MIDDLE RIVER HOMESTEAD

Ernest Almon Smith

Best Wishes
To my beloved professor
Ervin E. Stringfellow
by the author
Ernest Almon Smith
Stuart Iowa
Feb. 3, 1956

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by

Ernest Almon Smith

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by
Ernest Almon Smith

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To

The Writer's Mother

Mary Elizabeth Smith

Who has furnished invaluable aid

And

To

The Memory of the Writer's Father

Louis Edwin Smith

Who

"Being dead yet speaketh"

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We wish to express our sincere appreciation to Miss Esther Smull, Head of the Department of English in the Perry, Iowa High School, for reading the manuscript twice and checking it for mistakes in spelling, punctuation and grammar; and specifically to Reverend Lloyd D. Bensmiller, Pastor of the Christian Church at Leon, Iowa, whose untiring efforts resulted in the finding of Great-grandfather's grave; also to Reverend Gamaliel Cox, Pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church near Leon, Iowa; and to Mr. C. L. Eddy of Osceola, Iowa for their contributions to the above cause; and to the multitude of unnamed persons, most of them strangers to the writer, who have so graciously answered letters and given historical information, among these latter the most helpful being the distinguished Ladd family of Ohio and California.

To the writer's mother, the author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness for the inspiration to write this book. Having spent the greater part of her eighty-six years in Adair County, Iowa and having been gifted with a keen memory and a kindly sense of humor toward her fellow men, her reminiscences of the past with its joys and its sorrows has prompted her son, the writer, to put these memoirs into permanent form.

INTRODUCTION

by

Ernest Almon Smith

The future is hidden from us. It is mysterious, uncertain and unreal. Sometimes by the aid of imagination, we project ourselves into it and so fill our lives with the hope of our dreams. We may imagine the promise of good or the threat of evil.

The past is not so, for it is real. We live with all of our past and the past lives in us. In it we were born, from it we have been formed and out of it we have grown. Nothing and no one ever completely dies. Man lives on in every person whose life touched his. Therefore, to know ourselves and to know others, we must know the past.

But how easily we forget and how often we do not care. How narrow and selfish in its experience, the individual life often becomes. However, if we could but broaden and deepen our acquaintance so as to include all of those about us, how much fuller of interest our lives would be. And then if we could extend our knowledge to comprehend all of the past, how rich, indeed, would our experience become.

We can not possibly know all of the past, yet happily we may know much of it. The more that we know of it, the better we will understand the present and perchance we will appreciate one another more. It is not necessary or desirable to forget. Remembering adds richness to all of our remaining days.

That we may not forget the debt of gratitude that we owe to those who lived before us, we have devised many ways to remember. Thus, in the Old Family Bible we write our records. Here we have the name of each member of the family, also the date of birth, marriage, and death. We chisel the names of our loved ones upon the gravestone, that all who pass may know. How better and happier are our lives because, in these records, we are constantly reminded of those who lived and toiled and loved that our lot might be better than theirs.

It has been said that fortunate are they who can claim kinship to the truly great of former times; and doubly fortunate

are they who can prove that claim from the records. But who shall say who are the truly great? For this place of honor, we should like to nominate our fathers and mothers who came to this part of the country when it was the home of nothing but the Indian and the wild beast.

In those bygone days the road hither was far and tedious. And the only means of crossing the many waters that confronted them was by fording and swimming. The "Prairie Schooner" with canvas covered top was the only means, in those pioneer days, for transporting the members of the family and the few articles of household goods which they possessed.

With little to begin the new life, except stout hearts and willing hands, these builders of a new country set up their habitations on the virgin prairie. They are the unsung heroes and heroines of pioneer days. Many of these left no written record and some lie in unmarked graves.

It is to preserve the record of two of these families and the communities in which they lived that this little book has been written. The author has endeavored throughout this work to be consistently honest and wherever there has been any doubt the same has been so indicated.

After thorough and due consideration it was deemed advisable to use the genuine names of real people. Anything derogatory to character has been studiously avoided. If any offense has been given, to the relatives of the people mentioned herein, it has been unintentional and we are sorry.

In the preparation of this work it has been difficult to avoid tedious detail in the giving of dates and places. However, we wished to make the work accurate and our hope is that the reader will not find these things uninteresting.

We realize that a book of this nature may be of purely local concern. However, the importance of preserving, in concise form, the traditions of the past has never been questioned, nor the usefulness of local history been disputed. Therefore, it is our hope that many readers who may not be familiar with either the names of the people or the places mentioned herein may find somthing of interest in the book.

If this book brings to those who read it half the pleasure that the author had in writing it, he shall feel that it has been worth while.

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PART I

OLD STAGECOACH DAYS

The record of the adventures of the writer's parents and grandparents as early settlers of the state of Iowa would be incomplete without some mention of the environment and of the traditions from which they came. Therefore, it would appear to be most appropriate to begin the record with Grandfather Smith who antedates both his wife, Grandmother Smith, and the maternal grandparents of the author by many years.

The writer's paternal grandfather, Erastus Almon Smith (known as Almon) was born November 14, 1818 in Chautauqua County New York, probably near Sinclairville which was then the county seat, inasmuch as this address is given in his old account book. He passed away at the advanced age of eighty-nine years at the old farm home in Adair County, Iowa to which he had come in a covered wagon more than forty years previously. The writer was thirteen years of age at the time of his grandfather's death; therefore, he can remember this ancestor quite well.

Grandfather was a quiet man. For this reason very little is known about his early life. Even the writer's father knew little about him. Grandfather was forty-eight years of age when he finally acquired his prairie home. His early years had been tragic and they had been filled with what would seem to be an undue amount of sorrow and disappointment.

He had lost one wife and his entire first family. His second wife, Grandmother Smith, was about one half as old as he when they were married. She was always an extremely jealous person. That was probably one of the reasons that Grandfather seldom mentioned his earlier life. Another reason may have been occasioned by the fact that he did not like to talk of the death of his loved ones. The few facts that are known regarding his early life are those which were remembered by the writer's father and a number of other items gleaned from old account books and from old records. These latter were found, after his death, stored away in an old trunk in the attic of Grandfather's house.

In the old Bible which he left, there is a newspaper clipping dated June 14, 1838. Grandfather would have been almost twenty years of age at that time. The clipping is an account of a mortgage foreclosure on land, in Chautauqua County, New York, owned by Eleaser Smith. We believe that this Eleaser Smith was the writer's great-grandfather. The county seat was Sinclairville. However, in the old newspaper clipping both Sinclairville and Chautauqua were spelled a little differently than they are written today, being Sinclear-ville and Chautauque.

We have Grandfather's old account book which was purchased in 1834 and which, apparently, was used by both him and his brother Alvah. This book contains many interesting items. The writing is in ink and is well preserved. These items as well as letters which we have that were written many years later to Father while the latter was in college show that Grandfather must have possessed a fairly good education, although he was a very poor speller. His brother Alvah, as evidenced by items which were signed by him in the old account book, must have been an expert penman. It would be interesting to know what the schools of that day were like, if there were any.

Between 1930 and 1940, Professor John Ely Briggs of the State University of Iowa wrote a number of articles on pioneer Iowa for the Iowa Daily Press Association. These articles were later compiled into a book, which is entitled *Iowa Old and New*. This book is considered the best juvenile text ever written on Iowa. In this work the author has described the first school in Iowa in 1833. Inasmuch as it is such an excellent description of all pioneer schools of Grandfather's time we wish to quote verbatim from the article on schools. We wish to give full credit to the author Professor John Ely Briggs and to the publishers, the Iowa Daily Press Association.

The author describes the school house as being a log cabin made of round logs with the cracks chinked with mud. One end has a fireplace and the master's desk is at the other end. The windows are covered with greased paper. The floor is made of puncheon slabs. The pupils sit on low puncheon benches. His description follows:

While the older boys study their arithmetic problems, others copy again and again with goose-quill pens some maxim the master has written. They sit at two wide sloping shelves fastened to the wall beneath the windows along both sides of the room. The surface of these desks has been shaved smooth with a drawknife. Under each desk is a narrower shelf where the pupils keep their dinner pails, books and other school things.

But there are not many books. Each pupil has brought what he could find at home. No two are alike. They have a Bible, perhaps an old arithmetic, maybe an atlas, and one boy is learning to read from an almanac. There are no maps on the wall; not even a blackboard. On a block of wood in the corner is a bucket of drinking water.

After the pupils have finished reckoning their sums, filled a page in their copy books, and recited their lessons aloud, the master declares it is time for a "spell-down." He tells two of the boys to "toe the mark." They stand on opposite sides of the room facing each other with their toes touching a crack in the floor. They then take turns in choosing the other pupils to come and to toe the mark beside them.

When all have been chosen, the master pronounces a word to one of the leaders, who repeats the word, spells in a loud voice, pronounces each syllable separately, and repeats the word again. Then the other leader spells and so on back and forth down the lines. If a pupil misses a word he has to go to his seat. Harder and harder words are pronounced. At last one pupil is left standing. He has spelled down the school.

From a study of Grandfather's old account books we assume that he knew a considerable amount about arithmetic. However, his old letters reveal an almost entire lack of knowledge concerning grammar and the rules of rhetoric. Sentences are never separated by periods and capital letters occur just any place without rhyme or reason.

In a history of Seneca County, New York, a writer has left to us this information concerning schools of an early day in that state. He says the books in use were: "Webster's Speller", "The New Testament", "American Preceptor", "English Reader", "Dillworth and Pike", and a book called the "Federal Educator." He continues by saying that whatever the weather no pupil suffered in health by want of ventilation in the school-

room, nor was complaint made that the wood was too long for the stove. The writer says that Samuel Bear, a pupil in a school taught by Master McCrate, gives the following programme of exercises:

> Calling school; by voice or raps with a ferule upon a window-sash. Alphabet class; arranged in semicircle about the chair. Naming letters; indicated by the blade-point of a penknife. Writing; this exercise called on Master McCrate to set copies, write sample lines and mend goosequill pens. Arithmetic; tables and rules recited and hard examples worked by the master. Reading; each read a paragraph or a sentence and the class was dismissed. Spelling; studied and the class called. A miss-spell sent the unlucky wight to the seat. The best speller was rewarded by a merit. Roll call; each replying "Present" when named. Then proceeding to the door, turning and bowing or dropping a "Curchey", as the pupil chanced to be Master or Miss. The pupil then bade the teacher "Good afternoon."

About Grandfather's father and his grandfather almost nothing is known. It has always been assumed that the ancestors of the Smiths were of English descent and that their forebears had been in America a long time. Since Grandfather's father was Eleaser Smith, it is possible that his grandfather had the same name. A Revolutionary War veteran by this name is buried near Grandfather's birthplace. Whether or not there is any connection here we do not know inasmuch as during his long life, Grandfather almost never mentioned his family.

There is one event in Grandfather's life while living in New York that has been remembered and it is of interest only in that it reveals that his mother must have died while he was quite young. One time he mentioned that he broke some dishes by accident when he was a boy while his stepmother was away. He threw the pieces behind the backlog of the fireplace so that she would not see them. This reminds us that in our study for this work we found that few men of that day went through life and raised a family with only one wife. The mortality rate among women, especially mothers, was so great that many men had from two to four wives during their lifetime. We wonder that there were enough women for the men.

According to Grandfather's obituary, he drove a stagecoach while living in the state of New York. He always called it York State. There are many entries in his old account book which give the names of the passengers and their destinations, such as Fredonia and Dunkirk, the latter on Lake Erie. We suppose that the starting point was Sinclairville, although this is not stated in the book. The fare was twenty-five cents for one way or fifty cents for a round trip ticket. Many names are recorded of those who bought from one to four seats for passengers.

It appears from the records that both Grandfather and his brother Alvah drove stages. Many of the entries are written in Alvah's fancy hand writing which is still beautiful after nearly one hundred and twenty years. The owners of the outfits were a Mr. A. H. Armstrong and a Mr. L. Rodgers. The wages paid to the drivers was twelve dollars a month and the time for which they were employed appears to have covered a total of sixteen months in two periods of eight months each from 1835 to 1837. That some of the trips were to Cayuga on Cayuga Lake has long been the belief of some of the writer's family. However, since this would have been a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles it seems unlikely that such long trips were made by any one driver.

Grandfather was seventeen to nineteen years old at this time. However, his brother Alvah may have been older, inasmuch as he appears to have done much of the driving. Some of the trips were to Pinegrove and to Van Buren which we have been unable to locate on any map. Perhaps they were old stagecoach stations which do not exist today. Expenses for the drivers on these trips were usually 13¢ for meals for themselves, and 12¢ for oats, plus 6¢ for hay, for the horses. There is one item of 50¢ for a gallon of licker (liquor). Whether this was for the drivers or for the passengers is not stated.

We believe that it might be of interest to the reader if we would list some of the items from the little old account book carried by Grandfather at that time and also later. Here are listed some of the prices paid for labor and for goods in that far off long ago.

Under the date of 1840; 2 bu. of oats 25¢; bu. of potatoes 15¢.

In 1843: 50¢ for hay for oxen while plowing; 25¢ for ½ bu. of flour; grubbing was $1.25 per day; hoeing corn was 75¢ per day. A cord of wood was usually listed at 50¢

Under date of 1847: 1 bu. of potatoes 25¢; 17 bu. of corn $1.25 or about 7¢ per bu.; 6 doz. eggs 48¢ or 8¢ per doz.

Older items undated are several bills to the veterinarian, for a sick horse, of 25¢ for each time. Also 2 days work 50¢; and a gallon of licker (liquor) 50¢.

We will take this opportunity to say that we never knew Grandfather to take a drink of liquor of any kind or description. We never knew him to make or to keep cider as some people did. Father was a militant dry and would not drink a soft drink such as pop if it were contained in a bottle. When Grandfather was young nearly every one drank intoxicants and it is likely that he did the same. Grandmother once spoke of breaking his little brown jug.

Grandfather moved to St. Joseph County, Michigan, when he was twenty years old. It would be interesting to know by what method he traveled. The railroads were just getting established in New York and in Pennsylvania in 1838. In fact in 1830 there were only 32 miles of railroad in the whole United States. It is certain that they did not reach as far west as Michigan in 1838. Whether he went alone or with others, we do not know. His brother Taylor (spelled Tailor) may have gone with him. All that is known is that they were partners in a store in Sturgis, Michigan some sixteen or seventeen years later. We do not know why he went to this particular place.

Soon after his arrival here, Grandfather married a girl by the name of Mary Walker. If he had known her some place previous to this, there certainly is no record concerning it. There are several items in his old account book showing that he often bought cord wood from Abigail Walker. There is almost no record concerning the events of Grandfather's life during the first fifteen or sixteen years of his sojourn in this place.

His wife, Mary, died in 1853. They had been married nearly fourteen years. She and her baby died during childbirth. Her death was the result of having spent her strength in a

vain effort to save the life of their twelve year old daughter who had died, just previous to this, of typhoid fever. This left Grandfather alone with his only remaining child, a son, Sylvester, who was thirteen years of age at that time. We still have in our home the cherry wood bureau or chest of drawers which belonged to Mary Walker Smith. It is much more than one hundred years old.

We pause to speculate briefly upon the trials and the sorrows of the early pioneers. Certainly their lot was a difficult one, being exposed as they were to many dangers and to the ravages of disease without adequate or often without any medical aid. Death and funerals must have been trying experiences. We know that years later there were such things as hearses drawn by elaborately bedecked horses. This conveyance carried the casket and preceding it was the traditional black wagon carrying the rough box, the grave tools and other equipment.

However, in the pioneer communities of that day, the only hearse was the black wagon itself. And there was no vault or rough box. The casket itself was rough enough. The boards for it were, like other lumber before the advent of the saw mill, hewn out of native timber with a broad-ax. Grandfather himself was proficient with this tool. In that day, cemeteries were seldom platted and individual lots were not surveyed or marked. Therefore it is most likely that Mary Walker Smith with her baby and with her twelve year old daughter, Nancy, lie in unknown and unmarked graves in an abandoned cemetery lot in or near Sturgis, Michigan. Even as the son and brother, Sylvester, was to lie, a few years later, in an unknown and unmarked grave on an unknown battlefield of the Civil War.

THE STORE IN MICHIGAN

Grandfather married again in 1856. This time to the writer's grandmother whose maiden name was Lucy Jennings. She was nineteen years of age and he was thirty-eight years old at the time. Her home was on what is now known as the Spieldiemer farm which is located in the western part of Scott Township in Sandusky County, Ohio. However, she married Grandfather in Michigan. She had been visiting and working for a married sister who lived in that State and she met Grandfather there.

Grandmother always remembered Ohio with nostalgia. Years later she constantly regaled us grandchildren with the glories of that wonderful state. One can only hope that heaven was no disappointment to her after having lived in the state of Ohio. Of course the Ohio of one hundred and twenty years ago, the land of primeval forests and of clear flowing streams that she remembered, was not the highly industrialized Ohio of today with its smoking factory chimneys and its fire belching steel furnaces.

For a time Grandfather and his brother Tailor Smith kept store in Sturgis, Michigan. The years were 1854 through 1856, according to the old ledger or record of sales which was found in Grandfather's old trunk after his death. We still have this book and treasure it highly. The store failed, leaving Grandfather bankrupt. Financial failure at nearly forty years of age was just another one in the long series of tragedies which followed one another in a never failing sequence during the first half century of his life.

Grandmother always blamed Tailor Smith and his wife for the failure of the store. However, as stated earlier, Grandmother was a very jealous woman. She herself has left us the following story. It appears that the two couples lived in an apartment over the store. The rooms were reached by a very steep stairway. One day Tailor's wife soaped the stairsteps intending to scrub them down later, so she said. Grandmother came out onto the steps and took a toboggan slide to the bottom. She always believed that the other woman intended that this should happen.

Perhaps Grandfather did not share Grandmother's feelings toward his brother and his brother's wife. We have an old letter written by Grandfather after he had settled upon the farm in Adair County, Iowa which had become his final home. The letter is a copy of one written to some one in Michigan. It reveals that Grandfather was attempting to locate the whereabouts of his brother Tailor in an effort to persuade him to come to Iowa.

At this time we would like to pass on to the reader a short resume of the items and of the prices as recorded in the old ledger from the store in Sturgis, Michigan. The accounts are exactly one hundred years old in this year of 1955. We notice that the name of one customer was Sturgis. We wonder if it were for some of his relatives that the city was named. The following accounts are taken from the daily grocery sales. At the top of each page is written the name of the purchaser. This is followed by the list of items obtained. The following are representative of the more than eighty accounts which are recorded in the ledger.

1854	Alonzo Heaton	
May 9		$
	½ lb. tea	.35
	5 lbs. codfish	.41
	1 bottle brandy	.50
	1 quart molasses	.13
	6 lbs. sugar	.48
	1 set knives & forks	2.00
	1 gal. whisky	.50
	1 bed cord (used before bed slats)	.38
	1 lb. saleratus (soda)	.08
	12 sheets of writing paper	.13
	1 drink	.06
July 13	Nelson Packard	
	1 whip	1.00
	1 pint whiskey	.08
	½ gal. whiskey	.25
	2 lbs. starr candles	.63
	1 lb. beef stake (steak)	.14
	1 peck potatoes	.06
	1 manure fork	.50
	1 pair boots	.80
	2 cob pipes	.02
	1 paper nutmeg	.13
	2 drinks	.13

Date	Item	$
1854	W Sherwood	
Oct. 28		
	25 lbs. sugar	2.00
	1 bucher knife	.44
	139 lbs. pork	5.56
	1 quilt	1.50
	1 doz. eggs	.07
	6 chickens	.75
	1 lb. bitters	.15
	½ gal. molasses	.31
Sept. 22	C. Drake	
	2 lbs. raisins	.50
	3 lb sugar	.38
	3 drinks	.19
Sept 25		
	1 lb. tobacco	.38
	5 drinks	.30
	1 box caps	.10
	2 lbs. coffee sugar	.25
	½ lb. tea	.35
	Balance on brandy bottle	.25
	1 brandy	.06
	1 gal. whiskey	.50
	1 lb. raisins & 1 gal. whiskey	.63
Sept 29		
	6 brandies	.38
	2 drinks	.13
	1 paper ground peper	.07
	4 drinks of liker	.29
	3 drinks of liker	.19
	50 lbs. corn mell (meal)	.75
Oct. 2		
	1 drink	.06
	1 lb. starr candles	.31
	1 lb. T. candles	.20
	4 drinks	.25
	1 drink	.06
	2 drinks	.13
	1 cegar	.05
July 10	Savery Thurston	
	4 papers ground pepper & 1 lb. coffee	.39
	13 lbs. pulverized sugar	1.63
	6 lbs. coffee sugar	.75
	1 whip	.88
	1 pint vinegar	.06
	1 load of stove wood	1.00
	1 broom	.25

Date	Item	Amount
	1 lb. saleratus (soda)	.08
	1 pair of gloves	.38
	½ bu. turnips	.25
	1 bed cord	.38
	5 lbs. codfish	.41
	2 oyster stews	.29
1854		
Dec. 5	John Morehouse	$
	15 lbs. & 14 oz. pork	1.58
	½ gal whiskey	.25
	½ lb. tea	.31
	1 wash tub	1.00
	6½ lbs. sugar	.50
	½ lb. tobacco	.12
	6 lbs. coffee	.75
May. 29	J. Egleston	
	½ doz. lemons	.25
	2 beers & cigars & pocket book	.68
June 3		
	2 oranges, maple sugar, codfish, candles	1.38
June 19		
	1 large paper tobacco	.10
	1 pair gaters (shoes)	1.25
	1 gal. vinegar	.25
July 1		
	½ lb tea	.35
	1 cheese box	.18
	½ bu. apples	.25
	1 drink	.10
Dec. 11	Minerd Miller	
	2 doz. close pins	.15
	3 drinks	.18
	1 drink	.06
	1 sack salt	.25
Dec. 14		
	1 close line	.19
	6 lbs. white fish	.45
	1 brandy	.06
	2 gal. vinegar	.50
	2 drinks	.15
	1 plug tobacco	.05
	1 quart gin	.75
1855		
Jan 3		
	credit ½ cord wood 6 ft. long	
	credit 1 cord of stove wood	

Date	Item	Amount
	1 pint gin	.55
	1 drink	.06
Jan. 4		
	1 whip lash	.25
	1 drink	.06
	½ lb. tea	.35
	2 lbs. coffee	.30
	4 drinks	.25
Jan. 8		
	1 pint gin	.55
	2½ gal whiskey	1.25
	1 plug tobacco	.05
	2 lbs. saleratus (soda)	.16
	2 drinks	.12
1855		
June 2	Samuel Wertman	$
	3¾ lbs. trout	.27
	2 lbs. mackerel	.20
	1 bunch thread (thread was not on spools)	.06
	1 stick gum	.01
	1 gal. vinegar	.25
	4 lbs. coffee	.60
	1 lb. saleratus (soda)	.10
	1 bottle beer	.06
	1 coffee mill	.56
July 2	G. A. Sailer	
	2 pigs feet & 1 ale	.30
	4 drinks to Bill	.58
	3 flower (flour) bbls.	.75
	½ lbs. almons	.13
	1 beer	.06
	½ bu. flower (flour)	.25
	1 rat trap	.50
	1 lb. starch	.13
	5 gals. whiskey	2.50
July 6	G. Sanburn	
	2 lbs. coffee	.32
	½ lb. tobacco	.19
	1 hammer	.50
	1 paper saleratus (soda)	.10
	1 pint bottle	.10
	1 quart whiskey	.16
	3 lbs. pulverized sugar	.40
	1 sack black snuff	.06
	1 drink beer	.06

Date	Item	Price
1856		
Jan. 7	B. Porter	
	1 lb. tea	.75
	1 quart whiskey	.16
	1 lb. saleratus (soda)	.08
	1 hatchet	.60
	2 helves (ax handles)	.50
	1 bottle cherry pictoral	1.00
	1 quart gin	.75
	2 lbs. tallow candles	.40
	1 paper pins	.10
	3 pairs wood combs	.06
April 9	G. B. Farnham	
	1 broom	.25
	1 pair flatirons	1.04
	1 wooden bowel (bowl)	.50
	1 bottle bares (bears) oil	.13
	1 bottle pain killer	.25
	1 box pills	.25

Although it was a grocery store, whiskey appears to have been a best seller. It retailed for fifty cents a gallon or for six cents by the drink. One customer, by the name of Thomas Allen, had a full page account of from one to six drinks purchased at a time. Inasmuch as the only date given is October 18, 1854, we assume that he must have treated the whole town. His bill was three dollars and eighty-six cents. The following items have been taken more or less at random from the ledger.

6½ lbs. sugar 50¢; ½ gallon molasses 25¢; 1 dozen eggs 7¢; 6 lbs. of white fish 45¢; 1 gallon of vinegar 25¢; ½ bu. of flour 25¢; 1 bottle of pain killer 26¢; 1 plug of tobacco 8¢; 1 quart of whiskey 16¢; 50 lbs. of corn meal 75¢; 1 broom 25¢; 1 wash board 38¢; Camfire (camphor) gum 6¢; 3 flower (flour) barrels 75¢; 13 lbs. of beans 44¢; 5 lbs. of coffee 75¢; 1 whiplash 44¢; 1 whip $1.00; 1 pair of mittens $1.25; 1 bu. of potatoes 25¢; 1 bunch of thread 6¢; boiled egg 1¢; oyster stew 15¢.

Flour was cheap in those days. It always sold at twenty-five cents for one half bushel. Stove wood was in great demand and it retailed for sixty-three cents per load. It seems to have been sold by the store and it appears in many lists of groceries and goods. Candles were nineteen cents per pound or thirty-one cents per pound for special brands. Coffee-sugar (the

first sugar taken from the cane, intermediate between the sap and brown sugar and sometimes pressed into cubes for use in coffee) was popular and sold at one dollar for eight pounds. Tea was high priced then even as now, being sold at thirty-five cents for one half-pound. Cheese was ten cents a pound, potatoes were six cents a peck and beef-steak varied from nine cents to fourteen cents a pound.

The store appears to have handled everything conceivable from pickles to pitch forks and shovels. Also candy-toys were sold and cherry pectoral and bitters for spring tonic were available. Clover and probably other farm seeds were sold. One customer who appears to have been a teetotaler bought the pain killer. Perhaps the others did not need it, inasmuch as at the end of nearly every grocery list and often several times in between items appears the inevitable six cents for a glass of whiskey.

As an illustration of the use of whiskey on the frontier in pioneer times we wish to quote from the book, *Religion in the Development of American Culture*, by William W. Sweet. We do so with the written permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

> . . . The amount of raw whiskey consumed in the rough frontier communities, even by the standards of our cocktail and liquor consuming age, seems incredible. . . . Those who would not use whiskey or brandy as a beverage seldom objected to taking it as a tonic or as a preventative of the diseases common to the frontier, particularly, ague and fever. . . .
>
> If a man would not have it in his family, his harvest, his house-raisings, log-rollings, weddings and so on, he was considered parsimonious and unsociable, and many, even professors of Christianity, would not help a man if he did not have a supply of whiskey on hand and treat the company. . . .
>
> It was a common practice for merchants to have an open barrel of whiskey at the back of their stores, with cups attached as an inducement to trade, and those whose purchases amounted to a certain sum were entitled to imbibe as much as he or she wished. Open kegs of whiskey were at boat landings for all to partake, for at twenty-five cents a gallon, whiskey was within the reach of all.

> Until the second decade of the nineteenth century it was not uncommon to find whiskey listed on subscription papers for minister's salaries. More than a hundred gallons are found on the subscription paper of Joshua L. Wilson the minister of the first Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, in the year 1807. The subscription list for the South Elkhorn Baptist Church in Kentucky in 1789, shows thirty-six gallons of whiskey subscribed.

From the above quoted material it is apparent that Grandfather lived during the days when the use of whiskey was considered almost a necessity. We have the financial report of an early church in which a certain allowance was made to provide for the minister's rum. We are justly proud of the fact that as long as Father could remember Grandfather, he never knew the latter to ever use or to sanction the use of intoxicants.

This brings to a close all that is known regarding Grandfather's people. We believe that his brother Alvah died of tuberculosis, in the state of New York, without leaving children. His father and stepmother also died in New York. It is believed that his brother Tailor also died of tuberculosis in Michigan. He probably left no children. Grandfather was a small man but he was very stout and rugged. He lived to be eighty-nine years of age and was never sick until the last two weeks of his life. This appears remarkable inasmuch as most of his people died of tuberculosis. We are not certain, however, we believe that the others left no descendants.

After the failure of the store in Sturgis, Michigan, Grandfather and Grandmother with Grandfather's son Sylvester moved to Ohio. Sylvester was sixteen years of age at that time which was near the close of 1856 or the beginning of 1857. They went back to Grandmother's people and her father Lewis Jennings. Here for the next two years Grandfather and Sylvester worked on farms for wages, much of the time for Great-grandfather Lewis Jennings. We have records of them working by the day at threshing grain, stacking wheat, splitting rails, splitting logs for shakes or shingles (called shaking shingles), cradling grain etc. We know little else concerning their two years sojourn in Ohio.

THE DISTINGUISHED JENNINGS FAMILY

Grandmother was always extremely proud of the fact that her maiden name was Jennings. This family, coming first from Connecticut to New York and then to Ohio, was proud of its ancestry. Grandmother's grandfather on her father's side of the family, Noah Jennings, had been a Revolutionary War soldier. He was blinded by gunpowder burns in that conflict. Her own father, Lewis Jennings, had been an officer of considerable rank in some of the Indian wars. Grandmother always said that he was a general. We rather doubted this until the records of the Ohio State Militia furnished us with the following information; "Lewis F. Jennings, Brigadier General, 2nd Brigade, 17th Detached Ohio Militia." The tradition is that he served in the Black Hawk War. The records of the Ohio State Militia for this period have been destroyed by fire and we can find no account of Ohio troops in that conflict. However, he may have served as a volunteer as many soldiers did. We know and this is a matter of record that he was a Drill Instructor at Lower Sandusky in Ohio during the Civil War. Thus the available records verified what Grandmother had always told us.

Lewis Jennings was born at Fairfield, Connecticut on September 24, 1793. His father, Noah Jennings, moved his family from Fairfield to Ovid or Covert in Seneca County, New York in 1813. Here Lewis Jennings married Lornhama Holloway about 1816. Lornhama Holloway was born in Delaware on September 21, 1800 and was the daughter of Benjamin and Susannah Holloway who had moved to Covert in 1814. Her brothers were Horace, James and Ira. Her family moved to Huron County, Ohio in 1834. Deeds show that Lewis and Lornhama Jennings bought land adjoining the military tract owned by his father, Noah Jennings, at Covert New York. In the above mentioned deeds, Noah Jennings the soldier had to make a cross for his signature. However, Noah Jennings Junior was able to sign his name as a witness for his brother Lewis Jennings.

Lewis Jennings had ten children. The first two or three were born in the state of New York and the others in Ohio.

Grandmother was next to the youngest child. Their names were: Fitzland, Lucinda, Eliza, Joseph, Emeline, Lewis, Adelia, Atha, Lucy and Wallace. The first child was born in 1817 and the last one was born in 1844.

Sometime between 1822 and 1826, Lewis Jennings with his family moved from Seneca County, New York to Ohio. He settled in Fremont, then known as Lower Sandusky. At one time he owned a large tract of land where the city of Fremont is now located. There were but two stores in Fremont at that time. The western part of what is now that city was covered with dense timber and was full of wild animals and roving bands of Indians according to an early family history. Great-grandfather's children played in and around the old fort. Either at this time or sometime later, he took out a section of land from the government. He at one time owned what is now known as Spiegel Grove. This place was later owned by President Hayes.

In 1832, Lewis Jennings with his family moved to the western part of Scott Township in Sandusky County. Here the timber was so dense that it was necessary for the pioneers to mark the trees so that they could find their way. Great-grandfather was one of the first settlers in the township and the first township election was held in his house in the spring of 1833. He owned what is now known as the Spieldiemer farm. Eventually, he lost all of his property and wealth by going as a bondsman for a Mr. King of Ballville, Ohio.

At one time, Lewis Jennings was employed at Perrysburg, Ohio, having charge of the locks on the Ohio Canal at that place. Grandmother often told us about this canal. She was filled with the wonder of this project and the vivid pictures which she painted for us of the drivers on the towpaths have remained with us to this day.

Grandmother, Lucy Jennings, was born on the Scott township farm January 28, 1837. Being so near to the last in this large family of children, she had nieces and nephews near her own age. Her own mother died of a heart attack when Grandmother was a young girl and great-grandfather married again. Grandmother did not get along well with her stepmother and

especially with this woman's daughter, Rowena. As a result, Grandmother lived with and worked for her married sisters. Thus she met Grandfather at her sister's home in Michigan.

Before proceeding further, we would like to mention some of the interesting facts concerning the Jennings family. It is believed that all people by the name of Jennings in both England and America are related. In America there is a northern branch of the family and also a southern branch. There are two or three different historical versions of how and when the Jennings people arrived in America such as the often repeated and never consistent one about the seven Jennings brothers who supposedly arrived from England on the ship the Old Calledonia which was wrecked off the coast of New Jersey in 1685.

Another version of the same story which is probably more accurate is that the brothers were only going from the east coast of Connecticut to Long Island when they were wrecked at Perth Amboy in 1717. However, after considerable research and long study, this writer believes that the following account is the true record of the origin of the Jennings people in America as accurately as can be determined after so long a time.

It is thought that three brothers, Nicholas, John and Joshua, ranging in age in the above order from 22 to 14 years, with their father, John Jennings, came to America from Ipswich in England in the ship Francis in 1634. They settled in Hartford, Connecticut at first but because of religious persecution and controversy the brothers left Hartford about 1650. Joshua, the youngest brother, went to Fairfield, Connecticut. He had married Mary Williams in 1647. They eventually had nine children, seven boys and two girls. Joshua died in 1675. By the time of the Revolutionary War, the city of Fairfield was thickly populated with people by the name of Jennings.

Fairfield, Connecticut has long been considered the original home of the Jennings people in America. It is likely that most of the people by this name in the United States are descendants of the above mentioned three brothers. Most research and historical libraries contain histories of the Jennings family in both England and America. The three volume

history of *Old Fairfield Connecticut* which is comprised of sixteen books contains a valuable record of the Jennings people.

The writer's grandmother, Lucy Jennings Smith, was a sixth generation direct descendant of the above mentioned Joshua Jennings. It appears that her people lived at Fairfield, Connecticut for at least four or five generations before they migrated to the West. The complete lineage of Grandmother's family will be given near the end of this chapter.

There are descendants of Great-grandfather's large family, mostly unknown, scattered over much of the United States. Many are in California and in other parts of the West. However, there are still some of them living in Ohio. Among these are the Ladd family, who are distinguished people of Bowling Green. These people are descendants of Grandmother's brother, Joseph Jennings, who was a captain in the Civil War. In this family there are several lawyers and a Judge, also a colonel and a general of the United States Army, beside other officers of lesser rank, now retired.

According to the national census of 1850, Noah Jennings Junior was then living in Ohio near his brother Lewis. The names of his children almost duplicated those of his brother. There are people by the name of Jennings still living in Ohio near the old home who are descendants of these two men.

Grandmother's sister Eliza, called Lissee, was an excellent shot with a rifle when a girl. In hunting game, her brother Joseph, later a captain, often went with her to carry the game which she shot. According to Grandmother, the state of Ohio one hundred years ago must have been abundantly covered with beautiful timber containing nearly every kind of tree. It is most likely that these forests are gone today. The above mentioned Eliza Jennings married Benjamin Inman, an Ohio senator, and her early life in Ohio is described in a history of Sandusky County.

At one time it was believed that the writer's family was related to William Jennings Bryan through the Jennings family. If there is any connection, the genealogists in the

Jennings family have not made the relationship clear. It is known that Bryan's mother was a Jennings, a fact of which he was very proud. It was from her that he inherited his middle name.

Grandmother believed that Bryan's mother, Mariah Elizabeth Jennings, was a relative of hers on her father's side of the family. Whether or not this is true we do not know. If it were true Father and William Jennings Bryan would have been distant cousins. The theory has been of especial interest to the writer's family by reason of the fact that in his later years Father to a marked degree resembled Bryan whom he greatly admired.

For those to whom it may be of interest, we shall give the lineage of Grandmother's family including the Revolutionary War records of her grandfather, Noah Jennings. We shall also insert simply for its interest a copy of an old will which is taken from the Holloway side of Grandmother's family.

Joshua Jennings (1620?-1675) was born in England. As previously stated, he came to America with his father and two brothers about 1634. They came to Hartford, Connecticut but after his marriage (1647) to Mary Williams, Joshua settled in Fairfield, Connecticut (1650) which city from that time on has been considered the original home of the Jennings people in America. The above couple had nine children.

Their second child, Joseph Jennings (1650?-1727), married Abigail Turney (1661-?) first and later married Sarah Bulkley. One of Joseph's seven children, John Jennings (1690?-1762), married Sarah Fanton (1694-1763). The youngest of their ten children, Abel Jennings (1735-?), married Sarah Hollingsworth (1736-1816), whose mother had also been a Jennings. Noah Jennings (1760-1841) was the second of Abel's ten children.

Noah Jennings was a Revolutionary War soldier as was also his brother Abijah. Noah married Rachel Gould of Fairfield about 1780 or a little later. According to land office records his wife was still living when Noah Jennings moved to Ovid, New York in 1813. However, her name does not appear on land deeds in 1825. Therefore we assume that she may have died shortly after moving to the state of New York.

After the end of the Revolutionary War and especially after the purchase of the Louisiana Territory in 1803, the Jennings people like all others of that period began the westward migration and as a result family records were either lost or not continued. We know the history of Grandmother's family from her father, Lewis Jennings the son of Noah Jennings, on down to the present time. However, for the period covering Noah's life we have been able to learn only the following.

Noah Jennings was born at Fairfield, Connecticut on March 30, 1760. He enlisted as a soldier in the Revolutionary War in 1776 when he was sixteen years of age. He took part in the battles of Staten Island and Long Island. After his discharge he enlisted again in 1778. This time he fought at Black Rock or Grove's Hill. It must have been here that he was blinded by gun powder burns. This affliction he carried through life. He was discharged the last time on April 2, 1779.

As stated previously, the wife of Noah Jennings was Rachel Gould whose family was an old established one in Fairfield. In fact part of the town plat was named the Gould addition. Some of these people were descendants of the Bradford and Brewster families who came to America in the Mayflower and we believe that Grandmother, Lucy Jennings Smith, was a descendant of these famous people. Jay Gould, the noted American capitalist, was also a descendant and a close relative of the family of Rachel Gould, the wife of Noah Jennings.

When Noah Jennings was married or how many children he had we do not know with certainty. The census of 1790 credits him with a wife and what appears to be three sons and two daughters. We know that his son, the writer's great-grandfather Lewis Jennings, was born at Fairfield on September 24, 1793. We also know from Ohio census records of 1850 that Noah Jennings Junior was born in Connecticut in 1801. Whether or not there were other children we do not know.

Noah Jennings died at Covert, New York in 1841 at the age of eighty-one years. According to the census of 1840, it would appear that he had been living at this place for some time with two other people who may have been one of his daughters and

her husband. The record states that he was blind which is what Grandmother always told us. We believe that he is buried near Covert or Ovid, New York. Only one Revolutionary War grave can be found in this vicinity and that is near Covert. However, the identity of the soldier buried there is unknown.

We believe that if Grandmother were living today she would be eligible for membership in such organizations as "The Daughters of the American Revolution," "The Society of Mayflower Descendants" and "The Colonial Dames of America." Truly she had reasons for being proud of her ancestry.

Inasmuch as we have already related some of the history of Grandmother's father, Lewis Jennings the son of Noah Jennings, and will cover more of it as this narrative continues, we shall at this time give only the pension record of Noah Jennings the Revolutionary War soldier.

> Jennings, Noah
> Pension Files S 23727
>
> Seneca Co., N. Y. 25, April 1839, Noah Jennings, aged 79 on Mar. last. Entered service at Fairfield about July 1, 1776, at the age of 16 yrs. for 3 mos. in Capt. Seth Silliman's Co. Was called out when British took possession of Staten Island. Marched to New York and in about a half month he crossed to Long Island and the battle took place a day or two later. He was discharged in Dec. near the holidays. Enlisted 1778 at Fairfield under Lt. John Odell and went to Fort at Black Rock locally known as Grove's Hill. Born at Fairfield Mar. 30, 1760 and lived there until 1813 when he moved to Ovid, N. Y., his present residence.
>
> John Smeed and William Stacy of Lodi, Zachariah P. Smeed of Covert, certified acquaintance and general belief that Noah was a Revolutionary soldier. Jonathan Brown also certified.
>
> Samuel Wilson of Fairfield aged 72 in 1833 enlisted with Noah Jennings in Artillery Co. at Fairfield and they served together at Black Rock. Lt. Odell was in Command.
>
> 1833, Edward Duncombe of Weston, aged 73 certified as above.

Although Noah Jennings was discharged from service in the Revolutionary War on April 2, 1779, it appears that he

did not receive a pension for this service until 1839 or just two years before he died. The amount of his pension was thirty-three dollars and thirty cents per year which would seem like a very small amount of money to us today. However it appears that he received about two and one half years back pay.

We have said little about the Holloway side of Grandmother's family. However, the Holloway people appear to have come to America as early as the Jennings family. A certain Joseph Holloway although not a passenger on the Mayflower was nevertheless a member of the Plymouth Colony and his will dated the 4th and recorded the 30th of December, 1647 at Sandwitch (Sandwich Massachusetts) is still on record among the wills and inventories of that place. However, the will that we are about to record has no connection with the above instrument. Also John Holloway, a native of London, England, came to America in 1635 and settled at New Haven, Connecticut. He is supposed to have died without issue. However, Joseph Holloway had children.

In our research in the historical library on the history of the Holloway family, we found the following interesting will. We have recorded it here as an example of old English spelling and of the ponderous verbiage which was used in legal documents in America in an early day.

Although Grandmother's mother, Lornhama Holloway, was born in Delaware, it appears that most of the Holloway people in America originated in Massachusetts and were Quakers. We never heard Grandmother ever mention that her mother was of this persuasion, however, her ancestors may have been of this faith. We read of one James Holloway who attended a dance and for this offense he was disowned by the Church. Perhaps Grandmother's family descended from this man. At any rate, we have great admiration for the Quaker Church and for its people. The will dates back almost to the time of the Pilgrims. The document is as follows:

> In the Name of the Holy Eternall and forever blessed Trinitie Amen I, Makepease Holloway (of this county) seriously consideringe the incertainety of this fraile and mortall life doe make and ordaine this my last will and

testament in writinge in manner and forme followinge: Hereby revokinge and makeinge voyde all former wills be mee made. And first I doe bequeath my soule into the bosome of my Heavenly Father God Almighty faithfullie trustinge that through the merittes of my Lord and Savious Jesus Christ I shall after this present translacon be partaker of his immortall glorie in the world to come. And for my body I doe commit it to be interred in the earth at the discrecon of my executors with the decent solemnity as it shall please my God by his providence to direct and appoint them.

And as touching the small part of my worldy estate I intend hereby to dispose of for the porcon and preferment of my family and towards the discharge of my debtes which I principally ayme at nowe haveinge no fittinge time or oppertunity to consider of other persons at present by reason of my violent sickness and infirmity but intend to take more deliberate consideration thereof if it please God to give mee longer time of health and strength I doe give and bequeath as followeth.

And first I doe hereby give and bequeath unto my deare and lovinge wife Patience Holloway her executors and administrators and assignee in token of my true love and affeccon unto her all and singular my jewelles, ringes whatsoever and also my two cabinettes the one standing in my wives chamber and the other in her closet together with all the hanginges and other furnature belonginge to sayde closet and also all other household stuffe whatsoever which I now have standinge within the house.

Also whereas I have deeds and conveyances for the settlinge and assureinge of diuers houses landes and hereditants with their appurtenances scituate and lyeinge within sayde county vppon anie person or persons to or for the joynture of sayde wife or to or for the persons maintenances and perfermts of all or any of my younger children I doe hereby ratifie confirme and make good all and everie the sayde deedes and conveyances and doe by these presentes devise give and bequeath all and everie of the above menconed or intend to be granted in all and everie the sayde conveyances unto the severall grantees convenanters therein expressed their heires and assignes forever to and for the severall uses intentes and purposes menconed in the sayde deedes and assurances.

And all my estate title and interest of and in the same and every part and parcell thereof of what sort quality or

condicon soever they be but also all and singlr and leases for liues or years billes, bondes, mortgages, debtes, duties, rentes, arrearages of rentes, householde stuffe, goodes, cattell, chattles and all my personall estate or whate kinde or nature soever they be to the severall vse or vses trustes intentes lymitati ons provicions and purposes hereafter menconed and expressed and to noe other vses trustes intentes purposes wharsoever that is to saye.

And doe hereby further will and declare my mind to be all and everie use limitacons and estates therin lymited shall stand goode and firme in the laws against my heire and executors accordinge to the true intent and meaninge of sayde deedes and conveyances anie thinge herein conteyned to the contrary thereof in anie wise notwithstandinge.

Also I doe decree that the above menconed heires and assignes shall withall conveyient speed aliene and sell onlie such parte of sayde landes and appurtenances for and towardes to rayse of certaine sommes of monie to be payd and satisfied to such person or persones and in such sort and manner as hereafter is expressed vppon trust and confidence toward the discharge of my debtes lyeinge vppon mee and shall well and truelly content satisfie and paye the full and iust somme of lawfull monie for my iust and due debtes menconed or intended to be menconed in a schedule hereafter to be annexed.

I doe hereby name and mencone my children. My two marred sonnes and heires, Temperance and Thankful Holloway. Also my two older daughers, Deliverance and Silence to be payde a small somme of monnies when they shall accomplish full age of one and twenty yeares or within a whole yeare next afyer shee shalbe marred which shall first happen to be. Also my younger children, Desire, Virtue and Increase Holloway. I will they shall share in all rentes, household stuffe, goodes, cattell, chattles and all other my personall estate or whate kinde or nature soever they be. My chattles beinge: 1 yoke oxen, 1 baye mare, 1 black doe, 1 cow and bell, 5 geese, 1 walnut chest, 2 wooden tubbes, 2 wooden bucketes, 4 bolles, 1 kettell, 1 loome, 1 pare gears, 1 sley, 1 coffee mill, 2 hoes, 1 dozen earthurn plates, 1 copper potte, 1 small potte, 1 bedcord, 1 wagon, 1 oven and hookes, knifes, forkes and spoones, 1 stone juge, 1 straw bed and feather bed, 2 ox yokes, table, chares and furnature.

My minde and will is hereby further declared to be and I doe bequeath all and singular my sayde menconed house,

> landes, goodes, chattles and personall estate vnto sayde heires, executors, administrators and assignes forever to his and their sole and proper vses and behoofes anie thinge herein contained to the contrary thereof in any wise not withstandinge. This my sayde last will and testamony whereof I have hereunto sett my hand and seale.

We did not record all of the above will. In the part left out, the currency mentioned was pounds and shillings, which with the language used reflects the strong influence of England on the early American colonies. In our research on Noah Jennings the soldier, we found that in all land transactions in which he was involved at Fairfield, Connecticut, around the year 1790, the price was stated in English money of pounds and shillings. However, after the year 1800, land values were given in dollars and cents. Apparently American money had become legal tender by that time.

THE LONG LONG TRAIL

In 1859, Grandfather and Grandmother Smith with Grandfather's son Sylvester moved from Ohio to Clinton County, Iowa. It has always been a source of disagreement in the Smith family as to whether they came to Iowa in a covered wagon or by train. Although Father had not been born at the time, he held to the theory that his parents came by train as far as Davenport. However they came, whether it was on the train or by covered wagon, we know that they brought a considerable amount of furniture and household goods with them, some of which we still possess. The railroad had reached the Mississippi River, opposite Clinton, Iowa, in 1855. However, there was no bridge across the river at this place until 1865.

On February 22, 1854 the Rock Island Railroad had reached the Mississippi River opposite Davenport. It was the first railroad to link that great river with the Atlantic Ocean. In April of 1856, a bridge was completed between Rock Island and Davenport, despite the strong opposition of Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, who had favored a more southern route. A steamboat named the Effie Afton was destroyed by fire after smashing against one of the piers of this bridge.

Abraham Lincoln was the attorney for the bridge company in the lawsuit that followed in 1857. The trial was most likely held in Chicago inasmuch as Mr. Lincoln asserted later that he would have liked to have visited Davenport at that time but that he had been too financially embarrassed to do so. Mr. Lincoln testified at the trial that 12,586 freight cars and 74,179 passengers had passed over the bridge. This shows the extent of the emigration to the West at that time. It could have been on this railroad and over this bridge that the writer's grandparents came to Iowa if they came by train. All that we know with certainty is that they settled upon land in Clinton County at that time.

Why they came to this particular place we do not know. It is probable that Grandmother's brother, Fitzland Jennings, and his family, some of whom were as old as Grandmother

and who were probably married by now, came from Ohio to this place with them. However, these people may have been here already. This we do not know. It is quite likely that Grandmother's two sisters, Mrs. Phillips (probably Lucinda) and Mrs. Lafferty (Emeline) and their families also came to Clinton County at about the same time. From old letters it appears that all of these people were in Clinton County with the writer's grandparents at this time or later. Some of the group appear to have lived on farms near De Witt, while others seem to have lived near Calamas which was about eleven or twelve miles west of De Witt. Grandfather and Grandmother lived here either four or six years. We are not sure which number is correct. It was while they were in Clinton County that the writer's father, Louis Edwin Smith, was born on June 22, 1861.

Just as a matter of interest, we would like to insert here a letter written during this period. It apparently is a letter from Grandmother's brother, Wallace Jennings to Grandfather. We conjecture that Wallace was still living at home with his father in Ohio. Military records of Ohio show that Brigadier General Lewis Jennings trained soldiers during the Civil War at Fremont, Ohio. Either near or at the close of the war he also must have moved to Clinton County, Iowa. We have old letters which reveal that he was in Clinton County in 1866.

May the 29, 1862

Dear brother

it is with pleasher that I take my pen in my hand to let you know that I am well and in good health and doing well I have got in twenty achors of corn I got that money you sent me and I indorsed it on that note and I wish That you would send me the rest as quick as you can thar is know news hear tell Lucy that atha is hear and I tore this paper to give hur the directions to write to hur

W Jennings

This letter must have been written before Wallace entered the Union army. He would have been only eighteen years old at this time and he probably was not married. We know that later he had a wife and family and that he followed his father and stepmother to Clarke County, Iowa. The Atha mentioned

was a sister of Grandmother. We know nothing more about her, except that she married and raised a family and that in her later years she gathered dew from off the grass to use for hair tonic.

Grandfather had been in Iowa only two years when the nation was torn asunder by the Civil War. Grandfather's son Sylvester, now twenty-one years of age, enlisted in the Union army. Grandfather also attempted to enlist but was rejected because of a broken shoulder, which injury he had received during a wrestling match. He was forty-two years old at the time. Grandmother's youngest brother, Wallace Jennings, and another brother in Ohio, Captain Joseph Jennings, were also soldiers in the Union army. Great-grandfather Lewis Jennings was too old at this time for active service. However, as stated earlier, having been an officer in the army previously, he organized companies of soldiers and trained them for service. And so it appears that the writer's ancestors, although they were northern Democrats, were well represented in the Union army.

It has always been a matter of great concern and disappointment to our family that our grandparents kept no record of the military service of Grandfather's son, Sylvester. All of his letters, written to his folks at home, while he was in the service, appear to have been destroyed, although we have other letters of much less interest and importance which were written during this period. Our grandparents, when they came to Adair County, had a certificate which had been given to Sylvester Smith. It appears to have been given in recognition of some meritorious service which he had rendered in the conflict. They had the certificate framed and they hung it upon the log cabin wall where the rain eventually beat through and destroyed it.

Grandfather received a number of letters from Sylvester while the latter was in the service and at one time he visited his people in Clinton County while on a furlough from the army. On this visit he brought a present of a pair of baby shoes to the writer's father who was about a year old at the time. We have been unable to find Sylvester Smith's name in any roster of Iowa or Ohio Civil War soldiers. Upon in-

formation received from other members of our family, we now have reason to believe that he went to Rock Island and enlisted in an Illinois regiment. However, inasmuch as we do not know what organization he served with in the Union army, we have never been able to find his name listed in the voluminous rosters and records of Civil War soldiers, although we have exhausted nearly every means to find it, even including the War Department itself.

In the last letter received from him during the war, Sylvester stated that he was sick and that his organization would go into battle the next day. He was never heard from again. We recall having heard Grandmother say that they received no more letters from him after the Battle of Shiloh.

The Battle of Shiloh was the most desperate battle of the Civil War that was fought in the West and few in the East equalled it for hard and determined fighting. It was the second great battle of that conflict and it received its name from a log meeting house called Shiloh Church. It has also been known as the Battle of Pittsburgh Landing because it was fought near that spot on the Tennessee River.

On April 6, 1862, the Army of the Mississippi, a Confederate force of 40,000 men under General A. S. Johnston surprised and attacked the Army of the Tennessee, an army of 33,000 men under the command of General U. S. Grant. The first day, the battle raged from dawn to sunset, the Federal troops being steadily driven back. But the effort to utterly crush Grant failed and the next day with the aid of 30,000 fresh troops called the Army of Ohio under General Buell, General Grant won back the ground that he had lost and the Confederates retreated. However, the first day saw some of the most desperate fighting of the entire Civil War.

Many first hand accounts have been left to us in regard to the terrors of that terrific struggle and of the suffering and horrors of that first night of the battle. Much of the battlefield was covered with heavy timber which was mowed down by cannon shot. The cannonading was terrific. Batteries were taken and retaken many times. Sometimes one side held the ground and then the other side would rally and recapture it. The roll of the musketry from 60,000 guns intermingled with

the noise of the cannon and the bursting shells made the earth tremble with the concussion as the two great giants struggled for the victory.

Acres and acres of timber such as small saplings and large underbrush were mowed down and trees one foot in diameter were cut down as if a mowing machine had gone through the field. Limbs fell like leaves from the trees and men and horses were piled in death over hundreds of acres on the fatal field. Hundreds of men lay in the woods on the ground completely overcome with the heat, smoke, dust and fatigue. The heat from the battle was intense and the air was filled with dense smoke. The fumes from the burning powder took all of the moisture from the mouths of the men and a burning dryness extended to their throats.

