

# **MEMOIRS**

**by Hannah N. (Schouten) Duncan**

## MEMOIRS

I, Hannah N. Duncan, the author of this sketch, will endeavor to write, at the request of some of my children, of some incidences and experiences of my life--although they may be imperfect--will give an idea of some of the things through which I have passed.

I, Hannah N. Schouten, was born in Saratoga County, New York, on May 17, 1852. I was the daughter of James Schouten and Mary Ann (Nessle) Schouten, both born in Saratoga County, New York. Our family consisted of father, mother, and my sister, Phebe Jane, who was later known as Jennie. She was only eleven years older than myself.

When I was about four years of age, my parents decided to break the home ties and years of association and go to the western state of Illinois which was then thought to be nearly out of civilization. Our family of four set out by train for the land, of prairies and great opportunities,

I can scarcely remember much of the trip, but we stopped at Moline, Illinois, where my father, a contractor-carpenter by trade, found plenty to do.

J. W. Denison, the founder of our town of Denison, urged my father to go with him to the new country that opened up great opportunities for persons desirous of going west; but, as father had a large school building in Moline to complete, he declined the offer Mr. Denison made him. Arthus S. Wright, who boarded with us in Moline, came with him and my father's cousin, Ezra Smith, and built the old brick courthouse here after a short sojourn in Moline. Father's brother from New York came and they decided to go down further south in the state and take some land and a farm that was in Douglas County, Illinois. The town of Arcola in the same county was there, and it wasn't fancy. It was visited by a cyclone and nearly wiped out of existence. So father packed his tool chest, and we went to the little town of Arcola, situated on the Illinois Central Railway. Here we lived until I was grown to young womanhood. It was here that I received my education. My life was a carefree one and my parents very indulgent--never was a girl blessed with better parents. In a home of Christian atmosphere, I was given every advantage for happiness and pleasure their means would permit.

When I was twelve years of age, my dear brother, Willie, came into our lives; and the event made me very happy. Our home life was ideal and happy. I remember when my mother and I were going to the old home in New York in 1860. I think that I distinctly remember singing campaign songs for Lincoln's campaign and was pleased very much at the applause I received. Being only a little girl, I was homesick for my father. Our visit was not a long one. Mother was the only girl in her family, and that was the last time she ever saw her mother. My sister was married to the late David McCord in 1863, if I remember correctly. Father purchased a farm in Arcola, where we resided several years. The farm was two and one-half miles south of Arcola, and it made a fine home.

My uncle, J. E. Nettle, of Toledo, Ohio, and mother's brother, bought a farm adjoining ours and put a nephew, Steven Van Voorhers on the said farm. We were good friends. If I remember correctly, the year was 1867 or 1868. Mother, Will and I went to the Van Voorhers' home one bright afternoon, as we often did; but this particular day was an exceptional one, as a total eclipse of the sun occurred. I distinctly remember it. Father was cutting oats for a neighbor, and, the dew fell so soon, and it became so dark that father was obliged to stop cutting the grain and the chickens went to roost. I can't recall the length of time the eclipse lasted, but I remember distinctly how foolish the fowls acted, (the roosters crowed, over the short night). That was the last total eclipse we have had, but it seems to be so vivid, in my mind after all of these years as though it was more recent. Those were happy days when we were happy and well. Father had given up his trade of carpenter-contractor, and we enjoyed the farm life immensely. Will was grown to be quite a lad, very mischevious [sic] and troublesome, at least I thought so. Being the only one for so long, I imagined my way was best.

We had a lady teacher boarding with us, a lovely girl, Julia Collins, and I attended school with her. She was company for me while walking a mile to school every day. Mother had help as she was a frail, little mother, but very energetic. We had five neighbors.

Occasionally some of the girls would come out from town and spend a few days with us. My very dear school mates, Ann Henry (deceased), Jennie Smith, now Mrs. Judge Breaden of Pierre, South Dakota, Dora McCord (Ireland) now of Long Beach, California, and. Kate Carr from whom I have not heard for many years. These are happy girlhood memories gone by, but never forgotten.

On October 5, 1870, I was married to Joseph Porter Duncan of Arcola. Mr. Duncan was a Civil War boy of Company H135 or 38 Illinois volunteers. In June, 1872, Mr. McCord decided to go to Iowa, so he and my father came to look the situation over and were favorably impressed with outlook. He purchased a farm which was then mostly raw prairie in company with W. A. Duncan and wife who is now deceased and Frank Wright, a lad from Arcola. They loaded a few needed articles in two covered wagons, and they and their families with some stock set out for the land of promise. Their trip was not without some interesting experiences, and they arrived in Iowa, in Crawford County the fore part of July if I remember correctly, and proceeded at once to build living quarters, as there was not a stock on the land except some trees along the Paradise Creek. They located six miles west of the small town of Denison.

