

## The Crawdad Files

“Crawdad” was an alter ego of my great-great-grandfather, John Andrew Rudick: a second identity for a man living a second life. John deserted his wife and eight kids in Arkansas, probably in 1897, fleeing across the border into Indian Territory, and then marrying a second cousin. He must have had a few steaming mad relatives out there, and it looks like he got just far enough away for things to cool down within a few years. A decade later, Indian Territory gained statehood: Oklahoma. He lived in Oklahoma for much of two decades, just south of the Kansas border, near Joplin, Missouri, most of those years with his wife, Sarah Theodosia Burrows. John and “Doshia” were well regarded in the area, known in the newspapers simply as Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick.

Then there was Crawdad, who wrote for the Galena Weekly Republican, of Galena, Kansas. The two identities, Crawdad and J. A. Rudick, coexisted right out in the open: If the newspaper mentioned J. A. Rudick, it often felt obliged to put Crawdad in parentheses right after that. He never hid much from his past, but never acknowledged much of it to us either. Crawdad mentions being born in Benton County, Arkansas, and describes himself as an “Arkansas Hill Billy school teacher.” He mentions the Pea Ridge battle site as “our play ground in our boy-hood days,” and describes “the old log schoolhouse” of his youth. That's about it. It's hard to say what his readers and friends knew about his younger years, if anything.

In 2015, I began searching through the Galena Weekly Republican and other area newspapers. John Andrew Rudick, the man I had scrounged for information on for six years, the John Rudick who lived *after* 1897, now became more than just two census documents and a wife's death certificate. Further searching in 2019 and 2020 filled many gaps in the story. A final big session in 2021, skimming and partially reading nearly every issue through a twenty year newspaper run, gives us this more comprehensive collection.

Here is what I found, presented chronologically. There are two interwoven threads. The first concerns J. A. Rudick, along with his wife and acquaintances. There were dozens and dozens of little items, and most of them are transcribed here. Indeed, these references are the source for the vast majority of what I know of John's life after leaving his first family.

The second thread is that of Crawdad. His initial reports were from an area known as Five Mile, but the writings blossomed as John Rudick moved to Crawfish Prairie and then Lick Prairie, and then back to Five Mile. The man sent in his correspondence nearly every week for years, the columns totaling into the hundreds. Transcribed here is a good sampling of them, but there's more Crawdad out there.

Many of the entries here are small excerpts snipped off of the page, while some are more encompassing of the articles themselves. A few of the columns are presented nearly in their entirety.

A note on transcriptions: I've done some editing here. I've corrected more than a few typesetting and punctuation errors when they were obvious, but I've added or deleted no words at all. John might have had no training as a writer, possibly contributing to some of the charm of his ramblings. He seems to have had a firm grasp on the English language, but sometimes he got a little lost in his own telling. The typesetters for the paper mangled his prose here and there, too.

At times cantankerous, preachy and righteous, but just as often shot through with old prairie humor and philosophy, it makes for an interesting window into the man and his times. I've tried to include bits and pieces of the chronology which illustrate the era, when the automobile was nudging horse drawn vehicles out of the picture, and the airplane was coming over the horizon. Where I had a choice, I was biased toward quaintness and humor. Honestly, there was a lot more of politics and newspaper promoting in John's writings, a higher percentage of the whole than this collection shows.

Warts and all, here are also doses of the sexism and racism acceptable in those times, but unsettling today. Many women did not have voting rights, and Crawdad seems to honestly be offended by women showing their ankles. At least he approves of baseball on Sundays! As for John's attitude toward the Indians of the area, his son-in-law was half Indian, his likely grandfather claimed the same, and his first wife might have had a little Native American ancestry. John taught school in Indian Territory, and seemed somewhat sympathetic to their plight. "Colored" folks, however, segregated off in one part of town, did not fare well in the press, when mentioned at all, and the language commonly used...well, read for yourself.

In April of 1902, John Rudick finally married Sarah Theodosia Cox-Burrows, and about a month later, his writings began to appear under the heading of "Five Mile Items." John was possibly the paper's first rural correspondent, and he encouraged others to do similar reporting during the remainder of his newspaper career. Throughout that first year, and into 1903, John signed off with various pen names, beginning with "Quapaw," and then moving through "Rex," "A. G. Nostic," "R. E. Publican" and finally "R. U. Dick." During the following two years, the Five Mile Items column ran without any attribution, but the writer is clearly John.

Since the Galena Weekly Republican newspaper rarely listed names of its correspondents, either in the masthead or associated with individual reports or articles, attributing these reports or articles to John Rudick is, in many cases, less of an exact exercise than I would like it to be, but aided by hints scattered across the years of print, I can be fairly certain that what is transcribed here is indeed mostly the reporting and musings of my great-great-grandfather. When John moved from Five Mile to Crawfish Prairie in late summer of 1905, the paper reported that he had been the Five Mile correspondent for "many years." His obituary in 1921 referred to twenty years of correspondence, so perhaps John began his reporting in 1900 or 1901. The earliest writings I can ascribe to him with near certainty begin in 1902.

From the rural community of Five Mile, through nearby Crawfish Prairie, and then to Lick Prairie in 1907, John farmed in the northeast corner of what would soon become Oklahoma. While still at Crawfish Prairie, we read the first known use of the nom de plume "Crawdad," although the nickname may have existed before that.

"Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)" became the caption over a lot of John's reports and ramblings, and soon his thoughts began to be printed apart from any local correspondent's columns, and simply appeared under the heading of "Crawdad." By 1912, John had relocated back to Five Mile and the "Crawdad" column became his main avenue of expression in the paper, usually leaving the district reporting for others. In 1914, his wife's health declined, building up to John's nervous breakdown in June, 1915, after which John quit working for the Republican. With the exception of two "Crawdad" columns in mid-1915, John's writings in the paper were nonexistent for nearly two years. John and Sarah Rudick lived in Joplin over this time period, until her death in February, 1916.

Within six months there was a new Mrs. Rudick appearing in the social news in Galena, where they seem to have lived after Joplin. In mid-1916, the "Crawdad" columns resumed in the Republican, with a strong emphasis on drumming up support for the paper. John spent a few weeks traveling around the area in an attempt to collect past subscription dues, sell new subscriptions and recruit new correspondents, sometimes hiking by foot across the fields between farms and staying overnight here and there. All seems to have been for naught; the columns trailed off by the end of the year, and then "Crawdad" left the Galena paper. Perhaps he was let go. He tried working for the Baxter Springs News in early 1917, but that seems to have also been temporary.

The middle of 1917 found Crawdad writing for the Neosho Times, across the border in Missouri. He reported from an area called McElhaney, and probably lived there with his new wife. J. A. Rudick then traveled a bit, visiting Iowa and spending some time on a farm near Topeka, Kansas, but after about two years away, he came back to Galena, Kansas. John spent the next two years working for a local foundry, before his health declined. "Crawdad" was mentioned here and there, yet the end was near. The last time his writing appeared in print seems to have been in 1919. John Rudick died in November of 1921, on Five Mile, his old Indian Territory and Oklahoma stomping grounds.

The Galena Weekly Republican published its last issue about two years later, in 1923.

This account begins over twenty-five years earlier, with an unusual news item: it sure seems that John Rudick was scouting out the area, in anticipation of twenty months later leaving his first family. He most certainly was not from Wyandotte, Indian Territory; he was most likely living in Big Flat, Arkansas. I can only guess at what prompted him to call himself a detective, or to draw enough attention to himself to appear in newsprint. Let's dive right in...

**December 28, 1895**

**Baxter Springs News**

J. A. Rudick of Wyandotte, I. T., was in town Monday on business. Mr. Rudick is a member of the American Detective Agency of Indianapolis, Ind.

[I. T. = Indian Territory.]

**July 13, 1901**

**Baxter Springs News**

On the first Saturday in August the school board of the Quapaw Reserve will hold its regular meeting at the Quapaw Mission. At this meeting all applications of teachers who desire to teach in the Quapaw public schools, will be heard. Get your application in on time, either to W. I. Bingham, secretary, or J. A. Rudick, superintendent.

**September 6, 1901**

**The Galena Evening Times**

State of Kansas, Cherokee county, ss. In district court of said county sitting at Columbus in said county.

John Rudick, plaintiff, vs. Gemima Rudick, defendant.

The above named defendant will take notice that she has been sued in the district court sitting at Columbus and his petition filed in said court alleging abandonment from him by the defendant for more than one year before the commencement of this suit. Now unless you, the said Gemima Rudick, answer this petition on or before the 18<sup>th</sup> day of October, 1901, your default will be entered and a judgment and a decree of divorce will be entered against you for the case above alleged.

J. G. McKelvy, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Attest: J. M. Wales, Clerk District Court

(seal) F. J. Weilep, Deputy.

[This legal notice ran in the paper multiple times in September and October]

**April 30, 1902**

**The Galena Evening Times**

[J.] A. Rudick and Sarah Cox, of Galena, Kansas, were married at the court house here today by Judge Marion Brown. They started out right on their matrimonial journey by subscribing for the weekly Press immediately after the wedding ceremony.

**May 29, 1902**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

The farmers of this section are blessed with a good rain – helping the crops generally. No items this week – nobody sick, dead or newly married, though we understand a couple proposed to each other this week to stick their heads in the matrimonial noose and swing off.

We are glad that the REPUBLICAN is waging a hot water fight with Galena for pure water. We hope the editor will keep up the good cause until he obtains the desired results, and then the people will bless instead of curse Col. Weldy.

We are informed that our free schools in the Quapaw Reservation will not run the coming season. There is something radically wrong somewhere.

Quapaw

**July 3, 1902**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

James Newman landed back to his farm on Little Five Mile last Thursday. He likes here better than city life in Miami.

We hope the readers of the REPUBLICAN did not miss the items last week. We will promise to be more prompt in the future.

Quite a number are busy getting ready to go somewhere to spend the "Fourth." Let us spend that day in remembrance of what it really means and not in hilarity and foolishness.

Over east of us in Giveadam Hollow they are having trouble about Mr. Hog running at large. A majority voted to keep up hogs, and we say put them up and claim damages. The minority should not rule.

According to an act of Congress the Arkansaw (Quapaw) Indians are allowed to sell their allotments; also all Indians having heired land can sell the same. Many are selling and soon will be homeless, we fear.

Our jovial friend L. D. Phillips was on the creek Friday, visiting Vorhees West, esq., also Mr. and Mrs. Jas McClung of Galena passed enroute home from a fishing trip below. He reported a good time and much luck.

The good people of Galena are, in passing a certain farm down here, seen to stop and listen, and look, talk and wonder. The old man wishes me to tell them that it is none of their godfounded business if he does plow, his horse with a big bell on.

We would be glad for the proper parties to see after the road from Rickner's south to state line. The road is in very bad shape. Last week when we went to Galena we found a dead horse in the middle of the road, and had to put our lap robe over the horse's head to get by.

Mr. Man had a water tank  
Filled with Shoal Creek wortar;  
He went to get himself a drink,  
And found he hadn't orter.

Success to the REPUBLICAN is the wish of  
Quapaw

**July 31, 1902**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

Our section has been blessed with a splendid rain and everything appears greatly refreshed. Now farmers, don't be in a hurry about getting your corn to market. If you are not careful you will be buying corn yourself before Christmas. Too many of us have our smoke-houses and corn cribs in Galena and Baxter.

What a lull last Sunday! Not a fisher to be seen or heard. Wonder what is the matter? Come on, good people, the creek is low and clear. Don't be discouraged by having to take that tiny fish home. Remember it will grow greatly by the time you get home. Make yourself known, and old "Quapaw" will not write up too hard.

Well our ball team played Dayton again last Sunday. Our boys came out victorious and the Dayton team became so discouraged that they then disbanded. The same old "gum logs" are still afloat and keep the waters troubled. We will say to these good (?) people, if you don't like to live in a land where the boys play ball on Sunday, go to some other place. The sun will continue to rise and set just the same, whether you are here or not. But these old kickers are a kind of necessary evil.

Quapaw

**August 7, 1902**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

J. A. Rudick is instructing a class on arithmetic near Baxter Springs.

**August 21, 1902**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

Five Mile is about as low as it generally gets. One can now see just about the amount of fish (frogs and snakes too) that are in the creek, and the only trouble Mr. and Mrs. (Miss too) are put to is getting them out.

A band of corn thieves are getting in their work on the creek. We got tired of it and with malice aforethought we proceeded to catch or kill. The first trip we found them and a running fight ensued, in which five were killed, i. e. three crows and two squirrels.

Quapaw.

**September 25, 1902**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

Lemuel Newman and wife visited in Baxter Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Ellis has closed a series of meetings, lasting almost two weeks.

Rev. Amos Newhouse has an appointment at Little Five Mile church Sunday.

Miss Jessie Price is very sick and under the care of Dr. Higgenbotham, of Galena.

E. G. Gilmore and wife, Wm. Cox and wife were in Galena Saturday shopping.

West & McKinney are doing a lot of butcher work at their slaughter pen on Big Five Mile.

Robert Gilmore has returned from Sulphur Springs. Bob says he has enough of reunions for a while. He has quit.

There seems to be an eastern fever in this season. Mrs. Al Valliere and family, Earl Boyd and wife, Wesley Burrows et al, are getting ready to go to Washington.

James Mizer, who lost an eye by the flying of a nail, is in Joplin under the care of a physician. The loss of one eye almost caused him to lose the other one. He is confined to a dark room.

A fellow passing an orchard near here the other night says someone shot at him. Well we say do not get too close to the apple trees. It is dangerous. If apples are not worth asking for let them alone.

We like "comers" and "goers," but take care for these "comers" and "stayers." Our preachers, when they come to preach for us, make it a rule to stay at one place – stay two weeks at a time. This is not fair or right. We say scatter out, and "feed the flock" all alike.

We understand that the public schools of the Quapaw Reserve are to start again. We are glad to hear such news, but fear it will be a failure. The school board should not again employ teachers that have no certificates, and cause Uncle Sam to hold back the appropriation due our school fund.

A man in this section is too stingy to take a paper. He is a great borrower. The other evening he wanted to learn the news and see how much the markets were off, so he told his little son, Eph, to run over to Mr. G's and get his paper. Away went little Eph and on his way knocked at the door of Mr. Hornett's and the way he got stung was not little. His yells and cries soon brought the father to the rescue. In his great hurry to reach the boy he ran through a barbed wire fence and ruined a thirty-cent pair of overalls and tore his anatomy in great shape. The good wife hearing the screams left the house for the scene of trouble; during her absence the baby turned over a four gallon churn of cream and crawled through it and over a ten dollar carpet, spoiling it; the cow got through the break in the fence and ate enough corn to kill her; the dog broke up seven "settin'" hens; the calf got into the yard and chewed the tails off of five fine shirts, and the hired man and the old man's daughter eloped.

So much for not being a regular reader of a paper. Dear reader, take warning and do not suffer a singular fate.

Rex

**November 13, 1902**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

### **Five Mile Items**

We heard the remark the other day that the feller which writ them items from Five Mile was a regular windy. We kept still. But still don't we work 'em? Boys we do some times joke a little, but when we joke in our items you can tell it, and when we call a spade a spade it is a spade.

Last Wednesday Uncle Lige called on us to cut that bee tree. Away we went with saw, ax, gun, dog, a bottle of liniment and plenty of rags. The Rev. Newhouse joined us and did valuable service. The tree was soon down and the fun commenced.

A bee took a dig at Uncle and he ran away. We laughed. One took a dig at us and landed under our seeing eye. We too, ran. The preacher stood his ground like a "faithful servant" and "fit" and "bit" and eat bees until he subdued them. We came creeping out of the brush with our left eye looking like Sullivan had landed on us. We got two buckets of nice honey. It was well that Ed. did not come to hold the smoke.

Rex

**December 11, 1902**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

Lem Newman is putting up a new barn.

James Newman made a trip to Miami last week.

Will Cox took a load of hogs to Galena Friday.

Mr. Giles, of St. Joe, Mo., has lodged in our midst.

Thos Hutchinson of Ottawa I. T. [John's son-in-law] was up last Sunday. No weddings, dances, fights or runaways to report this week.

A minister of Oklahoma held religious services at our church last Sabbath.

We saw another "goose" going south the other day. Look out for colder weather.

John Burrows came down from Hornet, Mo., Sunday. He is attending school there.

Frank Bay is reported as being very low with fever. His father died only a short time ago.

Uncle Lige killed a hog on Saturday last but he made it squeal and we found him out. Don't make a hog squeal when we are hungry.

Mr. Price moved into a house vacated by Mrs. Vallier; J. H. Burrows goes into another house on the same land. Verily people do move.

We would be glad to have some one visit us; for when we have company we can borrow something to eat from our neighbors. No company, nothing to eat.

One of our readers complained the other day about "Five Mile going dry." We never said "nuthin," but when he got his paper he said "golly she's up big now."

Two men, who had more piety than knowledge, had a dispute down here in regard to the word "vocabulary." One said it meant one thing; the other another. They could not agree, so decided to leave it to the pastor to decide when he came again. When the preacher came they made known their dispute and asked him to settle it. The preacher said: In the first place, brethren, you have the wrong pro-nun-si-a-shun of the word; it's voc-a-bu-la-ry, and pertains to the God head." Now would that not make you go 'way back and sit down?

A. G. Nostic

**December 25, 1902**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

J. A. Rudick was in Baxter last Saturday trying to swap dogs – not lies. He don't (?) tell 'em, because we are a regular truth teller.

**April 2, 1903**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

While in Galena, last week, we called at the Republican office and pausing at the door asked the devil if we could come in with all our rags and dirt. He said nothing was too dirty to enter the realms of satan and we went in. Upon inquiry we learned that the Col. was not able to be on duty and left word for him to come out to the great health giving resort – Five Mile - and rusticate. The good devil gave us an armful of exchanges and we have been reading ever since.

R. E. Publican

**April 23, 1903**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

It is a sight to see Uncle Lige Gilmore planting corn with two “sorrel rabbits.” He says he never drove a better planter team.

Some parties coming to fish are a little too prone to take undue liberties – get into fields without permission and run over plowed ground, shoot and raise thunder in general.

Rev. J. M. McDaniel, of Miami, preached last Saturday and Sunday. He will preach for us on the second Sunday each month. He is a logical reasoner and we should give him an audience.

The lynching of the negro in Joplin is the main topic of conversation. If the negro had to undergo as many ways of death as there are ways of telling it, he died numerously. Mob law may be alright but it would be wiser and better to let the law take its course.

We called at the Republican office the other day and found no editor or devil. A small boy - a smart little fellow - was in full charge. We asked to see the Col. He said he was out. We called for the devil. He was out too. We asked the boy if, when editors die and go to the good place they take the devil with them. He said he never knew one to die but if they did he didn't think he would take the devil with him because he was so used to it that he could raise the devil there and thus save transportation.

R. E. Publican

**May 14, 1903**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

A great many of our people and all of the Indians, took in Joplin on the 9<sup>th</sup> – circus day.

Charley Waid told us that a fellow came along and beat him talking so bad that he could not grunt yes or no.

Say, good people, when you come fishing on Sunday leave your gun at home. It is bad enough to break the sabbath with a quiet fishpole but to shoot it full of holes with a noisy gun is simply awful.

If we swear at all we should not do so within a mile of any living, or dead being. Boys let's be careful in this matter and get on a higher plane of life and not make our existence disgusting to all around us.

R. E. Publican



**June 4, 1903**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

A well dressed, intelligent looking man got into our field, fishing, the other day. We pointed to our "keep out" sign. In a sad tone he informed us that he could not read. Fish on, we said, fish on, it is too bad that so many cannot read. "Oh, I can read well enough," he said "but how in the devil do you expect anyone to read what you write?" We simply said fish on.

R. U. Dick

**November 5, 1903**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**A Regular Husking Bee**

Last week while down on Five Mile we stopped at the home of our friend, J. A. Rudick, and finding no one at home took a stroll along the creek. Hearing voices in the field, we walked over in the direction from whence they came. When we came within sight of the talkers we stopped. There was Rudick husking corn and beside him, husking about two ears to his one, the queerest looking man we ever saw. There was something peculiar about the stranger but we couldn't tell what it was. The face looked very familiar. We had seen it somewhere before. Somehow or other we felt like slipping away without letting them see us and did so. On Friday Rudick came to town and we conversed with him as follows:

Who was that man helping you to husk corn?

Waant no man helping me to husk corn.

Why sure there was. Didn't I see him – overalls, jumper, straw hat and all?

Reckon not. Waant no man helping me husk corn.

Why, dog take it, Ruddick, didn't I see him with my own eyes?

Couldn't a seen him with any other fellow's eyes.

I've seen his face before.

Probably that's where he wears it.

There was something so familiar about it.

Yes I've heard that them corn huskers get mighty familiar at times. One got awful familiar with me once.

Oh quit your joshing and tell me who it was.

I tell you there was no man helping me husk corn.

Why, confound you, Rudick, you must think I've got 'em again. Do you mean to tell me I stood right there looking at you and didn't see two men?

Don't know what you did or what you saw, but there waant no two men there.

We reached for the shooting stick and were about to shoot him with it, when he backed to the door and said:

Reckon you did see two people there, Weldy, but I still insist that there waant no man helping me husk corn. Better ask Mrs. Rudick about it.

He grinned like a chesse [sic] cat as he closed the door and took his departure. Then the truth began to dawn upon us. We recalled the fact that he emphasized man every time he said: There waant no man helping me husk corn. We remembered that the face looked wonderfully like – well. Doggone our old hide, who'd a thought that his good wife was out there husking two ears to Rudick's one?

We often wonder why such honery husbands get such good wives, but never felt like taking chances on asking our wife why such is the case.

[Reported by Col. L. C. Weldy, longtime editor of the Republican.]

**December 3, 1903**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

J. F. Rudick, his brother and wife, spent Sunday in Tanyard and Joplin.

J. F. Rudick, of Cassville, Mo., spent Thanksgiving with his brother on Five Mile.

Friends and relatives of J. F. Rudick of Cassville, Mo., will be much surprised to learn that he did, actually by himself and alone, shoot and kill one bird on the wing.

[J. F. Rudick is John's brother, James Franklin Rudick]

**January 7, 1904**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

Benjamin Twedel is erecting a comfortable dwelling on Beulah Harmon's farm.

Wm. Rakes has been confined to the house about two months with rheumatism and the effects of an old wound.

James Rudick, of Cassville, Mo., who has been with his brother, J. W. Rudick, for quite a while, has returned home.

The neighbors of Mr. Rudick, who is ill, have been very kind to him in every way. A number assembled this week and got him up quite a lot of wood.

