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Times to Remember
The Family History Writing Class
at the Marion Carnegie Library

TIMES TO REMEMBER

The Family History Writing Class
at the Marion Carnegie Library

Printed and bound by the
Iowa State Industries Print Shop
Anamosa, Iowa
1978

This program has been funded by a grant from the Iowa Arts Council,
a state agency, to the State Library Commission of Iowa.

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Introduction

by
David Ure

There are many times which need to be remembered, and these are but a few. A beginning, we hope, for more remembrances to come, as each contributor has given us only one story and knows so much more. So much more that should be recorded before life passes by and the events are forgotten.

I am amazed by our society. We fret over and then stare in awe of King Tut's treasures; we support projects around the world which cause scientists and amateurs to work in a fevered, archaeological desperation to preserve the most ancient traces of humanity before the present buries them forever. These are noble sentiments and acts—and easily justifiable, too—but their collective emphasis seems misplaced to me.

On another hand, as we rush into a dim and troubling future, many Americans plunge deeper into the 1950's and nostalgia, reaching for innocence and safety. Though this is understandable, given the fears we must live with every day, such a retreat is terribly superficial. We are, after all, only a tv rerun or a record album away, and our search is greatly aided by such films as American Graffiti and American Hot Wax.

What we have missed—and what we are losing every day—are the lovely details which helped shape our American world when the country was still young. Recorded within this slim volume are incidents and facts that were once common knowledge; but now, to most eyes, they will glisten like new worlds. It is a shame so much has been lost, pushed aside by modernity, but the printing

of this book is a happy occasion, a time when the past is awarded its due.

The focus of this book is the family, and it is a strong reminder of just how much each of us has learned from his or her family—or, at times, how much another family has meant to ours. America is first among nations in the importance it places on the family unit. Though the institution of the family has been bent by a rising divorce rate and changed by other, less drastic events, an American's first allegiance is still to his family.

And it is to each of our families that this book, with love, is dedicated.

Acknowledgments

This is to thank Mrs. Edith Duss and her staff at the Marion Carnegie Library for their assistance and patience.

JAMES OXLEY OF THE TEMPERANCE BRIGADE

by
LeNORA WAFFLE

James Oxley was born on April 29, 1838, the son of John Scott Oxley and Jane Halley Oxley, near Crawfordsville in Montgomery County, Indiana. They moved to Marion Township, Linn County, Iowa in 1841. Here they farmed east of the town of Marion until his maturity.

James Oxley married Frances Tryon in 1859 when he was twenty-one years of age. To them was born a daughter Luella on May 23, 1861. This was the size of the family when James enlisted in the army in August of 1862. He joined the Twenty-fourth Iowa Regiment at Springville. His company was designated as Company H. This group, like many others had a nickname - The Temperance Brigade. Eventually they were brigaded with forty-seven Indiana, twenty-eight Iowa and fifty-six Ohio, which eventually became organized as the Second Brigade of the Twelfth Division of the Thirteenth Army Corps. Captain Carbee was the organizer of James Oxley's unit.

The regiment was mustered into the army at Muscatine, Iowa, on September 18, 1862. Here they were boarded on a boat and traveled down the Mississippi to Helena, Arkansas. In Helena, they were drilled and trained for the work ahead. From here reports trickled back to Iowa of the sickness and death in the camp due to unsanitary conditions. John S. Oxley heard of this and made a trip to check this out for himself. There is no report as to the conditions he found, but while he was there, he went on one short expedition against a small Southern unit which retreated when they saw they were being pursued.

From Helena the unit was sent on several expeditions, including St. Charles (where the enemy fled), Clarenton (turned out to be nothing there),

and DuVall's Bluff (the enemy fled, leaving behind two sixty-four lb. cannon and a few stands of arms and fifteen prisoners). On their return to camp they encountered a heavy snowstorm which caused much sickness and some deaths. They returned to Helena after twelve days.

From Helena they were again sent downriver and landed on the east bank near Bruinsburg, Mississippi. This is considerably south of Vicksburg. From there they were to make their way to Vicksburg, capturing towns, roads, and railroads along the way. The terrain was very rough, valleys were narrow with steep banks leading precipitously to the bluffs above. It seemed every valley had a stream, many needing bridges for crossing. The first big stream to cross was the Bayou Pierre. Bayou Pierre had two branches, South and North. The south branch had a deep and fast current. When the Union troops arrived there they found a few rebels guarding the still-smoldering railroad bridge. When the Union forces chose another location for building their bridge, the Rebel forces departed.

The Union troops worked hard all night tearing down fences and out-buildings and felling trees for the bridge, and by five o'clock the next morning, the troops started crossing. Before the first unit was across, they were fired upon by the enemy snipers secreted on the tops of surrounding hills. The Rebels were trying to slow the progress of the Union army until the Rebel armies could consolidate at Vicksburg.

Part of the Rebel troops were under Gen. Joseph Johnston and were located north of Jackson. Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, is about fifty miles east of Vicksburg and the Mississippi River. Johnston kept in touch with Gen. Pemberton who was in charge at Vicksburg but never brought his troops to Vicksburg as Pemberton had hoped.

Grant's army, after successfully crossing both branches of Bayou Pierre, marched north and then turned east to avoid crossing the Big Black River in

that area. It would be easier to cross farther north at the railroad bridge. So the troops moved eastward toward Jackson. Every railroad crossing and river crossing was contested. At this point General Pemberton (Northern-born and educated) was Trying to "buy time" for the Southern army. His aim was to get all Southern troops in the area consolidated at Vicksburg. From there they could send groups out to impede the progress of the enemy. Gen. Joseph Johnston from his camp north of Jackson offered advice and encouragement, but made no move toward joining Pemberton. Maybe he sensed that they might be "bottled up" in Vicksburg.

General Grant's army at this time consisted of three units. General, Sherman was in charge of the unit sent to keep Johnston from joining Pemberton and to subdue Jackson and break the railroad running between Jackson and Vicksburg.

Generals McPherson and McClernand were in charge of clearing the area between the two cities of Rebel troops, and destroying the railroads. James Oxley's unit was with McClernand and about twenty miles west of Jackson at a place called Raymond where a small encounter with the enemy took place. From here they started west toward Vicksburg. They had a small skirmish at Fourteen Mile Creek but met with much more opposition a few miles further on the way at Champion's Hill. Champion's Hill is about seventy-five feet high. The plantation of a family named Champion was there. It was a fine defensive position and excellent for obstructing progress of an army coming from the east as McClernand's unit was. McClernand's corps was on the south of the hill, McPherson's on the north. I'm quoting from Mark Boatner III's Civil War Dictionary - "McClernand forfeited an opportunity to destroy this entire enemy force." (Pemberton had come out from Vicksburg hoping to meet with Johnston and together crush the enemy) "by his lack of aggressiveness: instead of

Mississippi

Champion's Hill

Vicksburg

Jackson

Big Black

Raymond

Port Gibson

Bruinsburg

-x-x- Sherman
-.-.-.-. McClelland
——— McPherson

attacking the Confederate south flank as soon as he made contact (9:30 A.M.) he waited four and a half hours for orders and then did not attack vigorously. McPherson, however, hit from the north as soon as he made contact (11:00 A.M.). McClernand's delay permitted the Confederates to shift reinforcements to oppose McPherson. The hill changed hands several times in severe fighting." This Battle of Champion's Hill (or Baker's Creek) was the most severe of the campaign. From here Pemberton withdrew his forces into the fortifications at Vicksburg.

But the fighting was over for a while for James Oxley. He and his captain were crossing a fence when they were caught in a crossfire. James received a mini ball in his hip. His beloved captain was killed. His son Marvin often showed that mini ball to us. He carried it in his pocket. So James was out of the war for a while. He missed the frustrating and tedious siege of Vicksburg. I have no record of where he was hospitalized or if there was a furlough home. But sometime that year he was dealt a severe blow by the death of his wife.

The Battle of Champion's Hill took place on May 16, 1863. He joined his unit again sometime before March of 1864, for he was there in time to go on the ill-fated Red River Campaign in Louisiana. The Red River Campaign was an ordeal. The terrain was low and often boggy, many rivers to cross; and river crossings were usually contested by the enemy. The purpose of the campaign was to capture Shreveport and gather the cotton from plantations on the Red River. Their route of march in general followed the course of the river. There are only a few days a year when that river is high enough to be navigable by larger boats, and a double rapids above Alexandria is a severe problem. It happened the river was high enough to get the Union boats up above the rapids north of Alexandria but within a few days the water receded to the point that it would be impossible to

bring even a shallow-draft boat over the rapids. Rocks in the rapids were high and dry above the water.

The army, in the meantime, was on land fighting their way toward Shreveport.

The Twenty-fourth Iowa's first encounter with the enemy was at Sabine Cross Roads. An important junction of several roads. It was in one of the few clearings in the forest. It was about 900 yards wide by 1200 yards long with a deep ravine in the center. Here the Rebel army was entrenched. When the Union army arrived, a sharp engagement took place. The Federals were routed and lost 2,500 as prisoners and much supplies. That night the Federals retreated to where A. J. Smith's division was entrenched near Pleasant Hill where the next battles was fought the following day. The Rebel army was repulsed at this encounter at the Battle of Pleasant Hill on 9th of April.

The next battle took place when the Union forces were trying to cross the Cane River (a tributary of the Red). This battle has several names: Monett's Bluff, Monett's Ferry, Coutiersville, and Cane River Crossing. It was another case of the Rebels trying to prevent Union forces from crossing a river.

