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SPORTS
FICTION
WANT ADS
FEATURES

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Section B

Morrow's War Savings Plan Carried to Hearts of People

Idea That Saving Also Meant Personal Protection Against "Rainy Day" Brought Success to Campaign—Untangling Marine Transport Mess.

By MARY MARGARET M'BRIDE.
ARTICLE III.

MEN and women everywhere carried heavy burdens during the war, whether fighting in the front-line trenches, caring for the wounded and sick in the hospitals, or organizing, providing and allocating men, materials and food essential to victory.

Mr. Morrow did his share both in this country and abroad; it was a task he met quickly and broad enough to meet the needs and the way to meet them has laid the foundation for a national reputation as organizer and harmonizer.

In spite of his responsibility in the enormous and perplexing task of furnishing credit and supplies to this nation and others, he accepted without hesitation when Governor Walter Edge called him to aid in solving the pressing problem of New Jersey's overcrowded state prisons. And when, on Nov. 1, 1917—six months after we had entered the war—Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo appointed him director of the national war savings committee for the state of New Jersey, he cheerfully took on that obligation, too."

Had Mr. Morrow visioned his war savings duties merely as a sales campaign—some directors in other states did, with results not alto-



Dwight Morrow holding his little daughter, Constance.

gether fortunate—he might have lessened his labors considerably and contented himself with pointing to figures and figures only. He, however, had a different conception of how the campaign's success was founded on the original idea at Washington that it should be an effort to educate the people to the need for self-denial in all things required for the men in the trenches or on our battleships.

Morrow was determined that New Jersey should lead in this patriotic effort. He associated some of the principal men of the state with him and all joined heartily in a campaign not merely to preach the buying of war stamps and consequent saving of money, but to influence everyone to save anything that might be needed by our fighting forces.

An incident late in 1917, just after the war stamp work got under way, illustrates the part that has been played by his success by his talent for winning people in spite of themselves.

He had gone to a state where he was not very well-known to address a meeting of a national organization on the subject of war saving stamps.

When it came time for him to utilize the time grudgingly allotted to him, the not very efficient chairman said: "We're now going to hear from—" (hesitating and turning to Mr. Morrow)—"I beg your pardon, what is the name? Oh yes, Mr. Morrow of-the—I beg your pardon, what is the committee?—on the subject of—I beg your pardon, what is the subject?—"

Such an introduction was not the best a speaker could ask. Some men would have been confused but such was Morrow's enthusiasm and magnetism that before he had talked many minutes men and women who had thought they were not interested in war savings stamps and had been gathering their wraps to depart settled back. When he finally stopped, the audience shouted for him to go on

The Morrow policy was to teach the public that the war could be won only if materials and labor were sent to the front in quantity and with speed. That meant individual self-denial.

"Go without if you intend to win," he declared; persistently he hammered home the message that if non-fighters kept on using supplies needed by the fighters, no battle could be won. With an enemy 2,000 miles across the ocean, not near our door, it was more than the work of a day to establish the imperative need for self-sacrifice. Morrow made the issue personal by pointing out that savings would mean insurance against sickness and unemployment, twin spectres that haunt every human being. He explained carefully, too, that money deposited with savings banks or invested in savings companies in the form of premiums would ultimately serve the uses of the United States as well as though used to purchase stamps.

This was a new idea, Morrow's own, and at first met entirely in accord with the selling campaigns conducted in many other states. It was an immediate influence, however, for not only did New Jersey take its full quota of stamps, but savings banks promptly reported sudden increases in deposits, and insurance companies a run-up in applications for new policies. People of New Jersey were quick to see that Morrow's advice was sound, war or no war.

A leaflet gotten out by the Morrow committee, "Robinson Crusoe and Thrift Stamps," embodying the New Jersey idea, was reprinted widely throughout the nation and was used by the national Liberty loan committee in the third loan campaign. New Jersey thrift on the Morrow plan became as nationally known as New Jersey Justice.

The formation of war savings societies in various industries was also fostered first by the Morrow committee.

As success after success in the war savings plan was reported from New Jersey, Morrow was asked to speak throughout the country.

One of his addresses made at this time has since been constantly used as an appeal to upbuild American savings; it was a plea to every citizen to save 20 cents a day.

"In the great enterprise of the restoration of Europe the indispensable man, the hero, will be the plain old-fashioned man who spends less than he produces and thus creates a fund without which all plans for the restoration of Europe must come to naught," Morrow said.

