

His story would not be complete without mentioning old Dr. J. A. Nolan, a self-taught man of the scalpel, probe, and medicine satchel. The good Dr. came to the community and spent many years tending to the sick and ailing. He lived out his time in the community and died there. Another of the people who lived there was George Habish, a Slavish emigrant who worked as a carpenter over the area. George and his family were good neighbors in their adopted country. Some of them lived out their lives in the community. In a little cemetery where the Habish folks are buried is this most touching of inscriptions; "Infant Habish - The footprint of an Angel".

Ralph reflects on other things including the big thrill of going to Vinita to see the trains. Unless one had lived in that day of the steam engine passenger trains, this would not mean anything, but to those who do remember, there was no greater thrill than to stand at the depot and watch that big monster of a 4-8-2 locomotive thunder to a stop by the depot. Jets of steam mixed with frying grease, the deafening sound of the blowoff, the discarding of passengers, the squeek of baggage truck wheels, and a mixture of greetings and noise that only an old time depot had. Not least was the exciting smell of the passenger coaches which defies description, but which created a vision of adventure, far away places, etc.

Now, little is left of the Pheasant Hill country. The school windows stare sadly out at the country road, never again to see happy school children bringing books and lunch in a half gallon lard pail. Maybe there are a dozen families still scattered over the community, but they no longer meet for social and civic gatherings. But in the Great Plan of the Creator it all had to end. Resting from their labors are the many who made up Pheasant Hill, and a visit to the Keys, Schrimsher, Bluejacket Family, and Pheasant Hill Cemeteries will reveal who some of them were.