From April 26 to May 10 the army was kept busy felling logs, gathering brush and rocks, and collecting lumber from fences and outbuildings and carrying these to the river to help make wing dams and a dam above the double rapids. The Union was stranded above the rapids with too little water to float them down river. Col. Bailey, an engineer, devised a plan of dams to hold water back until it had risen high enough to carry the ships over the rapids at the center of the dam when the obstruction was released. The rush of the water through the narrow space carried all the ships safely downstream. This maneuver was a brilliant success, but it is the only one in the whole ill-advised campaign.

Shreveport

Louisiana

Natchitoches

Twin Rapids

Fort De Russy

Alexandria

Area of battles

Mansura

Big
Cane

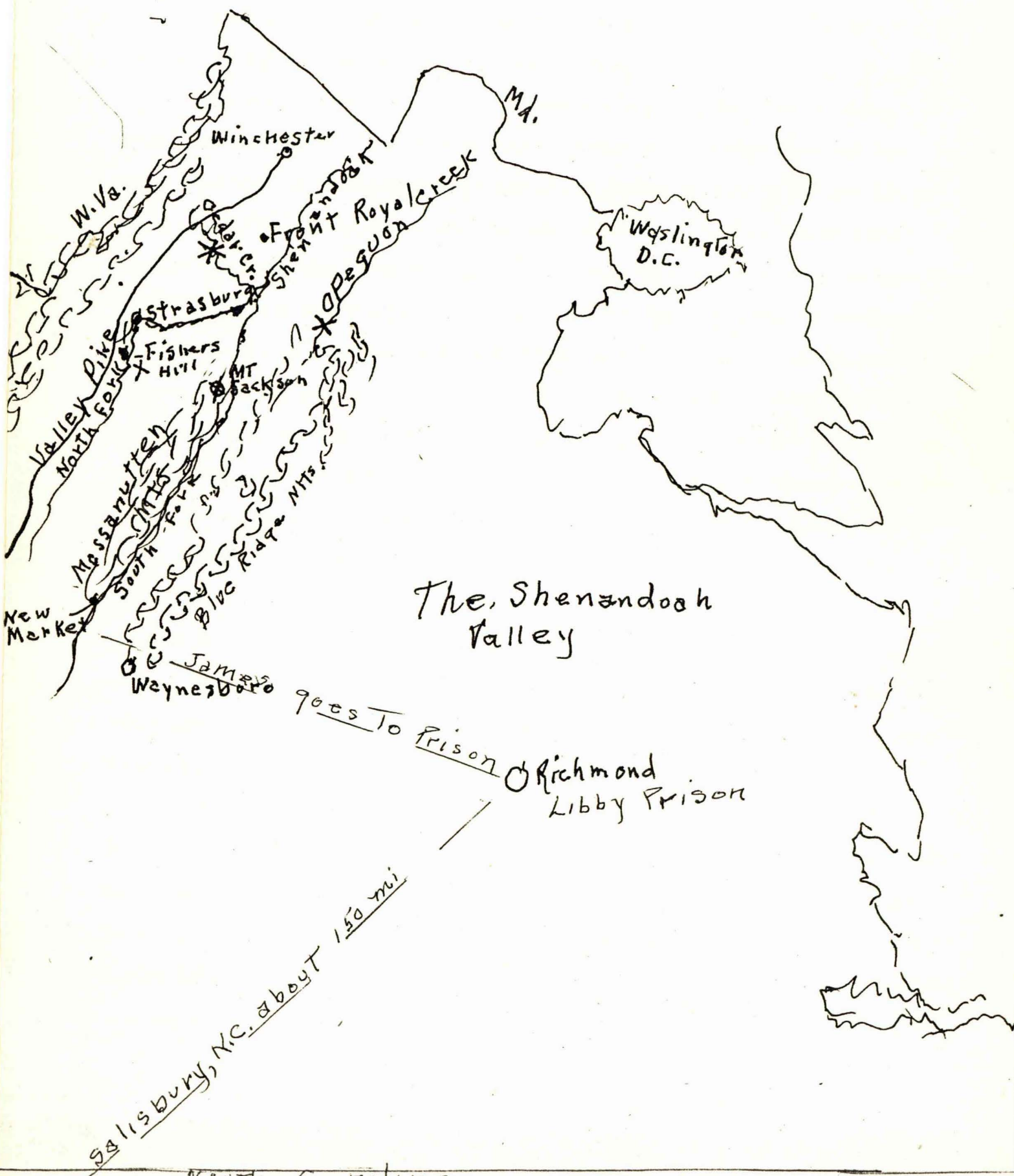
Baton Rouge



From here the troops marched on downstream to the Atchafalaya River where they made a bridge using ships as pontoons to cross the river. From here the units of the Union army were divided, most sent to Vicksburg, but James Oxley's brigade were sent by ship to the Shenandoah Valley. It was wondered at the time if the object of the Red River Campaign might not have been for the purpose of speculation in cotton. It ended by Kirby Smith's ordering 150,000 bales of cotton burned (because there was no way to get it out) then valued at \$60,000,000. This campaign became subject of a congressional investigation and official censure. It never had been approved by the superior officers in Washington. It appears that the generals in the Western departments pretty well planned their own campaigns.

The Thirteenth Army Corps of which James Oxley was a member was moved by ship to Ft. Monroe, Virginia. From there they went to Washington, D.C., to help repel an advance toward that city by General Early's Rebel Forces. After that was repelled, General Early returned to his scene of action in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. James Oxley's division was also sent to the same valley to be attached to the army led by General Philip Sheridan whose purpose was to pursue and destroy not only Early's army but also all food that could give aid to the enemy. General Sheridan is said to have declared that he would strip the Shenandoah Valley so clean that even a crow would have to carry its own food as it flew over. And that is what he and his army proceeded to do.

This valley had earlier been the scene of General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson's activities where he had won fame with his "foot cavalry". But while Jackson had won fame, Early had no glory there. The freshness of Jackson and his success had worn off. There was only hard fighting, going hungry, and defeat for either of the opposing armies now. They were on their way to the final showdown. Jackson had appealed to their imaginations and sympathies by his bold



The Shenandoah Valley

James Wayneboro goes to Prison
Richmond Libby Prison

Salisbury, N.C. about 150 mi

North Carolina

moves, but General Early was a different man and did not appeal as much to the imagination. He was a competent but unimaginative general. The tables were turned. Now the Union had the general who appealed to the imagination - Gen. Philip Sheridan who sat a horse like a king.

Sheridan, when he first came to the Valley, took his time watching Early's movements. He knew that Anderson's Corps was borrowed from Lee and would soon have to be returned. He thought it better to keep a low profile and let them think Anderson not needed and thus returned to Lee's command sooner. Finally this happened, Sheridan caught Early's troops on a road near Opequon Creek. The train was strung out and on a narrow road. This was an excellent place to pounce on the train that was oblivious to any danger. The Battle of Opequon Creek was won by the Union troops. The Rebels retreated to Fisher's Hill below Strasburg where the next battle took place. This victory was not as decisive because this terrain was very familiar to the Rebels but not so familiar to the Union troops. The Rebels were dislodged and fled to Mt. Jackson.

On Oct. 16, 1864, Sheridan's troops went down the Shenandoah Valley (North, in this case). Here he settled his army in camp, left the next-in-command in charge, and left for a short conference in Washington, D.C.

Early followed at a discreet distance and camped at Fisher's Hill. Sheridan's army had twice the number of Early's. But Early must have believed the Southerner's declaration that one Rebel could whip ten Yankees.

Sheridan's troops camped along the north side of Cedar Creek. From Three-Top Mountain the Rebel signal station with strong glasses could watch their every move. General Gordon and mapmaker Jed Hotchkiss carefully examined the Union position and formed a plan of attack. The plan was presented to Gen. Early and he approved it. They made a footbridge for crossing the Shenandoah River and crossed over for a night march. Wharton's Division moved along the Valley Pike;

Kershaw's Division was about a mile east of that.

James Oxley's Twenty-fourth Iowa Regiment was among the last regiments on the Union line, far to the right of the encampment. And, I suppose, since H is a high letter in regimental designation, their regiment was close to or on the end of the line.

Early's move was skillfully achieved before dawn and the three divisions of his corps (Ramseur, Pegram, and Gordon) were ready to attack. The attack took the Union leaders by such surprise that they were unable to rally their forces quickly. Many units fell back and rallied and put up resistance later. James Oxley, who had just risen after his night's sleep, was captured and taken prisoner. The Battle of Cedar Creek continued and very much in favor of the attackers until Sheridan made his famous ride (just returned from Washington) rallied his troops and led them to a smashing victory.

But Sheridan's success was late in the day and by that time James Oxley and his fellow prisoners were miles south on the Valley Pike.

From the Valley he was sent to Richmond to Libby Prison for a short while; then as that became too crowded, was sent to Salisbury Prison in Salisbury, North Carolina. The Salisbury Prison was an old tobacco warehouse and was very commodious. But later when prison population increased, space, food and water became in short supply. Prisoners who found no room in the big building made their own quarters of any boards, canvas, etc. that they could find. Many, lacking these, dug caves on the sloping hillside.

The railroads of the South functioned very poorly at this time. They lacked replacements for worn-out parts, could not replace rails, and Sherman's March to the Sea had cut them off from Georgia and her produce. And where Salisbury had been considered one of the better prisons because of its commodious

building, plentiful food, and good climate, now only the good climate was left. So misery was common to all prisoners and many in their weakened condition died. Sergeants were usually in charge of receiving the food allotment for their units each day. And they never reported a death from their unit. Thus they got supplies for their dead which was divided among them. James Oxley was a sergeant. He said that was the only way he managed to keep alive.

