horses for a cheaper team, the Andrews made their way to southern Harrison County, Iowa, on the Missouri River. At the small village of California Junction, they made their home for seven years. The area was quite fertile and was quickly settled although where Missouri Valley is now located was merely a cornfield in 1865. After the coming of the rail, many towns developed in the area and became growing commercial centers for the rural areas.

Less than ten years after the outfit of Andrews moved farther west to Nebraska, Harrison County was described as “one of the most populous, popular, and at the same time, conservative counties of Iowa. It is rich without being aggressive; secure, without being assertive; in other words, a fine body of land owned by a fine class of

people, Harrison County has a right to be proud of herself."¹⁴

The county is along the Missouri River, which is quite rapid at that point. In addition to the Missouri, the area is drained by several rivers and small streams. The land is characterized by undulating hills with valleys filled with countless cottonwoods. Before the take-over by the plough, Harrison County also had bountiful grasses which contributed to the stock production. Harrison had a reputation for its livestock even before the turn of the century. The county's stock was famous at the markets in Chicago and commanded the highest prices. Missouri Valley itself is nestled in the crook where the Boyer River intercepts the Missouri valley, creating a fertile plain. Even with the gentle hills, the area had acres of undrained land. Although the swamps were filled in and are now dry, farmable land, at the time of the Andrews, they were blamed for the "fever and ague" of the times. It was to those symptoms that Catherine blamed the giving up of her beloved Iowa home.¹⁵

The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company located Missouri Valley as it pushed its Iron Horse farther on the frontier. The town was finally incorporated in 1869. By 1880, it had a population of 2,000 and the community showed unusual progress toward developing "exceptional religious, intellectual, and social advantages."¹⁶ Along with these cultural advantages, the area also offered excellent opportunities for industrious farming families. The area was so rich with luxuriant grass that it was possible to have winter grazing. One fellow explained his very fat cattle by saying he fed them on green grass in the winter. When asked how that was possible, he replied, "Why, I put green spectacles on them, and they imagine when eating hay, that they are eating green grass!"¹⁷

Despite these excellent opportunities, the farming community was faced with several turmoils that strained the industry. First were the political controversies of the newly introduced barbwire. As the frontier was becoming settled territory, farms and ranges were being enclosed. Soon laws were being passed and pressure to conform to the fencing trend increased. Generally, for the farmer it was an improvement over the hold that ranchers had on the open range. Gone was the old free range. However, such changes were depressing for men, even settlers, who enjoyed the freedom of unhindered living. "Oftentimes, fenced-in ranches and farms spelled a restricted and confined outlook—the points of view 'bounded by the limits of the fences.' Perhaps the barbed wire, if one gives consideration to what life might have been under conditions of the open range and

the unfenced farm, brought isolation for rancher and farmer alike."¹⁸ Restlessness stirred in many who felt confined.

Farmers were also troubled with oppression by the railroads. On the whole, it was the coming of the Iron Horse that developed and elevated the settlers' standard of living. However, the Eastern-backed railways had the upper hand on the farmers who were dependent on them for transportation of all farm produce. Farmers paid for the railway favor in high freight rates for both shipping and incoming supplies. Often, taxes were levied on the farmers in order to pay off railroad construction subsidies. Such controversies had plagued the nation even in ante-bellum America. In the case of the pioneer farmers, the railway bind left many in a state of subsistence. Furthering the turmoil, many farmers felt that the railroad companies were becoming too powerful in the political arena. To counteract, Patrons of Husbandry, or Granges, were formed and became involved in politics on the farmers' behalf. However, the situation continued to rattle the hearts of many. More restlessness stirred.

Finally, the Panic of 1873 and a great plague of grasshoppers that summer left many an area destitute. Thomas Andrews was one of those restless men. Despite their seven good years in Iowa, Thomas packed up his family and headed toward the Promised Land, that "Great Republican Valley" in Nebraska, with great visions of prosperity. Undoubtedly, the hot three week journey was no pleasant trip in two wagons and herding along 60 head of cattle, 12 horses and five children. The best was made of it, however, and in an article for the Nebraska Farmer, Catherine later wrote of their camp, "We slept in the wagons and put up the camp stove with some boards around to keep the wind from interfering with the draft. We had a brush covered dining room and all in all we lived in a beautiful large spacious house, which had a ceiling more grand than any house I have ever been in."¹⁹ Her love and endurance of the land has sustained many generations.

