There is a story about Josh's great-grandmother that he may be interested in hearing someday. I'm not sure Emeu has heard it or not. I heard my mother tell it and I have repeated it but I don't remember to whom.

As concerns the time when I was about two years old or so, My family was living on what was known as the "Lee Place", in a little stone house on the farm. The land lay along the North Fork of the Solomon River. The pasture area for the milk cows and horses was on both sides of the river. Ordinarily this caused little concern as Kansas was dry a lot of time during the year. However a heavy rain would cause a gushing torrent to rush down the river bed, and as the river bed was only a few hundred yards from the barn and corral, the animals were often called upon to swim across the high water.

at this particular time, my father had an operation for appendicitis followed by complication of peritonitis, putting my mother in the position of caring for the farm, eight children and a very sick husband.

One afternoon, a downpour had sent the river out of its banks. As the cows attempted to return to the barn that evening, swimming the swift current, some were forced, by the flow, against some willow trees where drift wood had collected.

Something had to be done or they would have struggled there until they became exhausted and drowned. ~~Lisa~~ Picking up a long stout stick of wood, my mother waded into the high water until she could reach the swimming cows and push them away from the drift with the stick. They were able to come ashore farther downstream. The water was up to her arm pits before she was done

enough to reach the cows with the stick.

My mother never learned to swim. It surely was risking her life to save those cows. After the flood receded she went back to the river bank and using the same pole, discovered that another step forward would have put her into the water over her head!

The little stone house is gone now, the river is dammed to form a reservoir for irrigating the dry prairie, but the old river bed must have hundreds of stories of heroic people. Some ~~of which~~ will never be told.