When peace came, the gates were thrown open and the prisoners were freed. The people living in the area let a soldier eat with them if he asked at their door, but their meals were scanty too.

I've never heard just how he caught up with his unit, or where he presented himself to the army authorities for transportation home. But I have read of that home-coming.

His father had heard of a returned prisoner who had come to his home in Cedar Rapids and called on him. The soldier did not give any encouragement that his son might still be alive.

On the day that James returned home, his mother was sick and in bed (and probably had been for quite a while). The children were playing in the house when through the north windows of the house they saw a man walk past and they recognized him and ran screaming to the door. This noise brought John (James' father) to the house. And all the noise was too much for the mother in bed. She called to see what was going on. When she found out her son was home, her illness was past. She dressed, greeted James, and reached for a jar of blackberries and started making a pie. When James arrived home, he weighed ninety-seven pounds. And on a tall man this isn't much. To his parents who had all but given up hopes of his return this must have seemed like had risen again. And James had a new life to start. It must have been a heartbreak to find no

wife waiting for him, but his baby daughter was there and had been lovingly cared for by his mother and younger brothers and sisters.

James Oxley farmed his farm, took as his second wife Hannah Deacon, and together they reared a family of three sons. He was an honest and progressive citizen of his community. And if such an inadequate account as this is worthy of a dedication, it is to James' son, Marvin, that I dedicate this.

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Various writings (unpublished)
by Marvin Oxley and various conversations with him

James Oxley's diary, kept in two little notebooks, while he was in the service.

From the Inception of the Linn County Heritage Society

by

Phyllis Wise Wennermark

The roots of the Linn County Heritage Society date back to 6 February 1965. At that time, an article entitled "Historical Digging," written by Mrs. Bryan Cronbaugh, appeared in the People's Forum column of the Cedar Rapids Gazette. Among other comments on various phases of genealogy, she questioned, "Could a Linn County Historical and Genealogical Society be started in Cedar Rapids and vicinity?" On 12 February 1965, in the same section of the Cedar Rapids Gazette, a similar article appeared, written by Mrs. Phyllis Wennermark. She expressed a desire "to see a column in our Gazette devoted to historical and genealogical material, queries and answers, perhaps in the Sunday edition." (The column was first published in 1973 under the heading of "Dear Genie" and was prepared by Sharon Hruska from queries received at the P.O. box.)

At 9:30 a.m. on Thursday, 25 February 1965, a group of sixteen persons gathered at the home of Mrs. Lois Cronbaugh for an informal discussion concerning the need of an organization to preserve genealogical and historical data. Persons attending this discussion were: Mrs. Cronbaugh, Mr. Ross Young, Mr. Marvin Oxley, Mr. Fred Enders, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Frank Bedell, Mrs. George Austin, Mrs. Norval Box, Mrs. Frederick Schuller, Mrs. C.J. Neary, Mrs. Wilmer Robinson, Mrs. Merle Harris, Mrs. William K. Wagner, and Mrs. Herman Wennermark.

Mrs. Cronbaugh was acting chairman and Mrs. Box recorded the names of those present and their particular interests in the fields of genealogy and history. Many of those present had done considerable research on their family histories. Many had been enrolled in a genealogy class taught by Mrs. Orris Wise in the fall of 1964. The class was sponsored by the Cedar Rapids Public School System and had been held at Washington Senior High School. Many of the people had articles of historical interest and voiced a hope for a new museum. It began to appear that roots for a new organization were beginning to sprout.

At 9:30 a.m. on 8 April 1965, a meeting was held at the Linn County Rural Electric Cooperative building in Marion, Iowa, with twenty-five people present. Officers were elected; Chairman—Lois Cronbaugh, Vice Chairman—Pauline Austin, Secretary—Beverley Box, and Treasurer—Lucille Liljedahl. Dues were set at one dollar per year. The name chosen was the Linn County Heritage Society.

Westward Migration

by

Phyllis Wise Wennermark

I can hear the wagons creaking
As they crossed the unmarked plains,
Crossed the prairies that would echo
Later on with whistling trains.

Crossing rivers posed a problem,
Some were deep and currents strong,
But with prayers and hope a-plenty
The pioneer folks kept pushing on.

Some would settle in a valley
Lush and green with grass and trees;
Some would settle on a hillside
So to catch each passing breeze.

I can almost hear the axes
As men chopped and felled each tree,
Gladly helping one another
On the cabin soon to be.

I can almost hear the war whoops
Of the redman's fierce attack,
Sometimes lurking in the bushes
Till the pioneer turned his back.

I can hear the prayers and weeping
As they buried some poor souls
Who had died for various reasons;
Now would never reach their goals.

Ever westward rolled the wagons
Ever toward the setting sun,
Till they reached the golden sunset
And their battles had been won.

Marks of History

by

Phyllis Wise Wennermark

Years ago when our forefathers
Treked across this virgin land,
Little did they dream they'd leave us
Marks of history close at hand.

All the olden books and pictures,
Letters, cards and trinkets worn,
Inexpensive little items
Mother had when we were born.

Are they stashed away in attics,
Basements, barns, just gathering mold?
What a shame to let these treasures
Rot away because they're old.

Maybe they seem old and useless,
Like the wagon trails that show
On a grassy, breeze-kissed hillside
Where Mormons passed so long ago.

Like the old abandoned graveyards
Desecrated and unkempt,
Hardly can be called a tribute
Where our ancestors have slept.

Let us stop and think a moment,
What it is that we can do
To preserve these sacred places,
Make them beautiful to view.

Let us also preserve records
Of the data still on hand,
So to make our own descendants
Proud to call this "Our great land".

Jackson W. Bowdish a Centurion

by

Dora Bowdish Joyce

Jackson W. Bowdish, fourth child of Bailey and Sarah Paine Bowdish, was born June 6, 1849, at Merwinsville, Connecticut, on the Connecticut-New York state line. Jackson came to Iowa with his parents and three brothers in 1856, and they homesteaded on a farm two miles south of Waubeek, Iowa.

Jackson's father, Bailey Bowdish, thought the Bowdishes were from Wales. The name originally was spelled Bowditch, but because of two brothers who had a running disagreement, the one brother took the name Bowdish, which still stands.

His mother, in preparing for the years in the wilderness in moving westward, took along her linens, woolen materials, canned goods, and many household items which would be impossible to obtain in a new country. The goods were shipped by boat from Buffalo, New York, to Chicago, Illinois, and practically everything the family owned, including the family Bible, was stolen enroute. Undaunted the family came by railroad to Rock Island, Illinois, and from Davenport, Iowa, by stagecoach in 1856, and on to the eastern boundary of Linn County, Iowa.

Mr. Bowdish attended rural schools and Cornell College. He taught at the Bowdish school and worked at the First National Bank in Marion, Iowa, as a cashier. He served as clerk of the district court for four years. Later he engaged in a grocery business, Collar and Bowdish, located on the south side of the present business district. While living in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, he assisted in the organizing of the Bohemian American State Bank and the Iowa Savings Bank which later merged, becoming the American Trust and Savings Bank.

In 1882 Jackson Bowdish was offered a position with the Merchants National Bank in Cedar Rapids but chose instead to go to Canisteo, New York, to work in a bank. While there he met Charlotte Allison who became his wife. In 1886 they returned to Marion, and Jackson accepted work as an auditor for the state board of education at Des Moines. He held that position for fourteen years until his retirement, when they moved back to Marion, locating at 1390- 10th Street.

His advise to the young men on his 100th birthday, June 6, 1949, was this, "Stay away from automobiles (and motion pictures, too) until you actually can afford them." Mr. Bowdish never owned or drove an automobile.

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From a letter written by Jackson W. Bowdish. Nov. 1, 1928.
Cedar Rapids Gazette. May 29, 1949.

The Education in 1880-1895 of Cora Alice Goodlove
by

Nelavene Wilkinson Houts

In Maine township of Linn County, Iowa, on November 1, 1876, Cora Alice was born to William H. Goodlove and his wife Sarah Catherine. Later that same month, President Hayes was elected to office. This was the year of the nation's centennial. Cora Alice's father had served in the Union Army during the Civil War as a member of Iowa Infantry Volunteers, 24th Regiment, Company H. Most of his action was in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia at the battles of Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, and Winchester. Her grandfather Conrad Goodlove was a member of the Ohio Cavalry in Samuel McCord's Company of Volunteers in the War of 1812 as a sergeant.

The family came to Linn County, Iowa, from Clark County, Ohio, in 1854 to buy farm land in Marion township Section 5. In 1868 the William Goodlove family moved to a farm Section 27 in Maine township, Linn County, Iowa. In 1871 the rural school there was erected. It was a 24 by 28 foot room; in 1876 the length was 40 feet long after an addition. This building also served as a Union Sunday school for the community in those early years. The school was named Pleasant Valley, or District No. 11. The family of six children Nettie, Willis, Oscar, Cora Alice, Earl, and Jessie attended this school.

Marion High School was rated one of the best in Iowa in the 1880's and 1890's, only six other schools had a higher enrollment. Cora Alice's class of forty-one students in 1895 was composed of twenty-one boys and nineteen girls. In 1884 her sister Nettie Illini's class had graduated thirteen students, with nine girls and four boys. Supt. J.J. Dofflemyer served Marion from 1891 to 1901. The population of the town of Marion increased through these years from 2,673 in 1885 to 4,112 in 1905. This was a period of great changes in manners, clothing, and course of study in the public schools. These gay ninety years were full of doubt and hardship due to the money panic of 1893. Cora Alice worked summers doing sewing for friends and relatives.