I am 54 years old and this is my first attempt at item writing. I would not have undertaken it now, but for the kind regard I have for J. W. Rudick [sic], who has been confined to his bed for four weeks and asked me to write something in order that his brother might hear from him through the Republican. He is very sick, but we hope he may soon recover and be his old self once more.

E. G. G. [John's neighbor E. G. (Uncle Lige) Gilmore]

**January 14, 1904**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile Items**

J. A. Rudick wants to thank the kind neighbors and friends generally for aid toward him in his sickness.

J. A. Rudick says that he understands that Col. Weldy is sick, and that he had better come out and bunk with him and not have two places of contrariness.

We are glad to state that J. A. Rudick who has been sick so long, is getting better fast, and is getting so cranky that he wants to eat everything that can be thought of.

**July 8, 1904**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Local News**

Mrs. J. A. Rudick, wife of our Five Mile correspondent, is very sick at her home south of Galena.

**July 22, 1904**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

Tom Hutchinson and wife, of Miami, I. T., are visiting the latter's parents this week.

[Tom Hutchinson's wife is John Rudick's daughter, Josephine.]

**September 2, 1904**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crestline**

John Burrows and John Rudick broke their old 18<sup>th</sup> century lynch pin wagon and had to walk half of the way, on their visit last week. Still they report a good time.

**September 9, 1904**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

J. A. Rudick and wife left Friday for Caverna, Mo., to visit the former's sister, Mrs. James Richardson.

**September 16, 1904**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

People coming to Five Mile to fish, etc., will please be a little more decent in their way of acting. When women get to wearing men's apparel it is time to call a halt. If things don't go a little different in the future some one will be dealt with, and seriously, too. It is a shame and disgrace to see and know how some people act while on this creek. A word to the wise is sufficient.

We have just returned from McDonald county, Mo., and Benton County, Ark., the latter being the home of our birth. We stopped enroute at the beautiful town of Pineville, Mo., the county seat of McDonald. We put up at Hotel Davis. We found three newspapers in Pineville, viz. Democrat, Herald and Republican. We had the pleasure of meeting the editor of the Democrat, in his office, and found him to be a gentleman in every particular. We made arrangements to have the Galena Republican exchange with the Democrat. The town denotes energy and thrift, and is a credit to the people of the county.

We went from Pineville to Caverna and to Hiwossie, Ark. In the latter we found many old acquaintances and school-mates. The county presents the appearance of a happy and contented people.

**December 2, 1904**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

Stephen Rudick, of McDowell, Mo. is visiting his brother, on Five Mile, this week.

[Stephen Rudick is John's brother, Stephen Sherman Rudick]

**December 9, 1904**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

Stephen Rudick left Friday for his home in McDowell, Mo. He received a message that one of his fine mares was badly kicked, and so he made his stay short among his kindred and friends.

[Stephen Rudick is John's brother, Stephen Sherman Rudick]

**March 31, 1905**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

Miss Maggie Rudick of Cassville is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. W. Hisaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hutchinson, of Mission Mines, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rudick this week.

[Maggie Rudick is a daughter of John's brother James.]

[Mrs. Tom Hutchinson is Josephine Rudick, John Rudick's daughter.]

**June 16, 1905**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

Five Mile is fast becoming famous as a fishing resort for Galena, Baxter and Joplin. One can see any number of rigs, men, women and children scattered along its banks and pulling out craw dads by the thousands and carrying away innumerable quantities of chiggers and that other bug that bites. Let the good work go on.

**July 28, 1905**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

A man gave his mule some condition powders and by mistake gave the kind intended for the chickens. He says the mule is beginning to scratch and wants to set.

B. Walton, Mr. Myers of Zineite, Mo., and Fount Gilmore had a fine chase Thursday night after a wolf. The wolf was caught in a hollow log after three hours chase.

According to reports bed bugs are having things their own way. One fought them to a cold stand still and another man was whipped out of his bed. He placed the straw tick on the floor in order to fool 'em. Soon a big bug gave him a slap on the side of the head and told him to hike. He hiked and taking a jug of thick sorghum made a ring 10 feet in diameter and got into it blowed out the light and proceeded to sleep. A noise aroused the sleeper and he lighted a match to see what was the matter and behold said bugs had torn the straw tick into pieces and were carrying the straw and building a bridge across the molasses on order to get another bite at the much eaten man.

**August 18, 1905**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

Mrs. Rebecca Miser, in company with Mrs. Martha Blevens, of Hornet, Mo., came down Saturday and called on Mrs. Rudick.

Last Sunday some unprincipled yaps threw powder in the creek – we heard the shot and made a run to see who did the work. The parties were leaving, but we have the proper names. They had to leave their fish. This game shall not be tolerated by the people here any more. Leave your powder at home and stay with it.

Sunday was a failure all around. At 11 a. m. a large congregation failed to hear any sermon, and at 1 p. m. three candidates were to receive baptism, but no candidates or preacher showed up and the assembly broke up. Three young men had decided to place their heads in the matrimonial noose and swing off, and when the boys called for their license they had forgotten to get the written consent of the parents, one had to make a trip to Missouri and one back to Tennessee Prairie before anything could be done. The necessary papers did not reach Baxter until 6 p. m. Sunday. Chicken pie and cake all got cold. Things were in a muddle, to be sure. The boys got married, all the same - so did the girls.

**September 8, 1905**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

A goodly number of people from Galena and Baxter coming here to fish and to have an outing ask permission to enter gates and fish on the insides of farms. This class is welcome, for they do no damage and have a kind word for every one. There is another class frequenting the waters of old Five Mile and other streams who take liberties that do not belong to them. They enter your farms and leave gates open, hunt, fish, drink, shoot and cuss, and when the owner of the premises happens to pass them they have a far-away look and appear mad. They look mad to make you think they are rich and own an auto. Say, you of the latter class, how would you like to see in print a full account of your conduct in general and your name added to the same? Most of our people are getting everlastingly tired of people coming here and taking undue liberties – acting as though they had traded off their backbones for a hame string and wanted the human family to know that they are of superior stuff and owned most of creation. A word to the wise is sufficient.

**September 29, 1905**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

J. A. Rudick, who has been the correspondent at Five Mile for The Republican for over four years, has moved from that point to the Timbered Hill community. This paper desires to testify to the esteem in which "Five Mile" was held by the office force, both as a friend and as a correspondent. During the four years his items were never missing for two weeks in succession. He always sent them in early. He writes a "plain-as-print" hand. And he is the possessor of a ready wit that could be keen, but was generally mild and pleasant. He worked for the interests of the paper all the time. We can

recommend him to his neighbors in his new surroundings as a man in every respect. We will miss his contributions from Five Mile, but hope he will take up the work in his new home. For J. A. Rudick rates high in the esteem of The Republican.

**January 19, 1906**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Is With Us Again**

The readers of the republican in general, as well as the correspondents, will be glad to learn that the emanations from the versatile brain of J. A. Rudick, the old Five Mile Correspondent, will again appear regularly in these columns. For many years Mr. Rudick's productions appeared regularly in these columns, and it is safe to say no department of the paper was more looked for than that in which his articles appeared. When he decided to remove from Five Mile last summer, and announced the intention of withdrawing from the staff of correspondents, the fact was universally regretted, and now he is again in the harness there is no one more rejoiced than the Republican.

**February 16, 1906**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Local Lingo**

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick drove in from Five Mile last Saturday and of course came to the Republican office.

**February 23, 1906**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

Andy Rickner has moved to Five Mile, to the farm recently vacated by J. A. Rudick.

**March 2, 1906**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick were shopping in Galena last week.

**Local Laconics**

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick, of Crawfish Prairie, were in to see the Republican force Monday.

**March 16, 1906**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

J. A. Rudick was hauling corn from Five Mile to his home on Crawfish Prairie the first of the week.

**March 30, 1906**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

J. A. Rudick and wife were in from Crawfish Prairie Monday and the former found his usual welcome in The Republican office. Mr. Rudick is one of the best supporters this paper has among the farmers.

**May 11, 1906** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

Mrs. J. E. Hutchinson [Josephine], of West Side mines, visited her father J. A. Rudick Sunday.

**May 18, 1906** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

Wm. Cox and wife visited the former's mother, Mrs. Rudick Sunday.

A mad dog scare last week. Rudick's dog got crazy and had a fight with Akin's, Ray's and Sky's dogs and was killed by Sky's. Two other dogs that were bitten are dead.

**June 1, 1906** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

Mrs. Hutchinson [Josephine], of Lincolnville, was over Sunday to spend a few days visiting her father, J. A. Rudick.

**January 18, 1907** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

We have not troubled the readers of the Republican with our bit of news for some time. The reason for not sending in our items cannot be explained only in person. However, we will say the blame does not rest with the present management. Prior to and since the death of our lamented Col. L. C. Weldy we have regarded the Republican as a home paper and one that fought and labored for the up-building of Galena and surrounding country. We note with pleasure the improvement under the present management.

**January 25, 1907** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

We have in the past been in the habit of telling some yarn on our native state. We thought on taking our seat to write up our little wad that we would ask some of the older people of "our" state if they remember the time when fashion was not in fashion, when cook stoves were never seen – used fire places to cook on – sat by the jam rock and watched the good cook put on the skillet and lid, proceed to make up the dough ready for baking? We ask again, can you remember how they used to tell when the skillet and lid was hot enough to do the baking act? Did you ever see the lady bread baker put flour or meal in and on the skillet and test the lid for hotness, or to be more explicit, spit on the lid (on top of course) for another test. Space here forbids going into details and the matter is deferred till a more opportune time, and in its stead we will tell our readers about a 'possum hunt that occurred a few nights ago. Now Garland, whose sir name is McConkey, is the greatest 'possum hunter in our land, except "Uncle John." A number of the fairer sex wanted to go in a regular 'possum hunt and proceeded to engage the services of Garland and four dogs. Arrangements were made, and Garland & Co., waited for the shades of night to come, and all nature was hushed in stillness, save the noise made by Garland & Co.,

and the whining and barking of the dogs telling the company they wanted to go. The party started, Garland and the dogs in the lead. The girls brought up the rear and did not leave much behind. Garland got mean, for this was not his 'possum night. He knew where every briar and cockle burr patch was in the land. Through them he went and the fairer sex was told in no uncertain tones to come on. Just imagine how these girls looked and felt after after going through all the briar and cockle burr patches in the country. The dogs began to bark, which told them a 'possum was up a tree and it was the meat for the party. The tree was reached and behind it was a large rough black jack. Garland had to go up and get the meat. He tore the gable end of his pants in such a way that he was a disgrace to the d---l. He grabbed that old 'possum and threw it among the girls, and the dogs to get it had to fight at their feet. Screaming and howling by the girls brought Garland out of that tree top to pacify the girls. Order was restored and Garland told them he would bring up the rear the remainder of the hunt. Old Spot's ear was severely pulled by Garland to tell the dog that no more 'possum was wanted, the varmint to be treed was to be a skunk. The dog passed many fine 'possum, but the animal of "remembrance" could not be found that night. The girls all got in by time to get breakfast, but they were too tired to help ma.

**February 1, 1907**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

The Peoria school had trouble last week and the school board hired Rudick to teach the remainder of the term.

The women folks say we told an awful lie about the skillet and lid business. If we hear much more we will tell all we know about the matter.

**February 8, 1907**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

Our people are not interested in education as they should be. Visit our schools in the rural districts and one cannot help seeing the sad results of non-attention to this vital subject. The parents are too proud to leave the whole matter of training solely in the hands of the teacher. When this is the case but little can be accomplished toward filling the mind with the learning that will be a helping factor in older years. Co-operation of parent, pupil and teacher should be the watchword of all, in leading our young people into the avenues of a useful life. Look well to the interest of your child, for with neglect of the matter you may be the means of giving to your child a life of regrets and cause it to fill an untimely grave. The matter is too serious to be lightly thought about as it usually is. Our boys and girls now need a better education to battle in life than we older ones did when we were young. The world is moving faster each decade and the young must move with it or be left behind, the prey of sharks. Train your child in every sense of the word and it will one day call you "blessed."

**April 12, 1907**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad Was Here**

J. A. Rudick, the famous Crawdad of Crawfish Prairie, was in Galena Monday. Crawdad has been sick for the past few weeks and the readers of the Republican have missed his excellent communications. However, he has regained his health and his letters will again appear with regularity.

**Crawfish Prairie**

The "comet scare" is passed and this old ball is still rotating. What will be the next scare and who will be the fool to agitate it? One woman near Peoria went crazy over the comet. Such predictions should not be published unless facts are with them. Some say we are now in the climate of La [sic] and that the comet hit this old ball and knocked it around so that the north pole is south. Just about as sensible as the comet scare. We patiently wait to see what the next craze will be.



If ten thousand errors occur in our items this week, attribute the same to the comet. We were too badly "skeered" to write, and the effects of the scare are still visible and may last until some soothsayer gets up something else. One denomination is now preaching that the world will wind up its business in the year 2613. A bad number for it ends in 13 and is divisible by 13. Many converts are being made. The American people are easily humbugged. So look out for 2613 and excuse and pardon all our multitudinous errors.

**May 10, 1907** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

Mrs. Mettie Burrows of Patterson Prairie, came down Sunday and will spend a few days visiting with Mrs. Rudick.

**May 17, 1907** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

Mrs. Mettie Burrows returned to Patterson Prairie Thursday.

Mrs. John Stout called on Mrs. Rudick on Friday.

The long wished for telephone line is coming at last. Will come from Seneca to Peoria and Lincolnville or Sunny Side. The material is being placed along the line. The line will leave Burkhart prairie near the Burrison place and pass through Hazel Green. This will aid the businessmen of Peoria and save them much needless expense and worry. One young man was heard to exclaim "I do believe I can learn to talk on the phone in two weeks."

**May 31, 1907** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**In From Crawfish**

J. A. Rudick, the original "Crawdad," was in Galena Monday. J. A. is all right, but he had some trouble distinguishing between a pepper box and a toothpick holder. Mr Rudick was a pleasant caller at the Republican office.

**June 7, 1907** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

For the first time in our life we have been called an editor. Whether the epithet is intended to elevate we fail to learn. But to load on us a misnomer is unfair and we register a good sized kick. Some one will be calling us a poet and we'll deny that.

What if we did find ten thousand tooth picks in our dish, we taught some one why he hit the pepper box on the side. We had the promise that the tooth pick story would be kept quiet for awhile, but now Nip Holt, of East Galena, has found it out and we are in it for all time to come.

**June 21, 1907**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

Chicken thieves have been at work in this vicinity during the past week. Mr. Rolla had two setting hens together with the eggs they were setting on stolen from his hen house one night and others have missed chickens and it is supposed that some one in this locality is doing this fiendish work and unless they are very careful they will take a ride with the sheriff for company.

**June 28, 1907**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawfish Prairie**

We met a prominent democrat from Galena last week. He had so much to say and nothing in particular. He rattled and rattled off something like this; Bryan will be the next president; the republicans will elect him; had caused 75 republicans to change; would feather his nest by betting on the election of Bryan; the republicans had told Bryan to keep on saying hard things about them for they would stand by him; the election of Bryan would cause a four year panic; then the republicans would blame the democrats with hard names and land a republican president next time; that Roosevelt was a fine man and making the people a noble president but had stolen all of Bryan's political thunder etc. etc. I told him the democrats of Galena had better cause him to stay at home and not talk any more for the party, to go and get the 75 back into rank and cause 72 democrats to vote the republican ticket and avoid the panic that is coming. He is like Sanders' parrot. Sanders had a parrot a dog and some hogs. Sanders was constantly crying out "sick 'em Tige sick 'em Tige," until the parrot got to doing the same thing. Sanders fastened Tige and the parrot up in the house together to avoid the dog tearing up his hogs. So one day the parrot got busy and cried out "sick 'em Tige sick 'em Tige" and the dog seeing nothing to pounce upon jumped on the parrot. Sanders hearing the racket ran into the house and found the parrot pretty well done up and asked the parrot what was the matter. Polly replied "O! Dam it, I talked too much." Just so with many on either side, they talk too much.

**September 27, 1907**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

Having left Crawfish Prairie, we will until further notice write under the above caption. Being in touch with Patterson Prairie and Five Mile we will try and give the news from these sections. With much reluctance we do give up good old Crawfish Prairie with its many kind and generous people. If we have written any unkind word or said anything to mar the feelings of any person or persons it was an error of the head and not of the heart.

**December 20, 1907**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Spot this: A few years ago we had plenty of squirrel, wild turkey and some deer. Where are they now? We have some quail left, and the time is short until they will be extinct. Why is it that such game so quickly disappears? The answer is easy. The city hunter is death to all game in any country. The expense and time spent by the city hunter is of no consequence, - coming from the city they shoot at every thing that bears any resemblance to game. Why is it that farmers will allow such destruction right under their eyes and upon their premises? As a rule the city hunter is careless, has no regard for the feelings of those upon whom he is trespassing - thinks because he lives in the city he is liberated to go anywhere, and do as he pleases. Our part of the new state has been imposed upon by the "city man" just about as long as they care to.

Hunters from the city, to act the part of gentlemen, will go to the owner and ask permission to hunt, - not drive up to the enclosure, tie up, leap into the fields with gun and dog and shoot at every thing that moves, and when the "owner" asks them to get out, get mad, chew the rag, go back to the city and tell that they ran into an old "greaser." Our birds must have some protection and it must come from the farmer. To allow the game to go on at its present clip, means the total extinction of the quail. If the farmer who protects the game desires to get out and have a "little shoot" he finds that the city hunter has been there and no quail to be found. We are not writing this through any ill feeling, but for the protection of ourselves and our game. The Sunday sport has about come to an end and the every day trespasser must next be brought into submission. We have had a talk with a goodly number of farmers and they with one accord say this slaughtering of quail must cease at least by the city hunter. So when you come out to hunt, come out like a gentleman and never fire a gun until you get permission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

**February 21, 1908**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

When a young man keeps company with a young lady, he as a rule, expects her to be chaste and pure. If he sees or hears of a single step that is not befitting a young lady, he at once discards her company. Young man is not this the true status of the whole thing? Should not the young lady be as discrete as her admirer? But as a rule, no question is asked and this young man spends a great portion of his time in a manner and place that would abash the most modest, and nothing is said of the matter and his attentions to the young lady is continued. He spends whole nights in dissipation and revelry, calls upon the young lady with swollen and bleared eyes and nothing is said or any questions asked as to his where-about the previous night. If the young ladies will require of the young men the same that the young men require of them, then, and not until then will the work of reformation begin in your household. Young lady, I have given you a subject to think upon and hope you will take a sensible view of the matter.

**March 13, 1908**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

We wrote a short time ago "There is nothing great on earth but man, and nothing great in man but mind." Do you young man remember the words? Do you know further that the words were stolen? Stolen or otherwise in what sense is your mind great? Do you let it run in the channels of common every-day gossip, or are you guiding your mind in the way of usefulness that you may some day in reality be great? What about your education? Deficient you say. How many spare moments do you have that you spend in idleness, telling vulgar yarns, that ought to be spent in search of knowledge.

There is no excuse for ignorance and if you let old age catch you, you may go to your final resting place full of regrets. You can cite men without an education that get on in the world just as well as the man who has applied his time to the acquirement of knowledge. But hold on! If this individual had an education he might get on better. Go talk to the moles and bats with such frivolous nonsense. Remember that time is here when the rising generation will need to be better read, better posted, to compete with the battles of life than the aged ones now. Our age is an age of rush and hurry and you do not have time to dally a week or two to arrive at conclusions upon which to base your judgment. The older ones are soon to be called home and will you be prepared to assume the duties and responsibilities that will naturally fall on you? Be a hard student upon some problem of usefulness and shun to be a "drone" in the "hive" of true workers. Read some good book, some good history – something that emulates and builds character and be sure to shun trashy literature – such as "yellow back" stuff, so much circulated and read by our young men and women. Be a constant reader of some good newspaper, for as a factor in an education a good newspaper is hard to beat. You can say talk and advice is cheap, so it is. Go in the channels of idleness and end up your career a real ignoramus, or pull out of the ruts of ignorance and be a "bright and shining light" for "a city set upon a hill and can not be hid." He who can follow advice is far superior to him who gives it. We repeat again, you are the great thing on earth and that mind of yours is the only great thing in you. Guide it so as to obtain the best results.

**March 27, 1908**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Reader can you remember forty or fifty years ago? Do you remember how much sociability there were in those days? Do we have it now? Instead of sociability we have division, strife, and most of us live unto ourselves. The pride of fashion, the love of money, the desire to be popular, to live in fine houses, ride in fine carriages drawn by fine teams, wear fine clothes, visit resorts where money can be spent lavishly, and act the fool in general, is the practice now. The young live in the future, the old would like to live again in the past, in the good old days of real, genuine sociability. The old time way of cooking! Did you ever eat such delicious food? Baked bread in a skillet and oven. I'm not talking of the young now, for it's no use, they can't remember such times and will never live to see such times. Why we can remember when we'd go to our grandfather's wild huckleberry patch eat and eat all we could, pick a three gallon bucket full, take it home, mother would wash them in water, set them on the table and we'd get a big dish, fill it up, put sugar and cream on and then we had a dish that would make a king smack his lips. Now we must go to the city to get berries. It's to the city for everything. Our smoke house and corn crib is in the city. One can't eat unless he has some kind of breakfast food, or some kind of a "coaxer." A mist, a terrible mist has spread over us and we are shut out from the frost and the present is one age of error and blunder, the creator of all pains and diseases. How soon our children are taught the idea of discrimination and before they are in their teens they are inveterate of fault finders. Watch them go off into fashion and jolly. Watch them trying to imitate their superiors in all circles of life. Off to school they go at an early age and kept there until they graduate. Back home they come and can't demonstrate a simple problem in arithmetic – all superficial and nothing real. We read of the "500", the "400" the "Mystic Circle" - a special gathered few that never know how to aid the needs and cast bread upon the waters that may be gathered many days hence. All such are "mists" raisers – a getting further away from the good old days of sociability and common sense. There is a restlessness in the human family. There is a desire to be with and live in fashion. All is vanity and vexation of spirit. The mists are gathering thicker and more dense all the time. Will the halcyon days return? Never, no never. They can be remembered only by the older ones, and if such days would return just think of the number of up turned noses there would be such would kill the young and make the older ones happy, unless it would be an old fool. Let us be more sociable, visit each other oftener and learn each others wants and do what we can to make this a real nice, beautiful and happy world to live in. Let all Join in singing that good old hymn, "We shall know each other better when the mists have cleared away."

