

Memorial services held despite the weather

By Karen Krien

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There were four Memorial services held in the St. Francis area on Sunday and Monday. On Sunday, a service was held at Hope Valley Cemetery, 15 miles northwest of St. Francis. Monday, Memorial Day, the first service was held at the St. Francis Cemetery. Following, the people attending moved to the Odd Fellows/Rebekah memorial stone to remember veterans. At 11:30 south of Wheeler at Cheyenne Valley Cemetery, a service was held and a couple buried at the cemetery was remembered.

Hope Valley Cemetery is located on an unprotected hillside with views of the Kansas countryside easily seen. Ordinarily, the wind is blowing and it is either hot or cold. Sunday's service found the day warm but not hot and only a gust of wind came through occasionally.

A group of faithful family

members gathered to honor those buried in the small cemetery which was once a part of the Hope Valley Church. Althea Lebow sang "Heaven For Me." Pastor Ken Hart, Peace Lutheran Church, St. Francis, said to remember what America is about. He said that Americans do not like war but will fight for principal, world and country.

"We look out for the bodies of those who fought and are here," he said.

He told about the Battle of Normandy where Americans, Canadians, French and others lost their lives. Today, there are 9,387 graves and these fallen soldiers died to preserve our freedom.

"They all paid the price so their homes and families would be save."

Sacrifices, he said, were made by the pioneers. They had left a hard, cruel country to find a better life. Jesus made a sacrifice



ALTHEA LEBOW sang 'Heaven For Me' at the Hope Valley Cemetery.



CASEY MCCORMICK is one of the speakers at the St. Francis Memorial service.



SALUTING THE FLAG is Pete Jensen and Sam Miller.



COURTNEY EWALDS tells about the Ernst family history. Marsha Magley is pictured on the right.

Cold wind blows during service

By Karen Krien

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It was cold as people gathered at the Cheyenne Valley Cemetery for Memorial Day services on Monday. Fred Magley, president of the association, welcomed those coming out on such a cold day.

Marsha Magely offered the prayer. She talked about the flags flopping and thanked the Lord and those who have helped at the cemetery for having a lovely place for loved ones to lay.

Mr. Magely and Jake Hamilton, Boy Scout, led the crowd in saying the Pledge of Allegiance. Barb Ewing, past president, talked about Memorial Day and read the list of veterans buried in the cemetery.

Pastor Jeff Landers, Christian Church, talked about the first Memorial Day which was originally called Decoration Day. It was and still is a day of remembrance for those who have died in the nation's service.

On May 5, 1868, General John Logan, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, officially proclaimed Memorial Day. It was first observed on May 30, 1868 when flowers were placed on the graves of Union and Confederate soldiers at Arlington national Cemetery.

Each year, a family formerly from the Wheeler community is recognized. This year, the Adam Ernst (or Earnest) family was recognized. Bev Earnest, Stratton, Neb., was present along with other family members. Family member, Courtney Ewalds, McCook, told

about the family history. (See side story.)

Helene Landenberger, St. Francis, recited the poem she had written, "Old Glory — Honor it."

Following the service, finger food was served.

Family recognized at memorial service

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Adam H. and Mary C. Ernst are buried in Cheyenne Valley Cemetery, south of Wheeler. They and their family were recognized during the Memorial Day service on Monday.

Adam was born in 1836 and died in 1916. Mary was born in 1853 and died in 1907. There is a question as to how Earnest was spelled as it is used without the vowels with the exception of the starting "E."

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest were married in 1875 in Pennsylvania and lived there for one year. They then moved to Iowa for 10 years before moving to Cheyenne County. Adam and Mary had one son, Leslie.

This was not the first marriage for Mr. Ernst as, in 1858, he married Tillie Diehi and three children, Calvin, Emma and George were born. Tillie died in 1874.

Courtney Ewalds, McCook, a third generation great-granddaughter of Adam, told some of the Earnest history at the service. She had come with her grandmother, Bev Earnest, Stratton, Neb., who told the story about Adam.

Ms. Ewalds said Adam ran a meat market which also sold liquor — five different kinds of liquor. A thrifty man, he had labels made for each type of liquor. When a customer ordered a certain kind, he would fill a bottle from a jug in the back of

for us, he said, when we were threatened by sin, he was willing to be nailed to the cross so we might be saved.

He said Jesus has defeated the ternary of sin, death and the devil.

The group closed by singing "Blest Be The Tie That Binds," and a benediction by Pastor Hart.

Those present gathered for cookies and tea, and spent time to visit with friends and neighbors.

St. Francis Cemetery

Monday was cold for the end of May. The clouds were blue and hung low; wind, coming from the north made a dreary setting for the Memorial Day services.

Sam Miller, Commander, welcomed everyone to the

service at the St. Francis Cemetery. Despite the wind and cold, there was a good crowd attending, many of them coming from out-of-town.

Jeff Landers, pastor of the First Christian Church, St. Francis, told about the first proclamation for Memorial Day in 1868.

Casey McCormick, St. Francis, stressed that a strong military is necessary. He said he is a citizen who owes his freedom to those who have fought for the liberty of all Americans.

There have been wars since the earliest times of mankind, he said. People want what others have or want to destroy what is perceived as a threat.

"So the things that are precious to us — life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are always going to

be at risk," he said.