Now my grandfather Schouten was a soldier of the War of 1812, and. from that was given a land grant to be located somewhere, which my father bought from grandfather and after father saw the Iowa land he concluded it was fairly good to look upon, so he had Arthur S. Wright locate the ground, and he chose 120 acres in the pretty Paradise Valley. Father told me that if Mr. Duncan and I wanted to come to Iowa, he would give me the deed to the land; consequently, in the spring of 1873, my husband and I came to erect a small house and broke a patch of ground to keep from burning up (of which fires I will tell you later) which was new to me being a tenderfoot or I might never have been in Iowa. So, Mr. Duncan loaded our belongings--consisting of a good team of horses and wagon,

some farm implements, and some household goods--in a freight car on the Illinois Central Railroad in Arcola and started west. The house was completed in August 1873, except for the plastering which he, Mr. Duncan, later did.

I, with my baby girl, mother and brother Will, left my old home with its happy associations and started to my new life with its hardships and privations of pioneer's life. In those days, traveling was far different than at the present time, and I will just jot down our journey. I don't remember why we came that route anyway (it was via Keokuck [sic] and Des Moines); unless it might have been to see the cities for we laid over all day in Keokuck [sic] and traveled at night. At Des Moines we were detained for the day again, and my little year and a half old baby, Anna, the late Mrs. B. Vollertson of Battle Creek, Iowa, was so sick that I did not know what to do. My mother's being with me was a comfort. Well, in the evening we started forth again and we arrived at Grand Junction near midnight, I should judge. There we were informed that we had to remain the remainder of the night. We were just comfortably settled (and by the way the bed did feel mighty comfortable after our tiresome journey, and we were not to our destination yet) when we heard a rap on the door. We were informed that a telegram from Denison inquired if we were there. Mr. Duncan and McCord were in Denison waiting our arrival. You no doubt wonder at that.

Roads were not paved nor did we have an auto; far from that, there were no laid out roads, just around on the divides, up one hill and down another. Can you imagine coming from a level country with no resemblance of hills and strike Crawford County, Iowa? Well, to tell the truth, I was afraid to ride in a wagon, and I distinctly remember a remark I made, "If I were a man and this my hone, I would fill some of the places up." So now in 1934, I have lived to see many of those places filled, in order to make those fine lovely roads we now have coming into our country today. You cannot imagine how it looked to me the first time I came from Denison to the old Paradise Valley which was to be my home for some many, many years.

The Cornwell Brothers Mill (water) was on the back of the Boyer River near the bridge; their little white cottage with its clean bluegrass cut smooth as a velvet carpet was very pretty in its surroundings. In fancy, I can see it now--the mill, the river, and the cute little home. Then to the west stood a yellow house. Afterwards (years) I learned that it was occupied by the Jerome Blackman family. Then came what was then called the Howe's place. The quite large square house now occupied by a Holland family. Then from there on until we reach Paradise Creek was not even a tree--just hills, hills, not even a bridge. Now it is all land under cultivation with good comfortable homes all along the well graveled roads, but it did not grow up in a day or a year; it was brought forth by the sweat of the brow, yes, many brows.

We did finally reach my sister's home. tired and hungry, and, of course, found them well and happy in their new home, but it looked pretty wild and wooly to me. They said that we could get used to anything, as I think that was to be my experience. I could see my little home across the creek, the Paradise. And by the way, we had a creek, too, that was one of the drawing cards to the country; for in Illinois they are not blessed with so many numerous creeks. They were so nice especially in the pastures where they were;