**April 3, 1908**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

A much needed rain came Sunday night.

F. L. Gilmore was a pleasant caller Sunday.

Elgin Saulsbury and Jess Richards had business in Baxter Saturday.

Harry Crawfish and wife of Lincolnville visited Emil Johnson and family Saturday.

John C. Burrows left Saturday for San Francisco to serve four years in the United States Navy. We wish the boy success and hope he will return a much better and wiser boy.

L. Richey and wife had business in Baxter Saturday.

Antoine Greenback and family were Baxter visitors Saturday.

Wm. Cox [Sarah Rudick's son] had business in Baxter today.

It is a sight to see Charley Wade plow.

Charles Gilmore was looking after business in Baxter Saturday.

Bud and Sam Inman were Galena callers Saturday.

Ora Standsbury came down from 10 A. C. Prairie last week.

Cal McDonald went to Lowell Friday to buy a horse.

Uncle Humphry Enyert went to Wyandotte last Tuesday on Business.

Jim Crabtree had business in Baxter Saturday.

D.B. Kirkpatrick is here visiting his brother, S. T. The two will leave in a few days for New Mexico.

What is wrong West Side? Come on, for we miss your items very much. We will agree to still "Miss" you until you're re-married. And 10 A. C. hurry up and get out your onion crop, so as to give us your news.

Mrs. E. C. Weilep and daughter, Mrs. Freeman, visited in Miami Saturday.

Statehood should induce our people to plant orchards, small fruit etc. and help to make our country what it should be. There is scarcely any fruit to be found and the matter ought to be talked and work begin immediately.

Miss Five Mile you experienced a very dry year – a year we well remember. The sun-parched earth, full of crevices and the air hot as an oven. You did not state on what part of the mundam sphere you were on during that dry period. Crawdad was out in the Long Cow Horn state west of the Cross Timber. People were on their knees in devout devotion, imploring rain. O! If we could have happened up at milk time and beheld you and your mother milking that legless cow. How did you manage anyway? As before stated we were in Texas and bore the cognomen of "Wandering John" or Pollywogism "Explained." After the aforesaid "Dry Time" we came back to Fort Worth and worked in the office of Capt. B. B. Paddock, editor of the Fort Worth Daily. Out where we were the country was scarcely settled and covered with tall grass, inhabited by snakes, lizzards, frogs and alligators. The dry weather was becoming unbearable. The lizzards ran so fast to reach the Gulf of Mexico that they set the grass on fire which added intensity to the heat accumulated. The fires spread and all creation seemed to be burning. The fire soon reached the western border where great herd of buffalo were struggling for existence. The buffaloes, together with "long horns" were completely cooked while on their feet. The rain came about this time and eased the pangs of the cattle and buffalo. A democratic president occupied the Chair at the White House and of course its country was flooded with tramps – a natural consequence after such elections. The dry times saved the cities and towns vast sums of money. The cooked buffaloes and big Texas steers ran into towns where tramps were wont to accumulate and the citizens placed knives and forks in the backs of the cooked animals, tied a number of loaves of bread on the back of the aforesaid cooked beasts, and they traveled up and down and across the land and when they met a tramp they would stop and let him eat a square meal and move on to feed the next. I'll tell you sister it was a trying drying Dry time, but what ails our Think Can is how you milked that legless cow. But there is one thing certain that we do know, that there is a Dryer Time comin.

Our Galena butcher says: "There are only a few hogs in the country – not enough to make a shipment and I don't have to pay Kansas City prices for hogs." I am sorry such language was uttered by a Galena man. It is true hogs are scarce and worth more money than we get for them. If hogs on Kansas City are worth \$5 the seller here should get \$4.60 instead of \$4. This same butcher claims he pays 10c for dressed beef in Kansas City, but can't afford to pay here on 6c. When hogs and cattle are high the butchers here won't quote Kansas City price when buying, but let them be low in Kansas City and then he will sing Kansas City prices to the tune of 500 and carry all parts. Where are the men who bought the scattering hogs and shipped to Kansas City and in doing so paid the raiser the Kansas City price less 40c. Galena should not and can not afford to act "skinny" in such deals – for the chances are out farmers might seek a market elsewhere where they can get right prices for their cattle and hogs.

Ere this is read by you Old Crawdad will pass another “mile stone” in life – gone over on the haw side. When we look back and see a life spent in something of no avail and what we could have been it makes us shudder. Too late to go over the road again, the only good we might do is in the Eternal Now and a slim chance for the future. O! Could we, with our present thoughts and ambitions go back and come up again. Young men take a lesson and take it now. Don't while your life away to no purpose. Shun enjoyments that begin and end in the same hour. Honor you father and mother and you will find you have spent a life worth living. Let your mark in life high and let your career be onward and upward.

**April 10, 1908** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

Anyone desiring pasture for stock will call on J. A. Rudick, Baxter, Route 4, two miles south of Five Mile.

**May 1, 1908** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

Crawdad if you want to know the way the legless cow was milked you will have to ask the one who did the milking and when you find out you had better keep still or you will get in worse trouble than you did wandering on Five Mile.

**May 15, 1908** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Five Mile**

Shields and Rudick have had a lot of men at work on the roads the past week. We must say our men are willing and anxious to do road work. Our roads were and are in bad shape and it will take much work, time and money to get our roads in good shape. The law calls for section lines too be opened, but on the east side of Spring river to open section lines would be almost impossible. It would cost a pile of money to follow the law in every case. Let the roads remain where they are and not divide allotments and create extra expense and then have no road.

**July 3, 1908** **Galena Weekly Republican**

Shields and Rudick after the Fourth will get down to road work as the farmers will be mostly through their work. But little road work so far has been done as it looked hard to pull a man out of his weed patch to work the roads.

**July 10, 1908** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Rudick will have a crew of men on the road north of Medlins on the 13<sup>th</sup>. Crops are all plowed by and the men can offer no excuse for not working the roads.

Lem Richey drove to Peoria on the fourth for ice.

All had ice cream but Crawdad and he would have had some but there was no freezer, milk or ice on the place. We call it a clear miss but we are getting ready for the next glorious fourth in the year of A. D. 1909.

The yellow fighting jersey bull is dead, not to the sorrow but joy of all. A dreadful and dangerous beast is gone to the bovine kingdom.

**July 17, 1908**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Needing rain again.

Weather is real warm to the delight of the ice man.

Cattle continue to die. We need a vet in our midst to see if some of the cattle could be saved. Too many die.

A man from 10-a-c in Galena remarked: "If old Crawdad is not dead he ought to be." Now if this fellow will bring back that meal he borrowed a few summers back, quit feeding our corn to that old sow and shoats while we are gone and get his wife some shoes to wear we are willing to die for all time to come. He must "square up" or we will never die.

**July 31, 1908**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Warm Weather

J. H. Ruddy last week bought 120 acres of land near Anderson, in McDonald County, Mo.

S. J. Porter is at Nevada, Mo., this week. S. J. Has 160 acres of well improved land.

Mrs. James Ruddy and daughter, Mary, are in Weir City visiting this week.

When you see a man that is found at all hours of the day hanging around the stores whittling and chewing the political way put him down on your socialist book.

J. W. Lapsley had business in Baxter Saturday.

Ed McConkey had biz in Miami Friday and Saturday.

Chester Thrailkill of Indiana is here visiting Mr. And Mrs. Richey.

Jim Crabtree says the papers are saying there is going to be a bumper corn crop. Jim says its a lie for he has three acres that won't make a thing.

Mrs. June Thompson called on Mrs. Rudick Friday.

To get the news read the Republican.

The republicans are going to make a hard fight to elect a representative of Ottawa county to Guthrie in November. The battle is between Dr. Holmes of Ottawa and George Bigham of Miami. The democrats can hardly elect the Doctor. If they had put Ed Weilep they might have had some show but as the matter stands now, the republicans are sure to win.

The socialists claim we have them in the "pound" and they are helpless. They claim they are coming out an renovate the world. Generally, when an animal is in the "pound" he has to have a friend open the door and let him out. If they are in the pound they must stay there for there are none of them suitable to handle the affairs of a national nature. Just listen to their prattle, listen to their version of running a government. Are they not (wise in their own conceits) to be able to handle such vast machinery. Just wait until November then and there we will put a quietus on you for a few days. Your talk is an idle dream that does not bespeak a fertile brain. The whole gang appears to be made up of back yard refuse - could get nothing in the democratic or republican camp - got mad - went off and "jined" the socialists then proceeded to take the government apart and analyze it to their way of thinking. Poor deluded and benighted souls, groping in darkness and ignorance and speak but one word and that one word is PIE. O! What a hungry set, and the time will never be when we are invited to dine. Throw off your shackles and come home to a party that knows how, can and will do things.

A fellow by the name of Bud of Five Mile fame and a voter of the democratic ticket, is telling that Ed McConkey, Capt. Mayse and Crawdad are full pledged socialists. Something is goin' to happen when we meet mischief making and trouble creating to an elm-peeler of Five Mile. If he don't retract such statements we'll tell on him.

Frank McDonald and wife were the guests of Wm. Cox and wife Sunday.

What's the matter with the correspondents? They are so good here of late. Not a word do they say about Crawdad. I'm glad they are good, because it makes us good and leaves us in the hands, or at the mercy of political grunTERS.

Turn a hog out of the pen and the first hard work he does is to root the rest out. Turn a man out of church and he tries to get the whole flock out. Read one of a "party" and he imagines the whole world is out with him - was read out without cause - was in the wrong party to start with - forced to preach another doctrine and establish a party that will open all the avenues of work - all men be on equal floating - a set of happy mortals that has for a purpose to edenize the world - hang the robbers and rogues, throw gold and silver in the street and start the universe anew. Do you know who I have reference to? Don't eh? Come down in Ottawa county, Okla., and I'll show you one of those bipeds - a box whittler and a compound mixer of the d-I knows what.

There is a reward of \$600 for the party who tampered with the ballot box business in Miami. We'll bet six bits that they are afraid to locate the guilty one. Something dead down the creek and trouble is ahead. Now to be plain about the matter, don't you democrats know who did the tampering? Why don't you go to the law? Aye, there's the rub.

Walter Crafton who is working with Johnson's thresher on West Side came over Sunday. He says wheat is not turning very good.

There is a demand for teams on the west side of the river in the hay fields. Yet there are men who claim the panic is still on and there is no work to be had. If a man wants work he can get it.

Ale Snyder is at work in the hay fields near Quapaw.

Did you notice the big ad of Wm. Aach & Co., in last week's issue? A visit to their up-to-date stores will convince you that it is a good place for bargains and honest dealing. When in Galena call and see them.

We notice the ad of Silverman also. He has something to sell and knows HOW to sell it.

Ruddy & Rudick are the champion yarn spinners. It is hard to tell who is in the lead. Both are monumental - well call it liars.

A feller said: "The prettiest girl I ever saw lived away down in Arkansas, and she sucked her cider through a straw. Soon it was cheek to cheek and jaw to jaw, sucking cider through a straw. Now I have a mother-in-law by sucking cider through a straw."



While Mrs. Dave Porter was away from home some sneak thief stole her choice cabbage. Such low down trash should be run down and given a good sized dose of law – lead would be better.

The time is about here when the schools will be in running order. Superintendent J. T. Davis of Miami, informs us there is going to be a scarcity of teachers for the coming schools this fall.

**September 18, 1908**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Rudick lost his milch cow Saturday. He has lost three head lately. We learn that Joe Consatte has lost 13 head.

**October 23, 1908**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Well, what if we do write under the head lines of Lick Prairie. Have we not the right to use any name we deem proper. We may sometime in the future leave off the Prairie and make it plain Lick. We lick or get licked at all turns of the road – lick our stamps and envelopes and then get licked because we don't write under the title of Everywhereville. We pick 'em up here and there where some correspondents fail to give any notice by silence.

**November 6, 1908**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Read the Republican and see what Crawdad has to say and how he says it. We're an Arkansas Hill Billy school teacher who used the old blue book spelling book, never did learn to spell a word, does not care to, despises grammar and rhetoric and hates democracy worse that a man does his mother-in-law. Get your name on the paper and we'll touch the bottom from now on.

**January 29, 1909**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

To hear some people talk and believe the same we are under a tyrant for a ruler and the people gone forever. Some claim Catholicism is moving to the front and in a short time we'll have to imbibe their doctrine and the Pope be our ruler. They claim that our representatives at Washington D. C. are a set who have sold out and entwalled [sic] us in a gulf of despair. Why God bless your puny soul, my brother you can be a democrat, republican, socialist, middle road Pop, Methodist, Christian, Baptist, Presbyterian, Pharamite, banker, farmer, merchant and a d-f if you so desire and “none dare molest or make you afraid.” Don't you vote as you please now honest? Don't you belong or not belong to the church of your choice? Don't you follow the avocation you prefer? All this talk is poppycock and you ought to have sense enough to know it. Where is a land that has more freedom than the people of the United States of America? We know there are corrupt officials, but because some are corrupt is not proof that all are corrupt. There are fanatics in religion, in politics, farming and in fact there are fanatics the world over. They are not only fanatical in all they say and do, but they are crazy fools and wish to be heard. To hear them and believe them places one in the same class and the next week they will “proclaim from the house tops” their silly bash. Look at the class who are claiming to have the power to raise the dead, heal the sick, if

they drink deadly poison it shall not hurt them. I say look at them and watch how the imbibers of the doctrine fall into line. Then there is another class who are carried about by every wind of doctrine. But to be plain if you are a stickler for a certain thing analyze it from top to bottom and if it will work for your good and your neighbors good stay with it. Don't be a rattle-headed fool on any particular subject, but to do contrary be a sober thinking person and you'll not be a fanatic.

Stay and preach where you can be the happiest and not like a hog when you are out. Don't try to root all the rest out to keep you company.

**February 19, 1909**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Has Made Good**

Hereafter, J. A. Rudick "Crawdad" will be found at the Republican office, as he has accepted a position with us. Mr. Rudick will attend to the outside work at present.

We have in this paper some of the best correspondents that the writer and reader have ever enjoyed. The news comes in regularly for twenty miles in all directions. Oklahoma with two correspondents is a source of much pleasure and interest. Bro. Crawdad we need you in our business and we hope you will succeed in the work you are so adapted. You ought to be one of the leading reporters of the foremost daily papers of our county.

As an occasional writer I want to say to all correspondents. Get in the collar "like Crawdad" he will have the Republican all over Oklahoma and Missouri.

**March 19, 1909**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Peoria R. R.**

John Rudick says he has five acres plowed, thank goodness, that only cost him five dollars besides furnishing the teams, feed, plow, and boarding the boy while he plowed it. No wonder Crawdad thought he'd better come back home.

**April 23, 1909**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lincolnton News**

J. A. Rudick visited with his daughter [Josephine Hutchinson] and children Wednesday of last week.

Effie and Ruby Hutchinson returned to Wyandotte, Okla., school after a week's holiday spent with their mother.

**May 21, 1909**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Mrs. W. W. Hisaw of Pierce City is visiting with her uncle J. A. Rudick.

J. A. Rudick, Crawdad, was in Galena Monday from near Peoria, and made the Republican office an appreciated call.

[Mrs. W. W. Hisaw is Demma Rudick, daughter of John's brother J. F. Rudick]

**May 28, 1909**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

When will people get away from the idea of continuously robbing the soil? Rotation of crops are not known here, or rather not practiced. Corn, corn, and nothing but corn year in and year out. Just as long as the Indian keeps this land and the present lease system is in vogue, rotation of crops will not be looked after and the soil will in a few years be so run down that it will not pay to farm it. If the leaser could so lease the land, so as not to be compelled to move every three years and many times oftener, then there could be some show of rotating crops and building up the land. Then, again, one who has no assurance of staying on the land for any length of time cannot afford to make the necessary improvements, for to do so would mean to let the other fellow share it. Consequently the leaser knows he must move, and to make himself safe, he bleeds the land for all it is worth and makes no improvements, leaving the place with the building run down, fences in need of repair. He can stay if he will pay higher rental and if he does not some other fool will. This country can never amount to much until there is a change of land and a change of renting.

**July 23, 1909**

**Ottawa County Courier, Wyandotte, Oklahoma**

J. A. Rudick, an itemizer for the Galena Republican which has a large circulation in the northern part of our county was with us on election day. His good arguments for the bond issue was heeded in his own precinct which keeps him from becoming despondent.

**August 20, 1909**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

Those who dined with Crawdad and wife Sunday were Frank Maine and Wife, Wm. Cox and wife and from Galena R. C. Shepherd and wife.

The weather is hot and getting hotter. Some say the hot sun went through their pop corn patch, pulled the shucks back and popped the corn on the cob out in the field. Pretty handy for travelers.

**November 19, 1909**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

**"Twenty One"**

A long time in getting to and easily doubled. Twenty-one is the "mark" that all young men are seeking and in fact it is an epoch in life that is one of much importance. It is the time of passing from under the parental roof and "standing alone" going out to combat with a cold and heartless world. When the young man first "stood alone" he gladdened the hearts of his parents, but the second "standing alone" brings another view to parent and son.

"Twenty-one my dear boy" says the fond mother - "to-day you are your own man relying on your own resources and must henceforth fight your own battles." The mother looks at the "man-boy" with delight, for he's the very picture of health, but while there is a sort of gladness in her mind there is a sort of sadness also, for away down deep in the recesses of her heart she wonders if the boy will be true to himself and "honor his father and mother that his days might be long upon this earth." She conceals nothing from him for according to nature she can not. Her form is somewhat bent and the years are telling on her. Her own raven hair is silvering over, all for what? To get the bright eyed boy from infancy to "twenty-

one." Think of the many operations, hardships, and struggles to do so. Look at your father, my boy, he says but little, but he too has had his share of trouble to get you to the "twenty-one" mark. His hair is also intermingled with gray, working day and night that you might be a man. How much has it cost these two fond hearts to make you able to stand alone? Some have tried to compute the cost in dollars and cents, but the computation fails. All we know that it has cost much in the way of food, clothing, shelter and medical aid, to say nothing of the privations in life. All this debt young man you justly owe your father and mother. The debt is great and you are now expected to begin paying a little interest thereon. The father and mother does not charge you one cent for all this trouble and there is but one account against you in life and it is this: that you, anywhere and everywhere be a man.

**December 3, 1909**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

### **A Candidate's Bill**

From a little memorandum book suspected to have been dropped by a candidate for office, we copy the following which can be truly said of some who will be in the coming race for office in Ottawa County. The memorandum contained in part the following:

Lost three months time canvassing; 1341 hours in thinking about the election; 5 acres of cotton; 12 acres of corn; one whole sweet potato patch; 7 shoats; one beef to barbecue; 2 front teeth and a quantity of hair harvested in a personal encounter.

Gave away: - 76 plugs of tobacco; 13 pairs suspenders; 7 dolls and 19 baby rattlers. Told 2983 lies; shook hands 41917 times; kissed 127 babies; built one kitchen fire; cut two cords of wood; carried 27 buckets of water; and was dog bit nine times. Loaned to my neighbor; 3 bbls flour, 58 bushels meal, 150 pounds bacon, 36 lbs of butter, 13 dozen eggs, three rain coats, 1 bible, 21 lbs of lard and six pairs of sox all of which never came back. Called my opponent a tabulated liar – Dr. bill \$10, had five arguments with my wife, result: 1 flour vase smashed, 1 dish of hash knocked from the table, 2 handfuls of whiskers pulled out – 10c worth of sticking plaster and spent \$107.39 in campaign. Received 4 votes, myself, father and two brothers.

If any of the present incumbents in office in Ottawa County are in the next race let them find consolation in the above itemized account.

Thursday Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> marked another cycle of time with all. We were thankful and if so, how thankful? In looking back over the past year are our minds filled with regrets and sore disappointments? In this free land of plenty there are but few excuses for not having sufficient of this world's goods to keep us from want. With some the 25<sup>th</sup> was a sad day. With some it was a day of gladness and real Thanksgiving, some, had plenty in spite of themselves, some had plenty on account of their diligence and care of what they made and saved, some had plenty because some one else made what they have and it just came into their hands through a channel not directed by any effort upon their part. Some were happy and thankful because it was a part of their nature to be so – scattered light and sunshine into the hovels of destitution. Some were not thankful because they were in dire circumstances made so by their own shiftlessness and inattention to duty. Some were not happy because of the removal of some of their family, a near relative or a friend. Some were not happy, what they made was theirs according to law, was taken from them by the cunning craft of those who profit by such work. Some were not happy because it is not a part of their being to be so and where poverty and want were wont to dwell made it more so. Whether good or bad, kind or unkind, prosperous or otherwise will the last Thursday in November 1910, find us alive and ready to be thankful – willing to make the next cycle a more pleasant and enjoyable than the past. At present we are free from wars or rumors of wars, no famine or pestilence, permitted to worship Him who cares for us according to the dictates of our will, and no one dare molest or make afraid, protected by the strongest and best government of any nation or nations, with the flag of freedom waving o'er us, a people so full of patriotism to defend the same. Let the coming year be an improvement over the past in doing good, by helping those who need help and being happy because the Creator designed that we should Praise God from whom all blessings flow, praise Him all "Creatures here below."

**December 10, 1909**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

### **Summary**

In looking over the pages in the last issue of the Republican we see: The Nebraska house in with two whole pages of values; Galena Automobile Company, where one can get a \$3,000 Reo, for \$1250; the Galena National Bank where you can get all kinds and amounts of money if one can furnish the collateral; The K. C. S. R. R. Co., - the road that carries you straight to the Gulf of Mexico and back if you've got the dough and want to go; The Corner Grocery conducted by Dow Moore, offering you values in things to eat; The Banks Hotel owned and controlled by Daddy Parks who can eat and sleep you to your own good taste, because he has 40 years experience in the hotel business; The Galena Light & Power Co.; John Volz who buys and sells meat; J. A. Outt in Opera House block who invites his many friends there to inspect what he has "in store" for all; L. J. Haines where dwells the King of Holidays, and agent for Santa and keeps a fine stock of Pure Drugs at living prices; The Galena Dye Works where you can get Pressed and Cleaned at 513 Main; Fisher's Sample Shoe Store, 314 Main where you can get more shoes than you can wear out; Lee's Cafe that runs night and day and where the hungry go at 113 East Seventh street; L. C. Smith & Bros. who are anxious to sell us a Typewriter, 812 Delaware street, K. C. Many other ads that space forbids mention; and then there is the Ravelings of the Raveler, Marion Cox, read with delight by many, and last but not least there were the fresh items from the correspondents, a sketch from he who writes about Old Timers, and the editorials and locals by the editor.