"If each of the 100,000,000 people in the United States would save 20 cents a day for 300 days a year, the capital fund of the United States would be increased by $6,000,000,000."

President Wilson was quick to show his appreciation of the broader basis on which Morrow had conducted the New Jersey campaign. The chaos existing among the allied nations over shipping and over supplies was steadily imperilling the success of the war, and the president was searching the country for a man who understood unity, cooperation and organization in order to name him as a member of the allied maritime transport council.

He chose Dwight Morrow. In two weeks Morrow had obtained temporary release from the Morgan firm, had closed out other important duties, and was sailing across the Atlantic.

In Paris gathered with men from all the nations allied in war, Mr. Morrow had need for every get-together trait he possessed.. It has been said that ships won the war. At least the story of ships in the war is one of the most dramatic of the great tragedy. But as matters stood when the maritime council early in 1918 began its effort to bring order out of chaos, the war was far from being won, and ships were far from being the effective agencies they must become if victory was to be expected.

Mr. Morrow took with him abroad the theory he has always held—that for individuals to agree, it is only necessary to bring out the underlying facts, and reason will follow. That theory, he contended, applied to nations as well as to individuals, and he undertook to have it dominate the maritime council.

To understand the seriousness of the chaotic shipping situation at the time, it should be recalled that in the earlier years of the war each of the warring nations carried on what amounted to a separate war with Germany. Each maintained its own military and naval command, its own distinct type of guns, munitions and other war materials, its own ports, its own system of transport and supplies.

For example, it was common enough for a cargo of wheat going from India to England to pass in the Mediterranean a cargo of wheat bound from America to Italy. Both ships needlessly sailed through a German submarine zone, both made needlessly long voyages. The Indian wheat should have stopped at Italy and its place in England should have been taken by the American wheat. So it was with coal. Italy needed badly shipping coal from England meant time lost, ships endangered. How much easier and safer it would have been to have France send coal from its own mines by rail into Italy and for England to ship a similar tonnage across the channel to France.

Looking backward, such adjustments seem only a reasonable basis on which all concerned would promptly agree, but in the heat of war it was different. Each nation was seeking its own salvation and each wanted its way. The allied maritime council had to establish order out of chaos for all and all for one," and get the powers to enforce it.

The first step was to follow the Morrow plan of getting at the facts. What were each nation's shipping requirements? What could each nation furnish others out of its own resources?

Even here care had to be taken that nations should not ask too much beyond their needs, and agree to give up too little of their own resources. Round-table discussions went on almost endlessly. Finally a working agreement was reached for the allotment of ships and the distribution of supplies of all kinds. A control board was established to route food, war munitions and men from America and other countries. The plan was an enlargement of the wheat distribution plan then working so well. It involved many kinds of supplies, from a needle to a locomotive, from a hospital bed to a trench tool, and the Morrow movement was both dedicate and difficult.

In the final summary of factors contributing to the allied victory, the transport council must be placed high on the list. If ships were the war, or were among the ranking influences that won the war, then this estimate of the council's work is accurate, for it found misunderstandings and suspicions between nations as to ships and supplies and it brought understanding, frankness and unity.

Without disparaging other members of the council, it can be said that Mr. Morrow did his full share of this essential work, and his associates have not hesitated to credit him most generously with bringing about results. He proved his pet theory that men sitting together and confining themselves to fact-finding eventually find a way to united action; most important of all in that war time it came to be revealed to each nation, little by little, that other nations, too, could be high-minded and unselfish once the whole situation was frankly revealed.

The work that Morrow was doing in the council soon attracted the attention of General Pershing, who sent for him to come to Chaumont, where American general headquarters were located. Morrow preferred to remain a civilian. His role was civil aid to Pershing. He described his duties at Chaumont as those of "general errand boy." But the "errands" upon which Pershing sent him had a good deal to do with the conduct of the war.

In the Chaumont days, Morrow kept a little notebook in which he made all sorts of entries about supplies and specifications—so much barbed wire for so many feet of front-line trenches and the like.

The little book was so useful that officers at headquarters borrowed it until it was worn threadbare.

Morrow was in the first automobile load of men to enter the town of Lille after the Germans evacuated. He went into a little restaurant there and bought a big loaf of bread which he broke into three pieces. The only French words he or any of the party knew were "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite!" Morrow shouted them, and Frenchmen and Americans staged a brotherly little celebration then and there.

