



Jones County

Historical Review

Vol. 5

Published Quarterly by the Jones County Historical Society

No. 1 - 1979

The first ten rows belong to the emigrants

Everything in this story was told to me by my father, Calhoun Clar, who heard them from his father, David Clark, who came from Pennsylvania to Scotch Grove township, Jones county, Iowa, by covered wagon in the fall of 1858.

And in 1931 I talked to some old folks in New Bedford, Pa., who remembered the caravan of about a dozen covered wagons leaving that village about Sept. 1, 1858. Among those leaving was my grandfather, David Clark, 38 years old, with his wife and two small children. He was headed for Scotch Grove, Iowa, where he had a brother William Clark, already established on an 80-acre farm about a mile east of the Scotch Grove church.

They had to start early enough in the fall so as to arrive in Iowa before cold weather set in. If they traveled 20 miles per day the 900-mile trip would take about 45 days. Some days they could make 25 or 30 miles, depending on the roads and weather.

An item of great importance was the team of horses, and all in the caravan had horse teams. The team of horses had to be good, and be well cared for during the journey. It is evident they could not carry corn, oats, or hay for the teams in their tightly packed wagons, so the horses had to live off the country they passed through. Overnight stops had to be made where the horses could graze and where water was close by.

UNWRITTEN LAW

This brings me to the heading of this article, which was an unwritten "law" of the times. Along the emigrant trails were arms of people who had themselves been emigrants a few years before and they knew the importance of horse feed, and were sympathetic toward the travelers who were going still further west.

Hence, in any cornfield bordering the trail, the rule was, "THE FIRST TEN ROWS BELONG TO THE EMIGRANTS".

The traveler could feed his team once and then take along enough corn for one more feed. That was the "law" and, it was very religiously followed all along the line through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa.

Settlers all along the route were very helpful and would provide food and shelter, if an emigrant needed an extra boost. And, of course, the emigrants themselves were careful not to become too much of a nuisance around settlers' homes and always aimed to stop for the night near a river or creek, where there was water for the horses and a place to graze.

HORSES CAN SMELL WATER

Many times as they proceeded along trails, it was noted that the horses would prick up their ears and quicken their gait when a creek or a river was near, and it was generally so. At each bridge, grandfather would stop, take his half bushel measure and carry up a drink for each horse.

NO SPEEDING ON THE TRAIL

In many modern day movies, they picture covered wagons with horses on the run. That seldom, if ever happened, with the emigrant wagon. In the first place, the wagons were well loaded with tools and small articles of furniture that could not stand the shaking up with fast action on rough roads. And the roads of that time were indeed not smooth.

In the second place, the horses pulling that load 20 or 30 miles per day did not need any running exercises. Grandfather's wagon contained a heavy chest of drawers in which were packed dishes and glassware, and a nice, steady walk was all that was asked of the team.

REPAIRS ALONG THE ROUTE

Each settlement along the route had a blacksmith shop, so care for the horse's feet was always available and it was

important. The success of the whole venture into a new area depended on that team of horses and the vehicle they were pulling. The wagon box used was 12 feet long and every foot of space was filled and needed.

The two children, two, and four and a half years of age, were bedded down with their feet under two kitchen chairs and the chairs were loaded with boxes tied in place. Grandfather was a stone mason and plasterer and his trade tools took up space. (These tools are now on display at the Jones County Historical Society Museum.)

Wagon trouble occurred whenever a tire on the wooden wheel came loose. He would wire it on to do until a blacksmith shop was reached, but at the overnight stop near a creek, he blocked up the axle, took the wheel off and placed it in the creek overnight, thus swelling the wood and tightening the tire in place. This held until he reached the next blacksmith who could reset the tire.

DINNER OFF A BIG CHIP

One interesting story of the trail was about a lone horseman who happened along just as they were ready to eat dinner. Of course, he was invited to eat. It would have been a great breach of pioneer etiquette not to have done so. But there was a problem. Dishes not packed away were only for two adults and the two children.

The stranger had no plate, so grandfather took his axe, nicked a nearby tree and split out a chip about eight inches wide and a foot long on which grandmother put about a pint of boiled beans and salt pork, which with bread and coffee made a meal for the stranger. And he had a good, clean plate!

Food along the way was generally available. Each settlement had a store. It was important each day to pick up milk for the children and a fresh supply of drinking

First ten rows--

water. Cooking equipment was a big iron kettle, a large frying pan, a teakettle, a coffee pot, and the coffee grinder, which was held between the knees and turned with a crank. Fresh ground coffee at every meal.

