

# Warren County Genealogical Society

Indianola, Iowa

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November-December 2001

## Center Stage . . . Exit . . . Stage Left

by *Ev Brightman*

Can it really have been three years since you began sharing your stories with me? times does go by in a blink. I have often felt like CBS' Steve Hartman with "Everyone Has A Story." Better than a map and dart, I have had Marieta to help me spot the next target. I have felt like Mr. Hartman since the first thing a person says when I call is, "Oh, I am afraid I have nothing very interesting to tell." Having made that statement, the person would go on to share incredible insight, information and stories that only one of a special breed of humans hooked on genealogy tend to give. I thank you for sharing with me and our readers.

I have been particularly taken with the large number of educators among the ancestors and participants of this group of folk. Also, the reminders of the resilience of the human spirit found in our heritage has been an essential comfort as I look at today. I have enjoyed knowing about your families; children, grandchildren and pets. Our historical perspective does not often leave time for spinning our tales toward the future generations.

I was unexpectedly amazed at the blending of Jim and Maxine Weinman's shared family stories after years of marriage. I should not have been when I think about it. After all, we are in the business of believing that "Everyone Does Have a Story" worth the preserving and telling for those who come after.

Ev

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THANK YOU, Ev, for interviewing our members for the Center Stage articles for the last three years. Ev has moved to the Lucas area to her family farm, has become active in the Lucas County Genealogical Society and is the new IGS Regional Representative for her new area. Her articles in our newsletter have been interesting and a good way to help our members become better acquainted, as well as to impart genealogical research advice—most of it learned "the hard way" through the process of trial and error. We can all learn a lot from each other.

## Calendar:

- November 19 REGULAR MEETING, 7:00 p.m.  
Program: Marieta Grissom "Where did I find that?"  
Roll Call: Thing you most wish you had known about doing genealogy when you first started
- January 8 BOARD MEETING, 7:00 p.m.
- January 21 Something Extra Discussion, 6:15 p.m.  
Topic: Military (and related) records often overlooked—yet easily obtained  
REGULAR MEETING, 7:00 p.m.  
Program: Video - Organizing your Genealogy  
Roll Call: A favorite grandparent memory

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.

### Dues are Due!

\$10 per individual or family, no distinction  
Send to Jane Godwin  
808 West Detroit  
Indianola, IA 50125

BEFORE January 15, if you want to be included in the 2002 program book.

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## Marieta's rambling comments:

A **BIG THANK YOU** to all who have helped in official and unofficial capacities during the last three years. My three years as WCGS president are coming to an end. I have learned a lot and, together we have helped the society cross the bridge into a promising 21st century. For my part, I have agreed to continue as newsletter editor and class instructor for the long term.

At our October meeting a couple of significant votes were taken. First, we voted to **raise our dues**, effective with the 2002 calendar year. Dues were raised to \$10 per year per individual/family, with no distinction between individual and family rates—every family pays just \$10. Since it does not cost us any more to have several members of one family as members, we decided to have just one flat rate. Our By-Laws are being changed.

Second, we voted to **purchase the 1856, 1885, 1895, 1905, 1915, and 1925 State census microfilm for Warren County**. It is estimated this will include approximately 16 rolls of microfilm. The film will be kept at the Indianola Public Library. Thelma Pehrson has volunteered to begin transcribing the records, beginning with 1856, which we will plan to publish with IGS. For the microfilm purchase we are using \$300 given by the Ivan Richards family some time ago to be used as a memorial. In addition, Kate Kauzlarich and Lucille Perkins passed away this last spring and summer and we traditionally purchase something in memory of our members. Part of the microfilm purchase will be in memory of these two members. The remaining funds for the microfilm will come from our treasury. This is a significant purchase and with publication of the information we will be catching up to where other counties are already.

A **new item** is being added to our meeting format for 2002. Several of you are aware that for over a year I've been mulling over an addition to our regular meeting format. While at the FGS Conference I talked with members of other societies and realized I am not so far off base after all. Several societies have a special time allotted to a discussion of basic and/or research topics. Some have it prior to their regular meeting; others have the discussion scheduled after the regular meeting. We have decided to offer it prior to the regular meeting. Therefore, starting at 6:15 p.m. ahead of the January meeting, we will have a "something extra" topic to discuss. Participation is totally optional. Members can still feel free to come at the regular 7:00 p.m. time. However, if you want to know more about this topic, if you have questions to ask or information to share, please feel free to come to this **informal "something extra" discussion group**. The topic for the January meeting will be "Military (and related) records often overlooked—yet easily obtained." At the November

meeting I will distribute a survey to determine future topics to be discussed. For the January "something extra" group I merely pulled a topic out of my head for which I have recently found some juicy, helpful information.

Also in 2002 you will see **some changes to the newsletter**. Thelma has three publications ready to be typed. I will be typing these and including them, segment by segment, in the newsletter, until they are completely typed and ready to go to IGS for publication. We will still have a feature article—it just won't be as long as in the last few years. We will still have Research Helps, Computers, Software and the Internet, and the County Fair Exhibits, as well as other items as appropriate. There is certainly not a shortage of items to include.

Hope you enjoy the newsletter!

Marieta Grissom

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### Officers 2001:

President	Marieta Grissom
Vice President	Dorothy Stearns
Secretary	Joanne Amos
Treasurer	Jane Godwin
Corresponding Secretary	Thelma Pehrson
Registrar	Virginia Nelson
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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 \$10.00 per individual or family.

## Bits and pieces about ... Civil War Veterans

### Reminiscences of Soldier of the Civil War

*The Indianola, Iowa, Herald, June 26, 1930*

Written recently by himself [A. S. Ruby] for the G. A. R. records which are now in the clerk's office in Indianola.

Addison Sparks Ruby was born in Edgar county, Ill., Dec. 20, 1839.

His father died in August, 1845.

He, his mother and younger sister with other older members of the family, emigrated via the prairie schooner drawn by oxen, to Ringgold county, Iowa, in the fall of 1855, being twenty-three days on the road.

... was married to Miss Hortense B. Whitcomb of Ringgold county.

On the 23<sup>rd</sup> day of July, 1865, leaving a wife and two children at home, he was mustered in for service, at Mount Ayr, Iowa, in the Civil war, as a private in Company D, 8<sup>th</sup> Iowa Vol. Cavalry, which were the first troops to rendezvous at Camp Roberts, near Davenport, Iowa.

On October 27<sup>th</sup>, with 1224 men, before we were fully equipped, we were sent to Waverly, Tenn., a strong Rebel section where they had never seen a Federal soldier until we went there. We put in the entire winter chasing and capturing Rebel scouting parties and guerrilla bush whackers; capturing more than our equal in numbers, sending the Rebel soldiers and leading guerrillas to northern prisons and patrolling the others under bonds.

We left Waverly March 13<sup>th</sup>, and arrived at Nashville March 17<sup>th</sup> with 1050 men in the saddles after completing our equipment. We left for Chattanooga April 1<sup>st</sup> and continued our march to Cleveland, arriving the 13<sup>th</sup> where we joined the 1<sup>st</sup> Brigade, 1<sup>st</sup> Division of Cavalry, commanded by Brigadier General E. M. McCook.

Leaving here May 3<sup>rd</sup> with J. B. Dorr, Colonel of the 8<sup>th</sup> Iowa, commanding the 1<sup>st</sup> Brigade, we joined Sherman in the capture of Dalton and participated in all the engagements from there to Marietta.

By reason of hard service and inadequate feed, our horses failed rapidly, and by this time over half of our regiment was dismounted and left as guards along the railroad. For this reason I was sent back to Kingston where we patrolled the country night and day to protect our transportation. We returned to Franklin, Tenn., in September, where we were remounted and joined Steadman's forces in driving Forest's and Wheeler's raiders out of Tennessee, going into camp a few miles above Florence, Ala., on the Tennessee river.

From here we were driven back by Hood's army, through Pulaska, where on the road from there to Columbia, I beheld one of the most pitiful scenes I ever met with. The night was dark with a drizzling rain, and for miles the brush and fence corners on each side of the road were filled with colored women and crying children, trying to get away from the approach of the Rebel army. He fought Hood at Columbia, Springhill and gave them a terrible scourging at Franklin and stopped them before they got into Nashville. Here, after going into Kentucky and replenishing our mounts, Pap Thomas told Hood to go, and he went, leaving behind a large number of his men either killed or captured.

Here was the only time I was away from my regiment during the entire service. I had been promoted to Corporal and was detailed to take a wagon and a team with driver and three men as guards, to receive, receipt for and take care of the effects of those that became dismounted or otherwise disabled so they couldn't care for their own. I was away from the 18<sup>th</sup> of December until after the brigade had gone into winter quarters at Waterloo, Alabama, the first day of January, '65. This was my first business experience and I was pleased when the colonel commended my efficient service.