After they had eaten the bread, Morrow made signs to ask for meat —none of his party had tasted any for many days—and when it was brought he meowed and gestured to ask if it was cat meat. The restaurant keeper laughed heartily, and made a sign of long ears to indicate that the meat was rabbit. The peasants named Morrow "the friendly American." He got on just as well with their superiors. Politicians, Briand, Tardieu, and other prominent warriors and statesmen when he met them, and grew to have such an interest in the country and the people, that, though he knew no French, a Frenchman said, "He speaks the language of our hearts."

Mr. Morrow received a Distinguished Service Medal from his own country for his war services, and was decorated also by Italy, France and Greece. The citation for the D. S. M., which was presented personally by General Pershing, ran:

"He was responsible for the first intelligent systematization of the complete allied tonnage situation and his able presentation of the situation to the allied countries materially affected the tonnage policy, resulting in all possible economy. By his tact and good judgment in matters affecting the establishment of the maritime board of allied supply, he helped materially in the splendid results obtained by that organization."

On Oct. 17, 1918, Mr. Morrow wrote to his daughter Elisabeth from Paris:

"When you are an old, old lady



Where wraiths of the past, as they say in Platte County, re-enact dark deeds of nights when the wind moans through the trees and over the fields—historic Half Way House between Platte City and Weston.

Mystery Haunts Feudal House Where Slaves Were Auctioned

Legend Tells of Gay Parties, Heavy Wines and Negro Servants in Half Way House's Early Days—Occurrences Now at Abandoned Place, in Weston Community, Baffle Even the Unsuperstitious.

WHEN the moon casts long shadows, and the winds sweep over Platte County's fields and hills, ghosts of the past walk at Halfway House.

Phantom coaches-and-four rattle up to the long, colonnaded veranda that is no more, phantom voices call out greetings, merry quips are passed back and forth, and carried away by the wind.

The old mansion, mid-way between Platte City and Weston on the old pike road, again is warm with hospitality. Its great front doors are back in place, big logs crackle again in its huge fireplaces, its windows are not just the gaping holes the sunlight finds but bright rectangles of light.

The appetites of portly guests and thin ones are sharpened as goblets are filled brimming with sparkling wines from the cellar. Black servants carry in huge skewers of steaming meats . . . but the wind veers, and all is black and shadowy.

The wraiths of murdered men cry out with the flappings of loose boards and the moaning of the wind, through the awry skeleton of the rambling old place. Irons clank as fettered slaves turn in the basement keep.

But no one has lived there since 1851, when violence typical of those



Grim and forbidding is this stone-arched entrance to the iron-grilled dungeon under the tottering framework of Half Way House.

colorful, more rugged days was done, and a pioneer planter's mansion closed its story as a notorious tavern.

Resolved Mysteries.

A ghostly pageantry is all that is left it. Strange things since have occurred there, the story goes. Doors securely fastened and braced in the evening have been found open and swaying in the wind in the morning, and mysterious noises were ensnared from it at night.

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with white curls and grandchildren, more may be another war, although some wise people say that there never will be.

"I hope the wise people are right, but I doubt it. When your grandchildren march off to the war, they will think that war consists of parades, music and flags.

"You can tell them that you never saw a war, but that your father saw a little bit of a big war when you were a small girl and that he wrote you about it, and in the war that he saw there were no bands and no flags, but that it consisted mainly of muddy roads, very much crowded with trucks and horses and horses, with carcasses lying dead in the fields, occasionally a dead man that had not been buried, and very often the white bones of men that had been dead for a long time."

In September, 1925, almost seven years after he had gone back to private life, Mr. Morrow's government again called upon him for service. At this time, President Coolidge took note of the fact that though men had learned to fly, their wings did not always take them out of the zone of human conflict. He appointed a board "for the purpose of making a study of the best means of developing and applying aircraft in national defense."

The board members learned of their appointment when they saw their pictures in the newspapers next day. It was a revival of the wartime custom of drafting talent, the president gave his appointees no chance to refuse service. He summoned them to Washington, thanks them for their willingness to help the government in this important work," and explained that the board must unfortunately be unrewarded since there was no appropriation from which to pay their expenses.

Need for the board had grown

Continued on page 13-B.

Erected 1858.

