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Knowing History Pays Off

by Mary A. Hall, Retired Public Librarian

One of my positions at Topeka Public Library was Head of Adult Services, and it is from that time I’d like to relate an anecdote. It is especially memorable for me. A call came in to the Library (circa 1963) from a woman who would not identify herself, but who gave her address and said she would like someone to come look at her books. The message was handed to me. I made an appointment with the woman and went to the address, 1272 SW Fillmore, early one afternoon.

When I arrived I realized I was about to enter the home of Chester Woodward, a well-known Topeka businessman, art enthusiast, book collector and world traveler. The Woodward home is a Tudor Gothic mansion built in 1924. The woman who’d called the Library introduced herself as Mrs. Chester Woodward [Frederica]. We sat down in her glorious two and one-half story library—home to Woodward’s 6,000-book collection.

We chatted briefly. Then, she put her hand on top of mine, and said, very seriously, “Do you know about Order #11?” I said I did. (I’d learned about it after finishing Library School in 1954. My first job was in Independence, MO, with the Jackson County Library.) “Well then,” Mrs. Woodward said, “If you know about Order #11, you may look at my books.”

I have no idea why she tested me with Order #11 -- but, thank heavens, I passed! I spent the rest of the afternoon going through her library and came away with two boxes of books she was willing to donate to the Public Library. My boss, Library Director Horace Moses, was a bit miffed that he wasn’t the one to go, but he was delighted with the gems I brought back from the Woodward library.

As a third generation Kansan, I experienced quite a culture shock living in Independence, MO. I had always been taught that Quantrill was a bad man. But, in Missouri, Quantrill was a hero. I became fascinated with the wealth of history on the Missouri border. I learned that

— cont. on p. 2
Order #11 was issued by Union General Thomas Ewing on August 25, 1863, evacuating several Missouri border counties so the residents would no longer be able to give aid to the Confederate bushwackers. Order #11 was issued four days after Quantrill’s famous Raid on Lawrence. Several of the counties affected by Order #11 are now part of the new Freedom’s Frontier National Heritage Area that Bill Wagnon mentioned in his Ritchie House article in the August, 2007, SCHS Historical Highlights. [See also “Freedom’s Frontier,” p. 10]

Remembering June 8, 1966
by John Armstrong, former Topekan [Sent via e-mail from Hawaii.]

In the summer of 1966 I was 17 years old, a junior at Topeka High School, and worked evenings in the basement of the Capital-Journal building at 616 S.E. Jefferson. The flat-roofed building sits on a gently sloping lot, with one story facing west and two stories facing east. Reporters and staff had offices on the top floor, while the printers and their equipment were on the lower floor.

In the early evening of June 8, the sky suddenly became very dark, followed by a torrential rain that quickly flooded the streets. I looked out the large glass window with staff reporter Bert Rinkel, watching the flooding. When the rain finally stopped, and the sky began to lighten, I ran up the stairs that led to the roof of the building. I opened the door and looked southwest at the blue sky in the distance and saw what I thought were birds flying. But soon I realized that the “birds” were actually large pieces of debris that were being tossed aside by a large, rotating tornado located several miles to the southwest and headed our way.

I quickly ran down two flights of stairs and into the basement where I worked with the printers. I said, in a very loud voice, “There’s a tornado and it’s coming this way!!”

One of the older printers looked at me, over the brim of his glasses, and calmly said “Oh, really?”

I yelled “yes” and immediately ran back up to the roof. I opened the door and saw the huge tornado only a few blocks away, coming directly toward me. I will never forget the tremendously loud noise, sounding like the roar of a dozen freight trains. I slammed the door and, once again, raced down the two flights of stairs and into the basement. Without thinking, I immediately ran out the back door and into the parking lot.

As I stood there, completely bewildered and in awe, I watched the back side of this massive tornado, only a few hundred feet away, as it blew away everything in it’s path. The tremendous roar was now gone as it continued northeast in near complete silence, heading toward Billard airport. After the tornado disappeared into the distance, I noticed that the roofs of every single car in the parking lot had been sucked down to the seats and every single pane of glass in each car was broken. I also noticed there was not a cloud in the sky and nothing, absolutely nothing, was moving.

