

Warren County Genealogical Society

Indianola, Iowa

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Center Stage: Louise Pilmer

by Ev Brightman

Louise Pilmer is a charter member of the Warren County Genealogical Society. She recalls a small group of folks within the Warren County Historical Society who sat huddled in a corner discussing genealogy. They decided to form a genealogical society to avoid taking up time during the Historical Society meetings, chartering the new organization in 1973.

Louise has held most offices in WCGS at some time and has worked on projects including the Cemetery Book, 1980, Birth Book, 1985, History of Warren County 1987 and is assisting with the current update of the cemetery book.

Louise was actually born just over the Warren County line in Marion County, where her parents rented a farm briefly. She claims Warren County for the majority of her life, however. Louise taught grades 2 through 7 for twenty-eight years. Swan, Beech, Milo, Hawthorne (Indianola) and Emerson (Indianola) schools were included in her career. During the county fair, a person viewing the genealogy exhibit remembered her as "the best teacher of his school days!"

Louise credits her paternal grandfather for her interest in genealogy. During the summers of her 7th and 8th grade years, he lived with her family. (He would travel to other grown children's homes for the winter.) He shared many of his life experiences with his eager granddaughter, including his riding for the Pony Express. Louise was able to remember two sets of great grandparents and one great, great grandfather. However, like many of us, she laments that "I did not become really interested in genealogy until everyone was dead that I needed to ask questions."

Asked what she has learned from genealogy, she paraphrased the well-known statement, "You cannot know where you are or where you are going unless you know where you have been." Examples from her own history are the impact of her mother's teaching ability and her father's love of music in molding her own choice of profession. Her mother was a teacher, obtaining a degree from, then, Cedar Falls. Her father left school in the sixth grade, when the family moved and he went to work. As a young man, he eventually began working at the

continued on page 2

Calendar:

- January 12 BOARD MEETING, 7:00 p.m.
January 18 REGULAR MEETING, 7:00 p.m.
Robert Wilson: "The Town of Buxton"
Roll Call: Your genealogy New Year's resolution
February 9 BOARD MEETING, 7:00 p.m.
February 15 CEMETERY MEETING, 6:15 p.m.
REGULAR MEETING, 7:00 p.m.
Warren County Church Records
(we are hoping to have this program;
watch Indianola paper for details)
Roll Call: Your search for church records
March 9 BOARD MEETING, 7:00 p.m.
March 15 CEMETERY MEETING, 6:15 p.m.
REGULAR MEETING, 7:00 p.m.
Joe Weinman "Stamp Collecting"
Roll Call: A hobby from your childhood

WCGS regular meetings are held at the Indianola Public Library on the third Monday of the month (September through May, except no meeting in December). Special meetings may be planned for the summer.

Contents of this issue:	Page(s)
Center Stage: Louise Pilmer	1
Calendar	1
Marieta's rambling comments	2
January program information	2
Bit and pieces about ... African-Americans in Warren County	3-13
Computers, Software and the Internet	14
Research Helps	15
Queries	15
Items exhibited at 1998 Warren County Fair	16
"The Fire" by Jane Godwin	
Other fair exhibits	
Preserving for future generations	17
Pleasant Ridge Cemetery book	17
Index of this issue	18
Publications about Warren County	19
Membership form	19
Genealogical research sites	20

Marieta's rambling comments:

This month we introduce Ev Brightman's new front page series of articles called "Center Stage." Each issue will feature someone in our society—Ev's choice. Thanks Ev for volunteering to do this!

This newsletter also contains another new section that I hope to make a regular item, "Preserving for future generations." Most of our current members do not know that I have been very concerned about preservation for a long time. In particular this has been photo preservation, but I can see the need for preservation of all kinds and will include any kind of preservation information that I find.

No program book this year. Each newsletter will contain upcoming program information and the March-April issue will include a list of members with addresses and phone numbers. **If you want your name included, you will need to have your dues paid by the meeting on February 15.** If we have not received your dues at the time of this printing, you have a red mark on your address label.

This newsletter features the African-Americans that have lived in Warren County, in recognition of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Day. Don Berry was a master storyteller and I am very excited to use some of his "Rowen" columns from the *Record-Herald and Indianola Tribune* in this newsletter.

On our trip in 1997 to the southeastern states, Dave and I visited the Dr King historical sites in Atlanta, GA. These were very interesting and we would highly recommend taking the time to visit them if you are in that area. You may leave with a much different appreciation of Dr. King and the events of the 1960s as well as the history prior to the 60s and since.

Regarding the computer group, after a conversation with a computer genealogist who lives near Hammondsburg, I am putting my thoughts together about further activities for the computer group. This will need to be more than going to someone's house to see their computer set up, but being able to meet the needs of beginners and more advanced computer users is a challenge. Watch for upcoming information.

Enjoy!

Home phone:

Internet address:

Residential address:

Marieta Grissom

515-961-7542

Marieta51@aol.com

505 West Jackson Avenue
Indianola, Iowa 50125

Louise Pilmer, *continued from page 1*

Hotel Savory in Des Moines, when it was newly built. This put him in proximity with the musicians who played at the hotel. He learned to play the clarinet and was asked to tour with the band until he eventually returned to farming.

Louise is, of course, an elementary teacher, but also she worked most of her weekend hours while attending Simpson, giving piano lessons in Carlisle and Hartford.

Louise has passed the love of teaching on. Both daughters are currently educators.

Surnames that Louise has researched include Black, Pilmer, Richards and McElroy.

Thank you, Louise, for all of your countless contributions to our society!

January 18 program - The Town of Buxton

The January 18 program will feature the town of Buxton. Mr. Robert Wilson will share an historical perspective of the development of the town around the coal mining which drew African-Americans to the area. His grandfather was an active participant during that era and his father began the "Buxton Club" in the Des Moines area years later. Mr. Wilson will bring Buxton artifacts for display. See you there!

Did you know your dues are due?

Dues are due from some of you.

If you'll pay your dues when due

I'll not pester you, I promise you

So pay your dues, please do!

Officers 1998:

President	Marieta Grissom
Vice President	Kay Putz
Secretary	Virginia Nelson
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Corresponding Secretary	Thelma Pehrson
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Newsletter Editor	Marieta Grissom
Past President	Ev Brightman
IGS Representative (Area 4)	Sheryl Gwinn

Active Committees:

Cemetery	Newspaper Abstracting
County Fair Divisions	Obituaries
Courthouse Abstracting	Research Requests
Library Acquisitions	

Newsletter published six times per year. Membership dues \$6.00 per individual or \$9.00 per family.

Bits and pieces about ... African-Americans in Warren County

We are very fortunate to have had Don L. Berry connected with The Record-Herald and Indianola Tribune. In the fall of 1964, he started out to write a couple articles about African-Americans in Indianola and ended up writing for three months. Don was always a "people person" and had an excellent memory. What he couldn't remember, he had the connections to find out from someone who could remember.

Most of us are well aware of the George Washington Carver-Simpson College connections, but how many of us have ever heard of Sam Scott, Sam White, Aunt Mahala, Aunt Jennie Hall or Henry Carter? Luckily, Don Berry brought these people and others to the foreground in his articles. Don would never have done anything to offend African-American's. Please keep that in mind as your read what he wrote. Terminology has changed since 1964, but his intentions were very respectful.

Apparently the stories began in the September 3, 1964 Record-Herald and Indianola Tribune and continued into November. Some of the clippings I have used are not dated, so I have arranged them in an order that I think is approximately chronological and have let one article run into the next one.

Sometimes I'm hesitant to put so much in this newsletter, but then I think about that some of this information is nearly "perishable." True most of the newspapers are on microfilm somewhere, but I wonder how many people are going to dig through a lot of microfilm to find this information. Therefore, here goes...

NEGROES IN INDIANOLA FOR 100 YEARS

There were Negro families in Indianola from before the Civil War until 1952, when the last Negro adult passed with the death of Sam White, than whom no man in Indianola has more friends nor commanded more genuine respect. Sam was one of us and that was all there was to it, no emotionalism nor putting on an act about it.

Someone said recently that there was a time when there were nine Negro families in Indianola. I was asked if I thought that statement was correct. Yes, I do. Maybe I can recall most of them; and all but one family of them I believe I can recall from my own memory.

In rambling along on this line, let me say that I am going almost entirely on my memory and that of Ralph Hughes, who is, I believe the only man now in town who was born here before me. Since this will be based entirely on the memory of two men, I will appreciate it if my attention may be called to any mistakes I may make.

"You Got a Mouf."

I cannot recall the first Negro family which came up here from slavery before the war. I do not know the name nor whether there were any children in addition to the man and wife. However, I remember well the story my mother told me about them. She was a small girl at that time and this colored couple, who could not read nor write, came to her father to have him write a letter for them to some of their friends or relatives in the south.

Mother stood by her father who took his pen and wrote what the Negro would tell him. Every little bit the woman would tell her husband to tell Mr. Barker to say so and so. This happened a few times when the old Negro turned to his wife and exclaimed: "Tell 'im yourself, you got a mouf."

That is all I can tell for sure about that first colored family to come up from slavery, although I seem to recall that they were in some way related to Andy Flummer who came shortly after, if not with the first ones.

Andy Flummer and Sam Scott

Andy Flummer and Sam Scott were the oldest Negroes I can recall in Indianola. I believe Sam Scott came first. As I recall the story, he and his wife, Aunt Julia, walked up from Missouri carrying a baby in arms, after a kindly master had permitted Sam to work out and earn enough in the course of time to buy his own and his wife's freedom.