Sometimes there was not time to heat water to wash the big kettle or greasy pan. If a sand bar was handy, grandfather sprinkled the pots liberally with sand and scoured them out, using a handful of grass as a wash rag, rinsed them in water and they were ready for the next meal. Perhaps not too sanitary for modern notions, but it worked.

And by the way, that big iron kettle filled with potatoes, or beans, or cornmeal mush, served as the menu for the whole day. Of course, the big skillet setting on a bed of live coals made good pancakes for breakfast. And the old mussle loader occasionally got a rabbit or prairie chicken for a taste of fresh meat.

TREES GO BY OVERHEAD

My father's sister, Arvilla, about four and a half at the time, recalled that her impression of Illinois and Iowa was the trees going by overhead as she lay in the back of the wagon with the end cover open. All she could see was trees, trees, trees. The roads were narrow and lined with trees hanging over the road.

Their trail was across Ohio, Indiana, south of Chicago, across Illinois to Galena, thence to the ferry across the Mississippi at Bellevue, then to Andrew, where Grandfather had a sister, and where they rested a few days, then to Fulton, Iron Hill, Emeline, Canton, Johnstontown, and arrived at William Clark's east of Scotch Grove at the end of 42 days - averaging a little over 22 miles per day.

I now have grandfather's copy of Colton's Western Tourist and Emigrant's Guide - 1854, with a map of the territory covered and routes to the principal places. The only places entered on the Jones county map were Anamosa and Edinburgh.

Story by John C. Clark
Monmouth, Iowa
Grandson of David Clark

Do you know anyone
who is interested in
Jones county history?
Invite them to join the
Historical Society today.

Cont. of Fairview, on old military road, once larger than Anamosa

Issue three of Volume 4 contained an article on Fairview, that was cut short simply because the balance of the original story had been lost.

Shortly after publication, the "Jones County Historical Review" was contacted by Mrs. Tom Stimpson of Anamosa, an active member of the Society, who had the complete article in her possession. She has forwarded a copy, and so we continue on with the story.

----- other members of this first Baptist church were John Parse, Jacob Soper and family, Dr. Matson and family.

The Rev. Mr. Homan first lived about four miles from Fairview on the farm later owned by Jacob Newman. He had a wife and two daughters, Nettie and Jennie. He was a good singer and somewhat of an orator; these talents caused him to be both choir and minister at some funerals. He gave the fourth of July oration in Fairview at a celebration in 1856.

WEEKLY MAIL

In 1840 a weekly mail was carried on horseback between Dubuque and Iowa City. The Post Office for the vicinity was established at the home of Gideon Peet, a mile west of Fairview. It was called Pamaho. The postmaster's fee for six months was said to be six dollars, which made it difficult to retain a postmaster. About this time an office was established in Anamosa with Pratt Skinner, a brother of Dr. William Skinner, as postmaster.

During 1844, Frink and Walker, a stage firm, routed a stage coach over the Military road from Dubuque to Iowa City. Eight passengers could be accommodated, if one rode with the driver. From four to six horses were used depending on the state of the roads. Russell's place was a station. On reaching the village the driver blew a horn and all the children of the village gathered about with great delight.

(Note by Gus Norlin: At a consignment sale held in Monticello about 1965, there appeared an old iron strongbox, pretty badly beat up on the outside, but with the wood liner inside intact. The original lock had been drilled or punched open. On the inside of the swinging door, still very legible, was painted or stenciled the name "FRINK & WALKER LINES". I passed up buying it, recognizing it only as a strong box, without realizing it's significance to local history. It is owned by a man in Monticello, who some day may loan it to the Society Museum.)

HAD AN ACADEMY

In the 1860s Fairview boasted an Academy which was patronized by young people as far south as Marion. The academy, said to have been built by

Joseph Secrist, was a two-story frame structure. Much of the success of the venture was due to the founder, A. G. Lucas, a native of Kentucky.

Some of the students in 1861 were Lou Romer, Joseph Ingram, Toni Garnett, Nelle Dial, John and Milo Smith, Henry Mershon, two sons of Dr. Thomas Mershon, Emily and Theodore Walton, James Cullen, Thurston Joslin, Darias Hinman, Jennie and Vena Craighead, Nelle Merrill, and two daughters of Ambrose Parsons.

In 1871 and 1872, James L. Joslin and his sister Emily, taught in Fairview. It was then a larger place than Anamosa. There were two general stores kept by Joe Secrist and Noble Mershon, two blacksmith shops run by Morgan Mott and William Manley, a hotel kept by Hendrixon Mershon. Dr. Thomas Mershon sold drugs, Isaac Taylor ran a sawmill. Other residents in the village and vicinity were John and Tom Caffee, Henry Mundy, Mrs. Dawson, Frederick Leeper, Charlie Romer, Mike Sandusky, Harry Hokes, Thurston Joslin, Leonard Starkweather and others.