The land sharks are getting a little bolder. When a man gets so low down in the scale of humanity that he has to undermine his neighbor to obtain a lease on a farm, it is time to rid the community of such individuals. To lie and misrepresent facts in order to get a hold means that if no one will lie and misrepresent, he'll DO the party he leases from if he can get a show. No wonder the buildings and fences all are in bad repair, for one does not know who is shoveling dirt from under his feet and will get orders to hike. One cannot afford to make improvements for their own comfort for the shark is silently at work, having no regard for your comfort or feelings. Present conditions must change, title of lands pass to different parties before this country can amount to much. But few farms are blessed with fruit trees of any kind. Our roads are in horrible shape for this country contains too many people that care nothing for humanity and the upbuilding of the country. Sharks are known and closely watched.

In one of the country schools down in – well it is there anyhow, the teacher one Friday when the visitors came in thot he'd "got it" a little extra. One of the pupils coming left the door partly open. The teacher said to the boy: "Go and shev that door shet." He looked over the school and remarked: "You boys and gals sit up a little more erecter." Then turning to the visitors said: "I try to teach them a little manners but it's durned hard up-hill work." The board said he was a star teacher and just such school work has been going on ever since Adam was a boy.

Will the editor tell us when we can see the big long tailed comet. One writer says that on June 18<sup>th</sup>, the tail of the monster will reach from ocean to ocean and all reptiles and living creatures will perish, the heat being so intense that even man will die unless he has the proper house to prevent or ward off heat. Bud Inman says he'll get in Shoal Creek or in the ice in Galena. Men have been predicting from Adam to the present time, but a hog, or rooster or any kind of stock can beat man all to hollow of predictions of the weather. But when will we see the comet?

Christmas will soon be here – the winter dance come to life, the liquor houses receive their usual share of patronage and when the 25<sup>th</sup> of December rolls by the whole shooting match will join hand and go in for the "time of their life." Frivolity and hilarity will be the order of the day. The real meaning of Xmas will be pushed to the background and lost in frolic and fun. Many do not even know why it is called Christmas and care less. The time will pass with its usual amount of fatalities – some going to the great Unknown.

**January 28, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

Mrs. R. E. Mizer, of Hornet. Mo., visited with her sister, Mrs. Rudick over Sunday.

**February 11, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

J. A. Rudick was in Galena Tuesday with a load of hogs. Mr. Rudick lives on Lick Prairie and as "Crawdad" is one of our valuable correspondents. He has the faculty of handing out biting sarcasm in a way that is good reading even to the man that is swallowing the pill.

**February 25, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Hornet Stings**

"Crawdad" was fishing in Hornet last week with a 22 rifle for bait. He caught two years subscription to the Republican, right out of our pocket. But after getting badly beaten with his own rifle he made tracks for his home across the border.

**Lick Prairie**

The severe snow storm of last week caught many in a bad shape – coming so unexpected.

The rabbit kingdom will become annihilated, all the boys, men and dogs being engaged in the hunt.

**March 11, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

Mrs. J. A. Rudick received word Friday from Bentonville, Ark. stating that her sister Mrs. Collins died Feb. 24<sup>th</sup>. Mrs. Collins visited her last spring.

Mrs. R. E. Mizer of Hornet, Mo. visited with her sister Mrs. Rudick from Friday till Sunday and will visit for some time with her daughter Mrs. J. N. Atkins north of Baxter.

Some complicated visiting went on here Sunday. Bert Buxton went to see Jim Crabtree, missed on the road Bert going to Dyson's and Jim to Price's, Sapp to Richey's, making a failure, turned went by home to another neighbor's, Richey's aimed to visit Crawdad, but Crawdad and wife had hiked out to visit J. W. Atkins northwest of Baxter. Sunday evening late they all met going home at Richey's and you never heard such a mixed up piece of visiting since Adam was a boy.

In western Okla., a fellow tells us they farm this way; at corn planting time the farmer hitches his team to a plow with planter attachments, starts west and keeps west till fall, then turns round and harvests back.

**March 18, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Worms are now in demand, fishing poles bringing fancy prices, men, women and children are preparing for an outing on some water edge and common practice is not at fault millions of huge lies will spring into expression "Once a fisher always a liar" holds good.

There is another dangerous movement coming to light, the accumulation of land. The small farmer will soon pass out of notice and be no more. This state of affairs need not molest the older ones of today to any great degree, but the rising generations will feel the sting of it. A man is of poor stuff is he cares only for the present. Our great and good men looked ahead down the lane of time and gave us warning. To be a good and upright citizen we must take some concern of the

future for in the future will be the rising generation and some of our children will be in the number. There is also another tremendous waste going on in our midst daily, the destroying of the forests. Soon there will be a timber famine as well as a land famine. We may not live to see it but some of our children may. The human family is living too fast to live long. A halt should be called for the benefit of the future posterity.

Most every farm in this section is destitute of an orchard. The present lease system is mostly to blame for the orchardless and roadless plantations if such a name is applicable. Just over in Missouri and Kansas we find affairs different and most every farm is blessed with most kinds of fruit. How long will this people remain in perfect contentment, perfectly willing for things to be and remain as they are. The title of lands must pass to a more progressive class of farmers and land holders.

**April 1, 1910** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

"Faults are thickest where love is thin" is a saying that has more truth than poetry. The white cow is black to the eye looking for dark objects. What the world needs is "clearer visions," looking over the petty things of life which are transformed into hideous monsters. "Woman's inhumanity to woman" is another quotation strictly correct in every word. Let a woman "fall" and see how quickly the female creation rushes to boost her on her downward march, while the man who caused her to fall is honored and smiled upon as one who has committed no wrong. But it takes all kinds of people to make up the Adamic family, and there are a few kinds we could easily dispense with. This lying business began in an early day way back yonder in the time when two, just two, lived in a "garden." The trait has been growing ever since and one of the hardest things for one to do is to keep from lying a little. Referring to the "garden" calls forth an idea we never heard discussed from any pulpit. If Adam and Eve had not sinned would there have been any necessity for a hell, what could prompt the idea for a heaven. If there was no high then there could be no low. When "transgression" took place, knowledge came. If there had been no transgression would the human family have remained in ignorance? The subject is too deep for us to go through with and belong to the paper that devotes its columns to such. But go back a little and look around you, yea look into your own home and see if faults are thickest where love is thin.

**April 29, 1910** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

Miss Venolia Cox visited her grandmother, Mrs. Rudick on Sunday.

**May 6, 1910** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

A bully old world, this! A real good place to live. A place where the people are flim flammed, wind jammed and educated crowned. A place where huge postal deficits occur annually. A place where Frank, franks his silly saying to – well what's the difference who? A place where combines, trusts and rascality are above par. A place where 90 per cent of "elected ones" and "appointed ones" are as corrupt as his Satanic majesty desires him to be. A place where one half of Adam's family are chasing the other half to skin them. A place where men sell their honor for filthy lucre. We might go on and in "divers manners and in sundry ways" tell of the short comings of our people. But amidst all this, this is a bully old world. The people are now becoming reading and thinking people. Six days in every week the rural carriers drop into the box a paper, yet damp from the press, the latest news. Editors are telling in a simple way the doings of those who do right and otherwise. We live in a world of plenty, our people are well fed and well clothed. We look out on the great sea of humanity and behold an innumerable host of people all in eager pursuit of happiness. Watch the struggling mass. Watch the weak ones drop and trampled by the more profound. Some are of a sympathetic nature and in the mad rush for the goal' they take time to stop to administer to the fallen. Others rush on, caring not for the pitiful cries of the distressed

ones. In all this anxiety and madness for wealth, the people forget their failures and are in a measure happy. There are a few people who do not read. There are some who never look at a paper, book or anything that resembles reading matter. Such are an object of pity, yet, such individuals are happy and think they are happy. In such "ignorance is bliss" and one is a d-f- to be wise. Speculation and fashion are the themes talked upon from to night. The stomach is a sort of an old furnace wherein is piled huge parcels of grub until the "boiler" says "it's all off." Men clothe their backs and leave the mind bare, and women dress tight, lace and are dispensers of gossip. A bully old world, this; Amidst the countless mishaps and pitfalls of life, all would be glad to remain here for years and years.

**May 13, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Our road bosses will please write to the Glide Road Machine Company, 325 East Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and receive a booklet telling how to make good roads at small cost. Patrons on all rural routes are requested and ordered to rearrange their boxes, place them on a substantial post with projecting arm and paint both a pure white. The name on the box to be in plain lettering not less than two inches high. At this command many will kick for there are many who care but little how their boxes look or in what shape or condition they are in. To go back to "former days" when we had to take a day off and go to town to get our mail is entirely out of the question and all should be willing to have their boxes in proper order because it looks better and is better. Road bosses have a job too, at all boxes at cross roads. Then again if we don't care how our boxes look, and if we care nothing for good roads we don't care how soon the country goes to the bow-wows. So let all be a little public spirited and fix up more in the future than in the past. Some of us are like an old woman who said she got all there was in the milk. She said she first skimmed it on top, then turned it over and skimmed it on the bottom, then split it open and skimmed it in the middle. Do we work after our fellowman the same way the woman worked after the cream? Again we are just about as honest as the milk man when the good woman complained to him that no cream ever rose on his milk. "Why," he said "I am so honest in my measure to you that I fill the bottles so full the cream has no room to rise." All people claim to be honest and really get to believe they are, but many of us have a small streak of dishonesty up our backs. The streak is there and it's natural too. Then akin to the above comes another thought – an idea we have read and studied much, and the idea would be in the following caption; "Criminals are born, not made." We will not go into details, but ask the reader to gather information along these thoughts and see if the idea is correct. Ask yourself this question. Is crime hereditary? Do not jump up and "yes" or "no" until you have thoroughly sifted the matter from top to bottom. In your investigation do your best to locate the ills of life such as sickness, imbecility, cheating, deformity, yea all the voices the human family is heir to and see if you can place them where they belong. An infant falls sick, death comes and takes the darling away, leaving the grief-stricken parents sad and lonely. The minister at the funeral and the obituary writer proceed to tell the world what caused the death of the infant. Both say "God in His Infinite Wisdom has seen fit to remove" etc., placing the blame on him who is ever merciful. What shall we call such mistakes? Would it be a missioner [?] to call it ignorance? We study scientific farming, we study political economy, we study stock raising, we study and follow the "dollar game," we study the details of fashion and adhere to the same but detest the learning that will make us wise and save us from the aches and ills of this life. What about the scriptural saying that the "sins of the parents are visited upon their children." Go back down the line of matrimony, ye mourners of the land, and see if you can find a cause. Go into the divorce courts and take a good look at the plaintiff and defendant. Look at them in the light of reason and no doubt you can see that they had no business ever to contemplate marriage. We've delved into a big subject with small ideas. Our say don't amount to much and we may be pounced upon by some of adverse opinion. Correct or incorrect it is our say and no one is responsible for what we say or advocate. What is ignorance, may be righted by knowledge. If criminals are born, not made, then it is time for parents to face about, if criminals are made then it is time to begin to educate. We're living in a fast age, the world is moving at a fearful rate. The big papers fresh from the press each day are full of details of crime in all its forms, the rich are getting too everlasting thick with men "high up." The "dollar game" is marked to the limit. We said last week that we lived in a bully old world but it would be more so if so much vice caused by ignorance eradicated. Some censure us for what we write and how we write it. We hand you the paper and pencil. Can you write anything? Have you one well developed idea that you get on paper and shove it into print? If you are so wise, break it into print and show the world the stuff you are made of. One says, "I'm a farmer." Let me see your stock. One says, "I'm a minister." Let me hear you preach. One says, "I'm a thinker." Let me hear you branch off. One says, "I'm a writer." Let me see your manuscript. All of us think we know much, think we are adepts at our trade or profession. What we need is to pull the mote out of our eye before we try to get it from our neighbor's eye. We would make this world brighter and happier by being more brighter and happier ourselves.



**May 20, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Lifting the curtain, or rather turning a page, we are constrained to say that all actions are due to cerebral impulse. This being the case, the nature or quality of any impulse will be determined or governed by the nature or quality of the brain cells wherein the impulse generated: the sum total of any one's mentality being the final result of impressions received by the five senses. Man being governed in his daily life and actions by nerve cells that have formed or generated certain habits, impressions are received and stored away each day for future action. In this mental deduction all impressions thus stored, the final decision being governed by the amount of education the particular cells involved have received on any subject under consideration at that time. Heredity has been defined by surgeons and scientists as a congenital transmission of physiological or psychological characteristics. From the above deductions we are bound to admit that a "legacy" has been given or handed down to us by some one, for we see in the son certain marked traits of the father, the son using the same speech, the same particular gesture, the same walk and the same manner of doing things. Then it stands to reason that if certain physical conditions can be transmitted from father to son then mental condition may also be transmitted. The question that should interest the parent is, can the moral attitude of the parent influence the entity of the child. It has also been demonstrated that when any particular part of the brain is functioning there is an increased flow of blood to that particular area, "a constant mental effort along the same lines and same nerve routes," it would mean an increased development of the cells involved. Then the question arises what if the parent possesses an abnormal characteristic, can the moral obliquity be transmitted from a congenial stand point. From all the evidence obtained through this channel that the parent is, in a measure responsible for the nature, actions, conduct and general make-up of the child, all things being equal. We do not pretend to say how much there is to the above, but if there is anything to it, there is much and if there is not much there is nothing, the information and deductions so much written upon by men of learning, the final question to be determined by the student. "Is it something or is it nothing?" If nothing cast it to the four corners of the earth and if it is something, it is a legacy given to us that sooner or later we will transmit to some one else. If it is something, then last night's arousal may spring up in future generations and the mental attitude of last month, the perversity of a yesterday be transmitted to those who are near and dear to us. These feeble thoughts, told in a crude way, we submit to you for your candid consideration.

A splendid rain fell here on Saturday night and Sunday.....Sam West, carrier on route 4, stopped to talk with us about "certain things" and looking into the mail wagon we discovered a huge hoe – a mattock. We asked him if such was allowed to pass through the mails and he told us that the hoe was his property and that when a root or stump humped too high he stopped, took the hoe and "fixed" that root or stump. We tried to borrow that hoe but Sam said "no." When we meet the other four carriers we'll peep into their wagons.

**June 3, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

The comet has come. The comet has not come. On the morning of May 9<sup>th</sup> 3 a. m. we arose from a slumber to view the celestial splendor. In the east we saw it and the "great ones in knowledge" said it was Halley's comet. Its tail was long, (20,000,000 miles) its head was a blazing wonder in the heavens. We again just after dark took another peep at it over in the west and behold the tail was off – was gone, had got broken off, anyway it was tailless. It is said (by wise ones) that the tail is back in the east but will follow on in its original trail, but should the tail refuse to "follow up" it will hang in the heavens like a fog forever, emitting gas fumes, causing strange disease to come among mankind and the animal kingdom. Now when we had gathered a bit of information and jotted it down for future use, Friday's paper says the comet has not come but will be here in August. Whom shall we believe? To whom must we go to get information? Must we struggle in this existence knowing nothing? That is about the sum total of it. How can a man tell whether a comet's tail is 20,000,000 miles long or 20 feet long? They guess and we must say we don't know. Just think of the many predictions, the many dangers, the many this and thats about its coming and going, and another "set" comes out in the paper and says "scat, the thing won't be here 'till some time in August."

What about the bug and insect kingdom, are they going to destroy all vegetation from the face of the earth? Crows are already getting in their hateful work pulling up the young corn and eating holes in the watermelons. The farmers should make war on the crows the year round. In the last few days we've killed 10 young ones, five old ones and destroyed about one dozen nests and yet they are working on the corn. Kill every one you can at any old time and by any old way you can.

**June 10, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Our wife is away, waiting on the sick and we are gritting – have to cook, milk, feed and water chicks, fight nine head of cats and look after one dog. Every dish is dirty, the house is like coming unto a hog pen in mud time. Nine nights sleeping in a bed without making up, used the dish rag for a strainer cloth, let thirteen chicks drown and a possum break up six settin' hens. We heard today (Monday) the good wife was coming home.

**June 24, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Star Prairie**

We wish Mr. Crawdad much joy as we see his wife has returned home to cook and fight cats for him.

**July 1, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

We've never seen one, may never see one, but the time is not far away when one can eat his meal, step out and fasten a pair of wings to his body, hitch some sort of board to his posterior for a rudder and "sail away to worlds on high." Airships will soon be common and cheap. Their coming will be but the banishing of big war vessels and when two or more belligerent nations desire to take a whack at each other for supremacy it will be up in the heavens; for there'll be but little fighting on earth. But when one of the contending forces happens to defeat in the upper regions what a fall there'll be. When the time fully comes for the "fly things" large cities will be wiped from the face of the earth for the flyers can go so high no gun can reach them to put them out of business and no one can get so high, but if some explosive is dropped it is sure to fall. "Woe be unto those who live in that time." Man's cussedness and ingenuity are out of proportion. Man is naturally a destructive creature having the innate principle to rule. The idea is, has been and will be to the end of time, "Do the other fellow."

**July 29, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Boys can you name the worst liar on earth? If we had the naming we would say it was the "Crop liar," for he lies from sun to sun, from year to year and has been at his infamous work since the morning Adam woke up in the Garden of Eden and could call himself "Dad." One feller said he worked so late at night and began work so early in the morning that he always met himself going and coming from his work. "Truthful John Henry" said he went out in the field to plow forty acres of corn the first time – said the corn was about two inches high when he pulled the lines on old Lize and told her to go – the ground was clean and clear of rocks so he plowed barefooted had on a pair of "Mother Hubbard" overalls and in stepping got too close to a hill of corn. The corn was growing and that hill of corn went up the leg of said overalls and knocked off

his straw hat in the direction of the wonderful comet. Old Lize bit at a stalk and it grew so fast that it grew right up into the old mare's mouth and choked her to death. One farmer said it is getting very, very dry – is so dry that a neighbor stepped up and tapped him on the shoulder and he rattled like a dry corn husk. Another said he would make 40 or 50 bushels of corn to the acre and the neighbor over the way says he won't make anything.

**September 23, 1910**

**Ottawa County Beacon, Miami, Oklahoma**

**East Side (By Crawdad)**

Take care of our rural routes.

If we lose our rural routes now it would have been better not to have had them.

Star routes, or mail carried by bid contracts means cheap work, and cheap work means poor work. So keep the rural routes in operation – costing us a little more but giving us better service.

Good roads are an invitation to come among us; bad roads are huge signs to stay away. Which road do you live on?

Geo. J. Keenan has resigned as clerk of the school board in district one. Another hitch in getting the houses moved in time for school. There is and has been too much contrariness, (better call it cussedness) up here in the northeast corner of the county. Davis, the county superintendent, "sat" on Rudick during the first term of school here – the whole thing got in a muddle, is still in a muddle and will be in a muddle until there is a change. The people here got foxy and demanded two schools in the district where one was all it could maintain. To start off wrong the district was certainly too big and in a peculiar shape, making access to a center school rather hard for those living in the corners of the district. But the "crazy wheel" is on the wrong side front, wobbling through and over "hell's half acre" and some one is to blame. When we get Mrs. Talbot in and J. T. out, we may get the "crazy wheel" on right, the bearings all oiled, steam up and move on in a progressive way. Many are sending their children to Missouri and Kansas to school, thinking the matter will be, as in the past, no school. Who will be Keenan's successor is hard to conjecture.

A regular hog trading took place between Staton, Burrows, Rudick and Cowan. The trading at one pen got mixed and Staton says B. beat him, B. said R. beat him and C. said S. beat him. Three hogs and four men and each man got a hog and each man was skinned in the game. Figure for yourself.

**October 14, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

Hot and dry.

Candidates are on the jump.

Oklahoma and Kansas going republican with Missouri thrown in.

Two weeks of our school is gone and all are well pleased.

John Armstrong has a new roof on his kitchen.

Outing flannels and flanneletts kimona cloth at L. Baum D. G. Co.

O. L. Rider, our republican nominee for District Judge, spoke at Peoria on Saturday night, Oct. 8. He is a fluent speaker and gave evidence of a clear understanding of the law and the duties of the Judges in conducting courts. S. Thompson, candidate for county Judge gave a short forcible talk.

Are the democrats out of soap in Kansas as they are compelled to go to a republican paper to get their stuff in print?

New fall dress good correct colors and fabrics at the right price at L. Baum D. G. Co.

Say, you Military Road Man, your voice sounds familiar and we are sure we met you once if not more on the hills and waters of Five Mile, when you sojourned for a number of years, went away from Daddy and landed over in Kansas, then plunged into correspondence under the caption of Military roads, took a shot at Crawdad and missed. Trim your pencil and shoot again – shoot at the little girl correspondent away up on Five Mile in the northeast corner of the county. Don't go foolin' 'round the water until you learn to swim.

**October 14, 1910**

**Ottawa County Beacon, Miami, Oklahoma**

We notice that J. A. Rudick is taking quite an interest in politics around Peoria. Now Rudick, if you let that Democrat beat you for J. of P. don't ever speak to us again. There is no comparison between you and the other fellow. You have him outclassed in every way. The people around Peoria will surely support the man that is most capable of filling the office and if they do so Rudick will sure get the votes.

**November 11, 1910**

**Ottawa County Beacon, Miami, Oklahoma**

Our correspondent, Crawdad, seems to have carried his precinct and township. He will be known as Squire Crawdad.

**November 18, 1910**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

A report reached Rudick that he had beaten his opponent (Stroup) for J. P. by the small margin of 9, and Rudick is unto this day in doubt.

Crabtree's Jim has a veritable pen of live possums - "gettin' ready for Thanksgiving," says Jim.

**January 13, 1911**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Well, boys we will say to you that Old Crawdad stands ready to tie the "glorious knot" you have so long been contemplating. Can tie you cheap, tie you quick, and tie you slick. So if you wish to "swing off" call or write me and I'll be there.

**March 10, 1911**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

February 28<sup>th</sup> was a blizzard in full blast for it rained, snowed and sleeted, being a bad day for man and beast. Predictions by Sir Ground Hog failing might induce some to believe in him, an impostor of the first water. But then the ground hog's

idea of weather is upon a basis with many forecasters who do nothing but miss. Anyhow, we'd rather have this wintry weather now than later on.

In the house are about a dozen almanacs all telling about weather and no two of them tell it alike. Sometimes one of them makes a real good guess about weather conditions and the people hail him as a wise prophet and are sure to ask for his predictions ever afterward. An old Rooster, an old sow and an old owl are real good prognosticators of the weather.