My first positive memory of Scott was watching him lay brick in the foundation of the west room father was adding to the house where I was born, 105 East Third Avenue, the house on the west side of Barker Park. That must have been 1883 or 1884.

Sam Scott was a brick mason, a skillful one I presume or he would not have been employed on most of the construction of those days as I remember seeing him. He and his wife, Julia, lived on about 15 acres of ground a mile or mile and a half south of the old Ogden school, which is two miles east of town on No. 92.

The Scott house was somewhere not far north of the Marvin Mahr dairy farm, and on the east side of the road.

They were thrifty people and made the little farm produce most of their living. I remember my father quoting Aunt Julia's remark that "if you want to eat well in the wintah, you gotta use yo haid in the fall."

Would Pay It Sometime

But the Scotts sometimes were pretty hard pressed, as another of father's stories indicates. Neither did the two young law partners, Henderson & Berry, have any surplus of cash. Some professional collection firm induced them to act as its agent in Warren county, one of those foreflushing firms that

tries to scare people into paying their debts by threatening everything from civil suit to jail.

The collection effort started with the sending of a notice of account due and signed by the attorneys for the company. If that didn't bring results it was to be followed by a letter threatening to start suit. The next step was a more hard boiled letter telling the victim he must come in immediately and see the attorneys or he would be sued, which meant, in addition to the overdue account, he must pay attorneys fees and court costs. Oh, fearful black clouds were painted.

Somebody sent the company a claim against Sam Scott. It was a bitter cold winter. The company sent the claim on to Henderson & Berry with instructions to give Sam the works, one letter after another. The snow was deep. Whether Sam paid no attention to the letters, or did not come to town through the snow (there was no rural delivery in the 70's) to get his mail until all three letters had accumulated, I can't say.

But the nub of the story is that on a bitter cold day, with a blizzard blowing outside, Sam trudged into the office, his head wrapped in two or three knit scarves, two overcoats around him, and sections of old blankets wrapped and tied with strings over his boots. He spotted Henderson behind the front counter (the office was on the second floor over what is now the south part of the People's bank). Shuffling himself up to the counter, his bright eyes peered out through the frost that surrounded the small hole in the scarves in front of his face, Sam accosted Henderson:

"Well, John, heah ah is. Ah ain't got no money, but you can take me if ah'll do you any good. Ah owes the money all right, and ah spect ah'll pay it some time; but right now all ah can offah you is just me."

Fixing the Climate

I believe Father said they told him to go on home, and gave him a dollar or two to get some flour and sugar—and then notified the collection agency that they would no longer act as its local attorneys.

Another story told on Sam Scott was that someone asked him if he didn't find the Iowa climate severe, after being reared in the south. To this Sam is said to have replied: Nevvah mind de climate. Give me plenty of dis heah ole hick'y wood and ah'll fix de climate."

Scott was rather tall, well built with no surplus fat and wore a bunch of short chin whiskers. I do not know how many children the Scotts had, but those I knew were a pretty bright outfit. One of the girls married Jeff Irwin, of whom more later. Sam Scott, Jr. was a likeable boy, ex-

ceptionally well built. He became a professional foot racer. Foot racing was a sort of profession in those days, its professors finding an outlet for their skill at fairs, Fourth of July celebrations and so forth.

Smallpox Scare

For maybe two years while I was in Simpson, Sam Jr. was trainer of the track team. He was well liked by the boys and did a good job of keeping them in condition.

Later Sam threw the town into turmoil by coming home on the freight one morning with a breaking out on his face which was diagnosed as smallpox. He was rooming with a Negro family, whose name I do not recall, living in a salt-box type of house on the northeast corner of West Salem and B Street, the lot now occupied by Dr. Day's office.

The town was almost panic stricken. Smallpox was a tragedy in those days, right at the turn of the century. The house was roped off for a half block in every direction and two guards posted night and day to see that no one entered the compound. Sam recovered and no one else took the disease.

AUNT MAHALA

One of the most intriguing colored characters of the community was Aunt Mahala Battles, who lived in a vine clad cottage on North Buxton, where Lorraine Hall now stands, the southeast corner of North Buxton and West Franklin. Her premises were a tangle of raspberries, gooseberries, currants and blackberries, for Aunt Mahala produced most of her own food. So far back as I can remember she was an old woman.

When I first wrote this sketch, I did not know how old Aunt Mahala was nor when she died. Mark Champlin has brought in, from his treasury of clippings, the story of her death, clipped from a Des Moines paper in 1937. She was at her death 113 years old, and lived with her youngest child in Des Moines in her last years, Mrs. Susie Bolden, who was 67. In that case, she was born in 1824, when James Monroe was president of the United States and she was 46 when she gave birth to her last baby. When I used to see her she must then have been from around 60 to 80 years old. She had recently gone to the home of another daughter in Clarinda at the time of her death. She was thought to be the oldest person in Polk county, at the time she went to Clarinda. The clipping says she was born in slavery in Louisville, KY., had eight children by three marriages, three of whom, by her first marriage, were born before the Negroes were freed. According to the story she was to be buried in Indianola.

Aunt Mahala was a busy laundress and did the ironing for

Bits and pieces about ... African-Americans in Warren County, *continued*

her bachelor customers.

She did washing for the George Hughes family. When Ralph Hughes was a small boy he was sent to take some of the soiled clothes to Aunt Mahala to wash. Some diabolical small companions had taught Ralph the fighting word "nigger," but they neglected, perhaps intentionally, to warn him of its implications. So the innocent young Hughes called Aunt Mahala a "nigger." Instantly he found himself held by the heels in Aunt Mahala's hands and hanging head down over the old lady's rainwater cistern, with the threat that he would be dropped into it if he did not promise never to say that word again. Not being, even at that early age, desirous of entering upon eternal life, Ralph promised. Lucky he did, or Indianola would never have had Iowa's leading broom factory.

Forerunner of Fund Raising Corporations

Aunt Mahala was one of the charter members and chief supporter of the African Methodist Church, which stood on the northeast corner of the intersection of North Buxton and Euclid, just across the street from the Simpson campus. She did a good deal of soliciting for the church amongst the business men and other citizens of the town. It was reported that she took a commission out of all that she collected, but nobody objected to that. They wanted Aunt Mahala to live. Perhaps Aunt Mahala was the forerunner of the modern fund raising organizations and may even have given them their ideas of commissions.

I have no recollection of Aunt Mahala having a husband. She was a widow when I can remember her.

One of her daughters, Lucinda, was quite light in color and an attractive girl. Affectionately known as Cindy, she was a popular cateress and in demand when ladies of the community were giving parties. Cindy married Frank Flummer who was, I believe, a son of Andy and brother of Aleck. Frank was a steady and reliable worker and well liked. He and Cindy moved to Des Moines some 40 years ago and became custodians of a good-sized apartment house in the University section of the city. I suppose they are deceased by now. They used to take our paper, but I have not heard of them for years.

Student of Penmanship

Another of Aunt Mahala's daughters married Billy

Brauduss. Brauduss was, I believe, the first colored student ever to enroll in Simpson college. There were no lifted eyebrows nor any noses stuck up so far as I ever heard. He was one of the boys and took his meals in one of the boarding clubs along with the other boys. I do not believe he stayed in school very long; but he was one of the best baseball players we ever turned out, a rattling good batter, fast base runner, pitched some and played second base as I recall it, when in the field. The college nine was always anxious to enlist him in season. So Billy often registered for penmanship in the spring and became eligible, under the loose rules of those days, to play with the Simpson nine.

Another of the Indianola colored greats of the '80's was Al Bowlin, the cook at the Madison House, which was the town's leading hostelry, located on the northeast corner of East Boston and North First. Ralph Hughes is the highest surviving authority on Al Bowlin. Ralph was born and grew to full height in a house a half block west of the hotel. When a small boy Ralph used to go over to the hotel kitchen and Al would give him liberal helpings of whatever had been the hotel's dessert for the day. Ralph is my authority for saying that Al was a good cook and I know the hotel had a good reputation. It burned to the ground sometime in the '90's. How many children were in the Bowlin family or where it went from here I do not know. Neither do I know whether or not Al had been a slave.

Only one colored family do I recall with whom the community had any trouble, and that trouble was due mostly to the small boys who learned that the man had a hot temper, and therefore amused themselves, as young devils always did, by aggravating him. The family was named Carter, whether any connection of Col. Carter of Cartersville I do not know. I have a hazy recollection that the man's first name was Henry and the woman's Annie.

They lived in a two room house of great age, which stood on the southwest corner of what later became the Harlan Lumber Company lot, where the Harlans had their paint store. The house stood flush with the street and alley, so that boys passing on the sidewalk could tap on the door or windows, or pull sticks rattle-debang down the weatherboarding.

They did it, and old Henry, commonly known about town as Nigger Carter, would come rushing out with a club or maybe a bucket of hot coals only to find his enemies had

Thelma Pehrson is helping me with "Bits and pieces about ..." This will include information about various communities, events, or whatever strikes her fancy. The same subject may be featured more than once, depending upon the information found. Thelma is Librarian for the Warren County Historical Library and is gleaning this information from articles, scrapbooks, books, etc in the WCHS Library. For more information about the WCHS Library you may contact Thelma at 515-961-4409 (home). The Library is open Thursdays 1:00 - 4:00 p.m.

disappeared down the alley in one direction or the other. To protect his home Henry nailed wooden bars across his windows, through which bars he had driven nails with sharp ends sticking out toward the street. As aforesaid, I do not recall any other Negro family between whom and the white people of the community there was any ill feeling.