The Marion High School graduating class of 1895 had a class motto, "Observe, Meditate and Remember." Mable Lamb was class valedictorian and Cora Alice Goodlove was salutatorian. Cora Alice's diploma shows the following in her course of study: Geometry, Alggebra, Arithmetic, book-keeping, Zoology, Physilogy, Botany, Geology, Geography, History, Civil Government, Philosphy, English Grammar, Rhetoric, English Literature, Latin, Caesar, and Virgil. Students read the Latin translations Virgil's Aeneid also Homer's Iliad and Odyssey.

Knowledge of Latin was used in labeling the collection of wild flowers and plants in her Botany field book. They were pressed dry and carefully mounted in this field book.. After 85 years they are still in good condition and can be enjoyed by us. These plants and wild flowers were collected in Marion and Maine townships. Those acres in Maine township Section 27 are now tiled and cultivated to the creek, and hillsides are contoured and terraced as part of the Indian Creek Conservation Project. Where once wild flowers grew among the groves and in the virgin pasture, those collections of Cora Alice's are a beautiful memory of her childhood. Children used flowers in their play; the white elderberry blossoms were umbrellas for dolls. They split stems of dandelions and curled them for their hair. Poppy petals used for shawls on miniature dolls with milkweed pods their cradles. Hollyhocks and the petals of Canterbury bells were their caps. Memory, imagination, and sentiment are most readily touched through the sense of smell. These wild flowers had a special fragrance not found in the hybrid flowers. Hours were spent leisurely on the lawns and hammocks in addition to the walks in the woods and slough lands. The butterfly collection shows many large brown moths among the more colorful ones, all carefully mounted and framed. She used the common names and the botanical names in Latin for this collection. The intense enjoyment of nature is a sixth sense, combining sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, and touching.

The late summer fields were filled with golden-rod, black-eyed Susan, Sweet William, wild rose and mint plants. Yarrow was once used for colds and as a tonic. The milkweed and thistle were among the showy ones in the fall; their seeds, spread by the wind, were considered a pest by the farmers. The wild rose became the Iowa state flower.

Many wild flowers could be found only in the spring as the May apple, Jack-in-the-pulpit, buttercup, dutchman's breeches, dog-tooth violet and wild strawberry. The lady slipper was sometimes called moccasin flower as the Indians used plants for their dyes. The blood root plant had a thick stem and root, and were used for their red color. The spiderwort, an iris-like leaf with three blue petals were open only in the mornings. Children called them ink flowers that bloom from April- July in the meadows and woods. An example of the correct form used in the Botany book for the common shooting star is: doudecatheon has petals that look as if turned inside out, flowers of showy-pink to white, with five petals and stamens that extend forward into a cone. The plant has a rosette of thick spoon shaped basal leaves, with a stalk about one foot high grown in open woods and meadows, during April, May and June. This information on plants was useful in Cora Alice's thirty years on the farm was enjoyed in retirement for twenty years in the town of Marion, Iowa.

She spent several summers taking teachers college courses at Cedar Falls, Iowa. One year she was enrolled at Cornell College in Mount Vernon, Iowa. In the summer of 1904 she and her sister Jessie attended the World's Fair in St. Louis, Missouri. They spent the summer of 1902 visiting friends in Newburg, Oregon and relatives in Sheridan, Wyoming. They visited the gold mine called Essex near Lieterville, Montana, and Seven Lake Point monument. In her diary she told of panning gold, watching the copper mining operations, and work of the assayer. These train trips were educational as well as an enjoyable experience.

The summer Chautauqua tent shows and 4th of July political speeches gave teachers and students examples of the various ways orators used the language. Classes in memorizing poems, prose, and speeches of historical subjects improved the students grammar and English.

Memory gems were used daily to start the school day in the rural school in the 1880's and 1890's The pupils, after quoting these extracts of famous authors, were expected to learn the meaning and morals of each selection and also study the biography of the author. The following are some examples:

To err is human, to forgive divine. ---Alexander Pope.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted,
nor to find fault and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

---Francis Bacon.

This above all; to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

---William Shakespeare

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctors for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

---John Dryden

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.

---William Wordsworth

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

---Alfred Tennyson

Into each life some rain must fall.

---Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The great thing is not so much where we stand,
As in what direction we are moving.

---Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day
Surmount a fear.

Nothing is more simple than greatness;
Indeed, to be simple is to be great.
Character is higher than intellect.

---Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Cora Alice had thirty students at Morley School in Jones county for the winter term of 1904. Her salary was thirty-six dollars a month. The contracts were for three terms, fall, winter, and spring. Teachers were the janitors for the school which included heating the room, cleaning the floors and pumping water from a well. The schools had all eight grades with the one teacher giving all the instructions in each class. She taught in the following Linn County rural schools: Rosehill, Rowley, and Sunnyside. She taught for ten years before her marriage to Thomas Wilkinson in 1907.

They farmed in Maine township, Section 21, from 1914-1941. It was a family farm with crops of corn, oats, and hay, which fed their cattle, hogs, and chickens. The summers were spent in canning and preserving the vegetables and fruits from the large garden and orchard. The apple, cherry, and plum trees are now gone. The new four-lane highway No. 13 took that land.

Cora Alice and Thomas enjoyed life in Linn County, Iowa; she for eighty-four and he for ninety-two years. They were the parents of three daughters Kathryn Anna, Nelavene Illini, and Dorothy Alice. Their only son Thomas Wendell Wilkinson farms north of Mount Vernon, Iowa. Their home in Marion, Iowa, during their retirement was at 1412-10th Street from 1938 to 1951 and at 970-12th Street from 1951 to 1965.

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A VALIANT MOTHER
AND HER FAMILY

by
Amy Roberts

She was a symbol of our daily bread,
And of a warm enfolding cloak.
In the heat and stress of life's noonday,
She was a sheltering tree.
Our father, whose untimely death left her bereft,
Was still a silent guiding star.
In her dreams and plans for us.
Today, her birthday, she seems very near.
Sometimes, in the silence, I can hear her voice.

Whilhelmina (Minnie) Koch was the eldest child of Adolf and Johanna Koch of Keystone, Iowa. Adolf was the eldest child of Herman and Matilda Koch of Germany. Adolf's children were Minnie, Bertha, Arnold, William and Alma.

Minnie, our mother, married Rudolf Schenken of Keystone, Iowa. They had five sons, Arnold, Albert, Hugo, Bernard, and John, and I was the only daughter, Amy.

One day when I was seven, and was helping Mother prepare supper, Papa came in and patted me on the shoulder and said, "Always be good, and help your mother." I'll remember those words all my life because he died soon after that.

We moved to our Uncle Arnold's farm after Papa's death. Mother came upstairs one day after I had gone up to clean the bedrooms and found me reading a book. She chided me gently and I

soon learned to enjoy my leisure more after I had done my duties.

My brothers teased me and I thought they were a nuisance. I wished for a little sister. When Bernard, the fourth son, was born, I was disappointed because he was a boy. When he became a toddler I tied a ribbon in his hair and called him Lily.

Our Mother's young cousin, Herman Koch, came from Mexico, where his father Albert was a mining engineer. He lived in Grandfather's home nearby. He was like a loving older brother to us all our lives. When he grew up he moved to Alburnett, Iowa, where he married Florence Lillie. They had three daughters, Marie, Ellen and Genevieve.

In 1908, Grandmother prepared for a great event. Grandpa's brother, Dr. Robert Koch, and his wife came from Germany to visit in their home. He had received the Nobel Prize in Medicine in 1905 for isolating the tubercle bacillus, and for research work in cholera and anthrax. Our family was thrilled to meet our famous relatives.

For several summers, Mother's cousins came from St. Louis, Missouri, and spent about six weeks with us. Marie, a teen-ager, was glamorous, and I idolized her. Her older sisters Gertrude and Elsie later married Iowa farmers.

Our playmates were Uncle Arnold and Aunt Myrtle's children, Jennie, Eleanor, Mary, and Imogene, also Aunt Bertha's children, Helene and Dorothy Black.

Aunt Alma, Mother's youngest sister, seemed like a sister to me. We became even closer as we grew older. She married Neil Lutes a science teacher for Dubuque High School. Their children are Robert and Delphine Lutes.

Our eldest brother Arnold graduated from Iowa State University at Ames. He was employed by Swift and Company and was a sales representative in Japan for several years. He married Margaret Stewart , and they adopted Martha Sue. After Margaret's death he married Vera, who lives in California. Arnold died in 1975.

Our brother Hugo married Viola Kling Sheperd, and they have one son John Edward, of Des Moines, Iowa.

After we moved to Marion, we appreciated being nearer to schools and to a church. Mother had given us a book of Bible stories when we were small, but it was not easy to go to church when we were on the farm. Mother became active in the Marion Methodist Church, and we attended Sunday school.

In 1917 I enrolled as a freshman in Iowa State University at Ames. I have fond memories of dormitory life, and the Campanile chimes, and college dances. When the armistice was signed in November 1918 the students had a joyous celebration.

In 1920, I married Carroll Roberts, a young farmer near Marion. Claire was born in 1923, Janette in 1925 and John in 1925. Carroll farmed with horses, and with the help of his father, William Roberts; Carroll bought his first tractor in 1927. At butchering time, his mother also came out to help. Dad Roberts lived to be nearly one hundred years old. Carroll's brother Ray was a banker in Marion, and his sister Bertha was a teacher.

The children and I spent occasional summer afternoons in the woods near our farm. I sat on the bank of a creek while they waded in it.

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After all of us had left Mother's home to live in our own homes, she had the good fortune to travel to Germany with her cousin Mathilda Koch, to visit relatives. A few years later she visited relatives in Seattle, Washington, and her son John in California.