Half Way House was erected, was originally built and operated as a toll road or pike, used for hauling heavy traffic inland from the river landing at Weston and for the transport of supplies to the army post at Leavenworth. The toll gate was located about a mile west of the town, near what is now known as the Sims farm.

The gate was tended and the tolls collected by Mrs. Peyton Randolph Waggoner with the assistance of her son, the late Honorable Balie P. Waggoner, who many years afterward became prominent in legal and political affairs in the state of Kansas.

With the progress of railroad building and the cessation of traffic on the Missouri River the revenues from the toll road ceased, and the highway was thrown open to public use free of tolls.

The Half Way House is about thirty-five miles from St. Joseph over concrete pavement with the exception of three miles of unimproved road from Highway 71 just north of Platte City.

Built of Walnut Lumber.

From that time until now, except for a few months many years ago when a new owner lived in the house while directing some farm improvements, the old building has been unmolested. It is empty, but now it is uninhabitable.

The building stands on high basement walls of stone on a sloping hillside north of the highway. Walnut joists of immense size and beautiful grain support the upper structure, the lumber in which is all hand hewn, even the laths that hold the plaster in position having been split by hand.

There is a large central hall, with two commodious rooms on each side. Above these rooms, and reached by a narrow stairway ascending from a small rear hall, is a low attic room, probably used for sleeping quarters by those who could not afford to pay for the better accommodations on the lower floor.

A large porch formerly extended along the entire south front of the building, facing the highway, and it is said that there was an auction block for the sale of slaves.

A large room used for both kitchen and dining room was in the basement, ample light being admitted through windows piercing the foundation wall on the east, or lower, side. The large fireplace that served this room long ago fallen in ruins, now serves a good purpose, the stones of which it was built having been used in the construction of the fireplace and chimney of a Boy Scout cabin at Weston.

A Dungeon for Slaves.

There is a strange and mysterious compartment in the northwest corner of the basement, perfect material for the writer of modern detective mystery thrillers. Here is a separate room, or cell, twenty-five feet long and twenty feet wide, with thick stone walls and an arched ceiling of the same material. In the side walls and ceiling large iron rings are set, rusty now, but still moving readily in their hangings. Some say slaves brought to the tavern for sale were chained in this room for safekeeping; others declare the slaves of the owner of the place were confined there for punishment; others, more practical perhaps, are sure the room was a wine cellar and the rings were of use in moving heavy casks of wine made from the grapes grown in the large vineyard north of the house.

In November, 1861, was forged another link in the chain that binds the neighborhood to the historic past. Near the bridge that spans Bee Creek, just east of Half Way House, occurred one of those bloody skirmishes that feasted border warfare during the Civil War. One story of the battle of Bee Creek is that Confederate bushwhackers, hearing that Union men were on their way to St. Joseph, planned to waylay them at the tavern. The two forces met just below the tavern and fought furiously for a short time. Although the battle was not a decisive one, and, according to an old veteran, "neither side won; both of 'em run," it adds another bit of glamour.

On Old Toll Highway.

The highway between Platte City and Weston, adjacent to which the Half Way House was erected, was originally built and operated as a toll road or pike, used for hauling heavy traffic inland from the river landing at Weston and for the transport of supplies to the army post at Leavenworth. The toll gate was located about a mile west of the town, near what is now known as the Sims farm.

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WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

By Mrs. Calvin Coolidge

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON has come again to hallow the earth with a spirit of peace and good will. Throngs of busy people are making preparations to celebrate the birthday of the Christ child. Voices of eager children at play take on a gayer tone, and we older ones are thrilled with the remembrance of the days of our own expectant childhood.

Memories of Christmas seasons past separate into three groups for me: Those of my childhood in my father's home, those of my early married life in my own home, and those of later years in the nation's home.

Visions of stockings hung by the sitting-room stove, come with the earlier memories. Some may think an only child is lonely on festal days when others have the companionship of other children in the household, but I think there was no happier child than I, anywhere, and I look back upon the Christmas holidays of my childhood with satisfying pleasure. The gifts which I received were a wise mixture of the useful, the mildly ornamental, and such toys as quicken the heart of a little girl. I remember a bonnet, a delightful affair of fuzzy tan material faced in blue, with two humming birds perched gaily on top amid ribbon bowers, a doll dressed by the clever fingers of my mother, and a wooden cradle—the product of my father's cruder art. I have the doll and the cradle now.