We left Waterloo the fore part of March. The 12<sup>th</sup> we changed our union carbines for Spencers. Fitting us for more effective service. We were now only 600 strong, and were brigaded with the 2<sup>nd</sup> Michigan and 4<sup>th</sup> Kentucky cavalry and 6<sup>th</sup> Kentucky Mounted Infantry, 1500 in all, commanded by Brigadier General Crexton. We joined Wilson's Cavalry on his way to Selma, Ala., the 22<sup>nd</sup> of March. At Eylton, March 30, we were detached with instructions to go and capture Tuscaloosa. When within 20 miles of our destination we unexpectedly met a division of 4000 cavalry under Rebel Gen. Jackson. It was just evening twilight. The picket guards commenced firing at each other the next morning. After a short skirmish, Croston withdrew by an unfrequented road and after a forty mile ride came to Johnston's ferry, 35 miles above Tuscaloosa, a little after dark. By next evening, April 2, the horses had all swam across and the men and baggage taken over in one little ferry boat.

At one o'clock A. M. April 4<sup>th</sup>, the mayor of Tuscaloosa quietly surrendered the town to Colonel Dorr. We had chased their pickets from the north side of the river, following them so closely across the bridge that their guards couldn't shoot us without killing their own men. Early in the morning April 5<sup>th</sup>, after burning a large warehouse filled with baled cotton, a tannery, and a quantity of other government stores, we recrossed the river, spiked the two pieces of captured artillery, run them onto the bridge, satu-

Bits and pieces about ... Civil War Veterans, *continued*

rated it with coal oil and set it on fire.

Leaving Jackson and his army somewhere on the south side, after he had reported that he had met the federal army and they had left the country, and that Tuskalooza was safe. From here we were expected to return to Willson's command, but being cut off so we couldn't and not daring to stand still, we moved cautiously with scouting parties in every direction. Many of them never returned, as some were captured and others, when prevented from returning, made their way north to the Union lines. One squad I was with, by careful maneuvering, detouring and compelling citizens that knew the country well to pilot us around, succeeded in recapturing four of our men that had been taken prisoners, and on the third attempt joined Croxton's marching column.

The adjutant-general's report shows that three days later we were back to Tuskalooza again. I suppose it was because we couldn't go anywhere else. This time I was with the advance guard, and heard the mayor tell Colonel Dorr that we could pass peaceably through the town if he would protect it from further destruction. This being agreed to, about forty of us were ordered onto the little ferry boat and were ferried across the river where we were forced into a chain guard through the south part of town, from below the ferry to the river above town. After riding hard all day we paced our beats all night. A Negro came to me in the night and said: "You'uns will get across, but you'll never get away from here. Wirt Adams has a big force of cavalry and is fortifying every road that goes out of town." That made things look rather blue for me. I told it to Major Waldon, he being in charge of the guards. He thought he appeared to be rather unconcerned, merely replying, "We'll show them a trick they don't know."

Just at the dawn of day Waldon came along the line, the guards following, and told me to fall in. We expected the whole brigade was over and was probably planning on a daylight charge to get through before the enemy saw us. But think of our surprise when we found only the man in charge of the boat. We were ordered on. The boat pushed out and ferried across, then put back into the river and we mounted our horses and followed the brigade which had left sometime during the night, leaving Mr. Adams and his Johnnies holding an empty sack.

Where we went from here I can't tell. It rained almost constantly. Rivers and creeks full to overflowing and those we couldn't ford we swam. The roads were bad and we avoided public highways and noted places, taking by-roads and paths, and sometimes no road at all. Once I was in the advance guard and we went through a large tract of timber, taking with us a pilot and hatchers to blaze the way for the command to follow. Ford crossings were often rocky and

full of holes. Horses would fall, plunging the rider into the water that was so swift that they would, as mine did once, float quite a ways before they could get on their feet. Places where the water below was deep, men would be stationed in the water to keep both men and horses from floating into the deep water and drowning.

Having no artillery nor baggage wagons, and having even abandoned our ambulances, we could go where regular armies could not and fording such places as we did, and swimming everything we couldn't ford they didn't want to follow us far. They did not have the incentive for doing so that we did.

Our object in this rebel country, full of rebel soldiers was self-preservation. We have, when closely pressed, been compelled to sit in the rain and hold our horses all night by the birdle. Croxton was a good fighter when success seemed possible, and equally a good runner and dodger when our safety was in escape only. He believed that

He that fights and runs away  
May life to fight another day;  
He that fights until he's slain  
Will have no chance to fight again."

He would compel the rankest rebel he met to pilot us, under penalty of death for failure, to certain places across the country, releasing him when there, under the impression that we were going in a certain direction or to some certain place, knowing that he would give all this information to our enemies. When we were a few miles further on we would take some road in a different direction, capture some town where we could replenish our larder, destroy government and railroad property, and move on in as near the direction that we wanted to go as circumstances, or the rebel army, would permit, till we captured Tallachaga, April 22. This I thought was our last battle, but I see the adjutant-general's report says we destroyed all the bridges, depots, rolling stock and government property along the Blue Mountain railway to its terminus and that the Eighth cavalry alone drove a company of 100 or more over through Jacksonville, capturing the town April 24<sup>th</sup> and April 26<sup>th</sup> we were met by a white flag announcing the death of Lincoln, surrender of Lee and the end of the war, and asking Croxton to cease hostilities.

We were now on the Chattahoochee river, nine miles from Nunan, Ga., where a number of our boys had been taken prisoners. In 1864 Vengeance had been declared against the town. This settled it, and we passed peacefully through on our way to Macon, Ga. At Macon we rejoined Wilson on the first day of May, to his great surprise, he having heard nothing of us since we left him at Elilon, and he had given us up as lost.

In order to keep our men mounted, our scouts would keep

bringing in extra horses I used five different mounts during the service, finishing the last three weeks on a mule.

Our thoughts now were turned homeward. We were mustered out here Aug. 16<sup>th</sup>, given our final discharge, with full pay, at Clinton, Iowa, August 26<sup>th</sup>. About eleven o'clock P.M. Aug. 29<sup>th</sup>, I knocked at the home of my wife's parents and met a joyful reception by the family, including my wife and two children. That was sixty-five years ago. I am now past ninety, and I still realize that war is what Sherman called it (Hell) and I want no more.

I was raised by a Christian mother, taught to fear God and rely on Him for help; so I daily sought His protection for myself and family, and for wisdom, strength and courage to perform the duties that were involved upon me. And by His help I gained the confidence of my officers so that they promoted me from private to fourth sergeant and had me detailed for strategic duties instead of trusting them with my superiors in rank, whose duty it was to do them. I left my company a friend of and to every man in it.

A. S. Ruby  
4<sup>th</sup> Sgt., Co. D. 8<sup>th</sup> Iowa Vol. Cavalry

## My Enlistment, and How I Got Into the Army

By T. T. Anderson

*The Indianola Herald*, 14 March 1901, page 5, col 1-2

From October., 1857, to Aug., 1861, my home was in Greenbush, Greenfield township, Warren county, Iowa, a village 10 miles south of Des Moines and in those days of some importance in that locality. The town in this year 1901 is only known in name, there being but a few houses remaining, Spring Hill, the new railroad town 1 mile south of it having absorbed its life and business.

Without mentioning the thrilling events of the few years preceding the war, which finally caused the bursting of the terrible cloud in 1861, which for four years thereafter deluged the county in blood, I will come at once to the reminiscence of my enlistment in that magnificent army which finally brought to a successful issue the greatest war in history. What I may say in regard to this eventful incident in my life is directed more especially to the old soldiers of Warren county who will more readily appreciate the narrative, but it may also be of interest to others. I beg also to be pardoned for the frequent use of the personal pronoun, a

favor the soldiers will grant for they all know how it is.

For certain reasons over which I had no control, I was not born sufficiently soon to be 18 years of age in August, 1861, which made it very difficult for me to enter the army. I could not convince the mustering officer that a seventeen-year-old boy was a man; that he was able to be a soldier. Therefore they would reject me, and three different times I was unsuccessful in efforts to become a soldier; but finally in August, 1861, there was a company of cavalry being made up in the city of Des Moines, by Captain George C. Graves, which I determined to enter if possible. One morning about August 15<sup>th</sup>, 1861, I said to my father, I am going to Des Moines with some other boys and want a horse to ride, and for some cause or other he did not object and asked no questions.

After arriving in Des Moines, I went to the captain, offered to enlist, was accepted, and at once sworn into the service of the state. The deed was done and I sent the horse back by one of the boys. The next day my father came to see me, (we lived out ten miles) and very kindly asked me to return home with him and get some more clothing. I was surprised to find him take the matter so calmly.

