

Warren County Genealogical Society

Indianola, Iowa

Volume 28, Number 1

January-February 2001

Center Stage: Dianna Parker

by Ev Brightman

Dianna Parker, Princess Di (if you believe her answering machine) is Center Stage.

Dianna first became interested in genealogy during a school project in Junior High. Her maternal grandmother, Maude Browns, shared her stories of her parents emigrating from Germany to America. Dianna is now working to research the gaps in her original information. She has discovered that her grandmother's family settled in Summer-set, Pennsylvania, before coming to Clarke County, Iowa.

Dianna's paternal great-grandfather Joseph Boswell came from England to work in the coal mines of Illinois. He joined the Reorganized Latter Day Saints in 1864. He brought his family to Kewanee, Illinois. Joseph then went back to England for a time as a missionary for the RLDS Church. His first wife died in childbirth with her sixth child. He remarried and had eleven children with his second wife. Dianna says so many people mispronounced the name Boswell, that Joseph changed it to Boswell.

Dianna's parents, Oma and Harry Smith met at a Fourth of July celebration in Osceola, Iowa. Dianna and her sister were raised on a farm near Decatur, Iowa. The road made a sudden curve near their farm and Dianna's father spent many hours pulling people out of the ditch.

Dianna met her husband of thirty years when his sister babysat for her son by a previous marriage. Both of her sons are married and each has one boy and one girl.

Dianna had been researching on her own. She became acquainted with WCGS during the Warren County Fair. She joined two years ago and is actively walking cemeteries and is one the Project Committee.

Surnames researched: Smith, Boswell, Snethen, Copeland, Parker, Collins, Long, Douer, Franklin, Scobee, Baker, Pope, Geleam and Browns.

Dianna's husband, Bob, says that people should have one family cemetery so they would all be buried in one place.

Since Dianna's research involves several counties, weekend expeditions have become a family project. Dianna says she has learned a great deal about the military background of ancestors and has enjoyed tracing the families with

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Calendar:

- January 15 REGULAR MEETING, 7:00 p.m.
Indianola Public Library
Program: Sharon Foltz "Writing your family stories"
Roll Call: Occupation of an ancestor
- February 3 OBITUARY WORK SESSION
9:00 a.m. - 12:00 Noon
Trinity United Presbyterian Church
- February 13 BOARD MEETING, 7:00 p.m.
- February 19 REGULAR MEETING, 7:00 p.m.
Annett Conservation Center
Program: Bernard Ripperger "Indians in Warren County"
Roll Call: A means of transportation used by an ancestor to come west

Regular meetings and activities of the Society are held at least nine times a year generally on the third Monday of the month. These meetings are usually held September through June (except December) and are usually held at the Indianola Public Library.

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Marieta's rambling comments:

My creative juices run faster than the clock. Ideas pop into my head. I get so excited—so many ideas and I have so little time to implement them.

Suddenly, while I am supposed to be writing our January-February newsletter and while I should be finishing the 2001 program book, a light bulb clicked on with how I should be organizing my stacks and stacks of genealogy papers. This is both fascinating and frustrating. I have to finish the newsletter and the program book before I can begin implementing my organization ideas. By the way, most of these ideas have come from the books I have reviewed in this newsletter. I'm not using the ideas exactly as presented in the books, but they are the basis for how I plan to tackle this overwhelming task. Oh, how I wish I'd had advice on how to organize all these papers years ago!

Mom and I did some special genealogy research between the holidays, that thrilled both of us. It all began when one of my father's aunts wrote her memoirs and sent Mom a copy. I made copies and began reading. You probably won't find the story as exciting as we did, but I've included it in the newsletter as "An Unexpected Research Experience." If anyone has a story they would like to submit for a future newsletter, please write it and send it my way.

Virginia Wheeldon and Dianna Parker have taken over the cemetery update project with Virginia also typing it for publication. They need help! They would like volunteers to help walk the Hartford, Carlisle and New Virginia cemeteries as soon as the weather breaks. Please contact Virginia at 515-848-3582 (Pleasantville) or Dianna at 961-3731 if you can help. Virginia prefers to walk during the day, Dianna is available in the evenings. Even walking for just one or two times would be very helpful. Please call one of them and help with this project—"many hands make light work!"

Dorothy Stearns has lined up several great programs for this year. The program books will be finished soon. Also, Dorothy has collected the Warren County obituaries from the 2000 newspapers and we will have a work session on Saturday, February 3 to glue them for the notebook that will then be indexed and placed in the Indianola Public Library.

2001 dues are past due. I have noted on each newsletter if we have not received your 2001 dues. We must receive your dues by January 25 in order for your name to be included in the 2001 program book. Also, this will be your last newsletter until we receive your dues.

Hope you enjoy the newsletter!

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Indianola, Iowa 50125

Dianna Parker, *continued from page 1*

many children. She suggests starting out by taking a class and remembering to list your sources from the very beginning. A hard lesson learned. She has joined a web site, which has a new tip or information daily. The address is emazing@genealogy.com.

Thank you for your enthusiasm, Dianna.

Corrections:

In Center Stage in the November-December 2000 issue, Helen Simpkins' mother's name was Lorena (not Lenora) as stated. Helen and her husband lived north of Chicago, not in North Chicago and they visited the Library in Fort Wayne, Indiana, which is located in Allen County (not Wayne County).

Beginning Genealogy Class

Saturday, March 24, 2001

9:00 a.m. - 3:30 p.m.

\$10.00

contact Marieta Grissom to pre-register

Officers 2000:

President	Marieta Grissom
Vice President	Dorothy Stearns
Secretary	Joanne Amos
Treasurer	Jane Godwin
Corresponding Secretary	Thelma Pehrson
Registrars	Virginia Nelson Kay Putz
Historian	Willa Grissom
Newsletter Editor	Marieta Grissom
Past President	Ev Brightman
IGS Representative (Area 4)	open

Active Committees:

Library	Doris Young Jane Godwin Joanne Amos Elaine Baumgarten
Records/Projects	Virginia Wheeldon Dianna Parker
Obituaries	Dorothy Stearns
County Fair Superintendents	Joanne Amos Virginia Nelson
IGS Liaisons	Maxine Weinman Kay Putz
Newsletter Indexing	Mary Cae Pancratz

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

Bits and pieces about ... Pioneers of Warren County

“History of the Early Settlers of Warren County”

The Warren Record, Indianola, Iowa, Thursday, March 18, 1875

The first settler we know anything about was John Parmalee who erected a saw mill on Middle River (now known as Watt's mill) under the supervision of the government assisted by Capt. Allen who commanded the dragoons, stationed at Raccoon Forks, now Des Moines. Wm. Mason living two miles north of Palmyra came in the Spring of 1845 and located his present farm. He stayed on it through the summer and went into Wapello county and wintered. The government would not allow any improvements made on the claims until the Indian's time was out as specified in the treaty. On October 11th, 1845 Henry James came from Washington county this state and took the claim on which he now lives—one mile northeast of Palmyra, from whom I have obtained the most of my information.

George Leslie located on the farm, known as the Robert Rees farm, about one mile northwest of Hartford but he was considered one of the transient inhabitants and did not stay long. The Indians had been gone about a week, says Mr. James, when we came. Every thing was in rude state of nature nothing indicating civilization, but now and then we could discover on the trunks of trees, marks which showed that the ax of civilized man had been here, marking out a future home. The fertile soil, the luxuriant growth of our first planting, indicated to us that Iowa would soon be a great and flourishing State.

There was no surveying done until about two years afterwards, when the county was laid out into congressional Townships.