I remember that the Carters had one son, Henry Jr., who was a well liked pupil in the public schools.

NEGROES IN INDIANOLA

Some time during the earlier years of this century there was a Negro family here named Brown. I did not know them very well. I think most of the time they were here I was either on the farm or traveling for Harry Hopper, and had no occasion to become acquainted with them. I do not remember what the head of the family did for a living. There were several children and my slight recollection is that they were well liked in the town. Not a great while ago a lady said to me that she was in school with Juanita White and one of the Brown girls and they were among the top pupils in the class.

There have been from time to time Negro students in the college; but they were mostly not legal residents of Indianola and hardly come within this little memory sketch.

A Colored Nobleman

But the outstanding Negro of all was a resident of the town, for he had no other home when he was here in college.

Of course you have guessed it—that was George Washington Carver, than whom no finer brain probably ever walked the streets of Indianola or crossed the college campus.

I think I was not yet ten years old when he first came into the Methodist Church and found a seat in the east transept. And I remember seeing him in my parents' home when the college Y. M. C. A. was giving a reception there for new students. I can go now right to the place where I saw him sitting, quietly as if he were a bit weary.

My cousin, who later became Mrs. J. P. Morley, was a member of our family and was in college. Also with us was Lester W. Haworth, son of George D. Haworth of the Ackworth colony of Quakers, who was a junior in college. I recall some of the conversation around the dining table regarding the remarkably brilliant and talented colored man who had come to school. Haworth predicted then that he would "go far." What was there about him that made him a marked man, even before the world ever heard of him?

They Went To Carver's Room

Shortly after Dr. Carver came to Simpson in 1941 to deliver the baccalaureate sermon at college commencement, Eldon Baker came into the office one day and gave me some per-

sonal recollections of Carver, the like of which I had never heard from anyone else. Baker was an uncle of Mrs. Effie Kimer and was here visiting her. He had been reared on a farm near Winterset.

When Carver first came to Iowa, said Mr. Baker, he came as a kind of houseboy to a southern family which had moved to Madison county and lived on a farm joining the Baker farm. The Baker farm lay between the other farm and Middle River bottom, on which there was a good deal of native timber.

When George Carver would get his work done up at the house where he worked, he often came across the Baker farm, or by the Baker house enroute to the river bottom in search of interesting plants. The Baker boys learned to look forward to stop him on his return trips because he could always tell them something interesting about the plants he had found on the river bottom, often giving them an intriguing story about plants they had passed hundreds of times and never noticed.

In the course of time the Baker family moved into Winterset, or Eldon at least went to town to go to school, and George Carver had gone to town and gotten a job as a cook at the St. Nicholas Hotel. He roomed in a kind of loft room in a home in the east part of town. Eldon said he often went to visit George in his room because George always had something to say that was worth while. Some of the other boys in school twitted Eldon about going down to see "that nigger."

Eldon invited two or three of them to go with him one evening to Carver's room. They never twitted him any more. They also went again. For one thing George entertained them with his banjo and his remarkable tenor voice. Then he showed them some of the experiments he was doing with plants in cans about the room. And he told them of his experiences in Missouri, and in Kansas as a homesteader. No, Eldon was never asked again why he went to see George Carver.

Once in a while God turns a man like that loose in the world, and his skin may be black.

I do not sit in judgment on the southern states. I even have grave doubts as to whether the young do-gooders trooping into Mississippi to stick their noses into somebody else's business are doing the southern Negroes any good. Nevertheless I cannot suppress the belief that, had the south recognized for their true worth and given appropriate privileges to Negroes of the quality of most of those who have lived in Indianola, the people of the south—and of the north, too, for that matter—would not have the current racial problems on their hands.

NOBODY MOVED AWAY FROM ANDY

The other pioneer Negro family I remember was that of Andy Flummer. I remember hearing Andy say that he was "free born." I believe he had to buy his wife before he came north. At any rate Andy was a steady worker at various jobs about the community and nobody grew excited and sold a house to get away from him.

Andy Flummer had a son, Aleck, who lived on West Boston, only a block from where this scribe now lives. My father did not hesitate to build in 1890 within a block of a Negro family. Aleck's wife was one of the wisest women in the community, glamorized in Dorothy Daniel's "Circle Round the Square," for her great endowment with what the French call "savoir faire," to know what to do.

The first distinct recollection I have of Aleck Flummer was of him working a short time for my grandfather on the farm north of town. He had been hired by the day for some special task, harvest, hog killing or something of the kind, which had been finished shortly after dinner (dinner was at noon and Aleck ate with the family). To finish out the day Grandpa put him to hewing a chicken watering trough out of a six inch linn log about three feet long. I went to the woodshed with Aleck to watch the operation. I was around seven or eight years old. Aleck chattered almost constantly about how much better job he could do "if I was home and had my sharp hatchet."

The Grave Robbing

Even to my childish mind there was something wrong about his constant chatter and the everlasting repetition about his "sharp hatchet." Grandpa remarked at supper that he wondered if Aleck was a little off upstairs. Not long after that the man was adjudged insane and committed to a state hospital. I believe he died in the hospital. But all this is only leading up to the reason Aleck Flummer lost his mind.

Somewhere around 1910 Father was having his shoes shined in a hotel in Sioux City, reading his morning paper as the shining went on. Presently the Negro shine man asked him if he were not "Bill Be'y of Indianola." Father pleaded guilty. The Negro said he had lived in Indianola a short time a good many years before. Then he inquired about several people in town and especially asked about Aleck Flummer.

Father told him of Aleck's misfortune, whereupon the Negro volunteered that he "was right there when Aleck Flummer went crazy." Then came the story of the robbing of a grave in the Indianola cemetery, the victim being the father-in-law of a prominent New York business man—but that's another story.

This Sioux City man, together with Aleck Flummer and one or two other men were employed to do the digging on a bright moon-light night. Aleck was down in the grave digging for all he was worth and came to the box before he had expected. He gave a fierce jab with his spade, struck the top of the box, broke through it and through the glass in the top of the casket and there was the face of the defunct gazing right up into the moonlight.

According to the narrator Aleck jumped straight up out of the grave and started running, and they could hear his boots hitting the old board sidewalks in the still night air until he reached his home in the 700 block on West Boston.

His Cap On Backwards

There was another colored brick mason in my early days. His name was Marshall. He was bearded. He nearly always wore a cap and wore it backwards, with the bill behind. That is about all of my childhood remembrance of him. I do not even know what his given name was. He always seemed to be a good natured sort of fellow and usually seemed to have a job in the building season. How it is that nowadays we do not have a brick mason in town and 76 years ago had two Negro masons and two or three white masons who seemed to be reasonably busy—I say, I do not know why we had so much more brick laying then than now. Less concrete then, I suppose. I am ashamed to say it, but I do not remember ever to have heard this colored man called anything but "Nigger Marshall." and I do not think the term was used with any intentional disrespect. I do not know when he left town or what became of him.

NEGROES IN INDIANOLA

No roster of early Indianola colored residents would be even half accurate without mention of Jeff Irwin, whom I mentioned earlier as having married one of the Scott girls. Jeff worked at various jobs about town and in the nearby countryside, but was probably best known as porter of the Madison House under Uncle Alf Kenney, who was the grandfather of the late Fay Kenney and was an excellent hotel manager.

Jeff Risked His Own Life

In addition to being a good hotel porter, Jeff was also an excellent horseman. I recall one incident in my own observation when I was nine years old. I was sitting in the window of the old Central Hotel dining room, which was over the present Roush Pharmacy on the north side of the square. C. W. Honnold's grocery was in the room now occupied by the north side tavern.

Some farmer had left his team standing in front of Hon-

nold's store, with his wife and two children in the buggy, and had gone in to bring out his groceries, the lines being hung over the dashboard or wrapped around the buggy whip.

Anyway, something started the team, slowly at first, then into a trot and I think one horse had begun to gallop. The white men along the north side of the square seemed helpless, with the farmer's wife and two children in the runaway buggy. But Jeff Irwin was not helpless. He was about in front of what is now Beymer's jewelry store, by the alley. Jeff saw the team coming, at the risk of his own life jumped right squarely in front of the horses, grabbed them by the bits and stopped them. By no means a bad kind of citizen to have around town.

Jeff later moved to Omaha and lived there until a hale old age. Fay Keeney used to hear from him once in a while.

The Coming Of Sam White

The first administrative building at Simpson College stood about one third of the way from the old college library to the new one. It was built about the turn of the century, and was burned during the first World War.

When it was built a rather light colored Negro man came from Des Moines to attend the brick masons. He was Sam White, who remained with us until his death in 1952 at 82 years of age. Sam boarded with Mrs. Flummer and in the course of time married her daughter, Mattie. Sam was a widower and by his first wife had a daughter, Juanita, who was one of the most talented girls in our schools, being a pianist of outstanding ability. She changed her name from White to Brown when she married a man connected with the steel mills at Gary, Indiana, where, the last I heard of Juanita, she had been for years a very successful music teacher. I believe she also taught music on the faculty of Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn., for a time.

The Whites built a cottage on the lot east of Mother Flummer, where Sam lived until his death. Mattie died and Sam married again, this time also showing good judgment and bringing to Indianola a woman everybody liked and who was an active worker in the women's organizations of the Methodist Church.

We Got Some Cold Stares

Sam was custodian of two or three buildings about the square. After our fire in 1942 we secured Sam for custodian of the Record and Tribune building, which position he held until he got so old I simply could not conscientiously have him coming down to the office at 5 o'clock on cold mornings to fire up. When we had office parties, picnics or coffees in the binding room, Sam was invited. He

did not always come, but he was invited.