"We are now at war against

terrorists who, much like the Japanese at Pearl Harbor, have attacked us at home."

He pointed out that instability and unrest shake the Third World in parts of Asia, Indonesia, Africa and Central and South America. However, he said, there is hope today. Saddam Hussein and his regime are no longer a threat; peace has come to northern Ireland, and the Cold War is a thing of the past.

To have peace, he said, the country must have a visible and powerful armed forces. As individuals, he encouraged everyone to stand at allegiance before the flag and see it for the freedom it symbolizes. And, thank a vet for caring for that great gift of liberty.

Helene Landenberger, St. Francis, recited the poem she had written, "Old Glory — Honor it."

See related article concerning the Cheyenne Valley Cemetery service and the history of the Ernst family which was honored during the service.



ODD FELLOW AND REBEKAHS — Pat Cress, Sam Miller, Fred Magley and Elsie Cook were part of the program held at the St. Francis Cemetery.

the store and then put on a label. What was interesting was there was only one jug so no matter what the customer ordered, it was the same only with a different name on the bottle.

Ms. Ewalds told the Earnest family had an interesting relative, Eve Ernst (the spelling of that time), who was married to Adam "Henry" Ernst I. She became known as "Indian Eve." The following account was written by Ema Replogle, and published in 1911.

Eve was 33 years old when she and Henry moved from Bedford County, Pa., to Reynoldsdale. While the men raised crops and tended sheep, Mrs. Ernst raised flax, which she prepared and spun for clothing. She also used the wool from the sheep.

One of her cherished possessions brought from Europe, was a loom on which she wove materials. A bright coverlet was on the loom when two neighbors came to help Mr. Ernst split logs to make a fence rail. The sound of owls hooting from the forest could be heard. One of the men said when the owls hoot, there is rain.

However, the sound was made not by owls but by Indians and their war whoops were soon heard. Some of the men were killed at the door. Mr. Ernst reached for a shotgun but was shot. All three were scalped.

The son George must have been in bed yet, as he sprang up and tried to jump out of a window and

go around to the opposite window and reach his gun. He was shot at and fell from the window as if dead, and made his escape.

In this time, Mrs. Ernst had gone to the loft where Mary and Jacob were asleep. She was going to hide them but, fearing the Indians would burn the house, helped them out on the roof. Mary ran through the meadow and made her escape. Jacob hid in smart weed. He said he could see the whites of their (Indian's) eyes glaring as they were hunting for them.

One story says nothing is known about the son Johannes but another account says he darted for the woods but was seen by an Indian who, with his dog, gave chase. The boy tumbled into a stream and although the lad was slowed, the dog lost the scent and the Indian abandoned pursuit.

The Indians cut the coverlet off the loom and, while they were arguing about who was going to get it, Mrs. Ernst pushed her husband's scalp behind a chest so she would not have to see it hanging from an Indian's belt.

She and the two youngest children were taken captive. The older son, Henry, was dark like the Indians and they liked him. However, the younger child, Michael, was light. The first day, Mrs. Ernst was exhausted, carrying Michael. When the Indians offered to carry him, he was afraid of them and would cry. Then they would get mad and pick him up by both feet and

let on that they were going to slap him around a tree. She would cry and they would throw him down at her feet and, of course, she would carry him again.

While they were in the Indian camp, it is said they did not have a hard life but following them over the mountains, through forests, marshes and streams was very hard. Once, when going over a river in bark canoes, she prayed they would all be drowned but the Lord did not answer her prayers.

Finally they came to Fort Detroit and were to be sold to the British. Mrs. Ernst said to the officer, "If I can't take both my boys along, I will stay with the Indians." The officer then gave the Indians a glass of whiskey with a silver coin in it, and while they were looking at this, the officers grabbed the boy and handed him to the mother.

The stories are not consistent at this point. One story says the Indians killed the two young sons and she had two half-Indian children.

In another account, Indian Eve and her children made their way to Fort Duquesne in western Pennsylvania. With Henry and Michael was Eve's half-Indian child. There is little mention of the last child during the journey and it is not known if it was a girl or a boy.

In those days, intermarriage with white to red men was not approved of and the child was considered a "half-breed." In some of the stories, it was said that

the child was "well-received."

During their stay at Fort Duquesne, Mrs. Ernst became pregnant. With three children and "one under the apron," she set out on foot. The two younger children rode a pony Eve had bought and Henry walked beside her. It is estimated that the trip took several weeks.

Mrs. Ernst was nearly 46 and must have found her pregnancy to be a burden. With the same determination she had shown for a decade, she brought the remnants of her family back home.

When she returned, she sought out her oldest son, George, then 24. He was married to Elizabeth Samels and must have been shocked to find his mother returning with two forgotten brothers and a child to whom he was only partly related. Yet, blood ties must have held him as they had his brother Henry, for his mother made her home with him.

A widowed neighbor, Conrad Samels, who was Elizabeth's father, married Mrs. Ernst and gave his name to Frederick, who was born after the family returned to Bedford County.

Eve Ernst Samels lived to be 75. On her tomb stone is inscribed, "Indian Eve. Wife of Adam Ernst. 1740-1815. Captured by Indians 1777. Held prisoner 8 years, Detroit. 1 year, Ft. Duquesne. Rode pony home. Her descendants are from coast to coast."