I immediately left work, went home, grabbed two cameras, and began walking toward the area damaged by the tornado. After dark, I became concerned about the downed electric power lines and returned to my home at 2108 Huntoon. The next morning I took...
my cameras, walked to Burnett’s Mound, and began photographing the destruction. I was able get through the National Guard troops, whose job it was to keep people out of damaged areas, because I had a Capital-Journal identification card. I took a photograph of the tornado’s path through the city from Burnett’s Mound, and then began walking northeast, following the path of destruction. I photographed what used to be the Huntington Park Apartments, captured the destruction of many homes and businesses, the rubble of Washburn University, downtown, and on to Billard Airport. I took dozens of photos (black and white and color) which I still have. Even though I have not looked at these photos in years, I will never forget the near total destruction: the Huntington Park Apartments, the partially missing roof of the observatory at Washburn, numerous busses destroyed at the city bus barn, damage to hundreds of homes, and damage at Billard Airport.

I learned a funny story concerning the Topeka Tornado many years later, when a boyhood friend came to visit me while I was living in Alaska. As we talked about the tornado my friend told me about his “experience” on that fateful day. He admitted he had been smoking pot just before he entered Pelliter’s Department Store at the north entrance to get out of torrential rain. After looking around inside the store, he exited through the east entrance of the building. He laughed out loud as he related the next part of his story to me. “A couple of blocks north I saw this gray, 1949 Dodge flip end over end several times. I thought ‘Oh, boy. I’ve had too much pot and I must be flipping out.’ I walked back in the store and didn’t realize until later there had been a tornado just a few blocks away.”

I doubt that either of us will ever forget our memories of the Topeka tornado of 1966.

Fighting Polio Myelites
by Joseph O. Beck, MD

Memory functions much like a digital camera and can give us an instant replay of anything stored in its tank. My memory can recall events of eighty years with great accuracy. For example, I recall that there are perhaps only two or three physicians still living who had first hand experience in the treatment of Polio Myelites here in Topeka during the late 1940s and early 1950s.

Your memory might recall the isolation ward at the old pink hospital (Vail Hospital, now a part of Stormont) It had been built by local donations as a pediatric ward. Polio was epidemic during the summer months and maimed our children by the thousands. The medical profession did not know how the disease was transmitted and very little as to treatment of the acute phase.

Most children had phase one with fever, sore throat and headaches and recovered spontaneously without residual effect. Those who suffered a recurrence of phase one symptoms a few days later developed a stiff neck and varying degrees of muscle involvement with weakness and paralysis. When the muscles of swallowing and breathing were involved we diagnosed “Bulbar Polio,” and these lives were in great jeopardy.

A young doctor and nurse from Forbes Air Force Base Hospital were admitted with these symptoms and promptly died. We had hoped the doctors and nurses were immune, but now we knew! The “Iron lung” was a frightful, noisy machine which breathed for those who couldn’t. Many spent weeks and even months in these monster machines until finally able to come out with varying degrees of paralysis. (One of my patients, Frankie, graduated to a wheelchair, married her high school sweetheart, and had three or four normal children of her own. “Way to go, Frankie!”)

The treatment of the average case of uncompli—

— cont. on p. 4
cated polio was primitive by today’s protocol. Sister Kenny’s program consisted of hot, moist packs and passive exercise. I can’t help but wonder what a heavy dose of steroids would have done if we’d had some.

The professional nursing staff and volunteers who worked in this ward were fearlessly dedicated and entirely heroic. The hours were long and the pay was minimal. By the mid 1950s, the US Public Health Service was involved in a nationwide study of polio myelitis. You Boomers will well remember giving blood samples at your schools. You really were brave little kids who resisted venipuncture, but were proud to be involved in the research program.

The Salk vaccine became available in 1956 and consisted of three injections. This was a live virus vaccine in which the virus had been attenuated or weakened so it did not produce disease, just produced an antibody. In 1963, Dr. Sabin introduced his oral vaccine which, you may recall, was given on sugar cubes.

Epidemic Polio, like Small Pox, was now controlled by inoculation. No one should suffer from the ravages of this disease if given the vaccine. There is now an epidemic, I understand, in the African Congo. This should never be allowed to occur again!

Surviving Polio Myelites
by Susan Marchant, Special Projects, Topeka and Shawnee County Public Library

Susan was a patient of Dr. Beck’s in the early 1950s. Susan remembers her personal battle with polio.

I was just five years old on a hot July 3rd morning in 1951. My sister and I, along with my dad, climbed into our Buick to go purchase fireworks for the next day’s celebration. I do not remember much about the ride, but I remember distinctly trying to get out of the car and my legs going limp. I couldn’t walk.