Riderless horses ran thundering through the woods with empty saddles and artillery horses with caissons attached ran through the squads of men and striking trees caused the percussion shells to explode blowing horses, caissons and everything near them to atoms. Cannon balls were flying in all directions cutting off great limbs of trees and many men were killed and injured in this way as the heavy limbs fell upon them.

The gunboats Tyler and Lexington shelled the Confederate lines as they attempted to advance. Hundreds of artillery pieces made the earth tremble with the noise of their fearful explosions. Nothing could be seen because of the thick smoke from the burning gunpowder. Men on both sides charged to the very mouth of cannons and hundreds of them fell. Acres of dead and wounded told the fearful tale of sacrifice. In his Memoirs, General Grant said that it would have been possible to have walked across the field of battle, in any direction, stepping only upon dead bodies without a foot touching the ground.

It has been said that no pen could write nor any hand could paint and no words could utter the horrors of that first night of the battle. Such a doleful pressure of misery and woe and suffering rested upon the field of battle and death that even General Grant himself said that he could hardly endure it. Unable to succor or to help the poor wounded men that had

fallen in the battle, the living cared only for themselves. Scarcely able to endure the great fatigue of the day each one thought only of himself.

After the first day of battle, the Confederates held undisputed possession of the greater portion of the field where lay the badly wounded. About ten o'clock at night the thick smoke in the air gathered in thunder clouds which were lit up by flashes of lightning and pierced by the sound of rolling thunder. Soon the rain began to come down in torrents drenching both man and beast. There was no shelter any place. Piles of provisions and ammunition lay uncovered. The darkness was impenetrable except when the lightning flashed. General Grant writing in his Memoirs years later has well described the terrors of that awful night. Surgeons worked all night dressing wounds and amputating the arms and legs of the wounded.

The groans of the wounded and dying could be heard in the din of the tempest. The struggles of the wounded horses as they floundered upon the ground and then as they came running through the darkness made the situation one of almost as much danger as during the day in the battle. Wounded and dying lay together and it has been reported that it was almost impossible to walk without stepping in blood.

Signal lights were flashing on the river all night as the boats kept constantly running back and forth bringing Buell's Army across. It took all night to get all of the 30,000 men across the Tennessee River. Before dawn this mighty army of reinforcements was in the line of battle. Before the darkness had lifted from the deep forest, the roll of musketry and the shouts of Buell's men could be heard from the front. And after another day of desperate fighting the Confederates were driven from the field of battle. Official reports of the battle give the losses of the Union Army as 1754 killed, 8408 wounded and 2885 missing or a total of 13,047 while that of the Confederates was reported as 1728 killed, 8012 wounded and 957 missing or a total of 10,697.

After the terrible conflict, the dead and wounded lay thick upon the ground. Federal and Confederate lay alternately scattered over the battlefield, some of them wounded and so

near dead from exposure that they were mostly insane. Around the batteries men died at their posts beside the guns. Some were torn to pieces leaving nothing but their heads or their boots. Pieces of clothing and strings of flesh hung from limbs of trees around them. And the faithful horses died in their harness beside the cannons, some torn to quarters by the bursting shells. Men and horses lay almost in heaps and their swollen bodies filled the air with a deadly odor.

Although we have exhausted nearly every source of information, even including the Adjutant General's office in Washington, D. C. and the War Department itself, we have never been able to determine the fate of Sylvester Smith. However, we believe that somtime during the two days of that desperate struggle or that sometime during that indescribable night of suffering between the two days of battle, Sylvester Smith died. We have been led to this conclusion by reason of the fact, as stated previously, that he was never heard from again after the Battle of Shiloh.

So ended tragically the story of Grandfather's first family. Fate had rung down, at last, the final curtain upon the first half of Grandfather's long and tragic life. Tomorrow he would begin again. He would start west toward a new home and a new life. Certainly the future could hold no fate which could be filled with more sorrow and disappointment than the past.

Either in 1863 or 1865 (we favor the later date although both are given in Grandfather's and Grandmother's obituaries), Grandfather moved again. He thought that he would like to try his luck in Missouri. His family now consisted of only Grandmother and the writer's father who was just a small child. Consequently he loaded what little household goods they possessed into a covered wagon and started west and south. We know very little about this trip. However, one thing appears to have stood out above all else in the memory of the writer's grandmother. In later years she often mentioned the dangers which they had encountered while fording the many rivers. The Skunk Rivers and the Skunk River bottoms seem to have been especially treacherous and her fear of these rivers stood out vividly in her memory ever after.

We suppose that at some place along the route, they either forded or were ferried across the Des Moines River and of course they had to cross innumerable smaller streams which also had no bridges at that time. Suffice it to say that Grandfather never reached Missouri. When he had gone as far as Osceola, Iowa, the county seat of Clarke County, he went no farther. He had been hearing about the depredations of the Bushwackers in northern Missouri and in southern Iowa and as a result he decided to remain in Clarke County.

The *New Standard Encyclopedia* gives the following interpretation of the term, "Bushwhackers."

> A term applied during the Civil War to certain irregular characters, particularly of the Southwest. When at home they claimed to be neutrals, sympathizing with neither army. As a matter of practice, they hid away in ambush and shot passing soldiers, or, like ordinary bandits, held up travelers for their valuables. It was difficult to draw the line between a bushwhacker, a guerilla, and a highwayman.

The most ruthless leader of the Bushwhackers was a desperado by the name of William C. Quantrill who was born at Dover Canal, Ohio, on July 31, 1837 and died at Louisville, Kentucky on June 6, 1865. He had been a professional gambler under the name of Charley Hart. Then for a year he taught school in Kansas. In 1860, he started on a criminal career of horse stealing and murder. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he raised a troop of Confederate irregulars and in 1862 he received a commission as captain.

August 21, 1862 with four hundred and fifty men, he raided the Free-Soil town of Lawrence, Kansas, burning the town and killing more than one hundred and fifty men, women and children. In May of 1865 after his band had been reduced to a force of thirty-three men, he entered Kentucky on a plundering foray. His party was surprised by a force of Federal soldiers and Quantrill was fatally wounded. He died a month later in prison. At one time, Jesse James was a member of his gang of guerrillas, joining them when he was fifteen years of age. Also with Quantrill's Raiders was Belle Starr, the fiery outlaw queen who rode a horse like a man.

A man by the name of James Jackson, who also had a commission in the Confederate Army, was another ruthless killer and leader of the Bushwhackers. With a gang of outlaws, he terrorized the inhabitants of northern Missouri and southern Iowa destroying much property and killing many people.

For the most part the Bushwhackers sympathized with the South. They often disguised themselves by wearing the uniforms of Northern soldiers. Thus they gained admittance to certain localities where they then molested people's homes and killed the inhabitants. Their depredations constituted what was probably the most disgraceful phase of the Civil War.

We have a number of old letters written in correspondence between Grandfather and the Jennings people who were left in Clinton County. From these letters and from the recollections of the writer's father before his death, we have learned that Great-grandfather Lewis Jennings and his wife followed Grandfather Smith to Clarke County, moving there in the spring of 1866. Also we find that Fitzland Jennings and some of his family moved from Clinton County to Boone County in the same year. In a short time the latter then moved to Clarke County and again on south to Decatur County where he bought unimproved land and built a homestead in 1869.

Grandmother's sister, Mrs. Phillips, and her family remained in Clinton County after the others moved away. This sister, who had at least nine or ten children, must have been much older than Grandmother inasmuch as she had grandchildren as old as Father. Another sister Emeline and her husband John Lafferty and daughter Sadie E. and probably other children also remained in the same place. Once or twice Father visited these relatives in Clinton County when he was a young man. Hannah, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Phillips, was about Father's age and she wrote him many letters some of which we will reproduce in a later chapter. Edd Anthony, a grandson of Mrs. Phillips, was about Father's age and he visited one time in Grandfather's home in Adair County.

We believe that Mrs. Phillips was Grandmother's oldest sister Lucinda. We do not know why so many of the Jennings people and their families came from Ohio to Clinton County,

Iowa. However, we know that the Anthony family had come from Rhode Island and New York to Clinton County in 1841. Also a family by the name of Gettis had come from Ohio to Clinton County in 1849. The Gettis and Anthony families were related and some of the Gettis family later moved to Greenfield in Adair County. All of which leads us to surmise that the Jennings family may have known some of these people in Ohio and that this fact, if true may have been the cause for so many of Grandmother's people to have moved from Ohio to Clinton County in Iowa. Inasmuch as the last letter which Father received from these people in Clinton County, which we still possess, is over seventy years old, it is most likely that all of the older generation are now dead. We know nothing about their descendants.

We have a letter dated February 20, 1866 which was written by Great-grandfather Lewis Jennings, from Liberty Township, Clinton County, to Grandfather Almon Smith in Green Bay Township, Clarke County. In the letter, the writer besides stating that he is moving to Clarke County also says that Franklin Jennings has married and has bought land out west near Boone, Iowa, where he is doing well. Just before going to Boone, this man had returned home with two thousand dollars. This would have represented quite a fortune in those days. We wonder where he had been and what he had been doing to earn so much money. We think that this man was the oldest son of Fitzland Jennings by his first wife. We believe that this man later had two sons, one a doctor and one a railroad engineer. Father often said that some of Fitzland's sons settled upon land near Boone, Iowa. Our family knows nothing about them or their descendants.

We will record this old letter here as well as a copy of Grandfather Smith's letter which was written in reply. Strangely both the letter and the copy were preserved and were found in Grandfather's old trunk. They are inserted here with the spelling of the words retained just as they are in the letters. We are sorry that we cannot reproduce here the fancy penmanship. Capital letters occur just any place without rhyme or reason. For the sake of clarity we have supplied punctuation.

Liberty Township Clinton County
February 20, A. D. 1866 Iowa

Mr. Almon Smith I received your Letter some time ago. I hav ben bissey and ant ansored it till now. wee are all well At this time and hope this will Find you all well. I shal Send A man and Team out thare to put Inn a Crop and when it come right I expect to come and fech what Little trumpry I have out thare. Franklin M Jennings has Got Home and marred and Bout out West in Boone and has done Well. Brout about two Thousand Dollars with him I think. F. A. Jennings will move out thare this spring. I wish you all My best respects to you all

To Almon & Lucy Smith Lewis Jennings

The following is Grandfather Smith's reply to the above letter. It is followed by a postscript from Grandmother.

March 4 A. D. 1866 Clark Co. Green Bay Township

friend JenninGs. I received yours the first of march and Was Glad to here from you. We are all Well at presant and hope these little words Will find you the same. I hav rented land fore you and Come Without fale. tell all my friends invitinGly I Would like to see them all and Would like to hav them Come and see me. the Weather is fine here now. the roads are Gitting Dusty and I shall Go to sowinG Wheet son. I Got a leter from Walice and they Was Well. they hav surveyd to railroads thrue here and a Going to Work them this summer. the land here is very hi and Dry. it is not muddy But a little While son We Will see the Green Grass a WaverinG on the Wide and rolinG praries and here the ratlinG of the Cowbels and the Grate herds of sheep and son We Will see the roads lind With emiGrants aGoing hither and yon and son We Will see the Drovyer With his larGe Drove of Cattle hotinG and holerinG fore a mile.

Almon Smith

Dear father and mother

I Send you a fue lines to let you no that I hav not foregot you yet and tell lib i giv my respect to her and tell her to rite oftner. my Eyes are Week and I cant see vary Well to rite. my Best respect to you

Lucy Smith

It would appear from the above letter that Wallace Jennings and his family had not yet moved to Clarke County. Perhaps they were still living in Ohio. Later, Wallace moved to Clarke

County, Iowa, where he helped Great-grandfather farm his land. Whether or not he followed the latter to Decatur County we do not know. However, we know that he lived near Grandfather Smith in Adair County from 1880 to 1882. He then moved to the State of Washington.

This would appear to be the most appropriate place to relate what little we know in regard to Fitzland Jennings. Uncle Fitzland, as the writer's father always referred to him, was the oldest of Great-grandfather's children. As a result some of his first family were as old as Grandmother. The latter often stated that one of her brothers had four wives during his life time, which again testifies to the high mortality rate among married women in those pioneer days of long ago.

Whether or not the above mentioned brother was Fitzland or Grandmother's brother Lewis, of whom we know absolutely nothing, we do not know. However, we know that Fitzland had at least two wives. The last wife was Ellen Lucinda Root whom he married in Clinton County in 1862. She had nursed his former wife during her last illness. This last wife bore him eight children all of whom lived to rear families. He also had at least two children previous to his last marriage.

The records show that he and his family and the Phillips family were in Ohio in 1858. Therefore we believe, as stated previously, that they all came to Iowa in 1859. Fitzland moved to Boone County, in 1866, where one of his older sons was now living. Soon after this he went to Clarke County and then on south to Decatur County where be bought a farm south of Leon in 1869. Here he raised his last family of eight children. Also one of his older sons, whose name was the same as that of his father, Fitzland Allen Jennings, lived here near him. An inscription on a gravestone in the old and abandoned Manchester Cemetery, which is situated among the trees a quarter of a mile back from the highway in a timbered field two and one half miles south of Leon, reveals that this man has a son buried there.

Fitzland Jennings was living on his farm south of Leon when the notorious James brothers robbed the bank at Corydon, the county seat of Wayne County. The bandits fed their horses at the farm and also ate a meal with the Jennings fam-

ily who, of course, did not know the identity or the purpose of the men whom they were entertaining. The robbers were Frank and Jesse James, Clell Miller and Jim White. On June 3, 1871, they dismounted in front of the Ocobock Bank at Corydon. While one member of the gang was holding the horses and guarding the front door, another man guarded the back door. Two of the robbers entered the building and after confronting the cashier with revolvers obtained the keys to the safe and plundered it of nearly ten thousand dollars.

Father could recall his Uncle Fitzland and one of things that he remembered about the latter was the fact that he had a large scar on his throat. It appears to have extended almost from one ear to the other. He was a Northern Democrat and it seems that sometime during the Civil War, he had gotten into an argument with another man. The other man tried to cut Uncle Fitzland's throat. It would appear that he came very near doing it. We do not know how this could have come about inasmuch as it appears from some of Uncle Fitzland's writing that he was an ardent supporter of freedom and of the Union.

In his later years Fitzland Jennings and his wife moved to Redding in Ringgold County. He died in 1896 and his wife died in 1927. They are both buried at Redding where they have a daughter living. All of their children have either died or have moved away from Decatur County. More details in regard to the children will be given in the chapter on old letters.

Great-grandfather, Lewis Jennings, moved to Clarke County in the spring of 1866 which was just shortly before Grandfather Smith left for Adair County. The former intended later, according to an old letter, to sell out and to follow Grandfather to Adair County but for some reason he did not do so. However, he must have followed his son Fitzland on south to Decatur County where, we know he died and is buried. Some time, probably between 1875 and 1880, his wife choked to death while eating a piece of meat. We have reason to believe that he died about 1880 or 1882, although one record gives 1872. Both are buried in the beautiful old Bethel Cemetery which adjoins the Bethel Baptist Church grounds.

This little country church with its well kept cemetery back of it is located upon the top of a hill about five or six miles straight south of Leon. This peaceful little place which is situated beside a country road about a mile east of Highway number sixty-nine is surrounded by timber and pasture land and, like the Manchester Cemetery, is very old. Many of the gravestones bear the surname Cox, thus indicating that people of this name must have settled here in pioneer days. The name of the present minister of the church is Gamaliel Cox. We might also mention the fact that people by the name of Manchester still live south of Leon in the general vicinity of the Manchester Cemetery.

When we instituted a search for Great-grandfather's grave it was suggested by the relatives that the place of interment must necessarily be in either the old Bethel Cemetery or in the old and abandoned Manchester Cemetery where as stated previously he has a great-grandson buried. However, no Jennings lot or grave could be found in the latter abandoned and unplatted burial ground with the exception of that of the above mentioned great-grandchild. While research has revealed that a Mr. and Mrs. Jennings are buried in the old Bethel Cemetery.

Although the lot and graves are platted and can be found, there are no gravestones and no first names or initials available on the plat to establish with certainty the identity of the Mr. and Mrs. Jennings who, according to the cemetery records, are buried there. However, extensive research has convinced the writer that his great-grandfather, Brigadier General Lewis F. Jennings, and his second wife are buried on this lot in the old Bethel Cemetery. Benton McClaran, a pioneer citizen of Davis City also Lewis Jennings, a grandson now living in Michigan, both remember that the old soldier was buried here in this historic old country cemetery.

It seems unfortunate that this man who had pioneered across one half of a continent and who had been an officer of considerable rank in the Indian Wars should have been so neglected in death. It is indeed regrettable that he who had trained so many hundreds of soldiers for the Union Army during the Civil War and who had given two of his sons for service in that conflict should have lain so long in an unmarked

and an unknown grave. His first wife, who was the mother of his children, is probably buried in some forgotten grave most likely in Scott Township in Sandusky County, Ohio. She died about 1847 when Grandmother was ten years of age.

Wallace Jennings and his family lived for a while in Clarke County and he may also have followed Great-grandfather to Decatur County. We know that he came to Adair County about 1880 and lived near Grandfather Smith for two years. He then moved with his family to a farm near Pullman in Whitman County in the state of Washington. Wallace was the baby of Great-grandfather's family and he appears to have been a sort of "never-do-well."

He was only twenty-one years old when the Civil War ended. However, he had served for some time, we do not know how long, in the Union army. In one sense of the word, he was a deserter from the army. After the Civil War ended many soldiers went home without waiting for a discharge. Inasmuch as the war was over the government did not molest them. Wallace Jennings was one of these. Grandmother never approved of the way he did. When he wrote to her from the state of Washington asking her for a favor she refused to answer the letter. As a result she never heard from him or from his family again.

We would like to mention here that Great-grandfather's son Joseph H. Jennings served with distinction, first as a lieutenant and then as a captain, throughout the entire length of the Civil War. He lived most of his life near Fremont, Ohio. He had a family of thirteen children, ten of whom grew to manhood and womanhood. His children and grandchildren included some of the most noted of Great-grandfather's descendants among whom are the previously mentioned distinguished Ladd family of Bowling Green, Ohio.

END OF THE TRAIL

Adair County was named in honor of General John Adair who was an officer in the War of 1812 and who was also the sixth governor of Kentucky. The county was organized in 1854. However, the first settlers had arrived in 1850. The first court house was at Fontanelle and the earliest records are in a book dated 1854. Adair County was the last one in the third tier of Iowa counties from the south to organize. Prior to this it was attached to Madison County for judicial and other purposes. Although the western part of the state had received a general survey by the United States Government in 1849, a Mr. O'Brien, the county surveyor of Madison county, had been called from Winterset to do some surveying after the county became organized and then immigrants began to come in.

No land in Adair County or in fact in any of the counties of southwestern Iowa was ever released for homestead. Instead it was sold by the government to land speculators after the last treaty with the Potawatomi Indians in 1846-47. These Indians were supposed to leave southwest Iowa and remove to Kansas after they had relinquished the territory. However, many of their number remained or returned to hunt and to fish along the timbered streams. It is also likely that the Missouri and Omaha Indians roamed as far north and as far east as Adair County. As a result, the Indians were a familiar sight to the early settlers of Adair County.

And so it was that Grandfather Smith while living near Osceola in Clarke County met a man, probably a speculator, who owned forty acres of land in Jefferson Township of Adair County. This land had been in the possession of several men previous to this. The first owner was Samuel J. Longshore in 1855, followed by Alexander Mitchell in 1861 and finally by Jackson Ferrel. Probably none of the men had ever seen the land. November 27, 1865, Grandfather traded a team of horses and a wagon to Jackson Ferrel for the property. He now owned a farm which he had never seen.

It may have been in the spring of 1867 that Grandfather moved to Adair County, Iowa. However, we have evidence

which leads us to believe that either in the late spring or in the early summer of 1866, he sold his crops and farming equipment, probably to Great-grandfather Lewis Jennings, who had just recently arrived in Clarke County and then Grandfather started on the trip which proved to be his last pioneering journey. He was about forty-eight years old and he had crossed one half of a continent. Although the ordinary hardships of pioneer life were still with him, he had at last found security and he was coming home. For the next forty years or until his death, he was to treasure this spot of earth as the next thing to heaven. In those years he seldom left home either to visit a neighbor or to go to market, as he called going to town.

We do know something, if only a little, about this last pioneer journey of our grandparents. On this trip there were only Grandfather and Grandmother and the writer's father who was about five or six years of age. Grandfather had gotten another team of horses and a wagon. The latter he covered over with canvas to protect the contents from the weather. In this wagon he stored his goods and in it he carried his family. In this conveyance, we believe, there were the following articles which had traveled with them all of the way from Michigan and from Ohio. There was the cherry wood dresser, which was mentioned previously, a Seth Thomas clock, a walnut drop leaf table, a couple of hickory splint bottom chairs, a small mirror, some dishes, Grandfather's old trunk and some bedding. Probably some farming tools and cooking utensils were hung on the outside of the wagon. We still have the dresser, some of the old dishes, the mirror and the clock, besides some of Grandfather's old tools. All of these articles are more than one hundred years old.

Behind the wagon they led a cow and a filly named Jane. This young mare may have been ridden part of the way by Grandmother who liked very much to ride horseback. Jane was to figure prominently in their lives for the next twenty years. She lived to be about twenty-five years of age which is a long life for a horse.

Grandfather drove northwest from Osceola and eventually he reached Middle River. This stream he now saw for the

first time. Near it he was to live for the next forty years of his life. He may have crossed the river near The Devil's Backbone or what is now called Pammel State Park. He may even have stopped here at the old mill which had been completed in 1859 by John Harmon and his sons. These people had spent three years digging a tunnel for a mill race through the limestone rock which underlies the high ridge that separates the two channels of Middle River where they nearly meet after the stream has made a detour of two and one half miles.

From here it was only necessary for Grandfather to follow the river to his new home in Adair County. Part of the way he probably followed the old stage coach route from Winterset to Holaday Post Office. The route crossed the river at the latter place and proceeded on to Kawsville or to Kansville, on the Missouri River, now called Council Bluffs.

The early roads frequently followed the old buffalo trails and the Indian paths. For the most part these pioneer roads, although they often followed the rivers as this one did, also stayed upon the ridges in order to avoid the low ground and the timber. The roads crossed the rivers occasionally at the shallow fords and often at such places where there was water and shelter the tired travelers would camp for the night. Professor John Ely Briggs of the State University of Iowa in his book entitled, *Iowa Old and New,* which, as stated previously, is considered the best juvenile text ever written on the early history of Iowa, has left to us the following vivid description of pioneer travel.

> Many of the early settlers came to Iowa in big wagons drawn by oxen. Clothing and household things were packed in boxes made to fit into the wagon. On these boxes the bedding was piled. A canvas cover stretched over wooden loops protected the goods from the weather. Tools, kettles, and buckets were hung on the outside. These covered wagons were the "prairie schooners" of the pioneers.
>
> They followed the paths of the buffalo and the trails of the Indians until deep ruts were worn in the sod. When the track became too deep they made another beside it. Those were the first roads. They connected the settlements, following the ridges because it was hard to get over the marshes in the low places. This is the reason why roads in eastern Iowa still curve over the hill tops. In

> the level parts of western Iowa where the land was surveyed before the settlers came, the roads follow the section lines straight east and west and north and south one mile apart.
>
> The dirt roads were dusty or muddy much of the time . . . One of the greatest difficulties was to get across the streams. There were no bridges at first. The pioneers found shallow places where they could ford . . .
>
> The barefooted boy who stood beside a main highway in Iowa eighty to one hundred years ago would have seen a pageant of pioneer transportation—doctors and preachers on horseback; a galloping post rider with mail in his saddle bags; here a wagon loaded with sacks of wheat on the way to a grist mill; there a yoke of oxen plodding up hill with a cord of wood; a "jerky," or light spring wagon of the Frink and Walker stage line; and from the east a new settler and his family moving slowly down the dusty road in their weather beaten Conestoga wagon.
>
> Suddenly the sound of a horn is heard. Everybody gets off the road to make way for the coach of the Western Stage Company . . . And so the stage coach flashes by and is gone.
>
> Gradually the dust settles. The oxen resume their patient gait. The covered wagon continues on its long journey to the new home. And the barefooted boy whistles to his dog, climbs over the rail fence, and walks down a path toward a log cabin at the edge of the timber.

And so it was that the writer's Grandparents came eventually to Wahtawah, the Indian name for the confluence of Middle River and Turkey Creek, near Holaday Post Office. They were now in Jefferson township, Adair County. Here they learned that they were within four or five miles of their new home. They stayed over night at this place. Grandfather fearing that there might not be any house nearer to his land than this, left his family and equipment in the home and in the care of the early pioneer settler and country preacher, Jonathan B. McGinnis. He then mounted the vivacious Jane and proceeded on alone up Middle River to locate his homestead.

Before proceeding further, we would like to pause for a moment in order to relate some of the early history of Wahtawah. Where Turkey Creek and Middle River unite and join waters to become one stream, there is a beautiful wooded

section of country made picturesque by winding roads and timbered hills.

Here from time immemorial the Indians made their camps by the two converging rivers and as long as the white man can remember it has been called Wahtawah (Wah-ta-Wah). Some people say that this was the name of the Indian Chief who at one time ruled here. Other people say that the word means, "Joining of the Waters," in the Indian tongue. Whatever the meaning of the word, it is evident that the Indian name has remained and that this section of country is known by that name even today.

The land in and all about Wahtawah was heavily timbered in pioneer days. The forest continued for miles up and down Middle River. Even the writer can remember the gigantic trees consisting of many kinds of elm, oak, and hickory. There were also bass wood and walnut and many other varities of trees. Some of this timber remains today. However, vast acres of this beautiful forest land have been made barren of trees by greedy saw mill operators.

Two men, William Alcorn and John Gilson, and their families came to Wahtawah in 1850. They were probably the earliest settlers in Adair County. Alcorn took a claim west of the river banks which was later to become the site of the Holaday Post Office. Mr. Gilson settled on a farm east of the river which later became the old McGinnis homestead which has been mentioned previously. John Loucks came to this vicinity in 1856 and built his home in the timber by the river just north of Holaday Post Office. These three places and a combined log school house and Christian church on the Loucks property built in 1858 constituted the Wahtawah community when Grandfather arrived here in his covered wagon.

This log school house and church, later replaced by one built of lumber, was the place where the early settlers of Wahtawah worshipped. They baptised their members in the water where the two rivers united to form one stream. Later the writer's parents and still later we grandchildren were baptised here also. In 1865 or in 1866, Mr. J. B. McGinnis gave some ground for a cemetery and in 1894, he gave some land for the location of a new church building on a hill near the river. This hill was covered at that time with beautiful timber. Here the

Indian, the deer, and the panther gave way to civilization. However, the Wahtawah church and the Wahtawah cemetery still remain as symbols of the days gone by and as reminders of the generations of people who at one time lived and died here. The pioneers sleep here on the hill surrounded by beautiful oaks and elms.

There were many deer along the rivers and in the timber when Grandfather came to his prairie home. Beavers dammed the streams. Prairie chickens were abundant. Previously, elks had been seen in great droves and there were still a few black bears. Buffaloes had been seen occasionally and when the writer was young there were still great depressions in the ground which the pioneers called buffalo wallows.

Early settlers have reported that on warm misty nights when fog hung low over the valley and the forests of Middle River, the quiet of the night would sometimes be shattered by a piercing scream. The sound was as that of a woman in mortal pain and terror. However, the pioneers knew it for what it was, the almost human cry of the panther.

Many years ago Joshua B. McGinnis, one of the sons of the pioneer preacher McGinnis, who has been mentioned earlier, told the writer that when he was young, he would not have spent a night alone in the timber of Wahtawah for the best farm in the county. He had come here with his parents in 1864. He was eight years old at that time, having been born in Madison County in 1856. He could remember the traveling bands of Indians, probably the Potawatomi, as they camped at the "Joining of the Waters" which was little more than a stone's throw from father's house. He recalled that the Indians raced their horses here in the timber on the bottom flats. They also traded horses and one time his father bought a spotted pony for him from the Indians.

Just as a matter of interest, we would like to point out at this time that regardless of the meaning of the word *Wahtawah* the name must have been in more or less universal use by the Indians. In James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales,* we find the beautiful Indian maiden Wah-ta-Wah and her lover being rescued from the Hurons by the legendary *Pathfinder* and *Deerslayer* of these imortal stories.

THE MIDDLE RIVER HOMESTEAD

There has always been considerable speculation and mystery in regard to the method by which Grandfather located and identified his forty acres of land. The only highways were the river trails. There were no roads to mark the section lines. These roads were laid out quite some time after Grandfather had built his final permanent dwelling as will be revealed at the close of this chapter. As stated earlier, the land in western Iowa had been surveyed in 1849 and probably there had been some individual surveys made later. It is likely that the section lines and perhaps quarter sections of land were marked. However, it must have been difficult to find the markers inasmuch as only a rock was used for the purpose when it was available or if there were no rocks then a green post was cut and planted in the ground where a corner was to be identified. It is evident that these markers would disappear with the passage of time.

We might add that years later after we grandchildren were born, some surveyors unearthed a redwood stake which was under the ground in the middle of the road near Grandfather's house. Apparently it was placed there to mark the northeast corner of his forty-acres. Whether it was put there by the original surveyors or by later ones when the road was laid out, we do not know. At any rate, this time "Lady Luck" appears to have been with Grandfather for the land proved to be high and dry and quite level. In fact it was later considered to be one of the best forty acres of land in Jefferson Township.

Stover Rinard, a pioneer from Indiana, had in 1856 settled on a farm about two miles north of Grandfather's land. His place could be seen from Grandfather's farm. It is most likely that this man helped in locating the land. It is certain that the two men became acquainted at this time. After he had identified his land, Grandfather rode the spirited Jane back to Wahtawah. He then returned to his new home with his family and equipment. In passing, we would like to state that the McGinnis family who took the tired immigrants into their home and made them welcome have been steadfast friends of the Smith family for five generations.

Stover Rinard now made Grandfather and his family welcome in his home. Here they remained for about two weeks or until Grandfather had built a small log cabin on his own land. Father, although he was only a small boy at the time, always remembered that Mr. Rinard's fireplace was built of logs. It was always a mystery to him why the chimney of the fireplace did not catch fire and burn. An old pioneer attempted to explain to the writer how this kind of a chimney was constructed and why it did not catch fire. However, rather than attempting to explain it ourselves, we shall quote from an early history of Adair and Guthrie Counties.

> For a fireplace, a space was cut out of the logs on one side of the room, usually about six feet in length, and three sides were built up of logs, making an offset in the wall. This was lined with stone if convenient; if not, then earth. The flue or upper part of the chimney, was built of small sticks, two and a half or three feet in length, carried a little space above the roof, and plastered over with clay, and when finished was called a "Cat-and-Clay" chimney.

Of course a large flat rock was always laid in front of the fireplace for a hearthstone.

It must have been no small undertaking for Grandfather to build this pioneer log cabin. He had to cut the logs from trees in the timber along the river. These logs were then hewn and hauled home on the running gears of the wagon. Father used to tell how Grandfather, although not a large man, could load a heavy log alone. He had some sort of a back-woodman's method of using the wagon as a kind of lever. By this method the wagon with the aid of the horses did most of the lifting.

Father often stated that, when thinking back upon those days, he could hardly understand how they lived through that first winter. The log cabin had no floor except the ground over which it was built. Inasmuch as Grandfather had only three horses, he could not plow the tough prairie sod. Therefore he hired Theodore McGinnis, a son of the preacher McGinnis, to break some of the land with oxen. On this broken prairie sod, he attempted to raise some corn and some grain for feed. Of course wild prairie hay could be had for the taking. However, Grandfather had only a scythe to cut it with and it was

difficult to store enough for winter. The only protection from the weather that he had for his horses and the cow was a hastily built pole shed which was covered over with wild slough grass.

One can only imagine how hard Grandfather worked that first summer in order to provide for the winter. There were no trees on the forty acres. Grandfather went to the timber near the river and gathered maple seeds and sprouts. These he planted entirely around the farm. He also planted them around the yard and through the fields where later he intended to build permanent fences. These trees together with those of a fine orchard west of the house were fully grown when the writer was a boy. It was by then one of the most beautiful farmsteads in the country.

Father always liked mush and milk. He believed that this was the result of his having had to eat so much of it that first year. They had the cow that they had brought with them. Her milk together with the corn meal which Grandmother managed some how to grind or to hammer fine was, according to Father, about all that they had for food much of that first winter. Although Father was only five or six years of age at that time, he ever after remembered the trials and the hardships of that long and lonely winter with its battles against cold and hunger. Settlers were few and far between, and wolves howled about the little log cabin which had no floor, while the cold winter wind drove the sifting snow through the crevices.

The house nearest to Grandfather's place was about two miles northwest up Middle River. This was the home of Benjamin McMullen, a native of Virginia, who had settled here in 1864. His house was located in heavy timber between the river and a bayou. From here on the timber extended unbroken up the river for several miles and also extended west away from the river for a great distance. This heavy timber along the winding river was in some places almost unexplored when the writer was a boy.

Mr. McMullen had been married in Virginia to Celia Carter. After coming to Iowa she was killed by lightning in 1867

while in bed. The lightning cut a path about the width of a finger down Mr. McMullen's left side and shattered the bed-post at the foot. Mrs. McMullen left six children; Hershell, Casiah, Millard, Cyrus, Lucinda and Abram. Mr. McMullen was married again in 1868 to Mrs. Mary Zornes, whose husband had frozen to death in a snow storm a few miles west of Grandfather's home. Besides her children, there were born to this second union six children also. They were Emiline, Frank, Charlie, Dora, Delilah and Clara.

Soon after her arrival here, Grandmother riding the ever willing Jane up the river road called at the McMullen home. From that time on the McMullens and the writer's people were to be life long friends. We have in our possession today some furniture which was purchased from these people by the writer's parents when they were married. It is believed that this furniture came from Virginia and is more than one hundred years old. Several years later when the neighborhood had become well settled, this beautiful timbered spot by the river near the McMullen home was to become the rendezvous for the young people of the country side. This group included the McMullen young people and their cousins, the Paynes, besides the writer's parents and others. Here on pleasant summer Sunday afternoons and on holidays they were to spend many happy hours together.

About one half mile on up the timber road from the Mc Mullen place there was a high bluff on one side of the trail and the river on the other. Here in the heavy timber in one of the most scenic spots in Iowa a grist mill called the Middle River mill was built by Isaiah Hollingsworth, seven years after Grandfather came to his prairie home. A couple of years later or about 1876, a man by the name of Andrew Thompson bought the mill and it was ever after to be known as Thompson's mill. This mill was reported to have cost four thousand dollars. It had two buhrs and was capable of grinding five bushels of wheat per hour. This would seem incredibly slow to us today. However, in that pioneer day Thompson's mill was considered to be more or less locally famous. Of course the mill is gone today and the old bridge across Middle River is washed away but the timber remains and the spot is about

as wild and as scenic as it was when Grandmother first rode the spirited Jane by here in 1866 or 1867.

Continuing on up the river and through still more dense timber for one half mile or more the road reached the home of a settler by the name of Underwood. Here in the timber upon the east bank of Middle River was one of the oldest homesteads in Adair County. Lewis Underwood, a native of South Carolina, came here from Indiana in 1856. He was seventy-one years old at that time and his wife Keziah was fifty-six years of age. They were the parents of the wives of Jeremiah Rinard and Stover Rinard. They had all come to Adair County together from Indiana. It was the latter with whom the writer's grandparents had lived while Grandfather was building his log cabin. Grandmother riding the animated Jane up the river road, during the first year of her arrival here, had gotten acquainted with and had become fast friends of the Underwoods.

There were no burial grounds anywhere near here earlier than 1857 or 1858 at which time one was established in the timber up the river a little less than two miles from the Underwood home. In fact, the pioneers just simply began to bury their dead there in the timber and actually no cemetery was ever officially established at that place. The writer recalls having heard, when he was a boy, that there was an old grave in the farm yard or in the garden of the homestead which was just a few rods east of the Underwood house.

Mr. Thomas Rhody, a pioneer settler of that community, recalls having seen the grave in his boyhood. He remembers that it had a little white picket fence around it and he believes that it was the grave of a girl or a young woman. At one time there was a rumor that the grave was placed where it was so as to prevent the road from being extended south from this corner. However, the river would have prevented that and for this reason the road was located some distance to the east of the intersection. Mrs. Abe Shelters, another pioneer resident, remembers the old grave with the little white picket fence which she believes was located a short distance south of the house. She thinks that the grave belonged to people by the name of Gow who had lived in Fontanelle at one time and later some of them had lived in Greenfield. It appears

that these people had at one time owned the above mentioned farm and had buried there because there was no cemetery at Greenfield and only an unplatted and brush covered patch of ground for burial purposes at Fontanelle in that early day. The grave would be nearly one hundred years old. It has been lost so long that many of the later owners of the farm have not known of its existence.

As stated earlier a burial ground had been set aside upon a slope in the timber a little way up the river from the Underwood home. There had been several burials at this place before 1861 at which time Axium Underwood died and was buried here. He was thirty-six years of age. He was followed in death by Annet Underwood, age thirty-one, in 1863, who was also laid to rest in the timber cemetery. Lewis and Keziah Underwood were their parents. Certainly the lot of the pioneer was a difficult one. Death came unexpectedly, swiftly and often. The term appendicitis was unknown at that time and people often died in those days of what was then called stomach cramps.

While on the subject of death, we feel constrained to say something more about the ancient little burial ground in the timber. This place is now practically inaccessible. In fact it can be reached only by foot and then only by the crossing of creeks and the river and by the climbing of fences. It is surrounded by timber and it is difficult to find. One may be very near to it and be unable to see anything because of the dense growth of grass, brush and woodland. Few people know of its existence.

While working with "The Veteran's Graves Registration Service," nearly twenty years ago, the writer spent part of two days at this place. With the aid of a pioneer citizen, twenty-two graves were identified. The names, the ages and the time of death of most of the people who had been buried there were recorded at that time. Even then most of the little white marble slabs had been partially destroyed. Children had broken them with hammers. Some stones were found in the branches of trees where they had been placed to hold the lids on bee hives. There is one Civil War veteran buried at this place.

In 1952, the writer again, after considerable difficulty, found and visited this cemetery. It had been nearly fifteen years since his last visit and this time not more than seven or eight graves could be found and not all of these could be identified. The few people who know of this cemetery and those who treasure the traditions of the past would like to see it restored. Unfortunately the present owners of this and the surrounding land are not interested in preserving it. Therefore this historic burial ground will soon be lost to memory.

In those early pioneer days there were two families by the name of Jordan living in the timber, one a little to the north and the other a little to the south across the river from the Underwood home. Grandmother became a life long friend to these people also. There are many relatives and descendants of these people and their families still living in Iowa. Grandmother always pronounced the name as though it were spelled Jerdan and many people still pronounce it that way today.

The writer's grandparents were soon called upon to mourn the loss by death of members from all four of the last named families, who were their newly made friends and their nearest, although not near, neighbors. All were buried in the little timber cemetery which has just been described and in which there were already twelve graves some of them dating back to 1857 or 1858.

They are as follows in the order of their deaths: Mrs. Celia (Selia) McMullen, age forty, died May 2, 1867; Lewis Underwood, age eighty-three, died July 24, 1868; Benjamin Jordan, age forty-six, died May 14, 1869; Keziah Underwood, age sixty-nine, died May 17, 1869; Lucinda Rinard, age forty-two, died February 4, 1870; and Millard McMullen, age twenty-two, died March 23, 1874.

Of these we will enlarge briefly on only two. Grandmother remembered that Lucinda Rinard, wife of Jeremiah Rinard and sister of Elizabeth Rinard, the wife of Stover Rinard, with whom Grandfather had stayed while building his log cabin, had a cancer on her arm. Mrs. Rinard had said that the pain from the cancer was similar to that which would result if an animal were chewing at her arm constantly. Millard McMullen, a child of Mr. McMullen's first marriage, was only

twenty-two years of age at the time of his death. Father was thirteen years old at that time and he never forgot the experience of attending the funeral. Being young and at an impressionable age, he was greatly moved by the crude and lonely burial of a friend in the timber cemetery.

The writer believes that the following list of names is the only known record of those who were buried and whose graves are now lost in the little timber cemetery.

Name	Age Yr.-Mo.-Day	Death Yr.-Mo.-Day
Peter Tate	Unknown	Unknown
Jemina Stanfield (the mother)	Unknown	7- -1858
Elijah Stanfield	Unknown	7-15-1860
Josephus Chantry	Unknown	8-11-1860
Axium Underwood	36— 5—16	10-28-1861
George Goodwin	61— 3— 1	12- 7-1861
Edora Chantry	1— 1—26	11- 7-1862
John Johnson	18— —	- -1862
Annet Underwood	31— 8—18	2- 5-1863
Emma Chantry	1— —	9-25-1864
Francis Frazier	2—11—16	10-27-1864
Clara Frazier	Unknown	9- 1-1865
Selia McMullen	40— —	5- 2-1867
John Stanfield (soldier)	29— 7—27	2- 4-1868
Lewis Underwood	83— —	7-24-1868
Benjamin Jordan	46— 2—16	5-14-1869
Keziah Underwood	69—10—	5-17-1869
Lucinda Rinard	42— 8—	2- 4-1870
Millard McMullen	22— 4—16	3-23-1874
Stephen Johnson	71—10—26	4-17-1889
Mary Johnson	69—11—12	7-23-1889
Vernie Rinard	10— 0—18	2-22-1890

There was a saw mill on the bank of Middle River a short distance south of the Underwood home. This saw mill was in operation about the time that Grandfather came to Adair County. After living for a year or two in the log cabin, Grandfather hauled lumber down the river road from this mill and built a small house which was about twelve feet wide and about twenty feet long. One end of this building was partitioned off so as to make a small bed-room and a still smaller pantry. The remainder of the building constituted the kitchen and living-room. A number of years later a much larger sec-

tion, with a large parlor and an up-stairs room was built onto the first little building.

There still were no roads laid out on the section lines when Grandfather built the first part of his permanent dwelling. He had built his homestead in the northeast corner of the forty acres with his house facing the section line where he knew that there would some day be a road. However, he did not get his directions exactly correct and as a result, when the road was finally surveyed and had been constructed, Grandfather's house was found to be sitting corner-wise to the highway.

The house was not greatly at variance with the parallel position of the road. However, the discrepancy was quite noticeable to anyone who happened to be passing by on the highway. When we grandchildren were small and when people often asked us why our grandfather had built his house corner-wise to the road, we always answered with considerable pride that Grandfather had constructed his house several years before the highway had been surveyed and before it had been laid out and made into a road. Grandmother did not share either our feelings or our pride in this matter. In fact she always felt greatly embarrassed over the whole affair. If she happened to hear people laughing while they were passing by her home on the highway, she immediately assumed and she invariably believed that they were laughing because of the unorthodox and unconventional position of the house in its relation to the highway. As a result she always felt greatly offended.

COMING OF THE RAILROAD

When the writer's grandparents came to Adair County there were no railroads in or any where near the county. Their mail was brought by stagecoach to Holaday Post Office which was near Wahtawah. This place was situated about three and one half or four miles down the river from Grandfather's farm. This post office was established in 1853 as Wahtawah Post Office and William Alcorn was commissioned as the first postmaster. This post office was originated during the great overland travel to California, and it was established mainly for the accommodation of these emigrants to the golden shores of the Pacific. When George M. Holaday purchased the Alcorn farm, the name was changed from Wahtawah to Holaday Post Office.

Mr. Holaday was the postmaster during the years 1855 and 1856 and was succeeded in 1857 by William H. Easton, who in turn was followed by John A. Easton. In the spring of 1864, George B. Wilson, who now lived on the Alcorn farm, was appointed postmaster and he held the office for twenty years. Later the office was moved about one half mile west of the Alcorn farm to the home of Thomas Breen whose daughters Jane and Mary, at different times, were deputy postmasters. They were followed by Flora Culbertson, Mary Putney and Arthur Wilson all of whom were deputies. Eventually, Mrs. Henry Booher was appointed postmaster and the office was moved to her home which was about one mile north and one mile west of the Breen farm. However, the name remained throughout the years as Holaday Post Office. Mrs. Booher was the last postmaster.

One reason that this country post office remained in service so long after the coming of the main-line railroads was that Greenfield, the county seat of Adair County, had no railroad until 1879 when a branch line was extended to it. Almost thirty years before this two stagecoach lines, one from Winterset to Council Bluffs and one from Des Moines through Macksville (later Summit Grove and then Stuart) to Greenfield and Fontanelle, had made Holaday Post Office a stopping place. Later only the stage from Stuart to Greenfield remained

in operation. However, this stagecoach or hack, as it was called later, continued to carry passengers and mail from Stuart to Greenfield for many years. During all of this time it passed by Holaday Post Office where it left mail for the patrons of that vicinity until as late as 1900.

We still have many old letters in our possession which were addressed to the Holaday Post Office. Undoubtedly the ever faithful Jane with some one upon her back, probably Grandmother, made many trips both to and from this place with the mail. Before relating the circumstances connected with the coming of the railroad, we should like to share with the reader a very old letter which was received by the writer's grandparents when they first began to get mail at the Holaday Post Office. This letter is in reality three letters. It appears that three individuals wrote three separate messages all upon one sheet of paper and used one envelope. As before, we shall leave the capital letters just as they occur. However, we have supplied punctuation for the sake of clarity.

> Mr. Almon Smith esquire   Oceola Clark County Iowa
> Dear Sir I take this time to——For you that I and famaly is All well at this time and hope this will find you and your famaly In Joying good helth. I have neglected writing to you on a count of money. I wood ben glad to send it to you be fore this But things and times has ben a Gainst me. Albert R. Wood got unesa and Discontented and Wanted to Leave so I Devided With him this spring and he has gone to Misurui and I had To Get me up a team out of mi Part. I have Got a Good Team as gose the road and I have ben very busy ever since you and Lucy was here and——I want to see you all very Much. try and Come out and See us this fall if you Can. Wallace and his famaly is here With us and help me farm mi Place. They both send there best Resects to you all and Margret Sais Dear Lucy come and mak us a viset. May sends hur love To you all. we are getting a Long very well. you must not think hard because I kant send that money. it will come some time. Oceola (Osceola) is a groing very fast And Land is riseing here fast. I Shall sell if I get a Chance.
>
> This May 26 A.D. 1868   Lewis Jennings
> To Almon Smith
> to Lucy Smith
> Mi Love to you all

May 27 A.D. 1868

Lucy as father was A writing I thought that I would let you now that I was well and Wallace and Willey and Frank is the same. I hav A little buoy. he is three weeks old last friday. I hav named him Albert Rodolphy. I would like to com and see you but I dont now when I can. you and Almon must try and com and see us. I would like to see little eddey. well I havent much to say this time. you must write and let us now how you get A long and how yore eyes is A getting A long. no more this time so good by

Margaret Jennings to
Lucy Smith write soon

Dear Lucy it has been al long time since I saw you. O how I would like to see you & Almon & little Edwin. I expect Edwin is all most a man. I hope he will soon be big enough to fech his ma to see us. I would like to come to see you this fall but I fear I cant. the neighbours are all well except Anna Millar. she is not expected to live. she has lung fever (pneumonia). Mrs. Latham has a young daughter. Margaret Blackburn is married to A Seachrist. John Marken is married. I dont know the girl. Lucy tell me if you eyes are any better. write soon & I will write agin. Nothing more but am your sincere friend

E. Jennings

In the first letter, the money which Great-grandfather mentions owing to Grandfather was probably the pay for the crop which Grandfather had sold to him before leaving for Adair County. The second letter was written by the wife of Wallace Jennings and the third or last letter which is signed E. Jennings would appear to have been written by Great-grandfather's second wife. However, in his letter, Great-grandfather mentions someone by the name of May whom we assume was his wife. The writers of the two last letters asked Grandmother about her eyes. When Father was one year old, both he and Grandmother had the measles. The disease left Grandmother with very weak eyes. During the remainder of her life, her eyes gradually grew weaker. She lived to the age of eighty-six years. However, during the last ten or fifteen years of her life, she was almost blind.

There was not a mile of railroad in Iowa when Adair County was organized in 1854. By 1860 there were over five hundred

miles of track in the Hawkeye State. However, no more were laid until after the Civil War or until 1865. The Rock Island Railroad was approaching Des Moines in 1867. In 1868 the tracks were pushing westward from this city and by the end of that year they had reached the site of the present town of Dexter. Here a station was built that winter. The same year, 1868, surveyors for the railroad were busy locating the right of way through the southern part of Guthrie County and through the northern part of Adair County and on to Council Bluffs. Also in that year the sites for towns were being chosen along the right of way and a few were even platted. However, the tracks did not reach Council Bluffs until the end of the year of 1869 and no trains other than those which were run for the benefit of the workmen were in operation until 1870.

Of course, to the pioneers, the coming of the railroad was the biggest event in their lives. It would mean the building of towns along the right of way. The building of towns would bring the establishment of stores. And this, in turn, would mean that from now on the necessities of life such as food, clothing, and medicine could be obtained more readily.

To say that the coming of the railroad caused unusual excitment in Grandfather's community would be almost an understatement. There was constant speculation as to where the towns would be located and as to what they would be called. People could hardly do their own work so great was their desire to watch the workman along the right of way. The tracks were to be laid just four miles north of Grandfather's home. And so it was that Grandmother riding the ever willing Jane on her numerous visits to the McMullen and Underwood homes was easily persuaded by her friends to go to see the construction work. Here she watched with fascination the building of the railroad.

By riding due north from the Underwood place, it was possible to reach the most interesting phase of the railroad construction. Here hundreds of workmen with many teams of horses and with various types of dirt moving equipment were busily engaged in digging an enormous cut through the hill or ridge so as to keep the railroad tracks on an even keel. This dirt was then hauled by means of horses to a place farther

west where it was dumped along the right of way in order to make a gigantic fill along the bottom land where the railroad tracks crossed the river. A bridge was then constructed here over Middle River and because of the low ground, it of necessity had to be very high. Consequently the grade up to the bridge also had to be high and it therefore required no small amount of dirt and labor to make this long grade or fill.

Incidentally this railroad bridge and the highway bridge beside it on Federal Highway number six over Middle River are only a few rods down the hill below the little timber cemetery which has been described at length elsewhere in this work. However, because of the dense timber which covers the hill, not one of the thousands of the people who travel on either the railroad or upon the highway ever see the cemetery or know of its existence.

The channel or cut which was made through the high ridge was for some reason, now unknown, called Newton's Cut. Perhaps Newton was the name of one of the higher officials who presided over the work. At any rate Grandmother as long as she lived always referred to this particular place as Newton's Cut. It appears that no one today knows what one has reference to when he speaks of Newton's Cut. Today there is a fine concrete bridge over this small man made canyon. And over this bridge, on Federal Highway Number Six, thousands of automobiles and trucks travel at great speeds. Under the bridge the Rock Island Rocket trains travel at an even greater rate. The passengers on these conveyances are all unmindful that at one time, for a little while, there existed here a shanty town with its revelry and merriment reminiscent of the towns of the Old West.

There probably were many other crews of workmen camped at intervals along the right of way. However, this one appears to have been stationed at this place for nearly a year or perhaps even longer inasmuch as early histories credit the boss of this outfit and his men with having constructed many miles of track, including the high grades and the deep cut at the town of Adair. The boss of this crew of men was an Irishman by the name of Casey. It was in his honor that the town of Casey was named. This village was platted and built less than two miles west of Newton's Cut.

Many of the workmen had their wives with them. It appears that these women lived in the shacks and that some of them cooked the meals for the men. Grandmother became acquainted with these women and as a result she soon found herself hired to knit wool socks and to make other clothing for the workmen. She remembered, especially, having made shirts for the boss, Mr. Casey. Grandmother must have made many trips to and from Shanty Town at Newton's Cut, inasmuch as she remembered it and talked about it for the remainder of her life.

It appears that the main camp for the construction crews was located near the cut where the cement bridge on Federal Highway number six spans the railroad track. Here even today broken dishes and parts of other utensils which were used at the camp are sometimes turned up by the plows as the field is being farmed.

However, it seems that farther west there was another camp or rather another section or extension of the first camp. This place was about a mile or a little more down the track toward the river. Here, on what is now the Theurer farm, the workmen of the railroad dug some wells or walled up some of the springs which are abundant here. These wells are still used by the occupants of this farm.

The railroad track passes through a small cut just a few feet back of the house on the Theurer farm. It appears that a man by the name of Anderson already lived here and had his homestead built before the railroad was constructed. Thus the track just misses the house. The second camp for the railroad workmen was, supposedly, located just a short distance west of this man's house.

A story connected with this camp or rather with this western section of the main camp is to the effect that during a drunken brawl one of the workmen here killed three other men. It is alleged that the man who did the killing had a hooked arm or, in other words being minus a hand, he had a large steel hook attached to his arm. Supposedly, it was with this vicious steel hook that he killed the other men.

It is asserted that two of the murdered men were of German descent and that the third man was Irish. It is claimed that the men were buried near the railroad grade and that the location of the graves was marked. It is also alleged that the place of burial was known for many years and that even today some few people know where the men were buried and can identify the spot.

The report is to the effect that the man named Anderson, who it is claimed owned the farm and lived there, witnessed the killing of the three men as he lay hidden in some high weeds. It is asserted that his conscience always hurt him ever after because he did not report what he had seen in order that the killer might have been apprehended and punished, which apparently was not done. It is claimed that, as a result, this man always believed that bad luck followed him as a punishment thereafter. Some time after this event, his son was killed by lightning as he stood in the yard just a few feet east of the house.

It appears that this man, Anderson, later moved away and a man by the name of Stromm owned the farm and lived here for a while. Some of the members of the Theurer family, who had come to this section of Iowa from Illinois in 1890, later purchased the farm and these people and their descendants have lived here ever since. They are friends of the writer.

Inasmuch as it has been eighty-five years since the railroad was constructed, the writer has been unable to determine with any degree of satisfaction whether the above story of the killing of the three workmen is true or not. However, the legend has persisted and has come down to us and we present it here for what it is worth. We do know that a number of workmen were killed in various accidents, such as by falling chunks of frozen dirt which were blasted out of the cuts. And it is generally agreed that there are some lost and forgotten graves somewhere in the vicinity where the workmen were supposedly killed.