We learn that J. K. Wingert of Galena has bought 200 acres from Cora-Adams-Cockerel who lives at McGrew, Ark., and is an allottee of the Quapaws.

The first day of March is skeedaddling here, as that is the time most farm leases expire. One seldom stays on a place longer than three years, some one year and we know that Bud Inman moved here and did not unload his wagon. Bud, it is claimed, has moved sixty nine times in fifteen years and Lem Richey 29. If anyone has a better moving record let them speak right up in meetin'.

According to signs "Never failing" we expect to hear the chime of wedding bells. Things are looking awful "Sweet" and if there is not something to "sour" intentions we may be guessing right. Predictions: If many get married this spring look out for a bad crop year.

#### **Gilmore-Burrows**

On March 2, Miss Alta Gilmore and William T. Burrows were united in marriage by Judge Rudick. At the hour of 11:36 p.m. the contracting parties arrived and calling for the Judge to arouse from his slumber to say the words to make them one.

**March 10, 1911**

**Ottawa County Beacon, Miami, Oklahoma**

Our scribe, Crawdad, is doing a land office business in the marrying line, he having performed two ceremonies inside of a week. One of two things is certain, he has either cornered the knot-tying market in his neighborhood or is conducting a matrimonial bureau. Can anyone beat Crawdad's record?

**March 17, 1911**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Judge Rudick (Crawdad) and wife were in Galena Saturday from their home near Peoria. Mr. Rudick was a pleasant caller at this office.

Hattie Pinkerton of Peoria places her name in the 1911 column. Also S. S. Rudick of Crane, Mo., will also read the Republican the next twelve months.

J. A. Rudick of Lick Prairie called on the Fix-um man last Saturday to "swap lies" and other things.

[S. S. Rudick is John's brother, Stephen Sherman Rudick]

**April 13, 1911**

**Baxter Springs News**

Miss Josie Rudick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick of Five Mile, is quite ill in the city. She has been ill for some time, and her recovery is doubted.

**April 27, 1911**

**Baxter Springs News**

**Card of Thanks**

To the generous, kind hearted and Christian spirited people of Baxter Springs I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for the many kindnesses and charitable deeds shown to my daughter, Mrs. Josie E. Hutchinson during her last sickness. May God's blessings rest upon you.

J. A. Rudick

**Relieved by Death**

Mrs. Josie E. Hutchinson, for a long time a sufferer from cancer, died at her rooms in this city on last Sunday morning about 6 o'clock.

Deceased was a daughter of John A. Rudick, living out on Route-4, and was a very good woman. She leaves two children to mourn her death.

**April 28, 1911**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Often we see the young, eagerly striving for the ascendancy and never reaching it. Then aspirations are for something noble in life and seek as a model, someone possessing great intensiveness and plan to be equally as great. A life spent in striving to reach the goal of greatness where despair and disappointment writes in plain letters "Failure." Boys be content to be what you are but be an active worker in the field of your calling. Remember that activity is a fact and not a mystery, nor an assumption nor postulate. The ultimate reality in mathematics is known as motion in biology as life in grammar as the verb and in politics as labor. Rely on and stick to your own tactics. Don't try to be some other great man. Edison is a great man but you may never be equal to him. Don't be an imitation, but be yourself – try out the powers you possess and if there should be some dormant power in your make-up that power will spring to life in due time. If you possess genius activity is the result which your life with success. If you don't possess genius you are sure to be numbered with the disappointed. Genius is a strange companion. It forgets that it is hungry and does not eat; it forgets to sleep; it forgets that it is tired and works on through the weary hours of night; it studies and never stops; it is full of labor and activity; it works in the dark cell the same as in the furnished mansion; it never sleeps and the prison bars never hinder, for study it will and study it must.

One time when Edison was a mere youth, in poor raiment the wires in war times would not work. Thomas came in and all eyes were on him as he tinkered with the wires and keys. A message from the other end of the wire asked: "Who in thunder is at the other end of the wire? He's a good one." The wires worked and Edison was the one who knew what was the matter and how to remedy it. How many have tried to be an Edison and failed? Don't try to be an Edison for you cannot unless you are of his type. Most any one thinks they could be a Crawdad, but you cannot any more than Crawdad could be a Peach Orchard or a Quaker Valley. Boy if the stuff is in you you'll go and if it is not you'll remain where you are. But be ambitious in life though you make a failure.

Some of you may pounce upon us and say we are a fatalist. Call it fatalism if you wish or call it foreordination or predestination. About one out of every thousand gets to the top of the ladder and drinks draughts that the common millions might have drunk then dies of thirst because there was no more to drink. Then if so many are eagerly working for the coveted prize and one in a thousand reaches the goal what is the matter? Sir, if the stuff is not in you and you simply can't become some other great man. No one can be a Dr. Bulgin unless the stuff is in him and so on up and down the ladder of life. Boys you may never be great, but you can be truthful, industrious, sober, honest, decent and intellectual in this life. We say again be content with your station in life, polishing the same so as to make it shine all it will, but never no never try to be the other fellow.

**May 5, 1911**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Died: Josie E. Hutchinson, at her rooms in Baxter Springs, Kansas, on Sunday, April 23, 1911. She was the daughter of J. A. Rudick, who lives on Lick Prairie, Ottawa County, Oklahoma. She was 30 years of age and leaves two little girls, Effie and Ruby. Burial in the Baxter Cemetery.

**June 16, 1911**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Effie and Ruby Hutchinson are spending their vacation from the Wyandotte school at the home of their grandfather, J. A. Rudick.

**September 15, 1911**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad.)**

J. A. Rudick went to Wyandotte, Okla., on Saturday to take his two granddaughters to the Seneca boarding school under the care of Superintendent Ira C. Deaver. The Indian school opens September 11.

**October 19, 1911**

**Baxter Springs News**

**Cousatte – Gilmore**

Jessie Cousatte and Grover L. Gilmore were married Sunday, Oct. 15, by Judge J. A. Rudick. The bride is a daughter of Mr. And Mrs. Joe Cousatte, and is an allottee of the Quapaws. The groom is a son of Mr. And Mrs. F. L. Gilmore of the west side.

**November 3, 1911**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

“Man's Inhumanity to Man” is a quotation of little moment and a theme upon which but few think and act as they should. When we look about us – yea at ourselves we see the spirit manifested in no little degree.

We take cognizance of the evil in many forms. We see it spring up and bring forth profit in almost every avocation in life. It crouches itself with the clergy, on the farm, in the commercial world, in the school room, in the family circle, in the law offices, in the newspaper world, in fact it creeps into and stains the life and conduct of too many. In the present rush the world is pleasure and dollar mad. We are at times inhuman for the paltry sum of fifty cents and even less. We are inhuman or rather inhumane to gratify self and for convenience. We envy our neighbor's surroundings and act in a way so as to cause him to everlastingly hate us and hunt a place low down in the scale of human kindness. Our tongue gets away from us at times and the unkind spoken sends a dagger into the breast of the listener. How ungrateful we are. How proud and deceitful we appear and are. How many little things could we do for those around us that would be a blessing and cause the heart to leap for joy. We go on from day to day, allowing evil to grow – hoping to gain something financially – taking no thought of our actions and the desired end is accomplished – we prosper and the “fool world” calls it shrewdness. We travel down the lane of life and upon one side we read in big letters “Malefactors” and on the other side of the letters are larger and brighter indicating the land of Benefactors. A line divides and has no breadth and we cannot travel directly on that line – must be on one side or the other – walking on the land of “Malefactors” or standing, walking upon the land of

Benefactors. Upon which side are we walking? Do we advocate and preach the hateful and degrading doctrine of “Man's Inhumanity to Man” and expect a reward? A reward we are sure to get. But of what nature and what duration? We belong to the dollar world – in fact we think, dream and labor for the dollar world that we may be admitted into the “pleasure-mad” world where we can flirt act the fool and do ten thousand things to cause the “dart” to pierce the heart of our fellow man.

“I'm rich” says one, “and what do I care for the friendship of this world – my money will buy the comforts of life and when I am sick and need help a thousand fools will crowd around and speak kind words – not for my comfort, but for my money.” A sail procession to look upon but one often observed. Can we draw the picture and draw it correctly? Do we lose sight of the Golden Rule – yea ignorance the same. Are we in sympathy with the wrong class? Do we stand upon the dividing line where the big dark and gloomy letters spell the word Malefactor? Is all our time, all our thoughts, actions and energy bent toward the “Dollar Kingdom” that people may call us shrewd? Do we get money, so we can be fashionable and sit around the apartments of those who neither fear God nor man, teaching our children to come on in our footsteps. Let us advocate and practice the law of kindness – imbiding [?] the spirit of right – taking taking what is ours and what we have earned. Foster the spirit of doing unto others as we would have them do unto us. Reader, let us enter into a compact to ignore the doctrine of “Man's Inhumanity to Man” and cultivate a spirit of love and a spirit [of] doing all the good we can for and toward each other.

There is something more valuable, more ennobling than a dollar – worth far more than to belong to the circle of fashion. Leave the unkind word unspoken – unsaid – unthought of and when we get a dollar, let's not take advantage of our fellow man to get it. Our little say on this line of thought may not be a welcome visitor and find lodgement in your mind – may be of no interest to you, but if there is one suggestion for a betterment in your thoughts and actions in life, to such a one we dedicate these thoughts.

**November 9, 1911**

**Baxter Springs News**

John Rudick, from down on Route 4, was in town last Saturday. He has been having a siege of sickness, but we are glad to note that he is improving.

**November 9, 1911**

**Cherokee County Republican, Columbus, Kansas**

J. W. Hart is moving to the Warner Place, J. A. Rudick to the Newhouse place and June Thompson to the place just vacated by Mr. Rudick.

**November 23, 1911**

**Cherokee County Republican, Columbus, Kansas**

Judge Rudick, while hauling a mixed load – lumber with hay on top – tried to renew his youth by turning a “somersault,” but struck on his head on the lumber, rebounded to the earth and received some bruises. The team attempted to run away, but was caught before doing any serious damage.

**November 24, 1911**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

All broke up again – fell backwards from a loaded wagon and about twenty oak boards hit us edge-wise, completely putting us out of business. Homer Gilmore looked at us and said we looked like Bill Cox had “hog dressed” us for some meat market. A few more smash-ups and old Crawdad will cross the branch, from which no traveler has yet returned. But we are not dead yet, but some wishes we were. We are here to stay just as long as we can. Life is full of troubles, debt,



vexation, and the sea has many rough gales, but amid all the vexations of life, the downs and the ups, this is a bully world and we will hang on just as long as we can.

**December 22, 1911**

**Miami Record-Herald, Miami, Oklahoma**

Deputy Game Warden Geo. Sky brought Nelis Ellis and Earnest Sparlin before Judge Rudick for hunting on last Sunday. They plead guilty and paid up.

**January 12, 1912**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Winter is on us in dead earnest – the coldest January for many years. The ground is frozen deeper than usual, all of which portends a good crop year. The insect kingdom will have a hard struggle to pull through to make inroads on the next crop. The mild winters of the past two or three years gave the insect and bug race a good show to multiply and they did it. It is to be hoped that the present and continual cold weather will almost annihilate the pesky little rascals and give the farmer a show to make good.

Jim Crabtree and Charlie Wade got to talking one day last week and Jim said he knew a man who was so pigeon toed that he walked around himself every five or six steps. Said Charlie: "What a lie you are telling Jim." Said Charlie: "I knew a man who had such big feet that he had to dam up Five Mile to wash his feet." Said Jim: "What a lie, I'd be ashamed to talk that way."

As we write the snow is falling fast and a gale of wind is coming from the north, making things out of doors look more gloomy than ever. Stock, having no shelter and but little feed will suffer, while those who are out of fuel for the house, little to eat and are in debt will suffer in mind and body. The weather forecaster predicted a severe winter but the people were of the Missouri faith and had to be shown. Now according to "Rule" if February 2<sup>nd</sup> is a clear day, you can safely add six more weeks of winter. Some of us are curiously made.

**February 1, 1912**

**Baxter Springs News**

Wm. A. Poteet of Route 4 and Clara M. Bennett of Seneca, Mo., were married last week by Judge J. A. Rudick of Ottawa county, Okla.

**February 2, 1912**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

**Bechdoldt – Brasch**

Miss Daisy Bechdoldt and August Brasch were united in marriage by Judge J. A. Rudick, on Sunday, January 28, 1912. The bride is an accomplished young lady, was engaged in school on 10-A-C Prairie, while "Gus" is a young man of sterling qualities and both the contracting parties are well known on 10-A-C. Miss Daisy gave up her school for Gus and Gus made a "solemn vow" for Daisy, all showing that both fully understand all that marriage and its vows implies. The happy young couple will leave in a short time for California where they will reside. May but few "storms" come on the Ocean of their married life.

March 1, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

**Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

The past week will be long remembered - "houshing" all alike and holding them in. Roads were blockaded but few attempts to get out were made. We had no mail on Route 4 for two days and when "Our Sam" fails to come, the barrier is too high for any one. On Tuesday morning of last week the wind began blowing, the snow falling fast and thick, the thunder kept the heavens in an uproar, while vivid lightning capered and kept mortal man continually on the dodge. Bells on phones sounded when no one turned the crank, but the alarm was by no means false. Between peals of thunder and flashes of blinding lightning, fingers worked hurriedly to "detach" in order to mitigate danger. The snow kept falling, blowing and drifting until the low places seemed to "even up" with the higher ground. The snow began to go and by Saturday night people rejoiced that the big snow was about gone and better weather expected, but Sunday morning the same pranks of the upper regions got into line, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared and rain and sleet came down almost torrents. Telephone communication is cut off again and no one hears the news from off the wire. The storm may ease, but from appearances we are in its grasp for some time yet. After Tuesday of last week the wires were again "hooked" and the lines were kept busy talking about the death of George Earls who was found dead near the rail road south of Quapaw, his neck broken and badly bruised in many ways. It is supposed by some that Earls went to Joplin from Quapaw to attend a democratic convention and boarded the "Hustler" which does not stop at Quapaw, jumped off and was hurled to death.

Tom Clark of West Side got rabbit hungry and started out for meat, and walked right into a deep shaft, falling about 75 feet. He remained there for 5 hours until help arrived. Tom is out and alive and not so eager to hunt for rabbits in deep snows. The next news to come over the wires was the sudden death of Uncle John Carver on Shoal Creek. All knew him, and to know him was to love and respect. Uncle John was ripe in years, a man of superior intelligence, a good neighbor, a royal citizen and is badly missed by all. The next message was to the effect that "Curley" Rew died very suddenly in Galena. Curley had been in the mines at Peoria for some time and had gone to Galena where death claimed him.

On account of the deep snow the school at Peoria closed and so did both schools in district one. Old settlers claim that our winter is the worst for 25 years.

John Ramm told us last week that he was expecting to be notified that the whole "ram family" - 900 in number - would be in Baxter. John says he is afraid the "kids" will give him much trouble if this weather continues. John had 900 head of fine goats to come in from the west this past week.

Uncle Lem Wade who has been sick is able to be out again.

Mrs. E. C. Weilep and daughter, Mrs. Freeman, were here last week - came back to see the farm, look after some stock and took time to call.

A bunch of "wild dogs" - yes, wild dogs - are doing much damage to sheep and hogs. The dogs are quartered to the south and west of Peoria, about three or four miles. H. K. Walton goes down with his pack of houndsmen get on stands with guns while Harry and his dogs start the wild dogs from their dens. Billy Cowan shot and killed one dog the past week while Walton found seven little dogs in an old log.

Leonard Roy and wife are moving from Galena to Peoria. Mrs. Roy is a daughter of Dr. Webb of Peoria and will be glad to return to her old home.

James Martin of Peoria made a pleasant call on Sunday.

Harry Crawfish can now talk to all creation as he has installed his phone.

When the auto first made its appearance it was a machine of derision - all despised it but the owner and at times the owner used words about it not allowable in print. But the dislike of the auto is fast giving away and praise comes now

instead of cursing. About 85 per cent of the autos now in use are "pleasure machines" and play an important part in the making of good roads all over the United States. Those who are able to afford an auto for pleasure are able and will help to build roads over which their pleasure machines can go. Allow the autos free access to our public high ways and we will soon have money to make our roads good. Drive the autos away from our roads and we just as quick will have no roads worth talking about. Just as long as the auto is a factor in road building, encourage its use and bid it welcome to our public high ways. The horse will never be doomed on account of the auto – the horse is here to stay, and the horse, like the auto,, is an important factor in man's business in general. At such a time as the present an auto can not go, but the trusty old horse can, therefore we must keep the horse for his purpose, and the auto for its purpose. Any county is measured by its roads. Good roads are what they want and good roads are what they are going to have. So let us invite the auto into our midst – make our roads suitable for its use and by so doing we invite a class of citizens who will open their pocket books to help keep the roads good. Don't fight the auto any more but welcome it.

This morning as we are at our desk trying to get something on paper (it's Monday) the weather is cuttin' caper similar to that of a week ago. The school marm has not passed to her school and if she is a wise girl she wont pass this way today. We're afraid "Our Sam" will hand up and fail to come to hand us a paper or a letter to break the dull monotony of a dreary winter day. We could not get a phone call thro central at Peoria for love or money – for a doctor or anything else – for all are talking about the awful weather. For fear Sam don't come we hunt a stopping place and in conclusion would suggest that when an opportune time comes, "Drag the Roads."

**March 8, 1912** **Galena Weekly Republican**

Two of J. A. Rudick's horses were missing Sunday night. Unless they are found there will be some more excitement and another horse-thief chase.

[John's son Floyd might have been the culprit, according to Floyd's grandson.]

**March 22, 1912** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

J. A. Rudick had the misfortune to lose two fine hogs last week.

**May 3, 1912** **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

Reader, are you old enough to go back to the days of the elder pop gun, used so much by the boys? The berry of the wild haw bush and rags chewed hard were used as loads for the pop guns. When the owner of a pop gun wanted to squirt a gun all he had to do was to make a little change at one end and the gun was ready to throw water. Then in those days red clay was sought and moulded into pipes and the stem was used from a joint of cane which grew in the bottoms. In those days small patches of cotton were raised and of nights the cotton was placed before the fire upon the hearth rock to warm it so the seed could be picked by hand. Cotton cards were used to card the cotton into rolls which went to the old spinning wheel. From the wheel to the reel, from the reel to the warping bars and then to the loom. Every garment was made by hand and it was "homespun." You bet the garments in those days were made good, lasted a long time, looked pretty well, felt pretty good and scratched like Sam Hill the first time it was worn. The cotton garments did not scratch as bad as the wool ones. There was no running off to town for buttons, for the men made them out of horns from the cattle. Combs, fine and coarse were made from the horn. Hides from the cattle were bark tanned and the shoemaker made the brogans. One pair a year was all one got. The boys (and sometimes the girls) went to mill on a horse and carried a "turn." After the miller had taken his toll the sack was supposed to be as full of meal as it was of corn at first. Corn "dodgers" were baked in a skillet by the fire and better bread no king ever tasted. No buying of meat from town was ever thought of. Just think of it.

If some of our fair haired and high-toned damsels had to go thro the ordeal those girls did in those days, they'd turn up their noses to beat the band. Now we go to the city for everything – for dresses, for bread, for meat, for everything and we're paying dear for it, too. Some one may say what a set of fools to act and dress as they did in those days, but a bigger, sicklier set of fools are living at this time. In those days one had no pains, now one is a bunch of pains. In those days we had the best meat ever eaten by man. The farmer would take his old "flint lock" rifle, go out and shoot the choicest deer in the bunch – venison yes, venison, the sweetest, juiciest meat yet, or kill a young gobbler, so tender and nice. Why, the hob-nobs of today would give a dollar a pound for venison. We had bear meat, too, and there was nothing good to eat but all had it. If one happened to be unlucky and not kill a deer, turkey or bear he was supplied from those who had it. All things were in common. When two young people got in love they were in love. Today the young marry for the dough and have ----- . We could go on and write pages, telling about the good old days – camp meetings, harvest time, husking bees, dances, love, courtships, kinds of houses used for dwelling, sleeping rooms, going a visiting and a thousand things space forbids us to mention. A hotel? No one heard of such a place. Now one must be "learned" to eat at a hotel. Good heavens, how we are moving, which direction are we going? The almighty dollar has got us – got us bad. Instead of friendship' greed has come. Corsets, high heeled shoes, powder, paint and rats are the go. Instead of walking to church or a dance, we must today ride in a fine carriage drawn by a matched team, or go in an auto, ride in a pullman and be waited upon by a colored porter. How fast we are traveling and how fast we are dying, But where are we, anyway! Back fifty years, telling of things which happened then. What a green set we were then and how much are we better off today? Not a whit. You, young girl or boy, go hunt up some old man or woman who lived fifty years ago and let them tell you how they lived then. We must quit on this old theme for fear we tire your patience and not interest you in the least, to say nothing of informing you.

**May 17, 1912**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Socialist Column**

We believe in progress but wish to express our hearty appreciation of "Crawdad's" article in last week's Republican. While it is not necessary to go back to such primitive time, entirely it would be a step to regain the tools and articles of labor, the workman at one time possessed and made a good living for himself and family from, by owning the same, with present day improvements the laboring man or woman could do much toward the betterment of their own, and their families', conditions. Crawdad is a prolific writer and now and then hits the "nail square on the head" and drives home socialistic truths without meaning to do so.

**June 14, 1912**                      **Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

**Sunday School Picnic**

At Cave Springs on next Sunday June 16th. The Peoria Township Sunday school calls for all schools to meet early in the morning, bring filled baskets, bring your friends, your family – all are invited. Speaking and singing throughout the day. Cave Springs is a nice, beautiful resort a few miles west of Peoria.

We may give you a short sum to do – you may find the sum in Mason's or Crawdad's Arithmetic. Prob. 1. A woman, beginning at midnight can deliver to her hubby at the rate of 75 words a minute, and for every half hour later she increases her speed at the rate of three words a minute. How many words will the hubby hear between two and two forty-five?

Prob 2. A woman wants to reduce her weight. One roll on the floor takes off two oz while four cocktails a day and three deserts and two quarts of champagne add 14 ounces. How many hours must the lady roll between meals to keep even?

We'll give you another problem next week and at the end of the month you can send in your answers and we'll grade you according to your standing.

**June 28, 1912**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

Another sum: Three women buy puffs. One buys four puffs for ten dollars, the second buys eight for eighteen dollars, and the third buys ten for twenty-seven dollars. All three go to a ball and put their heads together. What is the net result?

Ten jibes make twenty people mad, but of the ten jibes, each one delights five out of ten who do not agree with it. What is the proportion of madness to gladness?