Shortly after this Polk county was organized, to which this section of the country belonged, including six miles wide of Warren county. In the Spring following, says Mr. James, we went back to Washington county for our stock where we had left them to winter. The streams were very low so that our stock had no trouble in fording them. Soon after our arrival with them it began to rain, and the streams were rapidly swollen so that it was impossible to ford them. At this state of affairs our bread stuff became exhausted and here we were six weeks without any bread, but as a *denier resort* we fell upon our gardens, which came on rapidly. They seemed to supply the vacancy to some extent. There was no mill nearer than Oskaloosa and the first meal that we got we obtained from Wm. Freel

who constructed a log raft and floated his team over South River and went to Oskaloosa. There he purchased part of a load of meal and on his way back he spilled his tar bucket on the sacks which penetrated the meal with its delicious flavor, but “necessity knows no law.” This was our living. The poor granger thinks he has a hard time, but let me tell him that our next batch of meal was procured at Raccoon Forks. Mr. Myric had emigrated to this country then and we heard of a little meal being kept there. He thought he would go and buy some. By arguing the case strong to them he succeeded in obtaining a bushel of meal brought it home and the women folks declared the muskrat skins had been packed in it. There was but little game the first year, so you can have a little idea of our fare. Mr. Paul was our first neighbor. He departed this life long since, and his widow married Mr. Bernard for her second husband and now resides upon the same premises that her first husband selected for a prairie home, one mile west of Palmyra. We visited back and forth a number of times without even knowing each others name so anxious were we to have neighbors. Everything was so desolate and dreary that even the sight of a human being seemed to add new life to our very existence. Mr. Hiby was our next neighbor who located here shortly after Mr. Paul. During that winter and spring a number of settlers came in and the country began to put on a new face of civilization. Messrs. Myric, Dotson and a number of permanent settlers had chosen their lot with us, in the wilds of a new country. We now felt that we were not alone, that others had come in to share the trials and troubles that are concomitant with the first settlements of a new country.

As the settlers came in, we had to begin to look about us and prepare some way by which our children could be schooled. We commenced a school at our house, taught one winter. We had but few facilities for conducting it successfully, but children came to learn and made the best of their time. I have often thought of the opportunities offered the children then for an education, compared with the present. The greater the perfection to which our present school system attains, the greater complaint we hear, but then necessity made all things equal. In a few years there were school districts formed and the privileges and facilities have been steadily increasing ever since. As the country filled up we erected school houses and we soon had pretty fair schools. An incident that Mr. James relates illustrates the difficulty they experienced, in those days in teaching. I was appointed to lay out Richland township and part of Palmyra township into school districts. After I had completed the work, a report had to be made to the Fort. We procured a buggy (that had been brought in by

one of the emigrants) and thought that we would have our first buggy ride in a new country. We started on our journey and every thing went well considering the abruptness of the roads, until we came to the hill, now known as the Watt's hill, and in going down the hill our horse slipped against a tree and broke one of the shafts of the buggy.

We, however, soon mended that and proceeded on our way down to the river, plunged our horse into the water at the ford and when about half way across the shafts came unhooked from our buggy and there we were. We gave up to loud hollowing. Pretty soon one of Mr. Parmalee's hands came to my rescue, threw me a chain. I fastened the parts together and on I went. Came to North River, which was rising. In attempting to cross this time I was not so fortunate. When I got into the middle of the river my buggy came uncoupled. The horse having to swim out, I had to let him go, or soon I would have had to try my powers in a contest with the liquid waves.

We went floating down the stream in the buggy bed attached to the hind wheels. We thought of being precipitated over a great cataract below and the terrible incidents and hair breadth escapes of mariners at sea came to my mind. We had no paddles but our hands, and applied them energetically. After working this way for a long time, our frail bark neared the shore so that we fastened it to the willows. We went in search of help and after traveling several hours we came upon our much needed object, and proceeded at once to the scene of our much disorganized vehicle. We gathered together the parts and secured them, thanking the stranger for his assistance, and were again on our way, rejoicing arrived at the fort about sundown. Stayed all night—made our report and was on our journey homeward bound early in the morning. Came to North River again which by this time had risen to a considerable extent. The stream was past fording. We hunted up assistance and procured the loan of a canoe, an altercation arose between my friend and myself as to just how we should proceed to get the carriage across. My friend's force of argument was the strongest. I yielded. His plans were to be immediately executed. We hauled up the canoe and slid the carriage on the top, pushed out from the shore and immediately we were all turned into the water again. We tried the liquid element in another way which convinced my friend at once that his premises were false, however, true his reasoning may have been. We got out the best we could and fell upon my suggestions. Turned back the canoe, ferried over the horse along the side, came back and floated over the buggy, the same way—this time we were successful and soon we were at Middle River again. Mr. Parmalee came out and met us and from our looks he said we should not go

any further that night but must share his hospitalities that night. In the morning we constructed a slab raft on which I crossed leaving my horse and buggy with Mr. Parmalee. The horse I got in about a week, but my buggy remained about a month.

We had no church privileges. Most of the thoughts of the settlers were to gain this world's goods and comfortably situate themselves on farms for future homes.

There was a man who located himself near where James Laverty now lives, about one mile east of Summerset by the name of Spurlock. He claimed to be a preacher of the gospel, came to my house one day and asked the privilege to hold a meeting on the following Sabbath. It was announced, a few of the neighbors came out. The old man was on time and gave us a discourse of the back woods kind. He was a very eccentric man. Had a little grocery there in the timber, kept whisky for sale—would frequently become intoxicated—kept a great lot of cats and dogs and on one occasion, one of his dogs took sick and died. His remains had to be confined and borne away to its narrow home, which had been previously dug in the ground for this purpose. There he performed his last rites and ceremonies over the remains of one of his canine friends. He deposited a lot of whisky and milk in the grave thinking it might be of some use to his dog in another world, for, said he the dog was very fond of it in this. The land was blessed for his sake for there are a number of preachers inhabiting that country to this present day and whisky is sold near by.

As to the Physicians we had no use for them. There was none of this malarial influences which attends most of the settlements of a new country, none of those destructive plagues that we read about in the first settlements of the eastern states. We were free from the infected cities and the stranger when he came among us thanked God for his escape. Our water was pure and sparkling, and the air did not bear the wing of the angel death.

Our market was the demand of the emigrants who came pouring in by the hundreds and before long Warren county was organized.

“Grandfather Keller's Pioneer Days”

by his grandson, Neil Morrison, Jr., November 25, 1924
(copy found at Warren County Historical Library)

My grandfather, Franklin Keller, was born in Barbour County, West Virginia March 21, 1831. His parents John

Bits and pieces about ... Pioneers of Warren County, *continued*

and Lucinda Keller were natives of old Virginia. Grandfather was the oldest of a family of fourteen children. He grew to young manhood in West Virginia, where he was married to Ellan Jane McIntosh January 16, 1851. Grandfather became the father of twelve children, six boys and six girls. He moved from West Virginia to Iowa having come by water to Keokuk, Iowa. He landed there March 21, 1854, having taken two weeks to make the trip. Here he hired a man to haul his household goods with his team of oxen to Eddyville, Iowa.

My grandfather spent his first night in Iowa in the little town of Farmington on the Des Moines River in Van Buren County. Here he and his brother-in-law Abraham Felton, who had come from West Virginia with him purchased a team of oxen and started on foot for Warren County, driving the first day a distance of twelve miles. He stayed overnight with an old gentleman who was very kind and who made them feel at home. He carried the children into the house for them.

The old gentleman seeing Grandfather was a stranger advised him to leave his family there until he could find a location which suited him. Grandfather rented a house in Van Buren County for six months. It was now the sixth of April. By the first of May he had buried his two little children who were born in West Virginia. The two little children were buried in the little town of Boneparte. At the time of the children's death he came down with the measles. After the doctor and funeral expenses were paid, Grandfather's last penny was spent. He then indeed realized his condition without money and among strangers. He commenced working in a brick yard in the little town of Vernon. By working at any and everything he could find to do, he saved enough money, and on the twenty-fourth of September started on foot for Warren County.

On the thirtieth of September Grandfather was in the place where New Virginia is now situated. The wild prairie grass at that time was four feet tall. Grandfather with the assistance of William Forman, Sr., commenced to survey to find a suitable location. After surveying a week, he decided to locate on the place now known as the Neil Morrison farm, where he lived and remained until his death. Here he began the construction of a log cabin, cutting down the trees and hewing out the logs to make it. By the twentieth

of November he had his little cabin under clapboard roof, and moved in without chinking or doubling the cracks and without doors or windows and with old Mother Earth for a floor. A quilt hung in the place of a door and the chimney was made of sod. The water was carried from the place known as the Lee Keller farm.