Some of these early settlers are buried in the Ernsbarger cemetery, which is located near the George Brown farm. Other early settlers are buried in the Spade cemetery. Benoni Brown, who lived to be 102 years old, lies there. The first person buried in the Wilcox cemetery was a son of Ambrose Parsons.

Some of the pioneers went to California in the Gold Rush. Others scattered here and there. The Rev. Mr. Homan went to Kansas, Lathrop Olmstead and his son Timothy, it is said, went back to Connecticut, where Timothy studied for the ministry.

The railroad which the early residents of Fairview hoped would come to the village went to Anamosa. Since then the village has been gradually depopulated.



Nine-generation story of Peet family is concluded in this issue of the Review

(Cont. from Vol. 4, No. 4)

Returning to the list of sons of Gideon and Abigail Peet, next is Burton, who was previously mentioned in this work as a postmaster at Fairview following the term of his brother. Little is said of him in the original genealogy. A son, Daniel Ario, once lived at 104 S. Booth in Anamosa and operated a grocery and dry goods store, as well as being an officer in the Water works department, and member of the Masonic lodge. Other sons of Burton also took an active part in the civic life of Anamosa.

James Melvin Peet married Anne Dallas and were parents of four children. After his wife's death, he married again to Matilda Weaver, who is buried in the same family plot with Grant Wood in Riverside cemetery at Anamosa. It is assumed Matilda was perhaps an aunt of Iowa's famous artist or some other relationship.

James's son, William Gordon, was a successful farmer, married Eliza Saum of Rome township and became the owner of much land, some of which is still in the family, lying partly in Cedar county. In 1905, the son and his mother formed the Peet Lumber Co., carrying on an extensive business as dealers in lumber and coal.

GHOSTS

Another son of James Melvin was Robert Melvin, father of James W. and Robert M. Peet of Anamosa, Harriet McCarthy of Atlanta and Florence Dandridge of Marion. Mr. Peet was an extensive landowner and his home west of Fairview was well improved and had substantial buildings with a modern country residence, now the home of the family of Dr. Arthur Williams, the house where "ghosts abide", according to recent newspaper articles. Mr. Peet married in 1878 to Carrie Bell Carbee and they were parents of six daughters and two sons.

Across the road from the brick house built by Robert Melvin Peet is a small house built in the 1840s by his father, James Melvin Peet. Robert Melvin was born there in 1846, and his son James W. lived there and his son Melvin was born there as was the son of Melvin, making five generations of the same family who lived in the home.

"Mel", as he was familiarly known, was prominent and influential in public affairs and served in the 30th and 31st general assemblies of Iowa and was also a member of the board of county supervisors. His enterprising and progressive spirit made him a typical American and many were the good deeds that he did for

others that he did not boast about.

A story was told, not corroborated by any member of his family, that once a committee from Fairview was seeking funds to put a new roof on the church, but he declined to donate. However, the next Monday morning a crew of workmen appeared and began working on the new roof, apparently at his instigation. Such is the ways of the citizen who does his good deeds in secret and not for public acclaim. Such were the ways of many of our forefathers that made it possible for us to enjoy the good things of this life and time.

Truman Judson was another son of Gideon and Abigail to come west. Although he and his two wives were buried in Wilcox cemetery, they apparently lived toward the Prairieburg area and many of his descendants were buried in Boulder cemetery, just off the main road between Prairieburg and Central City in Buffalo township, Linn county.

Another son, Cyrus, remained in New York, as did their only daughter Huldah, who married Philip Burlingham.

This concludes some main items of interest on the original family of Peets in Jones county.

BRANCHES OF THE TREE

Another line of Peet, branched off our line in the 4th generation, settled in Edgewood. Mrs. Halstead Carpenter of Monticello is of the Edgewood Peets and a Lee Peet was said to have been a steward

at the Jones County Home many years ago.

In the 1879 Jones County History, it is written L. B. Peet was acting deputy warden at the Iowa State Men's Reformatory.

GRAVE DIGGERS

For many years Charles and Frank Peet were citizens of the Edgewood area. They were the subjects of a feature with pictures in the Cedar Rapids Gazette on Sept. 19, 1971, showing them digging graves, having been at that task since 1940 and up to that date had dug 563 graves at both cemeteries near the town. Frank died in 1974 and Charles early in 1978 at the age of 92.

Another man, R. Arno Peet, became an educator in the California schools after a term as an Iowa legislator.