The railroad company appears to have furnished the food for the construction crews in quantity and the women cooked it and served it, most likely, at a common table in a large mess

hall. It is evident that Grandmother must have been quite proficient at the art of making friends. As a result it appears that many times as she left Newton's Cut on the sprightly Jane, she carried concealed someplace under her cape or jacket a nice cut of bacon or other meat which a kind hearted Irish wife had surreptitiously handed to her from the company's store of groceries or from the company mess. In that far off long ago, Grandmother was just in the prime of her womanhood and if the reports are correct she was quite attractive. It is, therefore, quite likely that she received many other favors from these people and even from the boss himself whom she always counted as a friend.

It was sometime during the years of 1868 and 1869 that Grandmother made her frequent pilgrimages on the animated Jane to the Shanty Town at Newton's Cut. The next year or sometime in 1870, the Rock Island Railway Company began to operate its trains on a regular schedule over this line. And it was at this time that the towns and villages with which the writer's Grandparents and parents were to become familiar duing the remainder of their lives began to develop.

As stated earlier, the Rock Island was the first railroad to link the Atlantic Ocean with the Mississippi River. It was also the first railroad to ferry a locomotive across the Father of Waters. Both events occurred in 1854. In 1856, the Rock Island Railroad built the first bridge across the Mississippi River. This bridge connected Rock Island and Davenport. In July of 1864, a young engineer by the name of Jack Williams brought the first passenger train into Grinnell and in August of 1867, the same man drove engine Number Ninety-one into Des Moines, the first locomotive to enter the Capital City of Iowa. This man who lived to be ninety-three years of age and his wife ninety-five, lived most of his life and died in Stuart, Iowa, which town, after the coming of the railroad, was established about nine miles east of Grandfather's home.

The Rock Island, however, was the second of the four great railroad systems in Iowa to reach the Missouri River and to connect with the Union Pacific railroad at Council Bluffs. Of course, the first rails which were laid along the Rock Island right of way could not compare with the huge steel rails which

are in use today and which require the aid of a derrick to lift and to handle them. Neither were the first locomotives and the first trains the mammoth affairs that we see on the tracks today. When Father was a student at Simpson college in Indianola, Iowa, in 1883, the locomotive on the little branch railroad, which served the town at that time, jumped the track one day. Father remembered that when help was solicited in order to put the engine back onto the rails, he and the other men students from the college lifted the locomotive back to its place upon the tracks. Certainly that ancient locomotive was not one of the behemoths which travel the rails today.

The Rock Island Railroad was completed through western Iowa in 1869. However, some of the towns along the right of way, in this part of the state, had been platted as early as 1868. This was true of the town of Stuart which was established nine miles east of Grandfather's home. Railroad shops were constructed here and Stuart became a division point for the Rock Island Railway system. Soon thereafter it grew to the proportions of a small city, reaching a population of nearly two thousand people at one time. Later these railroad shops were removed from Stuart and the town declined in population. However, it was still considered a small city when the writer was a boy. When an article could not be purchased elsewhere, it could usually be obtained at this place and it was considered a rare treat when Father took the family to Stuart. And, of course, the high light of the whole trip and the whole experience came at noon time when Father treated the family to that rare repast of the kings, boughten cheese and cookies and sometimes dried herring, which was always eaten in the back of some kindly grocer's store before starting the long trek home with the team and wagon.

The town of Menlo was the village or station which was located nearest to Grandfather's farm and for this reason it was the place which eventually became the trading point for the family. At first it was known simply as The Switch. Later it was called The Guthrie Switch or Guthrie Station and still later the words Switch or Station were dropped and the town was known as Guthrie. We have several old letters in our possession which were addressed to the town of Guthrie, Iowa. Finally in 1880, a branch of the Rock Island Railroad was ex-

tended from The Guthrie Switch to Guthrie Center, the county seat of Guthrie County. Fearing that mistakes with the mail might occur because of the similarity of the names, the name of Menlo was substituted for Guthrie or Guthrie Station.

At this time we would like to insert the copy of a letter which was written by Grandfather while Menlo was still called Guthrie Station. For some reason, we do not know why, it appears to have been customary, at least with the writer's grandparents, to keep a copy of the letters which they had written. The following letter is such a copy. Unfortunately the heading including the date was not preserved. However, the letter must have been written about 1870 inasmuch as Grandfather gives his address as Guthrie Station. He made the mistake of adding Adair County to the address. Actually Guthrie Station was one mile over the line in Guthrie County. However, Grandfather's home was in Adair County. The letter probably was addressed to some one in Michigan, either to a friend of Grandfather or possibly to a relative of his first wife. We make this assumption on the grounds that in the letter Grandfather asks about his brother Tailor who appears never to have left Michigan. We have supplied punctuation marks to the letter which follows.

> I take this time to rite you afue lines to let you no Whare We are. We are in adair Co Iowa and are all Well at presunt and hope this will find you the same. I Would like to hav you rite to me and tell me Where my Brother tailor Smith Was. if he is there tell him to Come here and see me. I hav a Grat farm here and I Would like to hav him Come Where it is a fine. it is a helthy place here. We are rasin Grate Crops here. We liv in foré miles of the ralroad. I Would like to hav all of my friends Com here if there is any there. land is cheap here, nice prarie land, you cant help But liv and set in your Chare. I Will rite more if I get an anser from this
>
> Direct yours to Guthry Station adair County Iowa
>
> Almon Smith
>
> Lucy Smith
>
> Ed Win Smith

If Grandfather received a reply to the above letter, we do not have it. However, we believe that he did receive an answer to this letter and that in it was informed that his brother Tailor Smith was dead.

PART II

SCOTCH AND DUTCH ANCESTRY

Thomas Kennedy, Mother's father, was born in or near Newmilns, Ayrshire County, Scotland on July 17, 1836. We still have cousins living in Scotland. Grandfather came to America in 1855, going first to Wisconsin where he had relatives. Soon after his arrival at this place, he went to Erie County, Pennsylvania, to work in a paper mill at the little cross-roads town of Manchester. Here he met and married Grandmother, Isabel Werntz, May 14, 1857. He became a naturalized American citizen, November 1, 1860. Grandfather lived in or near this place until 1875.

Grandmother was of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction. She spoke English brokenly all her life. Having had little or no schooling, she could not write and could read very little. Her people may have been of the religious faith known as Amish or possibly Mennonite. We still have in our home the little lace cap worn by her mother. These caps were and still are worn by women of the above faiths. Her real name was Sybil and her brothers called her Bill. When she started to school the teacher could not understand her and thought that her name was Isabel. So that remained her name thereafter.

Mother's brothers, Henry, Will, John and Sam; also her sisters Nettie and Carrie were born before the Civil War. Her sister, Emma, was born during the War while Grandfather was in the service. Mother was the last child and was born, December 16, 1868. Johnie, four months old, and Carrie, eight years of age, died and are buried in the little cemetery at Fairview near the city of Erie as are also all of Grandmother's people, the Werntz family.

Grandfather was drafted to serve in the Civil War but hired a substitute by the name of John Hopkins to take his place. It is believed that this substitute was killed or died in the service. Grandfather now went into the conflict as a substitute for another man. He served on the Gunboat Springfield on the Mississippi River and was honorably discharged from the service June 13, 1865.

Grandfather had played as a boy in Scotland with a youth by the name of Hugh Gray and a girl named Agnes Cameron. Once when Grandfather was skating on the ice on the River Ayr, he fell and broke a leg and it is quite likely that these companions were with him at the time. At any rate, they were life long friends thereafter.

When they grew to manhood and womanhood, Hugh Gray and Agnes Cameron were united in marriage and came to America. They came from Scotland to Amherst in Lorain County, Ohio, in 1862. Then in 1872, they moved to Adair County, Iowa settling upon a farm in Grove Township about four miles north of Greenfield. Here the Grays and their descendants have lived on the same farm for nearly seventy-five years, owning the place until recently.

Grandfather and Hugh Gray had corresponded with one another through the years. As a result, Mr. Gray persuaded Grandfather to move his family from Pennsylvania to Adair County, Iowa, which he did in the Spring of 1875. Although they were able to come by train to Stuart, Iowa, where Mr. Gray met the family, the county was sparsely settled having been organized little more than twenty years. The writer's mother who was about six years old at the time can recall that she and the other children made a game of seeing who could count the most houses on the prairie as they journeyed by wagon to their new home.

Grandfather bought forty acres of virgin prairie land one mile west of the Gray farm. His family lived at the Gray home until he could build a small house upon his land. Grandfather had never farmed in his life. As a result, the early years of his farming experience were years of poverty and trial.

Probably fearing that he could not pay for the land or for some other reason, he made the mistake of selling his farm which later proved to be one of the best pieces of land for its size in the county. He then moved his family a few miles farther north in Grove Township to a place known locally as Happy Hollow. Here Grandfather and his family lived and farmed for three years. For several reasons these were quite eventful years in the life of the family. In fact for the Kennedy

family, Happy Hollow, in many ways, proved to be a Vale of Tears.

Before continuing with the story of Grandfather's life as an Iowa farmer, we would like to record some of the old letters which he received while he was still living in Pennsylvania. These letters were written by his mother and by his sister who were living in the old home in Scotland from which Grandfather had immigrated to America. His people were all weavers by trade and the terms "loom," "webb," and "ell" occur often in the writing. We have divided sentences and supplied periods.

Grandfather had lived in America only three years when he received the following communication telling him of his father's death. The letter and envelope are all in one piece with the letter folded inside and the address on the outside. We have left blank spaces where words are missing. The envelope was stamped or postmarked in several places. Of course the first place was Newmilns, Scotland but the date is not legible. The next place the letter was stamped appears to have been Kilmarnock and the date was April 29, 1858. Another postmark reads, "Liverpool April 30, 1858." The envelope is addressed as follows:

Mr. Thomas Kennedy
Swans Station
Erie County
Pensylvania
to states Amarica.

Dear Thomas Newmilns 27th April (1858)

I write you with a very Sory heart to inform you of the Death of your Loving father. he died on the morning of the 23d instant at 7 in the morning after about 3 weeks of sore trouble with Bowell Complaint and inflamation. we have Looked Long for your Letter before he died. you see Thomas this is not our home. we are all Sojourners and travevalls hear as all our fathers were. be ye allso ready for we Know not the day nor the hour the Son of man Cometh. Thomas you See now I am in very Destitute state but the Lord Says he will be a father to the fatherless and a Husband to the Widdow and the orfan Scheild. and Stay Thomas I hope we did not write any thing in our Last Letter that it ofendid you or cawsed you to be So Long in writing for we never have received

your Letter yet. Thomas Trade is Litle or no beetter. webbs Plenter (plenty) but very Low in Price. your father had very Litle work Since new year day. (we) hav been a Great Deall of Trouble about (the) Place. I wrote you in my Last Letter about your uncle John Mairs Death but you will be more Struck when you hear of your fathers Death but all the rest of your friends is in Good health. thank God. but Thomas I must let you know how I stand. I am still Stoping in the Same House, Loom and Stead (bedstead). I have a Journeman (Journey-man was a skilled worker) on the Loom and I have not much work myself and my rent due in about a month and I have nothing Prouvided for it yet owing (to) troubl and Death taking Place. if you have it in your Powr at Preasent to asist me it would be very acksepitable at this time. I may also let you know that David Young ('s) Father has got a letter from him last weak. he informt he has goot Married to ayeanky (Yankee or American). her name is Martha Dickey. David Young senor has bean in bad helth at prasent. the have their kind love to you and all the reast of your frinds has their kind love to you and your Wife.

Janet Kennedy

Dear Brother and Sister you will be——At your father ('s) Death. Mother wishes you to tak——esey for we must all die sooner or Later. man that is born of woman is of few Days and ful of trouble. he cometh forth like a flouer and is cut Down. the lord giveth and he taketh away. thomas put your trust in god and he will——you though this vxation. thomas I must let you know that mother and i are in good health at prasent. thank god for it. Mother thinks you (did) well to marry for you will have a gid (guide) when you take trouble. Thomas i have been at the——this some time back reading and writing the foornoon and needel work in the afternoon. you will see a paturn of my work in this letter. this is a collar i sent to your wife. you will recive a little of your fathers hair in this letter and you can keep it for his sake. be sure and let us know if you have recived it. lang may yer lum' reek. (Long may your chimney smoke.) from your sister (Jessie)

be shour and write whenever that Comes to hand. I will look for a Letter 7 weeks from this date. no more from your Loving Mother Widdow Kennedy.

Mrs. Widdow Kennedy
Ayrshire scotland

It appears from the above letter that Grandfather's mother owned a loom which was kept in her house. However, it was necessary to hire a man to operate it after the death of her husband. Grandfather's mother, whose first name was Janet, and his sister Jessie were all that now remained of the family in Scotland. Jessie was about twelve years old at time of the above letter. There were no other brothers or sisters living.

The following letter was written to Grandfather by his mother in 1863. The Civil War was now in progress and Grandfather had been drafted for service but he had not entered the army yet.

Newmilns 3 March 1863

Dear Son Thomas I sit down to write you a few lines to let you know that we are all well at preasent and hoping it will find you all in the same Grand Blessing. I am happy to let you know that we received your letter two or three week ago and we were very sory when we read that you were drafted to be a soldier but we were happy when we got it all read that you got a man in your place. I may let you know that trade is not much better and that Jessie was a fortnight idle but she has got a web now. She has got an 1100 scarf 5¼ 4½ per ell and as for my self I have always work less or more twisting webs although it is not very pleasant in the winter season to sit in a treadle hole but I must thank God that I am always preaty healthy except I have a sore head at times. I can make it better out than winding pinns. I have got my rent paid although I did not manish it paid at the day but I got it paid now and has taken my house for another year. I would be very sory to take any thing from you if it was to put about you and your family as long as I can do without it although a small preasent would be very acceptible if you could spare it without puting you about. should it not be in your power I am very thankful that you have the willing mind to do it and I hope you will not be backward in writing although you have nothing to send as it gives me great uneasiness when you are so long in writing and I must let you know that I was not pleased at you for being so long in writing your last letter owing to the state of war for I could not express the thought that it gave me. it was the last thought when I laid down and the first when I awoke that you would be away to the war and if you are that busy through the week at your work if it was your mind you would write on Sunday and I think you might know what a father

& mother feals for there own by experience now and I hope I have said plenty about writing and I hope you will not be so long in future and I hope the war will soon be at an end and I think if the fight much longer the will have all they men kiled. oh that people would learn righteousness when Gods judgments are on the earth. Oh that people were wise and mind there later end. no longer hosts encountring hosts shall crowds of slain deplore. they hang the trumpet in the hall and study war no more. that is the 18 paraphrases and you are to read it and pray that that time will soon come when the war will be over. Thomas I wonder if you will have to stand your chance to be drafted when the 9 months is up. be so good and let me know the next time you write. when you write to Hugh Gray let him know that John McMillan received his letter and is going to write soon and you can give Hugh Gray and wife my best respects. I wish I knew if you were always in the same mind of getting a farm. I may let you know that Archibald McMillan is married the second time to Margaret Smith, Andrew Mairs old lass. I may let you know that their is great preparations making for the prince of wales the queens son on the tenth of March. he is going to get married on a kings Daughter at Denmark and the weding is to be held in london. I may let you know that Jessie was down at hurlford on New year days and they are all well except your Aunty. she has not been well this some time back and the all send there best respects to you and your wife. I may let you know that David Young is coming over to America some time for he says he is sore wrought hear and him and his wife has there respects to you. Jaffry Young is turning better. he is trying the weaving. Thomas we have had an very indeferent winter but the Weather is Getting better and Markets hear is very high. potatoes 9 pence per stone (14 lbs.). the meal is 11½ D per peck and Barrel flour is 1 s I D per peck and beef at 6 pence & 7 pence per pound but I hope there is a good time coming, jaust wait a little longer. Jessie and me is wearing to see your family and hopes we will see them yet and I hope you and your wife will bring them up in the right path. i would like to know when you are coming over to see us. I would have wrought you Sooner but I was wrong puting in Jessie's web. Jessie and I is going to send some thing to your children next letter. Jessie and me has our best respects to you and your wife and all the rest of your friends sends their best respects. you can let your wife know that their is one request I want of her and that is to mind you to write. I will have to

close at preasent. let the Blessing of God be with you all. no more at preasent but remain your loving affectionate Mother till Death.
I hope you will not be long in writing.

Mrs. Janet Kennedy
town head Newmilns
Ayr shire
scotland

As stated previously, Hugh Gray had come to America in 1862. We learn by the above letter that he and Grandfather are still corresponding and we know that after Mr. Gray moved to Adair County in 1872, he was influential in persuading Grandfather to move to the same place in 1875 where the latter then spent the remainder of his life as a farmer.

The following letter was written to Grandfather in 1869 by his sister Jessie who had recently gotten married and who wished to tell her brother about the wedding. We will record both the marriage certificate or permit and Jessie's letter.

That William McGeachie in the Parish of Galston and Jessie Kennedy in Back Street Newmilns in this Parish of Loudoun have been Proclaimed in the Parish Church of Loudoun in order for Marriage three several Sabbaths and no objections made is attested at Newmilns the Twenty eight day of December One thousand eight hundred and Sixty eight years by

John L Campbell Sessions Clerk
Maclure & Macdonald
(Printers)
Newmilns April 1 1869

Dear Brother and sister i now take the pen in hand to write to you once more letting you know all the particurlars about my Marrage. i got marraid to William McGeachie at the newyears day. he is a weaver like myself. he works a ten fod (foot) gaus at 6½ per el. you will not no him as it is just about eight or nine years since he and his father and mother, to brothers and a sister came to Newmilns. he is the youngest soon. his brothers has got marrad to since the came to the toun. i was at one of ther marrage thre years ago with him. the are all weavers. the came from irvine. we corted four year. nether he nor i had any other sweathart in that time so we made up our minds to get marrade. his age is twenty three come June 1869 and my age is twenty three in Jully 1869. he is about six feet high. you may

be sure he is plenty of sise. we had a prety largs company at our marrag. their wear upwards of 40 dined with us at diner. after the marrage we joined the free free massons ball at night oughnig (owing) to William being a free masson. we had a very happy night being new years night. we are wating (living) along with my mother as I can scarcly leave her all alone. she is nott very stout and she wants us for company. i may let you know that your cousine Marrine Petterson got marrade on the same day. she was marrade to David Mair soon of James Mair opisit the carrer (across the career or street). Marrines age is 30 and Davids age is 22. i have not much more to say to you. William is at his work. i will wate till he comes home before i close and see what he has to say to you. i hope you will not be long in writing. may the wee mouse ne'er leave yer barrl O' meal wa a tear in his e'e.

Jessie Kennedy

We would like to call attention to the Scotch names, Campbell, Maclure and Macdonald, in the marriage license. We also note that the descendants of the McGeachie family spell the name McGechie today. Jessie signed her maiden name to this letter as she also did to a much later one which was written in 1877.

The following letter written to Grandfather by his mother in 1871 contains nothing of importance. However, it is interesting because of the method of writing. The reader has probably observed that the mother was a much better writer than the daughter.

Newmilns 27th March 1871

Dear Son and Daughter

I write a few lines to let you know that we are all well at present hopping you are all in the same. I received your letter and likeness. your cousin Janet Mair and husband left this three week since for England to visit his frends and they are going to sail from Liverpool (for America) on the sixth of April but they are not going to give you a call on there way up but I have sent a parcel with then for you which they are going to post at Cleavland Station (Cleveland, Ohio) and you will receive the following things 9½ yards of shewsprg cloth for a dress to Janet for the name (because Grandfather's daughter was named Janet after her Grandmother) and if there is any more than makes a dress you can make approns

to the rest and Jessie sends a 4 yard curtain to your wife and a pair of screens and I send a silk pocket handecheif to yourself. as for the boys I will have to mind them some other time. I have lost count of your family and the first time that you write you are to let me know how many you have dead and alive. your Aunt Mary in Hurlford died about a fortnight after the new Year and for the rest they are all well. your cousin William Grahm has not got married yet and him and Cathrion keeps the house together. your cousin Jenet Mair was very anchious for me to get my likeness taken as she had got one of your aunt Mirrion likeness and she wanted one of mine allso and here is one enclosed to you and you will see if there is any difference of it by the one you got before. the likeness that you sent last you look a great deal older in it than the one I got before but likeness's is very good but I would like to see yourself better as I hope I will before I die. we spent a very happy evening before your cousin went away as all the friends were met. I sent a paper last week and I would like to know if you receive them as you never let me know in your letters whither you do or not. write soon as you receive the parcel and let me know if you get all I have mentioned in the letter as I will be anchious to know. no more at present but remains your Mother

adress Back Street
Newmilns

Jessie's Husband received your letter and likeness and he says he will write in a short time and let you know how they are getting on.

adress
Janet Kennedy
Town Head
Newmilns
Ayr Shair
Scotland

Cleveland, Ohio was named Cleaveland in honor of its founder General Moses Cleaveland. However, during the years the name gradually changed to Cleveland. Grandfather lived for a short time near Conneaut, Ohio, where he had work in a paper mill. After about a year he moved his family back to the original home in Manchester, Pennsylvania, which was about twenty miles from Conneaut. It was during this short interim in Ohio that the parcel was mailed at "Cleavland Station" or Cleveland, Ohio.

LIFE IN HAPPY HOLLOW

Mother still remembers many of the experiences encountered by her people in Happy Hollow. Here they were to have their first contact with Indians. At this place they were to entertain two unwelcome visitors in the form of sickness and death. Here Grandfather was to learn the difficult lessons of the Iowa farmer while the boys of the family herded cattle on the near by hills. The memory of one man and his family stands out vividly in the mind of the writer's mother.

Peter Maline, an old gentleman of Swedish descent, was a near neighbor. He like Grandfather was not an expert farmer. The neighbors in derision called the hill back of his house Nubbin Ridge. The school house was located upon that hill and the name Nubbin Ridge School has remained until this day almost seventy-five years later.

Itinerant ministers often came through the country preaching at school houses in those days. One of these ministers was an evangelist by the name of Ellsworth. He sometimes preached at Nubbin Ridge School House. Grandfather and his family attended the services here and became acquainted with this saintly minister of the Gospel. According to the reports in regard to him, it appears that Reverend Ellsworth was a rather unusal character in many ways. He had a family and they were desperately poor. They usually lived in any empty house that could be found. Most of the time they lived in the territory south and west of Stuart.

The family had lost a couple of children and they were buried in the Wahtawah cemetery which had only recently been established. One of these children was a lovely sixteen year old girl by the name of Maggie. Their only remaining child, Oma Ellsworth, became ill with typhoid fever when she was fourteen years of age. The doctors, hoping to draw the fever from her head, applied mustard plasters to the bottom of her feet. The plasters blistered her feet badly but Oma recovered. However, the writer does not recommend the above remedy for typhoid fever.

About this time, the writer's mother and her sister Emma contracted diphtheria. Those were difficult days in which to obtain medical assistance. As a result by the time a doctor became available, Emma had reached the stage where it was impossible to save her life. Mother recovered but Emma died. She was fourteen years of age at the time of her death.

Mr. J. B. McGinnis, the country minister who has been mentioned several times in earlier chapters of this work, conducted the funeral services and Emma was laid to rest, surrounded by the oaks and elms, in the beautiful hill top cemetery of Wahtawah by the grave of Maggie Ellsworth. It so happened that Emma had attended the burial services of a little boy companion in this same cemetery a short time previously. At that time she had remarked that she would not like to be buried here. However, in a matter of only a few short weeks, she came to keep tryst with her companions in death.

Mr. Maline, Grandfather's Swedish neighbor, putting neighborliness before all else, even the health of his own family, had been a constant companion and helper in Grandfather's home during the sickness and death of Emma. Mr. Maline besides having other and older children had one little girl by the name of Josephine. Pheeny, as she was called, was a golden haired, laughing child whom all adored. It is likely that Mr. Maline carried the deadly diphtheria germs home on his clothing. In a short time Pheeny became ill with the disease and died. She was laid to rest in the Wahtawah cemetery just across the path from Emma and the Ellsworth children where she lies in an unmarked and forgotten grave.

We would like to share with the reader one more incident, which is also the last, in the earthly life of Mr. Maline. When the kindly old gentleman had arrived at the end of his life and was enduring his last illness, he requested that he might have fiddle music. As a result all of the fiddlers, who were available in the community, were summoned to his bedside. Beginning early in the afternoon, they played one at a time. As soon as one fiddler became exhausted, another one would take his place. The long afternoon wore on, and also the evening, and then the night, but through it all the fiddlers

kept faithfully at their task. Sometime between midnight and morning, Mr. Maline breathed his last. However, he had died listening to the music that he loved.

As stated previously, life in Happy Hollow was fraught with a considerable amount of sorrow for Grandfather not the least of which was occasioned by the arrival of the following letter. This letter was written to him by his sister Jessie to tell him of the death of his mother in Scotland. The paper on which the letter is written has a black stripe about one fourth inch wide all around the edge. It is the traditional letter edged in black.

We have learned by the previous letters from Scotland that Grandfather's mother had longed and prayed that she might see her son once again before she died. However, Grandfather Kennedy never found the opportunity to return to his native land until fifty years after he had arrived in America.

Glasgow 26th December 1877.

Dear Brother and Sister

it is with sadness of heart and disstres of mind that i lift the pen to write to you letting you no that my Mother is gone. she complained for a good whil but she took inflamation on the left side and she was in bed about five weeks after that althou she had a compound of troubles. she had heart dises, uralguay and old age. she was sixty six years old. you would hear in hugh grays letter about her being badly. i spok to her about letting you no how bad she was but she said i had plenty to do in the meantim without that. thank god i had it in my power to nurce her in her last stag of trouble. it is now seveven mounths since i left Newmilns. ouing to the depresition of treat (desperation of the case) my Mother sent for me to come to see if she got better and kept her to her last which was between four and five weeks. she spok very little during her troubl but semed quite recined to die trusting in the lord as she was always a god fearing woman. theirs no person knows how i feal the lose of my Mother. i no i never will have a frind like her, a duytyful loving Mother. Thomas you are not to foget me altho my mother is gone. we have both (both have) familes now and has not much chance to see each in this world but i hope we may all meat in a better land as their is not much real happyness hear. Thomas i cannot say

much more at preasent but Kind love to you all in which William goines.
escyuse my rite as i am blind with tears
Jessie Kennedy

write as soon as you can and let me no how you are getting on. when you write
adress
write soon
William McGechie
69 Mordaunt St.
Bridgeton
Glasgow

Mother was nine years old at the time of the receipt of this letter. She recalls that Grandfather read the letter in silence. He then arose and after leaving the house, he went for a long walk alone through the fields and over the hills. He did not return until it was time for the evening meal. Although the hearts of his loved ones ached for him and they had longed to comfort him, Grandfather had chosen to be alone in his sorrow.

* * *

One other incident, from her sojourn in Happy Hollow, stands out vividly in the mind of the writer's mother. This event took place on a beautiful day in the spring of the year when Mother was about ten years of age.

Grandmother was working in the garden across the little creek which ran through Happy Hollow. The garden was opposite the house on the other side of the creek but not far away. Grandfather and the boys, Mother's brothers, had gone to another farm to do some work. Grandmother was expecting the boys to return with the team of horses, in a short time, as it was approaching the time for lunch. It appears that Grandfather was intending to stay where he was at work and the family was expecting him to come home some time later.

A man by the name of Van Fleet and his wife were living upstairs or on the second floor in Grandfather's house, temorarily, until they could find a farm to lease. These people had a very fat little dog of which they were extraordinarily fond.

It appears that Mr. Van Fleet was also away from home at the time. The writer's mother was playing in the yard near the house and was not across the creek with Grandmother.

Suddenly some one noticed a large band of Indians coming down the valley through Happy Hollow. They were following the small creek which ran through the Hollow and it appears that they knew their destination and that they also knew the landmarks along the way. Of course everyone at Grandfather's home was greatly excited and just a little frightened and fearful of their strange visitors.

The Indians were strung out in a long column like school children playing follow the leader. The writer's mother remembers that some of their number were quite colorfully dressed while others of the group were quite shabby. Of course, nearly all of them and, especially the women, had blankets wrapped around their bodies. These blankets were of every kind and description.

The Indians had quite a number of horses or rather ponies with them. Not a few of these ponies were hitched to little sled like conveyances on top of which the travelers had piled their extra luggage and equipment. These crude sled like affairs were each made from two long poles held about three feet apart by cross bars. The sled was then pulled by a rope attached to a sort of makeshift harness worn by the pony. From the report, it appears that the ponies were led, some of them by the men and others by the women. However, the writer's mother recalls that when any of the ponies were ridden, it was the men who rode them.

The Indian women shambled or trooped along carrying the papooses on their backs. It appears that there was quite a large number of people in the group. Inasmuch as they were strung out in more or less single file, it took some considerable time for them to pass Grandfather's house. As a result it appeared to the observers that there were enough Redskins to constitute a tribe. Actually, it was only a relatively small band of the Potawatomi Indians.

Of course, the writer's mother being only a small girl was quite frightened by the presence of so many strangers. How-

ever, she was not nearly so excited as was Mrs. Van Fleet whose greatest fear was that the Indians would steal her little dog and eat him because he was so fat. Therefore, she hastily gathered the dog up into her arms, ran into the house and locked the door. She then ran up the stairs and hid.

Grandmother was across the little creek working in the garden and as a result she had no opportunity to get to the house. The writer's mother being outside when the door was locked could not get into the house either. This also added to her alarm and frightened her. However, there was no need for fear. The Indians paid no heed or attention to them. With their faces directed straight forward, looking ahead and glancing neither to the right nor left, they marched steadily past the house, following closely the little creek.

Grandmother's greatest fear was that the boys, whom she was expecting home soon, would meet the Indians and that the team of horses which they were driving would become frightened and run away. As it turned out, however, this fear was groundless also. For the boys actually did meet the travelers and nothing happened. The horses simply stopped in their tracks and looking at the Indians surveyed them with apparent approval. In fact they even whinnied to the strange ponies.

All of which led the writer's grandparents, later, to surmise that perhaps their own team of horses had at one time belonged to the Indians. If horses actually do some elementary thinking, they may have felt that here at last they were meeting their old time friends again. However this may be, it is certain, as was stated earlier, that the Indians appeared to know their destination and that they also appeared to know the route by which to reach it. This actually proved to be true. They were following a tributary to the south branch of Turkey Creek.

About a mile or more from Grandfather's house this tributary unites with South Turkey Creek. Then about two or three miles farther on, in a dense growth of timber on the Old Jacob Bruce farm, the north and south branches come together to form the main body of this stream. This little river, Turkey

Creek, which is about as large as Middle River itself, eventually unites with the latter stream. This union takes place a little farther down the stream at Wahtawah, "The Joining Of The Waters," the historic camping ground of the Indians.

As stated previously, it is most likely that the Indians who passed by Grandfather's home in Happy Hollow on this occasion were a band of the Potawatomi. These Indians had supposedly gone to Kansas as a result of the treaty of 1846. However, many did not go all the way. Also many returned at times to hunt and to fish along the streams with which, in the past, they had been familiar. Therefore these people, especially the older ones, knew where they intended to camp at the end of their journey.

The Indians stayed most of that summer at Wahtawah. Here they traded horses occasionally with the white settlers. Often they raced their ponies on the river road. They also played games and danced for amusement. During their sojourn here the Indians roamed, back and forth, up and down, Middle River for many miles always making their camp at night in the timber by the bank of the stream, returning if possible to the "Joining Of The Waters." While the men hunted game and fished, the squaws traveled far and wide over the country-side begging food and clothing. The writer's mother recalls that on Sundays and holidays the pioneers often went, in wagon loads, to Wahtawah to visit the Indian camp.

FROM MOTHER'S MEMORY ALBUM

After living in Happy Hollow for three years, Grandfather Kennedy bought an unimproved and almost forsaken one hundred and twenty acre farm about three miles north of this place. Here he built a home and finished raising his family. Here Mother attended the school taught by Father. And Father, in turn, boarded and roomed with Mother's family.

Grandfather Kennedy was now a neighbor of Grandfather Smith. The two farm homes were only three miles apart. Father walked these three miles each week end as he went from his home to his school and back again while teaching here. The writer's mother was ten years old when the family moved to this place. She lived here for eight years or until she married Father. She was fifteen years of age when Father first taught her school and she studied under his instruction for two years or until she was about seventeen years of age.

* * *

When Grandfather lived on this farm, his nearest neighbors were a German family by the name of Semler. During the eight years that Mother lived here, she and the Semler young people were together a great deal. Mother tells many amusing stories in regard to this Dutch family.

The father, John Semler, would have been a good candidate for Alcoholics Anonymous if there had been such an organization in his day. He was a great lover of alcohol and the only thing that would have barred him from anonymity would have been his reputation as a drunkard.

Because the Semler house was so small, the old gentleman and the boys of the family set their beds up in the corncrib and slept there during the summer time. Once when the writer's mother was at the Semler home playing with their daughter Teeny (Christina), Mrs. Semler went to the corncrib to make Mr. Semler get up and go to work. The old gentleman had been sleeping late following a prolonged drunken spell.

Mr. Semler became angry when his wife disturbed his sleep and he chased her to the house. Mrs. Semler was a short, fat, little old lady and as a result when she attempted to run she

could only waddle. However, in his drunken stupor the old gentleman could not catch up with her. And so therefore when he realized that he was losing out in the race, Mr. Semler threw the whiskey jug, which he was still carrying, at his wife. Mrs. Semler's only comment, when she could finally get her breath, was, "My, My, Vot a shame, He broke dot nice little yug."

Another time when his wife had regaled him harshly for being intoxicated, Mr. Semler went to Greenfield and asked some of his friends if he could stay a few days with them. When asked why he wished to do so, Mr. Semler replied that his wife had said to him, "You go avay and stay a veek." So he obediently stayed away a week and then he returned home where he was dutifully welcomed by his wife and family.

One time when the writer's mother was visiting her friend Teeny, the kindly old Dutch lady, Mrs. Semler, was doing the week's ironing. She was not what would be called an expert with the sadiron. Neither were the flatirons of that day as efficient as they are today. Thus her labor left much to be desired. Mother remembers with amusement that Mrs. Semler held a man's shirt up before her eyes and surveyed it critically. She then commented absently, "Did I or did I not iron dis shirt, — I chust don't know." Certainly her ability at ironing clothes was not on a par with the modern pressing establishment.

Charlie, one of the Semler boys who was a little older than his sister Christina, had, it appears, set his affections upon Mother and as a result, he considered her his girl friend. Evidently the writer's mother did not entertain the same feeling toward him and did not share his opinions in this respect. She apparently thought of him only as a friend who was the brother of her companion and pal Teeny.

About this time Mother started to keep company with Father. Also about this time Father, who was probably getting tired of teaching school, placed his name upon the election ballot as a candidate for Adair County Clerk of Courts. And so in the course of events it happened that one day about this time Mr. Semler, who, as usual, was under the influence of considerable alcoholic stimulation, met Father on the highway.

After stopping Father he accosted him as follows: "Vy are you running for County Clerk? You stole my poy Charlie's girl. You vould make von hell of a County Clerk."

* * *

One nice day in the summer time, two of the younger Semler boys were playing down by the creek that ran through the farm. When, suddenly and without warning, one of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake. Although it was not a large one, nevertheless any rattlesnake is deadly poison.

The boys knew that mud was recommended as a remedy in case one received a bee sting so they applied mud packs to the snake bite. They then went home. However, because their mother and father were quarreling at the time the boys were afraid to tell what had happened. So they simply stated that the boy had been stung by a bee. But he soon became so ill and the resulting pain became so great that the boys finally told what had happened.

The writer's Grandmother was summoned immediately. She, like many pioneer mothers of her day, knew all of the old home remedies. A battle was soon waged in all its fury to save the boy's life. All of those who were present knew that the stakes were high, it being a case of life or death. And so without further discussion or delay some chickens were caught hurriedly and without stopping to dress them, their entrails were torn out and applied warm to the snake bite. As soon as the chicken entrails turned green with the rattlesnake poison, they were removed and fresh entrails applied. The discarded chicken entrails were then buried as a safety measure.

The boy was suffering much and was enduring great pain by this time. He was doubled up with cramps in his stomach and was almost in convulsions. Milk was given to him to counteract the poison. Boneset, a weed which grew on the prairie, was soon gathered and a bitter tea was brewed from it. This boneset tea was the old pioneer equivalent of quinine. It was also a diuretic and if it were made strong enough, it would cause the one who drank it to vomit. This vomiting was supposed to bring up the poison. Probably whisky was given to the boy also as this was considered a remedy for snake bite in pioneer days.

Grandmother stayed all that night and the next day with the Semlers. The first chickens, which were caught and used, were torn apart hurriedly and the meat applied to the wound almost before the chickens were dead. Later as more help arrived, the chickens were dressed and the unused meat was saved. Thus, there was plenty of work for all to do. All through the night and part of the next day there was little hope of saving the boy's life. However, he did eventually recover. Nevertheless, he walked with a limp for a long time.

When asked why the Semlers did not send for a doctor, the writer's mother replied that there were no telephones in that day and that it would have taken a man with a fast horse a couple of hours to have ridden the twelve miles to Greenfield. It would have required another two hour period for the doctor to have reached the Semler home even if he were not at that time answering a call to some other place. The boy could have died within that length of time.

It appears that the doctors, at that time, in the county seat town of Greenfield were a little more up to date in the practice of medicine than were the older doctors elsewhere, who would have known very little more about what to do than, even then, was being done by the family and neighbors for the sick boy.

Darius B. Cook in his book, *Memoirs of Quaker Divide,* published in 1914 at Dexter, Iowa which is the second town east of Grandfather's old home, has given us an ideal description of an old-time doctor. Inasmuch as this kindly old doctor lived and practiced medicine within a few miles of the home of the writer's grandparents, it appears that this would be a most appropiate time and place to share this vivid word picture of an old-time country doctor with the reader.

> People were often sick in those early days. The prevailing acute diseases were lung fever (pneumonia) and typhoid. One cause of the first has been suggested above (lack of warm clothing), while the shallow wells first used, and the crowded conditions of the homes could account for much of the latter. But there was one doctor a faithful one, too, Macy B. Maulsby, a Quaker when he came to Dallas county, but afterwards he united with the Christian church at Redfield, but was a Quaker still, and addressed everyone with "thee" and "Firstday" as long

as he lived. His favorite mode of travel was on horse back, and on the rear of his saddle hung his "pill bags." His practice extended for ten miles each way from Redfield, and he would some times be two or three days behind with his calls. Much time was consumed going for the doctor on horse back, when it was discovered his services were needed. Entering the room, he would say:

"Thee sick? How long has thee been sick? What seems to be the trouble?"

Then seating himself by the bedside and placing his pill bags nearby he would continue about as follows:

"Let me see thy tongue, umph huh,
Let me feel thy pulse, Yes."

Then moving his chair near the table and hanging his pill bags across his knees, so that the connecting leather could be used as a table, he would begin to unbuckle one side and take up papers, packages of powders, or sometimes a bottle. Opening a package he would inspect it and if in doubt of its contents would take a portion on the point of his knife, throw it back in his mouth to test it by taste, and would always "smack" his lips as though it was good. Nothing he carried was labeled. Having selected the medicine, he would say to some member of the family:

"Thee bring me a glass with some water in it and a spoon."

A piece of paper was next called for and he would begin to cut it into the proper size for powder paper. In the glass he would measure some liquid, measuring it with the spoon, or he might call for a bottle instead. The powders he measured on the point of his knife. They were always large and usually "nasty." During this process he would be visiting with the family in the most familar way. If the conversation livened up he would intersperse his part with frequent ha ha's — a kind all his own, which brought real good feeling and good cheer into the home. Someone has remarked that the doctor's laugh did his patients more good than his big powders and pills.

The medicine ready he would begin with directions: "This medicine in the bottle is to relieve that sickness of the stomach. These powders are for the fever. These other powders are to be used if he suffers much. They will relieve that," and so on always telling what each

> remedy was for. This done he packed up his pill bags, hung them on his arm, said farewell, mounted his horse and started out to visit his next patient.

We feel that we must not close this chapter without the mention of another old-time doctor or midwife who came to this part of the state long before the time of the writer's grandparents. This doctor was a woman whose maiden name had been Rufaann Switzer but who was now the wife of Enos Miller. She was born in Pennsylvania in 1824 and her husband was born in the same state in 1815. They were married in Indiana shortly after 1840, having moved to that state with their parents some time earlier. Some time after their marriage, probably about 1853, they came to Iowa and settled upon a farm in Beaver Township in Guthrie County. Their home was about ten miles north of the place where Grandfather lived in Adair County.

Probably Rufaann Miller had no formal medical education whatever but like a few other pioneer women of her time, she began her career as a midwife and eventually became more or less of a doctor for the community in which she lived. It is likely that she made no charge for her services therefore no license would have been necessary. However, it is likely that no license to practice medicine was required in the State of Iowa at that time. The writer can remember an old herb doctor who plied his trade unmolested as late as 1910 and he also recalls a, self-styled, Indian doctor who had a considerable practice as late as 1930 but who was eventually forced to leave town.

Not all of the pioneer doctors in Iowa or elsewhere were graduates of the few medical schools which were in existence in the United States at that time. Many obtained their medical knowledge or education by "reading" for a few months with some older physician and by assisting him in his practice. When they felt that they knew enough, the young doctors would then begin searching for openings; frequently choosing some new settlement on the frontier. Some went west after a little study in a doctor's office; some with no study at all.

Dr. William J. Petersen, Superintendent of the Iowa State Historical Society, in an article on "Diseases and Doctors"

prepared for the April 1951 issue of the *Iowa Journal of History,* quotes an article about an end man in a minstrel show who after turning doctor, evidently without any preparation, became a prominent practitioner and attained such a practice that he actually died of overwork. From the same source we learn that the course of study in Iowa's first medical school at Davenport in 1849 and at the Medical Department of the Iowa State University in Keokuk in 1853 and 1854 required only sixteen weeks for completion in order to obtain an M. D. degree.

Many of the old-time doctors carried only calomel, aloes, Dover's powder (containing opium for pain), castor oil, jalap and Peruvian bark (quinine). Herb doctors used their own medicines which were concocted by brewing the bark of trees or certain kinds of roots. Bleeding in case of fever was practiced by all pioneer doctors who always carried a lancet for the purpose. In pioneer times, barbers often performed this service also. In fact in ancient times barbers were surgeons. As a result, we still see the striped barber pole which is a relic of the days when the stripes represented the bandages with which the barber wrapped the arm of the patient when letting blood.

Many physicians used the old-fashioned remedy of blistering to remove pain. This could be accomplished by using mustard seed or with a medicine called Spanish Fly. In the latter case the resulting blister was known as a "fly blister." The reader will recall that the doctors blistered the feet of the girl in Happy Hollow who had typhoid fever in order to draw the pain from her head. It is quite likely that many of the early physicians operated on the following theory or startling medical discovery which was advanced by one old-time doctor. The writer recalls having heard this ancient practitioner remark that nine-tenths of all the ills that people experienced or believed that they experienced could be cured with a large dose of physic.

In pioneer days many nostrums were on the market which were advertised as sure cures for all ailments. Apparently there were no laws in the United States at that time which were designed to combat or to regulate the claims put forth

by the producers of these cure-alls. In the above mentioned article entitled "Diseases and Doctors" the author, Dr. Petersen, tells about a certain medicine which was guaranteed to cure at least twenty-five different ailments all of which the manufacturer listed upon the package or bottle. The list included everything from cholera to asthma and female obstructions and apparently the only reason that the producer of the medicine did not name any other ailments which it would cure was because he could think of no more diseases.

It appears that Rufaann Miller was more than the ordinary midwife of her community although that was, of course, one of her principal functions. According to the reports which we have received from the very few pioneers who still remember anything about her, she often set broken bones and also performed all of the other duties which were expected of an old-time country doctor.

She rode horseback to see her patients, often going at night and alone. It has been said that her husband always kept a horse in the stable and made ready for her accommodation. The south half of Guthrie County and especially the section where she lived was and it still is, in many places, covered with heavy timber, the land being unusually hilly and rugged. The good lady doctor has left to posterity a few accounts of her adventures on these lonely vigils. She often related the experiences of one night in particular in which she encountered a panther from which she fled on her faithful horse.

There is little doubt that this good woman performed a great and much needed service to her community. It is to such pioneer souls as Rufaann Miller that America owes much of its greatness. She died in her eighty-fourth year and lies buried in the old Glendon Cemetery which was near her home in Beaver Township in Guthrie County.

AN OLD DUTCH SUPERSTITION

Having discussed the part played by the writer's grandmother in her role as medical assistant, in the preceding chapter, we would like at this time to relate an incident which reveals an interesting phase of her character.

Grandmother, as stated earlier, was of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction. In fact she was so Dutch that she could hardly speak English so that one could understand her readily. About all that the writer can remember about his Dutch grandmother is that she was a kindly old lady whose speech he could hardly understand but who always kept a sack of candy stored away in the cupboard for her grandchildren.

Those who are familiar with the customs and habits of the Pennsylvania Dutch or those who are steeped in Dutch lore will readily understand when the writer says that Grandmother was extremely superstitious.

Mother has often said that although she lived with Grandmother only eighteen years or until she married Father, it has taken a life time to entirely rid her mind of the superstitions of her mother. The writer's father was adamantly intolerant of belief in any kind of charm or superstition. Therefore, Mother by necessity had to forget her own mother's superstitions if she were to live with Father.

It appears that Grandmother knew some charm by which she believed she could stop hemorrhage or bleeding. The words of the charm were so terrible to repeat that she did not like to use them. It seems that the charm could be handed down only from a man to a woman and vice versa.

Some man, probably Grandmother's father, had secretly revealed the words to her and she in turn could reveal them only to a man if the charm were to be effective. Whether or not Grandmother ever passed the charm on down to some one else by revealing the secret words, we do not know. The words of the charm were to be repeated over any one who was bleeding to death and the hemorrhage supposedly would cease.

A man by the name of Joe Eddy was a near and a well liked neighbor of the writer's Grandparents. This man had become

desperately ill with typhoid fever, a disease which was often fatal in those days. It appears that patients with typhoid fever often bled to death in pioneer days during the later stages of the disease. However, today doctors know how to prevent this condition and do not let the disease progress to the bleeding stage.

Mr. Eddy had been very ill for some time and had reached the dangerous stage. One day he commenced to hemorrhage badly. The doctor was sent for immediately but, as stated earlier, it took a long time in those days to get a doctor and the situation this time was desperate.

Grandmother was summoned and she came at once. As stated previously, she despised using the dreadful words of the charm. However, here was a life at stake, a man was bleeding to death, and the doctor was far away. Grandmother did the only thing that she could do in this desperate situation. She repeated, over Mr. Eddy, the dreadful words of the charm.

In a little while the bleeding subsided and by the time the doctor arrived it had ceased entirely. Mr. Eddy's condition began to improve and, from that time forward, his convalescence was sure and rapid. In a little while he was well again.

* * *

Grandmother's difficulty with the English language often produced amusing situations. One day Grandfather came into the house from the barn where he had been doctoring a sick horse. Grandmother asked him how the horse was getting along.

Just to tease her and because he knew that she would not understand, Grandfather replied that the horse was in the stage of convalescence. Grandmother became greatly excited and wanted to know how long the horse had been having those convolutions. She thought that Grandfather meant that the horse was having convulsions.

One of Mother's brothers, the writer's uncle Henry, was a sort of unlicensed genius at tinkering. He was always constructing gadgets of different kinds, none of which ever brought him either fame or fortune. One of his greatest inspirations was an attempt to invent an automatic damper for the stove-pipe.

He made the contraption without too much difficulty and, within the due course of time, it was installed upon the inside of the stove-pipe. As a result of the suction created by the draft of the chimney, the thing, when in operation, whirled around and around on its axis. The resulting noise and clatter resembled the sound of a corn sheller in full operation. It really made quite a racket. Suffice it to say that the only good thing that the damper appears to have accomplished was to waken every one up in the morning as soon as the fire was started.

The inventor called it an automatic damper. However, the word *automatic* was far beyond the comprehension and the vocabulary of the writer's Dutch grandmother. She always referred to it as: Henry's "Lord A Massa Damper."

Another of Uncle Henry's mechanical marvels was a self locking window stopper. This contrivance would be difficult to describe. However, it appears that the principal feature of the machine was the automatic locking device. Whenever the window stopped when it was being put up or let down, the thing was supposed to lock the window in that position.

To make a long story short, Uncle Henry went out of the house and attempted to crawl back in through the window to ascertain whether or not the device was burglar proof. According to the story that is told, it appears that the apparatus performed as was desired. Uncle Henry had gotten only one half of the way through the opening when the window came down upon him and locked. His cries for help brought the family running. I do not think that he ever obtained a patent on the device so do not try to buy one.

When Grandfather lived in Pennsylvania, the writer's uncle, who was a little more than a boy at the time, devised a window curtain made of slats or thin narrow strips of wood fastened together with strings. Grandfather and Uncle Henry manufactured and also sold some of these slat curtains. However, since they did not prove to be popular enough, at that time, to warrant the making a profession of their manufacture, they discontinued the business.

A few years later Venetian blinds were put on the market and eventually became quite popular. They were substantially

the same in design as Uncle Henry's slat curtains which were probably their prototype. The writer recalls hearing his uncle say that he made the mistake of his career when he failed to patent and to continue the manufacture of the slat curtains.

The writer's uncle was not a lazy man. However, he was always attempting to construct something which would make his labor easier to perform. Perhaps the reader recalls the story of Humphrey Potter.

This account took place when the steam engine was in the experimental stage. It appears that in the early engines when the steam had driven the piston in one direction there was no mechanism for reversing the slide valve so that the steam could push the piston back. Therefore, it was necessary that some one pull a lever to accomplish this purpose. In as much as the labor involved was light, a boy was engaged to perform the task.

Humphrey Potter was the boy engaged for this purpose. Like all boys he became tired of the job when the work grew monotonous. As a result, he tied a string to the lever and devised a way for the engine to pull the string. It is recorded that he then sat down and watched the machine do the work itself.

Although history is silent on the subject, it is likely that Humphrey Potter lost his job when the foreman came around. However, the steam engine had been born with the advent of this simple attachment. He should have been rewarded for the idea. It has been said that the writer's uncle made many useful improvements upon the machinery with which he worked during his years as a mechanic. However, there is no record that he ever received any financial reward for these things.

When Uncle Henry had grown old and had retired from his work as a machinist, he and his wife went to California and began operating a chicken ranch. Here, he soon became tired of the chore of gathering eggs. As a result, he devised a hen's nest with a hole in the bottom. It was constructed so that when the hen laid an egg, it went down through the hole and

out through a trough where it could be reached easily. He never patented this idea either. However, we understand that all modern chicken ranchers use some sort of similar device for the purpose of gathering eggs.

* * *

Mother had two other brothers. One of them the writer's Uncle Will, was quite an unusual character. He did not like to work. However, he was a clean man morally. He did not use tobacco and he would not drink a drop of intoxicating liquor. Uncle Will eventually married and had a fine family. He and his wife, Aunt Orpha, each lived to be nearly ninety years old and they were married for almost sixty years.

When he was a young man Uncle Will liked nothing better than to have a good fight. He would fight at the drop of a hat. In fact he was not above dropping the hat himself. However, Uncle Will usually did his fighting in defense of some lady whom he thought was being slandered. He was quite a clown and was always doing or saying something funny.

One day while driving Grandfather's old team and wagon down the highway, he met a man coming toward him with a shiny new buggy drawn by a team of high stepping horses whose harness was all bedecked with fancy rings and regalia. Of course, Uncle Will could not let pass such an opportunity to create some fun.

Driving Grandfather's old team over by the fence, as far out of the road as he could get them, he got out of the wagon and running to the horse's heads held them tightly by the bridles until the dandy and his ornate conveyance had passed. Then getting back into the wagon, he proceeded on down the road with Grandfather's sleepy old team of horses which would not have been frightened by a locomotive.

One time Uncle Will asked a young lady of the community for the privilege of escorting her home from a singing school which was being held at Hillside School House. This young woman came from a very wealthy family. As a result of her aristocratic parentage and because of the fact that she was also quite attractive, she felt that she and her family were in a class by themselves. In fact she felt far above any one

with such humble parentage as that of the writer's uncle. However, probably because she was afraid to walk the mile to her home alone, she accepted the invitation.

When Uncle Will and the young lady had nearly reached her home, she asked to be left some distance from the house. Apparently because of her pride, she did not want to be seen with her humble escort. As she was departing from him, she told him that she would be greatly pleased if he did not mention to anyone the fact that she had been his companion for the evening. In other words, she did not want anyone to know that he had taken her home.

However, she had not reckoned with Uncle Will, who was always equal to any occasion. His reply to her was, "Oh do not worry about it, Mary Ellen. I will not tell anyone that I accompanied you home." "In fact," he said to the young lady, "I am just as ashamed of it as you are."

Once when we grandchildren were small, Uncle Will came to our home for a short visit. It had been several years since any of our family had seen him. He thought that it would be fun to frighten the writer's mother. So he disguised himself as a tramp. He tied a red handkerchief over one eye and he carried his bag of clothes on the end of a stick which he had placed over his shoulder.

He arrived at our house in the morning before breakfast. However, we were all up and were starting the work of the day. Uncle Will came up through the front yard staggering as though he were intoxicated. He bumped into trees and ran into the clothes line. In fact he acted like an insane man.

Unfortunately, the writer's parents were not at home, at the time, but were some distance away doing the morning farm chores at Grandfather's house. As a result Mother was not at home where she could be frightened. It is most likely that she would have recognized her brother anyway, inasmuch as she was quite familiar with his many escapades.

However, we three grandchildren were all at home when Uncle Will came staggering up through the yard. We were truly deceived by his actions and we were also greatly frightened. Of course the author and his sister, who were quite

young at the time, ran to the bed room and hid. However, the writer's brother, who was about twelve years of age and who was also the oldest of us three children, felt that it was his duty to protect his brother and his little sister.

Consequently, he locked the door and would not let the tramp come into the house. Finally as the man kept stumbling around on the porch, our protector took father's rifle down from the wall and pointing it at Uncle Will, whom he could see clearly through the glass door, he ordered the supposed tramp to get off the place. By this time Uncle Will had concluded that it would be wise to move on. Therefore, he went the short distance to Grandfather's house. Here he was met by Grandfather's faithful dog, Old Rover, who would not let him come into the yard either. After he had called for help and had been quickly recognized, he jokingly complained that he had received a poor reception every place that he had tried to enter. Uncle Will also remarked that he believed that the writer's brother would have used the gun if the fake tramp had persisted in his attempt to enter our home.

* * *

Mother's third brother, Uncle Sam, was a bachelor all his life, having never married. In many respects, he was definitely a very odd character. Mother has often told us about the many unusual things that he did when he was a young man.