After the cabin was completed, he began splitting rails to fence his farm with. In order to do this Grandfather went to the creek and chopped down the trees and cut out the rails by hand. There were neither roads nor bridges in those days. The creek had to be forded to get the logs across.

The wild prairie grass grew very high and heavy in those days, and when it was dry it might cause a terrible fire, so he had to make fire guards to protect his buildings from the fires. He did this by plowing several furrows around his buildings. He also protected them by backfiring. This was done on mild days by setting out a small fire and making it burn back from the buildings for several yards. Great caution had to be taken because when the fires came they came with great speed. The people fought the fires by wetting quilts or coats and beating the fire out.

Farming implements were scarce in Grandfather's days and most of them were made by hand. Grandfather had one plow and he used a team of oxen to plow with. He cradled the grain and threshed it with a hickory flail. Their crops consisted of corn, wheat, barley, rye and flax from which the material for the clothing was spun. There was wild fruit to be found in the woods in abundance: plums, wild crabs, and wild grapes which they made good use of. Also walnuts, hazel and hickory nuts which they enjoyed very much in the long winter evenings.

At first Grandfather's light was the open fireplace, but later they used tallow candles made by their own hands. They had no matches so they brought fire from flint rock by striking it against steel. The spark would ignite any dry and light thing, so they were very careful not to lose their fire and kept it covered well in the fireplace.

The cooking was done in the fireplace with very few cooking utensils; the chief one being a large iron oven which swung from the center of the fireplace. In this oven the

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.

Bits and pieces about ... Pioneers of Warren County, *continued*

corn pone was baked in, but the potatoes and meat were roasted in the fireplace. Dainties were scarce in those days, but what they did have was very good and nourishing. Their meat consisted of wild game such as rabbit, quail, squirrels, wild turkey, goose, duck and herds of deer; but Grandfather was never fortunate enough to shoot a deer.

The Indians would frequently come through in tribes, set up their tepees and camp. Of course, the feathers which the Indians wore attracted the attention of the white children. As also did the blankets of many colors which the squaws donned; the blankets which we prize so highly today. The Indian squaw was always decorated with many strings of beads. She always had beaded garments of brilliant shades. She carried her little papoose fastened to a board on her back. When the squaws came to the different homes to beg, they would stand the little papooses down by the door. The tribes would always travel on Indian ponies and would always have some ponies to trade to the white men.

In those days the large prairie wolves were numerous and would howl around the cabin at night. The wolves would often carry off the young of the flocks. One night when Grandfather was away at work, a large prairie wolf came and kept howling around the cabin so long it frightened Grandmother terribly. It would come right up and sit down by the door (which was only a quilt) and howl. Grandmother thought sure it would come in the door and kill her, and the baby. She threw some meat out the back door, then slipped out the front door and went to the nearest neighbor's, a mile and a quarter away.

My Grandfather helped organize Squaw township and acted as clerk at the first election. He put the first ballot into the ballot box.

Grandfather was one of the Charter members who founded the Mount Tabor society in March 1855. The people of the neighborhood held meetings at the different homes until the spring of 1857 when the new school house was built on the southeast corner of Grandfather's farm. The people worshipped there until the year of 1874, when the church was built. This church still stands as a place of worship and as a memorial to the early pioneers.

Grandfather worked on a brick-yard located on Squaw Creek south of where L. D. Forman lives. The bricks were used by the early pioneers. Some of the old brick houses still stand as pioneer landmarks. Grandfather had a brother eighteen years old, who had come out from West Virginia to visit him. He would go with Grandfather to the brickyard to help work. One very hot day in August this

young man became very hot, he got on a spring board (which the men had fixed) and jumped into the cool water to bath. It threw him into chills and he became unconscious, a burning fever set in and he died a few days afterward. There being no one who knew anything of embalming and no trains, he was buried here in Iowa. This was a sad incident in Grandfather's life.

In the days of my grandfather there were no groves and nothing for protection from the severe winter storms which were so much longer than the ones we have now days. Sometimes Grandfather's cabin, stables and sheds would be snowed from sight. One terrible stormy night when the snow and wind was blowing fiercely, it blew the snow through the cracks in the cabin and made a large drift across the room and covered Grandmother and Grandfather up.

Grandfather lived on the same farm in Warren County fifty-eight years. Grandfather was married over fifty-six years when Grandmother died. He was very sad and lonely when she died. After her death, he lived on in the old homestead. Later my father and mother moved in to care for him. He lived five years and six months after Grandmother's death. He died at the ripe old age of 81 years and six months.

One of Grandfather's well known sayings was, "old Iowa is the best state in the union," and "Warren County is the best county in the state."

Thus in the years between 1854 and 1912 Grandfather saw our Iowa grow from a wild uninhabited prairie to one of the most prosperous agriculture states in the union. The state famous for "out where the west begins," and "Land where the tall corn grows."

William N. James

"Pioneer Sketches," by L. S. S. (Mr. L. S. Spencer), *Advocate-Tribune*, Indianola, Iowa, April 9, 1885, page 4, column 3

William N. James was born in Harrisville, Harrison county, Ohio, January 30, 1724 (*read on: this date should probably be 1820*). Harrison county was formed from Jefferson and Tuscarawas counties January 1, 1814, six years before the birth of our subject. It was named in honor of Wm. H. Harrison. Its first settlement was made in April 1799 only twenty-one years before Wm. James was born. This settlement was made by Alex Henderson and Daniel Patterson on Short Creek. In order to get an early history of this county we would have to go to Tus-

Bits and pieces about ... Pioneers of Warren County, *continued*

carawas county. At the time of the birth of William this county was then very new and thinly settled; was often overrun by the Indians, who, at that time, were mortal enemies of the pale faces, and no less were the white race to the red man; each had to be on the watch for fear the one would get the drop upon the other. The making of farms was not so quick and easy as upon the broad prairies of the west; for the heavy growth of timber had to be cut down and cleaned off before a crop could be raised. The people were poor, and worked to great disadvantage to what is required of them at the present day. . . .

William's father died before his birth, yet he had a mother who took great care of her children, and if we are rightly informed, tried to raise them in the way they should go.

They left Ohio in the fall of 1835 and emigrated to Marshall county, Illinois. Here and in Henry county, of the same state he remained for eleven years working on a farm, and at odd times at the blacksmith trade. On their arrival in Marshall county they had for the second time to be content with the conveniences and inconveniences of that wild and unsettled prairie country for which Illinois is noted for. But for all this young James was not discouraged. He had perseverance and was not ashamed to work at anything he could make an honest living at.

In 1846 that fever that had been so contagious to thousands of others before him, and of his own age, took hold of him and he was brought nearly to the verge of life for another new country, and this disease could not be shook off until the trial was made of settling a new country for the third time. He packed his duds in the fall of 1846 and started for Warren county, and landed here in October, 1846. We again find him among the tall prairie grass of a scarcely settled country, to grow up with its settlements and to endure the hardships of an early day. After coming to Warren county he worked at the blacksmith's anvil for some time at Summerset and then at what is now called Old Greenbush. During this time he had fallen in love with a young lady, and a worthy one too, by the name of Mary A. Colclazier, daughter of Phillip Colclazier. . . They were united in matrimony June 26, 1848. They worked together for the good of the community and themselves until February 1862 when she was called to take that journey from whence no traveler returns, leaving a kind husband and four small children to mourn her loss. His children having no one in particular to take care of them and look after their welfare, he was married to Mrs. Stark in September, 1862. By this marriage they have had two children, both dead. At an early day he bought a farm and moved upon it and lived there until within the last four or five years, when he sold out and

moved to Churchville, where he now lives.