90 CENTS PER ACRE

In the Delaware and Buchanan county history, (1890) is an account of Cornelius T. Peet who came to Iowa in 1844, "settling on a tract of land that was then in the wild and unbroken prairie. He held it for seven years without molestation and then secured his title to it by buying a land warrant issued to a veteran of the Mexican War.

The warrant alluded to entitled the veteran to 80 acres for which Mr. Peet had to pay 90 cents per acre, Mexican land warrants at that time being sold by the returned soldiers from the war that gave



THE ROBERT MELVIN PEET home was built in 1888 west of Fairview. The 90-year-old house is now owned by the Arthur Williams family.

Other branches--

us California for anything or price they could get when they wanted ready money, through brokers, although the warrants were worth their face value.

"To the property thus attained, Mr. Peet has added much more through judicious sale and subsequent purchases, and now has lands of much value in different localities. At that time the country was so sparsely settled that the census-taker, a blacksmith named Daniel Brown, never left his shop to make the enumeration but just jotted down from recollection all the information required, as he knew everybody in his neighborhood and all about the affairs of each family, whose members constituted for the county, a total population of 162."

Cornelius studied law, with the advantage of his father's library and himself a lawyer, and as there were few lawyers in his vicinity, he did a considerable practice. His father, Levi, was one of the five men who first settled Cattaraugus county, N. Y., when it was but a dense forest and its only roads were Indian trails. Here he cleared off the farm where C. T. was born, engaging in both farming and law practice and was postmaster 21 years.

C. T. Peet enlisted in 1864 for 100 days in Co. E. 44th Iowa Inf., and served in Tennessee and Mississippi, chiefly guarding railroads and bridges but took no active part in any battle. After a service of 120 days, he received his discharge at Davenport and returned home.

GUTTENBERG TO INDEPENDENCE

He was a representative from his county to the first Republican convention ever held in the state and filled numerous offices, also represented the county in the state legislature for the 14th and 15th General Assemblies. He did most of the assessing for 40 years and was one of the commissioners appointed by the legislature to lay out the road from Guttenberg to Independence.

Quoted from the history: "Mr. Peet is a high-toned and genial gentleman, and is possessed of all the hospitable instincts characteristic of his race, and his latch-string ever hangs outside his door as a welcome invitation to the passerby to enter his domicile. He is one of the most public-spirited men of the county, always ready to assist with advice and pecuniary aid any meritorious project and in the early days spent fully one-half his time in helping settlers to locate their land, and doing it without fee or reward.

Other Peets lived in Adair, Guthrie, Hardin and probably some other counties. In the History of Adair County (1915) George R. Peet was said to have traded his Adair property for a hardware business in Monticello, later moving to Hardin county where he died in 1893.

Mamie Eisenhower is a descendant of (concluded on page 5)



HERESA Peet Russell, Leland Stanford teacher and author of book.



HERBERT Peet, superintendent of Anamosa schools in early 1920s.



JENNIE Iowa Berry, leader of many women's organizations.



ARTHUR Eugene Myrick (1869-1942), author of a short Peet family history written in 1929.



HOBART Delancy Myrick (1879-1973), established home in Montana.

Molly Skelley writes about her family's move from Switzerland

(The following Ehrisman family history was written by Mrs. Howard (Molly Marie) Skelley of Monticello.)

My Dad, Adolph Ehrismann, came to the U.S. from Switzerland, in September 1891 and he then obtained work for the Railroad Co., and for a days wages received \$1.00. This money was set aside and within a year he sent for his family to come to the U. S. This was my mother and nine children.

They began their journey by boat and arrived May 12, 1892. In age they ranged from the eldest, 16 years, to a baby of 3

months. They were a sight to behold, mother said, nine children and nine bundles -- each one had a bundle he was responsible for and now and then mother had to stop and count them before and after reaching a station

After arriving in New York, of course, the children were tired and each rested in his own fashion until the next train. After they had left the depot for the next lap of the journey, mother missed one of them, so they all trekked back to the depot and there they found Louise, sleeping peacefully on her bundle. The waiting had been too long for her and she found sleep more blessed than traveling.

Two other families crossed the ocean along with my mother, also planning to locate in Monticello, Iowa. They were a great help to my mother with her family.

They were the Ulysses Maire family and the Vivian family. The name of the boat they crossed on was the Bourgogne. When they finally arrived at their destination - Monticello - they arrived at midnight or later and each one wore wooden soled shoes, so you can imagine the clatter and noise that approximately 20 people would make on the board walks at that time of night.

Several windows flew open and inquisitive heads popped out, wondering who was arriving at that time of night.