I went home with him by permission of the captain, with the understanding that I return the next day, which I promised to do. All was quiet until after prayers the next morning. My father attended to these services by having the entire family take part by each reading a few verses in the Bible, which made it necessary for each one to have a Bible. I used mine as usual, and when through laid it on the table. After prayers I stepped into another room to get some articles of clothing, (which by the way I did not find) when my father said to mother: "I have borne with that boy long enough, and propose now to rule him with a rod of iron. I have given one whom I will never see again and that is all that God requires of me." (He had reference to my brother Findley, who had enlisted in the 3<sup>rd</sup> infantry and who was afterwards killed at Shiloh, of whom he had a strange presentment would be called on to give his life for the union) and then ordered me into the room for final settlement. I tried to impress upon him the necessity of my going, for I would do no good at home. Any talk from me only made matters worse. He got between me and the outside door, which led into the back yard and in the direction of Des Moines. I was dressed in a pair of linen pants, had my hat in my hand, but had not yet put on a vest or coat.

*Thelma Pehrson is helping me with "Bits and pieces about ..." This will include information about various communities, events, or whatever strikes our 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.*

Seizing an opportunity to pass him I made a sudden rush for the door, and in passing snatched my Bible from the table, ran out the door, climbed over two fences and took a bee-line for Des Moines, with my father close after, but I was fleet of foot and soon distanced him. After running about half a mile I looked back and on the other hill stood my father with his head in his hand. I soon passed out of sight, but the picture of that grand old father remains with me until this day, and was especially with me until my return on veteran furlough nearly three years after, operating as a retraining influence throughout my life in the army.

On my way to Des Moines and until after the arrival of the company at the barracks in camp McClellan I carried that Bible inside my shirt waist, for clothed as I was there was no other place for it. Just why I took that book from the table under the hurried circumstances and why I held to it so tenaciously then and all during the exciting scenes of the four years that followed, are questions for others to solve.

It was the last days of August, 1861, in the evening when we left Des Moines for Kellogg, the nearest railroad station. The nights were cold, and my experience on top of an old stage-coach at night with almost no clothing on was a sharp experience, not at all pleasant to me. One incident will suffice for many. The first night out from Des Moines I was on top of the stage, and about three o'clock in the morning I thought in my very heart I would freeze. Lieutenant Washburn, a very large man, and clothed warmly with a heavy chinchilla overcoat was riding with the driver, and being tired he crawled on top of the stage and the driver giving him a valise for a pillow, the lieutenant proceeded to arrange for sleep. He had just gotten comfortable fixed when he heard the chattering of my teeth. He raised his head and said, "Boy, aren't you cold?" and with the best articulation at my command I said I am very cold. He caught hold of me and like a father pulled me close to him and wrapped me in that great warm overcoat. He weighed about two hundred and fifty and I about one hundred and five pounds, and if I live to be a hundred years old I shall never forget the pleasant sensations which came to me that raw August night as I nestled close to the warm body of that man who to me was then an utter stranger. From that night until he died Lieutenant Washburn and I were friends. His grave is in Woodland cemetery, Des Moines, near that of my mother, and I never visit that sacred spot without stopping at the tomb of the man who warmed me when I was cold.

#### Mustered into the State's Service

Our arrival at camp McClelland will never be forgotten. The march into camp under an arch, over which hung the picture of General Lyon leading the First Iowa at the battle

of Wilson's Creek, the general preparations for war and the universal fear that it would be fought out and over before we could get south are still remembrances of those days. But the one great event to which I looked forward with fear was the final act which would place me in the army of the United States. That day came, and with it Adjutant General Baker and mustering officer Captain Chambers, of the regular army. Captain Graves said to me, 'tell 'em you're eighteen last birthday or you will never get in.' I took it as an order from my superior officer and determined to do so. My turn for examination soon came. Baker stood on one side and Chambers on the other. I walked between them, struck out my arms, knocked with both feet, and in various ways demonstrated to those warriors that I was as sound as a dollar. Baker laid his hand on my head, gave me a turn around, and said to Chambers, 'he is rather a small specimen,' to which the mustering officer said, 'it is not always the large men who make the best soldiers,' I was putting forth every effort to appear large and old, and after a few words of consultation Baker ordered me to pass on. I have never since that time experienced greater relief than when the Adjutant General of Iowa said to me, 'pass on.' My relief, however, was but for a moment, for after getting but a few paces from him the old General said, 'here, young man, how old are you?' And boys what do you supposed I did? Remember I had been ordered to tell the officers that I was eighteen last birthday, but I did not do it. I just told them the exact truth by answering seventeen last birthday, and the two gentlemen immediately ordered me to take my place among the rejected me, which I did with feelings such as I never desire to experience again. I do not deserve credit for having told the truth, for the real facts are I was so scared I forgot to obey orders. Captain Graves was my friend and determined to get me in, so that night he called on General Baker, and after much discussion succeeded in having me mustered into the service. I was now a full-fledged soldier, thus gratifying the first matured ambition of my life. Before one year had passed the authorities were only too glad to take men and boys who at our time of enlistment they would not accept at all.

#### First Dress Parade

It was some time after our muster in before we received our uniforms. The regiment, under the command of Colonel Washington L. Elliott, had then removed to Camp Joe Holt, located on what was known in those days as the fair grounds. We were all interested in that first 'suit of blue,' but none more than myself. I needed it in my business. The weather was getting cold. It came at last, and what an outfit it was. That hat with a large brass breast-pin in the shape of an eagle, with which the right side of the rim was pinned up so as to prevent it coming in contact with the drawn saber; the brass epaulets, one on each

shoulder, and that leather collar, which operated on a man just as the over draw check does on a horse. I also had a large feather in my hat, but the epaulets, leather stock and feathers soon went out of fashion after we got down to the real business of war. Just what became of them I never knew, but that first dress parade in the regular army uniform left a lasting impression on my mind. I want it distinctly understood here that the first clothing issued to the troops of 1861 was large, a great deal larger than the clothing issued later on in the war, at least they were several sizes to large for a soldier of my dimensions. Company "D" drew several boxes full, and I was granted the privilege of searching through the entire lot for a small suit, but that lot of clothing was like bathing suits, all one size.

I finally succeeded in choosing my outfit. When I put on the pants I felt as though I had on a pair made to the order of W. H. Berry of this city although I was not acquainted with the senator at that time. My wool shirt was warm—the only good quality it had, for it was so rough that it kept me irritated in body and mind. That first cavalry jacket, with its stand-up collar, yellow stripes, and large brass epaulets, it was a dandy.

We were ordered to fall in for dress parade. My pants were so long that I was compelled to put them in my boot-legs so I could walk. My saber belt assisted some in keeping me together. I was clothed and armed to the teeth. I took my position at the tail end of the company, for that was my place by operation of that natural law, which beginning with the tallest must end with the shortest. Boys, I am not rich, but I would give one hundred dollars in honest money today for a picture of that soldier-boy as he stood in the ranks of his company to be inspected by Adjutant Martin, a regular army officer. As this officer walked down the line he would occasionally stop to criticize. When he came to me he stopped, and said, 'Young man, take those pant-legs out of your boots,' and passed on. I obeyed that order and again took my position as a trooper dismounted. The said pant-legs were long and wide, on a conservative Mother Hubbard style, almost hiding my feet from view and making it impossible for me to walk. The Adjutant soon returned and when opposite me stopped again, and after viewing the concern for a moment smiled. That was the only time I ever saw that man of beautiful curls smile. He ordered the pants rolled up, and also ordered Captain Graves to have those clothes made so I could wear them, which he did the next day, taking me to Sam Perry's tailor shop where the clothes were remodeled. I never knew who paid the bill, suppose the captain did, and then put in his expense account. I never had any further difficulty with my clothes, for the government began at once making suitable sizes for their soldiers.

I cannot close these reminiscences of the early days of the war without saying to my old comrades that it was a friendly fate that guided me into the ranks of the Second Iowa Cavalry, made up, as I believe, of as noble men as ever bore arms for their country. That four years' service and association together amidst the fires of war has bound me to them and to all the other soldiers of the civil war in the bonds of a friendship that, I trust, may never be broken.

## How I was Punished in the Army

by T. T. Anderson

*The Indianola Herald*, 21 March 1901, page 2, col 2-3

Last week I had something to say regarding the *modus opeandi* by which I became a soldier, and now it may be of interest to the boys to know something of the punishment meted out to me at least once while in the line of duty, for the purpose, so stated by authority, of making me not only a soldier in name, but a disciplined soldier as well. It is not often that soldiers care to tell of their punishments, preferring rather to speak of good conduct, promotions, being in with the colonel, having a "soft snap", etc., but as that part of soldier life has been written about so much I thought it would be a new departure and somewhat refreshing to say something about the other side of soldier life. The old Adjutant Martin, of whom I spoke last week as criticizing my clothing on dress parade said in my hearing one day that a man to make a good soldier must be taught prompt obedience to orders and military discipline through severe punishment. He was a West Pointer, and evidently believed in hazing, anyhow he was a cold-blooded fellow as I thought then, but was really assisting the colonel in breaking in the 1200 raw men and boys that made up the 2<sup>nd</sup> Iowa cavalry, and in the exercise of his cold severity was but obeying the commands of his chief.