The writer became acquainted with Mr. James in 1855 and has been a neighbor to him from that time until the present. Mr. James has been a good citizen, and a strong friend to the common schools, being very limited in his own education he sees the necessity and advantage of a good education. He was elected to the office of Justice by the electors of Jefferson township; he held it but a short time when he resigned, thinking he would make as many enemies as friends by holding the office. Politically he is a Democrat, has been one ever since the writer's first acquaintance with him; and we honor him for advocating the doctrine he was raised in.

Mr. and Mrs. James are very much respected; never getting into quarrels with their neighbors. Like all of the pioneer settlers they will soon pass off and be no more upon this earth. Let the rising generation do them honor in their old age.

Adam Walsh

"Pioneer Sketches," by L. S. S. (Mr. L. S. Spencer), *Advocate-Tribune*, Indianola, Iowa, April 30, 1885, page 8, column 2

Once more we must refer the reader to the old country to find the birth place of our subject. If we turn to the map of Ireland and look on the 53d degree of north latitude and the 69th degree of east longitude we find a county named in honor of the king, called King county. In this county Adam Walsh was born during the year 1818, soon after the close of the great wars of Napoleon in which the Irish and English took a prominent part. His father being a tiller of the soil young Adam and an older brother were raised to the same occupation, and this has been their profession during life.

Like many others of his countrymen young Adam caught that hereditary disease, the western fever. He emigrated to Uncle Sam's possessions in the year 1848. He came by the way of New Orleans, and landed there in November of that year, he having a brother living there. Here he spent three years and six months of the best part of his life; sometimes working on a river steamer, sometimes upon a farm, just to accommodate the times and circumstances in which he was placed. He was willing to work at anything to make an honest living whether on board a steamer or on a farm or in the wood yard. After shifting about from pillar to post, here and there, he concluded to come to Iowa, where his brother, Patrick, had preceded him or perhaps they came together, the writer will not be

positive.

He came to Warren county in April, 1852, and settled in the western part of the county at what was then called Crew's grove. Here the two brothers purchased a farm and settled upon it. They lived together, sometime batching it, but the most of the time having a sister to keep house for them for several years, until the sister married, and if we are not mistaken she kept house for them for sometime afterwards. It was in their bachelor state that the writer became acquainted with them during the fall of 1854. From that day until the present we have found in Adam a man in all his dealing, a man in citizenship.

But as years were slowly and silently creeping upon him he concluded that it was not the most part of life to live alone and that he would take to himself a helpmate. Perhaps he had his eye upon the women of his choice for years, the writer is not prepared to say, but he made his selection and in August 1859 Miss Margret Gill assumed the name of Mrs. Margret Walsh. In her he found one that has been a helpmate through sunshine and storm. The fruits of this marriage are seven children; six boys and one girl.

A few years after the marriage of Adam his brother Pat married. He only lived a short time after his marriage. He was killed by his team in Des Moines; his horses having become frightened by the engine of a train of cars. He was killed almost instantly. Adam is living upon the farm they purchased on their coming here, thirty-two years since.

The writer of this article has been on very intimate terms with him for the last thirty years, and we have found him to be a man in its true sense. His brother Pat used to take a little to much of "how come you so," but in all our acquaintance we have never seen Adam take a drop of the stuff. We do not say he has not taken his dram but we never saw him nor do we think he ever does. He has raised a fine family of boys to become young men. When he goes down to his grave may they honor them as sons should honor their father and mother.

In politics he is a conservative. His last vote was for the great Statesman Blaine. In religious views he is a Catholic and is well posted in general matters. He will long be remembered as one of the early pioneers of Warren county.

L. S. Spencer

"Pioneer Sketches," by L. S. S. (Mr. L. S. Spencer), *Advocate-Tribune*, Indianola, Iowa, May 14, 1885, page 6, columns 1 & 2

[Most of our readers have doubtless recognized the initials over Pioneer Sketches as those of one of the oldest, most prominent, and respected pioneers of the county, Mr. L. S. Spencer. At our request Mr. Spencer has consented to give a sketch of his own life. . . Mr. Spencer has hampered us somewhat by his reluctance and modesty on the subject. Fortunately, under these circumstances, it is not necessary that much should be said. Our readers know him and respect him as one of the bettering influences in both the business and social affairs of the county. He has been active in church and school affairs especially. And the full force of his life has been cast for what a clear practical judgment has told him is right. We hope he and his good wife may be long spared to our county. It needs them, and more like them.—Ed.]

October 17, 1826, in the county of Trumbull, in the Buckeye state, is the time and place where the subject of our sketch was born. Ohio was not then what it is now in population, power and wealth. At that day a great portion of her surface was covered with heavy timber; her population was scattering; her education facilities limited, only here and there a log school house, perhaps now and then a frame standing in the forest or amid the stumps where the trees had been but shortly cut down and logged up, put into heaps and burned. Her settlers for a general thing were poor, with now and then one that was well fixed. Churches were a rare thing; most societies worshipping in the school houses, with their four and six weeks appointments. Many of the roads newly cut out and full of stumps, many of them only a cow path or blazed trees. This consisted of having the outside bark hewn off on both sides of the tree in the direction traveled by a footman going through with an ax so those that came after could follow the same path as their predecessor, if they would only watch the blazing on the trees. In the wet portion of the season even where the roads were chopped and cleaned out the stumps were so thick and the settlers so few they could not be worked. The mud in the clay country would become so deep that they often become impassable. Instead of the streams being well bridged they had to be forded if crossed at all. Cows and all other cattle during the summer were turned out upon the big pasture to rove where they pleased, and often they did not feel disposed to come up to the house to be milked. Nearly every man that had a cow to turn out put a bell on the leading animal, if he had more than one, so they could be found by the sound of this bell, during the day or night. How many times when a boy has the subject of our sketch been sent after the cows in the woods to find them and drive them up for the night's milk. After finding them two or three miles from home, being long after dark before he

Bits and pieces about ... Pioneers of Warren County, *continued*

would find them, and the only way to get along in the dark was to follow the sound of the bell; for after the cows were found they were scarcely any trouble to drive home. Miles and miles have we followed the bell after dark in the dense forest with the wolf howling on all sides. Such was the condition of the country even in the great state of Ohio, where our subject was born. Fifty-eight years has made a vast change in the Buckeye state; not only in that state but in the whole north-west.

As we have said our subject was born in the back woods of Trumbull county. At the age of three years his parents moved from this county to what was then Geauga county. This county then contained the most of what is now Lake county. Geauga county was then very new. Schools were scarce, but at the age of four years our subject was sent to one of these schools, and for two years he spent nine months under the pedagogue of the times. As his parents were very poor he was then taken out of school and put to work upon the farm during the summer. During the winter they were so far from the school house and the snow so deep and the weather so cold he could not attend school.

At the age of eight years his father made another move, onto a new farm that was covered with very heavy beech, maple, ash and poplar timber. Upon this place they had not lived over eight or nine months when the mother was taken sick and died; leaving six children, the youngest an infant. In about a year the father married again; a widow lady, she having two children. As is often the case the children could not or did not agree. This caused disturbance between the parents. As the father wished to see his children come up on the world with respectability and with an education, and being very poor and not able to do as he wished to do by them, he made up his mind to put his own children out where they might receive greater advantages than he was able to give them.

At the age of ten years the subject of our sketch left his father's cabin for a strange roof. Here he was to have the benefits of a good school during the winter months—four months out of twelve to go to school. On the first winter, after being in school but a few days, he was taken sick with the fever, and for three months he was confined to his room, and a great part of this time to his bed. From this time on for three years following he was unable to attend school during the winter. During the summer he had very good health, but as soon as cold weather commenced he was confined to the house.

Our subject remained at this one place until his majority, attending school, but very little until the last winter before

his majority, when he went nearly every day for the four months. Such was his desire for an education that he tried for two years or more to go to school, but health would not permit, and the desire for an education had to be abandoned.

After working upon a farm for the month during the summer and teaching during the winter for some four years, he concluded to travel and see the country. He made two trips into the southern and eastern states, and while on these trips he managed to be under pay and see the country at the same time. He also came out into Illinois and spent one winter, and into Michigan, looking for a country in which to settle for life.