He was also custodian of the Methodist Church for many years. House cleaning with Sam was more than a trade, it was a profession. The woman who could get Sam White to clean her house was fortunate. Not many perhaps did, but a woman would have been perfectly safe to go away and leave Sam to clean the house. Upon her return she would find it spotless and everything back in its place. When I employed Sam as custodian of our building, it left him not so much time for house cleaning, and I got some rather cold stares from a few housewives of our city.

Sam White would have been a distinguished looking man in any company, Negro or Caucasian. He was tall and carried himself well, erect until his later years, when he became slightly stopped. He had a fine head of curly hair and black mustache, which never did become fully white. He had a very intelligent face and a friendly greeting for everyone he knew. He had a most delightful personality, good natured, laughed a good deal, but never loud. He was a born gentleman. We still miss him.

PARALIPONMENA OF THE NEGRO POPULATION STORIES

When I wrote the series of stories anent the past colored citizens of this vicinity I did not have the information I needed regarding the Henry Hall family who lived a short distance east of old Hammondsburg in Otter township. I did not know this family personally, but used to see some of them on the street in Indianola, and to nearly every county fair they would come in lumber wagon well loaded with negroes, and a good looking group of Negroes they were.

Ed McKee remembers that they later moved into Indianola and lived on South Jefferson (State street then). What Ed remembers most distinctly is that there was a kind of standing invitation to the boys of the neighborhood to go to Mother Hall for sugar cookies.

Harry Weinman has a picture of the Indianola brass band of about 1908, in which Ed and Harrison Hall played. Both of these boys later traveled with Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey circus, Ed playing in one of the side show bands, but Harrison holding down a baritone or bass chair in the main circus band. Harry talked to them one time when the circus visited Des Moines, and Harrison had been with the band over 20 years at that time. Another report I got was that Harrison lost his job when the band was unionized, as the union would not admit Negro members.

People who lived in the Hammondsburg to Milo vicinity have told me that the Henry Hall family was well liked in the community and that the neighbors dealt with them and

traded work at threshing the same as with the white families. But one of the boys married a white girl from near Lacona, which move was pretty severely criticized and after that the relations were not quite so cordial.

Ben Hall, I am told, moved to Canada and was successful in the wheat country there.

Sam White From Garden Grove

Charley Barker, who lived several years in Garden Grove, tells me that Sam White, sometime janitor of the Record-Herald and Tribune office, was a native of Garden Grove, that his father worked in the elevator there and that the family was highly regarded in that community, the father especially noted for his absolute honesty. Charley says Sam worked for him and his father, the late A. W. Barker, for sometime in their poultry dressing business in Indianola.

Death of Sam White (*s/b Sam Scott as you will note in a following correction*)

One of the most pathetic stories of the Negro colony here, which I should have remembered, came to me from Mark Champlin, who lived in the neighborhood of the Sam Scott family southeast of Indianola.

Mark remembers that one very cold winter day Sam went down on South river bottom to cut wood, some of that "old hick'y wood" with which Sam could "fix de climate." He did not return to his home at the usual supper time. Aunt Julia waited for some time and finally went to the nearest neighbor, living where Marvin Mahr now lives (Mark cannot recall the neighbor's name) and told them she was worried about her husband not coming home at the usual time. The neighbor called one or two other neighbors and they took lanterns and went to the river bottom where they thought Sam would have gone. They found his team unhitched and eating hay out of the near end of the wagon, while old Sam was leaning against a tree—dead. Probably had had a heart attack and had leaned himself against the tree for support.

...moved to Indianola and lived several years on West Boston Avenue. Another Scott daughter was Mrs. Henry Brown. The Browns later lived in the same house.

Another story I may be criticized for printing; but it is history. The Readers' Digest might print it. It concerns Henry Carter Jr., son of the hot tempered Henry Carter mentioned before.

Henry was a pupil in the third or fourth grade, taught by a young Indianola woman whose name I will not mention, since she has children still living in Iowa. We will call her Miss Parmenter.

Miss Parmenter had called her class to order one morning, when silence reigned little Henry Carter raised his hand and asked:

"Is this youah hankechief, Miss Pahmentah? Ah found it in the hall."

"Well, that is a good boy, Henry," replied Miss Parmenter; "may it is mine. Does it have a 'P' on it?"

"Ah dunno, Miss Pahmentah, maybe it has, but it smells like purfoomery."

That is a true story. I got it from one fo Miss Parmenter's fellow teachers to whom she went, shaking with laughter, and told the story as soon as the class was dismissed for recess.

CORRECTION

It could hardly have been the fault of anyone but myself. Even if I had it correct in the copy (the copy has been thrown away, nobody will ever know) I should have caught it in the proof, which I read myself. In the account of the old Negro who was found dead on a cold day leaning against a tree, the name of Sam White was used. It should have been Sam Scott. Sam Scott was the Negro brick mason who lived southeast of Indianola, who walked to Indianola from Missouri, having, as I get it, bought his own and his wife's freedom. And Mark Champlin, again coming to my assistance, tells me Scott has told him that he brought three children with him, he and his wife, Aunt Julia, each carrying one, and one walking on his own legs.

WHERE IS DAISY BROWN?

Does anyone know the present location of Daisy Brown, daughter of Henry Brown, former custodian of the Indianola Bank (now Godwin) building? Mrs. Roy Brown called me to say that the Indianola High School class of 1915 is planning a reunion for next year, its 50th. Daisy was one of the most popular members of that class. Mrs. Roy Brown (Avis McAdoo) says Daisy Brown had one of the most pleasing personalities of anyone she ever knew. Her color was forgotten. The other girls studied with her and walked to school and back with her. She was one of the top scholars of the class. Some of the class used to hear from her occasionally when she was living in Des Moines; but none have heard for some time.

Mrs. Brown also reminds me of the Marshall Welches, a colored couple who farmed in the county and for a time worked for the Roy Browns. Mrs. Brown says they were as desirable and dependable help as anyone could ask, and altogether good people to have around.

FIRST HAND INFORMATION ABOUT THE HENRY HALL FAMILY

One of the best things that has come to me as a result of these rambling recollections of Indianola's colored families came late, from Boyd Weeks. It was some of his memories of the Henry Hall family, who were neighbors to Boyd's parents when Boyd was a boy. This was apparently after Halls lived on South Jefferson, where Ed McKee knew them. I herewith reprint a good deal of Boyd's letter. I do not think I can improve on it:

Boyd Weeks' Memories

Dear Don:

Just finished reading the "local" tonight, and I am forced by my boyhood recollections to drop you a few lines in regard to your wonderful "diggings" on our past colored folks. I knew Marshall Welch and often visited there with my father on his livestock deals. I don't remember the Scotts.

But the Halls—they are my main purpose in writing to you. I was born and raised beside them.

The Halls lived at 502 South St., the house where Clay Blizzard later lived many years. Aunt Jennie Hall was a slave at one time, so she told Mother. They had four boys, Ben, Ed, Wilbur and Harrison. Ben went to Canada when I was about four years old. Ed used to work at the fair ground for Harry Hopper when he had the Hopper Stock Farm there. He was a race horse trainer for Hopper. I used to spend many hours with Ed at the big barns with the trotting horses, amongst them the great old racer, Allerton, who sired more standard performs than any other horse that ever lived, or ever will live.

Wilbur was the one who married the white woman. He was tall and slender, and she was too. She was very pretty. Don, I was well acquainted on South E Street, and I never heard a word against the Halls. The neighbors all neighbored with them. They were highly respected.

Wilbur died at home of consumption. Tom Proudfoot was in charge of the funeral. It was held in the front yard of the home under the white birch tree. The casket was white, all white, and Wilbur was very dark. That, too, I can never forget.

I knew Wilbur, Ed and Harrison well. I loved them; they were nice to me too, always calling me over the fence to sit on the old porch steps to hear them play their guitars, mandolins, banjos and horns. I always wanted to play Harrison's big bass horn and he would let me blow on it; but I couldn't get any noise out of it. I told Harrison it was too damn big for me. I can hear him laughing yet.

At one time Harrison had a colored ladies' band out of Chicago. The last time I saw Harrison was in 1925 in Chicago. When I was with the Yankee Robinson circus I met him in either the Union or Grand Central station: He was a station caller for ...

I recognized him and he did me after five or six words. He was slightly gray, but still a big robust fellow, and what a voice. I received a few letters from him, but not any more. I suppose he is gone too.

Aunt Jennie

Now for Aunt Jennie, as she was known in our neighborhood. I too have eaten my weight of her wonderful sugar cookies. I have watched her roll and cut them out. In the center of each one she would press a big raisin with her thumb. She would put them in that old wood oven and bake them. Time after time, while playing in the barnyard at home or riding my pony or horse (we had lots of them), I would get that good whiff of "cookie air," as I called it.

I'd dash up to Aunt Jennie's door and ask: "What you bakin', Aunt Jennie?"

And she would answer: "Well now, what do you think it is, little Buck?"

"Is it cookies, Aunt Jennie?"

"Well, now, you all can bet youah boots it is; and if you got a big kiss for Aunt Jennie, you can eat to youah little heart's 'content.'"

And kisses she got, Don, and cookies I got. What a wonderful person! I have a great respect for the good colored folks. I was raised by the side of them.

And then, there was Sam White, one of the finest men I ever expect to know. Rev. Stuart, who died several years ago, once said of Sam White that if every man on earth was as honest and decent as Sam White, there would be no need for jails, courts, judges, lawyers and so forth.