Then Pharoah said to Joseph: "In my dream, I was standing on the bank of the Nile, when up from the Nile came seven cows, fat and well-formed; they grazed in reed grass. Behind them came seven other cows, scrawny, most ill-formed and gaunt. Never have I seen such ugly specimens as these in all the land of Egypt!"

Genesis 40: 17-19

Fording the wide Missouri River into Nebraska that summer of 1873, Catherine Andrews became a pioneer in that vast land termed the Great American Desert. Purchased from Napoleon in 1803 as part of the Louisiana Purchase, this unbroken land was being recognized for what it would become: the Breadbasket of the world. Rather than scurrying across its westward trails with not a glance to the side, immigrants and adventurous Americans were finally extending their roots in the fertile prairie soil.

Before the advent of these white men, Nebraska was a calm home for its natural natives. The rolling plains afforded millions of buffalo for the hunting Indian tribes. The fertile soil was also the mainstay for the sedentary farming tribes. Territorially and organizationally, the Pawnee were the most important tribe in Nebraska. This was especially true of the Republican River valley whose settlement by the Andrews and other pioneers was influenced by Indian activity. The Pawnees or "men of men" were a peaceful people who lived in earthen lodges and depended on their small cornfields and large buffalo hunts for sustenance. They were divided into four major bands, the second of which was the Republican. This band was so named because of their semi-republican system. Their name was also given to the river running through their lands in southwestern Nebraska.²⁰

As lands west of the Rocky Mountains opened up for adventure seekers, homesteaders and star-gazing goldminers, the Plains Indians found themselves in the huge transport system to the West. Their hunting grounds were overrun with westward trails. The Great Plains, especially Nebraska, became "the greatest traveled highway in the world, wider and more beaten than a city street, with hundreds of thousands of people passing over it."²¹ Eventually, through publicity by the government and the railroad companies and because of dwindling frontiers elsewhere, people not longer just passed by the plains. The fertile prairie was finally settled. The Indians lost the competition for the land. Though they were generally peaceable considering their desperate situation, the Indians were gradually pushed from their homeland by the national government, its soldiers and the settlers. Tension and dwindling hunting grounds caused Indian tribes to turn on one another. One of the last major Indian crises occurred only 50 miles west of the future Andrews homestead. This massacre between a Pawnee hunting band and their Sioux enemies occurred near present-day Trenton in August, 1873. The unfortunate and unnecessary tragedy left 56 dead and over 100 captured and wounded. The weary and discouraged survivors tramping back to their

homestead must have been quite a shocking welcome to the Andrews party. Their spirit now broken, the Indians were no longer a major threat to settlers, in spite of the numerous scares. The plains were free for settlement and the breaking of the sod.

Because of the free or slave controversy, the plains area had been a pawn in ante-bellum politics. By Stephan Douglas' Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, the area was officially entered as the Nebraska Territory. Gradually, Nebraska was reduced to its present size. On March 1, 1867, Nebraska was admitted as the thirty-seventh state of the Union. Governmental gears began to churn as the state was organized. The possible stability offered by statehood became an impetus for homesteading, along with the Homestead Act of 1862 and the arrival of the rail. Under the Homestead Act, any person being of the age of 21 or the head of a family could file a ten dollar claim on a quarter-section of public land. After conquering the land for five years, the homesteader received the land. Although many of the would-be settlers failed the test of the prairie, this free land greatly encouraged settlement of the Great American Desert.

Eagerly, the great railway industry was also advancing its opportunities across the Missouri. Line after line was crossing the plains, both following and increasing the turning of the sod. Through the Republican Valley, the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad nosed its way west in the spring of 1880. It was one line of the huge Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad system based in Chicago. With easily accessible transportation for produce, farmers and ranchers cascaded into the valley to join earlier pioneers.

By 1873, the out-state land was being carved into counties and local governments were being shuttled in. As the Andrews' wagons rolled south during the hot, dusty August, they met the state surveyors who were mapping out Gosper County, just north of Furnas. In only a year, the land that they were to settle on was designated as Furnas County. It was originally named James County, but was to bear the name Furnas as an honor to Robert W. Furnas, founder of the Nebraska Farmer and state governor at that time. As one of the earliest Furnas County pioneer couples, Thomas and Catherine Andrews made some of the first claims in the Republican River valley.