The pages of the years turn, and I come to the memories of Christmas observances which centered in my own small boys. Then, stockings were hung from the parlor mantel. I remember especially the Christmas when my youngest was two and a half years old, was watching the fireplace daily for early glimpses of Santa Claus. On Christmas eve his father bade him look up the chimney and see if he could see anything of him. The little chap got down on his knees and gazed intently up the flue. With an expression of complete satisfaction, he turned to his father and said, "Yep, I can see his foops."

Our Christmas trees were, the usual spruces gay with colored balls and tinsel and lighted with candles. Gifts ranged all the way from overcoats to shoes, with a few toys, a pair of skates or a building set of steel plates, bars and screws for making toy bridges, steam shovels, derricks and all sorts of interesting things.

There comes to mind one Christmas when the boys were in the first and third grades. Each of them received a pair of hand-made leather boots which their grandfather had succeeded in finding after diligent search in some of the country stores of Vermont. One pair was re-enforced with copper toes. Grandfather had many a quaint chuckle to himself coming down on the train to spend Christmas with us, at the thought of two city boys wearing leather boots when country boys considered them old-fashioned. But wear them they did, even to the second and third taps, and in spite of the fact that



This pair of copper-toed boots was given to one of the Coolidge boys by his grandfather, and the boy wore them to a city school!

they made so much noise on the schoolroom floor that they were requested sometimes to remain in their seats while the other children played a game.

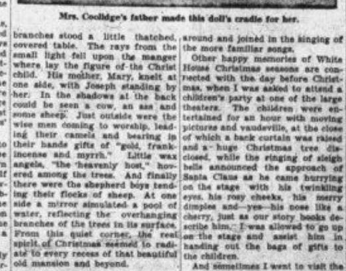
Again I turn the leaves of my book of memory and come to the later chapters in which I find myself making preparations for the observance of Christmas in the White House, with a fireplace in every room making convenient entrances for Santa Claus, and I do believe he took advantage of every one of them, so many were the lovely gifts he left behind.

Several days before Christmas, laurel wreaths tied with bright red bows were hung at the windows and a huge one, trimmed with red berries and pine cones and lighted at night with tiny colored electric lights, was placed over the front doorway. The first year there were two Christmas trees, a large one in the East room on the first floor and a smaller one in the boys' room upstairs.

Somehow we did not seem to have the enthusiasm for our tree that we had always felt in our own little home, and I charged myself with thinking of some way of giving a deeper meaning to our observance of the birthday of the Christ child, with the result that on following years we set the tree in the south end of the east room for a miniature scene of the nativity.

This was arranged on a slightly raised dais, covered with green carpeting and surrounded by potted ferns. At the back were placed five evergreen trees, the tallest in the center, the shortest ones at the ends. At the topmost peak of the middle tree gleamed a silvery star with a tiny electric light in the center. Beneath the projecting branches stood a little thatched, peaked table. The rays from the small light fell upon the manger where lay the figure of the Christ child. His mother, Mary, knelt at one side, with Joseph standing by her. In the shadows at the back could be seen a cow, an ass and some sheep. Just outside were the wise men coming to worship, bearing their camels and bearing in their hands gifts of "gold, frankincense and myrrh." Little white angels, "the heavenly host," hovered among the trees. And finally there were the shepherd boys tending their flocks of sheep. At one side a mirror simulated a pool of water, reflecting the overhanging branches of the trees in its surface. From this quiet corner, the real spirit of Christmas seemed to radiate to every recess of that beautiful old mansion and beyond.

On Christmas eve, carols were sung on the north portico led by a chorus of mixed voices numbering about sixty, from the church which we attended. There were accompanied by a piano and three trumpeters from the marine band. A large company of people gathered



Mrs. Coolidge's father made this doll's cradle for her.

around and joined in the singing of the more familiar songs.

Other happy memories of White House Christmas seasons are connected with the day before Christmas, when I was asked to attend a children's party at one of the large theaters. The children were entertained for an hour with moving pictures and vaudeville, at the end of which a back curtain was raised and a huge Christmas tree disclosed, while the ringing of sleigh bells announced the approach of Santa Claus as he came hurrying on the stage with his twinkling eyes, his rosy cheeks, his merry dimples and—yes—his nose like a cherry, just as our story books describe him. I was allowed to go up on the stage and assist him in handing out the bags of gifts to the children.