Mother always invited us for Christmas eve oyster suppers. We exchanged presents around the tree. At its base were miniature wooden figures - people, animals, tables, benches and ships which she had received from Germany. Mother lived to be nearly ninety.

Our children Claire, Janette and John all graduated from Springville High School. Claire joined the WAVES and married Sergeant Lloyd Fernow. They live on a farm near Marion. Their children are Susan Eick and Cheryl Frey of Des Moines, and James of Holmdel, New Jersey.

Janette married Keith Jacobs, Seaman, U. S. Navy. They live in Lakeview, Arkansas. Their children are Lieutenant Commander Gerald K. Jacobs of California and Jacquie Day of Casper, Wyoming.

John married Phyllis Glass. Their children are Randy of Houston, Texas, Julie Botteicher of Huntington, Indiana, Mark and Jana Roberts at home. John bought the Roberts farm from us. Phyllis died in 1974. John married Sherrill Gaddis in 1976. She was a widow with three children, Bruce, Mavis and Beth.

We have six great-grandchildren, Susan Eick's David and Jennifer, Jacquie Day's Michele, Kenneth and Charles, and Julie Botteicher's Cara Marie.

We hope some day our children will write their own family history, including childhood memories.

The following pages were contributed by the Schenken brothers.

I, Albert, was second oldest of five boys, and we had one sister. Most all of my recollections are happy ones. We worked hard and we played hard. Our Mother became a widow at an early age, and we lived in a separate house on our Uncle's farm. He was a guiding influence for our later lives. He paid us 25¢ per week for each cow we milked daily, and small fees for husking corn, weeding vegetables, picking up potatoes behind a mechanical digger (pulled by horses, of course,) and other chores we did.

There were always at least two "hired hands" around to help with the work, and I remember three sets of brothers from the neighborhood whom we liked very much. So many things come to mind that I could easily write a book about it. I recall one incident when I was sent to town for ten pounds of shingle nails on our Arabian horse (we always rode bareback) and on the way home making the turn up a long lane lined by trees, I lost control and the nails were scattered far and wide and the horse came in riderless. I escaped uninjured, however.

We used to do some trapping and sometimes looked at our traps on the way to country school (a two-mile walk), and at least once we had difficulty with a skunk -- and were sent home to be defumigated!

One of the tragedies that I recall was when our barn and machine shed burned down and a valuable stallion died a horrible death when it was impossible to lead him to safety. A cousin who was with us ran into the machine shed and with superhuman strength pulled out a heavy hay-loader and a side-rake. Next day when he tried to move them he was unable to do so.

We had lots of fun times too, wading in the creeks, catching minnows, playing with the calves and sheep, and even had a pet pig which followed us around. We played horse made from barrel hoops and sticks, and would buy and sell to each other, with pop bottle caps for money. When we did get to town two and one-half miles away, what fun it was to buy penny candy and licorice. One grocer had a special box for kids to stand on so they could see into the case to make their selections.

We also played a game called Kisball, where we used two sticks, one long one and one short one, which would take too much time to explain here. Anyone who ever played it would remember. One winter I attended evening gymnastic classes at Turner Hall in Keystone (our town) after an active day on the farm, and coming home I would always run fast past the cemetery beside the road, always afraid a ghost would pursue me.

While still in country school I traveled from Keystone to Vinton (a distance of seventeen miles cross-country). We went by train via Marion and Cedar Rapids to win third place in the Benton County spelling contest at Tilford Academy.

All-in-all, I had a very happy boyhood, and I'm sure we never quite appreciated what a wonderful Mother we had, and the trials she went through, until we became a little older.

(Added by Amy) Albert married Viola Heck. Their children are Al W. Schenken of California and Eileen, Mrs. Herman Schmidt of Greenwich, Connecticut. Al's children are Roderick and Laurie Sue. Roderick has two children, Wendy and Christopher. Eileen Schmidt's children are David and Nancy Carpenter.

I, Bernard William Schenken, am the fifth of six children by Rudolph C. and Minnie Koch Schenken. I was married to Gladys Beach, my high school sweetheart, on May 11, 1926. She was the daughter of Will and Nellie Oxley Beach, who died six weeks after Gladys' birth, and she was raised by her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxley. Our children are Loyce Everett, whose first name was one we heard at a Marion High School play and middle name was from her grandmother; and Rudolph Robert was named after his grandfather Schenken and great grandfather Oxley. Loyce is married to Bill Page who is now superintendent of schools at Whitehall, Michigan, and whom she helped through college and a doctor's degree. Their three children are Gayle, now Mrs. Michael Flynn, Polly now Mrs. Mark Cornwell, and Patrick. Rudolph has two children, Bruk and Lynn, by his first marriage and two step-children, Kelly and DeeDee, by his second. He and his wife Martha and family live in Richardson, Texas. He has had a rather interesting job with Collins Radio Company's International Division for the past twenty years and had the opportunity to travel all over the world.

When I was growing up, I seem to have taken the experience pretty much for granted, but now that I am older I more and more realize what a wonderful person my Mother was to have faced the problem of raising five boys and one girl without the help of a husband. My father passed away before I was a year old and my youngest brother was yet unborn.

I now realize what sacrifices and hardships she must have encountered in bringing us to manhood. Some discipline problems she had with me I remember vividly. There was a traveling stage show one summer at the Garden Theatre to which the kids could go for ten

cents. I used to sneak away every night to go until one night Mother said I couldn't, but I started for the show anyway. I was 12 or 13 years old and too large for her to handle so when I started she followed me step by step begging me all the way to return home and finally she won out when we were within one block of the theatre. I returned home with her because if I didn't she was going right in with me and sit with me and my friends.

When we first moved to Marion, we lived on two acres of ground, had two cows, some chickens, and a large vegetable garden. We sold milk, eggs, and vegetables in the neighborhood, and Mother did a lot of canning. Our property was adjacent to Indian Creek and oftentimes Mother would send us to the garden to hoe and weed. When she'd come out to see how things were going no one would be in sight and she'd find us in the creek swimming.

Before we moved to Marion in 1918, we lived on a dairy farm with my Uncle Arnold Koch where Mother, with Amy's help, lodged and fed the hired men, and we boys worked on the farm when not in school.

One of my jobs before school, with brother Albert, was to deliver milk in the town of Keystone, which was one mile north and one and a half miles east, and my country school was one mile north and one mile west of our farm. Albert went to high school in Keystone so, after the milk was delivered, he stayed in town for school, and I had to drive the team two and one half miles back to the farm and then walk two miles to country school by nine o'clock. Sometimes when the country roads were bad (all frozen mud, not gravel or pavement in those days) I couldn't drive the team very fast. Mother would then walk the mile north from the farm to meet me, so I could make it to school in time, bless her heart. Incidentally, we sold

milk for 6¢ per quart. When we were on the route our bulldog Togo often made the round trip with us, and one day while Albert was delivering milk in Blakey's Restaurant I was tending the team and a tramp was standing on the curb when Togo walked up to him, smelled his leg and mistook him for a fire hydrant.

From the above, it sounds like we did nothing but work, but we played and had fun, too. I remember once or twice each summer we'd load up the hayrack with food and fishing gear and drive about eight miles west of home to a place called "Salt Creek." This was a hilly, wooded area, and we'd spend the day climbing hills, running around in the woods, and maybe catching a few sunfish or bullheads.

Following are a few things that happened to me in my life which makes me think someone up there must be watching over me and I will try to list them in approximate chronological order.

One time when Mother was gone in the evening, she put out the supper for all of us and the hired men. Hugo was fooling around somewhere and didn't get there in time so we decided to hide his food and tell him I ate up his share. When he got home, he was mad and chased me outdoors but couldn't catch me so he picked up a hammer lying on the porch and let fly. It caught me under the eye and knocked me out for several minutes.

One evening we were eating supper and I started teasing one of the hired men sitting across the table from me about his girl friend. I guess it didn't go over very good because he picked up his fork (one of the old type sharp pointed steel ones with a wooden handle) and threw it at me and it stuck right in my cheek.

One time we were playing hide and seek behind our old machine shed and I ran under a single strand barbed wire which we had to

keep the horses out, and I didn't duck low enough and received a gouge in my scalp, the scar of which I carry to this day.

One fall one of our hired men was doing some plowing with our tractor for a neighbor who lived some distance away so he only came home on weekends. This one Saturday evening I rode over on horseback to bring him home riding double. He still had a couple of rounds to go when I got there so I rode around with him. The plows were arranged to powerlift out of the ground by ropes attached to the tractor, and the plow furrow wheel had lugs attached to it because of the wet ground. One of these powerlift ropes got caught under the plow lever and I straddled the lever to disconnect the rope and unconsciously pulled on the rope. The powerlift operated and threw me so my head landed right under one of the lugs on the furrow wheel. Quick action by the operator when I yelled let the lug go into my head to require only two stitches and doubtless saved my life.

After we moved to Marion I went out to Blairstown to work for Herman Koch. When he didn't have enough for me to do I went to help Henry Grunewald replant corn. He had an old German working for him who was pretty slow planting and I made fun of him and he got mad and threw what he thought was a clod of dirt at me. It happened to be a clod of dirt alright but it was in a small rusty tin can that hit me in the face and took a gouge out of my cheek.

One summer I was driving Herman's truck hauling shelled corn to the Blairstown elevator and returning empty. Just out of town north of Blairstown I went to sleep at the wheel and went down over the embankment. Luckily it just broke the windshield, cracked the cab and left a scar where it gouged my elbow.