but we found that every time the creek overflowed, the fences went out too, so they caused a lot of employment; but I cannot complain of them; they are fine. We were soon settled in our new home, and our neighbors were fine. They did not stand back for ceremonies, but gave me a hearty welcome and tried to make me feel at home in their midst. Mother and Will returned home. Soon we knew our neighbors, H. J. Waters and his good wife, Aunt Seviah, who was a mother to sister and I. E. G. Green and family, the S. S. Dunkin family who owned what is now called the Langholt farm and further north was the Jake Munson farm where quite often a few bands of indians would camp near his place and trap or hunt. They sometimes called on us begging something to eat; they were not very welcome callers, especially when I was alone. Uncle Will Duncan erected a house for the McCords, and they went to Dow City where he was a carpenter for a number of years. They lived for a time in the old cheese factory until their home was ready to occupy. E. L. Hardy had a general store in Dow City, Danville as was its former name, where we later did our trading, as it was more convenient for us. S. E. Dow of the Dow's and Grave's firms-- a genial fine gentleman to which many of the early settlers could attest--were they here. He was certainly a friend in need, providing seed for the farmers when needed. I am writing as I recall incidents as they come to me of which my children know nothing, and I am just jotting down for their benefit, I will say here that the new home was far different from my old one which I had left. There was much to be done, and not much means to do it and a long, cold winter was ahead.

Yes. there was much to be done; Mr. Duncan helped the neighbors with their harvest, and they helped us, as of course, we were on raw prairie land, but neighbors were real neighbors in those days, and all very kind and helpful. We had for meat mostly, I might say, daily prairie chicken of which there was an abundance. The boys would kill enough going to and from town to keep them in money for ammunition. Sister and I fixed them up in many ways and were they fine, but after a time we became somewhat like the children of Israel with the manna sent to them--we longed for a change. But now after all those years they would be a great treat.

The children of Israel liked the quail of which we had plenty, but they also liked the deer that roamed the hills and valley. During our first fall we only had small place broken where our house set, and there was an abundance of grass all around. One night about midnight we were awakened by a loud knock on the dorr [sic]. One of the neighbor boys had come to warn us that a prairie fire was coming, and on awakening found our house brightly lighted. My teeth began to chatter, for there at the south side the ridge shaped flames. By that time several men had come to render us assistance, as the other neighbors passed through the same experience and were protected. There was nothing to prevent it from going from the Ray brothers farm, unless the Dan Gilett farm was open, and there was no Arion or any other farm improvements between the North Western Railroad and our place. Uncle Dave McCord suggested that I should go to their house across the Paradise which I was glad to do. So with the prairie fire, he helped Anna and I over to safety. I had several other experiences with a prairie fire, but we were better prepared than the first one when we had to continue with the men fighting the fire until nearly morning to save the house, horses, and small pen, in which we had the only two hogs we possessed. Some experience for me!

Such was my experience in my first fall in Iowa. Mr. Duncan plastered the house which consisted of one room, a small bedroom and a pantry. A cold winter was ahead of us, and many more we have experienced since which were much more sever [sic] than we had been accustomed to. But we survived some way. Snow! Snow! When I recall now those days, I wonder how we survived, but we were cheerful and happy. The neighbors were neighborly in those days and helped. We had a small number 7 cook stove for heat and used green wood, mostly bass, if you know what that is. Most of the inhabitants had not much better. Hard coal heaters and the furnace were unknown. The blizzards and high winds were terrible, so we thought. Came here in the early 1870's and went through what those of today know nothing about. The next year brought plenty of hard work. To open up a new home on the prairie takes work, hardships, and deprivations where there is so little means; but we had plenty prairie chickens for meat, and we soon had some hogs--the sum of two. Be also had some chickens, a dozen and a little straw shed for the hen house. One morning we woke to find our hen house was a snow bank, and our biddys had to be dug out to let a little sunshine in. In tine we bought a cow from W. W. Jackson.

Sister and Mamie McCord (Grason), then a small girl, and myself had the typhoid-malaria fever. Little Anna had the whooping cough very bad. They despaired of my life and sent for my mother. Those were very trying days. I was taken ill first, and Sister took care of me until I was able to be about. Then she was taken sick, and I went and stayed with her and Mamie. I rendered what assistance I could with the help of Mrs. H. A. Emmons who had come to the McCord house and occupied part of the house, and dear friends they were at such a trying time as those days were. We were spared for many years thru which we hastened. It was then that about one hundred Indians were camping up near the Munson place--now the Andrew Granger place--which worried me greatly until Mr. Duncan who was helping Munson thrash made a trade with them and brought home two quarters of fine smoked venison. Did that fill the bill! I told Jennie it was all that saved her.

When there was any thrashing or extra work to be done, we would help one another--us neighbors. I can remember all those trying days. It seems to me that the old thrashing machine broke down usually at our place. You know in those days--in the 1870's the work was far different than now. There were three men with a machine--an old horsepower using eight horses-- I believe, I came to remember now that when our first thrashing machine broke down, as usual, and had to be sent to Council Bluffs for repairs.