And sometimes I went to visit the sick children in the hospital. There, too, all was bright and cheery in expectation of the arrival of the merry old gentleman. Once some of the children and I had our pictures taken together and a little boy saw one of them in a newspaper. In it I was seated in front of a Christmas tree with a little boy on my lap. A little girl lay in bed beside us and other children were gathered around. I was reading a Christmas story to them. One day the grandmother of the little boy who saw the picture told him that she was going to Washington and she thought perhaps she would see Mrs. Coolidge. Looking up at her he said, "Grandmother, I wish you would take me to Washington to Mrs. Coolidge; I could hug me."

I consider that one of the finest compliments ever paid me, and if on this Christmas I could gather around me all the little boys and girls to read them a story and give them a hug, I am sure it would be one of the very nicest Christmas times I ever had!

(Copyright, 1930.)



This favorite doll of Mrs. Coolidge's childhood was dressed for her by her mother.

Gifts to Make Auntie Look Up With Surprise/

"That's just the sort of a pocket book I'm looking for," a St. Joseph young woman exclaimed recently as she picked up a small zipper bag from a department store counter. "I'm in need of something besides my old utility bag to carry a vanity, a hanky and some change," she went on to explain to the friend who was shopping with her.

"I'll take this," she continued, handing to the clerk a black cloth bag, about three by five inches. The fact that it was attractively lined in green rubber meant nothing. "And, you know, I believe Aunt Sue and Aunt Ida would like something like that for Christmas." Both bags had a bright blue motive to go with Aunt Ida's new dress and a brown brocade to match Aunt Sue's fur coat.

Later she showed her own bag with considerable pride to her father.

"See how it opens," She illustrated the zipper process. "And it's nicely lined in rubber, too."

With a twinkle in his eye, her father reached for the bag and examined it.

"I state to distillation you, young lady," he said. "But you've bought a tobacco pouch! Sue—" and he pulled from his pocket a worn brown suede zipper bag exactly the same size as the metallic bag that his daughter carried on state occasions.

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History and tradition stalk each other in its gloomy recesses and corners.

No one seems to know when Half Way House was built, nor by whom.

But its line of owners extends back through the years from Walter S. Davis, who grows tobacco and conducts a farm not far away, to one John Floersch.

Floersch was landlord of the tavern for some time, and, according to tradition, it was a place of unsavory reputation.

Floersch's career as a tavernkeeper ended Oct. 20, 1851, when, accompanied by his three sons and another man, probably a farm laborer, by the name of Loom, he went to the home of Hall E. Wilkerson, his neighbor, to release, by force, some live stock that had been impounded for trespass. Floersch was armed with a rifle, and the visit culminated in the killing of Wilkerson by Floersch.

Mr. Wilkerson, who was the first clerk of Platte County, had represented his district in the legislature in 1848, was a major in the state militia, a man highly respected in the community.

Floersch was tried in Clay County by change of venue, was convicted promptly and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of twenty-five years. He died after one year of imprisonment, and the property was sold to satisfy the claim of attorneys who had defended him, and to whom he had given a deed of trust to secure their fees.

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A Dungeon for Slaves.

There is a strange and mysterious compartment in the northwest corner of the basement, perfect material for the writer of modern detective mystery thrillers. Here is a separate room, or cell, twenty-five feet long and twenty feet wide, with thick stone walls and an arched ceiling of the same material. In the side walls and ceiling large iron rings are set, rusty now, but still moving readily in their hangings. Some say slaves brought to the tavern for sale were chained in this room for safekeeping; others declare the slaves of the owner of the place were confined there for punishment; others, more practical perhaps, are sure the room was a wine cellar and the rings were of use in moving heavy casks of wine made from the grapes grown in the large vineyard north of the house.

In November, 1861, was forged another link in the chain that binds the neighborhood to the historic past. Near the bridge that spans Bee Creek, just east of Half Way House, occurred one of those bloody skirmishes that featured border warfare during the Civil War. One story of the battle of Bee Creek is that Confederate soldiers, hearing that Union men were on their way to St. Joseph, planned to waylay them at the tavern. The two forces met just below the tavern and fought furiously for a short time. Although the battle was not a decisive one, and, according to one old veteran, "neither side won; both of 'em run," it adds another bit of glamour.