JOHN'S MEMORIES

Starting from my first recollection, I believe I'd have to say it was when they (whom I wouldn't know) brought brother Hugo home, half drowned after trying to pull a weed out of the creek bank with his back to the water. This happened in Keystone so I could not have been over three or four. I can't remember much about our home in Keystone except that it must have been very trying for our Mother to make ends meet. I was born five months after my father died in a tragic accident. Now at almost 72 years old I can't help but think of our dear mother and how hard she worked to make a happy home for five boys and a girl. She worked and planned to hold her brood together which she did working on the dairy farm of her brothers, looking after the hired help.

Many things come to mind about my youth, but it is very hard to put time or date to many things. I think it might be a little more difficult for me than the others because I left home to come to California forty-eight years ago after graduating from Cornell College in 1930.

After fighting the early years of "the depression," I went back home to renew my relations with my highschool sweetheart, Marguerite Dye. After a few days we decided we could make it work and she came to California in the spring, and we were married. I guess it worked out all right because we just spent a week in Los Vegas celebrating our forty-third anniversary.

In thinking of our days on the farm, I can't help but remember Kane #5 Country School, a one room for eight grades with one teacher, usually a woman. How hard it must have been for her trying to teach

English to a lot of children who maybe knew very little but German before starting school.

One thing that I remember very distinctly is the two miles we had to walk to school, cross-country, and the snow drifts in the winter and the beautiful buttercups and other pretty flowers growing in the pastures in the spring; and catching of ground squirrels, and playing kiss-ball during recess at school.

When a person starts remembering about their childhood, there never seems to be a place to stop. So many things come to mind especially when you've had such a wonderful family as I have had. My brothers and I fought over little things as growing boys will do and often I wonder how our mother put up with it. I remember one time when mother's cousins were due in from St. Louis, ones I'm sure she would liked to have impressed. Brother Bernard and I saw something that looked like lemonade in a bucket in the summer kitchen (lemons were very hard to come by in those days.) It tasted sweet and sour so we drank it. What it really was was pure lemon juice steeped in sugar waiting for the cool well water to make prime lemonade out of it. As I remember this ended in some sound chastisement.

We had a cousin of my mother's who was very close to us. He stayed with us sometimes and various other relatives at other times. One thing that makes an indelible mark on my memory -- or should I say on my head. The cherries had to be picked and other heavy harvesting or crop tending had to be done and so the cherries were picked after supper. We kids thought it was great fun playing hide and seek while the fireflies were flashing and the grownups were doing the work. Cousin Herman kept warning us kids to stay out from

under the ladders, but we didn't heed. Well, to make it short, I have a notch in my head to this day to prove that a milk bucket full of cherries is heavy.

There are many more memories of my childhood that I could expound upon, but no one would want to listen. But I could go on and on about our relations such as our cousins who lived on the farm with us and many many experiences, such as Bernard and I fighting over a cigarette butt; and I have a scar to prove it today, having fallen over a bundle of barbed wire.

At Grandma's house, the parlor seldom opened,
Was always clean and ready for a guest.
The cupboard shelves held cookies and rock-candy;
Those frugal days, with peace and love were blest.

On Independence Day, the flags were flying,
Family picnics, fire-crackers, and parades;
We had respect and love for our great country,
And Such a love and reverence never fades. —A.R.

NSDAR IN RETROSPECTION

by Doris Ure Birt

If my great grandparents hadn't migrated to America approximately 1840 and 1856 to Linn County, Iowa,¹ then this might never been written. John Ure and wife Ester Turner left Scotland, and migrated to the United States via Canada to Illinois. Michael Miller and wife Jane Curry left Germany and migrated to America, first to Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, and then to Linn County, Putnam Twp., in 1856.

If I hadn't started my search for these great grandparents while president of the Linn County Heritage Society in 1969-70, I would never have discovered my two Revolutionary War ancestors, Aquila Jones of Vermont,² and Zebulon Parke of New Jersey.³ This discovery lead me into my membership in the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution. As regent of the Marion-Linn Chapter of this fine organization, I wish to take you back to the time of the organization of the National Society in 1890, and the formation of the Marion-Linn Chapter, April 18, 1928.

If Preston Daniels and wife Mary Keys hadn't left Massachusetts and came to Marion, Linn County, Iowa in 1846,⁴ the Marion Public Library might never have been established. For it was their daughter Adeliza who applied for and received the sum of \$10,000 from Scottish-born Andrew Carnegie, American financier, for the establishment of the Marion Free Public Library.

Preston Daniels joined his brothers Addison, Lowell, and Lawson in the merchantile business. A branch was established

in Cedar Rapids, one of the first brick stores west of the Mississippi River. The Daniels brothers then organized a private bank and hotel in Marion. Although Preston Daniels took no active part in political affairs, he was recognized as one of the most public-spirited and enterprising citizens of the Marion community. His three children were: Addison L., Caroline, the wife of B.F. Mentzer, a Marion merchant and founder of the award-winning Mentzer drill team, and lastly Adeliza who resided with her parents and retained the family home at 1308 8th Avenue in Marion, which is still standing in 1978.

In 1903 Miss Daniels wrote Andrew Carnegie and received the following answer:

Mr. Carnegie's Answer

New York.

Jan. 22, '03

Miss Adeliza Daniels
Marion, Iowa.

Responding to your communication in behalf of Marion, if the city agrees by resolution to maintain a Free Public Library at a cost of not less than \$1,000 and provides a suitable site for the building, Mr. Carnegie will be pleased to furnish \$10,000 to erect a Free Public Library building for Marion.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES BERTRAN, Sec.

A full page in the Marion Sentinel Centennial Edition, Thursday August 26, 1937 tells the full story of the Marion Library.⁵ Through the generosity of the Marion Library and Iowa State Library, and Iowa Arts Council this opportunity to share our anthology with you is provided. Our teacher DAVID URE has been most competent.

If Adeliza Daniels hadn't urged her relatives, Caroline Daniels Mentzer, Mary Mentzer Hollingsworth, and Mary Louise Parkhurst, to help organize the Marion-Linn Chapter of DAR on April 18, 1928, then we wouldn't be celebrating our 50th anniversary in this year of our Lord, 1978!

If the Sons of the Revolution hadn't excluded women from membership on an auxiliary basis, our National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution might never have occurred. As poet William Congrave said, "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." A founding daughter, Mary Lockwood, wrote a scathing letter to a Washington, D.C., newspaper, reminding the Sons that without mothers they could not be sons. She felt feminine exclusion in the patriotic organization was not only discrimination against her sex but failure to honor properly the heroic part women played in the American Revolution.⁶

William O. McDowell, officer of the Sons of the Revolution, then offered to assist them in forming NSDAR. To this day members of the Sons of the Revolution are on the advisory board of the NSDAR in Washington, D.C.

On July 29, 1890, the first informal meeting was held in Washington, D. C. Another meeting ensued in August, and membership blanks were distributed. One was sent to President Benjamin Harrison's wife, Caroline Scott Harrison. The date of the organizational meeting was wisely chosen to fall on Columbus Day, October 12, 1890. But because that day fell on Sunday, the meeting was held October 11, in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison was unanimously elected first President General of the Society. At the December 11, 1890, meeting, the Vice-President General

Miss Mary Desha, announced the formal organization of the Society was now complete.

Current qualifications for membership in the National Society, which were officially set forth in the Bylaws, Article III, Section 1, are: "Any WOMAN is eligible for membership in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution who is not less than eighteen years of age, and who is descended from a man or woman, who with unfailing loyalty to the cause of American Independence, served as a sailor, or as a soldier or civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States, or in the United Colonies or States, or as a recognized patriot, or rendered material aid thereto; provided the applicant is personally acceptable to the Society."⁷

The threefold purpose of the MSDAR is exactly the same now as when the Society was organized in 1890, to wit: historical, educational, and patriotic. To be more specific:

I. HISTORICAL: "to perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence.

II. EDUCATIONAL: "to promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge."

III. PATRIOTIC: "to cherish, maintain, and extend the institutions of American freedom; to foster true patriotism and love of country."

Authorizing the pursuits of these objectives is the Congressional Act of Incorporation of 1895, chartering the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, and signed February 20, 1896 by Grover Cleveland, President of the United States; the Honorable Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the House of Representatives; and the

Honorable Adlai E. Stephenson, Vice-President of the United States and president of the Senate.

The four following women were credited as the founding daughters at Continental Congress in 1897:

1. Eugenia Washington (1840-1900), holder of National #1 and served as Registrar General.
2. Mary Desha (1850-1911), designed the Society seal and served as Vice President General.
3. Ellen Hardin Walworth (1832-1915), served as the first Recording Secretary General, and it was she who suggested the Society present a portrait of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison to the White House. Mrs. Walworth was authorized by NSDAR board of management May 7, 1892, editor of the Society's magazine.
4. Mary Smith Lockwood (1831-1922), served as first Historian General. She was termed "Pen Founder" for it was she who wrote the Washington Post about women being rejected by the Sons of the Revolution.

The first Continental Congress annual meeting of all daughters in Washington, D.C., was held February 22, 1892, with 1,306 members present. We now meet each April 17-22 and membership now stands at over 200,000. Iowa membership totals 3,870. Members belong from all fifty states, Canada, Mexico, England, and France.

April 19, 1904, the cornerstone was laid for the Memorial Continental Hall, bearing the inscription, "a Tribute to the Patriots Who Achieved American Independence." The same trowel George Washington used to lay the cornerstone of the United States Capitol was used on the NSDAR building cornerstone. In Washington

D.C. at 1776 D. Street N.W., opposite the park between the White House and the Washington monument, are the headquarters of the NSDAR. The three buildings in one are the largest and most beautiful group of structures in the world, owned and maintained exclusively by WOMEN. The buildings cover an entire city block and include Constitution Hall, seating capacity of 4000, the museum-28 period rooms, furnished and maintained by various states, one of which is the beautiful Iowa room, and also the genealogical library. Memorial Coliseum, and executive offices are here also. The museum and library are open to the public; 9:00-4:00 Monday through Friday, with the exception of the month of April, when it is open to the members only.