Don, this is it—just had to get it off my chest.

Yours sincerely,
BOYD H. WEEKS

For my part, I'm glad Boyd had to get it off his chest; and I think many Record-Herald readers will be, too. The Rev. Stuart, to whom he refers, was a minister of the Christian Union Church, I believe, who served in churches and amongst the people in the south part of Warren and adjoining counties. As I remember it, he was a widower, had no home of his own. He lived "around" amongst the people. He was welcome in almost every home. I don't believe there was ever a man more beloved over the south half of Warren county.

THE BANKER AND THE STALLION

My series of stories on the colored people who have lived in Indianola in my memory have gotten about as much comment coming my way as anything I have ever written. Especially has the Hall family drawn attention and interesting responses.

In addition to the interesting letter from Boyd Weeks, recently printed, I had a good letter from Mrs. S. W. Chase of Milo, who knew the family well when she was a girl at her grandparents, the Lewis Hodsons, living east of Ackworth. She corrects me on two things, which I appreciate. The elder Hall's name was Joe, not Henry as I had recalled it.

I also had a letter from George H. Nicholls. From his and Mrs. Chase's letters I learned that there were eight Hall boys instead of four, Ben, Fred, Joe, Lew, Bob, Ed Wilbur and Harrison.

Mrs. Chase's appraisal of the family was similar to Boyd Weeks', that they were a most estimable family in every way, and so was George Nicholls'.

To sum it all up, any father and mother, who can rear eight boys and have as many old neighbors come on 50 years later to say good things about them as the old neighbors have said about the Hall family, have got to be rated as citizens of the first class in any community.

Lester Keller says he knew the Halls well when they lived northeast of Ackworth. He thinks Boyd Weeks is wrong about the place of Wilbur Hall's death. Mr. Keller thinks it was in Canada.

Keller tells a story, for the truth of which he won't vouch, but it was told in the neighborhood. A new minister, trying to get acquainted with the new people, called at the Wilbur Halls and talked with the white wife who told him her husband was at the barn. The minister went to the barn, saw a colored man currying the horses, went back to the house and told Mrs. Hall there was no one at the barn but the colored man. When she told him that was her husband, he bluntly asked her why she married a Negro. She as bluntly replied that she had two chances, a Negro and a preacher, and she took the Negro.

And Mrs. Chase says no woman ever had a more devoted or kindly husband.

But the surprise came when Howard Sones came on for the Simpson homecoming and told me his father's family lived across the street north of the Halls on South E St., while the Weeks family lived the first house south.

Howard recently retired from the vice-presidency of one of the leading banks of Omaha. Howard backs up everything Boyd said about the good neighbors the Halls were and his great friendship with the Hall boys.

But here is Howard Sones' story for the book. Ben Hall, says Howard, trained horses at the county fairgrounds even before Ed did. Howard was just a boy and used to work for Ben caring for his horses at the fairgrounds barns. Ben trained trotting horses and had quite a string under his management. He slept in one of the box stalls in the old speed barns in order to be near his charges all night long.

Ben wanted to be away one night and asked Howard to sleep in the barn and care for the horses in the morning. Ben regularly rose at 4 a.m. and fed his horses. Howard told Ben he doubted whether he could waken that early. Ben told him he need not worry about that, since the stallion in the adjoining stall would see that he was roused. So the future banker went to sleep and slept the sleep of the just, until promptly at 4 o'clock slam bang went the hind foot of the old trotting stallion against the partition right by the boy's head,

Banker Sones' feet hit the floor instantaneously. He slid into his overalls and within two minutes was ministering to the dietary needs of the old trotting stallion.

I don't know for sure, but I bet a dollar to the hole in a doughnut, if anybody cares to gamble with me, that Howard Sones is the only banker in the United States who has been routed out in the morning and told to go to work—by a stud horse.

CLOSING THE SERIES ON INDIANOLA NEGROES

This section will, I think, close the series of stories on the Negroes who have lived in and about Indianola. The response of the public to these stories has been most gratifying. Some of my own recollections have been corrected, and many facts brought to my attention which were new to me and of interest to our readers. To all those who have written me or talked to me about these stories I want to express my deep gratitude. Their contributions have more than doubled the interest over what I myself remembered.

It seems to me that I have had to make a good many corrections, some of them due to my own carelessness or mistakes in memory, some of them due to earlier misinformation. Right now I want to correct the name of the colored cook at the old Madison House. I had always understood it to be Al Bowlin. His name was Albert Bolden. Last week I had a most interesting letter from his daughter, Mrs. Alice Bolden Lomas of Des Moines. And Mrs. Roy Henry says she well remembers being in school with Allie Bolden, and was pleased to hear from her. (Another correction: it

was Mrs. Henry who called to ask if I might find the present address of Daisy Brown.) Mrs. Lomas had supplied to address of Daisy Brown. She is Mrs. Daisy M. Murrell of 1316 Eleventh St., West Palm Beach, Fla., 33401.

A letter from Kenneth Dyer tells of being in school with Daisy Brown and says she eventually went to Penn State, where she took her master's degree and Ph.D. in education, and taught in Penn State for a number of years.

Colored Battery for Champs

Ken also recalls that in 1913 Indianola High's baseball team was champion of the state, as championships were computed in those days. East High of Des Moines defeated West High and North High took East to a cleaning. And then, Indianola beat North High, and Henry Carter pitched and one of the Broadus boys caught. So the championship was won with a colored battery. And everybody was proud of them.

Mrs. Lomas further tells me that Mrs. Juanita White Brown is living at 3906 Deal St., East Chicago, Indiana; Zelma Broadus Todd at 1051 Seventeenth St, Des Moines. Mrs. Lomas was a granddaughter of Aunt Mahala Battles.

Hall Boy Prospers in Canada

One day last week Mrs. Bert Hodson was in the office. she lived for a time in Canada near where the Wilbur Halls settled. She says Lester Keller is right, that Wilbur died in Canada. Further, Mrs. Hodson says that his son prospered there greatly. He had a machine shop and saved his money during good times. When drouth and depression hit and many people were leaving and selling for what they could get, young Hall had the wherewithall to buy up about half a township of good Saskatchewan land, which in normal years became highly profitable.

A good letter came from Oscar Hatcher of New Virginia, who says he was born in Floyd county in old Virginia, the same county from which came the Lesters and Booths, and George Wade of Carlisle, families who have done well in Warren county. Oscar says that, about 65 years ago, a Negro came from Floyd county to Warren county, Iowa, named Bob Epperley.

"He came to my father's home in the old Cool neighborhood, 10 miles south of Indianola," writes Oscar, "and made his home there until he got a job in the Liberty Center community with John Sennett. Then he worked several years in the Browns Chapel neighborhood for Harris Parr. I thought perhaps some of the older people of Warren county would remember him. At one time he owned property in Indianola. He walked with a limp in one leg. He was a banjo player and singer, attracting big crowds

when he played. He was one of the best Negroes I ever knew. I think he finally went to Canada. By the way, I remember the Christian Union preacher, Charley Stewart. He was the best man I ever knew. He is buried in Bethel Chapel cemetery in Clarke county."

Harris Parr, for whom Epperley worked for so long, lived just southeast of the junction of Nos. 65 and 69 where Mrs. Mary Amos now lives. Parr sold to Grant Amos and moved to Canada in the early years of this century.

Henry Carter's Political Speech

Now, just one more yarn from my own memory, which came to mind after I had written of Henry Carter. It was election night, Nov. 3, 68 years ago, the election when McKinley defeated Bryan in perhaps the most educational campaign ever waged in this country. Bryan was proposing cheap money and a debased currency as a way of getting the farmers out of debt. Emotions ran high, but there was little sentimentality in the campaign such as in the one just closed. It was a plain matter of studying economic facts, and the Republican victory for honest money ushered in the longest period of contentment and prosperity the United States every experienced.

The Republicans had rented Spray's old Opera house over Case's present furniture store and Dawson's barber shop, to receive the returns. A telegraph wire had been run into the stage and returns were received direct from Chicago. The Methodist preacher, J. B. Harris, an old train dispatcher for the Burlington line, took the returns right off the ticker during most of the evening. As the returns kept mounting in favor of the Republican candidate the hellaballoo ran high. To kill time between returns a number of prominent citizens from town and country appeared on the stage and made short speeches.

At that time the Negroes practically all voted the Republican ticket. The Republicans had freed the slaves. Henry Carter drifted up to the stage and was standing in the east wings. Somebody shoved Henry out onto the stage and told him to make a speech. Henry demurred and tried to get back into the wings. But three or four fellows grabbed him and told him to get out there and talk.

Henry was greatly embarrassed, but his native wit stood him in good stead. He took off his old hat and held it in his hands, fumbling it in a nervous sort of way. Then he spoke out so all could hear him:

"Ladies and gemmen, I feel sumthin like Mistah Bryan when his special campaign train stopped foh watah in the middle of the night, and theah was a stock train standin on the sidetrack beside it. Mistah Bryan's private cah stopped right beside a cahload of hawgs. The hawgs begun a

squealin and Mistah Bryan thought the people was hol-
lerin foh him to come out and make a speech. So, he slid
into his britches, slipped his feet into his slippahs, pulled
on his coat and headed foh the back platfohm. As he
went out the doah he said 'Ladies and gemmen, I am
heah.' When he seen it was jes the hawks a squealin his
face got red cleah around to the back o' his neck, and he
got back inside quckah than he cum out. So, ladies and
gemmen, I am heah; but my face aint red; it couldn't get
red. And I aint embarrassed. I'm mighty happy. Thank
you."