Washington L. Elliott, a graduate of West Point and a captain of cavalry in the regular army for some years prior to the breaking out of the civil war, was our colonel, and was known as one of the strictest disciplinarians in the service. So you see I had regular West Point discipline to deal with, without a particle of experience as to the best methods of handling it. The colonel practiced "eternal vigilance" and if a private or a commission officer went wrong, no difference what the reason, he administered punishment at once swift and severe; and by the way, the soldier thus punished never made a mistake on that line afterwards, and was, as a rule, more careful in all his duties. Elliott had a piercing grey eye; it was that kind of grey in his eye that causes all men wearing it to mean business, and mean it so quickly as to give no opportunity for explanation. He was an officer that, during the period of discipline through which the regiment was taken during the first several months after enlistment was threatened, mentally, with death a thousand times,



## Bits and pieces about ... Civil War Veterans, *continued*

"just as soon as we get into a battle," the boys would say. Most of you boys remember how it was, don't you?

Well I was among those who declared vengeance on Colonel Elliott at first opportunity, but when that time came I was so engaged with other thoughts as to cause an entire forgetfulness of resolutions to get even with my commander, and in this represented practically all that threatening element so large during those early days of the war. But to the point; we were camped at New Madrid, Mo., which is located on the Mississippi river, and the time was about April 1, 1862, and notwithstanding it was early spring, the weather there was very warm. I was on duty one day at Colonel Elliott's headquarters. It was a warm, lazy, April day, and my white wool shirt and heavy cavalry jacket made me very uncomfortable, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, without a thought of doing wrong, I innocently took off my heavy jacket and hung it on a tent rope, and feeling so much better wondered why it had not been hazing there all day. It was not long until the colonel passed by, his slouch hat pulled well down over those eyes, but could see enough to return my salute.

A few minutes thereafter a sergeant stepped up to me and said Colonel Elliott has ordered me to take you to the guard house. I was doing my best to be a good soldier and this order almost paralyzed me for a moment, but I finally said, "you are mistaken in the man, I have done nothing." But he said he was not and ordered me to put on my jacket and hurry up or he would be punished for neglect of duty. There was nothing for me to do but go, and go at once, which I did. The guard house was a large Sibley tent and into that the guard ushered me. Before his leaving I asked him to tell me what I had done to enrage the Colonel, but he did not know. I was shocked, hurt, and felt that I was disgraced forever; these feelings were passing and repassing through my mind when Lieut. Metcalf of Co. E, officer of the day, opened the tent and said: "Young man, Colonel Elliott orders you out of this tent and orders you to walk round that tree—pointed to one near by—until 12 o'clock tonight." I said, "Lieutenant, what have I don't that deserves such treatment as this?" He said "ask no questions, sir, move on" and I moved. It was then 3 p.m. and my doom was to march around that tree for 9 dreadful hours without anything to eat, but I was not to be alone in the tiresome march. Elliott was evidently in a bad frame of mind that day for after evening roll call 27 others joined me in my circular work, and as I had marched about three hours alone, was glad to welcome these comrades to a place under my tree. I was then at 6 o'clock so tired that I could not enter into the hilarity indulged in by the new comers, and felt that 6 more hours would kill me, which it did not, but here is about the way I felt. At 11 o'clock and all during the last hour I would in passing a certain point

say "I will never get to this point again for I'll be dead before I can make another circle." Finally 12 o'clock came and we 28 worn our soldiers were released and sent to our quarters.

The next morning the colonel sent for me. I entered his tent, saluted and was saluted. He was sitting in a chair, hat off, and looking me full in the face said "Young man, last night's experience will teach you that in future when on duty you are to keep your clothes on, that's all." I saluted, turned and left his tent without a word, remembering then for the first time that I had taken that jacket off and that was the size, nature and quality of my offense against the government and military authority of the United States.

As I went to my tent I said words and thought thoughts that would not do to print in the *Herald*, for the Scotch-Irish was up at boiling point. I felt I had been punished too severely for so slight an offense, and was bound to take vengeance out of the hands of the Lord and administer it myself so far as Washington L. Elliott was concerned. But in the course of time when we got into real, active service about Farmington and Corinth, I changed my mind, and Elliott who afterwards became a major general, never knew until years after that he had even injured my feelings.

Twenty-four years after walking around that tree, in 1886, I with ten other members of the old regiment, took dinner in Gen. Elliott's palatial home in San Francisco, where he settled after the war, and had entered business in that city, becoming wealthy. It was the year of the meeting of the National Encampment in that far off city, and I was attending the sessions. When I meet him the old tree rose between us and I said to him "General, I have great reason to remember you. He said "I expect so, what did I do?" When told of the punishment he said, "I treated the commission officers as roughly according to rank as the private soldier and I did it all for the one purpose, that of making the 2<sup>nd</sup> cavalry one of the best in the service, which I accomplished and then the regiment made me." At this meeting the old general wept tears of joy at having 11 of his old regiment with him in his own home, and as I looked into his kind, fatherly face that day I could scarcely believe him to be the same man who had ordered me punished at New Madrid, Mo, in 1862. Every vestige of resentment towards him left me, at this last meeting, for which I am thankful. The old general died suddenly in 1888 and passed to the other life forgiven and loved by me.

### Reminiscence No. 3

My Last Associations With My Brother Findley Anderson, Killed April 6, 1862, at the Battle of Shiloh

by T. T. Anderson

*The Indianola Herald, 4 April 1901, page 6, col 4-5*



Next Saturday April 6, is the 39<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the great battle of Shiloh, which brought to the western army the realization of war in all its horrors, and to western homes sorrow and mourning unequalled in the history of this country. It is not my intention to give the movements of the army or causes leading up to this most terrible conflict, as these are well-known to all and will only say in a general way that the union army was commanded by General Grant and the confederates by Albert Sidney Johnson.

The purpose of this talk to my comrades and friends generally in Warren county, is to say a word relative to a boy who enlisted in Co. G 34d Iowa infantry, about April 1861, near where the Herald office now stands. This boy was killed on the battle field of Shiloh, Sabbath April 6<sup>th</sup>, 1862, and up to the present but little has been said of him in print. No obituary was ever written, and he died leaving no photograph except the one indelibly stamped upon the minds of the members of his family. He was well known in the north part of this county, and I know they and his old comrades, W. H. Swan, J. H. Clark, J. T. Huffman, Silas Coryell, Arch Payne and others in the county remember him kindly and will bear me out in the statement that as a young citizens, soldier and friend, Findley Anderson is deserving of mention on this 39<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his death.

Friends, that 6<sup>th</sup> of April 1862, was a historic time in the annals of this country, for young northern men died on the banks of the Tennessee river rapidly that day for principle and strong government. It was the first great national baptism of blood, the first determined, obstinate trial of strength between the north and the south, and in that awful death struggle, when the union forces were being hurled back to their last and final stand, the life of this Warren county boy went out amidst the carnage of battle, the bullet string him just below the heart, causing death soon after. His body was buried by his comrades on the field near where Co. G was camped at the opening of the battle, and at a point conspicuous in the history of the engagement, the 3<sup>rd</sup> Iowa infantry camp being a prominent point in the battle, because of its location and adjustment to other parts of the lines. A description of the battle, or any part of it, however, is not the object of this sketch, for I am aware of how little it requires to start hours of discussion among the soldier boys when Shiloh is mentioned, and will therefore avoid that sensitive subject and come at once to my text.

Our regiments, the 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry and 2<sup>nd</sup> Cavalry, were quartered at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, during Dec. of 1861, and it was, as I remember it now, in the latter part of that month the 3<sup>rd</sup> was ordered to join the forces of Gen. Grant for the expedition up the Tennessee river. The order came during the afternoon of a certain day, and I was soon informed of the fact that the third would leave the next morn-

ing on boats for the enemies' country. I do not remember how long the two regiments were together at Benton Barracks, but whatever the time the days and also the nights were pleasantly and profitably spent by me in associations with the boy of whom I write, and the last evening and night spent together are as vivid to me now as though the event was of yesterday.