The NSDAR genealogical library houses some 60,000 books and pamphlets, approximately 30,000 manuscripts, which classifies it as one of the finest of its kind in the country and perhaps in the world. Included in the library card catalogue is a special index system by family names. There is also a card index for two hundred and thirty volumes of the abstracts of pension applications of Revolutionary War soldiers. In addition there are typewritten and bound copies of countless unpublished Bible, court, church, and cemetery records which are available in no other library. Books may not be taken out, as the library is for reference only.

The following statement⁹ was issued by NSDAR in 1962 regarding Constitution Hall and the Marion Anderson incident and bears repeating: "Constitution Hall, the largest auditorium and a chief cultural center in Washington, D.C., is one of the three

adjoining buildings erected, owned and maintained by the NSDAR.

Dedicated in 1929, the Hall was built at a cost of \$1,500,000 for the SOLE purpose of housing the annual DAR Continental Congress. Because a public auditorium was needed in the Nation's Capitol, the Daughters of the American Revolution yielded to insistent requests and opened its Hall for public rentals. As a public service, it is still rented at very reasonable rates.

"These outside bookings are handled entirely by a Managing Director of Constitution Hall, engaged for the purpose by the National Society. Scheduled far ahead, each season's events are published in advance in the October issue of the DAR magazine.

"Months previously, the auditorium had been reserved for other programs on the date requested for its use by Marion Anderson in February, 1939. This fact was never given due publicity by the press. Instead, newspapers emphasized a policy regulation which had been adopted by the National Board of Management, DAR, in 1932, when a "White Artists Only" clause was inserted in rental contracts then used for Constitution Hall in conformity with the laws and customs prevailing at that time in the District of Columbia.

"In her annual report to Continental Congress in April, 1939, the President General, NSDAR, stated that the DAR was a consistent friend of minority groups and would change its position on the use of Constitution Hall, "When the Community at large has worked out its problem."

"Later the DAR and Miss Anderson agreed on the plans for her to give a benefit concert in Constitution Hall, the auditorium being donated by the National Society for the occasion. But

little or no publicity was accorded by the newspapers to this event.

"During the Spring of 1953, Miss Anderson was booked and gave a concert in Constitution Hall; another scheduled concert was given by her on March 30, 1954; another on March 20, 1955; and on April 1, 1956. All these concerts were given in the Hall and again in 1958, and another February 7, 1960.

"On June 3, 1946, by our invitation, a benefit program was presented in the Hall by the Tuskee Choir of Tuskegee Institute, the entire proceeds of \$5,394 going to the United Negro College Fund.

"Roland Hayes and the Hampton Institute Choir have sung several times in the Hall. The Howard University Choir has given programs there each year for the past four years.

"Dorothy Maynor appeared in a program at the Hall during 1952; William Warfield sang there in 1954.

"Another little-known fact that has never been given fair credit is that for many years Constitution Hall was the only private place where there was no racial segregation in the audiences. This non-segregation policy has been in force during its entire operations! Persons of all races attend the programs there.

"Persons of all races also perform and participate in group presentations from the stage. Large classes of students from the Negro schools in the area attend the children's concerts held regularly in the Hall by the National Symphony Orchestra.

"Thousands of good citizenship and Junior American Citizens Club awards have long been presented by NSDAR to worthy recipients of all races.

"In October 1953, the National Board of Management DAR, gave three nursing scholarships to young colored women in the District of Columbia; during October 1954, three more scholarships were awarded by the NSDAR to young Negro women in Kentucky and the District of Columbia."

Again in 1972 President General Eleanor Spicer issued a similar statement in which she added the following; "Miss Anderson sang in Constitution Hall on at least eight occasions. Her farewell concert, upon her retirement, was given in the DAR Hall.

"In 1939, Washington was, as it has always been, a segregated city. This was still the situation in 1945, when Eleanor Roosevelt wrote in her column, MY DAY: 'I don't think one can hold the DAR alone responsible.' Other concert halls, theatres, churches, restaurants, hotels, schools, golf courses, and even government cafeterias were segregated in Washington, D.C. as they were over much of the country.

Segregation was an ugly part of America's history and most of our institutions shared the blame."

Returning to more local matters, on Wednesday, April 18, 1928, at the home of Miss Adeliza Daniels, the Marion-Linn Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized! The Chapter was named in honor of General Francis Marion of Revolutionary War fame, and for Senator Louis Linn of Missouri, when Iowa was a part of the Missouri territory. The date of organization was to coincide with the beginning of the Revolutionary War.¹⁰

The eighteen organizing members were:

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 1. Mary Mentzer Hollingsworth | Regent |
| 2. Adeliza Daniels | Vice Regent |
| 3. Nellie Mitchell Lothian | Recording Secretary |
| 4. Alberta Kendall Sigfred | Treasurer |
| 5. Bertha Lake Owen | Corresponding Secretary |
| 6. Mary Parkhurst | Registrar |
| 7. Ida Gibson Bowman | Chaplain |
| 8. Grace Christie Koppenhaver | Press Correspondent |
| 9. Norma Lake Romes | |
| 10. Mary Stickney Kendall | |
| 11. Alice White Busby | |
| 12. Caroline Daniels Mentzer | |
| 13. Effie M.B. Miller | |
| 14. Mabel Cheadle Gallivan | |
| 15. Anna Tyler Hewitt | |
| 16. Maude Greeley Johnson | |
| 17. Dora Giffen Brett | |
| 18. Florence Christie Crew (who remains as a member today!) | |

During the fifty years of existence membership has grown from the original eighteen to over one hundred. Only one charter member remains, FLORENCE CHRISTIE CREW, and she was honored at our anniversary tea held April 18, 1978.

Two regents have served our chapter six years each:

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Gladys Bushnell Phelps | Regent 1966-1972 |
| 2. Joyce Stearns Morris | Regent 1972-1978 |

To these capable women who have served God, Home and Country, this work is lovingly dedicated.

Regents who have served during the years 1928-1978 are: Mary Mentzer Hollingsworth, Effie Miller, Maude Keyser, Nettie Biddick, Grace Koppenhaver, Edna Roberts, Elsie Jordon, Mabel McCalley, Mary Kendall, Gertrude Gritzner, Anna Laurie Burns, Jessie Ford, Nina Starry, Lillian Burd, Grace Berlin, Margaret Paul, Martha Bowdish, Neta Melton, Gladys Drips, Ruby Powles, Gladys Phelps, and Joyce Morris.

Officers for the remainder of our anniversary year 1978 are: Doris Ure Birt, Regent; Margaret Carson Wagor, Vice Regent; Gladys Howland Drips, Chaplain; Geraldine Robbins Dyson, Recording Secretary; Joyce Stearns Morris, Corresponding Secretary; Mildred Airy, Treasurer; Neta Kellogg Melton, Registrar; and Gladys Bushnell Phelps, Historian.

Two Revolutionary soldiers are buried in Linn County. The first is NATHAN BROWN (1761-1842) near Springville, Iowa, in Brown Township, Section 28. A marker was placed on his grave 4 September, 1925 by the Daughters of the Revolution and on a large impressive stone is the following: "Nathan Brown was born at White Plains, N.Y., July 22, 1761. At the age of 14 he began to drill preparatory to joining the American Revolution Army. His first battle was at Harlem Flats and his second one on the present site of Greenwood Cemetery. He was wounded, but not seriously, in some of the many battles in which he participated. Seven brothers served in the same army and an uncle was his uncle. After the war he removed to South Hollow and afterwards to Buffalo, N. Y., where he remained a short time, then removed to Pennsylvania. April 1, 1838, he removed to Geneve, Kane County, Illinois. Afterwards he settled one

mile southwest of Springville, Iowa, May 17, 1839. He died November 25, 1842." Near the monument is his grave and that of his wife Julia, TAMAR, their son Horace and his wife, Julia, as well as other descendants.¹²

The other soldier is JOHN OSBORN (1763-1854) buried at the Center Point, Iowa cemetery. The small stone on his grave reads: "John Osborn 1763-1854" and on top is engraved "Soldier of the Revolution 1780-1782." In 1894, Dennison Post No. 244 G.A.R., assisted by the citizens of Center Point, Iowa, erected a monument to the memory of John Osborn. Behind the stone is a metal marker placed there by the Sons of the American Revolution. He enlisted at the age of 17 while a resident of Montgomery County (later Patrick county) Virginia, and served as a private in the Virginia troops over two years, then five weeks in a regiment in the state of Tennessee. He was discharged September 1782. His Pension # S32423. After the Revolutionary War he lived in Ashe County, Kentucky, thence to Harrison County, Indiana. On the 12th of November, 1832 he applied for a pension while living in Fountain County, Indiana. He made his home with his son, Stephen Osborn, in Indiana until May of 1852, when he removed to McDonough County, Illinois, where he remained a short time before coming to Center Point, Linn County, Iowa, and made his home with son Robert and passed away in the home of his son Stephen in 1854. His wife Sarah is not buried in Linn County, however. They were the parents of 10 children, but only Robert and Stephen lived in Iowa.¹³

To date there are 42 known soldiers and patriots of the American Revolution buried in Iowa.