My dad was convinced that everything orthopedic was either the result of a sprain or could be remedied by Mentholatum. It was a salve developed in Wichita to ease aches and pains. I stayed in the car while Dad and my sister purchased the fireworks. Then we went home. I was now feeling pretty miserable; not only would my legs not hold me, but I hurt and had developed a low grade fever. Mentholatum was good, but it couldn’t cure Polio.

Dr. Beck was our family pediatrician. He helped us get through chicken pox, measles, and mumps. He saw right away that there was a possibility that I might have Polio. The only question was: just how badly did I have it?

I was one of the lucky ones. I had a mild case, and while I couldn’t walk for two months, I had a really cool wheelchair and my folks bought our first television to help entertain me when we ran out of Thornton Burgess and Oz books. The rest of that summer I was quarantined from everyone but my family. My treatment consisted of medications and scalding hot baths, Sister Kenney style. Those were so miserable that my mother and dad lowered me into the steaming bathtub in a small inner tube, so that I could get used to the temperature gradually. To this day, I cannot bear hot water. I gradually improved and was able to start kindergarten in the fall. I still limped; and, every now and again, I caught a glimpse of my mother’s face watching me with tears rolling down her cheeks as I walked haltingly to the sidewalk.

By the time I was in second grade, all students with parental permission took the series of Salk vaccine shots. We were bused to a centrally located school and, with much drama, got our vaccinations. Some of my friends fainted, threw up or cried hysterically: but we were officially Polio Pioneers. As years went on, my limp went away; and Dr. Beck promised that if I wore my corrective saddle oxford shoes in grade school, I would be able to wear high heels in high school. He kept his promise. I wore my first “dyed to match” French heels to my ninth grade graduation.

I cannot say enough how brave those who worked with the victims of this very contagious disease were. They, like Dr. Beck, risked their own lives so that others could walk, marry, work and live.
Challenging Work

by Jack Wisman, SCHS Board Member

The Economy Clothing Store opened in 1936—the middle of the Depression and the dark years of the Dust Bowl! Some of us experienced it first hand. All of us have read about the “dirty thirties.”

My uncle opened the store at 308 Kansas Avenue, and recently we found his business journal detailing his daily sales and expenses. These numbers on faded and torn paper only hint at the difficulties that people went through. Daily sales examples:

- January 19 – total sales, $17.40
- March 16 – total sales, $14.05
- August 21 – total sales, $12.20
- October 9 – total sales, $16.60
- Rent was $15/mo.
- A lady bought a dress for $1.00 on August 11.
- A man purchased a pair of shoes for $1.85 on October 3.

The economy eventually improved. People survived and made a life for themselves. We admire their perseverance, but at the same time are astonished at what they experienced.

308 Kansas has long since been demolished but my uncle’s business journal is still with us. I never knew my uncle—he died at the age of twenty-five. His words are still with us—these words are his legacy. History isn’t just about dates or buildings—it’s also about people—like my Uncle Abe.

Library History Now On-line

by Jeanne Mithen, Special Collections Librarian, Topeka and Shawnee County Public Library

An exciting new development at the Topeka and Shawnee County Public Library is its presence on Flickr.com. Hundreds of photographs chronicle library activities past and present, such as author programs, gallery exhibits, book exhibits and programs, historic and current library views, and staff photos. The photos are arranged by month and/or subject. by individual staff members, coordinated by David King, TSCPL Digital Services Manager. Photos are posted for the public to enjoy—whether reliving programs and events they have attended, or learning about programs they may have missed. The historical photographs of the library buildings and places around Topeka are especially popular with patrons who have viewed them in exhibits and in the Topeka Room local history collection at the Library. Now, everyone can enjoy them online, anytime. When the library’s redesigned website debuts in 2008, there will be a direct link to the Flickr site from the front page. For now, “visit” us at www.flickr.com/photos/topekalibrary.

Carousel to Celebrate 1-0-0

by Anna Yoho, Topeka Parks & Recreation

The Carousel in The Park located in Gage Park, Topeka, was constructed around 1908 by The Herschell-Spillman Company of North Towanda, N.Y.

It is a portable carousel and was originally meant to be assembled and disassembled for ease in moving from town to town. It left New York and traveled across the United States, finally finding a stopping place in City Park, Philadelphia. In 1945 the Carousel was sold to an amusement park in Longview, Texas. Charles Boyles, owner of Boyles Joyland, bought the carousel in 1957 and brought it home to Topeka. A short move from Boyles Joyland to ownership by the City of Topeka in 1986 brought the carousel to its present home in Gage Park. Will Morton of Denver, Colorado performed expert restorations on the animals in the late 1980s, but the carousel has had such heavy use over the years that it is now time to refurbish many of the animals and the carousel.