At last the Iowa fever caught hold of him, and in the fall of 1854 in September, he landed in Warren county and settled where he now lives. Here was another new country to settle, but not very like the one settled when a boy of ten years. Jefferson was at that time but thinly settled.

He has seen Warren county from a child, a youth, to nearly manhood. He came here a single man, not knowing when he left the shores of Lake Erie to seek his home in the "Great West" where he should turn up. At the time of leaving his adopted father's roof his mind was for the soil of Minnesota; but after making his father a visit in the northern part of Illinois, to which place he had emigrated since our subject left home in 1854, he heard the "Three River" country of Iowa so highly spoken of that he turned his footsteps thither and came to Des Moines, from there to Warren county. As we have said in previous numbers, Des Moines was then but a "burg" and tough at that.

Shortly after his coming here he became acquainted with a young lady who he thought would make a good helpmate. While boarding at her father's, during the winter, and teaching school in the district, she being one of his pupils, she consented to become a "partner for better or for worse" for life. He was married March 18th, 1855, 'Squire Allen tying the bridal knot. It was so well tied that it has remained without any serious interruption from that day until the present. The bride's name was Clarinda C. Wheeler. She was born in Noble county, Ohio, February, 1838. Three children have been born unto them, one son and two daughters. The son is married; daughters are single.

Our subject has seen Iowa from its infancy to childhood; from childhood to nearly manhood; has spent the best part of his life upon her soil, seen the wild prairie turned into the use of the agriculturist by the hardy hand of toil, seen her school houses arise to give light to the feet of the youth,

Bits and pieces about ... Pioneers of Warren County, *continued*

seen her churches spring up and give light and civilization to all that may accept her invitation to the Gospel of Christ, and may it grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day. May Iowa's youth grow up in the path of the light of her educational advantages.

Our subject has depended upon his farm for a livelihood, although he has been engaged in the live stock trade for several years. He has tried to do his duty as a citizen, has taken an interest in the welfare of the country, to see it prosper. In August 1877, while on his road home from Chicago, where he had been with stock, he was wrecked at "Little Four-mile," on the C.R.I. & R. R. R., and was badly hurt. He was not able to get home until New Years, being nearly four months in Des Moines. From this injury he has never recovered, perhaps never will. He has never been able to do much labor since; yet he has the ambition to go as long as he can go. He, like all the rest of the pioneers of the early days will soon take his departure and follow his predecessors, and his devoted partner, also, will go within a few years.

Samuel M. Crow

"Pioneer Sketches," by S. M. Crow, *Advocate-Tribune*, Indianola, Iowa, May 21, 1885, page 4, column 3

Frontier Life on an Old Settler

Born and raised in Pulaska county, KY. When sixteen years old my father moved to the state of Illinois, Putnam county, in the year 1835. That country was quite new at that time. I lived there five years. Went from there to the state of Missouri, to Livingston county, now Mercer county, in the year 1840; that country was quite thickly settled at that time. We were fifty miles from the county seat and forty miles from the nearest post office; that was a little unhandy to go for our mail matter, but that did not trouble us so bad as it did to get the money to pay for our letters. Postage on letters at that time that came from any other state was twenty-five cents, upon delivery. To give the reader some idea of the difficulties we had, one of my neighbors in medium circumstances—for a new country—heard there was a letter in the office for him from the state of Illinois. He did not have the money to pay his postage so he concluded he would borrow it from some of his neighbors. He started out the next morning to borrow the money, and rode all day, but did not find the man that had that much money. In the evening one of his neighbors, a good, clever fellow, said he did not have the money, but he had some beeswax, and he would let him have that, so he took the little cake of beeswax and went on his way home rejoicing. The next morning he struck out for the post office, then at Novetown, forty miles, with his little

cake of beeswax and got the money and lifted his letter from his old friend in Illinois. This man was our justice of the peace.

We had no church organization for some time after the country was settled. We had preaching occasionally, and at one of our meetings the preacher made an appointment for the next Sunday, provided it was not a good bee day he would be on hand. I was not there that day. That was a great country for hunting, as there were bees, turkeys and deer in abundance.

It was a great place for sport, such as shooting matches and horse racing, and plenty of whiskey, which they could buy very cheap—they called it sod corn whiskey, and through the exercises of the day they would have plenty to drink, and in the after noon about four o'clock they would commence finishing up the exercises of the day and very frequently some difficulty would take place, and then there would be a row; they called that public ragen—a very appropriate name it would seem from the noises they would make very frequently some fights and some arrests and then it would take a part of the next week to try the cases before a justice of the peace. The shooting matches and horse racing were on Saturday. The currency we had was principally individual promissory notes, we called them cash notes and very frequently they were passed around until you could not hardly read them. I lived there six years, then in February, 1846, I came to Iowa. My family then consisted of myself and wife, at that time; where we moved from to North river where we now live it was a hundred miles between houses; and when we got here the cabin I built the fall before we moved was not finished and we lived in a bark house built by the Indians, till in April; we then moved in our own cabin twelve by fourteen feet square on North river. One family besides ourselves lived in Lynn Grove, twelve miles from Des Moines, at that time inhabited by the soldiers and Indians.

This at that time was the territory of Iowa, had not become a state. No county seat located this side of Oskaloosa, Mahaska county. Our first child born May 6, 1846. Our nearest grist mill at that time was Oskaloosa, sixty miles. This county settled up very fast and it was not long until Polk county was organized and the county seat located at Des Moines and we commenced business. I was elected justice of the peace under the territorial law published in 1843. I was at a very great loss to do business—I had no code. I went to Des Moines to the clerk to know what to do. They had two codes in the town, he let me have one; I have it yet. I held court in my little log cabin; P. M. Cassady was one of the attorneys that at-

tended my court at that time. I held the first court ever held in Lynn Grove.

We had some good social times visiting each other and have a good social chat. Myself wife and children would all get in to the wagon and the roads were a little rough and the bottom boards in the wagon box were loose and they would slip apart; we would stop occasionally, count the children to see whether they were all there or not, fix the boards in the bottom of the wagon box, then go on thinking what a good time we would have when we got there. We would go to church the same way, then held in our log cabins; all of us would go, stay till after dinner and have a good time, generally. God bless the old settlers. Myself and wife were at the old settlers meeting last fall and had a good time. We intend going next fall. It does me good to meet them, hear them talk and have a good hearty shake hands.

M. T. Bruce

"History of Warren County" by Geo. A. Epps of Palmyra, *The Advocate-Tribune*, Indianola, Iowa, January 18, 1906, page 1, columns 5-6.

M. T. Bruce was born near Rock Fork in Highland county, Ohio, on the 8th day of April, 1823. When he was two years old, his parents moved two miles east of where he was born. At an early age, a mere child, he worked with his father in the timber piling brush, rolling logs and burning brush and logs, the timber had to be removed before the land could be brought under cultivation. When older he and his brother split rails for which they received twenty-five cents per hundred. They sawed shingle blocks; their father with a froe and wooden mallet would make the shingles; when the large timber was removed with the mattock and grubbing hoe. The wheat was cut with a hand sickle and that tool was succeeded by the grain cradle. He says that when they went to town or church they walked; when they took their girls to church whether the distance be one mile or five they would walk.

Our clothes were home made of Linsey Woolsey goods, linen chain and wool filling, tow shirts and linsey breeches and wamus hat and shoes completed our Sunday suits. When he was seventeen years old, he united with the M. E. church, about 100 young men united with the church at this time.

Shortly after Mr. Bruce was twenty years old his father gave him his freedom. He went to a little town called Boston, about seven miles from his father's home, and

apprenticed himself to a shoemaker to learn the trade; he finished his apprenticeship at the town of Petersburg. He then worked for a short time with his brother at the carpenter trade for five dollars a month. On the 16th day of August 1846, he was united in marriage with Miss Julia A. Tener, the Rev. Henry Turner of Hillsborough, officiated; he borrowed the seventy-five cents to pay for the license, the preacher's services were free. Two weeks after he was married he moved into a frame house near the town of New Market, where he lived until the following spring when he bought one acre of land and built thereon a gum pole cabin which was covered with clapboards, the chimney was . . . sticks and . . . with mud. . .