Better than any frontier study, the settlement of the pioneers is best told in the development of the towns built by pioneers. The story of Cambridge, Nebraska, in which the Andrews had a part, is no exception. In 1871, Hiram Doing broke the first sod for the future town, four miles up the river from the future Andrews claims. The

site was at the confluence of Medicine Creek and the Republican River. It was ten miles west of the earliest settlement in the county, Burton's Bend (Holbrook), and twenty miles north of the Kansas border. Antelope, wild turkeys, deer and buffalo – the prairie monarch – abounded until the late 1870's. Being free range country, longhorn Texas cattle also roamed. 1873 saw the county mapped out and a handful of families came to try the land. Doing's twelve foot by sixteen foot log cabin became the gathering place for the settlers who were gradually making claims. As B.F. Butler said, "Those were the real pioneers who came in covered wagons with oxen, horses, and mules. Those who came in the early '80's on cushion seats were old settlers, but not pioneers."²² What the Andrews were greeted with, however, was not the beautiful valley eagerly described by Thomas Andrews the spring before. The "wet spring" was followed by a summer drought and a grasshopper invasion had turned the valley into unpromising desolation.

These "real pioneers" showed determination, tenacity and togetherness and they did turn the valley into a Promised Land despite the desolation. Their faith and desire for betterment were quickly mirrored in the schools and churches which were an immediate part of any pioneer community. The first of Cambridge's city schools was held in Hiram Doing's log cabin until a sod schoolhouse could be built. Closer to the Andrews homestead, other settlers organized the county's eleventh school district. Worthy Crippen, a homesteader from Ohio, was the first hired to teach this school. He was followed by Laura Hardin, a sixteen year old hired for \$16 a month. Although the supplies were quite primitive, the county superintendent declared, "Why, you have the best equipped school in Furnas County. You even have a blackboard."²³ A singing school was also established which gave the people entertainment and unity. In the spring of 1874, Catherine Andrews and three other families organized a union Sunday school. It was held in an abandoned sod house three miles southeast of Doing's town site. With only a few Bibles and a few song books and wagon spring seats for chairs, the families brought the dignity of religion to the valley. As the town grew, more structured religions were established. By 1885, the Catholic, Methodist and Congregation Churches were all prospering in Cambridge.

Liquor was sold as early as 1873.

The town site boasted a post office in 1874. Although its first quarterly receipts were merely 21 cents, its importance, along with

the town, grew. Originally known as Northwood, the little community brandished many names from Medicine Creek, Lick Skillet and Scratch Pot, to Pickleville. The dignified title of Cambridge was chosen in 1880 as the railway was laid out. Undoubtedly, the fact that another stalwart English town – Oxford – had a namesake a few miles down the track influenced the choice. At any rate, Cambridge it has remained. The coming of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad changed more than the name of the town. With a nearby transport system for its produce, the valley's agricultural dreams were being realized. Prior to this success, however, the 1870's had seen many tragic events weed out the settlers. Hard times and tough conditions nearly obliterated the dreams and tested the pioneers' determination. As Catherine once wrote, "The first five years are the hardest."

Although most of the settlers were determined, hard-working pioneers, many others were good-for-nothing horse thieves and murderers who fled like a cloud's shadow with the coming of civilization. Many families would awaken to find their horses stolen, often by someone they had housed for the night. For the pioneers, horses were prized essentials for both homesteading and transportation. Many were the nights that Thomas Andrews slept in the barn, gun in side, to protect his beloved horses, especially his big black gelding. Agnes, one of the daughters, later wrote of the horse stealing, "Dan Logan and his band of outlaw horse thieves made several futile attempts to steal a beautiful brown mare – pride of the Andrews' stables. In his attempts – (have been told) he received a mark of identification which no doubt went to his grave with him."²⁴ Many of the roaming criminals of the prairie met with vigilante justice.