Well, we had exhausted our meat supply, and it really seemed providential that Mr. McCord and Duncan on Monday morning--a damp foggy morning took a horse and the old army rifle and went to try their luck for a deer. Before noon I saw them coming and sure enough the expedition had been successful, and a fine deer was thrown across the horse's back. There was quite an excitement, and our neighbors--the Waters and Emmons-- came over to our place. When our thrashing crew returned, they were treated to quite a surprise in this manner.

In February, I think 1875, my father, mother and brother came to Crawford County to make their home, having disposed of their property in Illinois. They were desirous to be near my sister and me. Father purchased what was known as the Robert Butterworth farm

which was situated one and one-half miles west of Dow City. It is now owned by J. R. Giffin. Here they lived, and young Will had grown to manhood and attended the Dow City school. It was a great comfort to us to be together again, and many happy--never to be forgotten--days were enjoyed until their passing, Mother in 1889 and Father in 1892. For all there were many deprivations, and trials, and discouragements. There was among it all many real joys and pleasures. There was so much to be accomplished to make our house a real home, for it was so new (not a tree or shrub except along the creek where there was a lot of timber growth). Along our creek, which was beautiful, many trees had been cut down for fuel for the ones who had moved in just a little ahead of us. I remember one incident, a man living not so far from our place had been up our creek and had helped himself to a load of green wood and drove past the house singing. "I am glad salvation is free." That was just one. In after years we gave helping hands numerous times to that family; I think I mentioned our investing in one or two hogs; well, in time they too were ready for market. Mr. Duncan came to Denison one bitter cold day in his sled with the pork and received the fabulous sum of two dollars and fifteen cents or \$2.20 a hundred. That has the going price of a poor one for a poor man; in those days, prices were not so good. I just jot down those small incidents as they come to my mind--just happenings of everyday life for children to have--imperfect though they may be.

In January, 1876, our son, J. Henry, came to brighten our home. It was bitter cold weather by this time, and we had added an addition to our house, as well as to the family. He was a fine lad. Anna and Henry kept me quite busy, too. We were enjoying health and getting along fairly well. The neighbors, most of them, used to conduct meetings at our different houses which was a great help to us.

In 1878 our second son, Edward P. came to live with us, and another one was added to our number. Those boys kept everything lively (with the sister's help), and that was no small amount.

That fall we made one of Joe's brothers a visit in Illinois (Macomb). One of his sisters being in Iowa accompanied us. I believe about this time the family of Isham Pierson came from Illinois. He broke some of the land on our place, a small house was erected where they lived for several years. One of Mr. Duncan's sisters had taken him when small and raised him, I think that little house was moved to what is now the Otto Evers place, formerly owned and was improved by Henry A. Emmons. What is now the Oscar Fienhold farm was owned by W. A. McHenry. I boarded the two carpenters who built the first building on that place; they were Jim Fitzgerald and Mr. Scott, a Baptist minister from Denison.

Perhaps a little earlier than this date in 1877, I think, the neighborhood was visited with that dreaded disease, diphtheria [sic]. When I recall those days--the cold, cold weather, the none too warm houses, and no quarantine on the afflicted families--I wonder how we escaped as we did for we neighbors went right in and helped care for the sick ones. Dr. Isminger was the doctor. Mr. Weatherby's family lost two children, as did the E. C. Green family. Our two, Annie and Henry who was about one year old, had slight touch of it. The disease was right bad in Denison. I may not get those dates just correct, but good in idea.

The farm known as the J. R. Smith farm of 160 acres, a beautiful piece of land, was owned by a woman living in Indianapolis, Indiana. My father wanted the land to be near us girls and wrote to Mrs. Robbins; she said the agent said it was not for sale. Well, W. A. McHenry bought it, being the agent, and the man who broke the land boarded with us.

In 1881 our second daughter arrived--Susan McCord now Mrs. W. A. Scott. Now we had with us Grandmother McCord, and Mrs. Crippen (McCord) mother, and sister of Uncle Dave McCord, also Allen, Mrs. Crippen's nine year old son. She was a beautiful woman, a fine singer. She died in 1881 leaving her small son with Dave and Aunt Jennie. It had been a long cold winter; and it was the last of April when she died. There was snow still on the draws even then.