The night was beautiful moonlight and warm for that season of the year and the great parade grounds and rows of barracks containing thousands of soldiers was a picture that once seen is not easily forgotten. I was at the quarters of Co. G and after supper he said to me "we will spend the night together for we cannot tell when we will meet again." I was approaching my 18th birthday and he his 22<sup>nd</sup>, yet he seemed to me to be 10 or 15 years older than that for the advice and counsel imparted was that of a mature mind, having had wide experiences in life. Here were two brothers strolling up and down that beautiful parade ground all that December night, talking over the past days at home, the present situation of the country, and the future of us both. One was as wild as an Indian; the other just the opposite. One would rush impulsively into the whirl and excitement of army life, easily carried away by it and into habits at variance with home training; the other was conservative, steady in habits and firm in religious convictions. One was drifting with events up to that time somewhat thoughtlessly; the other was giving every even then occurring a thoughtful consideration far beyond his years, and there we were—the one giving advice as to careful living, the daily reading of the Bible and good books so that the time spent in the army would not be entirely lost even in an educational way; the other receiving it as earnestly as it was possible for him to do amidst such stirring events as were then transpiring.

That night my life and future were uppermost in that brother's mind and the talk of those hours has had an inspiring influence during all the years since. As the hours of morning drew near (we had not gone to bed), he became more serious, caused, I presume, by the realization of the fact that in a few more hours we must part, and I have always felt that he had a kind of presentment that it would be forever. It was about 5 a.m. when the first bugle call from headquarters sounded reveille and then came the drums and bugles from all the regiments quartered in that vast area of barracks and as I write I can in mind hear that sound again—that Indian bugler at camp headquarters, the shrill piercing notes of the fifes, the rattle of the drums mixed with the bugles of the cavalry, the falling in line for roll call, was occurring as we walked from a point near headquarters to the barracks of Co. G. There all was bustle and rush getting ready to leave. Breakfast was soon over

## Bits and pieces about ... Civil War Veterans, *continued*

and the 3<sup>rd</sup> infantry fell in line, the command was given and the old regiment with the swing of veterans, flags flying and drums beating marched away to eventually almost fight itself out of existence. I marched with my brother to the south gate where we parted and in a few minutes he and the regiment were lost to sight.

I returned to my barracks about as lonesome a boy as there was in the army, in fact I was almost homesick, a feeling that was with me for several days, but orders soon came for us to leave and then all was well again. The next word of him came in a letter from home, informing me of his death. His body with all others was removed from the battle field and buried in the beautiful National Cemetery on a high bluff overlooking the Tennessee river and near where Grant formed his last line. In 1884, just 22 years to a day after the battle I visited this picturesque spot and as I sat by his grave the memories of my last associations with him came vividly to mind, and I then wondered what he would have been, had life been spared, for as a student he was a marvel, and as proof of this I have only to say that unaided by any one he had mastered all the higher branches of mathematics, finishing Euclid's geometry about the time I met him at St. Louis. In the languages he was equally proficient and his general reading covered a wide scope. But that confederate bullet caused the active brain and kind heart to cease. Good took him with thousands of others as representatives of what it cost to obliterate human slavery and save a nation.

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### **Thomas J. Henderson**

*The Advocate Tribune, Indianola, Iowa, January 25, 1917, page 2, col 2*

Thomas J. Henderson, son of Thomas and Polly Henderson, was born in Indiana, October 25, 1838, and died January 15, 1917, at the age of seventy-eight years, two months and twenty-one days. He was in good health until a little over a year ago, when he was stricken with paralysis, from which he never recovered.

He came to Warren county, with his parents when he was sixteen years old, and continued a resident of the same until death, with the exception of about one year and a half, which was spent in Colorado.

In 1860 he was married to Lucinda Stites. To this union three daughters were born, Mrs. R. Essler, of Tacoma, Washington; Mrs. Wm. Corbett, of Des Moines; Emma, having died at the age of six years. The wife and mother of these children departed this life November 5, 1890.

He was married the second time to Adessa Lockridge, Sept. 13, 1892. He was the last of a large family, all of his brothers and sisters having preceded him to the other world. He

leaves to mourn his departure, the wife, two daughters, on granddaughter, many relatives and friends. He was of a cheerful disposition, patient in his affliction, and never complained. About two years ago he was converted and united with the Presbyterian church.

At the age of twenty-three, while residing in Indianola, he enlisted in Company C, 34<sup>th</sup> Iowa Volunteer infantry, on August 13, 1862, under Capt. Dan H. Lyons, who was fatally wounded at the battle of Arkansas Post and died January 13, 1863, and who was succeeded by Capt. James S. Clark with whom Mr. Henderson served until discharged. He was mustered into United States service on October 15, 1862, at Burlington, Iowa, by Lieutenant Ball, United States mustering officer. He was transferred to Company B, 34<sup>th</sup> and 38<sup>th</sup> Iowa infantry, consolidated, November 12, 1864, and mustered out of service with honorable discharge at close of the war, with the organization on August 15, 1865, at Houston, Texas. As a soldier he never shirked duty. He was with his regiment in every battle in which it was engaged.

He was a member of Company D, 3<sup>rd</sup> Regiment Iowa national guard, which was organized and for a number of years maintained at Indianola. He was commissioned captain of Company D August 4, 1881, and continued as the captain until June 9, 1887, when he was succeeded by Captain Joel T. Huffman.

In his death a kind husband and father has passed away. Warren county has lost another one of its pioneers; the soldier boys of '61 and '65 another comrade and the citizens of Indianola another good and loyal citizen.

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*Marieta's note: Harlan Page Bruch lived in Warren County from approximately 1866 to 1881. I included his story because he married a Warren County girl and his story is a little different from other Civil War veterans.*

### **Death of Harlan Page Bruch – Old Civil War Veteran**

*The Indianola Herald, Indianola, Iowa October 25, 1925, page 6, columns 2 & 3*

Harlan Page Bruch, Civil War veteran and resident of Walla Walla county since 1881, died at his home on West Fourth street about 1:30 o'clock Monday morning.

Mr. Bruch had been in poor health for the past several weeks but was thought to be improving and was able to be down in the business district last week. Heart failure was given as the cause of death.

The deceased was born in Pennsylvania on February 18,

## Bits and pieces about ... Civil War Veterans, *continued*

1844, making him 82 years, 6 months and 14 days old. He enlisted in the Union army in the fall of 1862, at St. Paul, Minn, entering Co. K, 8<sup>th</sup> Minnesota Infantry. He was discharged on August 16, 1865, at Fort Snelling, Minn. In December 1868, Mr. Bruch was married to Lydia A. Brown, and in 1881 with his wife and two small children, came to Washington territory. Four other children were born to the union in Walla Walla county. The children are: Mrs. Cora Merry and L. E. Bruch, of Vancouver; Jake B. of Woodland, Calif; Harry of LaCrosse; Mrs. Bessie Smith, Seymour Arm, B. C.; and Mrs. Sadie Park of Waitsburg. Mrs. Bruch died April 3, 1923.

Mr. Bruch for the past four years has been commander of Burnside Post, G. A. R., and for years has been one of its most active members. All too rapidly are the old veterans of our Civil War passing to their reward. The local post, once with an impressive membership, has dwindled to three remaining members—Isaac Wilson, J. D. Moore and H. V. Grubbe.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Methodist church, Rev. D. S. Kerr, officiating.

The following is an article taken from The Times issued December 10, 1924, and gives an interesting account of Mr. Bruch's life:

H. P. Bruch, of this city, who is nearing his 81<sup>st</sup> birthday is the present commander of Burnside Post G. A. R. The ranks of the local post which in years gone by made quite an impressive appearance on Memorial Day, has been thinned to only a handful of gray-haired men. Mr. Bruch is still very active for a man of his years, both mentally and physically.

Harlan Page Bruch was born in Pennsylvania, February 18, 1844, and was the youngest of seven children.

The family moved from Pennsylvania to Iowa in 1855, and preempted land in this then new country, to engage in farming. The following year, during a storm, lightning struck the little home, killing the father instantly as he sat in his chair.

Continuing this sketch of a long and rather eventful life, Mr. Bruch said:

"The older brothers and sisters as time passed, got married and made homes of their own, leaving mother and I alone in our home in Eldora, Iowa, where I received all the schooling I ever had. When I was sixteen years of age I started to learn the printer's trade at \$40.00 a year, and board myself. After the first year I was promised 40 cents per thousand ems for setting type. After 4 months' steady work I made up my mind I didn't want to be a printer, so I

finally got another job. While up in Minnesota in the fall of 1862, I enlisted at St. Paul, August 16<sup>th</sup>, in Co. K, 8<sup>th</sup> Minnesota Infantry.