Young man, when thou goest among girls, let not thy left girl know what thy right girl doeth.

It is folly to try to fold a newspaper in a high wind and just as wise to argue with an angry woman.

**July 5, 1912**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

**A Little Mixed**

(Crawdad, from some cause sends in his dope in a confused shape – on one sheet he he tells of a public sale over east of Baxter and on another sheet he is telling about a local wedding. We can't for the life of us separate the wedding affair from the public sale and we print the sheets as numbered and leave the task for the reader. Crawdad must have been sucking hard cider through a straw when he wrote the first pages of his dope. - Ed.)

Bill Smith, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Smith was disposed of at public sale to Jane Snow on my farm, one mile west of Hornett, Mo., in the presence of seventy guests, including the following: Two mules, twelve head of cattle. Elder Scroggins tied the nuptial knot averaging 1265 pounds to the hoof. The beautiful home was tastefully decorated in one spake, one sneky rake, one feed grinder, one set of double harness nearly new. Just before the ceremony was pronounced the wedding march was rendered by one milch cow, one Jersey cow to be fresh in August, carrying a bunch of flowers in one hand and and looking charming in a gown made of eight spring wagons, box of apples, six stacks of cane hay, one grindstone, muslin lingere trimmed with about one hundred of Irish potatoes. The groom is well known and a popular young man and has always stood well among society circles of twelve Berkshire hogs while the bride is an accomplished school teacher of Poland Chinas, pedigree is complete. Among the beautiful presents were two sets of silverware, one wheel-barrow, one go-cart, and other things too numerous to mention. The bridal couple lest Monday for an extended honey moon trip to the east. Terms: Nine months time to responsible parties, others spot cash. Lunch will be served at the stable. After this Mr. and Mrs. Smith will go to house keeping on the farm.

Billy Connor, Auctioneer.

**August 23, 1912**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

J. A. Rudick (Crawdad) returned Saturday to his home on Five Mile after a several days visit in Galena.

**Crawdad**

A mad dog scare is on. Last Monday night our bird dog went mad, went to Charlie Waid's home, bit all of his dogs, killing one, then up the creek to Harry Walton's where he died or was killed by Walton.

**September 6, 1912**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

Emory Shields was up from Peoria last week and called on Judge Rudick in order to get a warrant for three boys who stole a cake on the night of August 27. Mrs. Shields had a nice cake for the "tin horn" gang and some boys purloined the same much to the annoyance of Mrs. Shields. The Judge talked Mrs. Shields out of the notion of getting out papers at present. Better be careful boys, for you are likely to get into trouble.

**September 13, 1912**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

We were in Galena on the 7<sup>th</sup> and as usual made our way to the "Headquarters of the Printer's Devil," where ink slinging, type setting and pencil shoving were all in progress, viz. The Galena Weekly Republican. All were busy (a good sign) but not too busy to reach forth the hand of friendship and speak a word of cheer. We soon fell into the arms of a chair and by us lay the morning's mail and we acted just as tho we were reading. Soon the noon hour rolled around and we repaired to the McNay home where we met more smiling faces and "Jack" came to us taking us by the hand saying, "Tum Tawdad, dinner is reddy." We were not hard to lead for we had read somewhere "That a little child shall lead them." We had a good dinner, had a romp with Jack and his only sister, Miriam and then persuaded McNay to go back down town where Porter Clark was in waiting to fulfill a promise made at the reunion, to give us a joy ride in his new ambulance. We found Porter ready. Some said that Porter had as well take us on to the hospital at Joplin for we soon would be a fit subject. We stepped in, Porter opened the throttle, away we went, out past Cave Springs, turned east toward Joplin, gliding like a bird, over a piece of fine road until we were within two miles of Joplin, turned south for a mile, then went on a fine oiled road west into Galena, covering a distance of nine miles in less than a dozen minutes. It was a delightful ride in a fine machine over fine roads. Porter told us that the machine was of his own construction – made and fitted the "bed" of the machine so as to care for the dead, sick and wounded in a humane manner. Some say Porter is a reckless and careless driver, but such is not the case. He has never had an accident and does not intend to. It is true that Porter pushes the handle of the speedometer away up toward the top but he does it on a good road and uses judgment at the same time. We asked Porter on the trip how close he could drive past a buggy or wagon and not hit, and he said he did not know, for he always got off as far as he could. We had a delightful ride, in a splendid outfit and over splendid roads. Thanks.

**October 25, 1912**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

**William Logan Dead**

On the morning of Oct. 16, as R. M. Meeks and family passed thru the premises of Uncle Billy Logan they found his dead body near the house. An alarm was at once given and people soon began to go upon the scene. Judge Rudick was notified by phone and was soon upon the premises. A jury was at once summoned, sworn and the body removed to the house. Dr. Willis was in attendance and made an examination in the presence of the jury. The jury, after diligently inquiring into the mode and manner of the deceased, rendered a verdict to the effect that death was due to heart failure. The body was then turned over to relatives and friends by Judge Rudick to be prepared for burial. The body was laid to rest in the Five Mile cemetery Friday, October 18<sup>th</sup>, funeral services being conducted by Uncle Silas Burnette. Uncle Billy Logan has been a resident for a number of years – lived alone, his wife having died some eighteen years ago. Everybody knew Uncle Bill – all who knew him loved and honored him. His departure surprised many and all mourned his departure. But he is gone, and sweet are the memories that follow him.

**January 3, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

**A Wedding**

Old father time as he joys along spills out many wonders. We have just read of the marriage of a couple to the south of us. The paper goes on to state that the sick pair presented themselves before a dignified J. P. for the purpose of getting their feet hobbled in the saw briers of matrimony. The groom was much more than half drunk and the scent of the cigarette he was smoking smelled like burning hog hair. His right breeches leg had a whelk running whompergodlim across it. From the south east three holes and one patch to a rip that was not visible while he was seated. The bride was a holy sight. Her face could not have held any more ugliness unless it had been made bigger. She had a huge box filled with snuff and used a stick for a toothbrush big enough to roll logs in Arkansas. Can you see the noble pair standing before the J. P. asking to be made one? The J. P. arose and firmly spoke in these words: "Mr. Cigarette will you take Miss Toothbrush to be your lawful and dreaded wife, to smell together in the rotten estate of mattery noses, to keep her in sickness and snuff, to shove and perish her as long as ye both shall live? Now, therefore, I pronounce you puff and snuff now and forever, world without end, and may the Lord have mercy on your poor fool souls."

**April 11, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

We are glad to see Crawdad back again and able to write news for the Republican. It seems as though a good many of the writers have dropped out, tho we presume it is because spring is here and lots of work to do.

**April 18, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

**Harmful Words**

To suppress the unkind word is to be good negatively, and to speak the kind word is to be good positively. A great difference to be sure. We might dwell on these thoughts for an indefinite time and fail to picture to the mind the results of using words.

In starting out we had another subject in view, though much akin to the use of the suppressed and expressed kind words.

While walking down one of the nice streets of Galena a few days ago, a sweet prattling boy coming toward us – his little face beamed with joy and infantile happiness – a gladsome time to get out and romp as children are wont – the little fellow's mind was yet untarnished and nothing but gleeful joy came to his mind. We stopped and he looked at us, the picture of health and development. His eyes sparkled, his little mind was active in the pursuit of happiness, and the "little man" knew of no such words as fear and danger. He was a symbol of innocence. We looked at the little fellow again and another thought came in our mind. If this beautiful healthy and well developed boy could be taught the lesson of innocence and purity he would grow up to be a pure and innocent man.

While we stood in a contemplative mood – reflecting on the possibility of the boy on the side walk another thought came into our mind. While wrapped in reflections created by the appearance of the "little man" by us his mother, maybe an aunt or a nurse came in haste after the little fellow and in order to get the boy to readily return to his home, she began to

tell him scary tales – causing fear to creep into his mind – she told him of bad dogs killing and carrying off little boys. Before, there was no fear, no ideas of danger in the boy's mind, but now the lever of words had been reversed. We passed on still in a reflective mood. The boy was the symbol of purity, but the “supposing” loving woman crowded fear and the idea of danger into his little mind and he was not the same little boy we met on the side walk.

How often do people who meet the sunny and happy “little ones” and make use of some word or expression to torture their minds? What folly, what nonsense to say nothing of the disastrous work calculated to follow. If we had been guilty of such, let us also reverse the lever of words and start in anew. Keep scary lies to yourself, and if you desire to be bad, be so negatively and not positively. If you talk nothing but grammar to your boy, he will grow up a grammarian and the same holds true, through the “catalog” of life.

**April 25, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

[An advertisement which includes a small photograph of J. A. Rudick!]

Mr. J. A. Rudick, better known in his community as "Crawdad," a very genial gentleman, holding the office of Justice of the Peace in Peoria township, Ottawa County Ok., is one among many who have found relief at the hands of the United Doctors.

The story is best told in his own words in the following letter:

Baxter Springs, Kan.,  
Apr. 10, 1913,

To Dr. Dresbach, Chief of Staff of United Doctors; Joplin Mo.,  
Dear Doctor:--

I suffered from kidney and bladder trouble for several months, which gradually got worse until I was passing blood and my nervous system was completely shattered from loss of sleep resulting from the intense pain I was forced to endure. I first consulted a doctor about Nov. 15<sup>th</sup>, and tried five before I received any benefit whatever, the last one said I was suffering from gravel and his treatment seemed to help me for a little while.

On March the 7<sup>th</sup> I went to your office for an examination, where I was informed that an enlarged and tender prostate was the cause of most of my suffering. I took four weeks treatment at the United Doctors Institute and am entirely relieved of all the suffering and feel as well as I ever did in my life. When I went to your office I could not get on the street car or up the steps without help - I was so nervous, could not eat, complexion sallow, and I was in constant pain, a full nights sleep was unknown to me for many months. I have gained in weight, have a good appetite, sleep well at night, and can walk any distance I choose without inconvenience. I walked five miles yesterday. Thanks to your new united method of treatment, I am today a sound well man. You may publish this letter that others may learn where relief may be obtained who are afflicted as I was.

Yours very truly,

J. A. Rudick

Those who are personally acquainted with Crawdad know that he is a careful, conservative man, whose word is his bond, and his articles written for publication are read by many, though they be serious or humorous in character.

**May 2, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

Mr. Editor, fellow citizens, ladies and gentlemen, Jew and Gentile, we've read most all sorts of papers, dug up about two acres of skunk nests, listened to a Socialist tell how rapid this old hip-shotten world was going to the devil under present



rule, been sandwiched between the devil and the sea, cleaned out and fumigated the conscience of one standpatter but the worst jam of our life occurred on yesterday. While fishing on the Blue John and Blinkey Bill Creeks we picked up a weather stained paper bearing the name of "Everything," the date and place of publication being blotted out. Bill A. L. Sap had an article of great length on the goodness, greatness and gloriousness of Our United States. Now Bill, from the tenor of his ideas is no pessimist. He wrote of our Nation's progress; of our broad and fertile acres, teeming with products of the soil; of our churches and the eloquence of the pulpit; of our schools and the facilities of learning; of our rail roads and the cheapness of haul; of our highways and the pleasure of driving over them; your rivers and the huge ships sailing on them; of our mineral products and their value; of the cattle and horses on a "thousand hills" and their blooded qualities; of our large cities and the morality of the same; of our superior laws and a people who never disobey and a thousand other things we cannot mention for want of space. Yes, Bill made this world look like a peach of the Arkansaw variety – best on earth. But Bill did not see it at all, for he was not a pessimist.

We agree with Billy and exclaim with him that this world is a pomegranate, and ripe, too. Bill's just flowed – ran like a smooth stream. Yes, Sir, Bill, our railroad cars are bigger, run faster, pitch off the track oftener and kill more people than all other railroad cars in any other country. Our men are bigger, longer and thicker and can fight harder and faster, drink more mean liquor, chew more tobacco and spit further than any men in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, wear smaller corsets, tighter dresses, break more hearts and kick up the devil generally to beat all other ladies in all other lands. Our rivers are the longest, run the fastest and the swiftest, rise higher, get the muddiest and kill more people than any body else's rivers. Yes, Bill, our dollars are bigger, rounder, has a finer ring, the brightest, will buy more corn pone, sow belly and hoss apples than any body else's dollars and is loved, worshipped and adored by our people in all other countries.

A land of fine churches and thousands of licensed saloons, Bibles, forts and guns, houses of prostitution; libertines and liars; millionaires and paupers; theologians and thieves; politicians and poverty; Christians and chain gangs; schools and scalawags; trusts and tramps; money and misery; homes and hunger; virtue and vice; a land where you get a good Bible for 15c and a drink of whiskey for 5c; where we license brandy houses and prosecute men for preaching Christ; where we have 400 men to make our lams [laws?] and nine to set them aside; where good whiskey makes good men bad, and bad men make good whiskey; where professors draw their convictions from the same place they do their salaries; where preachers are paid \$25,000 a year to tickle the ears of the rick; where business insists of getting hold of property in any old way that won't land you in the pen; where trusts "lived up" and poverty "holds down." A place where a girl goes wrong and her male partner who caused her ruin to pose as gentleman; where women wear false hair and can now in many states cast a ballot; where the women can sit on a jury, consisting four women and eight men or four men and eight women, locked up all night, fed on bread and water with their husbands peeping through the key hole to see which way the verdict is going; where we vote for men one day and cuss 'em 365 days; where we have prayers in the "house" and liquor in the cellar; where we spend \$500 to buy a politician and \$10 to buy a working man; where men pay \$1,000 for a dog and 15c a dozen for a woman to make shirts; where we teach ignorant Indians Eternal Life from the Bible and kill them off with bad whiskey; where we put a man in jail for stealing a loaf and in Congress for stealing a million; where the check book talks, sin walks in open daylight, justice asleep, crimes run high and the devil laughs on all street corners. Yes Bill, we agree with you that the world is a peach – a grand concern and the "half has never been told," a place where we can not get much better and to get a little worse is actually dangerous.

[Another copy of the April 25 United Doctors advertisement appears in this issue.]

**May 16, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

**The Pesky Tick**

Did you ever see one? Did one ever get a hold on you and make you squirm – wish you'd never been born? We've heard several people say they never had a tick or a flea on them. To such, we say, you've missed much in life. It's no pleasure to have a cussed flea or a cadaverous, pestiferous or mordacious tick stick his sharp bill in your anatomy, but there is a pleasure a great satisfaction and rejoicing to get the hateful things off where they "get on." Reader, if you never had a tick or flea on you, come to the bottoms and hills of the Five Mile and you'll experience a pleasure never before experienced.

Let Mr. Tick get a good hold – present his bite right and then you can say that you underwent an operation chock full of pleasure. Oh, if not a tick, let Mr. Flea take a few leaps and bounds over you and see how hard he is to catch. He can be in more places at “one time” than any living creature – for he belongs to the “floating” population and takes great pleasure in giving you much trouble. The tick is not like the flea – he cares nothing about your joys or troubles but sinks his own blessedness – gets on you – crawls to the most tender spot – generally where you have trouble in reaching him – when you have your best girl with you – then and not till then does his tickship begin to bore for oil and cause you excruciating pains until you break his hold on you, and then and not until then do you realize the real pleasures in life. Come to Five Mile and experience for once in life a real and joyful pleasure.

**May 23, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

### **Crawdad**

In 1876 we went to Fort Worth, Texas, started to learn to be a printer under the tutorship of Captain B. B. Paddock, editor of the Fort Worth Daily. Captain Paddock was a learned man, a good man and knew every wish of successful newspaper work. Here we learned what to print and what not to print. Somehow we had charge of all matter for publication.

### **Mathematician**

A negro was met carrying a large bundle of books which brought out the inquiry:

“Going to school?”

“Yes sar.”

“Do you study all these books?”

“No sar; dey's me brudder's. I'se a ignorent kind er nigger 'side him, boss. Yea just orter see dat nigger figerin. He has gone an' ciphered clean through addition, partition, distraction, abomination, justification, creation, amputation and adaptation.”

**June 6, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

### **Crawdad**

### **He and She Liars**

Not scarce at any time and found in all parts of the earth where “man” is found. More in some localities than others. Many efforts have been made to rid the world of the pests, but all efforts so far have failed. If we expect to see mankind free from liars, our expectations will fall short. The devil told the first lie and made it stick. From that day to this and from this to the end of all time liars will be plentiful. That there are not so many liars is strange, and that there are so many is stranger still. A liar is a contemptible cuss despised by man and hated in heaven. Some are natural born liars and some learn it as a trade. Some tell lies for fun, some for money, and some because of pure cussedness. A liar is an abomination in the eyes of all good people. A she liar is not so bad out, bad enough and both ought to have a mill stone hanged about their neck and drowned in the sea. As long as there is sin in the world, there will be plenty of liars, for both go together and can not be separated. Stop sinning and you stop lying and when you stop lying you're dead. Some tell us that lying is a fault, some say it is a habit, but we are inclined to believe it is one of the low downdest callings one ever engaged in. To see him going from place to place doing his best to besmirch the character of some young girl, is the worst ever. It has been said that a woman's greatest enemy, is woman. It is an admitted fact that women are accused of carrying more news and landing it quicker and with more force than anyone who ever carried a “string.” Such is permissible in woman – but in man, it looks and sounds as though he was out of a job and wanted to rob the devil out of his job. Lying is an easy work

and poor pay. The hardest thing for one to do is to keep from telling a lie at some point in life. People lie in and about their business. In telling someone about their trade, about their stock, about their farm, about their crop, about their bank account, about their family, about their "hoss tradin," and about everything, the first thing they do when they begin to talk, is to "color" up things – don't aim to lie, but somehow just can't help it. Some people would actually explode - "bust" wide open if they could not get to lie about most all they talk about. Seldom one ever gets ashamed of telling lies and quits. Death is about the only thing that can knock lying out of a man. When death gets a fair lick, it does the work and the fellow is never guilty of lying again. For fear, some reader of this accuses us of being the biggest liar of all, we stop short o.f. [?]

**July 11, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

**Eggs**

Mr. Editor: - For fear you or your wife failed to read an article written by one of your learned scientists, we will give you a brief synopsis of the gentleman's article. If you read the article you know who wrote it and the publication in which it was printed. If you did not read it then we will do our best to fill up the "blank" in your readin cavity.

The learned gentleman is a deep thinker and is delving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of science. What the results of such investigations are going to be is hard to tell, but we fear in this particular instance it is going to be detrimental to the rural population and give vent to many vile epithets not heretofore uttered by those who live in cities and villages. If this gentleman's "prophecy" works out and he says it will work – must work – necessity is back of it and science demands the products of her labor.

This writer, Mr. Ed. tells us he has perfected a plan to make eggs out of air. He says it is now a fact and he is read to turn his invention loose on the world and give the sons and daughters of man the benefit of his invention, if you want to call it an invention. What do you think Mr. Ed. about this egg business from air – what do you think of the disastrous results which naturally follow? In one sense it is a glorious thought and in another it is sad indeed. Yes, Mr. Editor you can pass your plate and call for eggs – more eggs and in any amount you so desire. The price will be curtailed so that all can eat eggs and in any style invented by the brain of man. When you sit down to the table, morn noon or night you'll not have to bandage your mouth, or use a camphor bottle on the account of eggs being rotten or ready to hatch – the smell of a mildewed goad will all banish like magic when this process comes about. Just try to realize the situation, Mr. Ed. Try to think of the wonders of man – the product of a working brain. Eggs made of air at any time and at any place. Just think of turning the crank of a machine with a slice of north wind turned on and a batch of fresh eggs roll out. Just think of how many you could carry on a fishing trip or when you go to see your wife's people. Yes, sir, eggs from east to west, from north to south – from Dan to Berthuba and clear up to the rafters of paradise – eggs – nothing but eggs and a pile of them as big as creation. But, Mr. Ed., we have we have not said anything about the disastrous results rising from such an invention. The dear Hen, with her Mormon proclivities will have to go and be no more. The barn yard rooster who proclaimed the result of Biblical prophesy and who has fought many battles and lost thousands – whose neck has been twisted for epicures – he too, must pass out his clarion voice never to ring out of mornings, proclaiming the coming of day. The fond chirp of young chicks will be heard no more and the writers on Henism will turn from the "poultry business" and there will be a thing of former days and former times. No more fried chicken – because this egg air concern has ruined the whole shootin' match. It's sad indeed in word and in truth. Just think of the faithful hen – the laborious hen – the non-striking hen – the hen who was never known to grumble – never to have a divorce case in the courts of Hendom – all gone, gone and nothing but a faint idea glimmering on the memories of man and just a few lines on the pages of history to tell future generations of glorious times that were and are no more. A sad thought, Mr. Ed. The results are sadder and the more we think of it the deeper it sinks into our minds and adds intensity to troubled thoughts. "Consarn" the thinking brain of man, anyhow. But how are you going to keep man from thinking – from making scientific investigations to keep keep man in perpetual trouble and want – to cause him to keep pace with fashion and possesses only a lean pocket book – to cause woman to wear and worry over her heaven and a half of toggery and be a solid week getting ready for a ball. But back to eggs. The last part is doleful and while the first is joy, peace and happiness higher than man has ballooned yet. Look out for the machine – it'll soon be on the market and be sure to get one. Pass your plate and have more eggs.

**August 1, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

**What We'd Like**

In the use of the contracted word "We'd" it refers to you and the remnant of Jesuites. We'd like to see a rain one more time in life. We'd like to see one bumper crop of corn. We'd like to see the old man Highcostolivin' knocked out. We'd like better roads. We'd like to know more people who love good roads and are willing to help build. We'd like to see every man have a job and own it (but how silly to wish or expect to see such a thing). We'd like to see all men quit telling lies – women don't tell lies. We'd like to see the gossip toter banished to the land of oblivion. We'd like to see the hobble skirt go, and the inventor in prison. We'd like to see women's head gear about six times smaller and with some shape. We'd like to see a boy who would not steal watermelons. We'd like to see a man or woman who are as good as they say they are. We'd like to see the feller who wrote and placed the following lines in our mail box and made us pay the postage:  
"Halleluyer, whoop-to glory, goshamighty, what a lad, Let's all do our cussing by cussing old Crawdad. It's the allabsorbing topic throughout this land of tears. And soon will be the topic through all the coming years. Damli was the way it started, or something like that, but before it got very far, it was an awful chat. Crawdad has the grin of Mr. Possum, and a gizzard full of gall, with a belly like a barrel and a noggin like a mall." Yes sir, we'd like to see that feller, and he had a P. S. to it telling us to go out behind the hog pen, sit down in the dust of humiliation and read it. The writer had some sense of humor, was a good speller and had a smattering bit of grammar, but no regard for manners. Now some one has already conceived that we wrote the poetry and said in their minds that we've lied. If this is your version, we'd like to see you, too.