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itself including the floor, canopy and floor rims. The cost of restoring an individual animal is between $2,500 and $3,500. With thirty-six animals on the Carousel, the cost of keeping this local attraction safe and well maintained is substantial.

The menagerie is a mix of horses and other animals. Horse figures include a wonderful “Kansas horse” with its wheat sheaf and unique medallion “K” seal, two horses with carved wolf-like hides instead of traditional saddles, and a “girl’s choice” horse decked out with a delicately carved yellow rose on the bridle and a matching yellow ribbon on its tail. Other animals include two zebras, two camels, two dogs, two chickens, two rabbits, a reindeer and a billy goat.

The Carousel in The Park will celebrate its 100th birthday in 2008. Please watch for coming announcements of the celebratory events planned to commemorate this Topeka treasure in SCHS’s *Historical Highlights*, the City of Topeka Parks & Recreation catalogues, the *Topeka Capital-Journal*, and various other media.

The Gem Building
by Judge Jan Leuenberger, SCHS Board Member

In 1900, my grandfather, Fritz Leuenberger, began in the grocery business with C. W. Meyer Co., a grocery company and store on Kansas Avenue.

In 1908 Grandpa Fritz and H. L. Klopher, a representative for the Swift Meat Packing Company of Kansas City, MO., formed a partnership for the Gem Market, a retail grocery store at 502-504 West 10th, where they did business for 20 years.

In 1920, Fritz’s son, Fritz “Bud” Leuenberger, Jr. (my father), joined the firm. They expanded the business in 1928 by building the Gem Building—just across the alley west of their other grocery store—opening the Gem Market at 506 W. 10th. Also in the Gem Building, next door west of the market, was the Gem Drug Store. The building’s ground floor also housed “Maxey’s,” a restaurant and bar popular during the 1940s.

The Gem Building was designed by Cuthbert & Suehrk, architects, in the Gothic style. It was erected at a cost of $80,000, a considerable sum at the time. It had a refrigerator system, new to Topeka, to produce ice for the market. There are twelve apartments above the stores. The wood floors, wood beams, light fix-
tures, front window display lights, front door number, front window copper molding and green tile are restored originals.

The Gem Market was one of the finest grocery and meat markets in the city, employing fifteen people. Specializing in fine meat, produce, groceries, and gourmet foods, the Gem made deliveries to all parts of the city, including the new “Westboro subdivision.” The Gem Market produced and marketed many of its own products, including various salad dressings—and dressed and prepared its own poultry. The Gem had the city’s first carryout foods: fresh baked bread, pies, cinnamon rolls, various hot meats, hot vegetables, and cold salads to go.

Topeka High School was completed in 1931.

Western Ave. marked the western edge of the city at that time.

The Great Depression and food shortages, then rationing and rent control during World War II, provided seventeen long years of challenges to our family-owned business.

Competition from various shopping centers, developed in the 1950s, caused the Gem Market to close in 1955. Since that time, the building has remained a viable part of the business community, providing historic “downtown” apartment living and commercial office space in the heart of the city.

In 1992 the Gem Building was awarded a Preservation Award by Historic Topeka.

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### An Invitation

Are you passionate about some aspect of Shawnee County History? An anecdote? Historical research? A preservation project? Does your historical interests lie within Topeka, North Topeka, Auburn, Dover, Rossville, Silver Lake, Highland Park, Oakland, Shawnee Heights, or environs? Good!

The Education Committee of SCHS invites you to write briefly on the topic of your choice and submit your work for possible publication in our newsletter. See topics covered in this issue for length and scope examples. Be sure to answer these journalistic questions—**who/what/when/where/why?**—concerning your topic. Submit work for consideration to Carol Yoho, cyoho@cox.net, 3013 SW Quail Creek Dr., Topeka, KS 66614. Call 785.273.3089 or e-mail with questions.

We’d like to enlighten our readers about what you love about local history. If you are not yet a member of the Shawnee County Historical Society, join today using the form on page 11. Make your voice heard in the education, preservation and publication missions of SCHS.
Robert Collins has written both fiction and history. His previous book from 2005 was about James G. Blunt, a Kansas Civil War general. Collins lives in Andover, Kansas.

Undoubtedly, James Lane played a major role in the history of Topeka, Kansas, and the Nation. But to some historians today, the name “James Lane” raises questions. He has been called a hero at best, and at worst, a charlatan or a madman.