Mr. Bruce says that while he lived at this place a man by the name of David Gaddis lived about two miles from him; this man had an old sow with five little pigs. This sow with her family would come to town every day teaching them how to loaf he supposed. One day Mr. Gaddis told Mr. Bruce that if he would catch the smallest of the five pigs he could have it, and Mr. Bruce caught the pig and while he drove shoe pegs his wife took care of the little loafer. When it was sold it helped to pay for a mare, so that the proceeds from the little runt of a pig and the driving of shoe pegs has caused Mr. Bruce to become one of the heavy tax payers of Warren county.

And now my readers what lesson have we learned from the life of our little shoemaker so far. First he was industrious always at work, no time for loafing around the bar rooms or saloons; he kept pegging away from early morn till late at night. Industry is the first plank in the platform of every successful man. And then you will notice that at the age of seventeen he united with the church and he is still there. This shows in addition to industry he has stick-to-itiveness, and then there are no better people in the world to associate with than church people. Some of our greatest captains of industry have been regular attenders and liberal contributors to the church, and then we notice that he borrowed the money to pay for his marriage license; it pays to borrow money if it is properly invested, I would not advise a young man to borrow money to buy a buggy; money borrowed and invested in a good wife is money well invested. And then our little shoemaker was economical, it was the rule of his life to save each year a part of his earning.

When he had been married seven years he had supported his family, paid to the support of the church and saved \$1000. In this year, 1853, he moved his family to Princeville, Illinois; in August of the year 1856 he landed with his family in Palmyra with \$2000 in his

pocket. Here he engaged in shoe making for five years when he purchased the 187 acres of land lying immediately southeast of the town of Palmyra where he still lives. He laid aside his apron, his shoe making tools and took up an ax, the hoe and the plow and carried on the business of farming and stock raising and stock feeding and made a success in this line. When he laid aside his active duties of farm life a few years ago, he did not move to town as many farmers do, but he is still in the harness and does each day what work he feels able to do. He tells me that he expects to work as long as he lives; he believes that work is conducive to good health and long life. Mr. Bruce has an active mind, trained to think, he has solved the problems of how to produce wealth and he has solved that other problem of still more importance, the conservation of wealth with an active mind and not a lazy muscle in his body; he has no sympathy for the lazy man or the plunger.

The writer has been acquainted with Mr. Bruce for thirty-seven years and in that time we have often seen him come into the stores of Palmyra and transact business with the merchants, stand and talk a few minutes with an acquaintance, but we never saw him sit down in the store, he never loaf.

He has been a citizen of Palmyra township for more than forty-nine years. Shortly after his arrival in Palmyra he was selected as class leader and he has filled that position for forty years out of the forty-nine that he has lived here; he says that he never felt that he was fit for the place but has always tried to do his best.

He has always taken a deep interest in the welfare of the church and when the church needs cleaning or repairing, you always find M. T. Bruce on hand with his hands to work and his purse to furnish needed material. The old church is a place sacred and dear to him and it pains him to see it neglected or anything untidy about the church; he says that he thanks God that he has been blessed with something to give for the support of the church, and while he does not know how much he has given in the past, his giving amounts to thousands of dollars. After giving his children a good start in life he has abundance for his own support and something more for the cause of the church of Christ. But his eighty-three years of toil begin to leave their imprint upon him and he prays that the Lord will send other workers to this vineyard.

To him and his first wife were born eight children, three of them are now living: J. W. Bruce, who lives two miles southeast of Palmyra; P. R. Bruce, who lives east of and adjoining the town plat of Palmyra, and Mrs. D. L. Onstat, of

Beaconsfield, Iowa. He had the privilege of walking with his good Christian wife, who for nearly fifty years assisted him in the battle of life until November 1893, when she was called to her reward. In October 1896 he was married to Mrs. . . . McNeill of Indianola and he found in her a very congenial companion. She is a devoted Christian lady, a zealous worker for the upbuilding of the church and Mr. Bruce has certainly fallen into good hands as he waits for the coming sunset of his life.

We all have what remains of life before us; once only can we live it. Mr. Bruce has lived more than four-score years allotted to him; eighty years of toil is a long time to work, but to a man who lives work, the time seems short. Live is said to be the greatest word in the world, and the next greatest is faith; faith is the word which connects the soul of man with God, and Mr. Bruce has an unbounded faith that his life of toil on this earth will be rewarded by a life of labor and love in the life to come. Mr. Bruce has been an active member of the M. E. church for more than sixty-five years and for nearly fifty years of that time he has worshipped with the church at Palmyra.

(These articles have been copied as written, with the original spelling and grammar.)

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An Unexpected Research Experience

by Marieta Grissom

On December 28, 2000 as Mom and I were driving from Indianola, Iowa to Yuma, Colorado to attend a wedding, we drove into Axtell, Nebraska, a small town on Highway 34. As we entered the town we saw a sign pointing to Bethphage Mission.

Mom said, "John says he's always been going to check out that place to see what it is about."

At that moment things started clicking in my head and I exclaimed, "I was just reading about that place last night in Aunt Berniece's story. A Ponsness was there!"

(Aunt Berniece was my father's aunt. She is 93 years old and wrote her Memoirs this fall and sent Mom a copy at Christmas. I made copies and had read about a quarter her story the night before we left for this short trip. She told about her sister who had a son that was apparently born in good health but as a toddler experienced a high fever and later suffered convulsions. Apparently something went wrong during a spinal tap procedure, which left Leon incapacitated with epilepsy at an early age. His parents heard about the Bethphage Mission and took Leon there to be cared for. The family rented a house in the neighboring town and lived there for some time. Berniece wrote that she and other family members had visited them, but Leon did not seem to recognize them.)

As I turned the car around and followed the road to the Mission, Mom said, "We don't have to be anywhere at a specific time."

At the Mission, I explained our story to a staff member and she suggested we take their museum tour. At this point I realized this is a Lutheran Mission founded by Swedes. (My father's paternal family were Lutheran Swedish immigrants.)

I got Mom and we toured the Museum. The building was the original Mission building, but can no longer be used for "guests" (as the residents are called) since it is not handicap accessible. A self-guided audio tour leads the visitor to various rooms and artifacts throughout the three-story building. It was all very interesting. The guide looked through some of the record books for the 1930s to see if she could find reference to Leon Ponsness, but could not because the guests were not listed by name. Each annual report only gives the number of male children, number of female children, number of male adults and number of female children. However, I left my name, address and the information we had about Leon Ponsness and she said she would research more and let me know if she found anything further.

We asked some questions about the current facility. There

are 106 guests and a staff of 150. Most of the funding comes from the state and federal governments as most guests are eligible for Medicare and Medicaid. As time goes on they hope to reduce the number of guests to about 90 as the area does not have enough population to support a greater number of staff members. This is the largest employer in their county.

We purchased a couple things (including a book about the Mission) in their gift shop and left a small donation. We then went on our way, very glad that we had spent approximately an hour at this lovely, loving place.

After we left, we realized that we did not check to see if Leon was buried there. A cemetery is located across the road from the Mission. During our stay in Yuma, Mom read the book that I purchased and we determined that the cemetery across the road was probably not where the guests are buried, but there should be a cemetery somewhere on the campus where they are buried.

On our return from Yuma, we again stopped at the Mission. We drove through the cemetery across the road, but could not see anything that resembled a burial area as described in the book. On a hunch, I drove to the northeast corner of the campus and there found another cemetery. In this cemetery all the stones look very much alike, but are not "exactly" alike, some have a little more ornamentation or the lettering may be a little different, but the size and shape of the stones are all very similar. The stones are not quite in chronological order of burial, but are close. We found Leon's grave and I took some pictures. Afterwards, Mom and I wondered if we were the only people to have visited his grave in the 60 years since his death. We are very glad we stopped.