**August 8, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

Frank Wade and Crawdad shouldered their guns, called the dogs and started for the woods on a squirrel hunt. Some of the dogs were eagerly barking up a tall hickory. The squirrel was sighted. Frank got by a bush, took a "rest," fired and missed. Repeated with former results. Crawdad shot and the result was the same. The squirrel was hanging dead and out went another one and into a hollow tree. Back to the "dead" tree, Frank taking two shots and still it stayed on the limb. Crawdad pushed his "straw" back, raised his gun, fired and out tumbled the "dead thing," and lo, and behold, it was a huge wasp nest. We looked at each other sort o' funny and went up in the woods a distance farther.

**August 15, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

The genial countenance of our loyal friend, J. A. Rudick (Crawdad) approached the Republican office last Saturday morning, and without giving us one minute of warning, placed upon the floor of this sanctum a luscious, big watermelon which was some of the excellent product grown by him at his farm on Five Mile and which he desired the Republican "force" to sample. It was sampled and remembered the Republican office indeed a delightful treat.

**Snap Shots**

"Crawdads." Speaking of Crawdads reminds us that there is one writing for this paper. He is a surprise to us, for we naturally suppose that this dry weather had put the "quietus" to their "much rambling," but we had his regular "hot air" last week.

**August 22, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

On August 1, 1913, L. D. Murray came to the home of J. A. Murray and introduced himself as their son. The young feller was halterless, clotheless, toothless and almost bald headed. L. D. was assured that he could find shelter in the Murray home for 21 years, provided he didn't get "smart." Jim is crazy, Dolly, hysterical and the young man serving his time. Murray (Jr. and Sr.) have birthdays August 1<sup>st</sup>.

An old negro woman was arrested and brought before a Justice of the Peace, charged with "unmercifully" whipping one of her grandsons. The court asked the old woman if she had anything to say before sentence was passed upon her. "Sho' I has, I wants to know if you was eber the daddy of a wifeless nigger boy?" "Your fine is remitted" said the court.

**September 26, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

**Fashion Foolishness**

When we wore short pants the foolish craze came about wearing hoops – great big things so big that there was hardly room for the other person. All older people remember the steel hoop era and the "grape vine hoop" period. It was a sigh. Golly! How wide the dresses were in those days and just think of the number of yards it took to make a dress. The steel hoop days went and many were glad to see the same. Other crazes followed – they too went. Others followed and departed. More crazes were behind and came and went. Te hobble skirt craze landed on us and is with us to this day. It is a sight. Not being content with the saving of cloth the craze was not complete – lacked something – some goose of a woman had to do something still more foolish and she did it, while the whole feminine world is stepping into the craze. The hobble skirt was not complete – had to be slit to show a nice and beautiful ankle. Still not complete. The slit had to be a wee bit higher to show a pair of fancy hose. The slit got longer and a number of ting bells were attached to mark attention. Still lacking completion a fine, small watch must be strapped about the knee to designate the time. The follies of fashion. The vanity of man – gazing and gazing just to see the time of day. Where will such end? When will the sons and daughters of Adam's race learn wisdom? It is to be hoped that the devotees of the slit skirt will not try to be elevating – it's too high already and time to lower and not be so elevating especially in regard to dress.

While on fashion lines, we read of a man who thought he had a right to do a little fashion work, so he thought if the ladies had a right to wear imitation bells on their knees he had some rights coming. So he strapped a huge cow bell around one leg and ambled in to church. The scene had its desired effect. The ladies dismissed their miniature bells, sewed up their slits while the man was arrested for a public nuisance. If there is any change in female attire it is sure to be in our favor for it can't be worse.

**October 3, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

To Gods and in-growing toe nails. What next. It appeared some time ago that fashions had gone to pasture and the fast and furious female "sawciety" had called a halt, shucks! One might as well try to rope a Texas bull with a sewing thread as a stop to the ravages of fashion. The sock fad is still on with a few variations. Plain ordinary and nice stockings are not sufficient to keep the girls in limelight of fashion so they put on one white and one black to be faddy. Sour grapes and green apples! One leg dressed for a funeral and the other for a Sunday School picnic. It's enough to make the devil high ball and quitfoolin with silly ones.

**November 7, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

On looking out Saturday morning we at once saw that we had had some visitors some time in the night. The wheels were off the wagon and the spring wagon minus four wheels, two, up in the trees and two securely wired to the fence. We said nothing – for when a boy we were in many similar pranks.

Uncle Lem Wade also had visitors on the aforesaid night. He jumped out of bed opened the door and the “fun boys” had his wagon in his door with a huge log for a prop and daddy Wade had to go back to bed. We're glad that the pesky boys let us off as well as they did. A boy's a boy and that is all you can expect [from] him.

Opossums and 'simmons are now ripe in a fine condition to eat and will help to cripple Mr. Highcostolivin'. What is nicer and sweeter than a young tender and well cooked possum when one's hungry as sin. One who refuses to dine upon such a dish is “wanting” to some extent under the headgear. Jim Crabtree and “Shad” Imbeau caught five in one night. Then the 'simmons – good ripe ones touched with a white frost and a [ ] freeze, they too are delicious diet. A learned man once said “fools and dressed ups are the only ones who refuse to eat opossum and persimmons.”

**November 14, 1913**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

The question for debate at our literary was not debated on the night of the 6<sup>th</sup> for want of time. So the question will come up for discussion on the night of next meeting. The question is: Resolved, That the mind of women is inferior to the mind of man. The captain on the Affirmative is going we're told to back out and all the men and women and boys in the land and afar off will contend and argue that a woman's mind is equal to and superior to that of a man. Crawdad stands alone and to show a willing mind will declare that a woman's mind is, has been and will be to the end of time very much inferior to that of man. It is easy to assert a thing, and something else to prove it. It is and possibly will be the only chance in life to stand up for a few minutes with no one to “but in,” and do our dadgasted best to hammer into the head of women that they are inferior and very much so. It's our opportune time and we must improve it. Who has mercy on Crawdad? If any, come out and keep us from being slain.

**January 9, 1914**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

Now in reference to man's first appearance and dress, at first though the reader would naturally conclude that our friend, Alec, had warped ideas and no akin to modern manners and fashions. Reader education has much to do in moulding one's idea. In days past, the ladies and women folk rode on horse back using a side saddle. No one registered a kick, and using a side saddle was a part of the education in those days. Horseback riding gradually drifted away, the side saddle was relegated to barn loft, or any place to get it out of the way. But few are to be found at this time. The “women people” are learning that horseback riding is a healthy exercise and horseback riding has come back but the side saddle stays in seclusion. Our “women people” are riding much on horseback and the mode is astride. The astride mode is looked upon by some as vulgar. But why? Simply from the fact that, people were educated to the side saddle way of riding and now a few of the old fogy class will have to be educated to the “straddle” way or pass to the “great Beyond.” When there is no fashion, no present-day [way] of doing things and where the tongue loses its desire to ridicule and bear the tale of gossip – a place where “strife ceaseth” - a place where there is no “tale bearer” and where the good are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling. Education is the prime factor in all we do and say. Fifty years from today it would be hard to tell to what the people will be educated to – their manner of doing things in what will be then considered good or what is considered vulgar. It is very necessary that the rising generation be educated along right lines. Wrong education leads downward and right education leads upward. Whither are you going? Your answer is our answer.

**January 16, 1914**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

We had the pleasure of meeting Uncle Fred Dohle of Anderson, Mo., who is the guest of the Ruddy family and we find Uncle Fred a man of mature years and a wonderful memory and a good supply of information generally dealt out to the "seeking." Among other things he told us that, ten years ago he camped on the famous Pea Ridge Battle ground. When pitched camp, others never [?] in camp and had a friendly visit with each other during the evening. A camp fire was built by the side of a fallen tree, by which the meals were cooked. Uncle Fred said, that the next morning just as he began his breakfast an explosion came from the other camp fire, an explosion which killed one horse, wounded one of the men, tearing one wagon to pieces and throwing fire and ashes many feet. A fire had been built over a bomb left at the Pea Ridge battle and was still in a fine state of preservation. The Pea Ridge Battle fields happened to be our play ground in our boy-hood days and well did Uncle Fred describe the lay of the ground. Uncle Fred told us that the deadly missile waited many years to do its work, and that he is thankful that he escaped injury.

**January 29, 1914**

**The Echo, Galena, Kansas**

**Crawdad**

The executive board of the Peoria Telephone Co. met in regular session at Peoria Friday night, Jan. 16, 1914, and elected the following officers: Robt. Craig, Pres., F. L. Ray, Sec., and J. A. Rudick, Treas. A few "grievances" were eliminated and there will be less friction in the future.

Atty. O. F. Mason of Miami was here Saturday and conducted a replevin suit before Judge Rudick in a [case] wherein S. Causatte was plaintiff and L. Stroup, defendant. The jury found for the defendant. The case was interesting throughout and settled in a satisfactory way to all concerned.

**February 6, 1914**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Notice: I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Sarah T. Rudick, after February 14, 1914.  
J. A. Rudick.

**March 13, 1914**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

David B. Crabtree of Five Mile called Judge J. A. Rudick to Five Mile Sunday, and the judge said the words "long expected," which made David B. Crabtree and Miss Lula Dyson, husband and wife. Many friends were witnesses. They expect to go house keeping at once.

**March 19, 1914**

**Baxter Springs News**

John Rudick has resigned as Justice of the Peace in the Five Mile district of Ottawa county and Frank Ray has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

**April 3, 1914**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Mr. Rudick, known to literary fame under the nom de plume of "Crawdad" was 59 years young on Tuesday. The cumulative weight of his heaped-up years sit lightly on him. He is just as young as he used to be – sometimes. Time has not cankered the amiableness of his temper nor festooned his disposition with intolerable grouches. Here's hoping, "Crawdad," that you may live to see many more returns of your natal day!

**August 27, 1914**

**Cassville Republican, Barry County, Missouri**

J. A. Ruddick of Galena, Kans., came in Wednesday to visit his brother, J. F. Ruddick and family northwest of town. He has been associated with the Galena Republican for a number of years.

**September 3, 1914**

**Cassville Republican, Barry County, Missouri**

Shady Grove News: John Ruddick of Joplin visited his brother, J. F. Ruddick, and family last week.

**September 10, 1914**

**Baxter Springs News**

**We Saw 'Em**

The Galena Times says a lot of undesirable people attended the reunion this year. We suppose they were Rudick's friends. At any rate we saw some of his friends here. Rudick, you know, is the local man of the Times.

**December 23, 1914**

**The Live Wire, Miami, Ottawa County, Oklahoma**

State of Oklahoma  
County of Ottawa

R. Roy Van Horn, Plaintiff VS J. A. Rudick, Defendant

Before F. L. Ray, Justice of the Peace of Peoria Township, said County.

Said defendant J. A. Rudick will take notice that he has been sued in the above named Court, by the above named plaintiff to recover the sum of Thirteen Dollars and five cents on account of Money due and that personal property of said defendant has been seized in garnishment, and said cause set for trial on the eighteenth day of Jan. 1912 [1915] at ten o'clock A. M. at which time if said defendant fail to appear the allegations of plaintiff's bills of particulars will be taken as true, and a judgment for said plaintiff in said action for said amount claimed and for costs and in the attachment therein granted will be rendered accordingly. Dated this twelfth day of December 1914 Attest; F. L. May Jus of the Peace. First published on December 16, 1914.

**June 5, 1915**

**[A typed letter from J. A. Rudick to his son, Cecil Rudick]**

Dear son, wife and babies :-

Have delayed answering your letter on account of sickness of my wife and other matters. I have been trying to line up something for you, but you know that one must be on the ground to catch what is in the wind. The different Bakeries here



in Joplin are doing an immense business. All want to see the party who desires work and try them to see they can do the work, or such is offered as an excuse. If you are up on the Con. business, you would stand a good chance to get work on the street car line. There is a demand in all cities for those who are efficient - for those who can do their work rightly and willingly.

I only wish you were here to get a job when the opportunity came. It would be a pleasure to see you, wife and the "little ones". You know that your dear old dad is getting up in years and it would be a pleasure to be with you. I am 60 years old, but I don't look it and I don't feel it. It is true that I have done no manual labor for over one year - been in the newspaper business most of the time - was associate editor of The Galena Weekly Republican for a long time - did the writing for the weekly and the daily until the 22nd of last June when I had a nervous breakdown and had to quit. I do some writing for publication yet - sent an article to the Republican this morning - wrote a few articles for the Joplin papers and received some favorable comment. I bear the name of being one who can say more mean things with the fewest words and in the shortest space. I have nearly lost the name of Rudick and go by the name of "CRAWDAD". I am considered the monumental liar of this country - the best "yarn spinner" who ever spun a spin. But I look for some guy to come in and in the space of six months, rob me of all my "glory". Listen: a traveler down in Ark. (as the story runs) rode up to a house and asked a great big, strapping gal where her

[End of page. Any other pages are lost.]

**June 11, 1915                      Galena Weekly Republican**

We are exceedingly glad to see Crawdad back in the ring again, come on Crawdad with your hobble skirt and shoe top dresses roast 'er like you did before you quit a year ago. We missed you very much from the columns of the paper as your writing was very interesting.

**Crawdad**

Dear Editor and many readers of this paper: - After an absence of many months, we greet you and the many readers again, hoping that our greeting will not be considered an intrusion by any one. In our "comeback" we do not pretend to say that we will offer anything new in the way of news and candidly admit that our little stock of information has not increased since we last met you, in the field of correspondence. We, until about a year ago, contributed regularly, our mite, despite the adverse criticism so abundantly lavished upon us during our long "stay." We were accorded the privilege of saying what we pleased, had many "pencil rackets" with correspondents and lost in every battle, had the cognomen of "damphool" hurled at us from every point of the compass which we dared not deny, because of the preponderance of evidence against us, and from the record of the past, we should never - no never, have been allowed to enter the field as a correspondent for if we have ever written one word, or advocated a single idea accepted by the people, can't remember it. But from some mysterious cause, we got in the field and from a still more mysterious cause, we remained for a number of years. We're out now, and it may be a high and hard jump to get into the field again and commence our old game of "doing" as we please.

**February 11, 1916                      Galena Weekly Republican**

**Mrs. Ruddick Succumbed**

Galena friends received a telephone message Monday stating the sad news of the death of Mrs. J. A. Ruddick, at her home in Joplin at 11:15 o'clock Sunday morning after an illness of four weeks. Death was due to a complication of diseases.

Deceased was 50 years old. She resided at Five Mile, southwest of this city about twenty years, and was widely and favorably known in that vicinity and in Galena. She is the wife of J. A. Ruddick (better known as Crawdad), who formerly was connected with this paper in furnishing notes from the Five Mile district. About two years ago she with her husband moved to Joplin where they have since resided.

To her the struggle and burden bearing of earth are ended, and we confidently trust that like one who awakes from a troubled dream she has awakened to see life's endless morning break and know herself home with the vast throng of loved ones, missed here on earth, safe about her.

The funeral cortege left the Cunningham Undertaking parlors in Joplin at 1 o'clock Tuesday and went to Hornett, Mo., where funeral services were held and burial was in the Hornett cemetery.

The many friends of this friend extends their sympathy to Mr. Ruddick in his sad bereavement.

**March 02, 1916**

**Cassville Republican, Barry County, Missouri**

John Ruddick of Joplin spent the week end with his brother James, and his niece, Mrs. Maggie Gray, of this place.

**May 19, 1916**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Gone!**

Yes he's gone – gone out in the country – left on Monday morning and will be gone all week and every week until he sees you and all the readers of this paper and has a long talk with you. Well, don't get curious and wonder who is gone and who will call for your subscription – call on you to settle up your past dues, etc.; and to arrange for a live and energetic correspondent in all parts of the county. We have no correspondents – you will know who you have met when you meet Old "Crawdad."

"Crawdad" will give us an article each week under his old caption and in his usual style – for the only way to manage "Crawdad" is to let him manage himself.

So when he calls – it may be today tomorrow or next week – for he's sure to call. He will attend to your wants in all respects. He will be pleased to meet every reader of this paper, and extends an invitation to one and all, when in Galena, to make the Republican office your stopping place – for you're welcome.

**May 26, 1916**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

We will not speak of man generally. Many definitions of man have been given and all have been different. But the biped we have on our mind at this particular time and for this particular bifurcated animal is one above or below "normal." a few days ago we accosted this "bifurcate" and we were surprised at his unusual volume of information (?) which he proceeded to pour forth for his own selfish interests. We have been in close contact with a number of "female dreadnoughts" and whipped into oblivion, but this "made torpedo" is a monster, compared to all we ever came in contact with or ever saw or heard. This "one particular" man, is, has been and will be a false alarm until death claims him. He "rings" at the wrong time and place – stands upon the wrong corners of the streets, roads, highways and business places and from his ponderous brain (?) emanates ideas superior to anything King Solomon ever uttered. This man – and there are many of his kind – reared back upon his pastern "jints" as we approached him and fluently, preached his doctrine of "repudiation."

This man was a palindrome – just the same backward or forward – reads the same one way as the other and was a real braggadocio – for he claimed that he never did or never would read a newspaper or anything else in print. He will never see this and take the "hint," for he never reads. "Repudiation" is his religion and he never lives it – lives it three hundred and sixty-five times in a year and will keep the number of the years the good Lord permits him to exist. He is to be pitied – for no one is so "honorary," but has some following. He is not a reader of this or any other paper – he may "take" some paper, but should one ask him to pay even a paltry sum, he begins at once to advocate his "repudiation" ideas, and gives

you to understand that he is "versed in the law," but cannot read, - for you never saw a "man" like this man who could read or had any use for books or papers. Yes, we could take a single hair from the head of any idiot, hollow out the pith, place fifty of such men as our "man" in the hollow and the dodgasted thing would rattle.

### **Peoria Okla.**

Crawdad was visiting old neighbors and friends in this vicinity the first of the week, looking up correspondents for the "Republican" as you will perceive by this.

### **Lowell – Star Prairie**

John Rudick, better known as "Crawdad" was a welcome visitor with friends and relatives last week.

## **June 2, 1916                      Galena Weekly Republican**

### **Crawdad**

Our second week in the country was eventful in many ways. We spent most of the week in Quaker Valley and we still hold to our former opinion, that the people of the valley are very, very generous.

We saw what is supposed to be a meteor – a rock of something like two tons. The rock has the appearance of at some time passed through a fire.

We were informed that the rock fell from the "regions above" and was moved from where it fell, in a field, on the Playter land, in Quaker Valley to its present resting place. Where it came from and by whom sent, is not inscribed on its surface.

### **Rats**

Yes, rats. In last week's issue someone from Lowell suggested a day be set apart to kill rats. There are too many of the hateful things. They are everywhere and their work is destructive. Yes, set a day for the work and kill rats – kill lots of 'em – and the one who can show the greatest number of rats killed, should be given a handsome reward in money. Let someone be appointed Rat Captain and get the work started. (Special notice. We will kill every rat in the county for \$5, get me?)

## **July 7, 1916                      Galena Weekly Republican**

### **Central City**

"Crawdad" payed us a visit a few days ago. It was our first time meeting him and we found him to be quite a jolly fellow. "Crawdad" insisted that we become a correspondent for the Republican which we promised to do.

## **July 14, 1916                      Galena Weekly Republican**

### **Crawdad**

Well, how did you spend the "Fourth?" We hope all of our many readers had an enjoyable time and celebrated the day in the proper spirit. With too many, it is a day of noise, and hilarity – a day spent without any comment as to its real meaning. We hope you all will live, enjoy life and be able to have a bully good time on July 4, 1917.

We did not go into the country – did not call on any of our readers and did not solicit a single subscriber. We rested. We sat at our window all day the Fourth – watched the surging mass of humanity striving to go "somewhere." We heard the

noise – we saw two men fight and they fought because their brain was crazed by liquor. These men bought the booze from a “licensed trap” - a trap set for the “money” and the poor fellow got caught in the “trap” and got “pinched.” “Toleration and suppression of Vice,” all in one sentence and couched in a city ordinance. We would not say that such a state of affairs exists in the city of Joplin. We will let you say that. The saloons are nothing more and nothing less than “licensed traps” - legalized by a city ordinance and under Commission Form of Government. The “form” may be all right, or it may be all wrong. A piece of machinery has a bad name by wrong use or the improper use of handling. It is not in fault of the machine, but in the use of it. Tolerate a thing for years – allow it to run and grow and then yell, “suppress it.” License the “trap” let them run and raise a crop of drunkards, then submit a proposition to them to vote “dry.” Will they do it? A “wet” city in a “dry” territory will “flourish like a green bay tree,” but “what will the harvest be?” License the big “evils” and suppress the smaller ones. Proper legislation and the enforcement of the same is beneficial to any people, but we fear that legislation alone will not conserve the coming generations. The work must be started and kept going around the fireside – at home. The boys and girls, who are to be the fathers and mothers of other generations should be taught the “great lesson” we have so dearly learned at this time. If we preach “suppression” let us not practice “toleration.” I've drifted from the Fourth, but the consequent evils by getting into a “trap” are manifest and stand as a warning, that we should love, honor and respect the rising generation to that extent that we will do something for their conservation in years to come, and our work will be as “bread cast upon waters, to be gathered many days hence.”

**July 28, 1916**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad Excited**

Owing to the fact that Crawdad is driving a brand new pony this week, he is so excited that he forgot to turn in his weekly letter. We think he will be straightened out by next week.

**August 4, 1916**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Crawdad**

We had made up our mind that we would not write one single line for this or any other paper – write one single word to please you or any one else. We just concluded not to write, for the hot weather of the last week took all the pep out of our systems and left us in the “lap of fate.” Reader have you not at times felt that the whole world frowned at you, and that you were ashamed that you ever grew up? It has been our opinion that we were the step-son of hard luck, made so by a decree of providence, and we are not a believer in foreordination or the doctrine that things will happen in spite of what you do or do not do. We were perturbed, whatever that means. If you do not know what “perturbation” of the mind is, or the meaning of the word, that is none of our business.