On account of the Sioux Indians being on the warpath and murdering and driving the settlers from their homes, we were scattered all along the frontier, one and two companies in a place along the Red River of the North and having a good many skirmishes with them. We had taken some prisoners and thirty-one of them were hung on the gallows at Mankato. The spring of 1864 we were ordered to march to the Missouri river to meet Gen. Gible with a part of the 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> Iowa Cavalry. Our scouts discovered a big Indian camp a good many miles from where we went into camp for the night. When the scouts returned "Boots and Saddies" was sounded and the march was taken up lasting all night. At daylight we were within 3 miles of their camp. The Indians formed at their camp and came at us as fast as their ponies could carry them until within shooting distance of their guns and arrows, then flop over on the side of their ponies and go back to their camp and form and come again. But we kept up a steady advance on their camp and every time they came at us we were ready and gave them a volley and there was sure some tumbling from their ponies. The squaws and kids had all deserted and left everything behind. Tons of dried buffalo meat, robes, blankets, besides their fine large tepees, numbering about 500. We camped there three days, burning their village.

We killed between 100 and 150 of the Redskins. I don't remember how many men we lost, but not nearly so many of the boys.

The name of that battle was called Killdeere Mountain. We fought the Reds all through the bad lands to the Yellowstone river when they became scattered and lost. We went down the Yellowstone to where it emptied into the Missouri and crossed to the east side and down to Fort Rice, making a complete circle from the place we started West, arriving at Fort Snelling, Minn. October 15<sup>th</sup>, where Orelere awaited us before going south. We arrived at Murfresboro, Tenn. On October 26<sup>th</sup>, just about the time Hood's army was trying out Pap Thomas' command.

"On December 7<sup>th</sup>, the 8<sup>th</sup> Reg with six other regiments were ordered out under Gen. Milroy Thomas commanding. We were called the Indian regiment by the other troops. We were formed in line of battle and Forward was the order. The Reds had the exact range on us and their shells kept bursting in close proximity to us, some striking Co. F, killing several. Under heavy fire of musketry and artillery we moved forward, charging across an open cotton field upon the Rebel position in the woods, giving the Indian yell and the lines came together, left the

## Bits and pieces about ... Civil War Veterans, *continued*

field totally routed. We took 200 prisoners in the engagement.

"Our regiment lost 90 men, including our Lieut.-Col. Rogers, in about 3 minutes.

"Our regiment was then assigned to the 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade, 1<sup>st</sup> Div., 23<sup>rd</sup> A.C., and were ordered by Gen. Schelfield to command the 23<sup>rd</sup> Corps, and proceeded via Washington, D.C., to North Carolina. On the trip in December, with rain and snow day and night, crawling into our pup tents and shiver the rest of the night. This trip was the cause of many bad colds and pneumonia and many deaths occurring on our way. In Camp Steneman, Washington, D.C., an ambulance backed up to my tent and I was taken to the Douglas hospital at that place, January 1, 1865. I was just able to be out convalescent on the 4<sup>th</sup> day of March and walked up to the capitol to hear A. Lincoln deliver his inaugural address. It happened to be a very nice day and there was certainly a large crowd extending for a block in front of him.

"My regiment had proceeded on to North Carolina. After I got over my sick spell, I, with quite a number of others, forming a company were on our way to join our various regiments between Wilmington, North Carolina, and Raleigh. When on the 18<sup>th</sup> day of April, 1865, the news reached us of the assassination of our beloved president, A. Lincoln, sorrow mixed with anger and hate filled our hearts. I, with my regiment, went through Greensborough, N.C., Salsebery and Charlotte, N.C., where we were mustered out of the service on the 11<sup>th</sup> of July, 1865, and started for Fort Snelling, Minn., where we were discharged on the 16<sup>th</sup> day of August, 1865, and I left for home.

"With the exception of one day and two nights I had been absent over four years and I found many changes. I found a new home and a new father—mother had married a widower who had lost his wife and left a baby girl and three small boys at home and two that had been in the service and got home the same time I did—they to a new mother and I to a new father.

"Well, we certainly did not do much in the way of work. But winter was coming on so we could not work, but dad had good bobsleds and sleighing fine and the young fellows that stayed at home during the war, got to stay at home when we took their girls sleigh riding and to the dances. Therefore, there was nothing else done through the winter of 1865-66 but when spring came we three boys had to get out and hustle away from the home.

"I found work helping build the C.B. & Q. railway for a short time. Then found work in a saw mill, 16 miles south of Des Moines, Iowa, where I got acquainted with Miss

Lydia A. Brown and married her in December, 1868. I took up farming in Warren county, Iowa, which I followed up until March 2, 1881, when I with wife and two children, now Mrs. Cora Merry and L. E. Bruch, of Dayton, left for Washington territory. Our four other children, Bessie B. Smith, of Seymour Arm, B. C.; Harry Bruch, of LaCrosse; Jake B. Bruch, of Woodland, Calif., and Mrs. Sadie B. Park, of Waitsburg, were all born in Walla Walla county, Washington. The wife and mother passed away in this city on April 3, 1923"

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### **W. N. Yoders, Civil War Veteran, Has a Letter Which He Wrote Sixty-two Years Ago** *The Indianola, Iowa, Herald, September 17, 1925, page 2*

W. N. Yoders, of this city, one of the rapidly diminishing number of Civil War veterans, last week received a letter which he prizes very highly.

Strange as it may seem, this is not a letter from a person in high authority, nor is it from a boyhood sweetheart. The letter was written by Mr. Yoders himself.

Mr. Yoders received the letter from a niece, Mrs. J. A. Smith, of Washington, Penn., after it was found among her mother's papers recently. It was written to Mr. Yoder's sister and brother-in-law, Catherine and Henry Miller, of Amity, Penn., fourteen days after the second day's battle at Gettysburg.

Mr. Yoders was then twenty years of age and was serving in Co., A., 18<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Cavalry, and was in the midst of that great fight which marked the turning point of the rebellion. Although more than sixty-two years have elapsed since it was written, the letter is very legible and has been well preserved during the more than three score years it has been out of the writer's possession.

Mr. Yoders has allowed us to publish the letter, which gives added proof to the charge, which President Lincoln was then confronted with and to remove had changed commanders of the Army of the Potomac several times, that more decisive action on the part of the union generals would have ended the struggle many months before Appomattox.

The letter follows:

"Camp at Loudoun County, Va., July the 18<sup>th</sup>, 1863  
"Dear Friends:

"It is with pleasure that I seat myself to inform you that I received your kind letter the 16th and glad to hear from you and that you were all well. I am happy to say that I am still alive and in good health and hope this will find

you all enjoying the same blessing.

"Ben and Joseph have taken a trip down to Richmond. They were both captured the last day of June and I hear that they are at home. The rest of the boys that were taken the same time have gone home and I think they have too.

"I will tell you a little about fighting. The last day of June was the first fight that we had. That was at Hanover in Pennsylvania. Since then I have seen eight skirmishes and was in every one of them. I tell you that the battle of Gettysburg was a hard fought battle. Many a brave man fell there.

"We have lost over thirty men out of our company since we commenced marching. We came here last night. I don't know how long we will stay here. Not long, I reckon, for we are trying to capture Lee's wagon trains. If things had been worked as they ought to have been, he never would have got back over the Potomac. He lost a great many men. I think that he paid dear for the horses that he took out of Pennsylvania. We are under Kilpatrick. You can see the amount of prisoners we took and the number of different battles we fought by reading the papers. That will give you the whole history.

"I saw the Washington county boys and they tell me that Jacob Yoders is wounded and captured. Lephars Tharp is badly wounded. James Beebout is killed. I suppose you know more about it than I do. Our captain was killed at Hagarstown, and the man that carried the flag was killed.

"We commenced marching the 21<sup>st</sup> day of June and are still marching. My horse gave out and I have to walk. I got that money of Joseph in the letter you sent. I don't know what to do with it. I have no use for it and I am afraid of getting it stolen. I will send it to him I think soon.

"Give my compliments to all my friends. I believe I won't write anymore this time but will do better the next. I hope you will excuse me for not writing more and my bad writing and spelling for I have a poor chance to write no more. Please write soon.

"W. N. YODERS"

"To Henry and Cass Miller  
"Amity, Pennsylvania."

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**B. F. Speer, 89, Lincoln Guard, Is Dead Here**  
*The Indianola herald, December 13, 1934, page 1 col 3 & page 8, col 6*

Civil War Veteran Died Wednesday Afternoon---Was a Guard of Lincoln's Body at Chicago---Burial Friday

Benjamin F. Speer, 89, Civil War veteran and a member of the guard which stood by Abraham Lincoln's body as it lay in state in the courthouse in 1865, died Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 in the home of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hat-

tie Speer of Indianola.

Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon, Dec. 14 at the Orr funeral home, at 1 o'clock, the Rev. Sampson Cocks officiating. Burial will be in Linn Grove cemetery by the side of Mr. Speer's wife who preceded him in death 20 years ago. Sons of veterans will serve as pallbearers.