My sister Eda, 14 years old, was responsible all this time for a small sister of two years. She carried her most of the time. In crossing the ocean, all of the family were seasick the first seven days, except the eldest daughter, Eda, who found herself trying to make things easier for the others.

Ed, the eldest son, 16 years, and Eda both had lovely voices and after some of the passengers had heard them singing and yodeling, they soon made friends with them and asked them to sing each evening on the boat. Someone passed a hat and the silver was given to these two young people which pleased them very much. They enjoyed the first three days of the voyage, there were some violent storms. The family traveled third class and their meals were brought to them, but each family did their own dishes and returned them to the steward. Their tables were placed between the bunks which were three tiers high and when the boat swayed from one side to the other, as during the storms, the tables moved back and forth.

On each side of the table were little troughs to catch the overflow. One particular food the family could not accustom themselves to was salted butter. They had always eaten just sweet butter, no salt. When they could not eat it, my mother being the frugal woman that she was, could not waste it, so they saved it in a little jar and polished their shoes with it.

It took 15 days to cross the ocean. My mother also had a beautiful, huge music box to care for - this she was to bring over for a friend of my fathers. He ran a confectionery store and wanted to use it in his business. After it passed all rules and regulations, and tariff officials, it was finally delivered to Mr. Peter Meyer and people came from near and far to hear the Music Box from Switzerland. It had to be wound by hand before it began playing. (A far cry from our Stereo today).

In Monticello, my father had rented a large frame house, with a big yard, a cow to supply milk for the family and a couple



History ends

(from page 4)

the Benjamin Peet line (2nd generation in America) through Benjamin (3rd), Richard (4th), Abigail (5th), who married John Riggs 1757, James Riggs (6th), George Riggs (7th), and Maria Riggs (8th) who married Eli Doud.

The members of the 9th generation of Peets in Jones county are mostly deceased and the successive generations are living in the present day and generally following the traditions of their forefathers, taking their places in the affairs of the communities wherein they reside and making their own "name and claim to fame."



THIS EARLY DAY photo of the McNeill-Freese building in downtown Monticello was taken back in the days when the streets had a dirt surface. Note the hitching rails on the west side of the building. Eastwood Blvd. is now called Sycamore St. The building, housing McNeill's Hardware, Newhard's Clothing and Stuhler's Shoes, is located across from the Monticello Community building.

Learning to cook new foods not always a successful experiment--

of pigs for the families' meat supply in winter. All these things my mother considered a wealth, not to be had by everyone and was very grateful to God for His Blessings.

Neighbors were very friendly in those days and though my mother could not speak English - she just could not seem to master that language problem - the children soon became interpreters for her.

A neighbor, Mrs. C. L. Van Meter, came bearing her gift of luscious red tomatoes and told mother how to prepare them to eat raw. They looked delicious but, oh, how awful they tasted. It was a long, long time before they really learned to like tomatoes and, then, it was tomato soup.

Another lady brought a lovely cake - as a friendly gesture and some time later, when mother asked how she made it she gave her the recipe but neglected to tell her the amount of baking powder. Well, the cake was a flop, but the family ate it and later mother learned the secret of successful baking.

A food my father had eaten and liked very much was a cheese macaroni dish, so one day he bought some macaroni with his grocery order (it was in the bulk) and asked my mother to make a dish as he had enjoyed elsewhere. They had no idea of how to go about preparing the macaroni, so she dumped quite a lot of them in a frying pan, sizzling hot, and fried and fried the dry macaroni but they never were edible. Later, of course, she found out that she must boil them and in due time all these new foods became favorite dishes.

One evening a knock was heard at the door. A tramp stood there and asked mother if he might have a bite to eat. Of course, she asked him to come in and sit with them as they were about to sit down to their evening meal. He washed up and came toward the table, took one look and said, "What, no meat, no eggs?" and turned and took his hat off the hook and walked out without another word.

Then and there my mother decided that the American people were quite used to better fare than they were. For their meal that evening consisted of bread and molasses, fried whole, small potatoes and coffee and milk. In Switzerland, their diet consisted mostly of dairy products and bread; very few vegetables were had except in summer by the common people. Eggs and cheese and bread and jam was their main diet. And in the summer, wild berries were gathered for a treat and making preserves. A garden also provided food in the summer but very little meat of any kind.

After a time our family grew larger and my father decided to move to Arkansas as land could be had there for the clearing of some timber he was told. Here they lived three years and in that time my father had built a house and cleared enough ground to

have a large garden and a vineyard. They had lived in tents until the house was built.

He also planted corn in a large plot that they had cut timber off of but left the stumps; and as they found time, they removed these in due season. That was an almost impossible task with out proper tools. But the large rats ate the chickens; the chiggers and the ticks were terrible and the family all got yellow fever. So they decided to go back to Iowa - after all that hard work.