And the house roared and cheered Henry to the rafters. I
know that to be a true story, no rumor about it. I was
there, up in the gallery with six strands of sleighbells
strung between two-by-fours. When Henry made his hit
Orr Houser violently agitated one of the two-by-fours and
I shook the other, thus making our contributioin to the
general celebration.

EXTRA

The above was to be the last of the stories on Indianola
Negroes. But day before yesterday I had a letter from
Warren Hall of Des Moines, grandson of Uncle Joe and
Aunt Jennie Hall. Warren Hall's letter will have to have a
place next week.

FROM WARREN NELSON HALL

This letter must go, and then I will positively bring this
series of yarns about Indianola's colored residents to an
end. It would be impossible to get an exact count on the
number of Negroes who have lived in Indianola from be-
fore the Civil War down to the present; but it is safe to say
that there have not been one hundred all told, probably
not seventy-five.

But that small segment of the total population has fur-
nished one world renowned scientist, one of the three men
in United States history whose birthplaces are national
parks. It has turned out two university teachers, one man
who risked his own life to jump in front of a runaway
team and stop it to save a mother and little children, and
any number of men and women whose old neighbors refer
to them as amongst the best people they ever knew.

If we could divide the present population of Indianola into
75 blocks of 100 each, how many of those blocks could
turn in a better record? And as for a counterpart to Sam
and Julia Scott, where is the couple that would walk 150
to 200 miles, each packing a small child, and trailing a
third with them, to reach freedom and a new home?
There are plenty of couples who would ride a go-cart
around a golf course to take their exercise; but find one
that could peer over the shoe buckles of the Scotts when it

comes to grim determination. However, I will not be too
sure there are not such. Human beings have a way of ris-
ing to emergencies, and Indianola is not populated by quit-
ters. We will not sell ourselves completely short.

The following letter from Warren Nelson Hall was handed
me last week too late for the paper. The writer is a son of
Ed Hall and grandson of Uncle Joe and Aunt Jennie, of
whom so many good neighbors have said good things.
Here is the letter:

1312 De Wolf
Des Moines, Iowa
Nov. 13, 1964

The Record-Herald and Indianola Tribune,

Dear Don:

I have certainly enjoyed the past articles regarding the Hall
family. Perhaps some of your readers and past neighbors
of the Halls would be interested in learning what happened
to this family.

The father, Joseph Alfred, and his wife Elizabeth (called
Jennie) Hall had nine children, eight boys and one daugh-
ter. The daughter, Virginia, died at the age of two. The
sons were Ben, Fred, Lew, Joe, Wilbur, Bob, Ed (my fa-
ther) and Harrison. Joseph, his wife Jennie, sons Bob and
Ed are all buried in Indianola.

Bob died at age 18. Ed, the last member of the family to
go, died Oct 17, 1962. His wife, Anna, a son and daughter,
plus five grandchildren and five great-grandchildren, re-
side in Des Moines. Another son resides in Alabama.

Ed, before his marriage, trailed across the country training
and caring for horses. He also traveled with a circus as a
member of the circus band. Ben traveled extensively train-
ing and caring for horses, never marrying. He died in Ore-
gon.

Fred, Lew and Wilbur moved to Canada, where they re-
mained and died. Fred and Lew never married. Wilbur
married before leaving Iowa. His wife Esther and her four
children and six grandchildren still reside in Fillmore,
Sask., Canada. Joe settled in Des Moines, where he is
buried. He and his wife had no children. Harrison married
in Kentucky, where he is buried. Harrison spent his days
as a musician with the circus, traveling over the country.

Sincerely,
Warren Nelson Hall

Computers, Software and the Internet

I recently picked up "A Genealogy Primer" on the net, which I think provides some extremely valuable hints and resources. I'm not sure how I got to this originally, but the address is <http://www.sky.net/~mreed/primer.htm>. The author has connecting sites to go with each area that she discusses. Dave and I went into some of the connecting sites and found some possible leads. First the site author mentions oral history. Then she gives some very helpful census record information. Next she discusses searching for vital records and other records. She highly suggests documenting every piece of information you get—in detail—write it so that five years later you can immediately find that information again. (This is excellent advice for any kind of research, not just computer research.) Lastly, she recommends becoming involved in local historical organizations, claiming they "can give you the proverbial pot of genealogical gold." Thanks, sometimes we need that kind of pitch on the Internet! - WCGS President and Editor, Marieta Grissom

You can order forms from the National Archives via e-mail. You may submit a request for up to 10 of each of the forms listed below. Here's how to do it:

To order Request forms:

1. Address your 3-mail to inquire@arch2.nara.gov
2. Put the word "form" in the subject line of your e-mail*
3. In the text of your message, include your postal mailing address (not an e-mail address)
4. Indicate the number of the forms from the following list:
 - GIL#7 (brochure for Military Service Records)
 - Form 80 (military service and pension records prior to WW1, including Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the U.S. Civil War, and the Spanish American War)
 - Form 81 (Passenger Arrivals)
 - Form 82 (Copies of Census Records)
 - Form 83 (Eastern Cherokee Applications)
 - Form 180 (Military service records World War I and later)
5. Indicate the quantity you wish to receive of each form.

*Requests which do not contain the word "form" in the subject line get routed differently and take more time to process.

Each form contains detailed instructions for completion. You have a variety of payment options for the search and for the copying of records. -Westward Into Nebraska. Greater Omaha Gen Soc, Omaha, NE, September 1998

Check out the Virginia Digital Library website on the Internet. It is quite impressive. <http://leo.vsia.edu/lva/lva.html> -Wayne County Gen Soc, Corydon, IA, Jul 1998.

Illinois Civil War Soldiers Index is now online. The index of 250,000 soldiers was created by Fred Delap and donated to the Illinois State Archives. Mr. Delap spent two years compiling the information from the "Report of the Adjutant General of the State of Illinois." The index is limited to the soldiers' name, company and unit and his place of residence. You can go directly to the Illinois Civil War Soldiers Database by entering the URL of: [<http://www.sos.state.il.us/depts/archivesdatcivil.html>](http://www.sos.state.il.us/depts/archivesdatcivil.html) -Westward Into Nebraska. Greater Omaha Gen Soc, Omaha, NE June 1998

Ohio Historical Society: More On-Line Deaths

A recent on-line visit to the Ohio Historical Society's website at www.ohiohistory.org revealed that they have added to the searchable Ohio death dates. you can now search deaths online for the years 1913-1927 and 1933-1937. Information given is: Surname, Given Name, County of Death, Date of Death, Volume and No of Certificate. With this information you can send for a copy of the certificate for \$3.00 each plus \$.18 sales tax for Ohio residents. Other years held by OHS (1909-1944) may be added as funds become available for the project.

Research: These and other brief research requests may be made online or by U. S. mail. for \$3.00 for 20 minutes per request (one name only), the staff will check indexed sources. Send reference requests to Ohio Historical Society, Archives/Library Reference Questions, 1982 Velma Avenue, Columbus, OH 43211-2497 and include the \$3.00 fee plus \$.18 tax (for Ohio residents). Allow 3-4 weeks for a response. For those requiring further research, a list of researchers who have indicated interest in doing Ohio research for a fee is available through the OHS web site or by mail from the library.

Newspapers: Are you aware that the many Ohio newspapers microfilmed by OHS are available through interlibrary loan? The price has dropped from several years ago and is now just \$3.00 per roll. Interlibrary loan requests must be made through your local library with payment of the fee. Ohio newspaper titles available also may be searched on-line at the website address given above. - Westward Into Nebraska, Greater Omaha Gen Soc, Omaha, NE, June 1998

IGS and the IGS county chapters are not associated in any way with the USGenWeb Project on the internet. If in the past you have contacted an Iowa county through the US-GenWeb Project, you were not reaching the county chapter.

Research Helps

Finding Swedish Records

In 1686, a law was passed in Sweden stating detailed records had to be kept of all people living in the country. The job of keeping these records was given to the Lutheran State Church, to which all citizens of Sweden belonged at that time. In these records you may find names, vital statistics, records of family members, movements and much more. For more information, write to The Swenson Center, P.O. Box 175, Augustana College, Rock Island, IL 61201-2296. -*Eastern Nebraska Gen Soc, Fremont, NE, July 1998.*

Reach a dead end?

If your research in the pioneering period (before 1850) has "dead ended" it is time for creative thinking. You may find these trends helpful in analyzing your problems:

There are approximately three generations per century.

Average age for men to marry was 24. They rarely married before 20.

The average age for women to marry was 20. They rarely married before 16.

First marriages were usually between couples near the same age. Women generally outlived their husbands, but old widowers frequently married much younger women who have never married before. (Remember those old Revolutionary War vets.)

Births generally occurred at two-year intervals. Frequently the first child was born a year after marriage. As a woman aged, the interval between births increased slightly. Child bearing generally ended about 45.

Families and neighbors generally migrated together from their old homes. Women rarely travelled alone.

Men usually married women from their neighborhood. If a seemingly "strange" woman turned up, check the man's former home. Often men returned to their former residence for a wife.

If you can't find an old parent, chances are he "went west" with a son.

If you have an ancestor born around 1840, strongly consider the possibility of Civil War military service.

Studies show that after 1850, Ohio pioneers frequently moved to counties in other states on the latitude as their home county in Ohio. If your ancestor has a "virtue name" like Patience, Silence, etc, consider a New England heritage.

Children were often named for their grandparents, both

male and female.

Frequently a middle name or even a first name was the mother's or grandmother's maiden name especially if the name is repeated through several related families.