It appears that one day he wanted some apple dumplings for dinner. So he asked Grandmother if she would make some dumplings if he would get the apples. When she replied that she would, Uncle Sam took a grain sack and started away on foot to go to the Jacob Bruce farm, where there was a large apple orchard, to buy some apples.

Uncle Sam did not return as expected. However, some weeks later or perhaps it was some months later, the family learned that he had gotten employment and was working for a farmer who lived near Fontanelle. He did not make any effort to inform his mother why he had not returned with the apples. In fact, he never was any person to write letters. The writer recalls that when he was a boy, if his mother received one letter in five years from Uncle Sam it was considered normal.

At any rate a year had passed when one day Mother and her parents heard something heavy drop on to the floor of the front porch of the house and then they saw a man ride past the window as he took his horse to the barn. When they had opened the door, they found a sack of apples lying near the entrance. Uncle Sam had returned with the apples just a year after he had started out to buy them. Consequently, Grandmother served apple dumplings for supper.

Another time when Grandfather and Uncle Sam were working together getting some sand for building purposes out of the little creek which ran near the house, Uncle Sam became angry about something and hit Grandfather upon the head with a wooden bucket, breaking the bucket.

Mother recalls seeing Grandfather with a hoe in his hand chasing her brother over the hill. Grandfather could not catch up with Uncle Sam, so he came back to the house. However, it was three years that time before the wayfarer returned. During that time the family had heard nothing about him and did not know whether he was living or dead.

One Sunday evening when Mother and Grandmother had returned home after attending church at Hillside School House, they found Grandfather and Uncle Sam sitting together upon the front porch of the house. Apparently, they had forgotten their altercation and all had been forgiven. As usual, Uncle Sam did not bother to explain where he had been nor what he had been doing during the three years of his absence.

RELIGION, FIDDLERS, SHOES, SORROW

After Grandfather had moved from the farm in Happy Hollow to the one near the Semler place where Mother grew to womanhood, the family attended church at Hill Side School House. This place was just two miles north of the Nubbin Ridge school building where they had attended church a few years earlier. Here at this place, also, Mr. Ellsworth was the evangelist or minister and it was here at the Hill Side School House that Grandfather and Grandmother were converted and became members of the Christian Church.

As stated earlier, Mr. Ellsworth and his family were almost in dire financial straits. His preaching to small country churches brought him little in the way of monetary returns. As a result he and his family compensated for the small salary by visiting and staying in the homes of his parishioners during the week.

Mr. Ellsworth was a man of unusually fine character and was dearly loved by the people of his congregation. There is little doubt that the influence of this Godly man upon Grandfather while making one of these occasional visits in Grandfather's home brought about his conversion. Also the conversion proved to be genuine and the writer's mother recalls that from that time forward Grandfather was a changed man. Mother remembers a few of the outstanding events connected with the worship at this Hill Side School House Church.

A family by the name of Dickey had a number of children. These children both the boys and the girls were unusually handsome even as their descendants are today. Matt Dickey, one of the boys, had a nervous break down and it was found necessary to have him hospitalized for a while. A few days before he was sent away and before any one knew that this would become necessary, this young man was at church. He became emotionally upset by the sermon and by the preaching. As a result in the traditional testimony service which followed, he talked without ceasing.

One subject which he kept repeating was that if one had a frog and if the frog were in a patch of weeds, the frog could

not jump far. But if the weeds were cut down then the frog could jump a long way. "So it is with my life," Matt would repeat, "I need some one to cut the weeds down out of my life so that I can jump a long way."

Following this testimony and as he became more excited and emotionally upset, Matt began to shout: "I want to go to heaven — I want to go to heaven."

A young girl by the name of Alma Parr, who was a sister of the writer's Aunt Orpha, was in the audience. She probably was at the right age to feel a certain emotional attachment to the handsome Matt and being over wrought by the excitement of the meeting, she rushed up to him, seized him by the arm and shouted, "Take me to heaven with you Matt, Take me to heaven with you."

Matt looking at the girl in astonishment and forgetting his own problems for the moment, shouted back in answer, "Leave me alone and don't bother me. I can't take you to heaven with me because I don't know yet whether or not I am going to get there." It was such events as these which made the revival meetings at the old Hill Side School House Church exciting.

Another of the affairs connected with this pioneer church remains in the memory of the writer's mother. Even as a girl, she heartily disapproved of this one. As a result she remembered it ever after. There was a Civil War veteran by the name of Henry Booher living in the community at this time. He and his family were also attending the school house church.

The writer remembers this family of exceptionally nice looking girls and one boy who was also very handsome. The writer's first school teacher was Lizzie Booher, one of the daughters, and the only one of the family now living. This was a family of fine character and good reputation, which makes the following event the more deplorable.

Mr. Booher had sold some hogs to a dealer at the live stock market in town. It appears, that by some mistake, he had been paid too much money for the animals. Although Mr. Booher gave all of his children a good education, it seems that he himself had little ability with mathematics. Consequently,

he was entirely innocent of any attempt to defraud. However, some one with more religious zeal than good judgment insisted that Mr. Booher should be "Churched."

For the information of the reader, we shall attempt to explain the meaning of the old fashioned term, "Being Churched." We do not hear this expression today. It appears that in the days of early church history in America if a church member was suspected of any misdemeanor, he was promptly summoned to appear before the congregation or at least before the august body of elders for a church trial.

Here he was subjected to a more or less grueling questioning and a humilating hearing. If he were found guilty, he was expelled from membership in that organization. Today, the whole affair is considered a rather disgraceful procedure. It probably grew out of a mistaken interpretation of the Bible verse, St. Matthew 18:17 which reads as follows:

> And if he neglect to hear them, tell it to the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican.

Mr. Booher was tried before such a religious court. This court was composed of his fellow church members and his neighbors. The trial lasted most of the day. However, inasmuch as no decision could be reached the people, becoming disgusted with the whole affair, gradually left the building and returned to their homes.

Mr. Booher lived and died a most respected citizen. He eventually moved to Greenfield after he had grown old and had retired from the farm. The writer remembers that, while still just a boy, he with his father visited Mr. Booher as the old soldier was fighting his last battle. The writer also recalls that his father stood by the bed side with tears in his eyes as he clasped the hand of his old friend. Mr. Booher lies in a soldier's grave beneath a Civil War marker. Most of his family are buried in the family lot with him in the cemetery at Greenfield, Iowa.

* * *

There was a family by the name of Fay living in the neighborhood somewhere near Mother's girlhood home. This

family although poor in worldly goods was, however, blessed with a large number of children. There were at least three girls and it is likely that there were twice as many boys.

This was another one of those pioneer families whose members all liked music. The boys were all fiddlers. The writer can remember hearing some of them play the violin when they were old men and he was a boy. They were really good musicians. Of course, in that day few people played the fiddle by note. When anyone played the instrument by note he was regarded as a violinist. If he simply played it by ear as most old timers did, he was then called a fiddler.

Edd Stevenson, a former neighbor of this good family, and who had at one time spent a night in the Fay home, often told the following story. He is reported to have said that the Fay boys liked very much to play the fiddle. Unfortunately however, they had only one violin with which to practice. Therefore, according to Mr. Stevenson, the instrument was kept in more or less constant use all of the night.

He reported that when one of the brothers had grown tired of practicing on the violin and had gone to bed another one of their number would get out of bed and begin to play the instrument. Inasmuch as there were so many boys in the family, the music continued until morning and the visitor could get little or no sleep.

It is likely that Mr. Stevenson exaggerated, to some extent, in the telling of this story. However, when the writer mentioned the story to Mr. Walter Fay, a barber of Stuart, Iowa and a son of one of the fiddlers, he laughingly conceded that it sounded plausible and might have been true since, as he remarked, his father and all of his uncles had been old time fiddlers.

Another story has been told on the Fay boys, all of whom have lived their lives and have by now passed on to their reward. In this case it appears that the Fay family like nearly all of the large families in that early pioneer time was not abundantly supplied with the refinements of life. It has been reported that the boys possessed only one pair of shoes. As a result, when the brothers occasionally attended one of the

many country dances which were held in the community, the one pair of shoes had to do extra duty.

It has been said that after the boys had arrived at the home where the dance was being held, one of their number would go into the house wearing the shoes. After he had chosen a girl for his partner and had danced for a time, he would return to his waiting brothers outside of the house. After he had relinquished the shoes, one of the other brothers would put them on and go inside to dance as the first boy had done. This procedure was then repeated until each of the brothers had worn the shoes and had taken his turn at the dancing.

* * *

When Grandfather lived by the Semler place, he had a near neighbor by the name of Walker. This man and his family had moved to the farm which joined Grandfather's land on the north. They had come from some place in Guthrie County to this Adair County farm.

One of the daughters in the Walker family was a girl by the name of Nina. This girl, who was nearing womanhood at that time, had contracted consumption. This disease which we know today as tuberculosis was called consumption in pioneer times and in those days it was nearly always fatal. However, it was a lingering disease which sometimes gave the unfortunate patient hope of recovery.

For a while after coming to Adair County, Nina began to gain weight. She also felt better and it appeared for a time that she would recover. However, the stage of convalescence did not continue and Nina's condition took a turn for the worse. Gradually she grew weaker and weaker. And so, when the girl knew that she would not live and that her time on earth was short, she requested that the young people of the community should come to her home for a party so that she might see them all for the last time.

Although Nina was very ill, she managed to sit up for a little while and watch her companions as they played games. However, the writer's mother recalls that the effort to pretend, under the circumstances, that they were having a good time was the most difficult problem that the young people had ever encountered.

Nina passed away shortly after this and was laid to rest in the Menlo Cemetery which had been established only a few years previous to this time. A small monument was placed at the head of her grave and her picture was fastened into an insert which had been cut into the stone for that purpose. The insert was covered with glass.

Recently the writer found the grave in the old section of the cemetery and he also found the monument with the insert cut into the stone. However, the glass which had covered the insert was gone and the picture of the lovely but unfortunate Nina Walker had long ago perished with the ravages of time. However, we might add that the writer's mother still possesses an identical picture of this gracious and beautiful girl.

We are happy that the advance in the knowledge and the practice of medicine today has practically eliminated the disease which took the life of Nina Walker. The ravages of this disease was one of the major scourges encountered by the early pioneers. When the writer was young, he with his brother and another companion searched through the woods one spring for Johnny-jump-ups which were always the first flowers to be found. These flowers were gathered for a neighbor girl who was dying of tuberculosis. This lovely seventeen year old girl, whose name was Pearl Bolger, died a few months later. After her death the faded flowers and the card bearing the names of the donors was found among her most cherished possessions.

UNTIL DEATH DO US PART

When mother was eighteen years of age, Grandfather Kennedy rented his farm to a neighbor for one year and moved his family to Menlo. Here he left Grandmother and Mother, the other children being grown and gone from home, while he went to work in a paper mill some place in Illinois. He returned at the end of the year and moved back to the farm. It was during this short interim in Menlo that the writer's father and mother were married.

Father had worked Grandfather's team of horses feverishly the day before the wedding in order to finish planting the corn before this happy event took place. As a result the faithful Jane who was an old horse by this time, having come to Adair County with Grandfather twenty-one years earlier, collapsed from the extra exertion and within a few weeks she died.

If, after death, there is a place to which good horses go, we hope that the glamorous Jane found those Elysian Fields where, at last, she might, "lie down in the green pastures beside the still waters." And here we hope that in her dreams, she and Grandmother are young again. That together they still travel the lonesome trails made by the buffalo and the Indian as they follow the timber road up Middle River to McMullens, to Thompson's Mill, to Underwoods, to Shanty Town and on to the Little Timber Cemetery.

And perhaps she dreams that they travel again down the river road to Holaday Post Office where they hope to find letters from those left behind on the long trek thither-ward. And there, sometimes, they find those letters, some of them edged in black. Thus we leave forever the memory of a good and faithful horse, the vivacious and glamorous Jane.

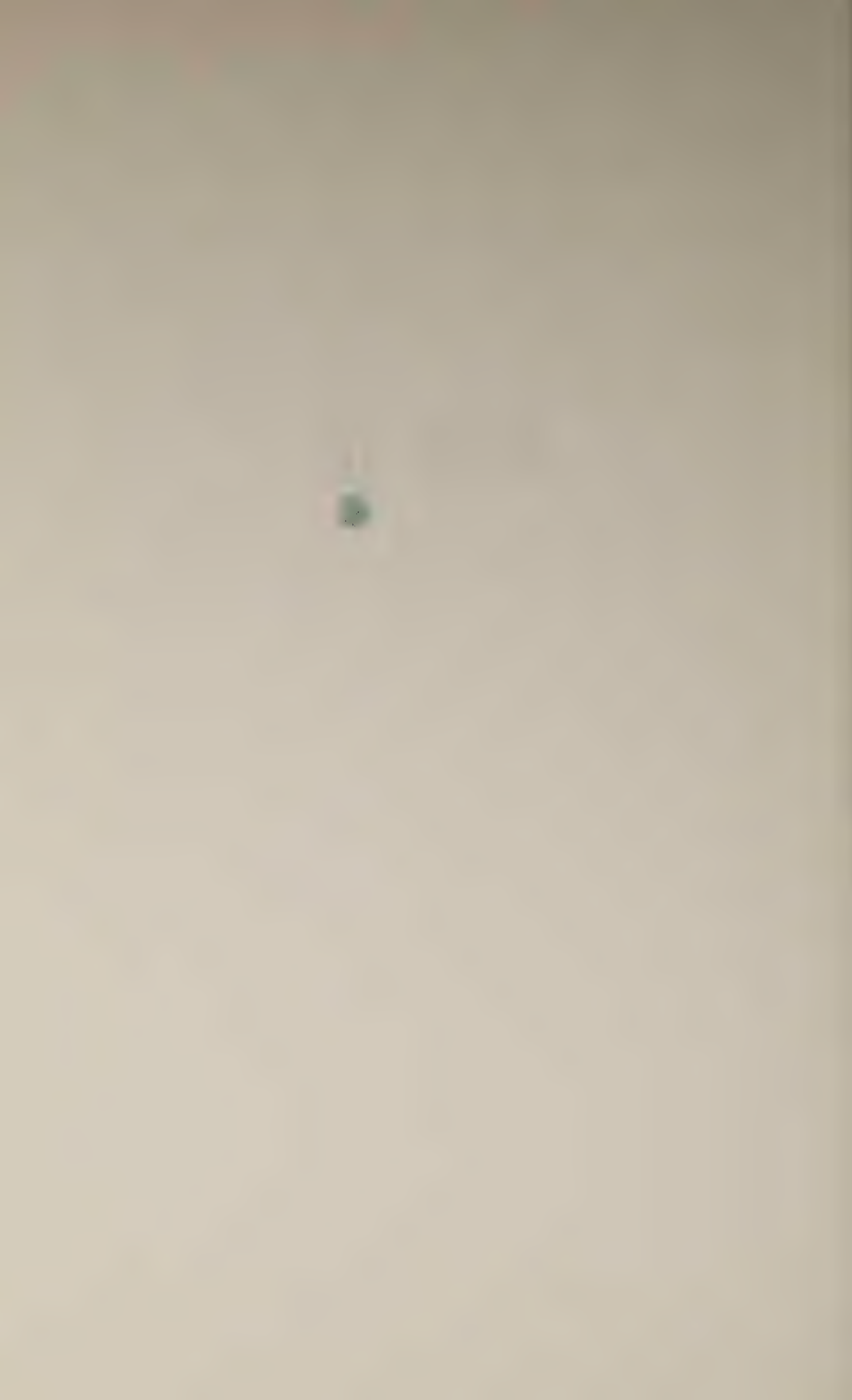
The writer's parents were united in marriage in Grandfather Kennedy's home in Menlo, Ia. May 17, 1887 by Reverend John F. St. Clair, a Methodist minister, while a neighbor, a kindly but inquisitive old lady, Mrs. Manwell, watched through the window. And this happy and congenial marriage was to endure for fifty-six years or until Father's death in 1943.

From that time onward, Mother has made her home with the writer.

After their marriage the writer's parents moved into the old Middle River Homestead with Grandfather and Grandmother Smith. Mother and Father bought forty acres of land adjoining Grandfather's farm and it was here on this combined homestead that we three children or grandchildren were born. We were raised and grew up partly in the old house of Grandfather's and partly in another house built for Father and Mother on the same farm.

Therefore the third part of this book will, in a sense, be a continuation of the first section. Whenever the writer alludes to his Grandfather and Grandmother, unless otherwise stated, he will always be referring to his father's parents, Grandfather and Grandmother Smith.

PART III



TRAIN ROBBERY AND TRAGEDY

As was stated at the close of the preceding chapter which was the last chapter of section two of this work, this third section will, in reality, be a continuation of the first part of the book. However, this third section of the work will be a more or less disconnected collection of miscellaneous material which will be inserted purely for its interest and which, therefore, will make little or no claim to continuity or to chronological sequence.

Inasmuch as we were discussing the establishment of towns along the right of way of the recently completed Rock Island Railroad when we closed the first section of the book, we shall continue at this time with the mention of two other newly established towns near Grandfather's farm.

As was mentioned previously the town of Casey was named in honor of the contractor who supervised the grading of the right of way across the Grand Divide. This town was situated about a mile west of the little timber cemetery which has been mentioned so often in this work. The town was located about seven miles northwest of Grandfather's place and it was destined to play a large part in the lives of our people. It was a little larger town than the town of Menlo, its population being about eight hundred persons.

Just south and west of Casey and about twelve or thirteen miles west of Grandfather's home, the town of Adair was located. It was situated upon the high ridge which forms a water shed between the Missouri River and the Des Moines River. This is probably the highest spot of land above sea level in the State of Iowa. A deep cut for the railroad was dug through the high hill upon which the town is located. Nevertheless the trains are slowed down greatly by the long grade when approaching the station from either direction.

The town was laid out in 1872 and in 1873 the census showed a population of only eighteen persons, fifteen of whom were section hands. It was here at Adair on July 21, 1873 that the James brothers and their gang made the first train robbery in history. They could have chosen no better place, for their

nefarious purpose, than the town of Adair where there were only eighteen people and where the trains were forced by the steep grade to run quite slowly.

The James boys and their followers were suspected of the train robbery at Adair from the beginning. However, it was not until the death of Jesse James and the subsequent capture of most of the other members of the gang several years later that the whole truth became known. The true story of the robbery was learned years later from Frank James, who surrendered after the death of his brother Jesse, and after serving one year in prison was released. Frank died on his farm near Excelsior Springs, Missouri on February 18, 1915.

There was no depot at Adair in July of 1873. However, there was a section house where Robert Grant and his wife lived and kept house for some of the railroad crew. One evening, a few days before the robbery, a man knocked on the door of this section house. When Mrs. Grant opened the door, she saw a group of horsemen in front of the house. The man who had knocked, probably Jesse James himself, was very courteous and very pleasant according to Mrs. Grant. He asked for supper for himself and his men and also for feed for their horses. When asked how many there were, the man replied that there were eight in the group.

That evening while they were eating their supper, the men visited with Mr. Grant, asking him about land in the vicinity of Adair. They claimed that some of their number were surveyors and that they were particularly interested in land adjoining the railroad right of way. They also asked for the names of some of the land owners.

After the evening meal the men rode away and were not seen again until the next day when they appeared, this time, at one of the Sisson farms which was located a couple of miles south of town. Here they told the same story, asking again for supper and for the privilege of sleeping in the hay loft of the barn. They stayed at this place for several days. Each day they would ride away supposedly looking at land. In the evenings they would return for supper and to stay over night. Each evening they would visit with Mr. Sisson, talking about land in Iowa and in Missouri. The fact that they knew so

much about Missouri was a clue, later, to their identity. They were at all times very agreeable and pleasant. It is said that to disarm suspicion they also worked for a few days in the harvest fields near Adair.

The name of Jesse James was well known at this time. He and his brother Frank had been involved in a large number of bold, day-light, bank robberies and daring hold-ups. Although Jesse was only twenty-six years old at this time, he was already old in crime. Frank James was five years older than his brother. It is said that even as a boy Jesse was an expert with guns. He was especially quick on the draw and his marksmanship was nearly perfect.

The Civil War had given the James boys a taste of violence. Being in sympathy with the south they had joined with the Bush Whackers during the latter part of the War and as stated previously they had fought with Quantrill and his raiders. They did a lot of shooting and Jesse was badly wounded twice; one of those times was when Quantrill was killed.

At various times the following men were associated with Jesse and Frank James: Cole, Jim and Tom Younger, McClellan Miller, Jim Cummins, Bill Chadwell, John Jarette, Jim White, George Shepherd, Bill and Jim Anderson, James Houghman, William Stiles and Robert and Charles Ford. Most of these men were eventually killed or captured.

These desperadoes had startled the whole country with their crimes. In broad daylight they had robbed banks in Missouri, Kentucky and Iowa. They had been especially troublesome during the closing years of the Civil War. They had made many raids into Union territory. However, no one had made any serious attempt to apprehend them. They always escaped on their fast horses. In 1866, the State of Missouri declared Jesse James an outlaw and for the next sixteen years, until his death, he was a hunted man with a price upon his head.

Following the close of the Civil War, the James brothers together with their companions had been robbing banks all over the State of Missouri. And they had also committed a great number of stagecoach robberies. Their exploit at Adair was the first train robbery in history. They had heard that a

large shipment of gold was to be sent over the Rock Island Railroad sometime in the latter half of July of 1873. The gold was to be sent east and the James boys had figured correctly that some where along the steep grade west of Adair, Iowa would be the ideal place to derail the train which would be considerably slowed down at this place as a result of that grade and the approach to the town.

At first, it was reported that there had been only five men in the group the night of the robbery. Actually there were ten men in all. While the eight who had stayed at the Sisson farm were planning the strategy for the derailing and the robbing of the train, two other men, Cole Younger and Frank James also members of the gang, were in Omaha, Nebraska, attempting to ascertain the exact day that the gold was to be shipped eastward. It is evident that these two men must have returned and joined the group at Adair the day of the robbery. As nearly as they had been able to learn, the gold was to go through the town of Adair, Iowa on the evening train of July the twenty-first.

The robbers chose a curve on the railroad grade about a mile or two west of town. Here they unspiked a rail from the track but they left it in its place. They then tied a long rope to the rail and a couple of the men hid behind a bank of earth which was near the track with the other end of the rope in their hands. The remainder of the gang together with their horses were hidden behind some bushes which were farther away.

If the reader will bear with us we would like to divert for a moment to show that the robbers had indeed shown considerable ingenuity and also considerable knowledge of railroading in the method which they used in order to derail the train. It should also be borne in mind that the air brake had not been invented at that time and consequently it took considerable space and time to stop a heavy train. All trains had hand brakes attached to the coaches and these brakes were hand operated. It took considerable time for a man to run the length of the top of the train and to set all of the brakes. From this man and his duties we have coined the term of brakeman. All that the engineer could do in that day to stop

his train quickly was to reverse the valve action and the mechanism of the engine which in turn reversed the drive wheels of the locomotive.

The gang broke into a hand-car house in order to obtain tools for their purpose. After they had unbolted the rail, which was the north or left one since the train was traveling east, a rope was tied into the bolt holes at the west end of the loose rail, passed under the south rail, and strung across the ditch into the brush beside of the right of way. When the rail was pulled out of its place it was moved to the south, thus the train which as previously stated was traveling east was thrown from the track. If the bandits had chosen the south or right rail instead and had pulled it to the south, the engine might not have been derailed.

John Rafferty, an Irish engineer, one of the most capable of the engineers on the Rock Island Railroad was at the throttle when the evening express reached the curve at about eight-thirty o'clock. Always watching the track, as all good engineers do, he must have seen the rail move as it was pulled away by the outlaws. It is apparent that he tried to stop the train. However, there was neither time nor space in which to do so. The engine after jumping the track was stopped by the high bank. The coaches were not damaged greatly but the engine turned over and the tender was thrown upon the cab thus killing the engineer, John Rafferty, who was crushed to death.

The bandits immediately came out of hiding and went at first to the express car where they expected to find the gold. With handkerchiefs over their faces and with guns in their hands they ordered John Burgess to open the safe. To their great disappointment it contained less than two thousand dollars in money and in valuables instead of the seventy-five thousand dollars worth of gold that they had expected. After passing through the train, robbing the passengers of their money and jewelry, the outlaws mounted their horses and rode them away at a gallop toward the south.

Smith, the conductor of the train was wounded slightly, and with this exception and that of the unfortunate engineer, John Rafferty, no one was hurt. Some reports have it that a Mr.

H. F. Royce, one of the superintendents of the railroad, was on the train and that he ran to Adair and gave the alarm. Here Frank Arnold, supposedly the telegrapher at this time, sent the story over the wire. However, another report which seems to be more in accord with history has it that Frank Arnold did not arrive in Adair until August of that year and that there was no telegraph station there at the time of the robbery.

According to this story a certain Levi Clay who had arrived in Adair in March of 1873 and who later worked on the section for three years, carried the message to Casey where it was relayed over the wire, and that he was instrumental in starting a pursuit of the robbers. It appears that George Sisson, a son of Azariah Sisson with whom the bandits had stayed, and a certain H. H. Blakesley followed the men on horse back as far as Missouri. The trail divided in Jackson and Clay Counties in Missouri and was lost from there on.

The day following the robbery, five men on horseback stopped at a farm house in Ringgold County in southern Iowa for dinner. The leader of the group who had light hair, blue eyes and sandy whiskers appeared to be well educated. He told many stories and was full of fun. The farmer's description of him fit Jesse James perfectly.

Five thousand dollars reward was offered by the railroad and six hundred by the State for the capture of any one of the bandits. Although Jesse James and two of the Younger boys were found at Monegaw Springs, Missouri and questioned by detectives they denied having any part in the Adair train robbery and they were not arrested. However, as stated previously, most of the James gang were later killed or put in prison for other robberies. Jesse James himself was shot and killed at St. Joseph, Missouri, April 3,1882, by Robert Ford who was assisted in the deed by his brother Charles Ford. They were seeking the ten thousand dollars reward which was offered for that purpose by Governor Crittenden. The Fords who were members of the James gang, surrendered, collected the reward, were tried and sentenced to die for the murder but were pardoned by the Governor.

The next day after the robbery at Adair, when the track had been cleared and the rail had been replaced, the train carrying the gold which the robbers had been seeking passed through the town unmolested.

When the bandits left the train after the robbery, they carried with them the mail bags which they had taken from the express car. Quite some time later these mail bags, rifled of their contents, were found in the timber near the Avondale Church in Washington Township about twenty miles due south of Adair. This timber is beside the old Mormon trail of 1846 which comes up out of Missouri and crosses Adair County at this place. Just above this timber upon the top of a high windswept hill there are a few abandoned and virtually lost Mormon graves. Inasmuch as there were no bridges across the rivers and very few section line roads at that early date, it is quite likely that the robbers followed the old Mormon trail out of Missouri into Iowa and on to Adair.

The man who found the discarded mail bags was Darwin M. Schenck, a Civil War veteran, who at that time was living near the Avondale Church and who also had a child buried upon the hill near the old Mormon graves. He carried the mail sacks with the little remaining mail back to Adair. Mr. Schenck, some time later, served as postmaster at Adair for a short time.

Robert Grant who entetained the bandits the first evening of their sojourn at Adair, passed away in 1888 when he was sixty years old. His wife, Mrs. Grant, lived as a widow for more than fifty years. She died at her home in Adair at the age of almost one-hundred and six years. She still recalled vividly, even to the last of her long life, the experience of that evening. And she also remembered how courteous and how pleasant the James brothers and their compainions had been during their stay in her home. It has been said that Jesse James always regretted the death of the engineer, John Rafferty. Mrs. Jennie Bangs, a daughter of Darwin Schenck, still lives in the town of Adair. She furnished the writer a part of the above information.

It is believed that Jesse James himself bought the rope, which was used to pull the rail out of place, at the T. J. Burns

general store in Casey. Here the bandits watched in silence while the customers played cards. One customer was Patrick Rhody, an early pioneer and a neighbor of Grandfather. Later in the day, this man held Jesse's horse by the rein while it was being shod by Casey's pioneer blacksmith, Nick Eckardt. Descendants of most all of the above mentioned people still live in or near Casey.

* * *

Two years after the train robbery at Adair, Grandfather's community was startled again. This time the neighborhood was greatly saddened by the report of a drowning accident in which five people lost their lives. This was one of the major catastrophes of Adair County in its early history. The writer's father was only fourteen years of age at the time. Inasmuch as the tragedy took place in Middle River a short distance below Wahtawah, it was of great interest to the writer's father and Grandparents. In fact some of the people involved in the sad and fatal event were friends of Grandfather.

Greenfield, the county seat town of Adair County, had staged an imposing Fourth of July celebration. Because the fourth of the month fell upon Sunday, the celebration was held on Saturday, July the third. The date was 1875, the same year that the writer's mother came with her parents and their family to Adair County.

On Friday night there had been a heavy rain and some rain was still falling on the morning of the celebration. However, the weather cleared up in the forenoon and the ceremonies proceeded as scheduled with a large crowd in attendance and according to the local newspaper report of that date it must have been a gala affair. One purpose of the celebration was to raise money to erect a court house inasmuch as Greenfield had only recently become the county seat.

Two or three wagon loads of people had gone to the celebration from the Middle River community which is near the present country store and village called Howe. Among these people were the Montgomery family consisting of seven or eight people and also Mr. J. R. Baker of Wahtawah who was an especially gifted and capable man and who had that same

day acted as the master of ceremonies or as the president of the day at the celebration.

Mr. Montgomery had a son who was married and who lived in Stuart. This man, whose name was Thomas Montgomery, was a musician and he played an instrument with the Stuart Silver Cornet Band which furnished the music for the celebration on that fatal day. The writer recalls having heard an old musician, William Warren of Casey, who has long since been dead and who also had played an instrument with the Stuart band on that occasion, say that several members of the Montgomery family were musicians, having had a small band or orchestra of their own, and that Thomas Montgomery was an accomplished cornetist.

For several days preceding this event, the wife of Thomas Montgomery with their three children had been visiting in the home of her father-in-law which was located on the north bank of Middle River. While the husband, Thomas Montgomery, had journeyed to Greenfield with the Stuart band, his wife and children had attended the celebration in company with her husband's people riding in one of the wagons of the caravan which carried the Middle River delegation to the ceremonies. Inasmuch as Thomas Montgomery was to return to his own home in Stuart with the Silver Cornet Band, he was not with his wife and children on their fatal return trip to his father's home near Middle River.

In relating this incident, we have decided to copy verbatim from *The Greenfield Transcript* of that early date, July 9, 1875. We are sorry that we do not have the time and space to quote verbatim also the editorial concerning the celebration which precedes that of the drowning, for we feel that the reader, like ourselves, would have received quite a thrill from the rather eloquent language used. However, the article concerning the drowning will be sufficient to show that the method of the writing of editorials in that day differed greatly from that used today.

Attention is called to the fact that there were no bridges across the rivers as late as 1875 and that people were still fording the streams. We should like to call to mind also that Stuart which furnished the Silver Cornet Band had been a

town less than seven years at that time. Greenfield, although it had become the county seat of Adair County that year, had no court house and the town, inasmuch as it had no railroad until 1879, was still getting its mail by stagecoach.

GREENFIELD IOWA TRANSCRIPT
Friday July 9, 1875
A Fearful catastrophe
Five persons drowned in Middle River on the night of July 3rd.

The reverberations of the cannon that gave expression to the patriotism of the vast throngs assembled in Greenfield last Saturday had not died away when an accident occurred in Middle River to some of the principal actors in the celebration that chills the souls of those who contemplate it with horror.

No happier or patriotic delegation visited our town last Saturday than the Middle River delegation, among whom were Mr. J. R. Baker, President of the Day; Mr. Alex Montgomery and family, and Mrs. Thomas Montgomery and her three children of Stuart, who came with Mr. Montgomery's family, her husband's people, with whom she had been visiting for a few days.

These people started for their homes on Middle River about 5 p.m., and reached the ford on Middle River, opposite Mr. Montgomery's residence, about 7:45 p.m.

The stream had been swollen by the heavy rains, but was yet within the banks, and being considered safe by the inmates of Mr. Montgomery's wagon as well as the inmates of the vehicle immediately behind it, Mr. Montgomery drove into the stream, but the horses soon became frightened and the current detached the wagonbox from the wagon, tipping it over and plunging its load of human beings into the raging torrent.

Mrs. Thomas Montgomery went down with her babe clasped tightly in her arms, and was not seen afterwards until taken out a cold and lifeless corpse. Mrs. Alex Montgomery caught hold of the wagon box and floated down stream several rods, and was finally rescued by a stranger from Wisconsin by the name of Wm. Davis, together with Wm. Walker, who happened to be down to the stream.

Miss Ella Montgomery, with one of Thomas Montgomery's little boys in her arms, caught hold of a floating seat and also went down the stream some distance where they were rescued by means of a pole.

Mr. J. R. Baker with one of Thomas Montgomery's little boys in his arms was seen swimming for the shore and he got within four feet of the bank when he became completely exhausted and he went down together with his precious burden.

Mr. Alex Montgomery clung to the lines but the horses became tangled and it is supposed he was pushed under by one of them. At least he was last seen near the bank when the horses began turning around and he was pushed under also.

Fred Montgomery swam nearly to the shore and was rescued by the efforts of his twin brother, who had come down to the stream.

Out of the nine who entered the stream in the wagon only four were rescued. The whole neighborhood was roused and hundreds flocked to the stream during the night and the following days and raked it industriously for the bodies, but their efforts were not rewarded with success until the following Tuesday when the body of little Harry Montgomery was recovered and on the following day all the remaining bodies were recovered.

Those of Mr. Alex Montgomery and Mrs. Thomas Montgomery and her two children were taken to Stuart and buried in the Stuart cemetery. Nearly a thousand people assembled on a few hours notice to witness the burial ceremonies. Mr. J. R. Baker was buried the same day in the Holaday (Wahtawah) cemetery.

The heart grows sick in the contemplation of this fearful disaster in all of its harrowing details. Mr. J. R. Baker, one of the drowned persons has been a resident of Adair County for a number of years and was highly respected by all who knew him. He was one of the leading citizens of the county, and his loss will be sorely felt by the community as well as by his family.

Mr. Alex Montgomery was also well known by all our citizens as a genial kind hearted man whose many excellent qualities had made friends of all who knew him, and his death will carry sorrow to hundreds beside his stricken relatives.

But the hardest blow of this fearful disaster falls upon Mr. Thomas Montgomery, who was with the Stuart band which furnished music for our celebration last Saturday. He is terribly bereaved — wife, father and two children, all swept away by the remorseless flood. Only one child left out of his family of four.

Mrs. Thomas Montgomery was a lady who was endowed with those peculiar graces that made all that the terms wife and mother could imply, and in her untimely death society, as well as her husband and family suffer an irreparable loss.

MAIL ROUTE

An effort is being made to get a daily mail from Stuart to Greenfield and Fontanelle. We understand too that a petition has been circulated to get a daily mail from Stuart to Creston, via Greenfield. It would undoubtedly be of great advantage to Greenfield to have a daily stage line tapping a railroad on both sides of the town. But daily mail and a money order office is a necessity in a county seat town.

Unfortunately the above article, in regard to the drowning, does not relate any of the details in respect to the finding of the bodies after the sad event. Although most of these details have long been lost to memory or have been carried to the grave unrecorded by those who knew them, yet a few facts remain. It appears that some of the bodies were found in trees or tangled in the branches and in the roots of trees which had fallen into the stream or which had been washed down the river by the flood. Also, it has been reported that one body thought to be that of Mr. Alex Montgomery was found sticking in the mud head downward in the bottom of the river.

According to the records on the old monuments in the Stuart Cemetery, Mrs. Thomas (Emily Ann) Montgomery was twenty-seven years of age and her baby (Georgie) was eight months old. Little Harry was six years of age and Mr. Alex Montgomery was fifty years old. Mrs. Alex Montgomery died in 1910 and was buried beside her husband in the Stuart cemetery. All of the remaining Montgomerys moved to the western part of the United States and none of them have been returned to Stuart for burial.

It has been reported that one of Alex Montgomery's sons discovered gold and developed a mine some place out west. As a result he became extremely wealthy. Either he or some one else had a very large modern granite monument placed upon the back of the lot in the Stuart cemetery. However, the old original marble monuments with their faded inscriptions remain.

WHERE THE PIONEERS SLEEP

"And Abraham stood up from before his dead and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying, I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me — a burying place —, so that I may bury my dead out of my sight. — And Ephron answered Abraham, saying unto him — the land is worth four hundred shekels of silver; what is that betwixt me and thee? Bury thy dead. — And the field and the cave that is therein and all the trees that were in the field and that were in all the borders round about — were made sure unto Abraham for — a burying place."

Genesis 23:3-20.

There was only one cemetery in Jefferson Township when the writer's grandparents came to Adair County and this cemetery had, only recently, been established. This was the Wahtawah Cemetery and it contained only two or three graves at that time.

The first death in Jefferson Township was that of a child of John Gilson. Mr. Gilson with William Alcorn were the first settlers in the township and probably the first in the county. The child was taken to Winterset for burial. The date was 1850.

The first burial in Adair County was that of a child of William McDonald of Harrison Township. This death occurred also in 1850. The child was buried on a hill in a field near Middle River. The Roberts Cemetery was established here sometime later.

Probably, the next earliest death in the county was that of Daniel Boon Alcorn, son of the William Alcorn mentioned above. The records disagree as to whether he was eight or twelve years of age. He was bitten by a rattlesnake. Having no doctor near and having no medicine adequate for such an occasion, the boy died after having suffered great agony.

This death occurred in 1853. The boy's home, later, became the location for the Holaday Post Office. The boy's brother, Richard Alcorn, made a coffin out of goods boxes and the little sufferer was laid to rest in the pasture lot, later owned by John Loucks. The exact location of the grave is unknown today.

In 1853, the body of a man, apparently an emigrant, was found beside the old trail some place west of the Jacob Bruce farm. Mr. Bruce, a Mexican War veteran and an early settler of Jefferson Township, and another pioneer by the name of John Febus buried the man where he lay. The exact spot where this burial occurred is unknown today. However, the writer's father and other pioneers believed it to be beside the winding road which still exists between the old Jacob Bruce farm and the Guy White farm. The two farms are about a quarter of a mile apart.

In 1855, a one year old child by the name of Jefferson Holaday, a son of the Postmaster Holaday, died and was buried in the Loucks pasture beside the Alcorn boy. This was the second grave in this place. Then on November 19, 1859, Eli Bruce, a son of the Jacob Bruce mentioned above, died and he, also, was buried in the Loucks pasture beside the grave of Daniel Alcorn. However, this body was taken up seven years later and removed to the Wahtawah Cemetery where it was reinterred the year this cemetery was established.

February 18, 1861, a lady by the name of Mernurvy Salisbury died and was buried in the timber in the southwest corner of the forty acre farm whose north boundry is formed by Turkey Creek and in the northeast corner of which Middle River and Turkey Creek unite to make one stream. Also there were either one or two children buried here with her. Apparently they were emigrants travelling toward western lands. However, the family must have remained in Adair County for a few years, inasmuch as it is believed that this lady was the mother of George Salisbury who was sheriff of Adair County in 1870 and who later moved to Kansas.

Supposedly the son had his mother's grave moved to the Loucks pasture where a small inscribed stone was erected. Still later after the Jefferson Township Cemetery was established in 1878, the remains were to have been moved again to this place. However, nothing could be found and only the stone was taken to the Jefferson Center Cemetery. Here it seems strangely out of place recording a death which took place nearly twenty years before the establishment of the cemetery. The

stone today is broken and lies upon the ground while the exact sites of all three burial places for this lady are unknown.

* * *

May 24, 1866, Charles McGinnis, a six months old child of the pioneer country preacher J. B. McGinnis, died. Mr. McGinnis buried his son on the top of a high hill surrounded by timber. This place is about a half mile southwest of the old Indian camping ground called Wahtawah or the "Joining of the Waters." Four days later, May 28, 1866, Helen a small daughter of Peter Maline died and was buried near the McGinnis boy.

A cemetery association had been organized as early as 1860. Several meetings were held and the minutes of these meetings are still on record. However, no site for a cemetery seems ever to have been chosen by this early organization. The group went by the name of the Wahtawah Cemetery Association.

Whether Mr. McGinnis had planned this place for a cemetery and had laid it out in 1865 as some records attest, we do not know. According to the evidence we are inclined to believe that he decided to establish a cemetery here only after his son had passed away in 1866. In any event it is certain that George B. Wilson surveyed the land and Wesley Faylor entered the plat upon the county records, dating the deed as of June 16, 1866.

Eli Bruce, who, as mentioned earlier, was buried in the Loucks pasture was now taken up and placed in this cemetery. Whether his was the first burial or whether the above mentioned children were first is an unsettled question. However, the writer believes that the McGinnis boy was the first one placed within the cemetery.

This beautiful plot of ground consists of two acres. The official name is Wahtawah Cemetery. However, it is sometimes mistakenly called Loucks Grove. The ground itself is level, although it is located upon one of the highest hills in the township, being visiable for many miles both up and down the Middle River valley. However the cemetery is protected upon the north and upon the west by heavy timber. Until a

few years ago, the hill which slopes down toward the east from the cemetery, also was covered with a dense growth of trees.

Mr. McGinnis donated the land and specified that no lots should ever be sold. The parcels of ground were to be given free of charge to anyone in need of a burial spot. Mr. J. R. Baker, who died a short time later in an attempt to save some lives in the tragic drowning accident related previously, wrote up the legal description of the cemetery and made a plat. This description is written in masterful style and language which reveals the ability of this capable and versatile man.

The Wahtawah Cemetery is away from the main road a quarter of a mile and it is not easily accessible. For this reason it is not used, to any extent, for burial purposes at present. However, it is one of the most beautiful spots for a cemetery in the county. The writer's maternal grandparents and his aunt Emma who died in Happy Hollow are buried here.

* * *

The Jefferson Township Cemetery some times called the Jefferson Center Cemetery is located exactly one mile east of Grandfather's old home. It is upon the top and side of a hill which slopes to the west. Inasmuch as Grandfather's farm was upon one of the highest ridges in the township, the cemetery was plainly visible from his place. The writer recalls vividly seeing the rays of the setting sun as they were reflected from the monuments giving the impression that there were balls of fire in the cemetery.

This cemetery contains a little less than four acres. Surena Roberts, the former owner of the farm on which it is located, gave the deed to the cemetery April 1, 1878. However, it may have been surveyed and platted the year previous to this inasmuch as the grave of Busannah Clark is dated 1877. We believe that the second grave to be placed within the cemetery was that of Mary Murphy, wife of Patrick Murphy, an early settler and the nearest neighbor to Grandfather. The date on the monument is 1878.

Mrs. Roberts, the former owner of the ground, is herself together with some of her children, buried in lost and for-

gotten graves in the northeast corner lot of the cemetery. In fact, the children were buried here in a field of the Roberts farm before the cemetery was laid out. It was for this reason that the cemetery was established at this particular place. Unfortunately few people living today know that the graves are there and in a few years hence they shall be entirely lost to memory.

Sometime after the cemetery was established, a box containing human bones was found, either in or near Middle River, a few miles down the stream from this place. Whether the box had floated down the river or whether it had been placed there by some one has never been determined. Inasmuch as no one knew what should be done with it, the box containing the bones was brought to the Jefferson Township Cemetery and duly interred either within the southwest corner or the northwest corner of the grounds. The exact spot is unmarked and unknown today.

Since the writer grew up near this cemetery and at various times saw his friends and school mates laid to rest here, this burial ground impressed itself unduly upon his mind. Often unwanted and uninvited, it intruded itself into his dreams. One incident, among others, stands out in his memory.

One dark night as we looked toward the cemetery, we could see lighted lanterns bobbing around among the graves. They finally came to rest in one spot and remained there for some time. Although we were too far away to see plainly what was taking place, it soon became apparent that some one was working, probably digging a grave within the cemetery. And then, after a considerable length of time, the lights disappeared. We learned the next day that a young man by the name of Spence had died of diphtheria. Because of the nature of the disease he had been buried immediately and at night so as to discourage attendance at the funeral.

BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Getting wheat ground into flour and getting corn ground into meal was a most difficult problem for the early settlers. Mill machinery was very expensive and it had to be hauled by team and wagon from some distant city. The only power available, for the purpose, was water power. It was necessary to construct strong and expensive dams across the rivers in order to harness and to obtain this power.

Falling water is one of the cheapest sources of power known. The more water and the higher the fall, the greater the power furnished. By evaporating the water of the sea and causing it to form clouds that supply the sources of the stream with showers and rains, the sun may be said to lift the water day by day and thus drive the mill.

Water power is more trustworthy than the power of the wind. Wind does not blow always when it is wanted, nor can it be regulated as easily by the miller who turns on and shuts off the water.

The ancient dam across a river and the sluice way around the dam, in which the mill wheel rested, and the great wooden gate for controlling the water in the sluice way were familiar sights in the pioneer days of our nation. The clattering water wheel driven by a swift current of a river or by the weight of the water falling heavily through a flume or over a dam is an ancient invention.

The water rights of the miller who first controlled the water of a fall and used it to turn his mill were protected by common law and by statute. To draw off in another direction the water that flowed to the miller's wheel was as much an act of theft as to take a horse from his stable or a sack of meal from his bin. In fact it was considered a far more serious affair since it affected many more people than the miller himself.

It was possible, sometimes, to get power from a rapids in the river but more often it became necessary to increase the height of the water fall by building a dam across the stream. When this was done in pioneer days, while the country was

still in a primitive condition, the entire mill pond became the property of the miller. But if the owner of the mill desired to increase or enlarge the pond by the erection of a larger dam across the river after the shore had passed into the possession of others, it was necessary that he purchase their consent.

Water wheels were of three kinds, the overshot, the undershot and the turbine wheel. The most ancient were the first two, the overshot and the undershot wheels. The turbine wheel, although considered the most efficient, did not come into general use until about the time that water power mills were being replaced by steam mills.

In constructing mills and water wheels in pioneer days it was found that when water from a dam in a river fell at least ten feet or more, an overshot wheel worked well. Many of the early waterwheels used to power flour mills in Iowa were of this type since they were more or less simple to construct.

This type of wheel was made with segments resembling buckets. The water flowed over the wheel and fell into the buckets where it acted upon the wheel chiefly by its weight. Undershot wheels were very much like overshot wheels in construction. However, in operation the wheel was reversed and the buckets faced into the water on the under side of the wheel. The water passed under the wheel instead of over it as with the overshot wheel.

If the fall of the water was less than six feet, the undershot wheel was found to be the better wheel of the two. The later model undershot wheels were constructed in such a manner that they were nearly as efficient as the turbine wheel. In fact it was found to be superior to the turbine wheel when working with a reduced supply of water. Many pioneer mills used the undershot wheel since it did not require such a high dam for its operation.

The name turbine was originally given in France to any water wheel which revolved in a horizontal plane, the axis being vertical. Turbine wheels used to operate flour mills were placed near the bottom of the river below the dam. There was usually an inclosure for the wheel and, of course, it rested upon a solid rock foundation.

The fall of the water on to the turbine wheel would have had no effect if it had not have been for the curved fan like paddles attached to the axis of the wheel. As the water attempted to escape from the enclosure it exerted pressure upon the curved paddles causing the wheel to turn. The last flour mill to be built on Middle River in Adair County, the Chamberlain mill, used a water wheel of this type.

Of course with all types of water wheels, the water was controlled as much as possible by means of a heavy wooden gate in the sluiceway or flume. This sluiceway was an extra channel built for the purpose of diverting some of the water from the mill pond. Flumes were some times constructed so as to conduct the water some distance away from the river if necessary. At other times they were built close to the dam.

In any event the wheel was placed in this flume. Here the water could be controlled by means of a heavy gate which could be raised or lowered by a windlass. This gate not only controlled the amount of water and so regulated the speed of the wheel but by closing it completely the wheel could be stopped from revolving, thus stopping the mill.

There were two ways in which the power of a water wheel could be transmitted to the machinery of the mill. In wooden wheels a bevel gear was usually keyed to the iron axle and another bevel gear fitting into this one transmitted the turning movement to a shaft which entered the mill and drove the machinery. Naturally with this method a great strain was placed upon the axle and upon the bevel gears since they had to carry the whole weight of the water.

When the water wheel was an iron one, it usually had light suspension arms or spokes which were incapable of resisting the bending action due to the transmission of the turning effort of the axle. Usually with water wheels of this type a large bevel gear nearly as big as the wheel itself was bolted to the outer rim and the shafting was driven from this large gear. By this method the axle and spokes of the wheel were relieved of the strain of carrying the water and of driving the machinery.

* * * *

The ordinary water powered flour mills which were formerly common in the United States and which continued in use until near the present century were structures of comparatively few essential parts. However, in the arrangement and mounting of these necessary parts the greatest amount of mechanical skill and experience were exercised. The accessories of the mill were fitted with considerable care, with the view of saving manual labor and of perfecting the processes and results.

Fully to appreciate the various processes of old time milling, it is necessary to bear in mind, not only that the wheat as delivered at the mill was dusty and mixed with sand and other refuse, but that it contained many light grains and seeds of foreign substances, which might be harmful and would certainly interfere with the quality and appearance of the finished product.

Also the structure of the wheat grain itself must not be overlooked. A grain of wheat is not a seed but it is a fruit consisting of an outer envelope which fits tightly around the single seed. This envelope consists of several layers of tissue, within which are the embryo and a substance called cerealin and finally there is a central mass of thin cells filled with a white powdery substance largely composed of starch granules.

The object of ordinary milling was to grind the wheat as perfectly as possible, without breaking the minute granules, which were the central substance of the grain, and to separate it from the embryo and the outer husks, the former constituting the flour, and the latter the bran. Whole wheat flour, on the other hand, consisted of the entire grain ground up to a uniform mass.

In the ordinary or flat millstone method of milling used in the pioneer days there were three main points to the process. First to be considered was the cleaning and preparation of the wheat; second, the grinding; and third, the bolting or dressing of the ground products.

The ordinary cleaning or screening apparatus which was used at that time through which the wheat passed consisted of a kind of cylindrical sieve of wire cloth, mounted in a sloping position, and having internal partitions or divisions so that it resembled a sort of large screw.

When the machinery was set in motion, the wheat, fed in at its upper end, tumbled from one division into another, thereby being freed from small refuse and sand and as the grain came from the lower end of the machine it was subjected to a blast of air from a fan placed here for this purpose. Of course in modern mills this process is much perfected and these older methods would seem quite crude today.

The next process in the making of flour was the grinding which, of course, was the most important and the most difficult of all of the operations to accomplish and it was for this purpose that the power derived from the falling water over the dam was so essential. The prepared grain was conveyed to the grinding apparatus by means of a horizontal screw working within an enclosed case.

The grinding machinery consisted first of a bin containing the grain to be ground, from which it passed by a spout to the hopper. From here it was delivered by a feeding adjustment to the millstones. These stones constituted the distinctive feature of the entire mill, and upon their condition and delicate adjustment the whole success of the milling operation depended.

The stones consisted of two flat cylindrical masses enclosed within a wooden or sheet metal case. The lower or bed stone, usually called the nether millstone, was permanently fixed, while the upper or runner stone was accurately pivoted and balanced over it. The average size of millstones was usually about four feet and two inches in diameter by twelve inches thick. They were made of a hard stone called buhrstone if it could be obtained but often any kind of rock especially cellular siliceous stone was used.

Millstones were generally built up of segments, bound together around the circumference by an iron hoop and backed with plaster of Paris or mortar. The nether or bed stone was dressed to a perfectly flat plane surface, and a series of grooves or shallow radiating furrow-like depressions were cut in it. The grooves in the upper or runner stone were made to correspond exactly with those of the nether stone so that when one was rotated over the other the sharp edges of the grooves, meeting each other, operated like a rough pair of

scissors. Thus the effect of the stones upon the grain, submitted to their action, was that of cutting, squeezing and crushing.

The dressing and grooving of millstones was quite an art and it was usually done by hand. The stones had to be recut and regrooved often so that the mill would continue to do good work. The sharper and newer that the grooves were, the better and the faster the mill would grind.

The upper or runner stone was set in motion by a spindle or sort of beam upon which it was mounted. This spindle was sometimes square and it fit into a square hole within the center of the millstone. Others were fastened solid by means of an iron pin. This spindle then passed on down through the center of the nether stone but turned freely inside it. There were screws or other appliances for adjusting and balancing the upper stone over the nether. Sometimes provision was made within the stone case for passing air through in order to prevent too high a heat from being generated in the grinding operation.

The ground meal came out around the stones inside the case and passed out through a spout. Sometimes a sort of sweeper attachment was fastened to the upper stone to carry the meal around to the spout. The ground meal delivered by the spout was carried forward in a conveyor by means of a screw as described earlier. And from here it was carried by elevators to an upper floor to the bolting or flour dressing machine. these elevators were simply series of small boxes mounted upon endless bands or belts which in turn were worked over pulleys and enclosed within cases.

The bolting or sifting of the ground grain was important, for by this process the different grades of meal and flour were obtained. The earliest form of apparatus employed for this purpose consisted of a cylinder mounted on an inclined plane, and covered externally with wire or cloth of different degrees of fineness, the finest being at the upper end or part of the cylinder where the meal was admitted.

Within the cylinder, which was stationary, a circular brush revolved, by means of which the meal was pressed against the

wire or cloth, and at the same time carried gradually towards the lower end of the cylinder. By this method the meal was sifted out into different grades of fineness, and finally the coarse bran was delivered out at the end of the apparatus.

Later machines were developed consisting of six or eight sided box like cylinders about three feet in diameter and from twenty to thirty feet long. These were mounted horizontally upon a spindle for revolving, and externally they were covered with silk of different degrees of fineness. These machines were known as silk dressers or bolters. Receptacles were placed at intervals under the machine to catch the different grades of flour.

Although many grades of flour and bran can be produced today, in pioneer times usually not more than four divisions of the meal at the most were ever made. These were called flour, middlings, shorts and bran. Often there were only flour, shorts and bran produced by the older mills. Whole wheat flour was unbolted wheat meal ground from the whole wheat kernel.

* * *

We recall having heard Grandmother say that Grandfather made at least one trip if not more to Fort Des Moines to get his wheat ground into flour. This must have been when he first arrived in Adair County. Fort Des Moines was at least fifty-five or sixty miles from Grandfather's farm and on these trips he would be away from home for many days.