But, Eda, the eldest daughter, now 17, was married in Arkansas, and she and her husband left to make their home back in Switzerland. The doctor had told her husband that he would have to leave that country or he would have the yellow fever again.

My father then settled in Ryan on a farm about 22 miles from where they had first located in Monticello. His sons were now able to do a great deal of the work and things were looking up.

On one 4th of July, at a celebration, he bought or rented as the story goes, a Merry-go-Round for his family and friends. You can imagine how happy the family was, but my mother was disgusted with his idea of giving them this treat. In those days, it was a keg of beer for the grown-ups and a Merry-go-Round ride for the kiddies. A good time was had by all.

In Ryan, our family increased to 14, Marie (Molly) being the youngest. When I was 4 years old, my father took his family to the Great Jones County Fair at Monticello. Somehow, I got lost or strayed away from the others and I remember crying my heart out, until some kind soul picked me up, bought me a balloon, and in some mysterious manner proceeded to return me to my mother. I also remember how that balloon disappeared or popped when I entered my mother's kitchen the next day as she was washing and the kitchen was filled with steam from her boiler. I cried again and how.

In 1909, when I was 5 years old, we moved to Wagner, S. D., where my brother, Charles, who had recently been married, was in the confectionery business and with the help of his sister, Louise had done very well. My eldest brothers, Ed and Walter, had gone into the laundry business in Wagner at that time, but later both went to farming and found that more profitable through the years.

Dad mixed his own cement and sand for bricks - shaped them into a brick mold which made three bricks at a time - and then set them aside in the sun to dry. This was a slow procedure but finally enough bricks were made and my dad built a brick home for his family, which was no longer so large - now that some had married and gone to make homes for themselves. Though our house of brick wasn't so pretentious or grand as the first one built,

we thought it was beautiful.

In those days there were few houses equipped with sewers and ours had none, but we had a cesspool and a room waiting for a bathtub, when we could afford one. We never did have one in that home before we moved.

While my father was putting the finishing touches on this house, my mother decided to take a trip back to Switzerland to visit my sister, Eda, who was ill. I was 6, at that time and felt my place was with my mother, but she felt I would only be a bother on so long a journey and took my sister, Jennie, who was about 16 years old.

I was terribly disappointed and my sister Flora (Tiny) and I were left in care of my older, married sister, Rose, and our Dad. When my mother returned about three months later, she brought me a tiny china doll and some handkerchiefs. I still treasure the doll although the hair braids have vanished with age.

After completing our home, my dad began the ice business in Wagner. He built a large ice house in our backyard and I was his helper. I drove a large, white horse called Morge to deliver ice. I must have been 10 or 12, at this time -- while delivered ice from door to door -- three times the old horse ran away with me. (He was afraid of anything blowing, like sheets, or a white paper coming at him).

Sometimes 500 lb. chunks of ice trailed behind us. I felt terribly bad because I wondered how we could ever pick those huge cakes of ice up again. They had been loaded from a chute. But it did not take my dad long to solve this problem. He sawed them up into smaller chunks and got them back into the ice wagon. Then we were on our way again. The ladies often treated Dad to a bottle of beer and sent a cookie out to the driver.

But the climate in S. D. got the best of my mother and dad. The summers became hotter and windier and the drouth was bad, so they decided to move back to Iowa. In 1917, we moved back to Monticello. Dad riding in the box car with our horse, Morge, and all our furniture. We again settled where he first began his new home after coming from Switzerland. We tried our best to talk him out of riding in the box car but he would have it no other way, he wanted to see that the horse made the trip OK.

Here, in Monticello, in 1917, he became a cement contractor, doing all kinds of work including a curb and guttering job for the city and also some of the first paving done here. He often arose at 4 a.m. and worked until dark or sometimes until 8:30 p.m. Hardly stopping for meals. I used to carry his breakfast of pancakes to him in a basket and oftentimes at noon he would bring the basket home with the food untouched. Also, on many a stormy night, he and I would dress hurriedly and go out to cover

Family believed in hard work

Some newly-laid cement with tar paper or sacks. He was a conscientious worker and never seemed to tire for his work was his life.

I well remember about two years before his death, he told that he never knew what it was to be tired. But when the pull downhill came, it came fast. My mother had not been well for years, but she lived 10 years longer than my dad and loved and lived for her family of 14 children. Dad never was idle, and found much good work to do. His family meant much to him, too, and they were truly blessed of God.

The following notes were taken one day in 1943 while Eda and Charles were reminiscing before he left for California to live.