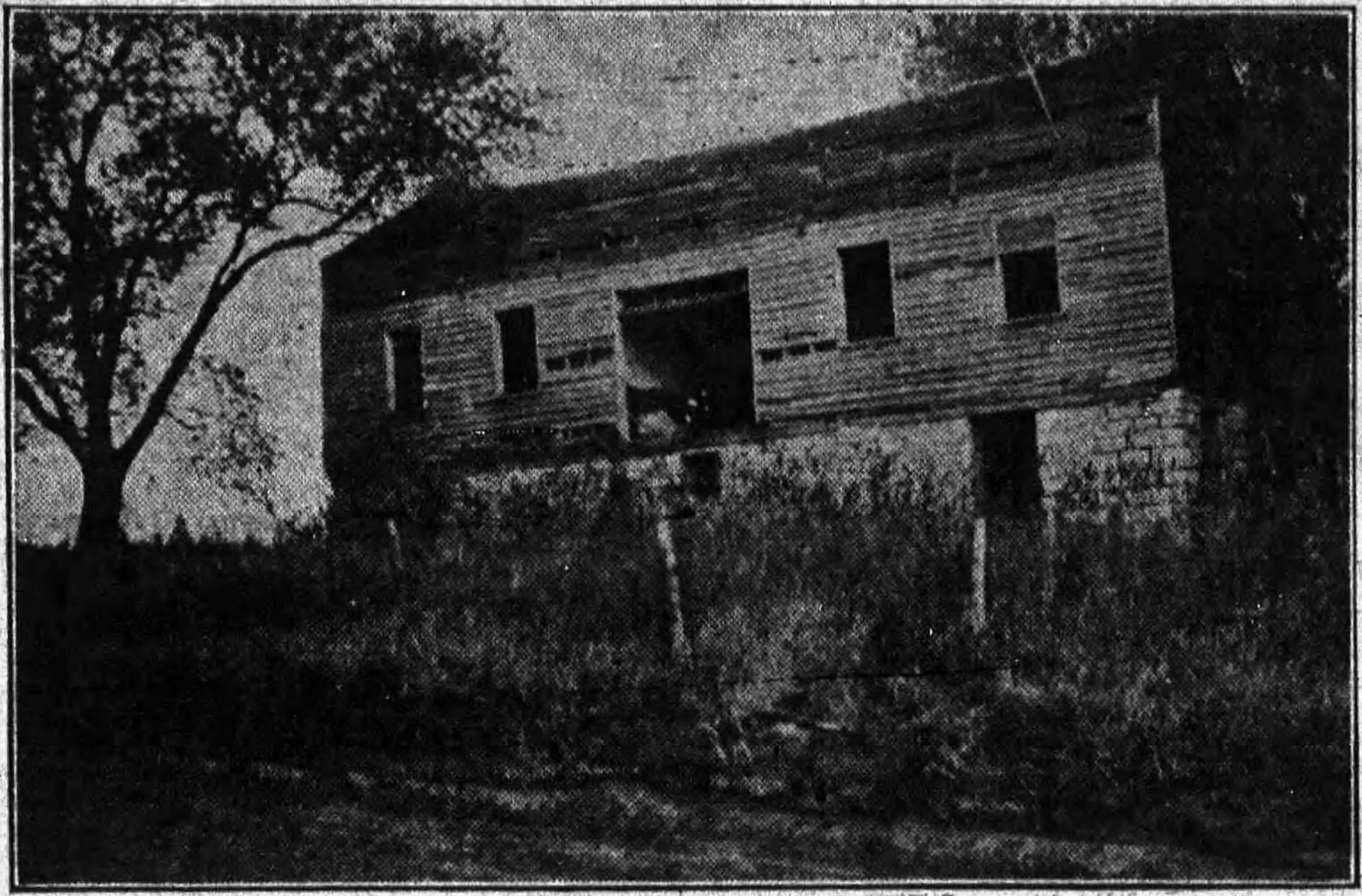
On Old Toll Highway.

The highway between Platte City and Weston, adjacent to which the Half Way House was erected, was originally built and operated as a toll road or pike, used for hauling heavy traffic inland from the river landing at Weston and for the transport of supplies to the army post at Leavenworth. The toll gate was located about a mile west of the tavern, near what is now known as the Siler farm.

The gate was tended and the tolls collected by Mrs. Peyton Randolph Waggener with the assistance of her son, the late Honorable Balie P. Waggener, who many years afterward became prominent in legal and political affairs in the state of Kansas.

With the progress of railroad building and the cessation of traffic on the Missouri River the revenues from the toll road ceased, and the highway was thrown open to public use free of tolls.