There were no grist mills on Middle River closer than Winterset in 1866. This place was about forty miles or more from Grandfather's farm. The mill nearest to his home was that which is now remembered as the historic Pearson's mill on South Raccoon River. This place was nearly twenty miles northeast of Grandfather's home. It was necessary for Grandfather to ford Middle River, North River, Deer Creek and finally South Raccoon River itself before he could reach this mill.

About 1850, the Quakers had settled at what is now the Bear Creek community upon the ridge south of Redfield in Dallas County. In 1854, some of their number travelling westward

along what became known as Quaker Ridge settled at Summit Grove. Soon after their arrival here, they built a meeting house in the timber and laid out a town site. These people buried their dead in the timber near this meeting house. Fifteen years later, when the Rock Island Railroad was built, the town of Stuart was located near here and Summit Grove became the City Cemetery.

A miller by the name of John Pearson followed the Quakers here in 1855. He came for the express purpose of erecting a flour mill on South Raccoon River. He first built a dam and installed a saw mill for making lumber. Then he built the flour mill forty-five by forty-five feet in size, two stories high besides an attic. This historic mill was all built of native lumber all sawed and hewn upon the ground. For eight months nothing was done except getting out the timbers and it also required eight months to haul the mill machinery from Davenport. Two buhrs were put in for grinding wheat and another buhr for grinding corn. A saw mill was also added. This mill was operated by Mr. Pearson and his miller, William Harvey, for twenty years and by others for several years longer.

There was no other mill, with the exception of Anderson's mill near Panora, within forty or fifty miles when this one was completed in 1857. Before and during the Civil War, Pearson's mill was often used as a hide away for fugitive slaves who traveled the famous underground railroad in their quest for freedom. Here in 1855, a town by the name of West Milton was laid out on John Pearson's land. A store, a blacksmith shop, a wagon shop and a school house were built and all were in operation for a time. However, the town did not last long and all that now remains is the memory of one of western Iowa's earliest and most historic flour mills.

Grandfather sometimes went to Panora to mill. In fact it is possible that he went here more often than to Pearson's mill. This mill was built in 1852 by John Anderson. This was the first mill in the state west of Des Moines. It was located on the Middle Raccoon River about a mile northwest of Panora which was then the county seat. In 1857 the mill was enlarged and built into a new mill three stories high and equipped

with new machinery, containing four run of buhrs. By permission of the Guthrie County Historical Society, we hereby quote from its publication of 1951, The Guthrie County Centennial, as follows:

> Customers came to the mill from as far west as Council Bluffs. Some drove as far as two hunderd miles, arriving as early as two o'clock in the morning, and often remained for several days.
>
> The method of transportation was by teams and wagons drawn by oxen. Those coming from the north followed the old mill road which circled around the bayou and over a bridge to the mill. On the old mill ledger are names of many customers from Fort Des Moines.
>
> Opposite the home on the hill, a frame house was built and extra help was hired to take care of the customers who remained over night. There were never less than forty people including the guests and mill hands at the dinner table.
>
> Bands of Indians, including the Mesquakies came from what is now the State Park and camped at the mill.

This mill was about twenty-five or thirty miles from Grandfather's home and the writer remembers hearing it said that Grandfather would be gone several days before returning from this place.

It was a hard and laborious trip for Grandfather to go to mill. It required one or more days for the horses to haul the heavy wheat over the rough roads and through the rivers. It required the same number of days for the return trip. Also there might be a long delay at the mill, taking his turn and waiting for the wheat to be ground. Sometimes the mill machinery would break down and Grandfather would be compelled to return without the flour. This necessitated another trip to the mill sometime later.

Water power was much cheaper than steam in those early days, and most farmers liked to have their own wheat ground into flour. Therefore, the coming of the railroad and the consequent establishment of towns did not affect the river mills or drive them out of business for nearly thirty years. As a result, we find that flour mills were still being built along the rivers for many years after the railroad came.

Grandfather made his infrequent excursions to Fort Des Moines, to Pearson's mill, and to the Panora mill, at various times, over a period of eight years or until the Middle River mill, later known as Thompson's mill, was built. This mill was about two and one half or three miles up the river from Grandfather's farm. Since we have described this mill in another place, we shall mention only the following incident at this time.

After Mother had married Father, she and one of the McMullen girls, Lila (Delilah), became life long friends. Mother had gone up the river to stay over night with her friend. Lila wanted her mother to make some biscuit gems for dinner. Therefore, she and Mother, both quite young at the time, walked up the lovely timbered river road one half mile to Thompson's mill.

Here they were given all of the shorts that they wanted for gems free of charge. Mother remembers watching with fascination the operation of the machinery and she remembers, vividly, watching the flour as it was being bolted through a giant cylinder of silk cloth. This was in the spring of 1891 and the mill was still doing considerable business.

A short time after the Thompson mill was established a still larger mill was built less than a mile down the river from Grandfather's home. This was known as the Chamberlain mill. The dam was built during the years 1876 and 1877. The mill was completed in 1879. It was twenty-four by twenty-eight feet in ground area, and was twenty feet to the eaves. This was called a "New Process Mill." It was fitted up with the latest kind of machinery and it cost four thousand and eight hundred dollars.

This mill had a capacity of thirty barrels of flour and a hundred bushels of corn daily. It had three buhrs. The bottom of the stream and one side were rocked up. The writer recalls hearing his father say that a turbine wheel was used. He also remembers the many happy hours that he spent, as a boy, swimming in the deep hole where the mill wheel had lain horizontally upon the bottom of the river. This mill, after operating just a few years, was torn down by the owner who

moved it to Greenfield where is was converted into a steam mill in 1884 by J. R. Kearney.

In 1880 there were 713 flour and grist mills in Iowa. These mills employed 2147 persons to make products worth over nineteen million dollars. It was the largest manufacturing industry in the state at that time. Fifty years later there were only 63 mills employing 455 persons. The products were valued at more than thirteen and one half million dollars. However, there were now ten other industries in Iowa which exceeded this in the value of their products.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO MARKET

Before the Rock Island Railroad was built through western Iowa in 1869, the early settlers of the northern part of Adair County and those of the southern half of Guthrie County depended entirely upon the small stagecoach towns to furnish them with the few necessities of life which they had to buy or which they could not raise or manufacture for themselves. These little country towns were supplied with merchandise from Des Moines and Davenport partly by stagecoach and partly by means of freighter wagons travelling the old stagecoach trails.

When the above railroad was built it by passed most of these stagecoach stations and established other and newer towns elsewhere along the railroad right of way. As a result, the older towns have disappeared and remain only in the memory of a few living people.

There were only two towns in Adair County when Grandfather came to his prairie home. Fontanelle, established in 1854, was the county seat. It was eighteen or twenty miles from Grandfather's farm but since there were no section line roads, the winding trails made it many miles farther. As a result, no trips were made to this place except for the purpose of paying taxes or to transact other official business.

Greenfield, laid out in 1856, was six miles nearer but since it did not become the county seat until 1875, it furnished no inducement for the more distant settlers to travel over the intervening hills to reach it.

Neither of these two towns had a grist mill at this time. Greenfield experimented with a wind grist mill in 1877 but it was a failure. It had its first successful mill in 1884. This mill was run by steam. It was the Chamberlain mill which had been moved from Jefferson Township and which was mentioned earlier in the chapter on mills. Also neither town had a railroad until 1879. In fact when Greenfield became the county seat in 1875, the town had neither a daily mail nor a money order office.

The three towns nearest to Grandfather's home, before the coming of the railroad, were in Guthrie County. Morrisburg was the name of one, Dale City or Lonsdale was the name of the second and the third was called Dalmanutha. All three of these towns were stagecoach stops or stations on the route from Des Moines to Council Bluffs. This stagecoach route had been laid out in 1853 by Eder B. Newton and was known as the Newton trail. It followed closely the trail used by the Forty-niners in their trek to California. At Dalmanutha it crossed the old Mormon trail.

By permission of the Guthrie County Historical Society, we shall quote from its Centennial of 1951.

> Having been driven west from their lands in the Great Lakes Country, the Sacs and Foxes held central Iowa in 1836. This was then known as "The Three Rivers Country," reaching between the Des Moines River and the Iowa Summit Divide, drained by the North, South and Middle Raccoon, and the North, South and Middle rivers. Over west of the Iowa Divide the country was held by the Pottawattamies and Sioux.
>
> It was through this Indian country, un-mapped and un-surveyed, that the first wagon trail was made in the summer of 1846. It was the Mormons with their plodding oxen and covered wagons, seeking a new home beyond the Missouri. They made two trails across Iowa, one in Adair Co. and one in Guthrie.
>
> The northern route came up the east bank of the Des Moines River from Nauvoo, Ill., to Adelphi, where a crossing was made. From this point the Mormon train came westward following the watershed between the lower Raccoon and North River; South 'Coon and the Nishnabotana, to a point on the Summit Divide near the present town of Arcadia.
>
> From there they turned southwest following a high ridge between the Boyer and the Nishnabotanas to Kanesville (Council Bluffs) on the Missouri. It was a long route but a good natural highway. Not a stream or slough was crossed the entire distance between the Des Moines and the Missouri Rivers. This route came to be known as "The Old Mormon Trail." For several years this same trail was used by other emigrants traveling across western Iowa.
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> * * *
>
> With the discovery of gold in California a tide of immigration set in toward the west. New and shorter routes

across western Iowa were found. Pushing westward from Des Moines, through the settlements of Adel and Wescotta on the Raccoon rivers, a new trail crossed the South 'Coon near Dale and then took to a high winding ridge leading west between North Beaver and South 'Coon; the old Mormon trail where Dalmanutha was afterward located. From here the trail followed the watershed northwest about three miles, then turned southwest, crossing the upper reaches of Middle River, and took to another ridge leading toward Old Indian Town, (near Lewis) on the East Nishnabotana.

In 1853 Eder B. Newton was employed to lay out the first Stage road across Guthrie County. He followed pretty much the same trail used by the forty-niners. Harber Stage Station was built at the east edge of the county. The postoffice of Allen was established near by. In 1854 Middle River Station was built by George Worden at what is now the southwest corner of Bear Grove Township. Soon Fairview (Morrisburg), Oak Grove, and Gopher Station were built. At this time the Stage line was operated by a firm known as Fink & Walker. In 1855 Morrisburg was laid out as a town. In May of the same year Aaron Coppoc sold his Station at Oak Grove and employed Thomas Seeley to lay out the town of Dalmanutha at the junction of the Newton Stage Road and the old Mormon Trail.

During the summer of 1856 four companies of the famous Mormon Hand-cart Brigade crossed Guthrie County through Morrisburg, Dale and Dalmanutha. By this time a still shorter route had been laid out, running directly southwest from Dalmanutha to Morrison's Grove west of Anita and on to Lewis.

The following article, taken from the same source and used by permission, is quoted because of its interest.

The Mormon trail was through Guthrie County, by Morrisburg, Dale City and Dalmanutha, and until the year 1856 the Mormon emigrants made the journey on this route with ox carts, under the charge of some elder. In order to reduce expenses, Brigham Young hit upon a plan to have them cross the plains in hand carts. Accordingly the hand carts were built in which to take these converts to the New Zion.

At Iowa City they took up their weary march by companies, going through Morrisburg, Dale City and Dalmanutha. The carts were drawn by one man and two

> women. Some, however, were drawn by women only. A strap was passed over one shoulder and under one arm and fastened back to the cart, one on each side of the tongue, with one hand holding it and one person behind to push. This was the team for each cart and when they came to bad places they doubled teams.
>
> In one of these expeditions, near the west line of the county, one of the women stepped to the side of the road a few rods and gave birth to a child, and in a short time, yet that day, she took her place in the train. They were scantily provided with provisions, yet were nevertheless content to endure these hardships, because it was in the name of their religion. Occasionally one of these teams would go through as late as 1858.

The above rather lengthy quotations were given to acquaint the reader with the origins of the three towns where Grandfather sometimes went to market and the old historic trail over part of which he traveled to mill.

Morrisburg was about three or four miles from Pearson's mill and it was on the road from Grandfather's farm to Panora and to the Panora or Anderson mill. The town was laid out in 1855. During stagecoach days, it boasted a general store, a blacksmith shop, a drugstore, a hotel, a hardware store, a combined wagon and cooper shop and a saloon. Such was the town of Morrisburg when Grandfather made his first trips to the mill near Panora. In 1871 a cyclone demolished the town and it was never rebuilt. Today all that remains by that name is a beautiful hill top cemetery with some of the graves dating back to 1850.

Dale City was situated on the same road that Grandfather traveled to Morrisburg and to Anderson's mill northwest of Panora. It was two miles nearer to Grandfather's home than Morrisburg. The town was, and still is, located in one of the most scenic spots in the county. The stagecoach route crossed the South Raccoon River at a ford here in the town. All of the buildings of the village were situated upon a small knoll south of the river, high enough to be above flood water. The whole spot was covered with timber and is, even today, a picturesque place.

John Lonsdale, a native of Yorkshire, England, had settled here in 1856. He was a weaver and spinner by trade. In

1858, he constructed a dam across the river just above the ford. Here upon the bank of the stream, he built a woolen mill forty-six by sixty feet in size and two stories high. This mill, which was operated for sixty years, was famous for the high quality of its woolen products. Quite a number of dwellings were built to house the workmen of the mill. Many of these houses are still standing. However, not all of them are occupied at this time.

Beside the woolen mill, in Grandfather's time, the little town contained a store, a blacksmith shop and a post office. Inasmuch as this place was on a busy stagecoach route, it often had a daily mail. Later a school house and a Methodist Church building were added to the town.

During the Civil War a house in Dale City was used as a station on the famous underground railroad which gave protection to the negroes escaping from the South and making their way further north.

Today the dam and the woolen mill are gone. However, the store, the church, the school house and several dwellings remain. It is the only one of the three towns previously mentioned that is in existence today. People by the name of Lonsdale still live at this place.

When Grandfather drove his team and wagon up the river to McMullens and to Underwoods and then on to the little timber cemetery, he was half of the way to Dalmanutha. This country town was about ten or twelve miles up The Middle River from Grandfather's farm.

The road to this place ran through more familiar territory than the road to the other towns. Also people that he knew lived along the way. Therefore it appears that when Grandfather went to market before and even after the time of the coming of the railroad, he often went to Dalmanutha. The writer recalls hearing his father, often, mention this place.

This historic village rose, flourished and passed away. However, for nearly twenty years it was of considerable importance. It sprang up like a mushroom and bid fair, for a time, to become the county seat of Guthrie County.

It was situated upon a high ridge of rolling ground above Middle River. Two historic trails crossed at this place. One was the Old Mormon Trail of 1846 which passed through the town to the northwest. The other was the Newton trail of 1853 passing through town to the southwest.

At one time Dalmanutha was quite a place, boasting of three hotels, three blacksmith shops, a dry goods store and a grocery. A post office was also established here which continued in operation until 1875. A railroad was surveyed through the town causing great excitement and a land boom. Twelve acres of ground were laid out into streets, alleys and lots. With two stage routes passing through the town and land speculators flocking into western Iowa and eastern Nebraska, this place did a thriving business. A physician was also located here at one time.

By 1856 the old slave route across southern Iowa had become too dangerous to the anti-slavery men, so a new branch of the underground railroad was organized further north. This line ran through Cass, Guthrie and Dallas Counties. In Guthrie County it followed pretty much the Newton trail. John Brown himself spent one night with the Porter family who ran a hotel, at Dalmanutha in 1857 while on his way east from Kansas to Springdale, Iowa and on to his death at Harper's Ferry. He had with him thirteen negroes, nine white men and a wagon loaded with rifles.

When the Rock Island Railroad was completed to Council Bluffs in 1869 and the town of Casey was established five miles south of Dalmanutha, the latter gradually diminished in size and in importance. Today all that remains of Dalmanutha is a cemetery and the memory of a once proud and historic little village.

OLD FRIENDS THE MURPHYS

In 1871, an Irish Methodist family by the name of Murphy settled upon the farm just across the road north of Grandfather's place. Patrick Murphy, the father and head of the family, appears to have been in better financial circumstances upon his arrival than were most of the early settlers. He built good buildings, planted a large grove of trees and an orchard and in a few years he had one of the outstanding homes in the township.

There were five children in the family, three boys and two girls. The writer's father was ten years of age when the Murphys came to Adair County. The Murphy children ranged in age from the girls who were just a little younger than Father to the boys who were Father's age and older. These children, who were all handsome and of fine character, were destined, as intimate friends and companions, to play an important role in the boyhood and early life of the writer's father.

Mrs. Murphy died in 1878, just seven years after their arrival. Inasmuch as the children were nearly grown up at the time, they were able to take over the household duties of the mother and Mr. Murphy did not marry again.

After Mr. Murphy had finished building his first house, a school was opened in an upstairs room with a Miss Clifford as the teacher. This was the second school that Father had ever had the opportunity to attend. He had gone to school a short time in Clarke County. We still have two certificates of merit which were given to him by his teachers, Jennie Miles and Miss M. Thompson, with the address, Clarke County, on them.

He and the Murphy children next went to the Highland school while one was being built in their own district. This latter school was named Pebble Point. It was half a mile from Grandfather's home and was the one attended later by us grandchildren. This school was also the one where the writer had his first teaching experience. From a certificate of merit given to Father and which we still possess, we believe

that the teacher at the Highland school may have been a certain O. X. Rinard.

It was at the Pebble Point School that the writer's father and the Murphy children obtained their early education. From here Father and two or three of the Murphy young people went into teaching country school and eventually took higher learning at Simpson College in Indianola, Iowa.

The writer's father remained a farmer and teacher. Two of the Murphy boys became doctors. One of the girls married a doctor and the other married a banker. Dr. Harold Farnsworth, former head of the Iowa Medical Association, is a grandson of Mr. Murphy. He has a medical practice at Storm Lake, Iowa. He is a friend of the writer and of the writer's family.

* * *

Father used to tell of the many predicaments in which he and the Murphy young people found themselves. Once when Middle River was at flood stage as a result of heavy rainfall, Father and the boys were down by the stream. Some one in the group dared the others to swim across the river. They made the attempt but after realizing the danger, all returned to the bank of the stream except one of the Murphy boys. He was caught by the current and carried swiftly down the river.

The boy actually believed that he would drown and he shouted Good Bye to his companions. However, after floating down the stream for some distance, he managed to catch hold of the branches of a tree and pull himself out of the water on the other side of the river.

Of course, the boy now had no clothes. Therefore his companions tied a rock in his shirt for ballast and threw it across the stream. Then putting a small stone in one leg of his trousers, the boys attempted to throw this over also. The pant legs catching the air naturally spread out and this important article of clothing dropped into the water. The poor fellow now had to walk a mile up the river to cross a bridge and then walk back home again without any pants.

Another time when Father and the Murphy boys were swimming in Middle River, Father had a cramp while in a

deep place in the stream. He was going down for the third time when Mike Murphy, one of the boys, pulled him out and thus saved his life. Of course the boys did not tell of this incident for some time for fear that they would not be permitted to go swimming again.

One evening while visiting in Grandfather's home, one of the Murphy boys told of the incident. Grandfather listened quietly for a while and then, in anger but without saying anything, he got up, walked over to where Father was sitting and slapped him.

The Murphy girls, Anna and Kate, were very attractive and popular young ladies. Father grew up near them and he was very fond of the girls. One time Father and these two young ladies went to the river to pick grapes.

At this time Chamberlain's flour mill was located down the river about a half mile and because of the dam at the mill, the water above it was quite deep for a couple of miles back up the stream. As a result, the water was deep enough that Father and the Murphy boys had constructed a boat which they kept anchored near the river bridge when it was not in use.

Father and the Murphy girls were in this boat picking grapes from a vine which hung from a tree limb over the river. To hold the grapes they had brought with them Mr. Murphy's new shiny milk pail. Suddenly some one dropped the bucket and it sank in the water to the bottom of the river. However much they tried, they could not fish the bucket out of the water and they knew that they must not return home without this new shiny milk pail.

Father was a good swimmer, at the time, and he knew that he could dive down into the water and get the bucket. And this appeared to be the only reasonable solution to the problem. However, he knew that he could not do so while wearing his clothes. Therefore, the Murphy girls got out of the boat and hid behind some bushes over the bank of the river while Father shed his clothes and retrieved the new milk pail.

* * *

The writer's father always thought a great deal of Mike Murphy after the latter had saved his life. Therefore Father

always came to Mike's defense when any one spoke critically of him. Mike became a doctor as did also his brother George.

Unfortunately, Mike was terribly addicted to the drink habit. He attempted desperately to break himself of this affliction. But, it was of no avail and, as a result, the habit, eventually, became the cause of his death. However, Mike Murphy was considered an unusually capable doctor when he was not under the influence of alcohol.

Sometime after Father and Mother were married and while they were still living with the writer's grandparents just across the road from the Murphy place, Mother became desperately ill with inflammatory rheumatism. Doctor Murphy had come home to recuperate from one of his drunken debaucheries before going back to his medical practice in the little town where he lived.

Mother was suffering greatly and was badly swollen with the disease. In fact, it seemed that this night might be her last on earth. Father knowing that Doctor Mike was at his father's home, went across the road and pleaded with him to come and do something for her.

At first Doctor Murphy did not appear to be interested. It required sometime for his befogged mind to clear. Finally when he did fully realize the situation, he forgot for a time his own despondency and great doctor that he was he prescribed medicine and treatment which brought immediate relief to Mother.

Each day there after for a time, the doctor came to see his patient and it is quite likely that he saved her life. The writer's parents were in rather strained financial circumstances at the time but would have gladly paid him for all that he did for Mother. However, Doctor Mike Murphy would accept no recompense for the service which he had so capably rendered.

* * *

John Murphy, the oldest of the children, had little if any formal education. Often this was the situation with families in pioneer days. The older children were needed so badly to help with the work that they were kept at home, while the younger children growing up after the family began to prosper

usually had an opportunity to obtain a good education. So it was with this pioneer family.

Despite the lack of formal education, however, John Murphy was a sort of mechanical genius. He liked to tinker and he was always attempting to invent something. While still at home, he constructed a corn planter to be operated without a check-row wire. However, it was not a success and he turned his attention to other activities.

He became a jeweler and established a business at Bayard, Iowa. John Murphy was a good jeweler, however, he was more widely known for his eccentricity than for his ability as a workman. In fact he liked to tinker and to invent gadgets so well that most of the time he kept his jewelry store locked and the customers could not get in to transact business with him.

It appears that one time a customer refused to be discouraged by the locked entrance. He persisted in knocking and he made such a commotion that Mr. Murphy had to come to the door. It has been reported that he said to the customer, in the Irish brogue which he alone of the five children had inherited from his father: "Don't ye know that a man is not at home whin his door is locked."

The writer's father bought a gasoline lamp from John Murphy while the latter was a jeweler at Bayard. It appears that he had invented the lamp himself. However, it was a good lamp and worked perfectly although the gasoline was a little dangerous to handle. After Mr. Murphy had installed the lamp in our home, father asked him how to clean and to regulate a certain delicate part of the mechanism. Mr. Murphy replied: "Any fool can do it, but don't ye try it."

All of which leads up to the one outstanding memory that the writer retains regarding this boyhood friend of his father. In the very earliest days of the automobile, in fact while they were still a curiosity upon the highways, John Murphy built a machine. It was the first automobile in which our family had ever had the privilege of riding.

He had actually driven the vehicle all the way from Bayard, a distance of nearly forty miles, to his father's home in Adair

County. Of course we all wished to have the privilege of enjoying a ride in this home made automobile. The fact that Mr. Murphy had constructed this machine himself made little difference to us since we had never ridden in any other kind of self propelled conveyance.

There was only one small seat on this automobile. Therefore the driver and one passenger was all that the vehicle could accommodate at one time. While going down hill and when on level ground, the machine could attain a speed of almost fifteen miles per hour. However, it was a much more difficult problem to get this horseless carriage back up the hill again. Often it became necessary for the passenger to get out of the machine and walk.

This home made automobile had an eight horse single cylinder gasoline engine mounted under the seat. For the above reason, if this machine had been in use in the winter time as cars are today, it would not have been necessary to have had a heating system for the comfort of the occupants.

An old bucket hung from the dashboard upon the front end of the car. This container was to be used in case more water was needed for the cooling system. A large sharp pointed stick was attached to the rear end of the machine in such a manner that it could be lowered so as to stick into the ground and stop the car in the event that it started to run backward down hill.

The body was handmade from material which had been obtained at the lumber yard. However, the wheels had rubber tires and the entire car was quite well assembled. The chief fault with it being that something was usually breaking, thus, necessitating repairs which were not always immediately available.

One time when John Murphy was coming home to visit his father, an axle of the home made automobile broke about three miles from our place. Father took the truck from our grain binder and put it under the machine. Then he pulled the car home with a team of horses.

John's two brothers became doctors and prospered. One time when John had driven his homemade automobile to his

father's place, one of the doctor brothers chanced to come home also. Of course the doctor had a nice, new, shiny automobile of the latest model. For a moment, John stood transfixed by the apparition, and then, stepping up to his brother he remarked: "Ye are wan of the boys but I don't know which wan."

* * *

Patrick Murphy, the father of the family, was considered in many ways a rather unusual character. After the children had all married and left home and since his wife was dead, it became necessary for him to hire a man and the man's wife to help with the farming operations and with the housework. He hired these people in the spring of the year and usually all went well for a while. However, after the crop had been harvested in the fall, Mr. Murphy for some reason often had trouble with his help and they would leave.

Consequently in the last dozen years of Mr. Murphy's life, he had almost that many different couples or families working for him at various times. Inasmuch as the writer's father transacted most of the old gentleman's business for him after he became feeble, and since our family lived so near, we became acquainted with all of these people. As a result we knew many of the amusing things that our neighbor said and did.

Once when Mr. Murphy had gone to the field where one of his hired men was working, the man asked him for the time of day. The old gentleman always desired that his men should put in a long day of work. Therefore after taking his watch from his pocket, he looked at it and said in his very rich Irish brogue: "I have the Stuart time and it is a little fast." Putting his watch back into his pocket, Mr. Murphy returned to the house without telling the man the time.

One time, the old gentleman attended a baptismal service with the writer's parents. The method of baptism was to be by immersion and a large group of people had gathered at a pond in the timber to witness the service. However, the owner of the pond would not allow the service to proceed. He was afraid the water was too deep and therefore would be dangerous.

Mr. Murphy was quite disgusted with the whole affair inasmuch as he had ridden such a long way and had witnessed nothing. He amused everyone present by remarking that in his church (Methodist) a barrel of water would have been sufficient to have sprinkled the whole crowd.

It would not do to leave the Murphys without some mention of the old gentleman's famous driving team. This team of horses consisted of a bay mare by the name of Ide and a black mare called Coalie. They were a very spirted team of horses when they were young and this was the way Mr. Murphy liked for them to be. They would still run away on occasion when the writer was young, although they were then getting to the place where they were known as Old Ide and Old Coalie.

One time the writer, when he was just a boy, rode to town with Mr. Murphy to attend a Fourth of July celebration. The old gentleman was quite advanced in years at this time. Many people predicted that he would be killed some day by this spirited driving team. However, he lived to die a natural death.

Mr. Murphy considered it a disgrace to let anyone with a team and buggy pass him on the highway. In fact this particular day, being the Fourth of July, he not only kept all others from passing him but he would whip his horses up and pass every one that we approached from the rear. To say that the writer was a badly frightened boy would be putting it mildly. Suffice it to say, he found some one else with whom to ride home.

Mildred Wheelin, a beautiful teen-age girl from Galva, Iowa, who was a grandaughter of Mr. Murphy came to visit a short time in her Grandfather's home. She thought that it would be an enjoyable experience to ride a horse. Being a town girl, she knew very little about horseback riding. However, she mounted the venerable Ide and started down the highway.

She rode about a mile and every thing went well as long as Ide was going away from home. However, as soon as Mildred turned the horse around and when Old Ide realized that she was returning home, she began to run.

Mildred pulled at the reins with all her strength but it was all to no avail. She then began to plead, "Please stop, Ide.

Please stop." However when Ide failed to stop but only ran faster, the girl became angry and according to her own testimony, she shouted, "Run Ide — Damn you — Run." And run Ide did until she arrived home.

After Ide had become really ancient and when the writer had grown to manhood, the old horse ran away one day with a little boy alone in the buggy. The writer managed to out run Old Ide. Catching her by the bridle, he stopped the horse and saved the little boy from harm. As a result he was considered a sort of hero for a while after this. However, he always felt that the title was undeserved inasmuch as almost anyone could have out run the old horse at that time in her life.

* * *

For a moment, the writer would like to turn from the past to recount a more recent experience. As mentioned earlier Father and the Murphy boys at one time owned a rowboat in which they spent many happy hours on Middle River.

At that time Father had learned from experience to row a boat and had become an expert oarsman. Apparently one does not lose this ability with the passing of years, after it is once acquired. It is something like swimming which becomes second nature and which ability stays with one through life.

The writer with his brother and father went fishing in Minnesota a number of years ago. The writer and his brother were grown men and were in the prime of life while Father was beginning to feel the grip of the years. We were at a summer resort on beautiful Big Stone lake.

This lake is thirty-five miles long and it is from one to two miles wide. It forms part of the boundary between Minnesota and South Dakota. This lake is also one of the most picturesque in the nation. The water is deep and clear and the bottom of the lake is covered with rocks and with sand. The banks on either side of the water are high and are covered with beautiful trees.

There are many flat timbered spots along the lake between the bluffs and the water. Many attractive summer resorts have been built at these places. As a result the lake is lined

on both sides with pleasure parks. These places have romantic names, such as: Eternal Springs, Hartford Beach, Bonanza Park, Chautauqua Park, Lake View, Pleasant Point, Meadow Brook, and so forth. There are thirty-five miles of timbered shore line on each side of the lake where these parks are located.

The lake gets its name from the immense boulders and rocks which are strewn along the banks and which extend down into the water itself. These rocks cover the entire length of the shore line. They appear to the eye and to the imagination as boulders which some great giant has placed where they are with his hands.

People come to this lake in great numbers in the summer time to fish. Because of its rocky bottom, this lake is an ideal place for fish to multiply. It is also an ideal place to catch them. Inasmuch as the water is very deep the best fishing is accomplished by the use of a boat. Seldom are fish caught from the banks of the lake.

The day which we chose to go to Big Stone Lake to fish was not an ideal one for the purpose. The wind was blowing some and as a result the water was quite rough. However, we decided to try our luck. We rented a boat and the necessary equipment. Then we put out from shore. We had gotten out onto the lake some distance from the bank and had anchored the boat when we noticed an increase in the velocity of the wind. Still undaunted, we attempted to catch some fish.

By now, the other fishermen with their boats were beginning to seek the safety of the shore. In a short time, we noticed the white caps coming across the lake as the water was whipped by the fury of the wind. Hastily raising our anchor we attempted to gain the shore. The writer's brother was at the oars but he could make no headway with the boat. The violence of the wind and the waves was driving us out toward the open lake. Neither he nor the writer knew very much about rowing a boat and Father had not done so for many years.

Finally in desperation, Father asked for the oars. He was not a young man and he did not now have the strength of

either of his sons. However, in a short time the skill of the expert oarsman, a skill acquired in his youth, began to pay dividends. In a short time we were within the lee of the shore and out of the violence of the wind. From here we reached our landing place easily and safely.

THE WAY GRANDFATHER FARMED

It is difficult for us to conceive of the amount of labor involved in the farming operations of a century ago. Forty acres of land would seem like a very small farm today and it would hardly furnish sufficient tillable soil to justify the purchase of modern machinery for its cultivation.

However, in Grandfather's day when most farming operations were performed by hand labor, a forty acre farm was almost more than one man could handle alone. The writer can remember when fairly large families often lived on nothing more than forty acres. Here the children were raised and educated apparently without being deprived of too many of the comforts of life which were available in that day.

Grandfather usually had no more than three horses to use in his farming operations. All of his plowing was done with a small walking plow. To plow two acres in a day with such equipment was considered a hard day's work. Farmers worked from sun up until sun down. It has been less than twenty-five years since farm hands were allowed to cease work in the field at six o'clock in the evening and then, of course, there were several hours of work doing chores after that. Less than thirty years ago, the author worked on a farm where he ate breakfast before daylight and ate supper at nine o'clock in the evening. He often went to bed too tired to care whether he had eaten any thing or not.

Grandfather spent many weary hours hoeing the weeds out of the corn. We have records of his doing this in Michigan and Ohio. We also have records of his plowing with oxen. We know that after coming to Iowa he still planted corn with a hand planter. Later he used Brown's horse corn planter, a machine without a wire. The field was marked out both lengthwise and crosswise with the machine. During the second crossing of the field, the corn was dropped through tubes leading to the runners of the machine which opened the earth to receive the seed. One person drove the team of horses which pulled the machine while another person worked a lever which operated the corn dropping mechanism. The

writer's mother remembers riding this kind of planter and dropping the corn for which she was paid twenty-five cents a day.

The first improvement over the hoeing of corn was the one shovel cultivator pulled by one horse down the corn row. Father often told us how he had helped Grandfather with this sort of plow. Father led the horse between the corn rows while Grandfather guided the plow. Since the plow had only one shovel, it was necessary to make several trips back and forth between the rows of corn.

However, plows were soon made with several shovels and next came the two horse walking plow which was capable of cultivating one entire row of corn with one trip across the field. A short time later the riding cultivator was invented. However, the writer can still remember the first walking cultivators which stood up while they were in motion but which, to the annoyance of the operator, immediately fell down as soon as the end of the row was reached and the horses began to turn around. The writer's father lived to see four row corn cultivators and four row corn planters in operation.

All small grain such as wheat and oats was sown by hand when Grandfather came to Adair County. Usually the sower scattered the seed broadcast from a basket or some other vessel which he carried in one hand while he used the other hand to broadcast the seed. This operation was considered something of an art if done properly and efficiently. Of course the object was to broadcast or sow the seed evenly over the ground. Care had to be exercised so as not to scatter the seed too thickly in some spots and leave the ground bare in other places.

Father and Grandfather still broadcast small grass seed such as timothy and clover by this method when the writer was a boy. The writer remembers hearing his father tell that they sometimes stood in the back of a wagon and broadcast the grain, thus saving the toilsome walking.

About the time that Mother and Father were married, Grandfather acquired a manufactured machine for broadcasting his grain. This machine was called an end-gate seeder.

It was constructed so as to fit into the back of a wagon box in place of the rear end-gate. The machinery was driven by a chain which in turn was propelled by a cog wheel attached to one rear wheel of a wagon. From that time forward it was a common sight to see wagons in use the year around with this cog wheel still attached to a rear wheel of the vehicle. Many other machines were invented later for sowing small grain such as the low-down broadcast seeder and also the grain drill.

The harvesting of the hay crop was another of those difficult farming operations. Grandfather always cut his hay by hand with the aid of a scythe. He did not own a mowing machine until after Father and Mother were married in 1887. However, in those later years, he occasionally hired some one with a machine to cut hay for him.

He always cocked the hay in the field before stacking it. The writer can still remember seeing Grandfather at the business of shocking the hay in small bunches over the field. He called these little stacks hay cocks. He believed that the hay would not cure properly if it were not allowed to stand in these cocks for several days before it was stacked. One or two sloughs were always left unbroken on the farm so as to furnish wild slough hay to be used as a covering for the stacked hay.

Grandfather hauled his hay for many years in an ordinary wagon box. Later hayracks were made but the first ones were crude affairs. The writer can remember that farmers laughed at the first hayracks with sides on them. This they thought betrayed a lack of ability on the part of the loader to make the hay stay on the wagon.

When the writer was a boy, Father and Grandfather built a sort of board platform about ten feet wide and sixteen feet long which they called a drag. This contrivance was pulled by four horses hitched abreast. We grandchildren tramped the hay down on this drag while the men pitched it to us from the shocks in the field. It was one of the warmest and most tiresome of the jobs upon the farm.

The hay was then hauled to the barn yard where it was stacked by means of a giant hay fork which itself was operated by ropes which traveled through pulleys to the top of tall hay

poles. We boys were given the task of sticking the fork and of leading the horse that pulled the hay up. The hay forks were of several kinds. Some were called single harpoon and some double harpoon forks. Another kind of fork was the grab or grapple fork which was best for fine and loose hay. Then later we had hay slings which could unload from one third to one half of a load at one time.

It was quite an art to raise the hay poles each time a new stack of hay was built. First the poles were lifted as high as possible by the aid of several men. Then they were pulled up the remainder of the way by a team of strong horses. It required a steady team to raise the poles since this was a dangerous operation. Sometimes the poles fell before they could be fastened by guy wires or ropes.

Hay loading machines were next invented which elevated the hay to the wagon as it was pulled by horses down a windrow or swath. It was difficult work and it took great ability to load the hay as fast as the machine put it on to the wagon. This was especially true since the wagon was traveling, sometimes over rough ground, making it difficult for the man to stand up on the load of hay. However, this was a speedy method for loading hay.

The next invention to make haying easier was the buck-rake and the buck-rake-stacker. While it was necessary to stack the hay in the field with these machines, they simplified the work and made hay making easier and faster work.

Today, hay is baled in the field by a machine which ties the bales as it travels down the windrow. Other machines load the bales onto wagons and elevators put the hay into barns or stacks. Manual labor is largely eliminated and hay making time has lost its terror.

The cutting and threshing of grain were probably the most difficult of the farming operations in Grandfather's time. In his old account book there are many items referring to the days he spent cradling and threshing grain. Wheat is the grain most often mentioned. This cereal usually produced well in the virgin soil of that time but it is not so profitable on the worn out land of today. It was a necessary and vital crop

in that day inasmuch as the pioneers had their flour ground from their own wheat.

For the reaping of grain, it is most likely that the only implements which Grandfather brought to Adair County were a scythe and a grain cradle. Until the invention of the reaping machine, which came into practical use only about the middle of the 19th century, scythes and sickles were the sole reaping implements.

The scythe was worked with the two hands with a swinging motion, while the sickle or reaping hook was held in one hand and the reaper bent and cut the crop with a shearing or hitting motion. Both of these instruments were very old dating back to ancient Bible times. Pliny the Elder (23-79 A. D.), a Roman writer, mentioned both in his works on natural history and showed drawings of each which resembled those used by the early settlers.

The common hay scythe with which Grandfather was proficient and which he used even as late as the boyhood of the writer, consisted of a slightly curved broad blade varing in length from twenty-eight to forty-six inches. This was mounted on a bent, or sometimes straight, wooden sned or snathe, to which two handles were attached at such distances as to enable the workman, with an easy stoop, to swing the scythe blade along the ground. The cutting edge was slightly elevated to keep it clear of the inequalities of the surface.

The grain reaping scythe was similar, but provided with a cradle or short gathering rake attached to the heel and which followed the direction of the blade for some little distance. The object of this attachment was to gather the grain as it was cut and to lay it in regular swaths or bunches for binding. Sometimes the reaping scythe or cradle, as it was called, instead of a long sned, had two helves and the two handles were placed about two feet apart.

The operation next in order was the binding of the grain into bundles. This was done by hand and consisted of the making, by an intricate and swift circular motion of the hands, a band composed of stalks of grain. The band was then passed around the amount of grain which was considered

sufficient for a bundle and tied again by another rather complicated movement. The pioneers became quite proficient at this rather difficult operation. And as a result they could perform the task of tying a bundle quickly.

Cyrus Hall McCormick of Walnut Grove, Virginia, invented the first reaping machine in 1831. However, his self binding attachment was not invented until later. In 1845 he moved to Cincinnati and to Chicago in 1847 where he established his first large factory for the manufacture of reaping machines. These machines consisted of the following parts: the vibrating sickle, sickle guards, revolving reel, grain divider, platform and bull wheel drive.

Actually the first reaper was nothing more than a hay mowing machine with a sort of reel or winged attachement for the purpose of dividing the grain as it was being cut. These wings laid the grain upon the ground in bunches the right size for binding into bundles. These machines were called self rake reapers. Previous to this all of the machines had been hand rake reapers. The man who did the raking stood on the rear of the reaper and rode backwards, using a common wooden tooth rake. However, in either case, the bundles still had to be bound by hand and this was a back breaking task. The fields were usually divided by the binders into five or seven stations. It is likely that there were no harvesters in Iowa until sometime after 1850.

In the year 1858, two Illinois farmers by the name of Marsh, tired of stooping over bundles on the ground, fixed a standing place on the reaper and had the grain carried up to them by means of a wide canvas belt. This Marsh harvester as it was called was little more than an improvement upon the McCormick machine described in the paragraphs above. It was constructed with a sort of platform. The grain instead of being dropped in bunches upon the ground was dropped onto this platform. The man or men who did the binding rode, standing up, on a part of the machine near the platform.

The work of these laborers consisted in binding the grain as fast as the machine laid it upon the platform. The binding operation was performed as described earlier. The men doing the work made the bands out of straw and of necessity they

had to be swift and capable in order to keep the bundles bound as fast as the machine laid them on the table. Inasmuch as this labor was so strenuous no worker attempted to ride the reaper all the way around the field.

Usually the fields were cut in the form of a square and either four men or four teams of two men each took turns, each team riding and binding across one side of the field. The sides of the field were called stations and the work was known as riding and binding stations. When one man had finished his station he left the reaper and another worker took his place. The first man then rested until the machine came around to him again. After binding four stations he would arrive back at the starting place. The writer's father was a young man, about twenty-one years of age, when he first began binding stations. He remembered, for the remainder of his life, that it was the most strenuous and difficult work he had ever performed on the farm.

It has been reported that two hundred Marsh harvesters were sold in Iowa in 1867. However, it is likely that there were few if any reapers of any kind in western Iowa when Grandfather came to Adair County in 1866. John P. Appleby invented the knotter in 1869 and in 1870, George H. Spaulding invented the packer, a device for making bundles. However, the first self binder which tied the bundles with wire was not popular because the farmers thought that the wire in the threshed straw would kill the livestock. Finally, in 1879, Deering began making a reaper with a twine knotting device. And now all harvesters combine the McCormick, Marsh and Deering principles. At the French exposition in 1878, McCormick received his first grand prize for his reaping and self binding machine.

Father and Mother were married in 1887 and some time after this Grandfather bought a grain binder called the Champion. The machine cost about one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which amounted to a small fortune at that time. This machine cut and bound the grain all in one operation. It used twine for the binding process. The writer well remembers this machine. Grandfather would never loan it or hire it out to anyone. When not in use, it was always kept in a shed

which had been built especially to protect it and the other farm machinery. Since this machine was by far the most valuable thing in the shed, the building was always known as the binder shed.

The machine was always pushed in and out of the building by hand. It required the combined effort of the whole family to perform this difficult operation. Grandfather would never permit Father to leave the wagon outside of the shed over night. How much more precious in his sight was this expensive grain binder.

Following the binding of the grain, the bundles were stacked into small shocks and capped over the top with other bundles in order to protect the heads of grain from the weather. After a time the grain, or bundles, were hauled to some spot in the field and stacked.

The stacking of grain bundles was an art quite difficult to learn and in early days many men were justly proud of their ability in this respect. However, the stacks sometimes settled in such a manner that they were in danger of falling over. When this happened, it was advisable to prop them up with long poles which were set in the ground at one end and braced against the stacks at the other end.

The grain was left in the stacks until it had gone through what was called a sweat. The heat generated by this sweating process dried the moisture out of the straw so that it could be threshed more easily. It also dried the heads or kernels of grain so that they would keep in storage without spoiling. If the grain did not go through this so called sweat in the stack, it would do so in the grain bin later and might gather mold in the process.

The next operation in the handling of grain was threshing it to get the heads separated from the straw. Until the middle of the 19th century this was still done by means of the flail in most parts of the United States.

The flail consisted of a stout, short club tied loosely by a thong to a long slender handle. The thresher arranged his bundles of grain head to head on a threshing floor. Next, he untied the bands, seized the handle of the flail, and swinging

the loose end around his head, brought it down with a thump on the heads of the bundles. He kept up a sort of perpetual round and round movement, during which the club end gave the grain a thumping slap as it whirled by. It has been said that during the Revolutionary War, General George Washington granted furloughs, in the winter time, permitting his men to go home and flail out their grain.

During the flailing operation, the straw was stirred up from time to time with a hay fork, and then taken away. The grain and chaff were next poured from a bushel basket on a windy day. The wind carried the chaff away and the grain fell in a pile on the ground or on a blanket placed there to receive it. It was then put in sacks and stored ready for the mill or kept for feeding purposes.

The modern threshing machine more or less imitates this process. The action of the cylinder teeth upon the concave teeth of the machine corresponds to the flailing operation. The passing of the straw, chaff and grain over a sieve through which a current of air is driven by a fan is similar to the winnowing process of ancient times.

About the year 1834, the Pitts brothers invented the first successful threshing machine and manufactured it at Buffalo, New York. They called their machine the Buffalo Pitts. The earlier machines were operated by a treadmill. Later the horse power was introduced and still later the steam engine furnished the power. Today we have the gas tractor for power and we also have the combine which takes care of cutting, harvesting, and threshing all in one operation.

Grandfather was fifteen years of age when the threshing machine was invented. Since there were less than one hundred miles of railroad in the United States at that time to transport the machines over the country, it is likely that Grandfather had considerable experience with the old fashioned flail. There are many items in his old account book which record the days that he worked at threshing grain but he does not describe the method.

He came to Adair County, Iowa four years before the Rock Island Railroad began giving regular service. Since all flour

mill machinery had to be hauled by team and wagon from Davenport before this time, we suppose that the same were true with threshing machinery. By what method Grandfather had his first grain threshed in Adair County we can only speculate but it would be interesting to know. Whether he ever used them in Iowa to any extent is doubtful, however, the only flails that the writer ever remembers seeing were those which hung in Grandfather's ancient tool shed.

By the time we grandchildren were born, the threshing was being done with horse-power machines. The first operation, upon arriving with the machine, was to unload the power which was accomplished by upsetting the wagon upon which it was carried. The writer's brother, Cecil Smith, can recall having played in the circular track which was created by the steady tread of the horses around the machine. Inasmuch as there were no stackers or weighing devices on the early machines, the straw was carried away by hand and the grain was measured in bushel baskets and the tally kept with wooden pegs in a board.

Although he does not recall it himself, his mother says that the writer, when about four years of age, came into the house one day during the threshing operations, stating that he would like to be a thresher when he grew up. When he was asked why he would like to be a thresher-man, he replied that all that one had to do was to stand upon the machine and swear at the men and horses.

The writer can recall the first steam threshers. One day a water glass broke and the engineer, Bill Rutherford, with a coat over his head rushed in to shut off the steam. From that time foreward he was a hero to the writer who then and there resolved to someday be an engineer. The writer remembers the swinging stackers being replaced by the straw blower. He also recalls the hand feeders which were later replaced by self-feeders. He remembers seeing a band cutter accidently cut the hand of a man who was feeding the machine. He also recalls the pride with which a good feeder always attempted to keep the machine running with a steady humming sound.

Grandfather had a cow shed built entirely of poles cut from the timber. When he threshed his grain, he had the straw

stacked over the top and sides of this shed leaving one end open so that the cattle could go in and out. During the fall and early winter this shed made very good protection for the stock and it also furnished feed. However, by spring the cattle had usually eaten so much of the straw covering that great holes were left in the shed which, by now, presented a very dilapidated appearance.

The picking or husking of the corn was another of the difficult operations on the farm in the early days. Easterners like Grandfather spoke of it as gathering the corn.

The husking hook which was strapped over the hand, and with which later corn pickers became quite proficient, had not been invented in Grandfather's time. In that day all corn pickers used what was called a peg. Later these pegs could be purchased at hardware stores and were made of steel covered with leather. However, the first ones to be used were of wood and were made at home by the farmers themselves. Inasmuch as they wore down rapidly from constant use, they were made from the hardest wood available. Even with this crude affair some men gained a reputation for corn picking ability.

Father remembered that when he was a boy the corn wagon was driven down a row and the pickers, who usually consisted of all able bodied members of the family, worked from both sides and also from behind the wagon. A number of years later, the farmers began putting extra side boards on their wagons. These were usually made higher on one side of the wagon and were called bang boards. The corn picker now worked from only one side of the wagon, throwing the corn against the bang boards.

One of the difficult operations connected with corn picking, when the writer was a boy, was the problem of getting the corn out of the wagon and into the crib. At first we used to get into the back of the wagon and throw the corn out by hand until a space was cleared, on the floor of the wagon box, large enough to admit the use of a scoop shovel. The remainder of the load of corn could then be shoveled out of the wagon with the scoop.

The next improvement which helped greatly with the unloading of the corn was the scoop-board end-gate. This contrivance was fastened to the back end of the wagon box, taking the place of the end-gate. It could be raised and lowered from the outside of the wagon and when lowered it provided a platform for the man who was scooping the corn to stand upon. Today corn is picked by machinery and unloaded the same way. Many men of the younger generation today have never picked corn by hand.

With the use of tractors and modern farming machinery, the acreage that one man can handle today is twenty times as great as Grandfather could undertake with the oxen and the primitive tools which he used in New York and Michigan and also during his early years in Iowa. Although Grandfather died before the tractor had reached its present state of perfection, in his long life of nearly a century, he saw farming with a hoe for corn cultivation and a cradle and a flail for grain harvest advance through a multitude of labor saving implements.

Some of these machines were the following: reapers, sulky plows, gang plows, corn cultivators, disks, harrows, broadcast seeders, drill seeders, check-row corn planters, hay mowers, rakes, tedders, loaders and stackers, binders, shellers and shredders, manure spreaders and gasoline engines for pumping water and for other purposes. Although some of the following named machines were invented before Grandfather had died and were used to some extent, shortly after his death these implements came into general use: tractors, combines, portable grain elevators, corn huskers, traveling hay-balers for use in the field, also trucks and automobiles.

We would like to mention here that Grandfather mowed a swath of hay and grass with a scythe along the fence rows completely around his little farm when he was eighty years of age. The writer's brother, who was about nine years old at the time, helped him load the hay onto the running gears of an old surrey or buckboard and then they hauled it to the barn-yard with Grandfather's old gray horse.

While Grandfather was putting in a long day plowing an acre of ground with oxen, a farmer of today with a tractor

drawn four-furrow gang-plow could turn fifteen to twenty acres. While Grandfather was cradling a few square rods of grain in a day, the ten-foot binder could harvest thirty acres and while Grandfather was laboriously hoeing one short row of corn, a man with a tractor and a four row cultivator could plow sixty acres of corn.

When the pioneers came to Iowa, Their crops were almost destroyed a number of times in certain sections of the state by great hordes of locusts and grasshoppers. These creatures came in such enormous droves that they nearly obscured the sun at times, and of course after their departure there was little or no green vegetation left. At other times the crops were destroyed by army worms which were so numerous that they filled the ditches and their constant chop chop could be heard through the night as they fed upon the green corn. Today such pests would be killed and their breeding places destroyed by the application of poison spray dropped from an airplane. This is another miracle connected with farming of which the pioneers never dreamed.

All of the above mentioned inventions and discoveries have made life easier for the farmer in this day and age. In fact if Grandfather were to come back and view the farming scene as of today, he might well believe that he were on another planet.

Before leaving the chapter on the way that Grandfather farmed, we would like to reprint here purely for its interest an old sale bill of 1849. It was contained in an article which was published in the Delta, Colorado newspaper in 1952. The article was mailed to a friend of the writer and we have his permission to use it here. Although Grandfather never lived in Kentucky, yet the sale bill contains all of the things with which he was very familiar, with the exception of the slaves, and inasmuch as he was forty-seven years old when the Civil War ended, he probably knew a great deal about slavery also. The old sale bill, which offers a Kentucky farmer's property at auction before leaving the state, follows:

> Having sold my farm and as I am leaving for Oregon Territory by ox team, will offer March 1, 1849, all of my personal property, to wit:

All ox teams except two teams, Buck and Ben and Tom and Jerry; 2 milk cows; 1 gray mare and colt; 1 pair of oxen and yoke; 1 baby yoke; 2 ox carts; 1 iron foot of poplar weather boards; plow with wood mole board; 800 to 1000 three-foot clap boards; 1500 ten-foot fence rails; 1 sixty gallon soap kettle; 85 sugar troughs made of white ash timber; 10 gallons of maple srup; 2 spinning wheels; 30 pounds of mutton tallow; 1 large loom made by Jerry Wilson; 300 poles; 100 split hoops; 100 empty barrels; 1 thirty-two gallon barrel of Johson Miller whiskey seven years old; 20 gallons of apple brandy; 1 forty gallon copper still of oak tanned leather; 1 dozen real books; 2 handle hooks; 3 scythes and cradles; 1 dozen wooden pitchforks; one-half interest in tanyard; 1 thirty-two calibre rifle, bullet mold and powder horn, rifle made by Ben Miller; 50 gallons of soft soap; hams, bacon and lard; 40 gallons of sorghum molasses; 6 head of fox hounds, all soft-mouthed except one.

At the same time I will sell my six Negro slaves—2 men, 35 and 50 years old; 2 boys—12 and 18 years old; 2 mulatto wenches—40 and 30 years old. Will sell altogether to the same party, as I will not separate them.

Terms of sale, cash in hand, or note to draw 4 per cent interest with Bob McConnel as Surety.

My home is two miles south of Versailles, Kentucky, on the McCouns ferry pike. Sale begins at 8 o'clock a. m. Plenty to drink and to eat.

—J. L. Moss.

HOW THE PIONEERS LIVED

The making of homes in Iowa, either upon the prairie or in the timber in pioneer days, required strong hands and stout hearts. First the tough sod had to be broken before crops could be raised. As stated previously, Grandfather hired a man with oxen to break some land for his first crop when he came to Adair County. "Red roots" and "shoe string" were the most difficult roots encountered in breaking the virgin sod. the writer's mother remembers the long back-breaking hours that she spent as a girl dragging the heavy sacks of "red roots" over the sod. These roots were gathered and dried for fuel. she recalls that sometimes she would find a nice large root and then discover that one end was still firmly fastened in the ground.

The first dwelling houses were log cabins made of round logs, with a fireplace, built in back woods style. After a time these rude structures were superseded by hewn-log cabins and still later after the introduction of the saw mills, small frame houses were built. These latter were sometimes weather boarded and ceiled and then covered with handmade shingles. As stated in a previous chapter, Grandfather obtained the lumber for his first permanent dwelling in Adair County at the saw mill which was located near Middle River on the Underwood farm.