If the quality of some people was not trying, hard times were. Drought, frost, and the grasshoppers of 1874 were heartbreaking. In 1878, there was an Indian scare when a band of Cheyenne escaped from their Oklahoma reservation. They were reported to be on the "warpath," killing settlers and demolishing property. Although many settlers fortified themselves in a cabin at Doing's settlement, nothing occurred in the immediate area. With that scare still fresh in their minds, the prairie fire two days later, followed by a diphtheria epidemic, was the "final straw" for many. The country was nearly deserted.

Those who clung to their homesteads saw prosperity and industriousness come in with the railroad. No longer did the settler have to rely on the buffalo for meat and legal tender. Farming became successful. The most notable achievement, however, was that of pure-

bred livestock. C.S. Easton later wrote, "For the past twenty years, the livestock breeders of Furnas County have forged ahead of any other county in the State, sparing no pains nor money in perfecting the different breeds of stock. Today, their herds are second to none in the U.S."²⁵ The pride of the state began to prosper.

By 1892, Cambridge was a bustling town boasting of five general stores, three lumber yards (one was Thomas Andrews'), two grocery stores, three drug stores, one print shop, two banks, two millinery shops, two hardware stores, one machine and implement shop, two hotels, three restaurants, one harness shop, two meat shops, one pop factory and a roll mill grinding out 150 bushels a day. Indeed, the railroad was the road to prosperity. As a transport system, the railroad made it possible for the settlers to produce commercial crops. The carloads of produce shipped out from August 1, 1891 to April 22, 1892 tell the story: 171 cars of corn, 138 cars of wheat, 97 cars of hogs, 50 cars of cattle, 38 cars of flour, 33 cars of broom corn, 15 cars of rye, 6 cars of horses, 2 cars of oats, one car of onions, plus butter and eggs were sent out in less than one year, 21 years after Hiram Doing first broke the sod.²⁶

The dreams of faith and education on the plains were realized as Cambridge offered three churches and a two story brick schoolhouse with the "best grade-school in southwestern Nebraska." As the Omaha Sunday Bee described the town, Cambridge was truly a "jewel" in the "Great Republican Valley."²⁷

This beautiful and prospering valley owes much to the people who first broke the sod. Today, acres of corn and wheat stretch for miles on each side of the peaceful, lazy Republican River. The buffalo have been replaced by cattle, sleek and fat, that are shipped around the world. Although the times have changed, the people still love the land and belong to it as much as the land belongs to them. Much is owed to those who conquered the wild prairie. Among those pioneers were Catherine Andrews and her husband. They moved through many frontiers. Scotland, Canada, Iowa, and the Republican Valley each had a role in their lives. In this beautiful valley, they helped usher this area into an age of prosperity. They also made it a land and home of worth.

To you, your family pays tribute.

ADDENDUM

As her partner in life for fifty-two years, Thomas Andrews undoubtedly influenced and celebrated Catherine's life more than any other person. This Englishman had a varied background that bore some similarities to his Scottish wife's. Catherine was proud of her husband and his accomplishments. In 1917, she wrote, "I am always pleased to receive an invitation to tell the story of my husband's life, and I hope to be pardoned if I show any over-do praise in his achievements."²⁸

Originally called "Andrew," the family's home was in Devonshire, England. This county is in the southwestern tail of the British Isles. In the area of Bideford, the Andrews ancestors had long lived. Sometime after 1800, the family gained possession of a house called "Winslade." The beautiful brick house is between five hundred and six hundred years old and still stands. It was there that Thomas Andrews was born on July 26, 1840. He was baptized and confirmed in the Church of England (the Anglican Church). His formal secular education ended at the age of ten.

Although his father was a mechanic and did not live on a farm, Thomas was exposed to the agrarian way of life by living a great part of the time with a grandmother and his uncles. The grandmother owned and lived on a farm. The English farms of that time were not vast acreages but they were considerably more modern than their contemporaries in Scotland. The farm which Thomas visited was known as Parkham. Thomas carried with him a love of his old homeland and proudly bestowed the name Parkham on his Nebraska farm.