The Half Way House is about thirty-five miles from St. Joseph over concrete pavement with the exception of three miles of unimproved road from Highway 71 just north of Platte City.

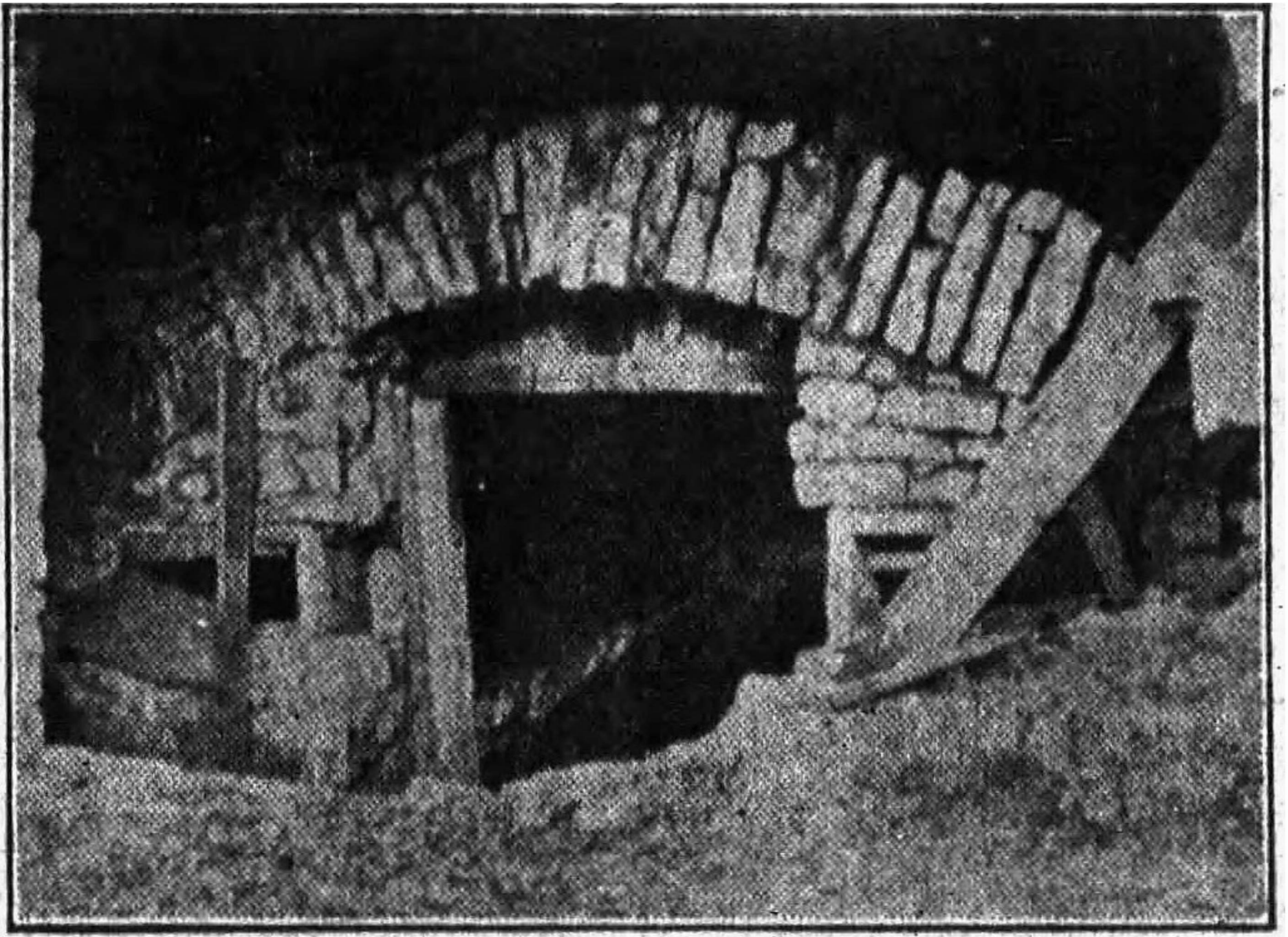


Where wraiths of the past, so they say in Platte County, re-enact dark deeds of nights when the wind moans through the trees and over the fields—historic Half Way House between Platte City and Weston.

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Grim and forbidding is this stone-arched entrance to the iron-grilled dungeon under the tottering framework of Half Way House.