Often the first cabins or houses were only one room affairs. Seldom did they contain more than two rooms. Usually the second room was only a lean-to or shed built onto the side of the original structure. However, what the pioneers lacked in accommodations was more than made up by their hospitalty when strangers or visitors arrived. Certainly no one was ever turned away and it was not unusual for ten or twelve people to sleep in one room on such occasions. Of course, it was necessary to sleep upon the floor at such times. The writer himself can remember back far enough to recall one such an occasion. Often when the sleeping quarters were crowded, the women slept in the house and the men found accommodations in the hayloft of the barn or elsewhere outside the house.

Although the timber was useful for the building of homes, the prairie had its uses as well. The "bluestem" grass which grew along the borders of the sloughs furnished hay and the coarse slough grass made roofs of fair quality for stables and sheds for the stock. Also, it was used as a protective cover for haystacks. The writer's mother recalls helping her father make a shed roof with slough grass. While Grandfather worked on top of the shed, Mother remained below to receive the four foot wooden needle which she then passed back up through the roof to him. This needle was threaded with twine and thus the roof was literally sewed together. This roof remained in use for a number of years.

The upland was the common pasture in which all kinds of stock ran at large. Hunting stock was a common business during the summertime. The horses and oxen had to be brought up every morning to begin the day's work and every evening the cows were to be hunted and driven home before milking time. During the growing season for crops, a herder was usually hired by several farmers. This man's job was to watch the cattle during the daytime and to put them into a corral at night. The herder usually rode a horse. During their sojourn in Happy Hollow, Mother's brothers spent much of their time as cattle herders.

The prairie possessed beauties as well as being useful. Wild flowers of many kinds and hues were to be found. Even the writer can remember small fields of unbroken prairie where the wild flowers grew in profusion. In the timber and in sheltered places there were sweet Williams, Johnny-jump-ups, wild roses, lady-slippers, black-eyed Susan and many others. The tall resin weed had a flower with yellow petals and a brown button in the center. The sticky white resin which oozed from along the sides of this weed was sometimes used for chewing gum by the small boys and girls.

Wild fruits such as grapes, plums, chokecherries, strawberries, elderberries and wild crab apples were to be found along the borders of streams and in the timber. These were about the only luxuries in the way of fruits which found their way to the pioneer's table before the time of orchards and home grown fruits. Wild gooseberries grew in the timber

and some years the yield was heavy and of course during the proper seasons, nearly everyone hunted hickory nuts, hazelnuts and walnuts which were stored away for use during long winter evenings. Mother recalls that one time when she was just a small girl, she took a little pail and hunted for hours along the banks of a little stream in an effort to find some wild strawberries for her mother who was very ill at the time and had no appetite for food.

As far as food was concerned, the bill of fare of the early settlers was indeed simple. As related in the chapter on old-time water mills the spring wheat was taken to the mill where each customer awaited his turn for his grist. He then took home with him bolted flour, shorts and bran. If the wheat were of good quality, the flour would be of like quality but often the wheat would be sprouted or otherwise damaged. However, it was usually ground and used just the same, even if the bread which it made was dark and soggy.

Salt raised bread was used by many families. Grandmother made this kind which she called "salt rizen" bread. Mother recalls that the dough actually did not raise very much and that the bread was quite compact and heavy. It also had a rather strong odor. However, it was very appetizing and probably had more nutritive value than other bread. Grandmother also used what she called potato ball yeast for making bread. This leavening was made by using mashed potatoes and raised sponge mixed together and made into a ball and saved until the next baking day when again some of the sponge was saved by the same method. Sometimes a liquid yeast was made and kept in gallon jugs for use in bread making.

Soda biscuits were the most common kind of bread since they were easier to make from flour of poor quality and also because the pioneers did not have such a thing as baking powder. Pancakes with butter and sorghum molasses were always popular with the pioneers. Corn meal occupied a place equal to flour in the bill of fare. Although the flour was sometimes of poor quality, corn meal was usually good and it could be hammered fine if there were no mills available for grinding it. However, no better corn meal was ever made than that which was ground by the old buhrstone water mills.

In regard to the use of corn meal in pioneer times, we should like to quote from the previously mentioned book *Memoirs of Quaker Divide*, by Darius B. Cook.

> A familiar winter scene in these early homes was the family gathered around a tub of corn shelling it by hand so that father could be ready to go to mill next day. The first thing when father came home with the grist the following evening was for mother to make a pot of mush. So when supper was served it was mush and milk, nothing more. Nothing more was wanted. Next morning the corn meal was brought out again and "spoon cakes" were made for breakfast. When dinner came, real corn bread, baked in the biscuit pan in the oven until nice and brown, and cut out in squares, appeared on the table. This was best when served hot with a liberal supply of good butter. Sometimes to prepare corn bread quickly the dough was made into "turn-overs" and baked on the griddle.
>
> Then, there was the "corn pone" which was baked occasionally. When ready it resembled in shape a round cheese. To bake this required a deep vessel like a "Dutch oven." When done a pone was covered with a hard crust reminding one very much of a turtle shell, but the inside was good eating and would keep a long time. It differed from corn bread in being more solid and sweeter.

For meat the pioneer depended mostly upon pork inasmuch as cattle were too scarce and expensive for eating. However, wild fowl and rabbits were plentiful and were highly prized as food by the early settlers. Quails and prairie chickens were abundant and were easily trapped or hunted and in the fall and in the spring wild geese and wild ducks could be found everywhere. There were no game laws in those days and fish and game of all kinds could be taken at will.

Sorghum molasses was the universal sweetener and largely supplied the place of cane sugar. Every farm had its cane patch and many of them a cane mill. Inasmuch as we have written a chapter on sorghum mills, we shall only say here that many old-time recipes which called for the use of sorghum molasses have practically been forgotten. However, no better vinegar pies were ever made than those made with sorghum; and wild crab apple and wild plum preserves made with it were good eating. It took a prominent place on the table with pancakes, hot biscuits and butter.

The ordinary field pumpkin as well as the sweet pumpkin was a staple food product and all pioneer wives knew how to make delicious pumpkin pies. Both pumpkins and squashes were stewed or baked and often they were dried for winter storage. Then there were always the cornfield beans as well as potatoes and other garden vegetables. Hominy was always available and parched wheat had to substitute for coffee at times in many pioneer homes.

The Lonsdale woolen mill was in operation when Grandfather came to Adair County and it is quite likely that Grandmother did little if any spinning of wool in Iowa. However, we know that her family did own and use spinning wheels in Ohio. We shall quote the words of Grandmother's sister Eliza which we have taken from an old history of Sandusky County, Ohio.

> We never heard tell of buying ready-made clothing then. We made our clothing ourselves. We would buy cloth sometimes, but made a great deal of our own cloth. Our folks didn't weave any but there was always some place we could get it woven. We used to get it woven every year. Mother had two wheels; she had one she spun flax on and one for wool. We spun the yarn and then got it wove.

We know that Grandmother made clothing for her family after her arrival in Adair County, Iowa. As stated in a previous chapter, she made shirts and socks for Mr. Casey, the foreman of the railroad crew at Newton's Cut. We do not know when or where Grandmother obtained her first sewing machine, however, we certainly remember the old machine. By name it was a "Wheeler and Wilson" but by disposition it was the personification of contrariness. When it was used for an hour or two, it would generate so much static electricity that it would become magnetized and refuse to sew another stitch. After an indefinite period of time, probably lasting several days, it would become demagnetized and sew again for a short time.

The song birds which were here in the early days were about the same as those which are present today. However, it was different with the large fowl. There were a few wild turkeys in the timber along the streams and not a few pheas-

ants. Flocks of cranes, geese, ducks, brants and mud hens stopped here on their way north in the spring. Quail were numerous and were highly prized for food. Prairie chickens were everywhere and the peculiar, mournful, haunting and booming call of the male bird in the early morning in the spring of the year remains a vivid memory in the mind of the pioneer.

GRANDFATHER'S OLD APPLE ORCHARD

Only those who have seen an apple orchard in full bloom have an adequate idea of what floral beauty and fragrance are and when a few plum and peach trees are added to insure early blooming then the picture is complete. Also, we should like to add this observation that the memory of an orchard with its sweet smelling blossoms, singing birds and fruit is a part of a child's rightful heritage. And this memory is one that shall remain with him through life. Eventually it shall become a part and parcel of his dreams.

An orchard should be upon a gentle hill slope, lying well exposed to the sun and sheltered from the colder winds, but yet not too much shut in. There should be lots of shade and yet the grass under the trees should be green and tender.

Such a spot can not be surpassed for the playing of all kinds of outdoor games. But best of all it shall never be excelled as a place to lie on one's back upon the ground on a lovely summer's day and dream of ships at sea and of far away places. And thus like a garden an orchard is a place of romance. Here we build our castles in the air and here we come to be alone with our sorrows when suddenly those castles come tumbling down about us. Such an orchard may perish and pass away; however, the memory lives on eternal, enriching and coloring ever after our humdrum lives.

The early settlers of Iowa could not be excelled in the planting of apple orchards. By the end of the nineteenth century every farm home had an abundance of fruit. Land was cheap in the early days and the farmers of that time appear to have taken more pride in their homesteads than the modern farmers do today. They also desired above everything else to have a wind break for the home as a defense against the storms of winter.

Orchards in those days were never less than two acres in size and many were as large as ten acres. Jacob Bruce, a Mexican War veteran and a pioneer resident of Jefferson Township, having arrived in 1853, planted the first orchard in the township and in all probability it was the first one within Adair County. By 1858, he had two hundred trees and

by 1885 his orchard covered from ten to fifteen acres of land and contained between six hundred and eight hundred trees.

It was also customary in early times to plant a heavy growth of forest trees around the outside of orchards to protect the fruit trees from the winter cold. Most orchards, whenever possible, were planted to the north or west of the house and the other farm buildings in order to insure as much shelter as possible from the winter storms. By this method the orchard served as a barrier and provided protection from the drifting snow.

The orchardist of today is a man who must have a scientific knowledge of fruit culture and an acquaintance with entomology as far as it concerns fruit pests and soil fertilization. However, in pioneer days in Iowa, it was not necessary to possess this knowledge. The soil was rich, fruit pests were unknown, and spraying machines had not been invented and were not needed. It would appear that, in the early pioneer days in Iowa, all that was necessary to procure an abundance of fruit was to plant the trees.

It has been estimated that America has between one thousand and two thousand varities of apples. All apples were originally derived from wild crabs. Most kinds came in the beginning from Asia Minor and adjacent parts of Europe. Other varities, however, were obtained from the Siberian crab and many of our finest apples have been developed in America.

To the writer, Grandfather's old orchard was the most enticing and the most romantic place on the farm. It was about two acres in size and it was surrounded on all sides by forest trees. These trees, taken from the timber, were planted especially heavy and thick on the north and west sides of the orchard. However by the time of the writer's boyhood both the apple trees and the forest trees were full grown and beginning to show their age. About one half of the land, where the orchard was located, was level and it laid upon the top of the hill. However, the other one half of the ground sloped gently to the south.

The orchard was directly west of the house and it was also west and northwest of the other farm buildings. Because the

forest trees extended well toward the house, in fact completely surrounding it and the lawn and farm yard, and also because of the many trees around the farmstead across the road, Grandfather's buildings were well protected from the cold winter winds.

How many golden hours the writer and his companions spent during childhood in this old orchard, he does not know. However, memory says that they were legion. Not only with his companions did he sojourn here, but as he grew older, more often alone he sought the peace and quiet of the old orchard. And it was here in solitude that he came to meditate and to ponder those adolescent problems which seemed of such gigantic magnitude at that time. Here while alone one day, he seriously considered becoming a foriegn missionary. He firmly believes that this had much to do with his later decision to become a minister of the Gospel.

Grandfather's orchard contained many varieties of apple trees. The early June apple was the one that we welcomed first in the early summer. It was blood red on the outside and snow white on the inside. However, it was a rather mealy tasting apple and was not at all juicy. There were also Pippin, Golden Russet, Wealthy, Winesap, Baldwin, Ben Davis and Jonathan beside others. There were also crab apples which made excellent jelly.

There were no Delicious apples in Grandfather's orchard, inasmuch as, that variety of apple was unknown at that time. One of the heaviest bearing of the trees in the orchard was one which we called, for lack of any other name, the Old White Apple tree. It had the peculiar trait of bearing white apples on one side of the tree one year and a sort of green apple on the other side of the tree the next year. Only one side of the tree bore apples at one time, alternating sides each year.

The writer recalls that one of Grandfather's neighbors had an orchard and in this orchard there was a tree which the family called the Old Wolf River apple tree. The fruit grew to enormous size but was practically of no value whatever. The apples looked like pumpkins and tasted quite similar to that vegetable.

There was not much canning of fruit when the writer was a boy. Evidently there were no glass jars with air tight lids for sealing as of today. Sometimes fruit was placed within tin cans or buckets and the top sealed over with sealing wax. Most fruits such as plums, peaches and especially apples were dried.

The writer remembers spending long hours threading pieces of apples upon long strings. These strings were then tied together at the ends and suspended from a nail in a rafter of the house or some other building until the apples had become thoroughly dry. The apples turned brown in color when dry and when cooked they had a sort of burned taste. Of course it was difficult to keep the flies away from the strings of apples as they were drying. However since people were not so conscious of sanitation in those days, as people are today, they did not worry too much about it.

Sometimes the pieces of apples were placed upon the roof of Grandfather's little old porch. This was low and easily reached. A piece of mosquito netting was then placed over the apples to keep the flies away. The apples then dried quickly here in the hot sun.

All of Grandfather's neighbors had large apple orchards. During the time in the fall of the year when the winter apples were ripe, the children were often kept home from school for a few days for the purpose of helping with the apple harvest.

The writer recalls attending country school with one family of children whose parents were very poor. There was quite a large number of children in this Irish family and about all that they had to eat at lunch time was apples. One of the larger children, usually one of the boys, carried the lunch pail to school. This lunch pail was actually one of the large milk pails used at home by the family for milking the cows. It contained a few slices of dry bread and then the remainder of the large bucket was filled with raw apples.

Another large family of children also came to country school with the writer. These people were of German extraction but they were not so poor as the Irish family. These children also brought apples to school. However, the apples were cooked and made into tempting sauce. This family baked great brown crusted loves of bread at least every other day.

The writer can remember seeing the mother of the family turning the great barrel churn which produced quantities of golden butter. These children fared well at dinner time, when they opened their lunch baskets to eat of the thick slices of heavily crusted Dutch bread covered thick with butter and ladden over all with delicious apple sauce.

Grandfather never made cider. However, some of the neighbors did make it in large quantities. Usually the cider was made from apples of inferior quality which were considered unfit for storage. The apples were first run through a cider mill which ground them into a pulp. Usually this mill was not large and it could be turned by hand, the motion being steadied by aid of a heavy flywheel. Some mills were large enough to be run by horse power and these mills were owned by operators who made a part time profession of the business.

The second operation in cider making consisted in pressing the juice out of the apple pulp. For this purpose a hand press was operated in such a manner that tremendous pressure was exerted upon the crushed apples by means of a large screw like affair. The juice gathered at the bottom of the press in a sort of trough and then it ran from this into containers. Little attention was given to sorting the apples in order to eliminate worms or rotten spots.

Fresh cider contains yeast plants, resident perhaps on the skin of the apple. These yeast plants attack the sugar of the juice at once converting it into alcohol. This process is called fermentation. The longer that cider stands, the more of its sugar is converted into alcohol and the sharper the cider becomes. This kind of cider can become intoxicating. Thus hard cider is simply cider in which considerable sugar has been changed into alcohol by the process of fermentation. If cider is bottled to keep yeast out and boiled to kill the yeast within, it will keep fresh for a long time.

The reason many people gave for the making of cider was that they wished to make their own vinegar. By the addition of fermenting yeast or minute animal forms called vinegar eels, vinegar could be produced from the cider. Usually the cider contained enough of these eels naturally but if not the addition of a little old vinegar would start the process.

Another method used for the making of vinegar and the one which was sometimes employed by the writer's people was to soak apple peelings in water for several days after which sugar was added and also some old vinegar or mother of vinegar. Many people believed that the best vinegar was made from cider.

One time when the writer was a boy, an acquaintance by the name of Wheeler came to Grandfather's place for the purpose of begging some cider vinegar. This man was considered a very shiftless sort of fellow. People in general thought that he was too lazy to work. He gave as an excuse for not working that he had stomach trouble and as a result was too ill to do anything.

This man believed that only cider vinegar would agree with his type of stomach disorder. Grandfather had no cider vinegar and the fellow went elsewhere. A short time after this the man died. It is quite likely, in the light of our knowledge today, that Mr. Wheeler had stomach cancer and was actually a very sick man.

When the writer's father and mother were young people and especially for the first few years after their marriage, they spent many happy summer hours on Sundays and holidays in Grandfather's old orchard. Here they came to recline on the velvet carpet of blue grass under the shady trees and here they spent many precious moments reading their favorite books.

Father was an inveterate reader and he could never fully satisfy his appetite and desire for the printed page. In those days about the only books which were available for general reading were the classics. Because Father liked above all else to read aloud, Mother acquired a fine appreciation for good literature and as a result she herself became an ardent reader of good books.

Grandfather's old orchard has long since passed into oblivion. The forest trees have been destroyed and the place thereof knows it no more. However, the memory of that quiet place lives on in the hearts of Grandfather's descendants. And because this memory still lives, it has enriched the lives of those who knew the old orchard and of those who have found peace and contentment there.

LIMEKILNS AND ROCK WELLS

When the early settlers came to Adair County before the time of the railroads, it was necessary for them to manufacture by hand many of the articles which they needed. Such was the case with much of the building materials which they used in the construction of their houses and their other farm buildings.

Rocks were dug or pried out of rock quarries with the aid of picks and iron bars. This work was difficult and it was sometimes dangerous. It was then necessary to haul the stone many miles to the location where it was to be used, for the purpose of constructing foundations for buildings, or to build walls for cellars and to make curbs for wells. Also when the pioneers wanted dimension lumber they went to the timber which grew along the rivers, and cut down trees which were of the proper length and diameter to suit the purpose for which they were to be used. Then the bodies of the trees were hewn square with broad axes.

The writer can recall helping with the dismantling of Grandfather's old barn after the latter's death. It was two stories high and all of the sills, the joists and the studdings had been hewn by hand out of logs. These timbers, which constituted the frame work of the barn, were then pinned together with wooden pins driven through holes which had been bored in them with a large auger. The pins held tightly even after all of those years and the timbers always broke at some other place rather than coming apart where they had been pinned together. It is difficult for us people today to comprehend the amount of labor which was involved in the construction of those early farmsteads.

Father often told us how Grandfather built his first fences. He went to the timber in the fall of the year and cut walnut posts. These he hauled home and stacked up in such a manner that they would dry or cure. Then all winter long, Grandfather spent hour upon hour boring holes through the posts. He would bore two holes, two inches in diameter, about six inches apart. Then he would chisel the center section out with a wood chisel thus making a rectangular slot. He would make

about three or four of these slots in each post. Then in the spring of the year or whenever the posts were sufficiently cured to prevent rot, he would set them into the ground where he wanted the fence. Next he cut long rails and flattened the ends so that they could be placed through the slots which were in the posts. Thus he had a rail fence which did not take up the space which would have been required for the ordinary or usual zigzag rail fence.

Another problem which confronted the pioneers was the manufacture of mortar to be used for the purpose of holding foundation rocks together and also they were faced with the problem of making plaster with which to plaster their houses. In order to get lime, a very necessary and important ingredient in the making of mortar and plaster, they devised limekilns. Limestone rocks were burned in these kilns in order to procure this lime.

There was a timbered slope of ground near the old bridge or near what was at one time the fording place across Middle River which was not far from Grandfather's home. This sloping piece of ground had at one time been the bank of a bayou. This bayou had itself been the river bed in a remote age. Here upon the timbered bank of this ancient bayou, Grandfather and probably other early settlers had constructed several limekilns. The great sunken holes in the ground remained there still when the writer was a boy and to him they were places of mystery as he and his companions played in and around them. From early pioneers and from reading on the subject the writer has been able to glean the following facts about this ancient method for procuring lime.

Good lime is a nearly pure compound of calcium and oxygen. It is prepared from limestone by burning. The simplest form of a limekiln, which of course was the kind used by the pioneers, was a low, wide, chimney like structure dug back into a hill or a bank of earth. This trench was sometimes lined with bricks if they were available or with rocks. Often there was no lining except the earth itself. An opening was left at the top in order to form a sort of chimney. Also the bottom was left open to provide for a draft of air.

The kiln would then be filled first with a layer of wood cut to the proper length. Next a layer of limestone rock, gathered in this particular case from the rocky ford of the river, was placed over the wood. Then another layer of wood followed by another layer of rock until the kiln was full. Dirt was then thrown over all of this leaving only the top and the bottom open.

Sometimes the limestone was broken up and the wood and stone placed so as to form a sort of arch. The wood was then ignited and when needed new fuel was introduced through the opening at the bottom. A small fire was built at first and the temperature was raised slowly for a few hours in order to prevent the arch from crumbling or caving in. After that a furious fire was built, and the whole mass was kept at a full red heat for a couple of days to roast out the carbon contained in the limestone. One hundred pounds of limestone would yield about fifty or sixty pounds of lime. The chunks of lime retained the form of the stone until handled at which time they would usually crumble.

Freshly burned lime is caustic and will burn the fingers and clothing of the person who handles it. For that reason it is called quicklime. The purer the lime the whiter it is. When exposed to air the lime slakes and becomes a powder. For that reason the old time limekiln was usually kept covered until it was time to use the lime. When the pioneers were ready to use the product for the purpose of making plaster or mortar, water was added to the lime and it was allowed to slake for a couple of days.

The writer's mother remembers seeing her father dig a hole in the ground into which he placed the lime. He then covered it over with water, being sure that it was kept covered so that it would not burn and turn dark. He also kept stirring the lime and the water. When it was slaked sufficiently, he then added sand and hair. The hair was added when making plaster in order to give toughness to the plastered wall. Only sand was added for the making of mortar. The sand supplied bulk and gave hardness.

In the early days, hair for making plaster was obtained from animals at butchering time and also from the manes and tails

of horses. However, later after the coming of the railroads, hair was shipped in bales from slaughter houses.

* * *

There were no rocks on Grandfather's farm. When he needed only a few he could get them out of the river bed. However, if he wanted a large supply for his building operations, it was necessary to dig them out and haul them from a rock quarry which was located nearly two miles down the Middle River. This of course represented a considerable output of labor for both himself and the tired plow horses. Nevertheless Grandfather did haul many loads of rock to his farm. Besides using them for foundations under the buildings he built rock walls for a cellar under the kitchen of his house.

Sometime after Grandfather came to his prairie home, he had a deep well dug and this well was also walled up from the bottom to the top with limestone rocks. This old well was one of the most fascinating of all of the objects upon the farm to us, the grandchildren. Also it was, in the minds and in the thoughts of our parents and of our grandparents, one of the most dangerous of all of the places upon the farm for the children to be near.

It was always difficult for those people who lived upon land which was located on the south and west side of Middle River to find water when digging a well. The land on the north and east side of the river was very sandy and as a result water could be found almost any place where one wished to dig a well. However, conditions were very much different on the opposite side of the river. There was no sand here but there was a giant sheet of stone under the ground. This stone was known as the river bed rock.

This river bed rock was a huge sheet of limestone which extended up and down the south and west side of the river for an unkown number of miles. Limestone quarries were always located on this side of the river while gravel and sand pits were always on the other side. When a well was dug anyplace upon land which was located on the southwest side of the river, this great sheet of limestone was sure to put an end to the operations if the well were extended down to the depth of the bottom of the river. Later when a few wells

were drilled through this limestone, it was found to be eighteen feet thick.

For those readers who are of a scientific turn of mind, we shall present the following information which has been gathered from various geological reports regarding the nature of the soil and of the rock formations of southwestern Iowa and especially of Adair County.

There being no rocks in Iowa of permian, triassic or jurassic age, the next strata in the geological series are of the cretaceous system. They are found in the western half of the state, and do not dip, as do all the other formations upon which they rest, to the southward and westward, but have a general dip of their own to the north of westward which is very slight. However, the general dip of the limestone in Adair and in some of the adjacent counties is toward the south and the southeast, thus indicating that most likely it is of the lower-most strata.

Although the actual exposures of cretaceous rocks are few in Iowa, there is reason to believe that nearly all of the western half of the state was originally occupied by them; but being very friable, they have been removed by denudation, which has taken place at two separate periods. The first period was during its elevation from the cretaceous sea, and during the long tertiary age that passed between the time of that elevation and the commencement of the glacial epoch. The second period was during the glacial epoch, when the ice produced their entire removal over considerable areas.

It is difficult to indicate the exact boundries of these rocks in Iowa. However, it appears that a great part of the western and especially of the southwestern part of the state is underlaid with this sheet of rock which contains, among other material, a great amount of limestone. All of the cretaceous rocks in Iowa are a part of the same deposits farther up the Missouri River, and in reality form their eastern boundary.

The soil east of the divide in Adair County includes only two classes of material, Kansan drift and carboniferous rock. The carboniferous rocks of Adair County belong to the Bethany or lower-most member of the Missourian stage. Rocks belonging to this formation crop out at many points in south-

western Iowa and northern Missouri; the name being taken from Bethany, Missouri, where they were first studied and where typical exposures occur. In some of the exposures in Adair County the combination of massive limestone and the softer shales and slate amount to as much as twenty-five feet or more in depth.

All of this great sheet of limestone is covered in Adair County by rich soil called the Kansan drift. The various branches of the Nodaway River dissect the western half of Adair County but do not cut below the drift and so these rivers flow upon dirt or clay beds, as do also Grand River and North River in Adair County, although the latter two rivers cut to bed rock farther down stream.

Middle River flowing, as it does, through the north central and the eastern part of Adair County cuts through the Kansan drift and into the carboniferous limestone below. At many points the river flows over a rock bottom. The bed of the river at intervening points consists of clay, sand or alluvium. Between the disposition of the carboniferous strata and the advance of the ice sheet was an immense interval of elevations and erosion, and the present exposures of carboniferous rock represents the summits of the hills of the old carboniferous land surface.

The Kansan drift rests upon this eroded surface. Nebraskan and Aftonian materials under-lie the Kansan at many points in Adair County, but no trace of them is to be found in the Middle River exposures. Middle River practically flows upon a rock bed, and immense limestone quarries have been developed for commerical purposes along the course of this stream in Adair and Madison Counties.

Most of the shallow wells which were dug in Adair County by the pioneers did not penetrate to this bedrock, but merely reached "hardpan" or stiff and impermeable Kansan clay. However, as stated previously whenever wells were dug to any considerable depth near Middle River, this immense sheet of white limestone rock was sure to be encountered.

Of course, Grandfather's farm was so high above Middle River that no well was ever dug by hand upon his land which

was deep enough to reach to the river bed rock. However, some later wells which were bored with a well machine upon low ground did reach the limestone and were stopped by it. As a result all of Grandfather's wells, out of which he watered his livestock, were large shallow holes dug in sloughs or low places. These wells were curbed up with boards and depended for their supply upon the seepage of surface or drainage water.

However, the old rock well which was mentioned earlier was different. Grandfather either dug this well himself or he had some one else dig it shortly after he had built his first house. This well was about sixty feet deep and as stated previously it was walled up inside from the bottom to the top with huge limestone rocks. The well must have been between three and four feet in diameter inside of the rock wall. It was indeed an immense hole in the earth.

This old rock well was located about twenty feet east of the kitchen of Grandfather's house. There was a door on that side of the combined kitchen and dining room. However, for some reason it was almost never used. Inasmuch as the farm buildings were all west of the house, the west door or entrance to the kitchen on that side was the one that was in constant use. For this reason it appeared to the writer, when he was a boy, that the well was located behind the house and as a result he always wondered why Grandfather put it in that place. Actually, since it was out of the way there, that was probably as good a location as any for it.

There was never much water in this old rock well. However, it always supplied enough for all household purposes such as for drinking, for cooking and for the washing of clothes. Inasmuch as the water was so far down within the well it was always sparkling bright and icy cold. Nothing, not even the nectar of kings, could have tasted better, on a warm day, to the perspiring and tired working men after they had come in from the harvest field than a drink of cold water from Grandfather's old rock well.

The old well had a wooden curb above the ground. This was a sort of box like affair which was about four feet square and about three or four feet high. There was a wooden roller across the top of this curb. A rope was wrapped around the

roller and there was a wooden crank fastened to the end of it. This was the windlass by which the heavy wooden bucket was raised and lowered within the well.

When lowering the bucket into the well, we grandchildren, if no one were looking, liked to take our hands off of the crank and thus permit the bucket to descend into the water at great speed. Of course this was dangerous business. If one had attempted to catch the whirling crank in order to stop it from revolving before the heavy bucket had reached the bottom of the well, it is most likely that he would have had his arm broken . If our parents or our grandparents had found us doing this, we would have been punished.

The well was so deep and the distance down to the water was so great that it always caused one to shudder to look down toward the bottom. However, the water always shone like a mirror and this was an attraction to us, the grandchildren. There was no lid over the curb but apparently nothing more than an occasional loose bucket ever fell into the water. Certainly that old rock well must have caused much anxiety and worry for our parents and for our grandparents.

When Grandfather died and when the buildings were all moved away, the old well was filled up. The writer remembers hearing his father say that nothing gave to him more pleasure and satisfaction than the filling of that old rock well. Certainly, he had worried more about it than we had ever known.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

At this time the writer would like to mention an early settler who came to Jefferson township in the spring of 1867. This man was John Payne. He was a relative probably a brother-in-law of Mr. McMullen. Inasmuch as the latter came from Virginia, it is likely that the former did also.

Mr. Payne's farm was just a mile and a half across the Middle River valley north of Grandfather's place. Since both farms were upon high hills and because Mr. Payne's homestead faced the south, it was plainly visable from Grandfather's old home.

Mr. Payne was a large, rugged, and powerfully built man. Inasmuch as he lived to a great age, the writer can remember him well. And in the mind of the latter, Mr. Payne always appeared as a rather heroic character because of the fact that he had driven a team of oxen all of the way to California and back again during the days of the gold rush. When he did this or where he started from and to where he returned, no one today appears to know.

It is likely that this event took place long before he came to Iowa and to Adair County. Mr. Payne was a quiet man and seldom mentioned his early life. As a result some of his neighbors, who had never heard him mention this phase of his life, were inclined to doubt it when hearing it for the first time after his death. However, according to the inscription on his gravestone, he would have been seventeen years of age in 1849 at the time that gold was discovered in California. After the gold strike it took a year or two for the news to travel to the eastern states and it is also true that the gold rush continued for nearly twenty years. Mr. Payne was thirty-five years of age when he came to Iowa and to Adair County where he settled upon his Jefferson Township homestead.

Although John Payne seldom went to church, he was an extraordinarily religious man. A few people, still living, can recall having heard him testify that although he found no gold in California that some place along the way on the long

trek to there and back, he had found God. Apparently no one other than himself knew the circumstances connected with his conversion. However, every one who knew him could well believe that the experience in which he had met God had made a profound impression upon him which was destined to influence his entire later life.

It has been reported that once upon a time, Mr. Payne walked all of the four miles from his home to town in order to pay back a few cents which a clerk in a store had mistakenly given to him. The writer can remember having heard his father say that he would rather have Mr. Payne's word than to have the note of any other man that he had ever known.

Mr. Payne occasionally rode to town driving a bay horse hitched single to a light buggy. Being a large man he practically filled the seat of the vehicle while one foot usually dangled over the side of the buggy box. His snow white hair and his equally white beard were easily his most distinguishing features. The above characteristics were probably the things which identified him to most people inasmuch as he was not often seen in public.

Although, as stated earlier, Mr. Payne seldom went to church on Sundays, he rarely missed attending the revival meetings which were occasionally held at the Jefferson Center Methodist Church. This historic church was and it still is located about two miles due east of Grandfather's old home.

When the time arrived during the revival meetings for the audience to participate in the services by means of testimony and by prayer, Mr. Payne would always respond. He would kneel down upon his knees near the front seat where he sat in order that he might hear the services. Then with his face lifted toward heaven and with his great white beard shaking and trembling majestically in front of him, he would pray in a voice that must have shaken the rafters of the little old country church.

Although we young people may have doubted the sincerity of some of the others, we were very quiet and never laughed when Mr. Payne prayed. Even we, with our sometimes frivolity, knew that this saintly man was talking to a God with

whom he was intimately familiar. The nobility of his life alone was testimony enough for us.

Mr. Payne was a quiet man. He took no part in public affairs. Few people if any knew him intimately. Although he lived to be a very old man, being ninety-three years of age when he passed away, he has long since gone to his reward. Surely heaven will be a better place because of his presence, even, as a little part of the earth was made better because he lived.

* * *

Among the early settlers of Jefferson township were two brothers by the name of Julian. One of the brothers was named George and the other one was called Wesley. George was a widower and as he did not live near our people he did not figure prominently in the lives of the members of the writer's family. Wesley had a wife and seven children, two boys and five girls. When the writer speaks of the Julians hereafter he will be referring to the Wesley Julian family.

When Grandfather became acquainted with the Julians they lived some where in the vicinity of the Underwoods. Later they lived near Mother and her family before Mother was married. And still later they were neighbors of Father and Mother after the latter's marriage. Some time after this Mr. Julian and his family moved to a small acreage which they had purchased and which was located in the timber about one half mile or more away from any established road or highway. This place was near to the Wahtawah church and nearer still to the Wahtawah cemetery. However, it was quite inaccessible.

When the writer was a small boy his family sometimes visited in the Julian home. To get there it was necessary to go through dense forest and to cross the south branch of Middle River or Turkey Creek as it was called. There was also another approach to the Julian home by way of the above mentioned cemetery. However, this road was about as difficult to travel upon as was the other and it could not be reached as conveniently for the writer's family.

The Julian girls were all unusually attractive and they had attended school some. However, the remainder of the family

were quite illiterate. In fact it is quite likely, although the writer is not sure, that neither the father Wesley nor the mother Nancy could read or write. As a result of this and because of the fact that they had at all times lived such isolated lives in rather out of the way places, the Julians were often considered to be quite odd. The writer feels free to speak of these people inasmuch as his family and the Julians have been friends for four generations.

Mr. Julian had a notion, as he would have expressed it, by which he believed that the wearing of cotton clothing was unhealthy. Therefore he at all times wore wool garments regardless of the prevailing temperature of the atmosphere. The writer can recall having seen him as he rode by Grandfather's home in his wagon, wearing a flaming red wool or flannel shirt in the middle of the summer. He was also a strictly honest man. In the latter part of his life, he raised and sold watermelons. One time when he felt that he had over charged some one for the melons which he had sold, he walked several miles to pay back the few cents which he believed that he owed.

The most outstanding memory, retained by the writer, regarding Mrs. Julian was the fact that she smoked a pipe. She claimed that she had smoked tobacco since she was four years old, having been taught the habit by her parents who had lived in Missouri at that time. When visiting in Grandfather's home, she would eventually take her pipe out of her dress pocket and announce that she wished to smoke. Usually she would try to persuade Grandmother to smoke with her. However, Grandmother always declined the invitation.

Mrs. Julian scorned the use of anything as mild as smoking tobacco which was prepared by the manufacturer. She always smoked her own home grown tobacco or else she smoked chewing tobacco which she had purchased by the plug at the store. The writer remembers having seen her take a plug of chewing tobacco from her dress pocket and shave off some thin slices. These slices she then dried upon the top of Grandmother's stove. When they were sufficiently cured, she put the tobacco into her pipe and smoked it.

It would be an understatement to say that Nancy Julian's smoking created a strong odor in the house. Certainly no

bacteria could remain in the room after such a fumigation. Mrs. Julian held to the theory that the smoking of tobacco brought to her great peace of mind and contentment. Certainly it is evident that the members of the Julian family did not worry very much about getting ahead in the world and inasmuch as they possessed little of the refinements or of the comforts of life, perhaps Nancy's theory was of practical application in her situation.

However, Mrs. Julian was a saintly woman who did not condemn her neighbors for their failings and who did not wish to hear others do so. The writer's mother remembers her with kindly affection inasmuch as Mrs. Julian was her most helpful neighbor during the years of her young married life.

The kindly old lady always wore red dresses. She seldom went to town and when she needed clothing Mr. Julian would buy the material for her. She would then make her own garments. It appears that Mr. Julian was very fond of red as a color for clothing as a result he always bought red material for her dresses. However, she did wear white aprons and the writer's mother recalls that in the long ago when she saw some one coming toward her home, walking down the highway wearing a white apron over a red dress, she always knew that her faithful friend and helper, Mrs. Julian, was coming to pay her a visit.

When the writer's sister was a little girl about four years of age, she used to say that she wanted to be just like grandmother Dunie and have hair like her when she grew up. This was as near as the little girl could come to pronouncing the name of Julian. She thought that she would like to smoke a pipe and this she believed would cause her hair to be streaked with gray as Mrs. Julian's hair was at that time.

The Julian's youngest child was a son by the name of Albert. However, no one ever called him by that name. He was always known by the name of Abb. This son had little or no education and he probably was entirely illiterate. He laughed in a queer high pitched voice and he laughed easily and often. To say that Abb was a little odd in his behavior would be putting it mildly. In fact he was, in many ways, a rather unusual character.

It has been reported that once upon a time when Abb was just a young boy, he came running home to his parents, from some place, badly frightened because he believed that some one was chasing him. Upon investigation it was found that the man whom Abb had believed was attempting to catch him was only his shadow.

At one time when the Julian family lived near the writer's grandparents, Abb became the owner of a colt which he had either bought or which he had raised. This colt grew to be a mature horse and he lived the usual length of life for such animals. However, the Julians just never seemed to get around to naming the horse. As a result as long as the animal lived they called it Abb's colt.

Abb was extremely superstitious. He believed that certain houses which were in the neighborhood were haunted by the spirits of the dead. He called these spirits "hants" which was his name for ghosts. He believed that many houses were haunted. Sometimes Abb worked as a hired man for the writer's father. At such times he would often tell of his experiences with the aforementioned "hants." Abb believed so sincerely in these apparitions that he would become wild-eyed in the relating of these hair raising experiences. The writer was a boy at the time and he often became so frightened by these stories that he was afraid to walk alone from the house to the barn in the day time after hearing them.

As stated elsewhere, the writer's father had no time for any kind of superstition. He had no patience with anyone who believed in signs or omens and he had even less patience with any one who believed in the reality of specters or with those who saw phantoms. Therefore it used to vex him greatly to hear Abb tell his stories about ghosts. As a result, he sometimes forbade him to talk about the "hants," especially if children were present.

Abb, like his mother, enjoyed smoking a pipe. However, the habit came near to being his undoing. One time while he was attempting to work with the pipe in his mouth, he accidently tripped over some thing and as a result he fell to the ground. The pipe striking the ground first was thrust back into Abb's throat in such a manner that the stem of the pipe

penetrated the delicate membrane. He was taken to the doctor immediately. However, he spent a long time in convalescing.

In the later years of his life Abb became a convert to the faith or to the belief in Divine healing. Eventually, he arrived at the place where he believed that he himself possessed this magical quality and power. He thought that by the uttering of certain words and phrases and also by the excercising of the supposed power of certain incantations he could heal the sick. Often he was distressed when his friends died without giving their consent to permit him to attempt to cure them of their diseases. Apparently the healing power could not be self applied to his own illness inasmuch as he passed away a couple of years after his conversion to this belief.

The Julians must have liked soda biscuits. They not only had them for breakfast but they also ate them at dinner and at supper. This was not just occasionally but it was also the rule and custom for every day of the year. Many years after Wesley and Nancy Julian had passed to their reward, their son Frank visited one day in the home of the writer. The writer's mother asked him if he still liked and if he still ate soda biscuits. Frank replied that he still liked biscuits and that he ate them when ever he could get them which had not been often following the death of his mother. For old times sake, the writer's mother served soda biscuits for dinner and as a result the memories which were aroused and awakened within the mind and within the heart of the visitor brought tears to his eyes.

After Mr. and Mrs. Julian had passed to their reward and were laid to rest in the Wahtawah cemetery among the oaks and the elms near their timbered home, their daughter Florence or Bridge (Bridget) and her husband, Dave Porter, built a cabin near the former site of the Julian house. In fact it was so near to the latter that the Porters carried their drinking water from the same spring which had supplied the water for the Julian home. This spring of clear, bubbling water had held a great fascination for the writer when as a boy he visited in the Julian home with his parents.

After the writer had become a grown man, he worked one time for a farmer who lived near the Wahtawah church. One

day after there had been so much rain that no work could be done, he decided to call upon some friends who were living several miles west of this place. Because of the heavy rainfall, the country roads were too muddy to permit the use of an automobile. Therefore the only alternative for the writer was to walk. However, by walking the journey could be made a mile or two miles shorter by following the old trail past the Wahtawah cemetery and on through the timber rather than by going the long way around by the highway.

As the writer was passing the little cabin home which was occupied by the Porters, the owner hailed him and persuaded the tired traveler to stop that he might rest and visit for a while. After having talked for some time about old friends and about old acquaintances the venerable couple asked the visitor to stay for lunch. Mr. Porter addressing his wife said, "Mother, please make some biscuits for dinner." Inasmuch as Mrs. Porter was also a Julian by birth, she knew how to make appetizing biscuits. What this kindly old couple lacked of the material things of life was more than supplied by a generous and hospitable spirit. Mrs. Porter served only warm biscuits and homemade strawberry jam for the noon meal. However, no banquet prepared for a king ever contained food which was more delicious.

As stated earlier, the Julian girls had a reputation for beauty. They were also noted for their lovely voices. They were considered excellent singers. Their descendants have for the most part inherited this ability. So comes to a close the memoirs of the writer concerning this interesting, if rather unusual and unique, family.

* * *

At this time we would like to mention two rather unusual characters who occasionally made short appearances in Jefferson Township. They were two brothers by the name of Ike and Dan Smith. They were hunters and trappers. Their home was originally in Kentucky. However, they traveled far and wide coming up through Missouri into Iowa as far as Adair County. They often made their camp in the timber along Turkey Creek near the Jacob Bruce farm.

According to their own story, they had been coming to this part of the country since as early as 1840 which would have

been long before any white settlers had arrived. Only a few people still living can remember them. However, one or two people recall visiting with them in their timber camp and can remember listening to their hair raising stories about panthers and other wild and ferocious animals with which they had come in contact during their early trips to this part of the state. According to the reports, the brothers themselves must have been about as strange and unusual as the animals and the Indians which they described in their stories in regard to the early history of Jefferson Township.

Another rather unique character who lived an isolated and lonely life in the timber was a Scotchman by the name of Jimmy Mickle. This man lived in a one room shack in the timber back of the Wahtawah Cemetery not far from the Julian and Porter cabins.

The writer recalls that once upon a time, while still a small boy, he accompanied his father when the latter called upon this rather strange and unusual character. Many amusing and interesting stories have been told regarding Jimmy Mickle.

Suffice it to say that both this man and his little one room cabin have long since disappeared and have become only a memory to a few living people. Even the dense growth of timber where his little shack stood is gone and the land where the tall trees stood has been farmed for many years. However, some timber still remains in this vicinity which is not far from the previously mentioned lost and forgotten graves of Mernurvy Salisbury and her children.

* * *

Although Jefferson Township was settled by many interesting people and no doubt the history of their lives would make fascinating reading, we shall mention only two more families at this time. We have selected these two families because of the fact that during their sojourn in Grandfather's neighborhood, they made a more or less indelible impression upon the writer's people and upon the community in which they lived, and also because the heads of these two families were so inextricably linked with the history of the Civil War.

One of Grandfather's near neighbors was a Civil War veteran by the name of William Lewis. This man, who had

joined the army in 1860, had served with the Union forces for almost five years. Because he was tall and robust, he had been appointed to carry the flag during the war. He had participated in many battles and had been with Sherman on his famous march from Atlanta to the sea. He had also helped to tear down the Confederate flag and place the Stars and Stripes on the old State House building at Atlanta.

As well as being a farmer, this man was also a sort of country preacher. He sometimes preached an occasional sermon at the Wahtawah Church but often he conducted religious services in various school houses over the country. On these occasions he often mentioned his army service and at times he related some of the experiences he had encountered during the Civil War.

Mrs. Lewis was a fine woman and the five children, three boys and two girls, were full of life and helped provide much of the entertainment for the community. Inasmuch as the children were not many years younger than the writer's parents, they were friends and companions of the latter during the time that the family lived near Grandfather.

One particular incident among many in regard to this family stands out in the memory of the writer's mother. The oldest child, who was a girl, was married when the family came to Grandfather's community. One forenoon the younger daughter who was an especial friend of the writer's people came to Grandfather's house accompanied by one of her brothers. The young couple had come to borrow Grandfather's spade which, of course, was graciously loaned.

After the young people had visited for sometime with the writer's family, someone asked them how their sister Jane and her baby were getting along. They hesitated for a moment and then said that the baby had died that morning. It had apparently been smothered in bed while it slept with its parents. Grandmother immediately asked them if they had borrowed the spade so that they might bury the baby and they confessed that such was their intention. Accordingly, the child was placed in a box and buried in the orchard back of the Lewis residence. However, the baby was eventually taken up and reinterred in the Menlo Cemetery.

Jane's husband was a sort of never-do-well. He drank a great deal and was practically worthless as a provider. As a result, Jane spent most of her time at home with her parents. Her husband deserted her many times but always came back after a time begging forgiveness. Finally the last time he came back, Mr. Lewis met him at the door with a pitchfork and the delinquent husband went away never to return.

The children in the Lewis family liked music very much and as a result they enjoyed hearing Father play the violin. Maude who was the younger of the two girls and the next to the youngest child in the family, often played the accompaniment on the organ while Father played the violin. One of the boys whose name was Harry but who was called Hal, learned from Father how to play the latter's instrument.

The writer remembers that Harry owned a violin which was entirely white in color except for a series of little red devils which were painted around the sides of the instrument. One of Grandfather's neighbors had a wife who did not like fiddle music. Because of religious belief or for some other reason she thought and she often said that the Devil was in the violin. Inasmuch as the writer was a very small boy at the time, he quite naturally associated her belief with this unusual fiddle and supposed that the little red devils on the sides of Harry's violin were Satan's children coming out to play.

All of the Lewis children are now dead with the exception of Harry who with his wife and some of his children live in Sioux City. He occasionally corresponds with the writer.

* * *

It is unusual to find colored people living on farms in Iowa. However, for a considerable time at least, a negro family lived in Grandfather's community. It is likely that altogether, this family lived for thirty years on farms in this general area before eventually moving to Des Moines. The head of this rather large family was an ex-slave by the name of Peter Bell. He and his wife Lizzie had seen the horrors of the battle of Shiloh which was fought near their home.

After Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation in 1863, two families of ex-slaves from Corinth, Mississippi located on

farms fifteen or twenty miles east of Grandfather's home. They were, the John Anderson family, consisting of John, known in the South as "Uncle Anderson," his wife Caroline, her son, William Chambers, known as "Bill" and a girl who came north with them called Mary Binum. In the other family were: Pete Bell and his wife Lizzie, a sister of Caroline Anderson, and the Bell children, the two oldest of whom were Salem and Turner; also two grandparents.

Inasmuch as no one appears to remember the Anderson family, it is most likely that these people did not remain long on the farm. We know that they moved to Des Moines and later went out west. However, as stated previously the Bell family lived for quite a number of years on farms, sometimes east and sometimes west of Grandfather's home. It has been reported that after John Anderson had raised his first small crop, an experience wholly new to him, he remarked that he felt as though his old master was going to come and take it away from him.

It appears that many years ago during the days of slavery in the South, a plantation owner by the name of Bell came home one day and told his slave girl Lizzie that he had a surprise gift for her. After the girl had guessed everything from a new hat to a new dress, her master told her that he had bought Peter, a slave boy, for her. Lizzie was overjoyed inasmuch as she had known Peter and had liked him very much. Of course, Peter and Lizzie were united in marriage and began to raise a family. After the slaves were freed and Peter and his family came North, Peter took the name of his master for a last name inasmuch as the slaves had no surnames. Thereafter, he was known as Peter or more often Pete Bell.

When the slaves were freed, Peter Bell became a scout for the Union Army. His regiment was massacred at Fort Pella, however, Peter Bell was away on duty at the time and escaped the fate of the others. He was then assigned to the 39th Iowa regiment under General Dodge of Council Bluffs. Here he became acquainted with some of the soldiers from Redfield and Linden, Iowa. These men persuaded him to send his family to Dallas County where they would receive protection and

thus not suffer at the hands of the enemy while Peter served with the army.

It is believed that James Redfield, who had come to this part of Iowa in 1855 and for whom the town of Redfield was named, may have been instrumental in bringing the Bell family here. This man, who was a state senator from Dallas County, was appointed First Lieutenant of the Thirty-ninth Iowa Regiment by Governor Kirkwood. He later became a Colonel and was killed while leading his troops at the battle of Altoona, Georgia on October 5, 1864. At any rate, the Bell and Anderson families with one pair of Grandparents arrived in Dallas County. Peter Bell was here in 1864 and worked hard for the second election of Abraham Lincoln in that year.

When the Bell family lived near Grandfather, some of the children attended the school taught by Father. The oldest boy at home at this time was Hayes, who attended school with some of his brothers and sisters. One day Hayes came to Father and informed him that one of the white boys had been annoying his sister. When Father asked him what the white boy had been doing, Hayes replied, "He has been attempting to walk home with my sister but I put a stop to it." When Father asked him how he had put a stop to the annoyance, Hayes replied again, "I just began walking home with his sister." The Bell children were eager to learn and as students caused no trouble for Father.

Although the writer is not old enough to personally remember Peter Bell, he does remember having heard a great deal about him. The one outstanding memory in regard to Peter Bell that the older pioneers recall is the fact that he traveled over the country far and wide selling what he called, "Peter Bell's Famous Corn Salve." He made this salve himself from a recipe of his own. The name of this product had become a more or less locally famous slogan when the writer was young. One of Peter Bell's sons still makes this salve from the original recipe.

As stated previously, the Bell family eventually moved to Des Moines where the Anderson family and the grandparents already lived. There were seventeen children in the Bell family

all of whom were full brothers and sisters. When Peter Bell and his wife Lizzie died, the remains were brought to the West Linn Cemetery just east of Linden, Iowa where some of the children were already buried. Two of Peter's sons became successful attorneys in Des Moines. One son was a graduate of the Drake University Law School. Most of the children have held good positions of one kind or another in the city.

Today, only five of Peter Bell's children are living. The youngest member of the family, Jessie Bell Davis, operates the Central Employment Office in Des Moines. One of her two daughters is a more or less famous singer, having been sent to Canada and to Europe on a singing mission by the Youth for Christ Association. Genevieve Bell is President of The Iowa Baptist Five States Woman's Convention for her race; and her sister Gertrude is married and lives in Moline, Illinois. John Bell conducts a Real Estate business in Des Moines and Hayes Bell is a decorator in the same city. The latter is about seventy-five years of age. He and his wife sing in the choir of the Corinthian Baptist Church. They are friends of the writer.

Coming out of slavery and for many years enduring almost abject poverty, this remarkable family by sheer industry and determination has produced some of our finest citizens. There are a number of colored people by the name of Bell living in Des Moines. It is most likely that many of these as well as people with other names living in that city are descendants of Peter and Elizabeth Bell whose romance began in slavery.

PIONEER ENTERTAINMENT AND AMUSEMENT

It would be erroneous to suppose that the pioneers had no fun or entertainment. Although life on the Iowa prairie was often difficult, it was not all hard work. These people had their times for amusement to relieve the strain from hard labor. In that day there were no such things as motion pictures, radio programs or television to provide the relaxation for people which is considered so necessary at the present time. Living in the open country as nearly every one did in pioneer days, the people found it necessary to provide their own amusement. As a result they used the resources and talent of the neighborhood. The children played games even as children have played from the beginning of time. The young men and young women went to parties and country dances and often visiting alone was entertainment enough for the older people.

Some people particularly among the more religious groups and among the strict religious sects believed that fun or entertainment was sinful. This was especially true with the Quakers. A group of these fine people had settled in the neighborhood surrounding Pierson's mill, which has been mentioned in the chapter concerning flour mills. Just as a matter of interest we would like to quote at this time from an old manual of Quaker discipline which was prepared and used by these people who were not far removed from Grandfather's community.

> From general advices: Friends (Quakers) are advised to observe due moderation in the furniture of their homes; to avoid superfluity in their manner of living; to abstain from and discourage the habitual use of tobacco; to avoid conformity to the vain fashions and customs of the world in the cut of apparel and wearing the beard; and to attend to the limitations of truth in their temporal business.
>
> And it is enjoined by the Yearly Meeting that we maintain our testimony against affixing mounments to the graves in any of our burying grounds, for the purpose of distinction. A plain stone may be set to the grave con-

> taining the name and date of the deceased, which should not exceed twelve inches square above the level of the ground; and all are to avoid the imitations of the customs of wearing mourning habits, and all extravagant expenses on account of the interment of the dead.
>
> Friends are fervently exhorted to watch carefully over the youth and others of our Society who may be inclined to prevent them by affectionate council and brotherly admonition from frequenting and engaging in Horse-racing, music, dancing, croquet, base-ball, checkers, Christmas trees, public swings, or the celebration of any public display; also in a particular manner from being concerned in lotteries, waging, or any kind of gaming; it being abundantly obvious that these practices have a tendency to alienate the mind from the councils of divine wisdom, and to foster those impure dispositions which lead to debauchery and wickedness.

Inasmuch as the manual from which the above excerpt has been taken is as old as the first settlements in western Iowa, it is of value to our subject in that by its very prohibitions it reveals to us what games and amusements were indulged in by the so called "worldly people" of that day.

At school the children played the same old games that have come down to us through the years such as: the following: Run, Sheep, Run; Pom, Pom, Pullaway; Red Rover; Fox and Geese; Stealing Sticks; and Prisoner's Base which has been one of the favorite games of all time. The thrill of giving a dare, of adventuring into dangerous territory, of capturing an enemy, and of rescuing a friend makes the game colorful and exciting.

Another game was "Crack the whip." A string of children would join hands and start on the run with a big boy at the lead, then they would describe a curve like a whip lash in action and at the proper moment the big boy would pull up on the string and the last one in the row would get "cracked off" and light, sometimes, several feet away.

Among the boys on the school ground there were foot races, wrestling matches and jumping. There was "stand and jump", "run and jump", "hop, skip and jump", and "three hops." Also there was a game called "Wagon Wheel" which both boys and girls could play. It was quite similar to the game called

"Fox and Geese" and could best be played in the snow where a large wheel with spokes and rim could be marked out.