-*Monroe County Gen Soc, Albia, IA Jan-Mar 1998*

Queries

Occasionally we may need a reminder to send an SASE (self-addressed stamped envelope) when requesting information. From time to time our Corresponding Secretary, Thelma Pehrson gets requests for information that do not include this standard item.

CHERRY, FREEMAN, TILTON, LENT, SURBER, SAYLOR. Researching the Cherry family. Peter F. Cherry, born about 1814, married Charlotte? Who are the parents and siblings of Peter? Looking for anything on Jonathan Freeman born about 1788 in New Jersey; where is he buried? Also researching Tilton, Lent, Surber and Saylor. Would like to hear from anyone researching the above families. Will exchange information and welcome any additional information. Lillian Tilton Thomas, 21 E. Schaumburg Rd, Streamwood, IL 60107-1460

MCGRANAHAN, NUNAMAKER, ROBERTS. I am searching for information on the John McGranahan family who came to Warren County in November 1868. I am trying to establish a relationship between John McGranahan and Catherine (Roberts) Nunamaker of Mercer County, PA, who came to Warren County at the same time. Ann Nunamaker Smith, P.O. Box 9766, Tulsa, OK 74157-0766, Ph: 918-446-9150.

MOSHER. Would like to contact any descendants of L. L. Mosher. Gerald D. Hobson, 570 E Erie Street (down), Painesville, OH 44077-3961, Ph: 440-357-8064.

CARLETON, GOERING, WALLACE. Need information about ancestors of Grace Ermile Carleton who married Henry A. Goering, including Wallaces in Warren County. Delores Goering Rice, P.O. Box 400, Graeagle, CA 96103.

LASH, TAYLOR. Who were the parents of Margaret C. Lash, born 14 Jan 1840, married John R. Taylor 16 Sept 1858 and died 25 Sept 1887 and buried in Hartford cemetery? Zeta Z. Moore, 19418 E 583 PR. NE., Benton City, WA 99320-8598

Correction: The COOL query last issue said the researcher's name was Elsie Cool Hahn, this is incorrect, her name is Elsie Cool.

The following are some examples of items exhibited at the 1998 Warren County Fair:

**Category: True Story of the Past
The Fire**

by Jane Godwin
received 3rd place

December 12, 1929 was an ordinary day for the farm families in rural Audubon County. A hint of snow in the air, muddy hog lots beginning to freeze over, a brisk wind from the north west and temperatures that made you want to hurry through the morning chores and gather the family around the table for a hot breakfast.

That's the way it started for the Godwin family, too. But events of the day made it a never to be forgotten event. After that hot breakfast, the three oldest children walked to their one room school for a day of lessons. Dad carefully tended the wood-burning stove—always so cautious, never too much wood at a time, control the air flow. But today something went wrong, the soot build-up in the chimney caught on fire and in minutes the roof was ablaze.

Mom quickly took the two pre-school sons to a nearby corn crib and left them atop a pile of ear corn. Returning to the house, she carried a drawer full of family pictures to safety. It was not possible for her to re-enter the house. No 911 to call for help, no water supply to extinguish the flames, no trained firemen to assist in carrying furniture from the house. In a short while the house and its contents were gone.

Uncle Frank went to the school house to tell the children their parents and brothers were safe, asking them not to cry. But of course all three cried! No warm bed, no snuggly blankets, no bubbling soup kettle, no toasty warm stove would be there to greet them after school.

For most of a year, the family of seven lived with Uncle Frank and his daughter Eva in a small two bedroom house. Dad's carpenter skills were put to use in building a new house and within a year the family was settled in new quarters. But the fire was never forgotten.

The ten year old daughter lost her two dolls in the fire, and Mom's drawer full of lovely chiffon blouses, burned. Little boys' trucks, gone. Lovely carved chairs, firewood for the blaze. The marriage certificate, baptismal records, school reports—charred bits of paper.

For nearly seventy years now, the five siblings and the little sister born later, often reminisce about the fire and the family possessions lost that day. And December 12th is remembered each year as "the day our house burned." It was indeed a red letter day and a turning point in family history.

Category: Personal Item

- 1st JoAnn Harvey entered her mother-in-law's well-used manicure set
- 2nd Thelma Pehrson displayed her mother's hand mirror and her father's hand mirror.

Category: Miscellaneous Research

- 2nd Jane Godwin had pictures of every home she and her husband lived in, the dates, the addresses, descriptions and how they happened to be at that place at that time.

Category: Pictorial Family History

- 1st Ruth Hall displayed photos and newspaper articles about a family home in Iowa City
- 2nd Jane Godwin prepared a poster with pictures of ancestors, ancestral church in England and homestead "Pinehurst Farm" in Carroll County, Iowa
- 3rd Edna Oldaker had pictures of grave stones of parents, great grandparents and great, great grand parents

Category: Glassware

- 1st JoAnn Harvey entered her Aunt Bertha's very fancy jelly dish and explained that Aunt Bertha was a very plain person and this fancy dish was very out-of-character for her.

Category: Piece of China

- 1st JoAnn Harvey entered an ice cream bowl
- 2nd Thelma Pehrson entered a baby feeder that her Aunt Edith had used in her nursing profession

Category: Small Household Item

- 2nd Ev Brightman brought her Aunt Bertha's peanut butter tin

Hopefully, everyone is getting some ideas for exhibits they can prepare for the 1999 Warren County Fair. The time will be approaching sooner than we think. Have you got some ideas or have you already started preparing your exhibits?

You can enter a total of 20 items each year. Let's see—20 items for 10 years will be 200 items! These are stories told or family heirlooms that will be identified for other family members. This is especially effective if you keep your story and ribbon with the items after the fair. What a treasury of stories and memories to share with your descendants.

Preserving for future generations

Does Laminating Save That Item?

Many people have the idea that if you laminate an item one is saving it forever. Most laminating processes are not reversible. They involve melting plastic into the paper with heat and pressure. There is no guarantee that the plastic will remain stable for a long period of time and not damage the paper.

Laminating is perfectly fine for posters and items that you want to use, and you want to prolong their life for a few years. Individuals often laminate posters, name tags, social security cards, etc. It saves the item from the wear and tear that it would get with use. Archival items aren't in constant use, and you don't expect them to eventually wear out and be replaced. You want clippings, certificates and such items to last a lifetime or longer.

Encapsulation is a process developed by the Library of Congress to protect valuable documents. The process involves sandwiching the item between two sheets of chemically inert polyester film and sealing the sides of the film or using a machine to weld the film ultrasonically or with heat.

The document is sealed in the protective "envelope" and not affected by the process. It can be removed by cutting the seal. You still have the original. Once encapsulated, the item will not crack, tear or crease. Items such as newspaper clippings should be chemically neutralized before encapsulation. This can be done by a process called deacidification.

-Guthrie County Gen Soc, July 1998

(Editor's note: The Sept/Oct 1998 Warren County Genealogical Society Newsletter contained instructions for neutralizing acidic newsprint using club soda and milk of magnesia. Marieta's note: NEVER laminate anything that you want to keep for more than 5 years. I believe it is better to do nothing than to laminate archival items.)

Protect It, Don't Post It

When consulting resource materials, do not use the self-adhesive, removable notes commonly known as "Post-Its". They have an adhesive that may remove the print from anything to which they are adhered. Do not use them on library books or any other books, and be careful how you use them on your own records. Also the adhesive on tapes such as Scotch Tape and Magic Mend contain acid that literally eats the paper and causes irreversible damage. It can also leave acid stains on paper. Via: Antique Week, May, 1995 Two brands of removable self-stick notes (3M Post-It and ABM Attention) were examined by the Docu-

ment Conversion Branch of the National Archives and Records Administration. They recommend that no removable self-stick notes be used on any paper records that have permanent value because the adhesive stays behind when the note is removed and the colors tend to run when wet. *-This has appeared in many newsletters. I copied it from Westward Into Nebraska, Greater Omaha Gen Soc, Omaha, NE, July/Aug 1998.*

Regarding archival quality paper for printing digital computer images

The December 28, 1998 *Des Moines Register* published several articles in the Work & Money supplement section on "Cyber Snapshots, Computers can help preserve families in pictures." The articles discussed using the Internet to exchange ancestral photos with other family members, using digital cameras, and selecting and using a scanner. The articles got creative juices running thinking of the endless possibilities. The future is exciting. However, one word of caution appeared in the final sentence of the digital article. Quoting Rick Leiserowitz of H. B. Leiserowitz Co in Des Moines: "a person needs to realize that 'photographic quality' paper for printing digital images is not archival quality, which means the image will deteriorate with time." I have done business with the people at H. B. Leiserowitz Co and I regard highly anything that they would say. Please keep this in mind as you pursue genealogy with your computer. *-WCGS President and Editor, Marieta Grissom*

Pleasant Ridge Cemetery

At the November 1998 meeting, member Ruth "Dolly" L. Flinn gave us a copy of her cemetery book for Pleasant Ridge Cemetery. On the first page she wrote:

"I have been researching the Pleasant Ridge Cemetery for several years. I have found several burials for which there are no records. I found them in old newspapers, Dunn's Funeral Home records and other miscellaneous records. You will also find included in this volume, the cause of death when I could find it, cemetery logs, maiden names, parents and marriages. Also included are funeral home records when they were available, obituaries and military records. There are also some family histories. I have written a short history of Pleasant Ridge and its beginning."

Dolly's volume is 895 type-written pages of very well organized and complete records. A true treasure! A copy is located in the genealogy section of the Indianola Public Library and another copy at the Warren County Historical Library. You will want to take a look!