Around 1850, the family encountered some dispute with a neighbor. The version passed down by Thomas' son, Thomas, Jr., holds that the Andrew family owned a rare kind of hunting dog. Their neighbors borrowed the dog and were caught poaching on a royal estate. As owners of the dog, the Andrew family was responsible for it. Knowing there would be an execution for being caught on royal property, the family packed up overnight and fled for Plymouth, the place of embarkment for many seeking asylum. The Andrews and their sons, James and Thomas, then ten, set sail for Upper Canada to escape to the frontiers near Toronto. On the voyage, another son was born. He was christened by the ship's captain and given the name Garrick after the vessel's name. Born late in Canada were five daugh-

ters: Ann, Mary, Fannie, Lucy and Emeline. The family lived at Toronto for around six years, then moved to the backwoods of Ekfrid, Ontario, where Catherine Munn was living with her grandparents.

When Thomas was sixteen, his father purchased a small farm on the river Thames in Upper Canada. With a younger sister, who was a "help and inspiration to him," Thomas was made the sole manager of the farm. The father and another son ran a machine shop in a nearby village while to the mother, "all labor such as farm work was foreign and un-interesting." Along with his farm managing, Thomas won many prizes at local fairs for his livestock and "plowing matches." After five years of farming, Thomas told his parents of his decision to marry. "They, in turn, informed him that no addition to their family was desirable," later wrote his wife. Six months later, he left his home with only the clothes on his back, "never to return, only for short visits at long intervals."²⁹

At 21, Thomas Andrews married Catherine Munn. This English and Scottish couple apparently found enduring love as they were married for 52 years. The first years of their union were spent in a cabin of two small rooms on unimproved land. The major crop was potatoes. Their poor market price induced Thomas to trade them for equally cheap cattle which he fattened on ground oats and peas mixed with potatoes. With his efforts thus disposed, he loaded up his family and set out for the Missouri River valley. Once they located in Harrison County, Iowa, Thomas helped to advance farming in that area. For seven years they farmed. In 1870, Thomas successfully imported stock from eastern Canada. At this point, his father realized Thomas' ambition and success and asked him to return to Canada in order to help purchase a farm. Thomas declined the offer.

The urge for greater opportunities pushed Thomas and Catherine farther west to the Republican River valley in August of 1873. Many were the troubles they faced, including no crop harvest from 1876 to 1880. The coming railroad brought a gleam of hopeful prosperity and Thomas turned his attention toward stock. He held many stock sales at Cambridge and, in 1897, their first annual sale of Shorthorn cattle was held at the South Omaha stockyards. In 1888, Thomas Andrews returned to his native homeland with the intent of importing purebred horses and cattle. A severe bout of typhoid fever kept him in England and also postponed his plans for importing. In 1889, Thomas' dreams were fulfilled, however, and he became a pioneer importer of purebred Clydesdales and Shorthorns. He was the

first to bring to Nebraska a “beefier” line of Shorthorn – the Cruickshank.

Thomas made a breakthrough for the region and the valley became well known for its ranches and stock sales. The Andrews built a tremendous barn and sale house with every possible modern advancement implemented, including the area’s first silo. It was quite a wonder, but burned down later. Thomas traveled a great deal to show his stock at various fairs. He also held many of his sales with A.C. Shallenberger of Alma, who was governor of Nebraska from 1909 to 1911. Thomas was appointed as a Shorthorn judge for Portland, Oregon, in 1901 and Salt Lake City in 1909.

When he died in 1914 from an illness of three months, Thomas Andrews evoked many words of admiration and respect. All expressed touching words of his honesty, religious righteousness, determination, industriousness and principles. A final honor came in 1917 when he was entered in the Nebraska Hall of Agricultural Achievement. His picture is still displayed at the East Campus of the University of Nebraska in Lincoln.

His life was well summed up by former Governor Shallenberger, who wrote:

“His integrity and judgment was so profound that all who came to know him were better for it. No man in America, connected with the livestock business was more highly respected and admired, and he had come to stand as a Nestor to the younger man, and a type of all that a real farmer and stockman should be. Men who met him never forgot him, but always spoke of him with admiration and respect.

“He has finished a long life of noble work well done, and the world is better that he has lived. His manhood was of sterling metal and without alloy. And to such rare men, friends and friendship held fast. When Brutus came to die, he said he held it as his best remembrance – ‘That in all my life I never found a friend but he was true to me.’ And it is given to but few men to have had as true and lasting friends as Thomas Andrews.

“This new state of Nebraska will long feel the influence of his long, honorable and useful life.”³⁰