Games with the ball were many. The ball was usually made with yarn which had been unraveled from an old sock. It was sometimes covered with leather which had been cut from an old boot top. The old school house was fine for "Ante-Over" as the roof was just the right height and the yard afforded plenty of room for running. Other games with the ball were "One old cat," and "Batter up," both of which could be played with as few as three players or with a large group. "Tug of War" was always an old favorite with boys and with men. Other games which could be played either in-doors or out of doors were; "Drop the Handkerchief," and "Hide and Seek."

Stunts that were always popular at parties or inside of the school house on days when the weather was too inclement for outdoor play were as follows: Stepping over a broom stick; holding the broom stick from the nose over the head and leaning backward until the stick touched the floor; attempting to kneel with one leg held straight out in front; trying to pick up a handkerchief with the teeth while both hands were clasped at the back; lying on the floor and attempting to get up without using the elbows or the hands; and attempting to make the farthest mark on the floor with chalk while toeing a mark.

The early settlers worked together because of necessity, therefore it was only natural that they should make pleasure out of some of their work. Inasmuch as it was difficult for a man to build a cabin or to construct any other building alone, it was customary for the people of the community to help. The women cooked the meals while the men hewed logs and laid up the walls of the buildings. It was a time for neighborly gossip and a time to talk politics, to tell the news and to exchange advice about the work and about the problems which confronted them in those early days. A "house raising" was always a time for entertainment.

In the early days, log rollings, quilting bees, corn husking bees, harvest, haying and threshing all furnished opportunities for neighborhood gatherings and these occasions were often

celebrated by some kind of social activity. Work which was done by a group of neighbors always furnished an opportunity for competition. Thus, he who could cradle the most grain in a day, split the most rails, bind the most grain, or scythe down the most hay was regarded as a champion. Supposedly the most capable of the pioneers were the ones who were victors in sports which required strength and speed and skill. Wolf hunts, horse racing, and tugs of war furnished other opportunities for community fun and for personal triumph. Foot racing, expert markmanship in shooting, and wrestling were competitive sports which were enjoyed by many in those pioneer days.

In real early times in Iowa, corn was cut and shocked and then the ears were husked out in the winter time. A husking bee was a popular kind of entertainment. Some times the young men and young women would choose partners and then the groups of partners would stage a contest to determine which would be first to finish husking their pile of corn on the barn floor. When a red ear of corn was found it caused great excitement. Either the girl who found it was kissed by the boy who first saw her do it or if it were a boy who found the red ear he could claim a kiss from any girl. Usually the husking bee was followed by a dance on the barn floor.

Dancing was probably the most popular form of amusement among country people in pioneer times. However, dancing in Iowa in early times was much different than the dancing of today. In that day there was no such thing as jazz music. Neither had the popular dance steps of today been invented at that time. The most popular forms of dancing were the waltz, the schottische, the polka and, of course, the ever popular square dance, which was called the quadrille.

In the square dance, four couples formed what was known as a "set" and as many sets could dance at any one time as there was room to accommodate in the building. There were always several men in the neighborhood who prided themselves upon their ability to act as "callers" or "prompters." The "caller" made up funny rhymes which he recited in a sing-song voice while the couples were doing the steps which he announced. These rhymes consisted of a great number of

such phrases as, "doe see doe," "alamande left," "shas shay all," "balance and swing," "grand right and left," and "promenade all." Usually at the end of the dance the caller would say, "promenade all to the hole in the wall," meaning of course to the door. Sometimes he would say, "promenade to — you know where and I don't care," meaning by this that the dance was over for that "set."

It appears that there were always plenty of neighborhood fiddlers who could play all of the old time favorite tunes or melodies such as, "Old Zip Coon," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Turkey In The Straw," "Irish Washerwoman," "Money Musk," "Arkansas Traveler," "Soldier's Joy," "Dem Golden Slippers," "The Campbells Are Coming," and many more of the melodies which were popular in those days.

Sometimes at more formal parties the minuet, the Virginia reel, the cotillion, the polka, the waltz and the schottische were considered more dignified than the old fashioned square dance. Later on during the "90s" people, especially in the towns and in the cities, danced to such popular melodies as, "Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True," and "On The Banks Of The Wabash, Far Away," or "After The Ball Is Over," and to that livelier tune to which the troops marched to the Spanish-American War, "There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight."

Once in a while, at old time country dances, a couple of young men would engage in a fist fight over the attentions of some young lady or for some other reason. However, these little altercations only served to add spice and variety to the general entertainment. The writer recalls having heard a little old lady, Mrs. Frank Lenocker, say one time that people did not have any good times any more inasmuch as there were no fights on election day or at entertainments like there used to be.

In pioneer days, even as now, some people thought that dancing was wrong. However, these people enjoyed a kind of folk dancing which was called playing party games or singing games. These games which were in a sense a form of dancing

could be played either in the house or out on the lawn and no instrumental music was necessary, if some one in the group knew the songs and the formations. These songs could have many verses and these verses could be improvised if no one remembered them. For this reason different versions of the same songs were used in different communities.

Probably the singing game that most every one knew the best was the one called "Miller Boy." In this game everyone formed in a circle with the miller or extra person in the center. As the players marched around the circle to the right, everyone sang the words of the song, one verse of which was as follows:

> Oh, happy is the miller boy—Who lives by the mill,
> The mill goes around—by its own free will
> One hand in the hopper—And the other in the sack,
> The ladies step forward—And the gents step back.

As the players were singing the last line each boy let go of the arm of his partner and tried to take the arm of the girl behind him. The boy in the center who represented the Miller also attempted to get a partner and if he succeeded the boy that was left out had to be the miller.

Another singing game which was played something like the one above but which could have many variations had a song something like the following:

> My wife ran away—What shall I do,
> My wife ran away—What shall I do,
> Skip come a lou—My darling.
> She left twelve kids—Ten plus two,
> She left twelve kids—Ten plus two,
> Skip come a lou—My darling.
> I'll get another one—That's what I'll do,
> I'll get another one—That's what I'll do,
> Skip come a lou—My darling.
> I'll get another on—Better than you,
> I'll get another one—Better than you,
> Skip come a lou—My darling.

Another game in which the players joined hands and marched in a circle while two players a boy and a girl held hands over the circle of players in such a way that the latter seemed to be passing through the eye of a needle had a song as follows:

The needle's eye that does supply,
The thread that runs so true,
There is many a beau that I let go,
Because I wanted you.

When the last word of the rhyme was spoken, the couple who had been holding hands over the other players brought their arms down around the boy and the girl whom they had chosen. The latter then took the place of the ones who had chosen them.

"Weevily Wheat" was another of the singing games which was often played by the young people in the pioneer days. The movements were supposed to imitate the weaving of cloth and when properly executed it was one of the most beautiful of the old singing dances. As the players passed from side to side and over and back, they sang the following words:

Charlie is a nice young man—Charlie is a dandy,
He can kiss the pretty girls—When ever it comes handy,
Oh, I won't have your weevily wheat—and I won't have your barley,
But I must have the best of wheat—To bake a cake for Charlie.

"Pop Goes the Weasel" was an old tune which all of the old time fiddlers knew and played for dances. However, it was also used in early days for a singing dance. The players joined hands, the girls to the right of the boys, and danced around to the left, singing,

Mary's got the whooping cough—Johnnie's got the measles,
That's the way the money goes—Pop goes the weasel.

On the last line all dropped hands, the partners locked arms and swung around and the one in the middle attempted to get a partner. Another stanza might be something like this:

A nickel for a spool of thread—A penny for a needle,
That's the way the money goes—Pop goes the weasel.

Other forms of amusement which were greatly enjoyed in pioneer days were spelling matches, debating contests and literary programs. People took great pride in being able to spell difficult words. Any one who could "spell down" the

neighbor scholars was much respected. And any one who could speak a piece or who could appear before an audience in some capacity as an entertainer was always in great demand.

Literary societies were formed for the purpose of giving an opportunity to those who wished to participate in programs in which eloquence and acting were stressed. People liked very much to take part in dialogues and plays and whenever such programs were given they were always well attended. These forms of amusement were winter time activities inasmuch as the farmers were too busy in the summer time to participate in them. This was also true of debating societies which were formed mostly for the men, as debating was not considered dignified enough for ladies.

Probably one of the most profitable and one of the most enjoyable of the pioneer organizations was the old-time singing school. Everyone, both men and women, young and old, liked to attend. Often the leaders were well trained musicians and the writer can recall some semi-professional singers who had received their early training in pioneer singing schools. The young people also found it to be an opportunity to do their courting and many a happy marriage was a culmination of a courtship which had its beginning in an old-time singing school.

And then there was always the celebration of special days, such as the Fourth of July, Christmas, Thanksgiving and so forth to look forward to in pioneer days as today. However, the writer believes that in those olden times, these special days had more meaning, probably, because it was much more difficult to get to and from the places where celebrations and entertainments were being held. Also in those days there were no radios, televisions or picture shows to furnish entertainment for the people. The writer recalls that, as a boy, he almost counted the days from one Fourth of July celebration to another. How often he pulled cockleburs and milkweeds out of the corn and did other odd jobs to earn the small amount of money that he spent on those occasions.

An unidentified writer calling herself only a, "Pioneer Lady," has left to us, in a newspaper article, such a splendid

description of a, "Fourth of Long Ago," that we feel that we should share it with the reader. After describing the wild and barren prairie where her father had taken a claim in that far off long ago, she continues as follows:

> Our family moved into the four-roomed house before it was plastered and before there was a well. There was no other building on the quarter-section until Father cut poles and forks in the Indian Territory, hauled them to the farm and built a stable and hen house.
>
> There was not a tree on the claim but the sunflowers grew rank, and we children thought them almost as pretty as trees.
>
> The corn grew tall too—until the hot winds came along in August.
>
> Meanwhile we girls earned a penny a row by pulling cockleburs out of the corn field. This was our Fourth of July money. Sometimes I had as much as thirty or forty cents with which to celebrate.
>
> We were so patriotic we drove to the county seat eighteen miles away—others came from much farther distances.
>
> Great were our preparations. We girls were promised new hats if we wore our sunbonnets. We did—until that date, after which we were seldom seen with one on.
>
> Such bustling activity! Mother fried chickens, baked bread, pies and cake, and made a few glasses of wild plum jelly—plums being the only fruit to be had in those days, and they were picked in the Territory miles away.
>
> We children had to pull great piles of purslane and other weeds for the pigs—enough to last them all day. We filled up the chicken troughs with water. We staked out the cows and calves on long ropes with a swivel to keep them from getting tangled up.
>
> We were admonished to find a place on the prairie where there was good grass for the animals, as we were to be gone all day.
>
> Soon after sun-up we were on our way—lunch basket and horse feed tucked under the seats.
>
> Long before we got to town we could hear the Old Civil War cannon booming, and soon the flags could be seen waving in the breeze.
>
> What a scene of activity. Farmers driving in, unhitching teams, the band playing like mad, children popping firecrackers, neighbor greeting neighbor, but all finally

quieting down for the Speaker of the Day was ascending the platform. He certainly made the eagle scream for an hour or more.

By this time our patriotism had given way to hunger.

So we retired to our respective wagons, mothers spread the cloth on the grass and set forth the food. Fathers fed the teams. All the horses were restive, and whinnied and neighed and pawed continually—probably because of the strange surroundings.

Dinner was high lighted by a big pitcher of lemonade—something we never had out on the claim.

After dinner was over we were free to go where we pleased. Swing on the big swing, ride on the merry-go-round as long as our money held out, watch the boats on the nearby river, witness the shooting of the old cannon from a safe distance, avoid the little boys with their fire-crackers and in many ways tire ourselves out.

Finally, Father would look at his Waterbury, squint up at the sun and remark to Mother, "Well, I guess we'd better get started for home."

The road that seemed so interesting in the early morning was now just a dusty, dreary trail, lined by sunflowers covered with the dust stirred up by many wheels. The sun never was hotter, and our thirst never greater.

But all things come to an end, and by the time that the full moon showed up on the eastern horizon, the weary little mules turned appreciatively into our driveway. They too wanted a drink of cool spring water.

We were almost too tired to bring the cows home, milk, gather the eggs and feed the chickens, but we did it all cheerfully and uncomplainingly because we had been to the Fourth.

The following article is a splendid description of a Christmas program which was held in a country school of long ago. The writer can remember similar Christmas programs of his boyhood days and he feels that this article should be passed on to the reader.

I remember a Christmas tree in the little sod school house out in the sand hills of western Nebraska. The sod school was built in the eighties and was plastered in the white gypsum which was dug from nearby hills.

Our tree had been brought from the cedars up in the hills, and we children had trimmed it with popcorn and

rosebuds (the seed pods of the wild prairie rose), which we had gathered and strung.

Each family brought gifts and there were many toys and dolls hanging unwrapped on the tree. Beneath it were the larger gifts such as a saddle, a rocking chair, a set of harness and many packages of beef, freshly butchered. There was candy for everyone, the hard and crisp old-fashioned kind.

Because the school program was short, anyone in the neighborhood who had anything to offer in the way of entertainment was asked to perform. I remember that Uncle Dicky Richards sang, "Meet Me by the Moonlight Alone," and my father sang an old favorite from Civil War days, "LaFayette Harris," John Cawhorn recited "The Model Church."

The house was full, and the men stood while the women and children sat, some of them on the spring seats from the wagons in which they had come. Santa Claus was our young man teacher dressed in a buffalo skin coat and a peaked cap made from a piece of sandpaper torn from the roof and rolled up. The only expense of the costume was a cheap false face.

Critics of today could find much lacking in that Christmas tree program of long ago, no doubt, but I wonder if any audience ever gathered has had a happier time.

The two above quoted articles were taken from the *Capper's Weekly*. They were taken from *In the Heart of the Home page* which splendid section of the paper is prepared and edited by Kate Marchbanks and her contributors to whom we wish to give full and unqualified credit.

JUST SOME OLD LETTERS

Inasmuch as many people have shown great interest in the old letters included herein and appear to have found enjoyment in reading them, we have decided to insert just a few more of the same in a separate section by themselves. However, we have attempted to select only those letters which are of especial interest or those which will cast some light upon the early history of the family.

Most of these old letters have no punctuation. Sentences are not separated one from the other and they do not begin with capital letters. For this reason the letters are difficult to read. Therefore we have supplied periods and separated the sentences for the sake of clarity.

Although the Rock Island Railroad had been completed in 1869 and the town of Menlo had been Grandfather's trading point since that time, the family mail was still delivered by stagecoach to Holaday Post Office and all of the following letters, even those which were written as late as 1885, were directed to that address.

The following letter was written by Emma Jennings in 1880 to the writer's father, when the latter was nineteen years of age and before he began to teach school. Emma was probably about fifteen years old at this time. She was the daughter of Fitzland Jennings who now lived near Leon in Decatur County. During the summer of 1883, Emma visited for six months in Grandfather's home in Adair County. She was about eighteen years of age at that time.

Leon Iowa
May The 17 1880

To L. E. Smith
Holadays
Adair County Iowa

Dear Cousin

it is wiTh pleasure that i Take my pen in hand To wriTe yo a few lines to let you no ThaT We are all Well but ne. i havE had offilest Time WiTh Sors on my face. i havE Got one on my face noW That has ben There fore eight Weeks an The docTer cant cure it. i am sorry To hear That You have had so muTch bad luck. we have not got any corn planTed yet. pa is a going To planTing To

> morrow if it doant rain. Brick is a plowing for fit This week. fiTs Wife is offel sick and is not expecTed To live. i have ben STaying up Their for aweek and moTher is up There noW. i doant Think she Will ever get Well. Dug is a Working a bout fifTeen miles from here. he geTs $18 dollers a monTh Wet and dry. he likes To STay There offel Well. The mans name i Hall. Dugs girls name is Ollie Beauchamp. i Tell you she is a preTTy girl. georgy Says he would like To see liTTle Skippy and have a big plaY WiTh him and he says he Would like To see Aunt Lucy and uncle almon To. we have had an offel sTorm down hear. it blowed dow loTs of houses but did not blow down our hous. we are having nice WeaTher now. This is all i can Think of This Time. my hand Trembles so i can not riTe a Tol hardly but maby you can read iT.
>
> riTe soon
> from Emma Jennings
> to Edwin Smith

Emma was considered a very attractive girl and the writer can testify that she was an attractive person in her later years. Her sons and daughters were also very good looking. She and her husband, James Umphress, are buried at Garden Grove in Decatur County. Four of her children are dead. Her remaining two children, a son and a daughter, live in Des Moines.

Her brother Brick or Emmett is buried at Redding in Ringgold County. Fit was Emma's half brother being a child from Uncle Fitzland's first wife. He lived near Leon. We have been unable to learn whether or not his wife died at this time and no one appears to know where he is buried. It is believed that he had an adopted daughter. He has a child buried in the old, abandoned Manchester Cemetery two miles south of Leon.

After a short time, Dug's first wife left him without bearing children. She may have been that "offel" pretty girl, Ollie Beauchamp. We do not know. Douglas then moved to Boone, Iowa where he married and raised a family. Three of his daughters live in Des Moines. He and his wife are buried in Glendale Cemetery in the same city. George who wanted to play with Skippy (Grandfather's dog) also lives in Des Moines.

Emma's brother Lee lives with a daughter at Maloy, Iowa. Lewis lives in Michigan, Charlie in Iowa City and her sister, Mrs. Mary Shaw lives at Redding, Iowa. The latter is more

than seventy years of age and she is the youngest of Uncle Fitzland's children. Emma's half brothers, Fitzland's children by this first wife, were Fit who has been mentioned and Franklin his oldest son who when last heard from lived near Boone Iowa. We do not know where either of the latter are buried nor do we know anything about their descendants. It appears that Fitzland's children who are now living know little or nothing about their father's first family.

We have a series of old letters which were written to Father by his cousin, Hannah Phillips, who lived near Calamus in Clinton County. Hannah was the daughter of the previously mentioned Mrs. Phillips, Grandmother's sister, whom we believe was Lucinda or Lib. It would appear from these letters that Hannah was the youngest, at least of the girls, in this rather large family. She mentions brothers and sisters, some of whom have grandchildren, while Hannah is still unmarried. The letters fall in the period between 1880 and 1885. Father was nineteen years old in 1880. We do not know Hannah's age but we assume that probably she was a little younger than Father. Most of Hannah's letters have a verse at the end.

We hope that the letters may be of interest. They are revealing in that they show what the young people did for pleasure in that day.

Calamus Iowa
June 19, 1880

Dear Cousin

I now Seat myself to answer your kind and welcome letter. I am staying in Calamus yet and expect to stay here until July. the Damon folks boards the teacher and they say they cant keep house with out me and so I stay to keep things straight while they run the store. Ma says that I am getting so I dont care any thing about home though it hant so. I was getting ready to go to a Circus at Davenport. there was two couples of us going the 17 of this month but it rained So the day before we could not go. I believe you have beat me catching fish. I have not been boat riding for two or three years though I like to ride on water. you asked me if I ever set up with a sick person a lone. I have this spring for the first time. the little boy where I stay had the Scarlet fever and we could not get any watchers and I had to Set up three nights in one week all a lone. it is lone some work. I would rather Set up with the well folks. your mother wanted to know where Din Arnol's first husband was. they parted and

he went out west some where. I cant tell just where but I think he is in Carroll County some where. I have been to another leap year dance. Sarah talks of going to Michigan and staying with Dillie and go to school for a while. I wrote this in such a hurry you cant read it with out leather specks. I remain your

You may be happy
and your wife be wise
And if she crosses
you in any way
Scratch out both of
her eyes.

affectionate cousin
Hannah Phillips
Excuse all mistakes and bad writing

We notice by Hannah's letter that Carroll County was considered out West by people in Clinton County in 1880. Sarah was one of Hannah's unmarried sisters while Dillie was a married sister living in Michigan. Probably Dillie after her marriage had gone to live near her aunt in that state. The reader will recall that Grandmother was staying with a sister in Michigan when she met and married Grandfather.

Calamus, Iowa.
September 3, 1880.

Dear Friend

I should like to be out there and beat you playing Arthur (Authors) cards. as for croquet I don't know much about playing it. I never played only two games and got beat both times and then gave it up as a bad job. do you go to lots of dances this fall. the four weeks that I stayed at home I only went to two parties and three dances. I have been to one dance this week. I dont expect to go to any more until the 24 of this month and then the boys are going to have the brass band from Rock Island to play. I expect it will be splendid because they all say it is the best band around here. you said you expected your girl some night next week. did she come? as it is leap year I suppose she did and I would like to see her. you said you had a dulcimer. I wish I could hear you play it, if you can beat the dutch, though you dont want to say much about the dutch as we have some gay little dutch fellows out here, though I dont go with any of them. when you come out here bring your fiddle and dulcimer with you and we will keep you playing half of the time. as it is getting late I will bid you good night.

from your Cousin
Hannah Phillips
Calamus Iowa

Some loves money
Some loves cash
But I love a fellow
With a black mustache

The dulcimer that Hannah mentions was kept in our family, more or less as an antique, until recently. It was quite large and heavy and it was played by beating the strings with light hammers. Mother often played an accompaniment on it when Father played the violin.

Calamus, Iowa
Dear Cousin Jan. 8, 1881

I will answer your kind and welcome letter. we had a splendid Christmas tree at the church here in Calamus. there were 878 presents on the tree, some very nice and some that did not amount to much. I got a Cashmere dress (plum color). it is real pretty and I got a box of writing paper and some other presents. after the tree was over I went to the dance and got home at five o'clock in the morning and then went home in the forenoon to a Christmas dinner and then went to an oyster supper in the evening again. when it came Sunday evening I dident feel like setting up. New Years I went home at night and had an oyster supper and stayed until monday. had a splendid time Sunday night Setting up. Sarah and Tees beaux was there that night. and Mrs. Damon Said She seen my fellow go past here the reason I was not back up here that night though she might be mistakened. I could have made her believe so if Sarah had not come back with me when I came. I would like to visit your Literary Society and hear the programme. well if your fortune comes true write and tell me. did they tell you you was going to get married pretty soon. well I have tried to get my fortune told but cant find anyone that can tell fortunes. I would like to have them tell me when I am going to get married and how long I am going to live and all about my life. did they tell you? well I will bring my hen scratching to a close.

As ever your true Cousin and Friend
Hannah Phillips

Remember me when far far off
Where woodchucks die
of whooping cough

We find that Hannahs two sisters, Sarah and Tee, were married by the time that Hannah's letters cease in 1885. Literary society programs were a very popular form of entertainment when Father was a young man. Setting up was a highly valued Sunday night diversion.

Calamus Iowa
Dear Cousin August 7, 1881

I have been down home enjoying the ague but it is not very nice to have. I think if one of Wallace's boys is learning to play the violin that one of my cousins ought to come out here to play for it is hard to get a fiddler to play for a dance. You spoke of being a lawyer. I would hate to be one and plead their cases at law Suits. I went down to De Witt the 19 to go to a Circus and had the ague on the way down there and when we got there the Circus was not there. it could not get there because so much of the railroad was washed out between here and Marshalltown. I felt very disapointed. the name of the Show was the Great Pacific. did you ever see it? they say it is a splendid Circus. the Damons youngest child died. he was sick about three or four weeks before he died and we was up day and night with him over two weeks. there is no much sickness. there is a family in town that has the diptheria. they lost a little boy with it Sunday and have a little girl very sick now and have little hopes of her. if you come bring your dulcimer as there is no one around here that has got one. Write and tell us when you will be at Calamus and we will meet you at the train. as ever

Your ugly Cousin
Hannah Phillips

When you are blind
and cannot see
Read this letter
and think of me

The mention of Wallace's son learning to play the violin is revealing. We know that Wallace Jennings, Grandmother's youngest brother, lived for two years near Grandfather in Adair County. Inasmuch as we know from a later letter that he was in the State of Washington in 1883, we assume that the years he spent in Adair County were from 1880 to 1882. Wallace had helped his father, Great-grandfather Lewis Jennings, farm in Clarke and Decatur Counties previous to this. Therefore we are again confirmed in our opinion that Great-grandfather must have died sometime shortly prior to 1880.

Hannah sometimes signed her letters as Father's ugly cousin. However, the picture of her, taken in 1883 and which we still possess, is that of a most attractive and beautiful girl. We also note that she had no lack of beaux and dates.

The following two letters were written by Father to Grandfather and Grandmother while Father was attending Normal

School in Greenfield. He did not enroll in Simpson College in Indianola until the fall of 1883. Father was an expert penman and his writing was beautiful even until his death in 1943. However, he sometimes mis-spelled words and we shall leave them as they are. The letters are addressed to Holaday's P. O., Adair County, Iowa.

Greenfield, Iowa.
March 12, 1882.

Dear Father and Mother

This is Sunday morning. We got here yesterday about two o'clock. And I hunted until nearly five before I found a place to board. Every place seams to be taken up on the account of its being Court week. I am boarding with a young married couple by the name of Don Carlos. He is deputy Sheriff. If you get this letter before Hogans come down send me two or three more dollars. I will not have money enough by paying four dollars per week. I want you to send me that "Lives of the Presidents" and "The Footprints of Time." I forgot to bring them. I saw Boyer the Co. Superintendent last night and he gave me a course of study and I will need those books. if you do not get to send the money by anyone Mary Ann Breen will send it for you in a letter. This young man (Don Carlos) promised to help me when I wanted any help and gave me the use of his library of books. they have one room for me to study in and sleep in. it is very warm and nice and is just across the street from the school. I saw Mr. Martin yesterday. he did not know me until George Arnold introduced me to him. he wanted to know if you folks were well. I tried to have him say he would board me but he said his wife was sick and he could not board anyone. I will try and send this up by Murphy if he comes in today. the professor came yesterday and the rest of the normal teachers. they are paying five dollars per week for their board. do not fail to send that money and thoes books.

Good by from your loving son
L. E. Smith

Don Carlos and Sons conducted an abstract business in Greenfield for many years. He and his wife are now dead. His sons still carry on the abstract business while his grandsons are attorneys in the same building. Mary Ann Breen was deputy postmaster at Holaday's. Therefore she could send the money by stagecoach. Mr. Murphy and Mr. Hogan were neighbors of Grandfather.

Greenfield Iowa
Dear Father and Mother: March 18, 1882

I presume you want to hear from me. I am well. the first week of our normal is over. today is Saturday. I am going to study all I can today. I think I am doing pretty well to keep up with the old teachers of the B division dont you? some of them have been to college too. I am still staying with Mr. Havers. he lets me use all of his books that I want and when there are things that I do not understand he explains them to me. Alex Taylor has a job of work today carpenting. if I could get some thing to do without spoiling my clothes, I would work too. but I guess I will do just as well to study. I like all of the teachers. our faculty is Proffessor M. E. Phillips. he teaches arithmetic, Grammer and Didactics. Dr. Rieley teaches Phisiology, History and Orthography. Miss Gifford teaches Reading, letter writeing and language les sons. Yesterday the Dr. brought in a whole sack of Bones and poured them out upon the floor. what a noise they did make. some of the girls in our room shook all over. there are 19 girls in our room and only three (3) boys. I was home sick the first two or three days. I did not know anyone in our room. but now I am acquainted with several girls and the boys. Our United States Senator Wilson was here Tuesday and gave a lecture. it was good I tell you. I can say that I have saw a real live senator from Washington and heard him speak. Well I have got a letter from Uncle Fitzland and Cousin Emma. I will inclose uncles letter. they sent a lock off Grandpa's hair. well dear father and mother I hope you are well. I am doing fine. I am keeping right up with my class. so good By from your loveng son

L. E. Smith

J. W. Boyer was Adair County Superintendent of Schools when Father first taught in 1882 and 1883. M. W. Haver, whom he mentions boarding with, held the position from at least 1884 to 1887. Alex Taylor was a boyhood and lifelong friend of Father. They were also roommates in college. Inasmuch as they both studied German at that time, they wrote many letters to each other in that language, some of which we still possess. Alex Taylor was Adair County Superintendent of Schools in at least 1894 and 1895. He later owned and operated a funeral home in Stuart, Iowa.

The sending of the lock of hair from the head of Great-grandfather Lewis Jennings suggests again as we stated pre-

viously that he must have died sometime prior to this. We are sorry that the letter from Uncle Fitzland and Cousin Emma was not preserved.

The following letter is the only one that we possess which was written by Hannah Phillips in 1882. It appears from this letter and from dates in Father's autograph album that the latter visited in the home of Hannah's parents in Clinton County in December of 1881 and January of 1882.

Calamus Iowa
May 15, 1882

Cousin Edwin

I will try and write a few lines to you. I am going to Mrs. Damons to stay all summer and I will have to stop my running around. we have our house all cleaned and every thing as nice as a School marm. Father went to Wheatland today and got a new set of cane Seated chairs and a large rocking chair. I was up to Addie's to a party Saturday night. I was out rideing, took a buggy ride and then a boat ride. it was splendid. the water was so clear we could see the bottom most all of the while. I seen Ed's Cora yesterday. I expect they will jump the broom stick the fourth of July. they want me to stand up with them when the are married. Mrs. Camarigg had not ought to have told you she could walk so far when she was young and then you would not try to walk so far as you said you did. Edwin a week ago today I was to a German funeral. it was that old lady that lived in that house where that large barn stood off in the field as you went to Calamus. Oh Ed I wish you could see our orchard how nice it looks. that large tree in the door way is as pretty as a bouquet. Sarah does not care for anyone only the Brushville folks. she is down there now at the Knights. she goes with Albert yet and I expect they will be married the next thing we hear. you said to let you know when I set the day and you would come and help eat the cake. well I have not thought of that yet but will let you know when I do if you will bring your girl with you when you come. Jane wants me to come out there this summer and stay with her. then she will come home with me in the fall and make a visit. Dillie sent a box of maple sugar to ma but ma has not opened it yet. I think Uncle Wallace is getting along first straite. where does he live now? send his address when you write and tell him to write to ma and we will answer it. ma wrote to Uncle fit some time ago but has not had any answer yet. Edwin when I got your letter I had been after the cows and came

home as wet as a drowned rat and could hardly wait to change my clothes to read your letter. give my love to Aunt and uncle and write when you can. So good night

from your cousin

When this you see H. Phillips
remember me
though far away
feeding cattle musty hay.

Clinton County is bounded on the east by the Mississippi River. However, the latter is about thirty miles from Calamus. The river on which Hannah had her boat ride was the Wapsipinicon which was near her father's farm and which unites with the Mississippi about fifteen miles below the city of Clinton. This river also flows south of De Witt and it was south of this place that Grandfather lived during his sojourn in Clinton County. Grandmother often mentioned the Wapsipinicon River. The name means white potatoes. The stream is noted for its clear water.

The Ed and Cora whom Hannah mentions were her nephew Ed Anthony and his girl friend whom he eventually married. More will be said about them later. Sarah was mentioned in a previous letter. Jane was another of Hannah's married sisters as was the previously mentioned Dillie. We now learn by this letter that Wallace Jennings has moved to the State of Washington. Uncle Fit was Fitzland Jennings, the father of Emma. He lived south of Leon in Decatur County at this time.

The following letter was written by Kate Murphy to Father when the former was a student at Simpson College in Indianola. Kate was a neighbor and childhood friend of Father.

Indianola Iowa
Mr. L. E. Smith Nov. 15, 1882

Well it 11 OClock and I have been bending over my books since supper time with a very studious look on my face and i hav been working problems for the last two hours with a wild hunted expression on my sunny countenance. You asked what I study and I will tell you. I took Grammar Arithmetic Algebra Eloqution U. S. history but I got sick of Algebra and dropped it. Have the folks got done picking corn yet? Has your winter school begun? School will be out in four weeks from to-

day and then we will come home. I am going to rais "Cain" when I come home. Well I have enjoyed this term of school very much but I am dreading examination now and will untill it is over with. I had to write an essa for literary last week. I tell you it was fine. We had the president and his wife and Miss Baker (she is one of the faculty) at the club for supper. We have to study hard some of the time. once in a while we have a loud time all of us, Seniors, Preps and all. Six couples were out on a serenade the other night. we had a gay time. did not get home untill twelve oclock. I am ashamed of this miserable jerkey little letter but I am nervous tonight and can not write at all. Give my love to all the folks when you see them. Answer soon

Yours Respt.
Katie Murphy

Did you folks go after grapes this fall? How did you get the bucket? How is John getting along, is he home now?
Kate

John was Kate's brother and the oldest child in the Murphy family. He is mentioned in another chapter as is also the incident of the grapes and the bucket. Kate kept house for her father for some time after the other children had left home. She eventually married a banker by the name of Wheelin at Galva, Iowa. Here she lived and raised her family. Her daughter is mentioned in another chapter.

Calamus Iowa
Feb. 11th 1883

Dear Cousin

I expect you have give up all hopes of a letter from me but as the old saying is it better than ever. I would like to be there the last day of your school and see you bid farewell to your scholars with tears in your eyes. Oh Ed I have not been to only one dance this winter and that was New Years night at Calamus. there has not been a kitchen dance any where around here this winter. the young folks are most all married off. so there is not enough to have a dance now. Sarah and Bert are keeping house in Brushville and Lettie and Will lives with old dan in Calamus. they was all at home today and took dinner. you asked me if I read the bible for father yet. Oh yes I do every morning now. he dont want me to go to any more dances but I dont want to give up going. there is a young man north of Calamus that wrote to a girl that he never saw and was married to her this winter.

he had to go to Dakota after her and all he knew about her was by her writing and telling him. I dont like that way of doing but every lady dont think a like. I wish you could see Lydia Camarigg and that School teacher and I with our gay new dresses on. they are just alike and are made so funny. they are new fashioned dresses. Brightie Hazen went to Hillsdale in Michigan to school last fall. I am going to stay at home and milk cows and raise chickens. I have milked four cows all winter night and morning and it has been pretty cold some of the time I tell you. There was lots of hazel nuts last fall and we went hazel nutting one day. they are nice to have this winter. I will have to close for this time. I remain as ever

Your loving cousin
Hannah Phillips

Calamus Iowa
Aug. 1, 1883

Dear Cousin

I am afraid you have given up all hopes of hearing from me. the house is full every Sunday and I have had to work so hard all summer. I would like to be there and take a boat ride with you and Emma. I have not had a boat ride this sumer. Addie has a little girl and she is so proud over it you can hardly touch her with a ten foot pole and Jane has a boy baby. Brightie Hazen has returned from Hillsdale and she hant a bit like she was when she went away. she is twice as good I think. I and her have lots of fun now. She and Lydia Camarigg are all the girls I go with now. they all laugh at us and call us old maids but I bet you we are happier than some that was married so young. as for me I dont want to be married for several years yet and then I will see trouble enough before I die. I have not been to meeting but twice this year. dont you think I am wicked? but I am going to do better after this. I expect to attend church and Sunday school both now as they have organized a new Sunday school in Brushville and hired a preacher to preach. I dont go any place hardly only to Calamus to do trading. they make me sell all the butter and eggs so I go to market pretty often. I am the only girl at home now and either mother or father is sick most of the time. I must say good by now

from
Your loving cousin
Hannah Phillips

When you get old and ugly
as old folks always do
remember that you have a friend
thats old and ugly too.

This was the summer that Emma Jennings spent six months in Grandfather's home. The Chamberlain mill was still in operation and as a result the dam caused the water to be deep enough for good boating. We have told about the boat owned by Father and the Murphy boys in another chapter. Emma was also a cousin of Hannah, however, the two girls had never met. Addie and Jane were two of Hannah's married sisters.

The following two letters were written by Grandfather to Father while the latter was at Simpson College in Indianola. Grandfather put the date on his letters but no address, however, it was still Holadays, Adair County, Iowa.

September 23, 1883

Dear Son I received yours and was Glad to here that You Was all rite. I am Still around DoinG my Chorse and Lucy is about the same as you left. you be vary Carful about GetingG Cold that you Wont Get a bad CouGh. you Did not rite about a stove. hav you Got Won as yet? my mind is ronG Side up to Day. I Cant think rite But excuse Me I may think next time

Almon Smith
to L.E.Smith Son

In this letter Grandfather calls Grandmother by her first name which was Lucy. From this letter it would appear that the students who were in college in those days had to furnish and heat the rooms where they stayed .

November the 8 1883

Dear Son We Got your Leeter and Was Glad to here From you. We hope you are Well. We are Well at presant. I think if it keeps on this thundrinG that I shal Doe some More PlowinG. We hav heard from Wallace JenninGs. he has sold and mowed about sixty Miles from Where he Did live. they hav found a Gold mind neare Him. there is a mistake. he dident move that far of. the mind is Sixty miles From him. Pulman Post office Whitman Co. (Washington). We hav not heard From Decator County as Yet. I think that Emma has Lost her Bridle teeth. She Dont rite any more. skip is all rite. he is JumpinG about us muCh as Ever. mr. murphy Was here the other Day and We Buchred the old HoG. I hav Ben pickinG Corn to Day and my hands Dont Work Good. rite as often as a you Can. I Dont think of any thinG more at Presant to rite. yours truly

E.A. Smith
to L.E.Smith

We find that Wallace Jennings is now in the State of Washington near Pullman. Later he lived near Oakesdale which is farther north in the same state.

Grandfather's reference to Emma losing her bridle teeth was an old saying. Certain of the teeth in a horse's mouth were called bridle teeth by the pioneers. Whether true or not, it was believed that the horse lost these teeth at a certain age thus indicating that the animal had reached maturity or was getting old. Therefore Grandfather meant that Emma was growing up and that she no longer cared for her former companions. However, the girl had spent that summer in Grandfather's home and she had been only about eighteen years of age at that time.

Calamus Iowa
Dear Cousin Dec. 9th 1883

I have been thinking of writing to you for some time. where did you eat your thanksgiving dinner. I went to a dance in November three miles South of Brushville and had a boss time. I suppose you think of better things now if you think of being a preacher. wouldent I like to hear you preach a Sermon. Mr. Mowry has an old grey mare I will engage for you So you can be like brother Watkins "Ah" that you told about when you was here. well I think it is better to be a preacher than a lawyer anyway. dont think that I care any thing about that St. John I spoke of for I do not. he has Skipped Some time ago. well i must tell you about the surprise party Sarah had on Johnny his birthday. There was thirty here that night and we had a splendid time playing games and had a good supper. John dident know anything about it and wanted to go to Calamus that night and went out to Mr. Hayes and wanted Jacky to go with him and Jack told him he couldent because he and his sister was all ready to come out here and so John told him he would go and hurry back. so when he came back all of the crowd was here and John felt kindly cheap. he had a good many presents give to him. he had three pair of Sleeve buttons give to him and two mouth organs besides lots of other things. one of the mouth organs Jacky Hayes gave him it cost a dollar. it has a little steel bell on it to keep time with. John can play every tune on them organs he knows. he can play that waltz you used to play on the fiddle. the boys all have a mouth organ now days. some can play real nice on them. Ed I have just finished me a new black

velvet dress. it is just handsome. it is trimmed with Black beaded passementerie. Ma Says I look like a straight widow when I have it on. there is lots of parties this winter but not many dances. there is going to be a big dance in Calamus Christmas. come and bring your girl if you have one. there is lots of talk about a young man that came from the west to be married. he went to Ida county last Spring to get land and left his girl here and she has been writing to him all the while that she would have him if he would Send her money to get her wedding outfit. so he came and give her a hundred and thirty dollars and told her to get what she wanted and she told him she would have him Friday and he brought his folks down to Calamus where she lived to see him married and when he got to the house where she lived they give him a note She left on the organ signed to him that said when you get this I will be a married woman and know body knows in Calamus where she has gone or who she went with. the name of the young man was Alfred Kieth and the girl was Nettie Hauch. he is a real nice young man and every one is sorry for him. he says he is glad he found her out before the marriage took place. the next time I write I will send you a model love letter i have to read that was Sent to me. well Edwin I wish you was here to attend a Surprise party we are going to have on Sarah wednesday night. I expect to have a boss time as it is a good place to have fun. Sarah has a good man and our folks all like him real well now. Harriet and Will are going if nothing happens. Well I must close

from your loving cousin
Hannah Phillips

Father was well versed in the art of elocution and he often furnished an evening of entertainment with his humorous speaking. One of the pieces that he spoke had to do with a certain preacher called Brother Watkins and with this man's habit of saying "Ah."

The John for whom the surprise party was given was Hannah's brother who appears to have remained at home and farmed his father's land.

Among the many waltz melodies that Father played on the violin there was an especially beautiful one in the key of "A." For lack of any other name Father always called it the "Thorne Waltz" because he had learned it from a man by that name. The writer has often heard an equally beautiful waltz called

"The Waltz in A" played by musicians on the radio which may have been the same, inasmuch as each old time filddler gave his own interpretation to the music which he rendered. It may have been this waltz that John learned to play on his mouth organ.

Sarah had married Bert Knight and now lived in Brushville. Harriet and Will were the parents of Ed Anthony. Harriet was Hannah's sister.

The following is a copy of another letter from Grandfather to Father while the latter was in college.

February 15 1884

Dear Son I take this time to rite You afue Lines to let You no that We are Well at presant and hope that you are the same. We Would like to no if you mashed the Bone in your finGer. you had not Beter Be out much niGhts With that Bad Cold. you must Keep up CouraGe untill your turm is out if you ant sicK and if you Get sicK and if you Doe Get SiCK the Best thing you Can Doe is to Come home if you Can. it is abad plase there to pay Docter Bills there. this Day I Cild a piG and its vury Cold and Windy. I Cant rite MuCh this time fore I hardly no What to Doe my Self. my horse is so that I cant Work her. I hav Ben sellinG Corn But I had to Get it hold By mr DicKy so it Dont fetch me muCh. I shal hafto Doe the Best I Can

E.A.Smith

Grandfather was a devoutly honest man and he could not bear the thought of owing a debt which he could not immediately pay. Although he lived to be eighty-nine years of age, his life was filled with hardship, trial and poverty. He possessed none of the refinements of life and few of its comforts. We detect a note of pathos in this letter.

Calamus Iowa

Dear Cousin March 2th 1884

I have often thought of you if I have not wrote to you. I am almost a Shamed to commence a letter after waiting so long but I Suppose you know I am great Aunt now and it makes me feel older. we have lots of fun with Harriet and Will Since they became Grandma and Grandpa to a nine pound boy. they have been to lots of dances and the young folks laugh at them and tell them they ought to have Specks on instead of going to dances. oh Edwin I

wish you was hear to go to some of our dances. we just have boss times this winter. there is a dance every week some where. I missed three in February. I was sick two weeks with a very bad cold. I caught cold going to Lewis's Setting up nights with his youngest boy. he had the nervous fever. he was takeing with fits and had three of them and then the fever. we thought he would never get well again but he seems all right now. hant this been an awful cold winter. I guess as the old Saying is we will have Six weeks Sleighing in February this winter because there is lots of snow and it has snowed all day today. Father and Ma went down to Sarah's last night to stay all night and go to meeting to day and left me to keep house. Camariggs folks are all going west this week except Lydia. She and Dave were married the 13 of last month at Wagner's house. they say it was a leap year wedding because She went to his house to be married. I never was to such a large wedding before. there was 106 people there and they invited lots that dident go. they had a splendid dinner most every thing you could think of they had on the table and they had so many presents gave to them enough dishes and things to keep house with and they went to keeping house the next day. well Ed I went down to Camariggs last Saturday to make a farewell visit and Maggie told me to tell you she would never forgive you for not sending her one of your pictures. you need not send that picture of you and your chum unless you intend for me to keep it because I suppose I would want to keep it if I see it but you can send me one just like it if you want to. I will Send that letter (the model love letter) to you I promised to so you can write your girl one. I hope you have not kept her waiting this long. if you have I expect you are as mad at me as you was at uncle Wallace. I do not know what uncle is thinking of to want one of his girls to marry such a fellow. they will have trouble enough if they marry a nice man instead of marrying a low fellow that has no respect for himself or any one else. uncle must be crazy. the better company any one keeps the more they are thought of. I hope to rise higher instead of going down. keep good company or none at all is my motto. well I am at a loss to know where to send this letter. are you going to school (college) now or not? how are uncle and Aunt getting along this cold winter? I hope all right. Ed is keeping house on Dan Merritt's farm. Cora's mother stays with them this winter. I guess She will live with them all the time if they agree. well I guess I have

written all you care a bout reading this time so I will bid you good day

as ever your ugly Cousin
Hannah Phillips

P.S.please excuse all mistakes
and bad spelling and
some day return the model (love)
letter to me and oblige. Han.P.

Lewis was Hannah's married brother. Great-grandfather's name was Lewis F. (probably Fitzland) Jennings. We can trace the two names, Lewis and Fitzland, through at least four generations of the Jennings family.

The model love letter must have been returned. Unfortunately we do not have a copy of it to record for the edification of the reader.

We have a picture of a teen-age daughter of Wallace Jennings taken in a group picture at Oakesdale, Washington and another one of a daughter, a Mrs. Ada Davis, with her husband and child taken at Colfax in the same state. The two pictures may be of the same girl taken at different ages. We know nothing more about her.

Ed and Cora are now married and we shall hear more about them later.

Calamus Iowa
April 20th 1884

Dear Cousin

I now Seat myself to answer your most kind and welcome letter. I have not read all of it yet but I will answer what I have (read). my little duchman play off on me before I learned to read German so if you want to write it in my letters you will have to interpert it for me. have you been fishing yet? I have once and had good luck. I caught two red horse and one cat fish. I was to a quilting not long ago and we got to talking about you and some of them asked if you was going to be a lawyer and I told them you was not but I guessed you would be a preacher. they thought you would be a good one be cause you are so sober. Brightie Hazen said you would if you had a wife that talked a great deal so I told her I would advise you to come and get her. I told her you said she compleatly mashed you when you was here. she Said she wished she had a knowed it then but she said if I told you what She said she would mash me and then there would be two mashed ones. Brightie is quite a wild Girl

now. we have lots of fun when we are to gather. Mrs. Mowry Said She dident know what would ever be come of us for we were getting so wild but Brightie told her the other girls were all getting married off and we were just Sewing our wild oats so we would be prepared to Settle down when we found a fellow we could catch. Brightie told the girls to the quilting we had our men picked out and knew where we were going to live. She said I was going to live on a Sandy elevation right above frog valley and she was going to live in pig pen avenue. when we get Settled call and see us. Ma and I have got our yard all cleaned up ever so nice and some garden made. I am going to Calamus to marrow to stay two weeks if ma keeps well so I can. Addie and John Sherman have moved down to Brushville where Camariggs folks used to live and Lettie and Will has moved in part of the house where Sarah and Bert lives and Will is working in a Saw mill in Clinton. gets $1.50 a day. how is Aunt and uncle getting along? tell them I send my best respects to them. well I will have to close for this time. excuse all mistakes and poor writing

I remain as ever your true cousin
Hannah Phillips

When you are married
and Setting at your ease
Remember I am Single
Doing as I please

As stated previously Father studied German in college and he and his college chums often wrote letters to each other in this language.

Father was undecided in his college days whether to be a lawyer or a minister. However, because he was an only child, Grandmother prevailed upon him to stay at home and remain a farmer and country school teacher. As a result, for the remainder of his life, Father was the traditional round peg in a square hole.

Calamus Iowa
May 10th 1885

Dear Cousin

I now Seat myself to answer your kind and welcome letter. I should think it would be pretty hard for you to plow this Spring as you have been teaching school so long but be good to your mother and Father and you will never be sorry for it. Ed and Cora had to moove back down to Harriet's and Ed has to work out by the month. he got in debt so he lost his team and most every thing. he

would have lost his furniture if his father hadent helped him pay for it. all Cora cares for is to dress well and set a good table so they soon run through with what they had. Ed sold the cow his mother gave him. I am afraid they will soon run through with all Harriet and Will has to as they gave a mortgage on one of his horses and one cow for Edd's debts. I dont think much of Ed since he was married. he has the big head so bad he thinks he knows it all. Cora told me you folks wanted them to come out there and live with them and work the place. you would soon get sick of them if you are any like me. well Edwin that School marm was most to bad wasent she but never mind as I think you could get Lizzie or Brightie either one if you was back here. they are both good girls. Brightie teaches school in our district this summer. I and her have lots of fun over who will get that little dutch man. they all say I stand a better chance than she does. he says he likes a girl that milkes cows and feeds chickens better than he does a School marm. So I am all right yet on the Goose queastion. have you been fishing yet? I have been twice. the first time I went with Cynthia Hayes and Jackey's wife. I caught four that time and the next time I went with Add and only caught two. how many little chickens has Aunt got? I have 42 and 9 hens setting yet. I have Set a bout 50 ducks eggs and one hen on turkey eggs and Set my old Goose this morning on 11 eggs ao I am Going to get rich this fall when I sell my poultry. Brightie Hazen, Lizzie and I talks of going to Dakota to get us a man if we cant find some one round here that will have us. Mr. Mowry is trying to find him a wife as his wife died in March. he has got him some false teeth so he can look young again. well I hope he will have good luck. he is happy now thinking he has found a woman that will have him. well the world is full of beauty when the heart is full of love. well I will have to stop writing as I have used up all my paper and hant wrote any Sence either. So good by from

Hannah Phillips is my name
Calamus is my Station
I will have the man I love
in spite of my relation.

Hannah
to
Edwin

Ed and Cora have been mentioned in previous letters. They were Ed Anthony and his wife Cora. He was the son of Hannah's sister Harriet but was old enough to be in the same group of young people as Hannah and Father. He and Father were great chums. When the silent moving pictures became

popular, Ed Anthony went to Mexico City, Missouri where he made a small fortune owning and operating a number of five cent movie houses called Nickelodeons. In the summer time he operated outdoor movies which he named Sky-dome theaters.

At that time he and his family visited in Grandfather's home in Adair County. The writer, who was a small boy at the time, remembers him as a happy go lucky hail fellow well met who could talk of nothing but moving picture and vaudeville theaters which were usually operated together in the early days of moving pictures.

At that time he also visited his cousin M. A. Gettis in Greenfield and the Austin Wambold family near Port Union south of Stuart. Cora Anthony was a relative of Mrs. Wambold. So spins the web of life and no one knows where it will end.

Fishing appears to have been a popular sport where Hannah lived. Being so near to the place where the Wapsipinicon enters the Mississippi, it is quite likely that large fish from the latter river came up the former stream as far as Hannah's home which appears to have been quite near the water. The Wapsipinicon is one of Iowa's most beautiful rivers.

This is the last letter written by Hannah that we possess. We know nothing more about her or any of her family. However, it is our hope that Hannah Phillips, Brightie Hazen and the unknown Lizzie eventually found the romance for which they craved and we also hope that they found husbands without having to go to the wild and woolly Dakota Indian Territory of 1885 to get them.

We have a number of old letters which were written to Father by his cousin, Donna Jennings, who was a daughter of Grandmother's brother, Captain Joseph Jennings. Her home was at Bradner, Ohio. However, since she taught school most of her adult life, some of her letters are addressed from other places. She was well educated and a good writer. Inasmuch as many of her letters deal mostly with family affairs, we shall record only the following one which was written at Gibsonburg, Ohio. According to the reports which are verified by her pictures, Donna was an unusually pretty girl. However, although all of her brothers and sisters married and raised families, Donna remained single throughout her life.

Gibsonburg, April 5, 1885.

My Dear Cousin:

I would have answered your ever welcome message long ago but the old woman where I boarded was so full of "pure cursedness" that I could hardly do anything all winter. And to cap the climax she about froze what little life I had out of me. (I have a new boarding place this spring and a good one.) Well Coz. I must tell you one of her signs. The man came to the house one morning and said that they had a calf at the barn. The old lady spoke right up and said "that will be a bull calf." And I with a Yankee curiosity said, "Why so." "Because the moon is full." Ha! Ha! I must say that I laughed like a fool. Now look out for full moons. Pardon me for writing this but such valuable information I think every one ought to know. I went to a wedding and that made her mad. She thought that she ought to go with the young folks every place. I am writing on my French Grammar on my knee. I love to study French. I mean to know all I can. We have had a long winter and very cold. I have built my fires all winter. Well cousin about that correspondence. I have a lady friend in Kentucky that I think you would like much for a correspondent. She is quite an accomplished musician and a real lady. I am going to write to her soon and will ask her about the matter. The gent you have picked out for me, I want you to tell me all about him. I am quite particular. Is he well educated? What color are his eyes and hair and how old is he? Please give me a pen and ink Photo. of him. I will try a correspondence with him. Oh yes tell me his true name. I hope he will enjoy the correspondence. I believe I will. Please write soon. Address Gibsonburg, Sandusky Co. Ohio. Goodness don't show him this letter.

Good by, Donna.

Donna Jennings, who came from a family of thirteen children, had five married brothers and five married sisters. The descendants of these people are now living in many parts of the United States. Her sister Addie Ladd was the mother of the distinguished Ladd family which has been mentioned in a previous chapter.

THE OLD SORGHUM MILL

Many of the commodities which today we regard as necessities of life were difficult to obtain in pioneer days. Among such necessary things, sugar stood high in the list of essential items because of its nutritive value. When the only means of transportation was by stage coach or by the ancient freighter's wagon the pioneers of necessity were obliged to rely upon their own resources.

Therefore in order to obtain sweetening for food and for bodily sustenance, nearly every farmer raised at least a small field of cane. This they cultivated carefully and at the proper time in the fall of the year, it was harvested and hauled by wagon to a sorghum mill. Here the cane stalks were relieved of their juice by means of grinding and pressing. This juice was then heated in huge pans so as to evaporate the water and to separate the impurities from the juice. The finished product was known as sorghum molasses. This was usually stored in barrels or kegs for year around consumption.

The cultivation of cane for the making of molasses has been practiced for centuries. The Elder Pliny (23-79 A.D.), a Roman naturalist who left to the world thirty-seven books on natural history, knew of this crop which he called Millet. The Roman name for the product obtained from it was Sorghum Vulgare. It has been estimated that in 1870, the year that the Rock Island Railroad began to operate in western Iowa, there were over sixteen million gallons of sorghum molasses produced in the United States.

There are many types of sugar cane grown but the one best suited for molasses production is Chinese Sugar Cane. This is the type which is cultivated in the United States for the making of Sorghum. The juice contains much glucose. However, contrary to popular opinion sugar cane contains comparatively little cane sugar and is therefore not used for sugar production.

On many thousands of small farms in the United States, in pioneer days, sugar cane was considered a valuable crop. It was easy to cultivate and when the growing season was favorable the crop gave reasonable returns. It also contained

enough total sugars to yield sirup in satisfactory amounts. Although the cane does not produce cane sugar, it does contain starch and comparatively large quantities of sugars other than the ordinary sugar of commerce and so it was valuable to the early settlers who found it difficult to buy sugar and other types of sweetening.