Index of this issue

Amos, Grant	12	Freeman, Jonathan	15	Lomas, Mrs. Alice Bolden	11
Amos, Mrs. Mary	12	Godwin, Eva	16	Lomas, Mrs.	12
Baker, Eldon	6	Godwin, Frank	16	Mahr, Marvin	3, 9
Barker, A. W.	9	Godwin, Jane	1, 2, 16	Marshall	7
Barker, Charley	9	Goering, Henry A.	15	McAdoo, Avis	9
Barker, Mr.	3	Grissom, Marieta	2, 14, 17	McElroy	2
Battles, Aunt Mahala	4, 5, 12	Grissom, Willa	2	McGranahan, John	15
Battles, Lucinda "Cindy"	5	Gwinn, Sheryl	2	McKee, Ed	10
Berry	4	Hahn, Elsie Cool	15	McKee, Ed	8
Berry, Bill	7	Hall, Anna	13	McKinley	12
Berry, Don L.	2, 3	Hall, Aunt Jennie	3, 10, 13	Moore, Zeta A.	15
Blizzard, Clay	10	Hall, Ben	9, 10, 11, 13	Morley, Mrs. J. P.	6
Bolden, Albert	11	Hall, Bob	11, 13	Mosher, L. L.	15
Bolden, Allie	11	Hall, Ed	8, 10, 11, 13	Murrell, Mrs. Daisy M.	12
Bolden, Mrs. Susie	4	Hall, Elizabeth "Jenny"	13	Nelson, Virginia	2
Booth	12	Hall, Esther	13	Nichols, George H.	11
Bowlin, Al	5, 11	Hall, Fred	11, 13	Nunamaker, Catherine (Roberts)	15
Brauduss, Billy	5	Hall, Harrison	8, 10, 11, 13	Oldaker, Edna	16
Brightman, Ev	1, 2, 16	Hall, Henry	8, 10, 11	Parmenter, Miss	9
Broadus	12	Hall, Joe	11, 13	Parr, Harris	12
Brown	6	Hall, Joseph Alfred	13	Pehrson, Thelma	2, 15, 16
Brown, Daisy	9, 12	Hall, Lew	11, 13	Pilmer, Louise	1, 2
Brown, Henry	9	Hall, Mother	8	Proudfoot, Tom	10
Brown, Juanita	8	Hall, Ruth	16	Putz, Kay	2
Brown, Mrs. Henry	9	Hall, Uncle Joe	13	Rice, Delores Goering	15
Brown, Mrs. Juanita White	12	Hall, Virginia	13	Richards	2
Brown, Mrs. Roy	9	Hall, Warren Nelson	13	Saylor	15
Brown, Roy	9	Hall, Wilbur	10, 11, 12, 13	Scott, Aunt Julia	3
Bumgarner, Elaine	2	Harris, J. B.	12	Scott, Julia	13
Carleton, Grace Ermile	15	Harvey, JoAnn	2, 16	Scott, Sam Jr	4
Carter, Annie	5	Hatcher, Oscar	12	Scott, Sam	3, 4, 9, 13
Carter, Col	5	Haworth, George D.	6	Simpkins, Helen	2
Carter, Henry Jr.	6, 9	Haworth, Lester W.	6	Smith, Ann Nunamaker	15
Carter, Henry	3, 5, 9, 12, 13	Henderson	4	Sones, Howard	11
Carver, George Washington	6	Henry, Mrs. Roy	11	Stewart, Charley	12
Champlin, Mark	4, 9	Henry, Mrs.	12	Stuart, Rev	10
Chase, Mrs. S. W.	11	Hobson, Gerald D.	15	Surber	15
Cherry, Charlotte	15	Hodson, Mrs. Bert	12	Taylor, John R.	15
Cherry, Peter F.	15	Honnold, C. W.	7	Thomas, Lillian Tilton	15
Cool, Elsie	15	Hopper, Harry	6, 10	Todd, Zelma Broadus	12
Daniel, Dorothy	7	Houser, Orr	13	Wade, George	12
Day, Dr.	4	Hughes, George	5	Weeks, Boyd	10, 11
Delap, Fred	14	Hughes, Ralph	3, 5	Weinman, Harry	8
Dyer, Kenneth	12	Irwin, Jeff	4, 7, 8	Welch, Marshall	9, 10
Epperley, Bob	12	Keller, Lester	11, 12	White, Juanita	6, 8
Flinn, Ruth "Dolly" L.	17	Kenney, Fay	7, 8	White, Sam	3, 8, 9
Flummer, Aleck	5, 7	Kenney, Uncle Alf	7	Wilson, Robert	1, 2
Flummer, Andy	3, 5, 7	Kimer, Mrs. Effie	6		
Flummer, Frank	5	King, Dr. Martin Luther, Jr	2		
Flummer, Mattie	8	Lash, Margaret C.	15		
Flummer, Mrs.	8	Leiserowitz, Rick	17		
		Lent	15		
		Lester	12		

Publications about Warren County

	Price	Shipping	TAX (IA residents)
Available from WCGS			
Jane Godwin, 808 West Detroit, Indianola, IA 50125 (515-961-3363):			
◆ <i>Birth Records of Warren County through 1920</i> , including delayed births, hardbound. 295 pages, indexed.	\$15.00	\$3.00	5% (IA residents)
◆ <i>Atlas of Warren County for the years 1847, 1872, 1887, 1897, 1902-1903, 1915, 1919-1924</i> , softbound, 162 pages	\$35.00	\$4.00	5% (IA residents)
◆ <i>Cemetery and Death Records of Warren County, IA</i> , 1980 (reprint)	\$35.00		

Available from Warren County Historical Society
Thelma Pehrson, 306 West Salem, Indianola, IA 50125 (515-961-4409):

◆ <i>Railroads of Warren County</i>	\$ 8.95	call to verify shipping costs
◆ <i>1879 History of Warren County</i> (reprint)	\$25.00	
◆ <i>Abandoned Towns of Warren County</i>	\$10.00	

Available from
Milo Public Library, 123 Main Street, Milo, IA 50166:

◆ <i>Milo 1880-1980, including Belmont & Otter Townships</i> , hardbound, 364 pages, indexed.	\$25.00	\$3.00	5% (IA residents)
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Available from
Iowa Genealogical Society, PO Box 7735, Des Moines, IA 50322 (515-276-0287):

<i>Warren County Marriages</i>			
◆ #0473 1849-1879, 72 pages	\$ 9.40	call to verify price and shipping costs	
◆ #0474 1880-1899, 96 pages	\$12.50		
<i>Warren County Newspapers-Deaths, Probates & Obituaries</i>			
◆ #1947 1857-1876, 55 pages	\$ 7.20	call to verify price and shipping costs	
◆ #1728 1877-1885, 81 pages	\$10.50		
◆ #1727 1886-1889, 72 pages	\$ 9.40		
◆ #1948 1890-1893, 48 pages	\$ 6.20		
◆ #1949 1894-1895, 60 pages	\$ 7.80		

Membership in Warren County Genealogical Society:

_____ \$6.00 for individual membership _____ \$9.00 for family membership

Name _____

Address _____

Telephone _____ E-mail _____

Are you interested in helping with any of the following committees:

_____ Fair	_____ Library	_____ Program	_____ Special Events
_____ Finance	_____ Vital Records	_____ Cemetery	
_____ Telephone	_____ Publications	_____ Family Records	

Comments:

Mail this form to Jane Godwin, Treasurer, 808 West Detroit, Indianola, Iowa 50125

Genealogical research sites:

INDIANOLA PUBLIC LIBRARY, 207 North B Street, Indianola, 515-961-9418.
Mon - Thurs 10:00 - 8:30, Fri 10:00 - 6:00, Sat 10:00 - 5:00

WARREN COUNTY HISTORICAL LIBRARY, Warren County Fairgrounds, Indianola, Thurs 1:00-4:00. Contact
Thelma Pehrson, Librarian, 515-961-4409.

MILO PUBLIC LIBRARY, 123 Main Street, Milo, 515-942-6557, Mon, Wed, Thurs 2:00 - 5:30; Tues 6:00 - 8:00, Fri
9:00 - 11:00 & 2:00 - 5:30; Sat 9:00 - 12:00. Paula Griggs, Librarian. The Milo Library has an extensive collection of
obituaries for cemeteries in Otter and Belmont Townships, and some obits for people who have lived in the area and are
buried elsewhere.

IOWA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, 6000 Douglas Ave., Des Moines, 515-276-0287.
Tues, Wed, Thurs 10:00-9:00. Sat, Mon, Fri 10:00-4:00. Closed Sunday

STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY, 600 East Locust, Des Moines, 515-281-6200.
Tues - Sat 9:00-4:30. Closed Sunday & Monday.

DES MOINES PUBLIC LIBRARY, 100 Locust, Des Moines, 515-283-4152. Mon, Tues, Wed 10:00-9:00, Thurs, Fri
10:00-6:00. Sat 10:00-5:00. Closed Sunday.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS FAMILY HISTORY CENTER, 3301 Ashworth Road, West
Des Moines, 515-225-0415. Mon, Tues, Wed, Sat 10:00-3:00. Tues, Wed, Thur evenings 6:30 -9:00. Closed Friday &
Sunday.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS, 1800 West Jackson Street, Knoxville. Mon 10:00-2:00.
Thurs 6:30-9:30 p.m. Sat 10:00-3:00. Information & appointments outside regular hours call Janet Long, Director, 515-
828-8743.

Warren County Genealogical Society
306 West Salem
Indianola, IA 50125