Born in 1845

Benjamin Franklin Speer, son of Joseph and Dorothy (Collier) Speer, was born at Princeton, Mo., Feb. 25, 1845. When he was four years old his mother died, and his father died June 10, 1880, at the age of almost 102. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Speer were the parents of the following children: Joseph, Phoebe, John C., Isaac J., Benjamin F., and two girls who died in infancy.

Mr. Speer's schooling consisted of about four months in a country school, where he used a speller and one or two other books of uncertain age which happened to be in his possession. His father was the owner of a part of the land where Princeton [Mo] now stands, so at that time the town consisted of only a few scattered houses.

Enlisted at 16

When the war broke out, young Benjamin saw an opportunity to gratify his desire for adventure and about Sept. 1, 1861, through he was but a little more than 16 years old, he enlisted for six months in Company D, Seventh Missouri State Militia, but was not mustered out until he had served eight months. In August, 1862, he again enlisted, this time in Company G, 27<sup>th</sup> Missouri infantry, and served until the close of the war. At the siege of Vicksburg, he was disabled and sent to Jefferson Barracks, 12 miles south of St. Louis, and from there to the Marine hospital in St. Louis. After his release from the hospital he was sent to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, and then to Camp Douglas, near Chicago, where he was guard over the war prisoners for more than a year. It was while he was doing duty at the latter place that President Lincoln was assassinated on the evening of April 14, 1865, and Mr. Speer was honored by being chosen as one of the soldiers to guard the body while it was in Chicago.

Carefully Chosen

That he was one of the men chosen to fill this coveted position is an honor of which he was justly proud. The choice was not made until the officers in charge had carefully inspected the entire company in order to secure men who were neat, of soldierly bearing and had other qualities which were considered essential. The funeral train reached Chicago on the morning of Monday, May 1. And after the body had been taken from the train to the courthouse where it was to lay in state, he was stationed at the front end of

## Bits and pieces about ... Civil War Veterans, *continued*

the casket on the right hand side, where he stood for two hours, and with the other three guards kept the people moving in an orderly manner as they passed by in endless streams to look upon the face of their beloved president. The guards were changed every two hours.

### Back to Depot

The next day while the casket was being placed in the hearse, preparatory to returning to the depot, Mr. Speer, with the other three guards, took their position at the four corners of the hearse and stood "at rest, on arms reversed," with the muzzle of the gun resting on the toe of the right foot, while the chin rested on the hands, which were placed on the butt of the gun. The casket having been placed in the hearse, Mr. Speer continued in the same position that he had been holding, at the right front wheel, and marched in that position until the procession reached the depot, where his part of the sad journey ended. The hearse, he said, was drawn by ten large, black horses, while a colored boy walked beside each horse, leading it by the bridle. After reaching the depot, the casket was placed on the train and taken to Springfield, its final resting place. After the funeral, Mr. Speer returned to Camp Douglas. From there he was sent to Cairo, Ill., where he received his honorable discharge August 1, 1865.

### Married Martha Moore

He then went to Decatur, Ill., where he made his home with Henry Havelly and family and worked on their farm for six years. He then returned to Princeton, Mo., where he worked in the timber cutting railroad ties and doing other similar work, for several years.

On April 13, 1876, he was married at Goshen, Mo., to Miss Martha Moore. Five children were born: Alva Donathen Speer, Otis B. Speer of Patterson, John W. Speer of Knoxville, Calvin Speer of Indianola and Mrs. Curtis Marchant of Perry. The latter four survive him, with 19 grandchildren and great grandchildren.

In 1888, Mr. Speer brought his family to Iowa, and lived near Kellerton for several years. After having lived at Beaconsfield, Grand River, Van Wert and Osceola, the family came in 1913 to Indianola, where Mrs. Speer died March 28, 1914.

Mr. Speer was in general good health until a few weeks ago, receiving constant care from his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hattie Speer, at her home at 600 North D street.

The Warren County Historical Library has a big book entitled *Personal War Sketches presented to J. T. Randolph Post No. 116, Indianola, Iowa by Woman's Relieve Corps No. 154, 1892, Grand Army of the Republic*. Personal war stories are included for the following people. Some of the stories are brief sketches and some are quite detailed.

Joseph L. Boyer  
Homer Irving Brent  
W. E. Brown  
William W. Campbell  
Valentine Cline  
Silas Coryelle  
Benjamin Fowler  
Leroy Gamble  
James Hall  
William E. Hamilton  
Frederick Harris  
Thomas J. Henderson  
Charles Hester  
Joseph Hewitt  
Alexander Jenner  
Thomas Jeys  
Milton R. Judkins  
Charles F. Keables  
Jacob F. Lough

Matthew McCahill  
Charles Montgomery McCoy  
Thomas M. McKenry  
Hiram T. Metcalf  
Jacob B. Moon  
Robert J. Moore  
Anthony Reitschey  
Arthur Wherry Richards  
Jasper N. Rickey  
Addison Sparks Ruby  
William H. Scroggs  
B. R. Shipley  
John A. Shuler  
John William Silcott  
Isaac K. Story  
W. N. Yoders  
John Young  
Robert Young

## Computers, Software and the Internet

### Computers, Technology and Family Research

IGS Fall Conference, October 27, 2001

Featured speaker: Jim Slade

"Technology has enabled the genealogist to accomplish tasks in hours that might otherwise take months without its use." Jim Slade used his presentation to "demonstrate how computer technology can be used to supplement ancestor research without compromising traditional and sound genealogical practices."

He guided the participants through several web sites:  
<http://www.GenForum.com>

U.S. Bureau of Land Management	<a href="http://www.glorerecords.blm.gov">http://www.glorerecords.blm.gov</a>
Cyndi's List	<a href="http://www.cyndislist.com">http://www.cyndislist.com</a>
Census Records online	<a href="http://www.censuslinks.com">http://www.censuslinks.com</a>
National Genealogical Society Library	<a href="http://www.ngsgenealogy.org">http://www.ngsgenealogy.org</a>
Missouri State Archives	<a href="http://www..mos/.sos.state.mo.us/rec-man/arch.html">http://www..mos/.sos.state.mo.us/rec-man/arch.html</a>
Library of Virginia West VA Archives	<a href="http://www.lva.lib.va.us">http://www.lva.lib.va.us</a>
Genealogy Corner	<a href="http://www.wvculture.org/history/genealogy.html">http://www.wvculture.org/history/genealogy.html</a>
Pennsylvania State Archives	<a href="http://www.digitalarchives.state.pa.us">http://www.digitalarchives.state.pa.us</a>

Next Mr. Slade guided us through several software applications:

**AniMap Plus County Boundary Historical Atlas** can identify every county boundary change in every United States county since 1634.

**SiteFinder** is a geographic database that comes on the same CD with AniMap Plus. It searches, identifies and lists the county, state, and geographic latitude and longitude locations for more than 200,000 places in the United States. Both AniMap and SiteFinder are available at [www.goldbug.com](http://www.goldbug.com).

**DeedMapper** is a program for plotting and managing deeds, grants, surveys and claims. Deed Mapper will even plot an accurate boundary map using metes and bounds deed descriptions. This software is available from Steve Broyles, Direct Line Software at 617-527-9566 or <http://www.ultranet.com/~deeds>

**Street Atlas** displays modern maps showing all present day towns, streets, roads, trails, cemeteries, etc.

**Topo USA** is similar to *Street Atlas*, but includes a whole lot more. It contains a computer database

created by using enhanced US Geological Survey digital files so that it identifies contours, hills, creeks, cemeteries, railroads, trails, back road detail, etc. *Street Atlas* and *Topo USA* are all trademarks of DeLorme and are available at <http://de-lorme.com>.

In addition, Mr. Slade discussed some general genealogy software products. **Clooz** is a filing cabinet software. He recommends beginning to use it early, otherwise, it is difficult to catch up. He uses **The Master Genealogist** for entering information. He especially likes the way TMG puts everything in chronological order. Finally, he uses **Brothers Keeper** for printing charts.

Mr. Slade also discussed taking technology to the courthouse. However, he recommends doing your homework before going to the courthouse. Be sure your ancestors were in the county, know what records are kept in the county and where and how to find them. Always call ahead of your visit. He recommends using Everton's *Handy Book* as a county reference guide. After this initial discussion, he discussed various types of scanners. **Pen Scanner** is a "techy toy" of emerging technology. It still needs some perfecting and is still quite expensive. **Hand Scanner** works better and is very portable, but only scans in black and white and is more expensive than the pen scanner. **Flat Bed Scanner** is probably the best option available right now. It can be very thin, very light weight, and reasonably priced. TIP: When scanning thin pages, use a black sheet of paper behind the sheet you are scanning to block out "bleed through" from the other side of the page. Mr. Slade also discussed **OCR** (optical character recognition) software. The OCR software converts scanned pages into text so it can be used in a word processor. This hasn't evolved yet to recognizing hand writing. **Voice Recognition** software, as Mr. Slade told us, is another emerging technology. This one requires patience setting the software to recognize a specific individual's voice. **Digital Cameras** are another "new" technology that Mr. Slade discussed. He suggested using a tripod or a copy stand and good lighting if using the camera to photo documents. He discussed the importance of considering resolution and "megapixels" (prefer 2, 3, or 4) when looking at digital cameras.