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MY SHERWOOD FAMILY LINE

BY

CAROL CALKINS POWELL

Doddridge County, West Virginia is located in the beautiful foothills of the Allegheny Mountains. It was in this setting that my mother, Lillie Belle Sherwood, was born on the 29th of January 1884 at Big Isaac, West Virginia. She was the third child of Wakeman Elias and Angeletta Virginia (Brown) Sherwood. She had 2 older brothers, Alva Everett, born 20 September 1878 and Alexis Lewis, born 6 August 1881.

When mother was just a year old, the family moved West, travelling by train, and settled in Gage County, Nebraska. All of the younger children were born in Nebraska. They were Sava Amaretta (1886-1978), Eva Aravilla (1888-1971), Ina Amarena (1895-1954), Elma Irene (1898-1902) and Dolly who was born and died in 1901.

My grandfather, Wakeman Sherwood, was the son of Joseph Tanner Sherwood and Adah Miranda Lewis. Wakeman and Angeletta were married at the United Brethern Church, Broad Run, West Virginia, on the 20th of December 1877 by Rev. Peter Queen. Angeletta's parents were William Harrison Brown and Zelia Francis Westfall.

Mother grew up near the Big Blue River, and she told us stories about ice skating in the wintertime and fishing in the summer. The parents raised their children in a Christian atmosphere and gave them a good education. My mother and Sava were school teachers, and Ina and Eva were nurses. Mother taught in a one-room schoolhouse for eight years and then married Chester H. Calkins, my father, on 9th June 1909. He was the son of Chester H. Calkins, Senior and Harriet (Hattie) Louise Adams.

My parents were married at Lincoln, Nebraska and immediately settled on a farm in Sedgwick County, Kansas near Wichita. My sister, Blanche Estelle, brother, Bernard Elmo and I were born on this farm. When I was four years old, we moved to Beatrice, Nebraska and lived there three years. Doris Olive was born during the time we lived in Nebraska. Our family then moved again to Kansas, settling in Wichita where we remained and received our education.

On the 20th of December 1932, my father died and is buried at Wichita, Kansas. Mother is still living at ninety-four years of age and resides with my youngest sister, Maxine Belle, in Muskogee, Oklahoma. All of the children are living except Blanche who died in 1966. There are 10 grandchildren, 9 are living and 14 great grandchildren, and 13 are living.

THE STINSONS

by

Eric Faaborg

This starts with Robert Stinson

born in Scotland before 1775

Who left his homeland for reasons unknown

and settled in Vermont or New York

A patriot, a shoemaker, a scoundrel, a miller

little else is known.

But something is sure from records found,

one son was left to carry on.

Andrew was born on New Year's Day, 1781,

somewhere in Vermont or thereabouts,

The third oldest of three brothers and three sisters

none of whom survived.

A farmer was Andrew, and possibly more,

who practiced his trade in New York.

A veteran of the war in 1812, his gusto for life

carried him on to Michigan.

With his own family of eight boys and two girls

it was on to Ohio and farming again,

And there it was that four boys and a girl

were born to Andrew and a second wife.

Farming continued to attract the family

with most of them going on their own;
While westward migration picked up,
the flow of the Stinson children continued.

Seth was oldest and farmed in Ohio
before he was caught in the westward movement,
That carried him with three boys and a wife
to Iowa in 1845.

Homesteading a hundred sixty northwest of Marion
five more children were born,
While farming activities continued
to attract other, younger Stinsons to Indiana and Missouri.

Crossing the Mississippi by ferryboat at Muscatine,
Andrew's second child, Robert, fell in and came out safely,
Before the journey by covered wagon
through horse-high prairie grass was begun.
The trail headed to Marion and carried many others
like the Martin family about the same time,
Who carried few special possessions
like crates of chickens, oak trunks, and walnut dressers.

The old brick still stands north of Cedar Rapids
looking much as it did in 1850
When construction materials were hauled by ox team from Muscatine
to be built by Stinsons and friends.
Double chimneys provided warmth in all rooms

for much needed heat during long cold prairie winters
And the look of Ohio was brought west
in house-form like so many left behind.

Robert studied at Cornell and there married Elmina Martin
on Christmas eve of 1865

Upon returning from service in the Civil War
as Captain of Companies A and K of Iowa Volunteers.

A family of five girls and four boys
provided a full active life

With camping trips to Chain Lakes
and homesteading the Rose Bud area of South Dakota.

Teaching and farming were the professions of Robert and his children
at Hazel Ridge, Buffalo Creek, Dairydale, and others,
While love of horses and hunting
filled in spare time.

War took them off to Cuba and Europe
for those periods that affected the world
Before they returned to Iowa
and raising their own families.

Long-lived and gregarious
with a passion for life and travel,
These have always characterized a family
that loved nature and adventure more than material comforts.
Now they spread from coast to coast,

Stinsons by name and relation,
Though first it was to Iowa most had come
before their dispersed migration.

Heritage of Memories

by
Helen Burns

When I was a little girl, my mother used to tell me about her grandfather and grandmother, the Montgomerys. They owned a farm in the southwestern part of Illinois, not far from the Mississippi River. They had twelve children of their own and adopted one. My grandfather, William, was one of the younger ones with a sister, Edith, near his age.

Grandfather married. My mother was born, and when she was two and one half years, her mother died. Mother went to live with her grandmother. When her grandfather died, grandmother had to sell the farm, and it later became the heart of East St. Louis. Her grandmother died when mother was six years old. Then Mother's Aunt Edith, who had married James Fagan, took Mother to raise. Mother had been named for her Aunt Edith.

Uncle Jim worked on the railroad, and they probably moved quite often. My grandfather was caught in a depression and traveled looking for work. Eventually he went to work on the railroad and was killed when my mother was sixteen years old. At that time she received her inheritance from her grandmother and bought a watch and long chain, which was the style then, for a keepsake. All is long gone except a piece of the chain, enough for a necklace. I have bought a locket to go with the chain and have both of them.

My father and mother were married in Indianapolis. They had three girls. I was the oldest. My father loved to work

with horses so he went into business for himself, supplying a bedding of sawdust and shavings. He was very energetic and built up a big business. He bought a lot with a big barn, which we lived in until our house was built. The consequences were that my father contracted what at that time was called consumption, and the doctors didn't know exactly what to do about it. Our doctor sent us to Colorado. We sold our house and business and went to Arvada where we lived in a tenthouse.

When my father felt that he would not get well, we went back to Indianapolis where he died. My mother, left with three small children, tried to make her way in Indianapolis, but it didn't work out. We then gave away and sold most of our furnishings we had left and went to stay with Aunt Edith and Uncle Jim in Springfield, Illinois.

Aunt Edith was quite a person. At sixteen she taught in a country school where she had boys older than she was. She had to use stern measures to keep discipline in her classes.

My mother, when she was a girl, walked and talked in her sleep. Aunt Edie, as we called her, had a revolver, which she kept under her pillow. One night she heard a noise, and she got the gun out and cocked it. She pointed it at the foot of the bed. Then my aunt stopped to think and called, "Edith." No sound. She called again. Then she lit the lamp, and sure enough, there was my mother. She put the gun back under the pillow. The next morning, my aunt went to make her bed, and the gun discharged. The bullet went between her arm and body. I don't remember if she kept the gun.

Aunt Edie played piano, and her home was open to friends

and neighbors, who came to sing around the piano and spend the evening. When family came from out of town, it was a chore getting the children to bed. We enjoyed listening to all the stories, especially when Uncle Rob, who was an old bachelor, came to visit. He wandered all over the country. One time he went to sleep by a cactus. A sound woke him. A rattler was coiled on him; Uncle Rob gave a leap and ran. He didn't stop for quite a ways. When he looked back, the rattler had his head in the air as if wondering what happened.

In those days if you had a problem, you went to a seance. So Aunt Edie went with a friend, and after they were there a while, the man who was conducting the seance called my aunt. He showed her his finger and told her to take what looked like a piece of slate out of it, take it home, and then bring it back at a certain time. My aunt took it, and very carefully wrapped it in a handkerchief. At home she hid it in a hatbox in the closet. At the specified time, she went to get the slate and could not find it. This so frightened Aunt Edie that she never went back to another seance.

When we went to Aunt Edie's, they were living in a little cottage. It was there that I had the mumps on one side, and it was so serious my cheek swelled up and ruptured, requiring much care. The doctor said it was the worst case of mumps he had ever had, and I have a scar to show for it. My aunt carried me outside to see my schoolmates as they went home from school. It was late spring, a few weeks before school would be out, and I was worrying that I might not pass to the next grade. However, I did pass without any trouble.

Later on, we moved to another house called "old Doc's house." Before we moved in, the house was closed up, and sulphur candles were burned to fumigate it. On Sundays, we could walk to Lincoln's Monument in Springfield and see the bier with the flag draped over it; and the dress worn by the actress who was acting the night he was shot. We also could climb the circular stairs in the tower of the Monument, and when we reached the top, we could look out the windows and see all over Springfield.

After I was married, my husband and I went to Springfield. I wanted to have him climb the stairs in the tower, but the Monument had been remodeled. The tower was condemned and closed to the public. It is attractive, but not what I loved as a girl.

When I was about nine, my mother remarried. My stepfather went to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and got work on the Rock Island Railroad. He sent for us, and we lived in an apartment until we could find a house.

Each summer we would visit Aunt Edie and Uncle Jim. We added a brother and sister to our family. Our stepfather was good to us. He died when the baby was about two years old.

When Uncle Jim died, Aunt Edie moved to California to live with her sister. After Mother was left without a husband again, Aunt Edie came from California to visit us. What a great time we had getting ready for her. What fun we had when she came. That was the last time we were together as a few years later Aunt Edie died in California. What wonderful memories we have of her.

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