When we explained the story to my brother John, he remembered that on the only trip that Dad and Mom made to Yuma together, he had explained to Dad how to take Highway 34 east of Yuma to a point just beyond Axtell where they would turn north to Kearney and catch I-80 for their return trip to Iowa. At that point, John remembered, Dad repeated, "Axtell" as if it rang a bell for him. However, Dad did not say anything more and Mom does not remember if they took the Hwy 34 route or not. If they did, perhaps Dad saw the sign and thought he would try to stop on another trip to Yuma, but he died before that could happen. We will never know if Dad made the connection with his cousin's Bethphage Mission or not. But we know it has taken us another 13 years to make the connection on our own—and then it was only because of Aunt Berniece's Memoirs.

A few days after we arrived home, I received a letter from the Bethphage Mission. Further research found the information that had been given the Mission when Leon was admitted into their care, giving his age, medical problems, parents' names, residences, etc. Also was a copy of the notice that

Unexpected Research Experience, *continued*

had been published in the Mission newsletter at Leon's death. He lived at Bethphage Mission from age 7 to age 20 (1927 to 1940), when he died.

Mom and I were travelling to Colorado to attend a genealogy event—a wedding. We had no specific plans to do any other genealogy research as we travelled. Before reading about Leon in Berniece's Memoirs, I had not even known there was a Leon and Mom only had vague knowledge. We have a few more questions to answer, but, all in all, we have probably found most of the information we will ever find.

Research Helps

Using Census Records:

DON'T assume the spelling of the name is as you know it now

DON'T believe the census indexes to be either correct or complete. Check the record.

DON'T assume the relationship to the head of the household is as stated.

DON'T assume the wife is the mother of any or all of the children listed.

DON'T assume the ages given provide a year of birth.

DON'T forget to copy all data from the top of the page and to the right of occupation column.

DON'T forget to look over the neighbors. Look for married daughter, sisters, etc.

DON'T think that the records before 1850 will not be helpful. It will give an indication of the number and ages of people in the household.

*via Davis County Genealogical Society, Bloomfield,
Iowa, July - Sept 2000*

Seeking volunteers

to assist with the cemetery records update
for Hartford, Carlisle and/or New Virginia Cemeteries

Contact: Virginia Wheeldon at 515-848-3582
(Pleasantville) or Dianna Parker at 961-3731

Book Reviews

by Marieta Grissom

The Genealogy Sourcebook by Sharon DeBartolo Carmack, published by Contemporary Books, Chicago, 1998.

Organizing Your Family History Search by Sharon DeBartolo Carmack, published by Betterway Books, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1999.

A Genealogist's Guide to Discovering Your Female Ancestors, by Sharon DeBartolo Carmack, published by Betterway Books, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1998.

I have recently read all three of these books and feel as though I personally know the author. Sharon Carmack writes in a very easy-to-read manner and seems very personable. I had read *The Genealogy Sourcebook* prior to teaching my most recent Beginning Genealogy class and was recommending it to the participants. One lady asked what it was about the book that I liked so well. It was difficult to identify the specifics, I could only say that the book was very enjoyable and easy to read. Since then I have returned to the book to try to put a finger on my thoughts about it. The author starts at the very beginning and makes genealogy fun and exciting. She uses case-studies in her own family to encourage the reader into the research process. She describes the frustrations and challenges the genealogist experiences. She takes a practical approach and she writes about tricks of the trade. And, as a Certified Genealogist Ms. Carmack emphasizes the standards of good documentation and writes "documentation is not optional."

The second book I read was *Organizing Your Family History Search, Efficient & Effective Ways to Gather and Protect Your Genealogical Research*. This is another friendly and practical guide. In this book Sharon Carmack gives advice on filing systems, planning research trips, organizing your research project, finding room in your house for your genealogy stuff, etc. She also includes sample note-taking forms, correspondence logs, research journals, census checklist, etc. In addition, she includes organizing tips from many of her friends and colleagues, which add other perspectives to the subject. And, for a person considering becoming a Certified Genealogist, she offers a section on preparing for certification. I find myself returning to this book frequently for general information as well as for ideas as I plan my filing system and as I plan my upcoming research.

The third book I read was *A Genealogist's Guide to Discovering Your Female Ancestors*. This book was a little different from the other two. Ms. Carmack was breaking new ground with this book in leading the researcher to new ways of thinking about female ancestor research. She discusses different strategies and resources that are unique to females. In addition, parts of this book contain bibliographical listings of possible other sources of information.

Computers, Software and the Internet

Ten Favorite Things to Do on the Internet

1. Search for my family's previously compiled ancestry at the LDS Church's web site (Ancestral File & IGI International Genealogical Index).
<http://www.familysearch.org>
2. Download (free) genealogy software for Windows Personal Ancestral File (PAF)
<http://www.ldscatalog.com/>
3. Study the Family History Library Catalog. It has the index to over 2 million rolls of microfilm and hundreds of thousands of books and maps from archives, churches, court houses throughout the world.
<http://www.familysearch.org/search/seeearchcatalog.asp>
4. View and print how-to articles:
"Research Guidance" from the Family History Library. Includes the SourceGuides (each state, province, and most countries).
<http://www.familysearch.org/rg/index.html>

About.com's Genealogy
<http://genealogy.about.com/mbody.htm>

Dear MYRTLE's Daily Genealogy Column
<http://www.DearMYRTLE.com>

Genealogy.com's How-To Articles
<http://www.genealogy.com/backissu.html>

Genealogy Forum on AOL (keyword: roots)
<http://www.GenealogyForum.com>

Genealogy Research Associates
<http://www.genealogy.com/university.html>

Internet How-to (Marthe Arends)
<http://www.genealogy.com/university.html>

RootsWeb "Guide to Tracing Family Trees:
<http://www.rootsweb.com/~rwguide>
5. Subscribe to these free e-mail genealogy newsletters:
Ancestry Daily News
<http://www.ancestry.com>

DearMYRTLE "Daily Genealogy Column"
<http://www.DearMyrtle.com>

Dick Eastman's Genealogy Newsletter
<http://www.ancestry.com/columns/eastman/>

Everton's Family History News
www.everton.com

Family Tree Finders - send a blank e-mail message to:
join-family-tree-finders@gt.sodamail.com

RootsWeb Review & Missing Links
<http://www.rootsweb.com/~review>

6. Search the Social Security Death Index (free)
Ancestry.com
<http://www.ancestry.com/ssdi/advanced.htm>
RootsWeb
<http://www.rootsweb.com>
7. Visit these sites indexing topics on other genealogy sites on the internet:
Cyndi's List
<http://www.cyndislist.com>
Genealogy Resources on the Internet
<http://www.rootsweb.com/ljfuller/internet.html>
Genealogy.com
www.genealogy.com
RootsWeb
<http://www.rootsweb.com>
SurnameWeb
<http://www.surnameweb.org>
8. Check out suppliers of charts & forms listed by Cyndi.
<http://www.cyndislist.com/supplies.htm>
9. Study PERSI Periodical Source Index for references to my ancestors, their ethnic background and places they lived in genealogical magazines published since 1847.
<http://www.ancestry.com/home/library/abtpersi.html>
Then mail away for a copy of each article if the local public library doesn't have that issue. (This database is part of the "paid" service portion of Ancestry.com, perhaps \$5 per month, and definitely worth it!)
10. Visit USGENWEB sites to discover more about states and counties where my ancestors once lived
<http://www.usgenweb.org>

*via Union Roots, Union County Genealogical Society,
Creston, Ia, Nov 2000*

Be sure to check the address portion of your newsletter to be sure we have received your 2001 dues. If we have not, please pay by January 25 so you can be included in the 2001 program book.

Warren County Church Records Project

Continued from March-April 1999; May-June 1999; January-February 2000, May-June 2000 and November-December 2000. We believe this will be the last installment. From this point we plan to assemble all of the information into a small leaflet that can be distributed.

St. Paul Lutheran Church

Address: 2020 20th Place
Lacona, IA 50139

Phone: 641-947-4404
Pastor: Randy Cormeny

Type of records: Birth, baptismal, marriage, death & funeral. Names, dates and parents. The church keeps a record of previous pastors. Records have been kept since 1854 and they are kept locally.