In Switzerland, the family lived at Les Courdes. There was no school there so the children had to walk to La Sagne, which was a distance of three miles. And here, they were to stop often and see their Grandmother Zaugg, who was an invalid. At one time she had operated a shoe store and all of the family was booted from her store.

At Les Courdes, my father and mother operated a sawmill run by waterpower, with an old-fashioned wheel, partly covered so the children would not fall into it. The sawmill was in one half of the building and the house in which they lived in the other half. One day when mother was operating the mill, she had to leave the saw for a few minutes, to start her dinner.

She warned the boys to stay away from the saw which moved up and down and was a long blade-type thing, but to call her when the log was finished. She had only gone into the house when Charlie, 6 years of age, thought he could help by brushing the sawdust from under the blade to surprise mother, as he had often seen her do this. The result was that he lost part of three fingers.

My mother turned to do something in the kitchen and saw him standing before her, his hands dripping blood. He wasn't even crying. But she was so shocked, and yet thankful that it was just fingers, partially off.

Here at the mill the lumber company furnished the logs and dad operated the mill. So, at this convenient spot in the winter, skaters came from miles around with their skates - as the mill pond was frozen over and they could not operate the mill. Dad swept the pond off at intervals and kept it clean and mother baked doughnuts and made cocoa and coffee for the visitors.

So, away back there, my folks were business people. When any of these families went from one town to the other, walking was the only means of travel. But, one day, my father said he had a surprise for his family. They started walking to a

neighbors. There they borrowed a light riding wagon and they all helped pull it to the next neighbors who loaned them a horse, and they piled in and went to the next little town for a treat. I remember Charles, saying, "Boy, did we have fun." It was the town of Les Petite Ponds. (meaning the little bridges).

In the town of Les Courdes, my father also made tourb or what we might call Turf. (Peat). In certain seasons they dug and dried it and sold it at Chaux de Fonds - a little larger town. This was hauled by a kind neighbor and his horse for my father. There were three grades of this tourb. It was used as we use coal -- the 1st grade was found near the surface of the earth and when dug was like heavy felt (brown), the second grade, was a heavier brown substance and the 3rd grade was a heavy black substance.

It was more like coal, but all of these were a wet product that had to be laid out in the sun to dry and was piled in stacks similar to our grain shocks of years ago.

When we were in Switzerland in 1965, we still saw this product piled high like a fence and in a long row to be dried. We took a picture of it but it does not show up the best. But it is still a way of making a living in this day and age.

When our family first settled in Monticello, after coming from Switzerland, the children of the town all teased them and said Parlez vous Francais? whenever they met some of our kids. At last it became, only Parlez, and finally that name of Polly stuck to my brother Alfred for his life.

When our family first landed in Monticello, the boys all wore bloused tunics for shirts. These were considered odd to the people here in America. But in 1943, that has become the style of the younger boys and some men of 18 and 19 years also. So, I guess there is nothing new under the sun in styles.

In reminiscing, they told of the time my dad had lumbago and could not get out of bed alone. One night, however, the house we lived in was struck by lightning and caught fire in the attic. My dad did not hesitate. He ran for a tub of water, climbed the stairs and put the fire out. That took courage. His home was in danger and God gave him the strength to do it. No more lumbago after that.

Then in Monticello, I heard Charles tell how they gathered garbage for their livestock, meaning dad's pigs. Our family was never too proud to work. It was a privilege and a joy to be able to work.

Through the years, Howard and I, too, have enjoyed working and we have been blessed with good health for which we are grateful. Our family of nine children is a joy to us, especially with the grandchildren now growing up. But, that is another story -- and I'll let someone else compose that one.

The Trail Grows Dim

Editor

Jones County Hist. Review
Ghost town of Edinburgh
Jones County, Iowa

Dear Editor:

Would you please insert the following in the "Trail Grows Dim" column of the "Review". Van- Van Valkenburg, Van Voltenbergh. I would like to contact descendants of James (Jacob) V. V. who arrived Jones county in 1839. Need wife's name, place of birth, any other pertinent information. Children were Joseph, Robert Taylor, Peter, Dan. I would appreciate hearing from anyone having any information on the above.

Thank You,

Mary Jane Johns
931 Glenwood Dr.
Oxnard, Calif. 93030

Dear Editor:

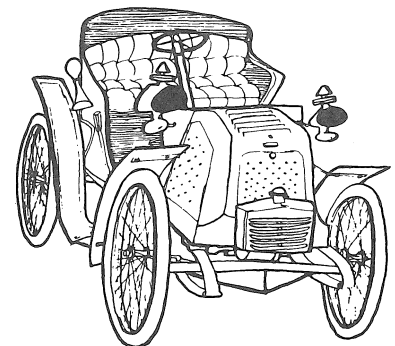
We are attempting to find any information on my grandfather, William F. "Finn" Kerr. A Civil War veteran, his native State is believed to have been Pennsylvania, where his brother Samuel Kerr's (older than Wm) death certificate list that state of birth. He suffered a gunshot wound to the knee during the war and remained crippled for the rest of his life.