Anyway, we did not want to write, and not to would not have caused any perturbation of mind upon your part. It is a little funny though, that when we do miss writing for this paper, there is a howl of indignation from all parts of the county. Why so, is a mystery to us. But we did not intend to attempt to write, for we were all shot to pieces. We felt like, that the sooner this mundane ball would cease to revolve, the better off mankind would be. We pick up a paper and all we can read about is war, nation cutting and slashing the life out of some other nation, and all for the acquisition of territory. The spirit of greed is becoming so manifest throughout the entire world, it makes the heart sick. No wonder we become perturbed and wish we could swing off on some easy route and be free from the turmoils of life. We never had but two years of real enjoyment, and that was the first two years of our existence here. All we had to do during the first two years of our life was to draw life from two “living fountains,” kick up our heels and grow. During the later part of the two years, trouble began to brew, for an aunt came to our place, and we went home with her for a visit. To stay just for a short time. When we came back we found a red faced “something” had taken ours in in mother's pleasant lap, and we had to swap the same off for dad's old knee. Trouble began coming then and the clouds of adversity have been gathering and hovering over us to the present time. No wonder we don't care to write. Who would? When in this mood, we feel that all of Adam's race is in the same fix. Is it hot weather, ruined crops, hot winds, wars and “rumors of wars,” or what is it that seizes you and makes you feel like committing suicide? We were not going to write, for something had taken all the snap out of us, and we did not care a continental if the world went to the bow-wows in a twinkling.

**August 10, 1916**

**The Echo, Galena, Kansas**

No wonder "Crawdad" is "off" so badly – he's lost the "two living fountains," and like Ponce de Leon pined in advanced age for the "elixir of life." It reminds me of a case in Justice court in old Checo in 1868, when a witness stated that he had been a farmer all his life; whereupon the opposing lawyer asked: pray, what dun ye the first years of ye farm life? I milked, sir! replied the witness.

**August 11, 1916**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Mrs. J. A. Rudick was called to Joplin on business Tuesday.

**August 18, 1916**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Miss Sadie Lowderback of Camp Weilep was here Thursday on business and the guest of Mrs. Rudick.

**August 25, 1916**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Mrs. C. E. Willey of Timber Hill made her usual trip to town the first of the week and was the guest of Mrs. J. A. Rudick.

### **Crawdad**

We are in Galena, today, near a busy and much traveled street, and the first thing to attract our attention, is an

### **Automobile**

We see many of them and they are going in all directions, some at a moderate rate of speed some are going – fast, seen to be in a very great strain to get somewhere. We were constrained to think a little about these honk wagons surrying to and fro through the country. What are they doing and what is their mission? The automobile is doing much – its work is great and its effects are greater. It takes people from the city to resorts in the country; it makes the baseball game a small affair; it lessens the attendance at the Sunday school; it keeps people from church; it cripples travel upon the railroads; it depletes the income upon interurban roads and does many other odd things. It causes men and women to be rushed to the hospitals where their injuries can be attended to; it brings men into court and fosters litigation; it takes capital away from home, and forces our banks to go east for capital which we borrow from the banks and pay a good interest for the use of the money. Verily, the auto is a wonderful thing and our people have the fever at a high temperature. The men who make them and the men who mend them are the ones who are in the swim. We wish we owned a Ford.

### **Words**

While at our desk our mind went back to boyhood days and some very plain remembrances are before us. We will remember the old log schoolhouse, with "slabs" for benches, and four two inch auger holes, for the insertion of legs, made of poles the proper size and if the log protruded an inch or more on top of the bench, and your seat happened to be where the protrusion was, you had to be still and not growl. In those days, there were but few laws and everybody regarded thus sacred.

Some fifty years ago (goodness we are not that old) the pronoun I was of common use – everybody used it, and then it was grammatical, whatever that means. At this age, "I" was much in use but now has become obsolete. To use "I" at this age means no one – for who is "I"? It is now "we" and all are familiar with the word "we." "We" is plural or singular, very much singular.

**September 22, 1916**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

W. B. Wamsley and wife of Joplin were here Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick.

**October 6, 1916**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick will spend Sunday in Joplin the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wamsley and family.

### **In Self Defense**

"Crawdad" is getting somewhat fidgety in the last week – getting thin, emaciated, pale and filled with fear. He says he's liable to fall in at the office door at any time, with his anatomy so completely punctured that it will resemble a sieve. His fears are great and he's lacking in words to describe his feelings. "Crawdad" says, the plague-taken "Hunch" story got by his desk in some mysterious way, and as a result a million questions and as many threats has come to him, and the article stands out in bold language against him and he has to bear the name of being the daddy of the blamed thing. Then here comes the doggoned "Dog" story and slipped by in through the same channel and every groceryman in the town is getting their old "fire traps" cleaned up, and oiling up their "talking machine" - just won't and can't stand it – the dadbusted story, too rests upon him and he has to bear the anathemas and vile vituperations of an enraged set of grocerymen and their fussy clerks. He says it is the best gotten up piece of literature he has ever read and news a sure pop, at the fountain head of pure cleanliness if he did not write it, but he says, "there's no use" - too late to stop trouble now. But, "Crawdad" says to tell the doggoned grocery fellows to put their groceries high up – awful high – for he knows a man, moving into town who has two or more awfully tall dogs. "Crawdad's" out of town , on a vacation, see?

[The "Hunch" story concerns a woman who comes home unexpectedly and finds her husband with another woman. In the last paragraph she walks out on him. As for the dog/grocery store item, I could not locate it.]

**November 10, 1916**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Mrs. Corbin Shouse of Patterson Prairie was here Monday shopping and was the guest of Mrs. J. A. Rudick.

### **Crawdad – To Our Readers**

Good morning to one and all. We would be pleased to make a personal call and talk with you, but we can not. Our office duties will not permit us, and we believe we can better serve by remaining here, than going from place to place to meet you. We must say that during our "tramp" through the country we never met a more congenial and kind hearted people, and we found a welcome in the home at all times.

Now reader, you know what our mission was when we were "tramping" - to collect back subscriptions, renew and take on new names. The work was too arduous and too expensive – for often times we had to go over the same ground time and again to see all and then miss a number. We would be pleased to see you all again, and perchance we want to see you worse than you want to see us, but that cuts no ice with "Crawdad," for he wants to see every reader of the Republican, because he likes you.

Now reader will you please look to the right of your name on your paper and you can see to where your subscription is paid.

Being in the office day in and day out we are familiar with what it takes to run a newspaper. It costs a lot of money. The cost of machinery to run the plant goes into the thousands of dollars. Office help costs a lot of money. The entire cost is far more than you would think. Now will you through "Crawdad" look and see how much you are behind and if you cannot remit in full, please send us a part. The editors need the money.

We have labored to give you a readable paper and the consensus of opinion is that we have done so. This is not a demand but a kind request to remit a part of what you are due to help the boys out in their effort to give you a good paper.

**December 21, 1916**

**The Echo, Galena, Kansas**

E. L. Horton reports having met "Crawdad" the other day, and thinks that is inappropriate name because crawfish always move backward. But since Mr. Horton has read his articles and having met him thinks he is among the progressive men of the country.

**January 12, 1917**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

Wonder what has become of "Crawdad" ? Don't see or hear of him anymore, probably he's off on vacation.

**January 26, 1917**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Lick Prairie**

Wonder what has become of "Crawdad"? I'll bet that he has froze to death this cold weather.

**February 22, 1917**

**The Echo, Galena, Kansas**

Well, we saw "Crawdad" last week, says he has "Quit the Galena Republican and is now working for the Baxter News."

**March 1, 1917**

**Baxter Springs News**

**Lowell**

Mr. Rudick was a pleasant caller on the rural readers of The News this week.

**Quaker Valley**

J. A. Rudick (Crawdad) spent Wednesday night with J. Shirley. Mr. Rudick is out in the interest of The Baxter Springs News.

**Riverton**

Mr. Rudick transacted business in Lowell and Riverton last Thursday.

**March 15, 1917**

**Baxter Springs News**

**Peoria**

John Rudick or "Crawdad" was circulating about our vicinity part of last week.

**June 28, 1917**

**Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri**

**Crawdad**

By request of a number of readers of The Times, we will try to give a bit of news and "other stuff" - mostly other stuff - and hope all will be glad of the same. Being a novice in the field of journalism, you will please pardon the many errors which may creep in from time to time.

**July 26, 1917**

**Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri**

**Crawdad**

The sound of the thresher is heard on Pool's prairie and about 5000 bushels of grain went into the bins last week, the bigger portions being grown on the Fennimore farm. Wheat is making from 15 to 20 bushels to the acre and oats about 30. The wheat is fine grade and will bring top prices.

The present yield and the high price of wheat will cause an unusual acreage to be sown this fall.

The general topic of the day is about the war - going to war - the conservation of waste products of the farm. The papers are full of advice as what to eat and the quantity to be eaten and one person has told us how to make "craklin bread." One man was heard to say that if all had to "conserve" and the U. S. was now "hard up" we had as well give in - for we'd get whipped. But the "fellows" who tell us to eat corn bread would turn up their noses at the sight of a corn dodger.

**August 9, 1917**

**Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri**

**Crawdad**

**Band of Robbers**

There is a band of robbers near Pool's Prairie and their name is not "legion" - but almost. They have been here for a number of years and in many places their work is plainly seen by all who have the least degree of perception. Many efforts have been put forth to exterminate this band, but the number is still great, and the work of devastation goes on. This band of robbers is composed of a very peculiar class of people. The band has members who stand high in the best of classes - men who belong to the church - frequent attenders at Sunday School - own the best automobiles and are generous and kind hearted. Their word and notes are taken at the banks for full and face value - they stand ready to go and administer to the wants of the sick and destitute. The "heads" of some of the best families are members of this band of robbers. The members are in favor of education and patronize our educational institutions - believe in good roads and help to build and maintain the same.

The only objection to be alleged against this band is - they are robbers and their work is very destructive - mostly to themselves. They have been repeatedly asked to desist from their destructive course, but to no avail. It is true that nearly all members of this "gang" are law abiding citizens, sit on juries and render verdicts hard to be gainsayed. A few members have been dropped from the rolls, but their standing has not been impaired in the least, but rather raised to a higher standard. It is to be hoped that in a few years this band will become extinct and remembered only in name. This band of robbers in our midst whom we have much against and nothing in particular, are a band who from year to year continue to rob the soil - take all they can get from "mother earth" and never put anything back to replace the waste. Their work goes to show that they are in favor of depleting the soil instead of making it better. Reader, are you a member of this band of robbers?



**August 23, 1917**

**Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri**

**Crawdad**

Will the new telephone line from McElhany to Neosho fail to materialize? The line is needed and the manager should push the construction.

It is to be hoped that when the line is in working order that "eave-droppers" will be so ashamed that all receivers will not come down at once, while a subscriber is trying to talk.

Speaking of telephones and telephone lines, it has been said that the invention of the telephone was the work of the devil. Satan had a grievance against men and invented the telephone to get even. There are two kinds of "phones" - the desk phone - you can throw it from the table to the floor, kick and swear at it and then the blamed thing won't talk until it gets ready. In order to make the wall phone come across and do the work, a crow-bar or an axe must be used. Most telephones are made to talk in, but some people spit in them and a few stand on tip-toes and yell at the top of their voices. If you want to "fall from grace," take stock in a rural telephone line, or patronize a mail order house.

**August 30, 1917**

**Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri**

**Crawdad**

The K. C. S. should add a few more coaches for the benefit of the traveling public. Too many must "stand" or go into the "Jim Crow" car and suffer the humiliation of riding by or near some not of the same color.

"Who is Crawdad?" is a question often asked. Immaterial. He is a one-gallus laborer, devoid of education and good common sense. Reader, put on your "specks" and read between the lines and you can see the corn fields, oat and wheat fields, hay meadows and a few tears to dampen the paper to help out the editor. We asked the editor if we could write a few "editorials" and he kindly told to wait awhile.

**September 13, 1917**

**Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri**

**Crawdad**

**Roads**

Old and plain is the road leading from the country to the city and many are found walking therein. The road is traveled, because the city has better schools and better advantages to aid the young in going up the ladder of life. An old farmer (retired) told us he was going to the city to live. He was sadly mistaken, for he went to the city to die. Our boys and girls go from country to the city in order to locate their calling in life. It is an ill-fitting collar, and causes many sore spots, to require a young man or a young woman to follow an occupation for which they are not fitted. All people are not farmers, all are not lawyers, all are not physicians, but many are not in their right class. The farmer should not travel the road to the city - he has no business there. The man engaged in a legal or professional calling has no business in the country.

Our youths should not be censured and condemned, because they want to and do travel the frequented road from country to city. They are only wanting to "Find Themselves" - have a desire to get a glimpse of "Self" and learn their true worth. If the boy, who is wanting to get "higher up," wants to go to the city, let him go. If the "collar" is an ill fitting one, he soon will return home and seek another road.

If a boy or girl possesses genius, there is no power to hold them down and keep them from progressing. Onward, forward and up is their slogan. They know nothing of retrogression, but much of progression. They forget they are hungry and work on. They forget they are sleepy and rise another round on the ladder. Place them in a prison cell and their minds

keep working and grasping for new ideas and how to get on. If they do not possess genius, they are of but little value in the city or in the country.

We are not fatalist, but it looks as though some can never get another round "higher up," if all the money, all the advantages in life were piled mountain high around them. It is not in them and what is not in a thing can not be gotten out. Why is it that some can not be held back and some can not be urged forward? If the boy wants to travel the road to the city, let him go – he is only "hunting his calling."

### **And Other Roads**

And not digressing there are many roads leading to the city and to other places. These roads are either good or bad. Any people are known by their roads. The public highways are marks of progress. The spirit of good roads is here and has come to stay. The public have the "fever" but just a few have not. It is true that our rural mail routes are not what they should be. Our carriers must drive six days of the week, while others only go over the road occasionally. Our rural mail routes should have more and better care. We like to get our mail on time and not from a grouchy carrier made so by bumping over roads, stumps and pulling through mud holes. How are our roads, eh?

**September 27, 1917**

**Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri**

### **Crawdad**

#### **An Old Aunt**

We have had a rough time of it all through life – a sort of predestined step-child of hard luck – damned if we did and damned if we didn't. The first two years of our life was the best and happiest. All we had to do was to draw life from two living fountains, kick up our heels and grow. But our old aunt came to our place and persuaded us to go home with her and stay all night. When we went back home next morning we found a new brother had come to stay. We had to give up mother's warm lap for dad's old knee and since then our troubles commenced and grew upon us at a wonderful rate.

Reader, did you ever see a more busy people, not only here, but everywhere? A general unrest prevailed. There is an abnormal condition in every phase of life. All are in a hurry. One can not go fast enough, yet all seem to be happy and contented despite a world-war upon us, to take the manhood of the nation away to fight a mighty foe. A different spirit has gotten hold of our people and the complexion of things have undergone a wonderful change. While most all appear to be happy, yet there is a sadness hidden away down in the recesses of the heart. "Two shall be on the housetop; one shall be taken and the other left; "Two shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left." "It is Rachel weeping for her children and will not be comforted, because they are not."

It is going to take months to restore things back to normal conditions. There will be many sad hearts before the time. The pillow will be wet with a mother's tears, praying for the safe return of a darling boy gone to the trenches to fight for the honor of his country. All will not return. Some will, but can you depict the difference of feeling between the mother who sees her son return home and the one who knows that he is gone forever. It seems that fate has set her iron foot on the race and the present state of affairs had to come. It seems that the awful crisis could not have been prevented. One thing we do know, it has come and the emergency must be met. It can be and will be met and the honor of our people be preserved.

**July 25, 1918**

**Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri**

J. A. Rudick who was a correspondent for this paper from McElhaney last year has returned from a long trip to Iowa and Kansas. For six months he has been on a farm near Topeka and reports the corn crop in good condition all over Kansas except in the south part. Mr. Rudick is stopping with John D. Edmiston west of McElhaney for awhile.

**June 12, 1919**

**Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri**

R. E. Ruddick [sic], known generally as "Crawdad," who has written some correspondence for this paper, left yesterday for Galena, Kansas, to resume his former position as reporter for the Galena Times.

**June 20, 1919**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

J. A. Rudick, commonly known as "Crawdad," having formerly resided south of this city, on Five Mile, and for the past two and a half years and has been in Neosho, Missouri and various other places in this district is in Galena for a few days on business and visiting friends. Mr. Rudick was formerly the city editor of the Times.

**Rudick Returns after Two Years Absence (By Crawdad)**

After a long absence and much meandering we find a hearty welcome with our many friends in and around Galena. Coming here from the berry fields of southwest Missouri, where the berry growers came into their own by a big crop and good prices coming from a country where you cannot step three feet in any direction without stepping up or down hill coming from and to quote Dr. Crance "from people, who are the gladdest, the maddest, baddest, humanest craziest, most expensive, loviest, ugliest, cleanest, dirtiest, happiest, saddest, kindest, and cruelest people this side of the "New Jerusalem," who does their damdest to do all in their power to make a living and to make the world happy."

Coming back to good old Galena we find the same kind of faces as in days past and gone. Having been in many towns, cities and where many souls dwell we find no place we like so well as Galena and the surrounding country.

**July 18, 1919**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**Union District No. 18**

We heard that Crawdad had to come to life again and began backing into this neck of the woods. We guess the rainy weather they were having up north is driving the Crawdads to the warm, sunny, dry lands of Kansas, near Galena. Anyway he can make some people believe he has been to war, but just remember that Crawdad the first has returned.

**Lick Prairie**

After a year or so of absence we will enter again among the writers. Crawdad, who has been a booster for the Republican for the past eighteen years, was in our midst last week and was wondering what had become of the old mule that was once saved by a woman's prayer.

**Pleasant Valley**

John Rudick, better known as "Crawdad" to the readers of the Galena Republican was in Crestline the first of the week looking after correspondents, and working for the interests of the paper. We are glad to see Crawdad back again, with the Republican force. We see he keeps busy, by all correspondents, both old and new ones, writing. He will soon have correspondents in from all over the country, and then the Republican will be a real newsy weekly paper and one everyone will be glad to read. While in Crestline, Crawdad called at the home of the writer, where he always finds a welcome awaiting him any time he happens to call. Come again, Uncle John.

**Crawdad Joltings - Lawton**

Time and space forbids us telling of the many homes we visited and in almost every home we found that the Galena Weekly Republican was and had been a visitor for a number of years.

**August 8, 1919**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

Joe Cousatte, who has been in the service overseas for the last year, has returned to his home in the country, Baxter Route 4. Mr. Cousatte was in Galena today visiting with his cousin, J. A. Rudick.

**June 24, 1921**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**"Crawdad" Convalescing**

J. A. Rudick, better known to his many friends as "Crawdad" was in Galena Saturday from Five Mile where he has been the last month convalescing from a severe illness, having been in St. John's hospital in Joplin six weeks prior to going to his former home on Five Mile. He hoped to be able to resume his work at the Galena Smelter next Monday.

**November 24, 1921**

**Joplin Globe**

**Obituary – Rudick**

James [sic] Rudick, 63 years old, died at 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning at the home of his cousin, Mrs. John Atkins, seven miles southwest of Galena, Kan. Three other cousins also survive. They are Mrs. Frank Findlay of Joplin, Mrs. Clinton Neda of Picher and A. C. Chase of Ottawa, Okla. Funeral arrangements have not been completed.

**J. A. Rudick Dies.**

Galena, Kan., Nov. 23. - J. A. Rudick died at 2 o'clock this morning at the home of his niece, Mrs. John Atkinson on Five Mile, eight miles southwest of Galena. Rudick was well known throughout the country. He has been in ill health for the past year. Rudick was a member of the St. Patrick's Catholic church and the Knights of Columbus of Joplin. His body was taken to Joplin, where funeral services will be held at 9 o'clock Friday morning from the Frank-Slevers Undertaking chapel.

**November 25, 1921**

**Joplin Globe**

**Obituary – Rudick**

Funeral Services for James [sic] Rudick who died Wednesday morning, will be held at 9 o'clock this morning from St. Peter's Catholic church, Eighth and Pearl streets, to Hornet cemetery.

**November 25, 1921**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

**J. A. Rudick (Crawdad) Passes Away**

J. A. Rudick, better known as "Crawdad" passed away Wednesday morning at 2 o'clock in the home of his niece and husband, Mr. and Mrs. John Atkins on Five Mile, about eight miles southwest of Galena.

Mr. Rudick resided on a farm on Five Mile near the Ralph Standley farm, twenty-five years and is well known throughout the southern part of the county.

During the last twenty years, he has been a contributor to the Galena Republican, his articles being of great interest to his many friends in the rural districts. The signature to all of his writings he used the name "Crawdad" entirely.

About three years ago he came to Galena to reside having a position at the Galena Smelter as weighman. The last year he has been in ill health and has spent the greater part of the time on the farm on Five Mile.

Three years ago he united with St. Patrick's Catholic Church.

At the time of going to press no funeral arrangements have been made.

**December 4, 1921**

**The Kansas City Kansan**

### **Crawdad is Dead**

The Galena Times records the passing of Crawdad, for twenty years contributor to the Galena press. He was the country correspondent from Five Mile. His name was J. A. Rudick, but he had written for twenty-five years under the nom de plume of "Crawdad," and as "Crawdad" he was known far and wide.

It is not only Rudick that has passed away, but an era. Twenty-five years ago there was a peculiar fitness in the nom de plume, just as there was in Mark Twain when that title was adopted by Samuel M. Clemons. Then the frequent ponds were filled with crawdads, and mud towers appeared along the road, at the bottom of which the crawdaddy was supposed to live. They say that Illinois is called the Sucker state because immigrants, in passing through and finding no palatable water, would run hollow reeds down in these holes and from them draw fresh, cool, refreshing liquid.

Barefoot boys of early days would bend pins into hooks and carefully lower them into ponds, drawing forth the crawfish therein and thus supplying themselves with bait for more serious fishing. It was the urchin trudging along the wooded road who gave the affectionate name of "crawdaddy" to the backward crawling animal.

The crawdad is gone; has been gone for these years. Now "Crawdad" the correspondent, has passed. The old-time country correspondent is passing – he who told the neighborhood gossip, even the price of corn, the progress of many courtships and dissertations on politics.

They are all creatures of the past. Yet the old timer holds them in loving remembrance, and wishes them eternal felicity in filling the columns of the Heavenly Hooppole.

**December 2, 1921**

**Galena Weekly Republican**

The passing of "Crawdad" causes many a heart to grieve, when they think of the kindly genial nature of Mr. Rudick. His friends were many and the Galena Times and Republican were in his best thoughts, a writer of peculiar character and a genius, in his odd way he reached readers other writers could not interest. He bubbled over with good nature and when displeased could wield a caustic pen, but always a vein of human ran through his writings. He tried according to his own words to walk on the sunny side of the road.