A new book about him polishes Lane’s tarnished reputation, broadening our understanding of Lane’s role in Territorial Kansas. Robert Collins’ *Jim Lane: Scoundrel, Statesman, Kansan* presents this assessment when he quotes historian Lloyd Lewis from the late 1930s: “It was really Lane who did more than any other one soul to make Kansas free.”

He continues, “Kansas laughed about him then, we laugh at him now, but just the same, it was Lane who was the head of the executive committees, it was Lane who was chairman in the meeting of that Free-State experiment in revolution, it was Lane who was general of the fighting forces, Lane who wrote the resolutions, Lane who drafted the memorials and appeals for statehood, and when the Free-Soil men of Kansas territory had something formal to present to congress, it was Lane who was sent to do it.”

At the same time, Collins quotes other historians with less favorable views of Lane’s accomplishments. These are understandable given the turmoil of the times and the various viewpoints, including the opposing ones of Lane and Charles Robinson, the Free State governor.

It is not the intent here to argue Lane’s merits and demerits. Nor will Lane’s later life be presented; as guard for President Lincoln, as the first United States Senator from Kansas, his various scandals and his death by suicide.

Rather, what seems of interest to readers in Topeka and Shawnee County is Collins’ writings about Lane’s years in Topeka, in the “Bleeding Kansas” era.

In 1854, when Lane was a member of the U.S. House of Representatives from Indiana, he voted for the Kansas-Nebraska Act. He later admitted it was one of the biggest mistakes of his political career.

One theory presented in the book is from an associate of James Lane. He contended that Stephen Douglas, author of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, had personally met with Lane to try to get his vote. Lane replied, “such is the opposition of my constituents to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise that it would be nothing short of political suicide for me to support your bill.” Douglas responded that if Lane voted against the bill, the national Democratic Party would run a candidate against him in the upcoming election and he (Lane) would be defeated.

“It is at that point in the conversation,” Collins continues, “that Douglas dangled the prospect of a Senate seat in front of Congressman Lane. The senator told Lane he was certain that within a year Kansas would be admitted to the union. (It turned out to be seven years.) He (Douglas) and other party leaders wanted ‘some first-class young man’ to organize a Democratic Party in the new territory. Douglas told Lane he wanted him to do the job, promising the support of the administration if he took it on. Douglas even assured Lane that if he went he would be ‘dictator of the party’ in Kansas, determining the other senator, controlling who took federal posts, and having a powerful national standing... He (Douglas) was supposedly so confident he even promised that Lane could run for president ‘after my second term.”

Regardless of the truth of the above conversation, Lane did travel to Kansas and began to organize the Democratic Party there in Lawrence on July 27, 1855.

When he got to Kansas, Lane began referring to himself as “Jim Lane” rather than “James Lane.”
At a Free State mass meeting in August 1855 at Big Springs, there was a call for an assembly to be held at Topeka.

“The convention met in Topeka (Constitution Hall) on September 19 as planned... The committee (regarding the organization of a State Government) would be called the Executive Committee of Kansas Territory... Lane was elected chairman of the executive committee.”

It was determined at the September 19 meeting to meet in Topeka for a constitutional convention.

The Topeka constitutional convention met on Oct. 23, 1855 (in Constitution Hall). Lane was elected chairman. He addressed those there, “You have met, gentlemen, on no ordinary occasion—to accomplish no ordinary purpose. You are the first legal representatives the real settlers of Kansas have ever had. ...Your work is to give birth to a government—your labor is to add another State to our Union.”

The Bill of Rights written at this convention said, “There shall be no slavery in this State, nor involuntary servitude, except for crime” and “No indenture of any negro or mulatto, made and executed out of the bounds of the State, shall be valid within the State.”

There were also two questions to be voted on separately. One concerned banking. The other concerned the exclusion of blacks.

Collins relays a conversation between Lane and John Speer (who operated his printing press in Constitution Hall and published the official record of the convention after retrieving this press from the bottom of the Kansas River at Lawrence, where it had been dumped by border ruffians). Speer told Lane he could not support him because of his (Lane’s) support of the “black law.” Lane said he would do his best to prevent this from being in the Topeka Constitution, but would allow a separate vote on it.

(And that is apparently what happened. The Topeka Constitution was passed without a black law in it. The black law, voted separately, conformed to similar laws in western frontier states.)