My grandfather was married years after the Civil War, and my grandmother received a soldier's pension after becoming a widow. "Finn" Kerr died in 1912. He had returned to Iowa after the Civil War and took residence in Jones county.

Any information on my grandfather, William F. "Finn" Kerr, will be appreciated, and should your readers have such information please have them write me.

Thank you,

Dora Ann Lane
3001 Maine Ave.
Long Beach, Calif. 90806



Early telephone was considered a hoax

The following article appeared in a Boston newspaper during December 1868:

"A man about 46 years of age, giving the name of Joshua Coppersmith, has been arrested in New York for attempting to extort funds from ignorant and superstitious people by exhibiting a device which he says will convey the human voice any distance over metallic wires so that it will be heard by the listener at the other end.

He calls the instrument a "Telephone" which is obviously intended to imitate the word "Telegraph" and win the confidence of those who know of the success of the latter instrument without understanding the principles on which it is based.

Well-informed people know that it is impossible to transmit the human voice over the wires as may be done with dots and dashes of the Morse code, and that were it possible to do so, the thing would be of no practical value. The authorities who apprehended this scoundrel are to be commended, and it is hoped a hard swift punishment will be a deterrent to others who are scheming to bilk their fellow creatures."

Here's how to roast venison

Some menus taken from the "Great Western Cook Book" printed about 1850, and found in most kitchens of people living in Jones county at that time.

"How to Roast a saddle of Venison"

Preserve the fat by making a paste of flour and water, as much as will cover the venison; wipe the meat dry, rub some butter over a large sheet of paper and cover the venison with it; then roll out the paste about three quarters of an inch thick, and lay this all over the fat side, and cover it well with three or four sheets of strong white paper, and tie it down securely.

Have a strong fire going in the fireplace or firebox and baste the venison as soon as you lay it down to roast. It must be well basted all the time.

A quarter hour before it is done, cut the string and remove the paste, then baste some more with butter, dredge slightly with flour and when the froth rises and it is light brown in color send it up with gravy in one boat, and currant jelly sauce in another boat. It takes about four hours to thoroughly roast a saddle of venison.

President's message

Dear Reader:

Thanks to many who have resubscribed, given gift subscriptions, and some who very generously gave donations to the "Review" fund, we will be able to continue sending the publication out, at least for awhile. We still are far short of the necessary number of paid subscriptions in order to remain solvent.

We will take the opportunity, by this column, to explain the roster of memberships and subscribers. Society memberships and subscriptions are all on a January to January calendar year.

If a membership is taken out between January and December of any year, it is considered a membership for THAT year, and a new membership would then become due again the following January.

SAME with a subscription. If someone subscribes DURING the year, they are sent the back issues for THAT year, and again their subscription will come due for renewal JANUARY of the following year.

It is just impossible for the Society

volunteer help to have a revolving membership or subscription roll, where they would have to continually be checking monthly to see whose membership or subscription was due during any one month.

The first quarterly meeting (after two postponements due to blizzards) was held Jan. 28 in Anamosa. It was well attended and all business as required by law was taken care of.

A guest speaker, Roger Boldt of the East Central Iowa Council of Governments, Historic Preservation Division, explained the program of historic preservation, as it applies to counties, cities, or groups and individuals.

The next meeting will be held at the museum complex April 29 at 2 p.m. This is the Society's "clean up and get ready for the season's visitors" meeting.

At the first quarterly meeting, Don Goodman of Anamosa was elected vice president, and by acclamation all other officers were reelected. They are William Corbin, Monticello, treasurer; Anna Brickley, Anamosa, secretary; G. L. "Gus" Norlin, Monticello, president.

Sincerely
C. L. "Gus" Norlin
President

SUBSCRIBE NOW TO THE JONES COUNTY HISTORICAL REVIEW

Society (paid up) members:

1 year \$3.50

2 years 6.50

Non-members . . . 1 year 4.50

Combined membership and subscription:

1 year \$5.50

2 years 10.50

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Send remittance and CORRECT address to:

Jones County Hist. Review
Box 124
Monticello, Iowa 52310

Jones County Historical Review
Monticello, Iowa 52310



Anamosa Public Library
Anamosa, Ia
52205