

He was born on July 31, 1878 in a log house just 6 miles out of Independence, Kansas.

He was just four months old when he moved to the farm where he has lived for seventy-five years.

He was one of four children. John Henery was the oldest of his brothers, John William, then my grandfather John Peter, and his sister Sophia.

When he was eight or nine he went with his father and another man buffalo hunting. He would help his father skin them. They killed them for the hides, which they got nine or ten dollars for each.

When they were kids they always had a buffalo skin hanging on the wall, and when nobody was looking they cut beards and mustaches out of it. They sure had a ball with that old buffalo hide.

He skipped school one day to haul coal from Oklahoma. When they came home the next day they drove through Coffeyville, where just an hour before the Dalton boys had made a famous attempt to rob two banks at the same time. The townspeople gunned down all of them. This was the last of the robberies by the Dalton gang.

My grandpa, his brother, and two other friends took a covered wagon to the Oklahoma land rush. It started at ten o'clock in the morning in the Panhandle of Oklahoma. When they shot the cannons to start, it was everyone for himself. They got into the heart of Oklahoma when they decided to go home. My grandpa always liked excitement and fun, and they were there just for the fun of it.

In 1910 my grandpa and his sister moved to Colorado. Here he met his wife, whom he has been married to now for fifty-five years this coming October.

He lived with his wife on a farm in Colorado for eight years. Here he grew cabbage and tomatoes. One year he grew eleven acres of cabbage which produced some 20 to 22 pound heads of cabbage. That year he shipped 22 train car loads of cabbage to market.

During this time they had five children, Rhine, Mari, John, Henery, & Roland.

In 1917 my grandpa bought his first car, a model T Ford. He paid \$388 dollars for the car. He said it would go anywhere, and they always kept a handy can of water for the radiator.

In March 1919 the whole family moved back to the old home in Kansas. There they raised mostly wheat and corn and other grains.

During the depression they had a good crop of grain. So he thought eh would go to town and sell about 500 bushels. He got \$5.00 for it all, ten cents a bushel.

My grandpa has two fingers missing. He always tells us kids how it happened, he says, "My Bible says, if your had offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee, and thats what happened to my fingers." But it really happened when he was working on his old Ford tractor. His son started it and grandpa forgot he still had is fingers in the fan. He said, "They came off slick as a whistle."

Now my grandpa and grandma live with us, and every day I look forward to his new and interesting stories. He always looks on the bright side of life and always makes life fun.

He's the greatest!!

Comment from teacher:

Your grandfather ought to write a book!

P.S. I wrote this for a grade school assignment when I was in 7th grade at Trinity Lutheran School in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