After the cane had been planted and cultivated, which was much similar to the production of any corn crop, it was ready for the mill. The stage at which the sugar content of the cane was greatest was a matter of individual opinion. However, it was usually agreed that when the seed of the cane was in the late milk stage, it was in the best condition for making sirup of good quality. Earlier than this it was too green and the resulting sirup had a green taste. If cut when the seeds were hard the starch content of the cane was higher and as a consequence the extra starch caused slow boiling or scorching and the flavor of the sirup was not so good.

The writer recalls that the harvesting of the cane was a matter of great concern. If the stalks were too green the cane did not make good sirup but if the farmer waited too long the crop might get frosted. A frost just severe enough to kill the leaves would not hurt ripe cane materially. However, it would spoil an immature crop. A killing frost would render the stalks unfit for sirup making.

The average area grown on individual farms in pioneer days for sirup making was usually less than an acre. It was therefore a secondary crop on most farms, the sirup being made in the neighborhood for home use, or with a small surplus for sale.

When sorghum making time came, stripping off the leaves from the cane stalks was the first operation of the harvesting. It was necessary to remove the leaves, before grinding the cane, on account of the large amount of undesirable matter contained within them, especially the green chlorophyll. The stripping was done while the stalks were standing. The leaves were usually struck off with a wooden paddle or with a two pronged iron tool. Some times a large knife was used for the purpose and often the leaves were merely pulled off the stalks with the hands.

The stalks were then cut off about six inches from the ground with a large knife called a corn knife. The heads which were filled with seeds were usually cut off at this time also. The stalks were then placed in small piles or stood up in shocks ready for hauling to the mill.

When the cane was cut, fermentation and heating was liable to take place after the stalks had been hauled from the field and put into shocks or piles preparatory to the grinding. This was especially liable to occur if the weather were warm. Consequently the crop was usually taken to the mill as soon as possible after it was harvested.

Here the cane was put into piles with the name of each farmer attached in some manner to his individual crop. Also the order of his arrival at the scene of operations was noted so that his cane would be processed into molasses according to his turn at the mill.

The first operation at the mill was the extracting of the juice from the cane. This was done by running the stalks between the iron rollers of the mill. Some mills had upright and some mills had horizontal rollers. However in either case, in olden times, the rollers were turned by a horse or a team of horses hitched to a long wooden sweep.

One end of the sweep was attached to the gears of the mill and the horses were hitched to the other end. As the horses traveled around and around the mill, the cane stalks were fed to the rollers and the juice was squeezed and crushed out of the cane. This juice was then caught in a large pan placed under the mill for the purpose. The crushed stalks were usually discarded since they were of little value as feed for animals.

The next operation was the most fascinating one of all around a sorghum mill. The juice was placed in large vats or pans under which a constant fire was kept burning. Here the extra moisture and the impurities were evaporated out of the juice and skimmed off leaving the pure sorghum. However, this operation was much more difficult and complicated than would appear from this simple description.

Although the quality of the sorghum depended to a large extent upon many factors such as the variety of the seed, the

type of soil on which the crop was grown, the fertilizer used and the kind of growing season, it was also greatly influenced by the equipment and process used in its manufacture and probably most important of all, the quality of the finished sorghum was determined by the skill of the sirup maker.

Of the many types of equipment used for evaporating the cane juice to make sirup, kettles were probably the oldest. However, they could be used only on a small scale. Instead of kettles, batch pans about eight or ten inches deep made of copper, galvanized iron, heavy tin, or sheet iron were used by most sirup makers.

Sometimes a single pan covered the whole space occupied by the fire. However, usually two or three pans, one back of the other, were used. In some mills these pans were connected so that the juice could flow from one to another. In others the juice was lifted from one pan to the next. Sometimes sorghum mills were located upon hills or gentle slopes so that these pans could be on different levels. In this case the last and lowest pan collected the finished sirup.

The operator of the evaporating section of the sorghum mill had to be very careful that he did not allow the flame of the fire to rise above the boiling juice, otherwise, the sirup would burn and have a scorched taste. There was always constant danger of scorching the sirup, which would alter its color and flavor, therefore careful attention had to be given to the firing. At the same time the sirup maker was kept busy skimming the impurities off the juice as they arose to the surface as a result of the heat. It also required skill to obtain uniform density of the finished product.

The odor from a sorghum mill was very appetizing and as a result there was constant temptation to those who worked around the plant to sample the sirup. However, it was necessary to avoid doing this as much as possible, inasmuch as eating too much of the raw fresh sorghum could be quite debilitating.

Sorghum mills in early days were operated on a plan similar to that used by the owners of flour mills, in regard to the charge made for the labor performed. As the writer recalls,

the farmer could either pay so much a gallon for the making of the sirup or he could allow the operator of the mill to take a certain percent of the finished product for his compensation.

* * *

In Grandfather's day there was an old sorghum mill a few miles up the Middle River from his home. The mill was not far from the Underwood place. The Underwood house was located in heavy timber near the east bank of Middle River. Joining hard to the Underwood place on the east and only a little way from the river and the Underwood home was another farmstead.

It was here in the barn yard of this place that the sorghum mill was operated. It was here also either in the garden or yard of this same farmstead that the old grave with the little white picket fence was located. And it was here, someplace, between the Underwood house and the old grave that Grandmother rode the spirited Jane over the old timbered river road to Shanty Town.

When the writer was a very small boy, he went to this mill with his father when the latter took cane here to be made into sorghum. He remembers the many hours it took to strip the cane and to get it ready for the mill. A family by the name of Lindsey lived on the farm and operated the mill at that time.

The writer recalls vividly seeing the many small stacks of cane stalks, each stack belonging to an individual farmer. And he remembers watching the horses as they walked around and around the beaten track of the mill where the cane was being ground.

He remembers watching with fascination the boiling and the skimming of the cane juice and he recalls the pungent and the tantalizing odor of the sorghum vapor which arose constantly from the great vats of boiling sirup.

The writer also remembers that he wished to see the old grave. However, he recalls that he was too timid to ask any one where it could be found.

SOME OLD TIME MEMORIES

In a previous chapter, we mentioned the incident in regard to Mother's sojourn over night with the McMullen family and we also related the circumstances relative to Mother and her friend Lila (Delilah) McMullen visiting the Thompson Flour Mill at that time. Also, it was stated that this event occured early in the year of 1891.

The next day after the above events took place, Mother returned home to Grandfather's house where she and Father had made their home with the writer's grandparents following their marriage four years previously. Here she found the family in great consternation. Father and Grandfather, who farmed in partnership, had seventeen hogs all fattened and ready for the market. When mother arrived eight of these hogs were dead and the others were very sick.

The neighbors all hastened in to Grandfather's place to help with the sick hogs but little could be done to save the animals. Every one agreed that there was no evidence of cholera. Grandmother had cleaned the cellar the day before while mother was away. Although she would never admit it, everyone believed that she had fed to the hogs the salty brine taken from the empty meat barrel. It appears that hogs like salt very much. However, they can consume very little of it safely.

This was indeed a major disaster. Grandfather had mortgaged his little farm, four years previously, in order to get money to purchase the adjoining forty acres of land as a future home for Father and Mother. Times had been hard and Father and Grandfather had been having a difficult time in their attempt to meet the interest and to pay the mortgage.

However, this was only the beginning of tragedy for that fateful year. The prospect for a crop had been good all through the spring. Oats were heading out and the corn was being laid by. It was July first and Father had only one hour of work left in order to finish cultivating the corn when he stopped work for the noon meal. After he had eaten his dinner, he did not go back to work immediately. He had noticed a dark cloud

in the western sky and he had decided that he would wait for awhile.

The approaching storm developed rapidly. The black cloud turned to green in color and in a few moments the famous hail storm of 1891 had began to do its deadly work. Words are almost inadequate for describing the terror and the destruction of that dreadful storm. The noise which resulted from the hail stones falling upon the roof of the house was deafening. Many of the stones were as large as walnuts and some of them measured as much as two inches in diameter. Reports vary as to the length of time the storm continued. Newspaper accounts say that it lasted more than two hours. Hail storms do not last long as a rule. However, one hour of such a storm would seem like an eternity.

After the storm had passed no living thing remained growing out of the earth, with the exception of the trees and many of these were stripped of their bark from top to bottom. The writer recalls seeing the terrible scars, which were still visible thirty years after the storm, on the great trees near Grandfather's house. It was necessary to scoop great piles of hail stones which were two feet or more in depth away from the barn and other buildings before the doors could be opened. Ice was almost a foot deep on the level ground and it remained there for many days. There was no corn, no oats, no hay and no garden left, after the storm. It was too late in the season to plant crops again.

Mother remembers to this day her own heart ache as she watched Father, who was at that time a strong man in the prime of life, sit down and weep like a child. While Grandfather, walking to and fro and wringing his hands, could only moan over and over, "I shall lose my farm."

The storm had followed the river, coming down from the northwest. It cut a path about three miles wide and from ten to twenty miles long. There was no such thing as social security or old age assistance in those days. To say that times were difficult for the people who had lived within the path of that storm would be a gross understatement.

They had nothing left and it would be another year before a crop could be grown. It was heart breaking for these people

to look first at their own barren fields and then to look across the Middle River valley to the ridge beyond where the storm had not struck and there to see fields of green and flourishing grain shining in the reflecting rays of the setting sun.

Father renewed his teacher's certificate and that fall he went back to teaching school. The school house was nearly four miles away and it was necessary for him to walk that distance or to drive Grandfather's old team of horses. The winter was a hard one with lots of snow and cold weather. Sickness threatened the lives of his loved ones. There was no doctor near and there were no telephones at that time. Mother shudders when she recalls that year and when anyone mentions the, "good old days."

* * *

Three years after the above catastrophe another disaster occured in the form of the terrible drought of 1894. This was a tragedy which was little less devastating than the hail storm of 1891. Therefore Father again taught school to keep his family from starvation. Father taught twenty-five terms of school during his lifetime. However, the school terms were not as long then as they are today. As stated previously Mother became acquainted with Father when he taught her school and boarded at her home. Father was almost eight years older than Mother.

One of the amusing incidents connected with Father's teaching experience, which he used to tell, was the following. It appears to have been his first term of school and he had gone to collect his salary for teaching. John Loucks was township treasurer at the time. He has been mentioned earlier in the chapter which told of Grandfather's arrival in Adair County.

Mr. Loucks had settled in his timber home on the banks of Middle River in 1856. The house was built about an eighth of a mile back from the road. It was sheltered on all sides by heavy timber. The building was located about thirty or forty feet from the river bank on the high side of the stream and it is still in the same place. Everything around the place remains about as it was at that time which has been nearly one hundred years ago. The Loucks grandchildren still occupy the old home.

In time of flood the river water reaches within a few feet of the Loucks residence. The land on the side of the river opposite the house is low and is also covered with timber. This low ground is often covered with water thus letting the river spread out so that the Loucks buildings have always remained untouched by the flood waters. It is, also, some place on higher ground in the southwest corner of this timbered pasture that the ancient graves are located which were mentioned several times in the chapter on cemeteries.

When Father reached the old Loucks homestead, he was informed that he could find Mr. Loucks out in the timber chopping wood. He eventually located the township treasurer and related to him his mission. Mr. Loucks was a rather choleric old gentleman and after listening to Father for sometime, he grunted out his disapproval of the current high wages for teachers. The highest wage that Father ever received during all of his teaching career was only thirty-five dollars per month and if the writer remembers correctly his wage at this time was about twenty dollars.

Finally, after considering the problem thoroughly, the old gentleman spat a large quid of tobacco out of his mouth and then he sat down upon a tree stump. He then pulled a large wallet or bill fold out of his hip pocket and from this wallet he counted the money out to Father. It appears that the old settlers had little faith in commercial or savings banks and as a result the treasurer was carrying the township money around in his pocket.

* * *

One time when Father was a boy an itinerant violinist stopped at Grandfather's place. The writer does not know why, whether out of pity or for some other reason, Grandfather let him stay through the winter. It is likely that he helped with the farm work and with the chores in return for his room and board. It appears that at one time the stranger had been a concert violinist. However, intoxicating drink had ruined his career and he had eventually found himself a resident of the city slums.

As was often true of such characters in those days, he became what we called a tramp or hobo drifting aimlessly from

one place to another. The man's name was Louis Amendi (A men′ dee). The writer's father was a boy of impressionable age at that time and the violin playing of Louis Amendi was destined to exert an extraordinary influence upon him for the remainder of his life.

The country round about Grandfather's place was well supplied with fiddlers inasmuch as country dancing was about the only form of amusement available in those days. However, the violin music and the masterful technique displayed by Louis Amendi were entirely different than that of the ordinary country fiddler. He could play in all of the registers from the neck to the bridge of the violin and he was an expert with both the finger and wrist tremolo.

Father was inspired by such artistry to become more than the ordinary country fiddler of his day. He wished above everything else to be able to play the violin as Louis Amendi played it. All through that long winter, Father labored to learn to read the notes of written music and to master the technique which Louis Amendi endeavored so patiently to teach to him.

With the coming of spring, Louis Amendi left Grandfather's place and was heard from no more by the writer's people. Father, living far from town and having no other opportunity for further instruction became, as so many others, only a country fiddler. However, all through his life his violin music was distinguished from that of the others by the smoothness and by the grace of his playing. And of course he could read music and could play well enough by note to learn his melodies from the printed page.

We might leave and we might forget Louis Amendi at this point and we could well repeat the old adage, "Only ships which pass in the night." However, who can say and who can know how far an influence or an ideal shall extend. Father's boyish admiration for the music and for the masterful violin playing of Louis Amendi was, years later just by the telling to inspire his son, the author of this work, to desire above all things else to be a great violinist.

As a result said writer, when a boy, drove a tired team of plow horses once a week on a round trip of eighteen miles

in order to take violin lessons. He had a splendid instructor and he took many lessons. Also he spent many long and tiresome hours in practice upon the violin. However he did not become a concert violinist. Perhaps if there had been radio studios then or if there had been positions for music instructors in the public schools in those days, he might have fulfilled his dream of a musical career.

Suffice it to say that as a hobby the rendition of violin music has furnished to him many hours of pleasure. While he was enrolled in Drake University, studying to prepare himself for the ministry, this writer, humbly and probably quite inadequately, played the violin with the Drake-Des Moines Symphony Orchestra during the summer school sessions. Who will deny that the spirit of Louis Amendi was hovering somewhere near within the back ground?

THE OLD AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

It appears that Father obtained his autograph album either in 1880 or the early part of 1881. The first dates which occur are in 1881. However, there are some autographs preceding those which are so dated. The book is four inches wide by seven inches long. It has a celluloid cover, both back and front. The back has pegs for the book to rest upon and the front is beautifully engraved. Father must have paid a considerable amount of money for this album.

We wish it were possible to include all that is written within the book. However, we fear that the reading of so much material, which is all quite similar, would be tiresome. Therefore we have selected only the most interesting autographs and these we have taken more or less at random from the album. For this reason the dates, when any are given, do not always follow in chronological sequence. However, for some reason, they are not chronological in the book either. We shall leave misspelled words as they occur.

The first entry is a dedication of the book by Father himself who was about nineteen years of age at this time.

Go forth thou little volume
 I leave thee to thy fate
To love and friendship truly
 Thy leaves I dedicate.

The second autograph is by Grandmother. Where she obtained this verse, we do not know. However, the sentiment is truly hers inasmuch as it sounds exactly like her. As she grew older she had little faith in the goodness of mankind and in her later years she spent much of her time in warning young people of the evils of the world.

My son
 Life is teeming with evil snares
  The gates of sin are wide,
 The rosy fingers of pleasure wave
 And beckon the young inside.
 Sirens are singing on every hand
  Luring the star of youth,
 Gilded falsehood with silver notes

Drowndeth the voice of trouth
Turn your feet from the evil paths
Ere they have entered in
Keep unspotted while yet you may
Earth is so stained with sin.
Your loveing Mother
Lucy Smith

We wish that the following two verses were dated. We know that at one time Father visited in the home of his uncle Fitzland Jennings in Decatur County and at that time he obtained these autographs. They are the first ones in the book and they precede those which were written and dated in the latter part of 1881.

The following verse may not be well written but it certainly expresses the sentiments of the people who lived during the years immediately following the Civil War.

Leon, Iowa. A Trust (about 1880)
The Uth that would Refuse to defend the
Liberties of his Country, Mite he be
Shot with lightning and condemed
By the Voice of a free people to wander
Over a desart of Gun powder.
From Your Uncle
F. A. Jennings

Emma Jennings was about fifteen or sixteen years of age when she wrote the following:

Leon, Iowa (about 1880)
Remember me when This You see
When meny miles apart be we. if
The grave should be my bed, remember
me when i am dead.
Your Cousan
Emma Jennings.

That Father visited with his relatives and friends in Clinton County during the latter part of December in 1881 and the first part of January in 1882 is attested by the following autographs.

Calamus, Iowa Cousin Edwin December 26, 1881.
When my name you look at here
Remember him who loved you dear.
(Remember the garden gate) E. L. Anthony

Calamus, Clinton County, Iowa December 26, 1881.
Compliments of your friends
J. N. Merritt and Will E. Merritt.

Calamus, Iowa. December 30, 1881.
When the golden Sun is Setting
And your mind from care is free
When of distant friends you are thinking
Pray one moment think of me.
Your Cousin
Hannah Phillips.

Calamus, Iowa December 30, 1881.
Remember me when death Shall close
My eyelids in Sweet repose.
Remember me when the grass shall wave,
The grass that grows over my grave.
(Father's aunt) Emeline Lafferty

Calamus, Clinton County, Iowa. December 31, 1881.
See how the morning Rises bright
And glads the world with Cheerful Light.
Adorning all the East, the tuneful Lark
Mounts up on high and drawing nearer
To the Sky his music is increased,
Since gentle Sleeps has chased away
The painful toils of yesterday.
John Lafferty.

Calamus, Clinton County, Iowa. January 1, 1882.
Except dear friend this simple token
of fervent love that can never be broken
for every word you see here wrought
is an emblem for the anxios thought.
Oscar Merrit.

"Chairty never faileth" Dear Coussin January 11, 1882.
May your heart be ever sunny
And the friends of life be True.
Love surround you Edwin ever
With the skys of deepest blue.
Sincerely Yours, Sadie E. Lafferty.

In the Ohio census report of 1850, Grandmother's sister Emeline (26 yrs.) appears to be a widow with three children in her father's home and her mother dead. Now in Iowa her second husband is John Lafferty, and Sadie is their daughter.

The following autographs were written after Father returned home from his visit in Clinton County. Soon after his

return, he attended Normal School in Greenfield, the county seat of Adair County.

January 15, 1882.

When you are dead
And your bones are dry
May you dwell with angels
In the Sky.

Yours truly,
John Groves.

Menlo, Iowa. January 21, 1882.

When of absent friends you are thinking
Think of those both false and true.
Please class me among the latter
And I will do the same by you.

Your friend,
Mike Murphy.

(Father did not forget that Mike once saved his life)

Menlo, Iowa. Friend Edwin January 23, 1882.

As you are slowly drifting
On life's ever flowing tide,
Keep my name in memory ever
As a friend who is true and tried.

Your friend,
Katie Murphy.

Holadays, Iowa. (no date given)

Remember the present
Remember the past
Remember the girl
Who kissed you last.

Jennie Booher.

Casey, Iowa. Dear Friend January, 1882.

Remember me when far away.
Remember me in Iowa.

Eva E. Brainard.

Menlo, Iowa. January 23, 1882.

No life can be pure in its purpose
And strong in its strife
And all of life not be purer
And stronger there by.

Your friend,
Anna Murphy.

Holiday, Iowa. January 24, 1882.

When you are blind
And cannot see,
Look at this
And think of me.

Your friend,
T. P. Reagan.

Menlo, Iowa. Friend Edd February, 21, 1882.

Like the refreshing dews
May you give life and beauty
To all around you.

Your friend and schoolmate,
Emma Russell.

Casey, Iowa. To a friend February 24, 1882.

When virtue consecrates these lines
And memory holds them dear,
Do not forget to call to mind
The hand that placed them here.

Lizzie A Ball.

Greenfield, Iowa. March 20, 1882.

Remember well with whom you go
Not to your friends your secrets show,
For when your friends have turned to foes,
Then all the world your secret knows.

Your Normal friend,
Etta Root.

Greenfield, Iowa. March 20, 1882.

On short acquaintance I'll write a line
And sign myself a friend of thine.

Jennie Sears
Fontanelle, Iowa.

Greenfield, Iowa. March 20, 1882.

Strive to keep the golden rule
And learn your lessons well in school.

A Normal friend,
Jessie B. Shaw.

Fontanelle, Iowa. Mr. Smith March 23, 1882.

If scribbling in albums
Remembrance insures,
With the greatest of pleasure,
I'll scribble in yours.

Lucy F. Young.

(no address given) March 27, 1882.

Take the lesson to thyself
 Living heart and true:
Golden years are fleeting by,
 Youth is passing too.
Learn to make the most of life,
 Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
 Chances swept away.

Kittie Osborn.

Greenfield Institute Mr. Smith March 27, 1882.

Remember, I say,
 When you look on these pages,
That writing in albums
 Is like working for wages.

Jennettie Sargent.

Greenfield, Iowa. April 6, 1882

Daily plant the trees
 Which shall bring forth flowers
To strew your sick bed
 And garland your grave.

M. W. Havers.

Holaday, Iowa. Friend Edwin April 3, 1882.

"Non excellentia sine laboris"

Edwin remember your bedmate at Normal, Alexander Taylor.

Holiday, Iowa. Dear Friend April 9, 1882.

We cannot all together be
 Lifes cares and duties bid us part
For years we may not each other see
 But loved ones dwell within the heart.

Yours truly,
M. A. Reagan.

(no address given) May 21, 1882

May thy joy be as deep as the ocean
 And thy sorrow as light as its foam.

As ever your friend,
Hattie Stickler.

Casey, Iowa. (no date given)

When you are sitting all alone
 Reflecting on the past,
Remember that you have a friend
 That will forever last.

Kattie Dickey.

Holadays, Iowa. To My Teacher October 16, 1882.
You say you want my autograph
Well here it is but don't you laugh.
Nellie Taylor.

Holaday, Iowa. To Edwin (no date given)
When hills and vales between us lie
And your face no more I see,
Please take a pen and paper
And write a line to me.
From your friend,
Mary A. Reagan.

Indianola, Iowa. December 5, 1883.
Like the rose may not our friendship wither
But like the evergreen live forever.
Your Mills Co. Friend
R. F. Salyers.

Indianola, Iowa. December 9, 1883.
"Pygmies are pygmies still though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his stature—builds himself;
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."
Your friend,
Dora L. McCarty.

Indianola, Iowa. Mr. Smith December 20, 1883.
At school we meet and part
Each on our different ways.
While here on earth may we prepare
To meet the God of praise.
Your friend,
Hattie E. Frost.

Casey, Iowa. To Edwin January 29, 1884.
Friendship is duty, love and peace;
Friendship I hope will never cease.
Give to Friendship Friendship's due;
Remember me and I will you.
Yours truly,
Anna Rhody.

Simpson College. February 20, 1884.
It is easy enough to say to write
But how am I to begin?
There's naught within me original quite,
Except original sin.
E. E. Evans
Linden, Iowa.

Simpson Centenary College. Friend Ed. March 14, 1884.
Poetry, you know, is hard to make
And harder yet to read,
But don't forget the evening Blake
Got rained upon. Indeed.
Yours,
Morton E. Elrod.

Simpson Centenary College. Mr. Smith. March 22, 1884.
May you never fall in love
Or in debt with a doubt,
As to whether or not
You will ever get out.
Lizzie Dillard
DesMoines, Iowa.

Holaday, Iowa. May 30, 1884.
'Tis a very strange world we live in,
To lend, to spend, to give in:
But to beg, or to borrow, or to get a man's own
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.
Your friend,
Frank Farrell.

(no address given) June 7, 1884.
Parted friends again may meet
From the toils of nature free;
Crowned with mercy Oh how sweet
Will eternal friendships be.
Your friend,
A. E. Hall.

Menlo, Iowa. June 10, 1884.
I wrote a verse
But it looked like prose.
I spilled the ink
And it stained my nose.
So I will sign my name
And here it goes.
Yours sincerely,
Stephen Wolf.

Casey, Iowa. Mr. Smith August 24, 1884.
May your life have
Just enough clouds
To make its sunset glorious,
Is the wish of
Your friend,
Mary Farrell

Menlo, Iowa. Friend Ed August 30, 1884.

I sat me down
And tried to think
But all I did
Was spill the ink.

Your friend,
Laura Wolf.

Casey, Iowa. Mr. Smith December 16, 1884.

Your Album is your garden spot
Where all your friends may sow;
Where weeds and rubbish flourish not
And not but flowers grow.
Then let me in your garden spot
Plant one fragrant flower,
Forget-me-not

Your scholar
Mamie Kennedy

(And Father did not foget this girl, inasmuch as he married her and lived with her fifty-six years or until his death in 1943. She is the writer's mother.)

Casey, Iowa. February,25,1885.

Pretty is the cat
Pretty is the kitten
Pretty is the girl that
Gives the boy the mitten.

Your friend,
Nina Walker.

(The inscription on her gravestone reads:
Nina Dau. of Elvin and Phillippi Walker.
Died Oct.25,1885.Age 19Yrs.,4Mos.,& 5Ds.

Holadays, Iowa. March 10, 1885.

You ask me to write
So here is a riddle;
If he can't keep a tune,
Can a cat play a fiddle?

Your friend,
James Hall.

Menlo, Iowa. August 10, 1886.

Friendship pens the lines,
Virtue holds them dear;
Memory brings to mind,
The one who wrote them here.

Yours sincerely,
Ollie Winn.

Casey, Iowa. September 20, 1886.

I cannot write; nor make a rhyme,
So why persist; and waste my time.
Your scholar,
Jennie Ward.

Pebble Point School Friend Edwin January 3, 1887.

"Think for thyself one good Idea
But know it to be thine own.
'Tis better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown."
Kattie McNama.

Casey, Iowa. To Mr. Smith (no date given)

If I should write, perhaps you'll laugh
So I'll merely sign my autograph.
Your friend,
Lizzie Julian.

Casey, Iowa. January 14, 1887.

When years and months have glided by
And on this page you cast your eye,
Remember 'twas a friend sincere
That left this kind remembrance here.
Your friend,
W. H. Hogan.

Pebble Point School To Teacher January 20, 1887.

I cannot sing and I cannot fiddle;
I cannot write so I'll only scribble.
Your friend,
Fred Winn.

Menlo, Iowa. Friend Edd. March 11, 1888.

Alas, alas, I am so dum
I cannot write in this album.
Orrin Bateham.

Greenfield, Iowa. (no date given)

I've looked these pages o'er and o'er
To see what others wrote before
And in this little lonely spot,
I'll here inscribe, "forget-me-not."
Your friend,
(Mother's sister) Nettie Porter.

Greenfield, Iowa. Friend Edd. (no date given)

I will not claim as others may
A place in memory fair
But this and this alone I say
Forget me if you dare.

As ever your friend,
(Mother's sister-in-law) Orpha Kennedy.

Menlo, Iowa March 20, 1888.

When I saw your album coming hither,
It sent my brain into a dither.
I scratched my head and I rubbed my nose
But all I could write was this rotten prose.

Your friend,
Jessie Owen.

Casey, Iowa. (no date given)

Round as the ring which has no end
So is my love to you my friend.

Nellie Werntz,
Adel, Iowa.

Menlo, Iowa. January 10, 1889.

Scatter seeds of kindness
Though your deeds may never be known
The harvest will ripen in glory
If the seed be faithfully sown.

Your friend,
Blanche Williams.

Highland School. L. E. Smith January 12, 1889.

When memory with its golden key
unlocks the past "remember me."

Your scholar
Dora McMullen.

Highland School January,12,1889.

May you live to eat the old hen
That scratches over your grave.

Your scholar,
Lial McMullen.

Grand View School Friend Ed. March 4, 1892.

Yours sincerely
Although merely

Ed. J. McClary
Menlo, Iowa.

Grand View School Mr. Smith March 4, 1892.

Friendly words are often spoken
When the feelings are unkind
Take them for their real value
Pass them on and never mind.
Cora Coulter
Menlo, Iowa.

Menlo, Iowa. Mr. Smith March 4, 1892.

I dip my pen into the ink
And grasp your album tight
But for my life, I cannot think
One single word to write.
Your scholar
Nora Thierman.

Menlo, Iowa. February,13,1895.

This term of school is passing fast
But may our friendship ever last.
Your friend and scholar.
C. E. Peters.

Jefferson Center School. Dear Teacher February 13, 1895.

When in this book you see my name
Just shut the darned thing up again.
Your scholar
Boyd Daugherty.

The following three verses were written by daughters of Mother's sister.

Greenfield, Iowa. Dear Uncle February 3, 1897.

Within the oyster shell unsought
The purest crystals hide.
Trust me, you'll find a heart sincere
Within the rough out-side.
Your niece,
Iva Porter.

Greenfield, Iowa. Dear Uncle Ed. (about 1900)

Around went the album,
Hither it came
For me to write in
So here is my name.
Your niece,
Nina Porter.

Menlo, Iowa. Dear Uncle (about 1900)

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door in the doctor's nose.
Please don't forget your silly niece
Then you and I shall live in peace.

Yours sincerely,
Maude Porter.

Menlo, Iowa. To my father April 12, 1906.

Some write for pleasure,
Some write for fame
But I write simply
To sign my name.

Your son,
Cecil E. Smith.

Menlo, Iowa. To Father. April 12, 1906.

Little children you must seek
Rather to be good than wise
For the thoughts you do not speak,
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

Amy Smith
Ten years old.

The following autograph was written in Mother's album by Father three years before their marriage. We should like to insert it here.

Menlo, Iowa. To Mamie December 8, 1884.

When the name which I write here
Is dim on the page
And the leaves of your album
Are yellow with age,
Still think of me kindly
And do not forget
That wherever I am,
I remember you yet.

Your friend and teacher,
L. E. Smith.

Although the following and closing autograph was one of the first to be written in Father's album, we have reserved it for the last because of its almost perfect diction and because of the lofty sentiment which is expressed herein.

Holadays, Iowa. Friend Edwin February 7, 1881.

We may write our names in albums.
We may trace them in the sand.

We may chisel them in marble
With a firm and skillful hand
But the pages soon are sullied;
Soon each name will fade away.
Every monument will crumble
Like all earthly hopes decay.
But dear friend there is an album,
Full of leaves of snowy white,
Where no name is ever tarnished
But forever pure and bright.
In that Book of Life, God's Album,
May your name be penned with care
And may all who here have written,
Write their names forever there.
Your friend,
Mary Ann Breen.

As stated previously, Mary Ann Breen was for some time the deputy postmaster at Holadays. Later, after teaching school, she studied medicine at Iowa City and became a successful practicing physician at Le Mars, Iowa. Later she went to California where she is still living in San Francisco. She is much more than ninety years of age.

WAHTAWAH INDIANS AND CHURCHES

For the benefit of those readers who might not understand, we should like to clarify and to explain the above title to the following chapter. It is quite likely that when people in the northern part of Adair County thought of Indians in the "Old days," they immediately remembered the old Indian camping ground at the Joining of the Waters, called Wahtawah. However, inasmuch as we have written of this place previously we shall no more than mention it here. As concerning the Churches, there were two Wahtawah church buildings, an old building and a new building. We shall speak of them later.

There were still many wandering bands of Indians in Adair and Guthrie Counties when the writer's grandparents came to Jefferson Township. For the most part these Indians made their camps in the timber along the banks of Middle River. Here they fished in the stream and hunted game in the adjacent woods. They worried the early settlers by their continual habit of begging and stealing.

The pioneer settler, Thomas Rhody, who has been mentioned previously, recalls having seen these Indians camped in the timber along the banks of Middle River near the McMullen and Underwood homes. He remembers their propensity to beg and to steal. The writer recalls having heard his grandparents tell of the Indians at Wahtawah and he also remembers hearing his grandmother tell how much she feared these Indians as they came to her home begging for food and clothing. Often as she turned from her work in the kitchen she would be startled as she suddenly found herself confronted by a large Indian who had silently entered the open doorway and was standing there staring at her.

In a talk before the Guthrie County Historical Society on January 13, 1946, John W. King, an old settler now passed away, told the following story which is used by permission of the above society.

> One of the finest camping places (for Indians) was on Spring Brook which is now in the State Park in Guthrie County. It was a great camping place for nomad Indians

—who came through the country—stealing, begging, horse trading and fortune telling.

I remember one night when I was a little boy, there came to the door two big Indians begging sugar and tobacco. One of the hired men grabbed a cow whip and started for the stables and cribs. He found four squaws filling their sacks with corn. When he laid on the whip, they began to yell and the Indian braves ran away and I went under the bed: was I scared.

The Indians who contended for the possession of Iowa represented two great stocks, the Dakotah or Siouan nation of nearly fifty tribes, and the Algonquin nation of approximately seventy tribes. Siouan Indians were often referred to as the plains Indians while the Algonquin were described as woodland or as woods Indians.

The two great stocks were divided thus on the basis of language, each tribe speaking a dialect of the parent tongue. Thus the Ioway, Winnebago, Osage, Oto, Missouri, Omaha, Ponca, Sisseton, Wahpeton and the Yankton belonged to the Dakotah or Siouan stock. On the other hand the Sauk and Fox, the Illinois, the Ottawa, the Huron, the Miami, the Kickapoo, the Mascoutin, the Chippewa, and the Potawatomi Indians belonged to the Algonquin or Woodland stock.

Some tribes, like the Winnebago and the Potawatomi, sojourned in Iowa but a short time during pioneer days, having agreed to move into Iowa by treaties concluded with the American government in 1832 and 1833. And leaving again as they were moved westward by certain treaties of 1846.

The few pioneers who are still living have not forgotten the Indians of Iowa. Powerful Iowa tribes such as the Sauk and Fox, the Ioway, the Winnebago, the Potawatomi, and the Sioux, are remembered today through counties named in their honor. Famous Indian chiefs like Black Hawk and Keokuk, Poweshiek, Wapello, Appanoose, Winneshiek, Tama, Mahaska, and Decorah, are likewise immortalized in Iowa place names.

The above information in regard to the Indians of Iowa was furnished by Dr. William J. Peterson, Superintendent of the State Historical Society of Iowa, to whom the author of

this work wishes to acknowledge credit and to whom the writer also wishes to express his thanks.

The State of Iowa itself received its name from the Indians. The word is supposed to have meant in the Indian tongue, "The Beautiful Land or The Pleasant Land." Asa Turner wrote of Iowa in 1836: "It is so beautiful that there might be an unwillingness to exchange it for the Paradise above." Even back as far as 1829 when Iowa was a part of the Michigan Territory, the government of Michigan in its official documents designated its two counties, Dubuque and Demoine, which lay west of the Mississippi River as the District of Iowa County.

One of the first uses of the name *Iowa* was by Albert Miller Lea in 1836 when he wrote his, "Notes on The Wisconsin Territory." He designated the area west of the Mississippi and north of the Missouri rivers as the Iowa District or the Black Hawk Purchase. The name had now become familiar. Thus when congress approved the new Territory of Iowa and When President Van Buren signed the measure on the Fourth of July in 1838, the name of *Iowa* became official.

Some historians believe that the State received its name from the Iowa River or from the land adjacent to it and that the river in turn received its name from the Indians. The Iowa river is one of the largest and also one of the most beautiful of the tributaries of the Mississippi above the Illinois. It has its source among innumerable lakes. For this reason the water is pure and limpid and the river is always supplied. Passing through rich meadows, deep forests and beautiful landscapes, it is said to be one of the finest places upon the earth prepared by Providence for the habitation of man.

As stated previously, there was also a tribe of Indians in this state by the name of the Ioways. While not as powerful as many of the other tribes, they were here longer, probably, one hundred and fifty years. They spoke a language similar to that of the Sioux Indians, and they may have been related to this tribe. However, some historians believe that they, at one time, may have been a tribe of the Sac or Sauk Indians of Rock River. In the first part of the eighteenth century the

Ioways lived in Minnesota, and later moved southward to the state which now bears their name. The Ioways were similar in culture to the Omahas, being an agricultural and bison hunting people.

Their principal village was on the Des Moines River in Van Buren county. The Sauk and Fox Indians pushing westward from as far as New York had destroyed the Illini Indians and in a bloody battle they almost destroyed the Ioways also. After 1836, the Ioways moved to the territory on the west bank of the Missouri River.

While it is not known how many Indian tribes inhabited Iowa, nearly twenty different ones have been identified. The principal Indian tribes in the State during the time of its settling were the Sauk and Fox, the Sioux or Dakotas, the Ioways, the Winnebagos, the Potawatomi and a few of the Missouri and Omahas.

The Indians were constantly pushed westward by treaties. After the Black Hawk treaty of 1832, white settlers were allowed to come into Iowa. By the treaty of 1843, the Indians were to leave all lands east of the Des Moines River. By the treaty of 1846, they were to leave Iowa entirely. However, some did not go and others returned to hunt and to fish. We know that the Tama Indians returned to stay in 1856 and that the Sioux Indians returned during the Spirit Lake massacre and Indian uprisings of 1856 to 1862.

It would be difficult to state with any degree of accuracy just which tribes of Indians inhabited Adair County at any given time. However, we can be quite sure of some of them. It is believed that the Omahas, a tribe of the Sioux Indians, came as far east as Adair County. Also it is thought that the Missouri Indians another family of the Sioux came north this far. It is quite generally conceded that the Potawatomi, who were not plains Indians like the Sioux but who were woods Indians, were the last and also that they were the strongest of the tribes which were here during the time of the early settlement of southwestern Iowa.

As has been stated previously, the Potawatomi and Winnebago Indians had been in Iowa only a comparatively short

time. They were allowed to come in to the state from the east by treaties in 1832 and 1833. The Potawatomi were sent to southwestern Iowa by later treaties and finally by the treaty of 1846, they were supposed to leave Iowa entirely and go to Kansas.

It is most likely that the Indians which the writer's grandparents and other early settlers of Adair and Guthrie counties were familiar with were not the Siouan or plains Indians but it is almost certain that they were the Potawatomi Indians who were a branch of the Algonquin or Woodland tribes.

* * *

To those who have the privilege and the opportunity to worship in some of the great cathedrals of America and of the world, it would indeed be something of a revelation to be transported backward one hundred years or more to an early day open country religious meeting or service held in a pioneer community of our nation.

Probably on a Saturday, one of the more religious minded of the community would ride a horse about the neighborhood inviting everybody to a "meeting" at his house the next afternoon. And they all came—men, women and children—in ox-drawn wagons, on horseback and afoot. Of course the cabin would be too small to hold them all. However, many would stand at the open windows or sit in their wagons close by.

Either the man who had given the invitations or someone else would read from the Bible, offer a short prayer and preach a more or less extemporaneous sermon. Most likely he was not an ordained minister of any established church or denomination. However, the neighbors liked to hear him preach and the sincerity and the simple faith of his sermon expressed the spirit of the pioneers. It is most likely that the invitations were repeated and always accepted until Sunday meetings at this home became an established custom. It became an occasion for neighborly visiting as well as for worship.

In much the same manner the pioneers of many early Iowa settlements began to worship together. They brought their Bibles with them and in that sense they were Christians. In most cases they brought the ancient faith of their forefathers

with them to the new land. Perhaps they did not fully understand all of the prophecy or the history of the Old Testament. However, their faith was firm and their approval of the teachings of Jesus was no less wholehearted. They spoke reverently of God and prayed to have their sins forgiven.

The home of the previously mentioned midwife and country doctor, Rufaann Miller and her husband, was often used on Sundays in pioneer times for religious meetings such as described above. It has been reported that the benches which were used for seating the people were made of split logs with pegs driven into them for legs. These benches were stacked up outside of the house on week days or when not in use.

John Mason Peck, the first Baptist missionary in the Illinois and Missouri region, left an interesting story concerning a squatter family which he visited in 1818. Their home was a single room log cabin. It had only a dirt floor and contained neither a table, chair nor any other article of furniture. Usually the frontiersman made these almost necessary conveniences out of logs with his ax and auger. However, it seems that this family either lacked the skill or the enterprise to do this.

This family consisted of the father and mother, two married daughters with their husbands and their children, besides an unmarried son and daughter. The old man and his wife had been Baptists "back in the settlements" which meant perhaps some eastern state. The father could read but "mighty poorly." The old woman wanted a hymn book but she could not read. They wished to attend a Baptist Church but there were none in that region. The younger members of the family were shy and could not be persuaded to come into the cabin to hear the missionary read the Scriptures and to offer prayer.

The cooking was done out of doors and the food was of the simplest kind. The missionary felt that perhaps the food was none too clean. As a result he ate lightly and did not partake of the half cooked beans and rancid bacon nor of the sour buttermilk which had been taken from the churn where the milk was kept when it came from the cow.

The first missionaries or ministers in Iowa traveled about the country preaching to the early settlers wherever they could

hold a meeting. They were called "circuit riders" because they went on horseback from one settlement to another. Often they rode hundreds of miles through mud and rain, fording streams and finding shelter where they could. In the winter time, they faced the biting wind and waded through deep snow to reach a place where they had promised to return.

On week days these itinerant preachers visited the homes of the pioneers and brought them news. They also held prayer meetings, baptised people in the streams and rivers and tried generally to save people's souls. On Sundays they preached at the cabin of some settler or in a school house if there was one and on many occasions held meetings out of doors in the summer time.

It has been reported that the first religious service west of the Des Moines River was held in August, 1837, under a large elm tree in Van Buren county. The early settlers and also many Indians came from miles around. The white-haired Baptist preacher began by reading the words of a hymn which the people sang line by line after him. The sermon lasted for two hours and after closing with a long prayer, the people sang again. It was customary to close with the Doxology which was called "Old Hundred." Therefore it is likely that this hymn was used on that occasion.

As could be expected, the pioneers were not satisfied with such services for very long. They wanted churches in which to worship. It has been said that Barton Randle, a Methodist missionary who began preaching at Dubuque in the fall of 1833, organized the first church in Iowa. There were only twelve members but they determined to have a house of worship. By enlisting the aid of some others who did not belong to the church, but who were regarded as and who were spoken of as "friendly sinners," a small sum of money, about two hundred and fifty-five dollars, was collected and a log building, twenty-six feet long and twenty feet wide was raised on July 25, 1834.

Many of the first Iowa churches were like this one. They looked like school houses or large cabins which many of them were. They had no steeples or bells and probably the pulpit

was only a table or a rough home made affair which served the purpose. In the earliest of these school house churches, rough benches hewn out of logs served for seats for the school and as pews for the church. Of course, there was no organ or piano and often there were no song books. Later on, better church buildings were constructed and these were furnished with more modern equipment.

The writer recalls that one old pioneer ceased going to church temporarily because an organ had been installed in the old Wahtawah church building. Later when his own granddaughter became the organist, he returned for a few years. However, when the organ was replaced by a piano, the old gentleman quit the church entirly. He believed that the use of such modern equipment, in God's house, was sinful.

There were Catholic priests as well as Protestant ministers among the circuit riders. While the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Lutherans were very active, other denominations were strong in some localities. A group of Congregational ministers known as the Iowa Band had a great influence in the state. The Mormans after being driven out of Illinois were welcomed in Iowa. It has been reported that a man by the name of Abner Kneeland attempted to establish a town for people who did not believe in God. However, not many people wanted to live in such a place, and the project was a failure. Wherever the pioneers settled they built churches. Most of the denominations started schools and colleges.

When the first legislature of the newly organized Territory of Iowa men in Burlington in November of 1838, it had no government building and so the newly constructed Methodist Church was rented for the purpose. It was sixty feet long by forty feet wide. The basement part was built of stone and the upper story was constructed of brick. One branch of the legislature met in the upper part of the building and the other branch met in the lower rooms. Thus Old Zion Methodist Church in Burlington became the first capitol of the Territory of Iowa.

Ministers in the pioneer days always traveled by team and buggy or on horseback. Often they came such a great distance

to preach that it was necessary for them to come on Saturday and stay over a couple of nights returning home again on Monday. From the "Heart of the Home" page in Capper's Weekly (we do not know the date) we have taken the following uncopyrighted clipping. It is the finest word picture we have seen of life with a pioneer preacher's family. We wish to give credit to the publishers and to the unidentified writer whose name we do not know.

> My father was a preacher and often traveled thirty miles or more in a day in a buggy drawn by a team of ponies. On rare occasions some of us children accompanied him as a very special reward for good conduct.
>
> If it were cold, we were bundled up in all of our own wraps and some that the other children could spare. The side curtains of the buggy were buttoned on, a heavy robe was tucked around our knees and our feet were placed on Father's good old foot warmer.
>
> How many of you remember the big slab of soapstone that was placed in the oven until starting time by the traveler of yesteryear? How I wiggled my ten-year-old toes in its luxurious warmth. No queen ever felt more proud than I as I rattled away over the snowy trails with Father. In deep drifts the ponies, Babe and Dolly, knew exactly how to work their way thru, directed and encouraged by the confident voice of my father.
>
> The meeting house was a bleak, unprotected school house on the windswept plains. I remained in the buggy while Father went in and started the fire. By and by the congregation, sparse in number, began to arrive. We huddled around the red-bellied stove and generated some extra heat by stomping around. The place was really warmed up later by our whole-souled singing.
>
> Some of the good pilgrims always invited us for dinner or to spend the night. Our middles were warmed by delicious creamed chicken and hot biscuits or something equally good. At home, Mother and the other children, who were holding down a sand hill claim, dined on bean dumplings with wild plum sauce for dessert.
>
> But there was a real welcome for us in the old sod house, warmed by a "cow chip" fire. They were so happy to see us return, us, and the $4.17 that represented a week's wages. There was no other compensation in money for the sixty mile drive.

> After telling all about our trip and when bedtime came, we youngsters each wrapped his heated flatiron, first in paper and then in a towel, and scurried off to our cold rooms, laughing as our breath made clouds in the frigid air.

When the writer's parents and grandparents attended church, they went either to the Wahtawah Church or to the services which were held at the Hill Side School House. In both places the services were conducted by ministers who were members of what was then known as the New Light Christian Faith. Inasmuch as the writer's grandparents and his father had stayed with the country preacher and farmer J. B. McGinnis in 1866 while Grandfather was locating his farm and establishing his homestead, it was only natural that the life long friendship generated at that time should have influenced them to turn toward the church of which Mr. McGinnis was a member and a minister.

Near the close of the eighteenth century, a number of ministers and prominent men of differing religious denominations in America became dissatisfied with the prevailing attitude of the various religious leaders among the sects. They especially rebelled against the autocratic and domineering rule of the Bishops and of the Elders of the various faiths. They were in a sense seeking religious freedom from higher authority in the Church. They also wished to be freed from man made rituals and church formulated doctrines and they wished to have the privilege of basing their faith upon individual interpretation of the Bible.

Six men stand out as leaders in this early movement which was destined to result in the establishment of the Christian Church. Abner Jones of Vermont was a physician, Elias Smith of New Hampshire was a gifted orator and writer, Barton Stone and David Purviance of Kentucky were teachers and preachers, James O'Kelly of Virginia and Rice Haggard of North Carolina were able speakers and writers. O'Kelly had been a classmate of Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry, and at one time when Thomas Jefferson permitted him to preach to a session of congress, he is reported to have brought tears to the eyes of many of the members.

At a historic meeting of such belivers at Lebanon, Virginia on August 4, 1794, Rice Haggard stood up and holding aloft his right hand a copy of the New Testament, he said:

> "Brethern, this is a sufficient rule of faith and practice. By it we understand the disciples of our Lord were first called Christians and I move that henceforth and forever the followers of Christ be known as Christians simply."

The motion was then put to the house and unanimously adopted. From that date forward this group of people and their followers have never acknowledged or answered to any other name as a body of belivers than the name Christian Church.

The first religious service held in Jefferson township was in June of 1854, at the log cabin of John Febus. This was on the farm settled by William Alcorn in 1850 and which later became the site of the Holaday Post Office. John Creager and Samuel Johnson, residents of Madison county, conducted this service. They were of the New Light Christian Faith or more simply, as stated above, the Christian Church.

The people of the community worshiped occasionally for a time in the different homes round about until a school house was built on the farm of John Loucks in 1858. This building was twenty by thirty feet in size and it was reported to have cost eight hundred dollars. Mr. Holaday and Stover Rinard laid the foundations and the latter shaved the shingles for the roof. Mr. Rinard was the early settler with whom the writer's grandparents lived until Grandfather could build his log cabin.

The first official organization of this congregation which became known as the Christian Church of Jefferson township was consummated in August of 1865 by William Deal and J. B. McGinnis. And as stated above the first meetings were held at the Wahtawah school house which was shortly purch-ased for church purposes by John Loucks and J. B. McGinnis.

The original members of this communion as of the date 1865 were: J. B. McGinnis and his wife Rebecca McGinnis, John Loucks and his wife Vashti Loucks, Francis and Hill Darnill and William Deal and his wife Jane Deal. Inasmuch as the above members had large families, J. B. McGinnis had

twelve children and John Loucks had seven, the little building must have been crowded to capacity.

The first ministers of this historic church who held the position in an official capacity were William Deal and William Hopkins. J. B. McGinnis was the first elder and this man also occupied the pulpit as minister many times. At a revival held in February of 1867 which was conducted by William Lowe and J. B. McGinnis, a year after the arrival in Adair County of the writer's grandparents, thirty-one people were converted and joined the church. At another revival held in January of 1879 conducted by J. B. McGinnis, sixteen were converted.

The above described building was known at first as the Wahtawah School House. However, when a new school building was constructed in the proper place after the land had been surveyed, as stated previously, the former building was purchased by the congregation of New Light Christians who had worshiped here from the beginning. Thenceforth it was known as the Wahtawah Christian Church. These people who believed in baptism by immersion, baptised their communicants in Middle River in the beautiful timber setting at the old Indian camping ground the, "Joining of the Waters," called Wahtawah.

The writer's parents were influenced greatly by the preaching of the saintly Mr. Ellsworth at the Hill Side School House. Inasmuch as Mr. Ellsworth was also of the New Light Christian Faith, this probably had much to do with their decision to unite with a church of this denomination. Consequently after they were married Father and Mother united with the old Wahtawah Christian Church which stood on the Loucks farm. They were then baptised in Middle River at the "Joining of the Waters."

In 1894, Mr. J. B. McGinnis gave an acre of ground upon the top of a high hill just a short distance south of the old Indian camping ground for the location of a new church building. This edifice was built among oaks and elms and it was surrounded at that time on all sides by heavy timber. It is only a short distance from the Wahtawah Cemetery and it is located in one of the most scenic spots in Iowa. There is not

so much timber surrounding it any more and the building stands empty at present. However, the romantic and the historic associations connected with this old Christian Church building still remain and still stand out vividly in the mind of the writer.

Here in 1898, Miss Maude Porter, an attractive and lovely girl, a cousin of the writer with whose parents she had made her home for four years, gave her life to her Saviour and was baptised at Wahtawah at the, "Joining of the Waters." Also on August 5, 1917, the writer and his sister, Miss Amy Smith, together with a considerable number of other people were baptised at this historic spot in the waters of Middle River.

Of the ministers who served the old Wahtawah church, the writer remembers among others: Mrs. Maggie Wallace, A. C. Burnham, Bob Lewis, Will Burdine, A. A. Thomas and E. Rhodes. Of these probably, Bob Lewis and Will Burdine were the most locally famous. These people all came a considerable distance to preach and they served the church long enough to leave a lasting impression upon the memory and upon the lives of the people who heard them. The writer recalls that in those long ago bygone days, standing room in the old church was at a premium when these ministers preached, especially during evening services.

Most of the older members of the church have died and their descendants have moved away. For this reason it has been almost impossible, in later years, to continue the services. However, the church has occasionally had a revival of interest and has operated for a short time. Some of the later ministers who did not serve the church so long and who, for that reason, are not so well remembered were Lawrence Reeves, Raymond Clark, Lester Proctor, and last and most likely the least was the writer himself.

TWILIGHT AND EVENING STAR

When Grandfather became ill at the end of his long life, he asked that one of his neighbors should be called in to see him. He said that he wished to sell his farm to the man in order that he might go back to York State. When the neighbor, just to humor him inasmuch as he realized that Grandfather's mind was failing, asked him how long it had been since he had lived in New York. Grandfather replied that he had been away for ten years and that he wished to sell his farm and to go back to his old home. Actually it had been seventy years since Grandfather had driven a stagecoach in the state of New York. In that long span of time, he had passed through the experiences of nearly two ordinary life times.

He had broken prairie with oxen from New York through Michigan and Ohio to Iowa. He had possessed two families. He had lived through three wars and he had given of his own life blood in one of these. He had driven a stagecoach in New York. He had run a store in Michigan and he had cradled grain in Ohio. He had known the fear of Indians and before he died he had seen just a few automobiles. He had crossed one half of a continent, probably most of the way by covered wagon. Grandfather was a just and a good man. He was honest to a fault and could not bear the thought of owing aught to any man. He was a quiet man whom few people knew at all and whom no one knew intimately.

About five o'clock on Sunday evening of November 17, 1907, Grandfather at the age of eighty-nine years and three days reached the end of the trail. When he had gone the last mile of the way and when he had laid down at last for the final time to dream of covered wagons, forded rivers, Indian camps, and the long, long trail a winding into the land of his dreams, he was laid to rest in the little Jefferson Township Cemetery. He lies in a grave upon the hill which faces the west. This hill overlooks the Middle River valley and upon the hill on the opposite side of the valley can be seen the home that he loved.

Grandmother made her home with Father and his family for fifteen years after Grandfather's death. When Father

moved to the State of Minnesota in the year of 1922, Grandmother passed away in that place at the age of almost eighty-six years. It was a time of great financial depression and the body could not be returned to Iowa for burial. Grandmother was laid to rest in the beautiful Lake Side or Toqua Lakes Cemetery at Graceville, Minnesota. Years later when Father passed away in 1943, he was buried in South Oak Grove Cemetery at Stuart Iowa.

And so it is that Grandfather has one wife and two children buried in Michigan and one son in a grave someplace on an unknown battle field of the Civil War. He also has another wife buried in Minnesota, while another son lies in a city cemetery in Iowa. As a result, Grandfather himself rests alone in death even as he was alone in life. He was a quiet man of many sorrows. However, his grave stone faces the west, where it can be seen forever from the homestead that he loved so well upon the hill above the river.