(Governor) Shannon had agreed to preside at a ‘Law and order’ convention in Leavenworth on Nov. 14. The true colors of the convention were shown when its members declared the Free Staters’ actions as ‘practical nullification, rebellion, and treason’ and said the Topeka convention ‘would have been a farce if its purpose had not been treasonable.’

“On February 6, 1856, Lane’s territorial executive committee announced that Charles Robinson had been elected the Free State governor of Kansas at the January 15 election. The next day Robinson was chosen as the first major general and commander in chief of the Kansas militia. Lane was appointed the second major general; he could now be called General Lane by friends and foes alike. Filling out the Free State militia hierarchy, Cyrus Holliday was appointed Brigadier general.”

“Woodson (acting governor who had been the pro-slavery secretary of the territory) tried to order Col. Phillip St. George Cooke, in overall military command in Kansas, to march on Topeka, ‘disarm the insurrectionists,’ and prevent the Free State forces from interfering in the actions of the territorial militia and their Missouri allies. Cooke responded by telling Woodson that he ‘had transcended his instructions in the orders he had given.’ Cooke added that he would refuse to obey orders unless they came directly from Washington.”

“The situation turned negative again when Governor Shannon gave orders to Col. E.V. Sumner to disperse the Free State legislature when it assembled” (at Constitution Hall). Collins relays the well-known account of Sumner arriving at Constitution Hall on July 4. Collins adds that Sumner told a Free Stater that Jim Lane was on the other side of the Missouri River and “means to fight.” The Free Stater told him that was not true, Lane was elsewhere raising money for the Free State cause.

“Indeed he was,” Collins concludes. “While the fortunes of the Free State movement in Kansas seemed to be at their lowest depth, Lane was telling the North
of how Kansas was suffering under the lash of slavery. His speeches would become a sensation, and within two months of the dispersal of the legislature, the tide would turn. Lane would be at the center of it all.”

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“On July 4 (1856), circulars announced what would become known as the ‘Lane Trail’ into Kansas. The route was fairly straightforward; Chicago to Iowa City, Iowa, then west and southwest to Nebraska City, Nebraska Territory, and south and southwest into Kansas (Topeka). The route was published throughout the North so that the various Kansas Committees could enter the territory with Lane. When Lane arrived in Nebraska City, it was at the head of a group of only six hundred or so. This group was no army, but settlers who wanted to move to Kansas.

“Even the Lane Trail would prove useful to Lane as time went on. The following year it would be used as part of the Underground Railroad for funneling freed slaves out of the region.”

Freedom’s Frontier
National Heritage Area

Congress designated 42 counties along or near the Kansas-Missouri border as the Freedom’s Frontier National Heritage Area.

That designation put the counties in line to receive $10 million in federal funding aimed at preserving the region’s many historical sites and coordinating efforts to attract visitors to those locations.

But that was only a first step.

Now, a volunteer trustee board is working toward raising funding for a plan to develop and promote the area. That plan, which carries a $300,000 price tag, must be completed by October 2009 in order for the area to qualify for the federal funding.

The project will require not only financial support but cooperation and coordination among elected officials, operators of historical sites and others.

Which sites will be promoted? What criteria will be used to make those determinations? And what will be the most effective way to spread the word about the attractions and tell the story of the area’s history?

Those are among the potentially thorny questions that remain to be answered. But if those involved can work together, everyone in the heritage area could benefit.

Read the entire article http://cjonline.com/stories/072507/opi_186760143.shtml
MEMBERSHIP FORM (Please print)

Yes! I wish to join the Society that preserves the past and celebrates our heritage.

Name _________________________________________________________
Address ________________________________________________________.
City ___________________________________________________________.
State ___________ Zip _________ Email ________________.

Check type of membership:  ______ Regular—$35.00  ______ Patron—$50.00
________ Renovator—$100.00

GIFT MEMBERSHIP (Please print)

_____ $  Gift Membership for someone I know who will benefit from membership.
(Photocopy this form for more than one. Use rates listed above.)

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I Wish to join the following committee:

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(Make checks to "Shawnee County Historical Society")
Please send form(s) with your check to:
Shawnee County Historical Society, P.O. Box 2201, Topeka, KS 66601-2201
Your canceled check serves as your membership receipt.
Mark Your Calendar:
Annual Meeting of SCHS
Sunday, December 2, 2007
Details will be announced. Please plan to attend!

Two vintage postcards: KS Ave., looking north from 8th Street. One is a day-shot, one emphasizes a moon-rise. Yet, both include the same people, same positions, same trolleys and vehicles. Is this an example of early-day photo manipulation?