Overall, Jim Slade presented a lot of "up and coming" information for us to think about. Technology surrounds us. Knowing when and where to step on each bandwagon becomes the problem for each individual to resolve. It is the future. Most of us complain about not having enough time. Once we embrace the technology we can save hours and hours of time.



## 2001 Warren County Fair

### Category: Ancestral Portrait

1st RaChell Felton

This portrait is Chris Morris and Dorothy Haller Morris. Chris Morris was born on December 23, 1914. Dorothy Haller was born on October 20, 1912. Chris Morris and Dorothy Haller were united in marriage on April 9, 1934. Chris and Dorothy Morris are my great grandparents. I inherited this picture from my family when they were going through pictures and other things of our past family.

### Category: Best Display of Documents

1st Mary Berry

In 1984 at a family reunion, it was suggested that someone start the family genealogy. I was appointed to start with the help of everyone else. So it has become very interesting, the more I learn the more I wanted to know where we came from and why.

My grandma, Carrie Jensen, came with her parents from Denmark to America when she was 5 years old (around 1878). They settled near Harlan, IA. My grandpa (Nels Peter Nielsen) came with my grandmother's parents because they were promised to each other. They were married March 6, 1888 and settled on a farm near Harlan and later moved to Adair, IA to another farm. In 1912 they moved to a Greenfield farm. To this union 16 children were born. While living just 2 miles northeast of Greenfield, my grandpa was instantly killed when his overcoat became entangled in the revolving fly wheel of a gasoline engine. He was alone when the accident occurred.

My mother, Edna Louise Nielsen and her twin sister, Etta Lucile Nielsen, were born April 8, 1914 near Greenfield. On May 10, 1933 she was married to Clifford Putney and moved to a farm southwest of Indianola. To this union 5 children were born.

### Category: True Story of the Past

2nd Virginia Nelson

#### The Iowa Centennial Fifty Cent Piece

In 1946 the state of Iowa celebrated its Centennial. I was in the seventh grade and our teacher announced at the beginning of the school year that we were going to study Iowa history from its beginning. Imagine my surprise to find out that Iowa became the 29th state of the union on December 28, 1846. December 28th! That's my birthday! How special! Looking back on it, I think that study of Iowa may have triggered my life long interest in all history.

That same year, 1946, the state of Iowa issued an Iowa

Centennial fifty-cent piece. I asked my mother if I could have one. She didn't say no right away, but she finally did say no. I don't know if she said no for economic reasons or because it just didn't seem like a good buy. The cost was \$2.50 for an Iowa Centennial fifty-cent piece at that time.

When I was young, it was customary for my family to go to town, Oskaloosa, Iowa, every Saturday and it was routine for me to go to the Rivola theater to see the movies. Every Saturday the Rivola had bingo night. Prizes for the winners were movie passes and cash prizes of a dollar and the luckiest winner went home with a grand prize of three collars. If you bingoed, you were allowed to pick one of several disks hanging on a board. On the other side of the disk was the name of your prize. Believe it or not, Saturday, December 28, 1946, the day of Iowa's 100th birthday and my birthday, I went to the movies and, yes, you guessed right, I bingoed and I picked the disk with the grand prize of \$3.00! My mother went to the bank the next week and purchased an Iowa Centennial fifty-cent piece for me.

Through the years, I have periodically checked the coin books to see how much that fifty-cent piece was worth. The State of Iowa reserved several hundred Iowa Centennial fifty-cent pieces to be sold for the sesquicentennial in 1996. The cost for those was \$100.00 a piece. About 4 years ago I went to a household sale that advertised an Iowa Centennial fifty-cent piece for sale. The coin books at that time said a coin in good condition was worth around \$70.00 to \$75.00. I purchased that coin for \$75.00. Now both of my children will eventually have a coin that I consider very special. That \$2.50 purchase in 1946 was a pretty good buy - don't you think?

### Category: Military Record

3rd Dianna Parker

This is a copy of the military records we were able to get at Camp Dodge for my husband's Uncle Raymond. We were also able to get a copy of the grave registration records. We're trying to get copies of all his family members in the military as we want to honor all of them at our family reunion next year. This is getting my husband really interested in his family's genealogy.

## Research Helps

### State Historical Archives of Iowa

by Marieta Grissom

On August 10, Sharon Avery, Archivist at the State Archives in Des Moines, gave four WCGS members (Dorothy Stearns, Virginia Wheeldon, Thelma Pehrson and me) a wonderful tour of their facility. My first impression was "Wow!" I counted 46 rows of shelves that are 55 feet long and 9 shelves high, and this is not all! There is another series of shelves that is not quite as long. Sharon was well prepared for us and showed us several samples of items in the boxes that are of interest to genealogists.

For example, if you provide an individual's name, company and regiment for anyone who enlisted from Iowa, a staff member will automatically pull three separate files from the Adjutant General's records: 1) the military reports for that unit; 2) the voluntary enlistment papers for the individual, and 3) any correspondence between the individual and the state government officials regarding pension, etc. Later I found information for several of our Civil War soldiers—these are very helpful files. Also, keep in mind that these are originals, and they have not been microfilmed. This is the only place you will find some of this information.

The following are highlights of other information found in the Archives:

- Beginning in 1862 and continuing until about 1916 the township tax man recorded the names of males ages 18 - 45 subject to military duty. Original copies of many of these records are located in the Archives. They are arranged by county and township within the county.
- The Archives has 106 boxes of original grave registrations for veterans, similar information to some that we found during our field trip to Camp Dodge in 2000. Mom and I found the information that she remembers helping her parents assemble to send to the State following the WWII death of her brother.
- Persons who served from Iowa in WWI and WWII received a bonus from the State of Iowa. Records of this information are located in the Archives.
- Many boxes contain the correspondence of General Dodge (of Council Bluffs). He was a surveyor, a general in the Civil War, worked on railroad projects and was a political figure. The correspondence covers all of these areas of his life.
- Many of the photos stored in the Archives are sorted by subject, and are also cross-indexed by location.

Therefore, a photo of the court house in Indianola might be in the folder for court houses, but there would be a note in the Indianola folder that there is a photo of the court house in Indianola in the court house folder.

- It is possible that the Archives would have a diary for a person who served in the same military unit as your ancestor that would give valuable information relating to your ancestor.
- The Archives has fire insurance maps, a.k.a. Sanborn Maps, which contain the street and building layouts for over 1000 Iowa cities and towns from the 1880s to the 1970s.
- The Archives also contains records for the legislature and governors, state court system and other state offices and agencies.

A Staff Archivist will retrieve the records you request and bring them to the Historical Library Reading Room, where you can look at them. The Archivist will also do any photocopying you need done. The Archives is not open on Saturday. If you want to use records on a Saturday, you can call the Archives by Noon on Friday and the items will be waiting for you in the Library when you come on Saturday. Items in the Archives are not listed in the card catalog; rather, the Reading Room has a bookshelf of 3-ring binders that contain the finding aids for items in the Archives. Also, telling an Archivist a little about what you are looking for may open some new avenues for your research.

The Archives is a wonderful and interesting source of genealogical and historical information and, since it is separate from the Library, it is a source that many of us have not thought of using. The only way to see the Archives is to pre-arrange for a tour.

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### New Winter Hours at IGS

November 1 thru February IGS WINTER hours are:

Monday, Tuesday,           10:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.  
Friday & Saturday

Thursday                   10:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.

CLOSED all day Wednesday.

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**Publications about Warren County**

	Price	Shipping	Tax (IA residents)
<b>Available from WCGS</b>			
<b>Jane Godwin, 808 West Detroit, Indianola, IA 50125 (515-961-3363):</b>			
◆ <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,</i> <i>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		

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

◆ <i>Milo 1880-1980, including Belmont &amp; 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 &amp; 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:**

\_\_\_\_\_ \$10.00 for individual or family membership (no distinguishment between individual & family)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

Are you interesting 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, 641-942-6557, 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. (WINTER HOURS: Nov-Feb Mon, Tues, Fri, Sat 10:00-4:00; Thurs 10:00-  
9:00. Closed Wednesday.)

**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, 641-  
828-8743.

Warren County Genealogical Society  
306 West Salem  
Indianola, IA 50125