Availability: Records are too old to be viewed by the public. They are on microfilm at the library in Knoxville, IA.

Queries: May be sent to Marlene Borchert, 148 Rutledge Street, Lacona, IA 50139

Preservation for Future Generations

ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS—NEVER, NEVER,
NEVER *by Marieta Grissom*

Recently I have heard some disturbing comments and, as a result, I've developed two lists: my ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS list and my NEVER, NEVER, NEVER list. I realize that some people may disagree with these, but I offer these to possibly challenge your current ways of thinking!

ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS

1. Label ALL pictures. We all know we should do this, but does everyone do it?
2. Label ALL research by answering the Who, What, Where and When questions.
3. Photocopy precious documents for ordinary use and preserve the originals using acid-free, archival methods.
4. Label possessions—especially the ones that you want your descendants to know, understand and appreciate. Just because you have told your children that something belonged to someone, don't expect them to remember it. The county fair exhibits have become a good vehicle for doing some of this, however, everyone needs to label more possessions than just the ones they can enter at the fair. Many times my grandparents would write on the item the day they received or purchased an item, and sometimes they also included the purchase price or who the item was received from. One set of pillow cases includes the card that was given with the gift. Old cards can be as precious as the gift itself. Any of these items are especially precious today because they contain this information. I know of another person who attaches the cash register slip to some items purchased today. This is another good idea. Other people keep file folders with receipts and warranty information. That may be good for the purchaser, but if something happens to the purchaser, other family members may not realize the folder exists and it might make more sense to find the receipt, etc. with the item itself.

NEVER, NEVER, NEVER

NEVER do something to a photograph, a newspaper clipping, or an artifact that cannot be undone. This means

1. Never laminate valuable documents—laminating products will deteriorate and laminating cannot be undone—it is permanent.
2. Never use tape with photographs or newspaper clippings that you want to preserve—even archival safe tape—because it cannot be undone. Furthermore, all tape, even if you try to remove it, leaves a residue that must be dealt with.
3. Never use glue with pictures—even archival safe glue—because it cannot be undone. Photos should only be attached using photo corners or by cutting slits into the background paper.
4. Never use ball point or other non-archival pen on the back of photos to label them—it will eventually bleed through the picture and using ball point on the back causes indentations on the back of the picture that can cause the front photo emulsion to eventually crack.
5. Never cut photos—unless there is absolutely NOTHING in the background. Just because there is a car in the background or a part of a room in the background, does not mean you should cut or trim the photo. These could be just the things someone in the future is looking for. Furthermore, these items add authenticity to the photo and help date it.

I encourage everyone to keep preservation in mind as they are working. Ask yourself if you are more interested in preserving the past or are you more interested in making something cute or packing as many pictures as possible on a page? Determine your goal. Not everything needs to be preserved. But if your goal is to preserve the photograph, newspaper clipping, document or artifact for future generations, I urge you to remember my ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER lists.

Examples of 2000 Warren County Fair Exhibits Category: True Story of the Past

by Ruth Henry

Late in the summer of 1914, the train came slowly into town stopping at the Northboro, Iowa, station. The new school teacher got off the train with her valise and waited for her trunk to be unloaded. She walked up the hill to the hotel and the man brought the trunk. The lady did not notice the curious young man riding his bicycle down the main street looking in her direction. She checked into the hotel, tired but glad the trip from Indianola was ended. After a warm meal and a refreshing bath, she retired for the night.

Next day she obtained a room with Grandma Gibson and met the other fellow teacher that would be her roommate. Also she checked out her school building where she would be teaching. As everyone settled in for the new school year, the students welcomed the new teacher and were all eager to learn.

The school teacher attended church and young adult activities in the small town. One day the young man, who had been riding the bicycle, asked her to go driving in Ben Darby's new car, along with his sister Lois. They had a lovely drive in the country that cool autumn afternoon. Later, they were together at other social occasions as sledding, ice skating, and the box supper. Love bloomed!

When the school was nearly over in the spring of 1915, the young man, Wesley, asked, "Irene, would you let me take care of you for the rest of your life?"

So she wrote her parents and said, "Mr. Richards has asked me to marry him. I have told him I was willing, but I wanted your consent. If you are willing, we have planned for an August wedding, and if it is all right with you, we would have it at home with only the nearest relatives."

Frank and Cora McAdoo talked the situation over along with the three sisters Avis, Frances, and Beulah. Cora wrote Irene a reply of, "But we know nothing of his family's background," and this brought much concern. "I told Papa I thought he ought to go down and find out the family pedigree, its no more than a person would do for livestock and our children and their posterity ought to be more to us than stock, but he said, it was too late now, you had already promised."

So the wedding was planned for 8:00 a.m. on August 15, 1915. The early hour was chosen, so the couple could catch the train to Des Moines. After which they traveled on to Newton where they honeymooned with her Aunt Hattie and husband.

Wesley had purchased a home in Tarkio, Missouri, and the newlyweds set up housekeeping. He was a Watkins salesman traveling in Atchison County, by team and wagon and staying with families along the route at night. He returned to their home on the weekends.

The first baby, a boy, Morris, was born on November 22,

1916, the second boy, Warren, was born on February 19, 1918. After a time, Wesley decided to farm and they moved to the maternal parents farm west of Indianola, Iowa. Two more children joined the family, another boy, Clarence, on October 20, 1920, and wonder of wonders, a girl, Ruth, was born, January 6, 1926. Another boy, Ross, came April 15, 1929.

The family then moved to Northboro, Iowa, in March of 1932, to the paternal farm. Another girl, Mary, joined the family on March 1, 1933. This was the only child born on the home place. The last child, a boy, John, was born at the Hand Hospital in Shenandoah, Iowa, on January 18, 1938.

Wesley and Irene spent the next 45 years in southwest Iowa, farming, row cropping corn, beans, oats, wheat and livestock. He farmed with horses and mules until he bought a tractor. All children were educated through the 12th grade and graduated from Northboro High School, four oldest boys were in the service, serving in WWII and the Korean War, four went on to college, and all married and there were 19 grandchildren.

Wesley died at the age of 90 on September 21, 1977. Irene followed on March 22, 1985, age 91. This is the story of my parents' courtship, marriage and wedded life, that lasted for 62 years.

Category: Family Group Photograph

1st Virginia Wheeldon

"Grandpa Richmond and Grandma Martha Booth Bowers raised six children on farms which were mostly in Marion and Jasper Counties. Grandpa was blinded when his first child was small. I recently learned he could distinguish a small amount of light and dark. This did not prevent him from helping in every way possible with farm work. He also helped roof a barn and not as ground support. He would be working on top of the barn with the other men. He also tended to the wood stove which heated the home. The oldest daughter Veda was my mother-in-law. She and her brother Vernie are the only deceased children in this family. All six children, plus one who died at birth, were born between 1904 and 1918.

3rd Nancy Michaelson

"Charles F. Koehler and Nancy L. Snyder were united in marriage on November 10, 1868 in Ohio. They moved to Madison County, Iowa on November 25, 1868. In June of 1869 they returned to Ohio living there until February 1876 when they returned to Madison County, Iowa. They lived in Madison County, Iowa until 1902 when they moved to Hollywood, California. This union was blessed with eleven children. One son died in infancy and another son died in 1910. In 1918 when they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary all nine were there to congratulate them. My grandmother Lorena Iola Koehler Forster, their fourth child, is pictured standing directly behind her mother.

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IGS Spring Conference

"Precious Land, A Migration to the Prairie"

April 27-28, 2001

Sioux City Convention
Center
Sioux City, Iowa

for futher information
contact IGS
at 515-276-0287 or
www.iowagenealogy.org

or
Marieta Grissom
at 515-961-7542

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, 1980</i> (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		
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)
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. except during the winter months. 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, 515-225-0416. Mon, Wed, Sat 10:00-3:00. Tues, Wed evenings 6:30 -9:00. Closed Thursday, Friday & Sunday. Recommend that you call ahead as their hours sometimes fluctuate.

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