I think I have written a little ahead of my story now, our little house had been built on a side hill facing west; this not being satisfactory, moved the house or rather, we had it moved just two weeks before the birth of our second son, Edward's arrival. We were now a little further to the east on a little knoll. In Illinois it would be called the top of a hill, but was not considered much of an elevation in Iowa. It afforded a fine view up and down the beautiful Paradise Valley for miles. Then our kitchen was added on, and we built an addition to the south--fourteen by twenty feet. My father being a carpenter assisted Mr. Duncan. It was during the finishing of the building that I had a great fright and thought for a time that our little Ed was no more. The boys had gone up the stairs, and as the floor was not completed, he fell through to the floor below. We were frightened and we were very thankful that he had been spared us. We had other such encounters, and many, many worries that made our hearts ache along with the joys and happiness of our families. There were new families coming in and farms being opened up. Crops were good--as Iowa crops are--and the tall corn was just as tall, if not taller in those days of the 1880's than now. I will say right now that we never had a corn crop failure all the years we farmed, so much for Iowa.

One of our Duncan sisters had arrived in Iowa from Illinois sometime previous, making her home with the two brothers. In the fall of 1877, my grandmother, mother Duncan, was called to Iowa by the very serious illness of Joe. She was a visitor here several times. I can't recall as many incidents after all the years that have elapsed, but improvements were being made in the laying out of roads and the building of bridges. There was no bridge across the Paradise for sometime after our coming, none except one put in by Mr. McCord between our places-- which was none too substantial--but we had to do as we could, not as we would.

The Central school house which our children attended in later years had been built by Will Duncan several years previous. On the site of that old school house stands a nice country school house. The old one of past days is still occupied as a home by Mrs. Eva Fienhold. Uncle Morris McHenry was an occasional caller out on the creek, surveying and laying the corners out for some farm, and incidently [sic], when he dropped in at the Duncan home for dinner, we enjoyed the call. He was always jovial and would ask Henry who greased his eyes because they were so black and his hair so nearly white that Annie one day concluded she would change the color, and forthwith unbeknown to me, went



where I had my wash boiler, and she did a fine black job for them. But children are children, and I don't think that there was ever a more mischevious [sic] bunch than mine especially when the McCord and Emmons girls were together.

In October, 1883, my third daughter, Hattie M. was born. She is now Mrs. W. F. Hoffman living in Illinois. In March 1884, we were called to Arcola, Illinois, by the serious illness of Mother Duncan. Taking the two youngest babies with me, I am happy to say mother was with us a number of years after and visited us. So the years went by and new settlers came in. Now homes sprang up, and crops were good, and the prairie chickens and quail were not so numerous as in former days. Herds of cattle were grazing on the hills and in the valleys. We had a spring wagon or buggy, and we really felt quite important being as we did not go in a lumber wagon anymore. We had nice horses and as time went on, we bought an Esty organ and had music, for everyone of the little Duncans could sing, and the neighbors young folks came frequently and made the house ring with song and laughter.

When my second girl came in 1881, I had my first washing machine. We had hired a person, until the boys were old enough to help with farm work; but now with five children and not being a very robust person, I had to have help some of the time. Those were happy days. By now, Uncle Will Duncan had moved to Charter Oak, and their three children comprised their family. About this time also the Nelson LaNeue family came from Illinois to make their home in Iowa. Mrs. LaNeue being a sister of Mrs. W. A. Duncan; they bought land adjoining ours to the north and erected a comfortable house. This place was later purchased by Mrs. Gertrude Shaffer. The H. Waters family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Waters and Minnie's adopted daughter-- who afterward married Joe Carson--sold their farm adjoining ours and the McCord place on the north, and they moved to Dow City. They sold it to Robert Dixon who remained in the neighborhood several years. The second Mrs. Dixon, Emma Munson, bore him two sons-- the late Burt Dixon and Ernie who was a Spanish- American boy stationed in the Philippine Islands for a time.

We neighbors and our immediate families would go to my father's farm on the Fourth of July and enjoy the day with a fine dinner. We also enjoyed the ice cream and lemonade which was not the circus kind of pink dish water, but genuine lemonade. The children could romp and play to their hearts content in the grove. We kept this custom up as long as Father and Mother lived, or rather as long as Mother lived. We spent the Fourth for several years with our old friends of the 1870's-- Mr. and Mrs. Waters, but as the children grew, they were not contented with such tame affairs, but sister, Grandmother McCord, and myself enjoyed them with our parents. Happy days as I recall them.

In February, 1886, Eugene Norwood, my third boy, came into our family which now consisted of six mischevious [sic] children. It took plenty of patience to handle them. They were always playing pranks on each other, and the dad and mother did not always escape. Anna was generally the ringleader or the bell sheep; as I write and recall the days, I wish I might live them again. Anna was fourteen years of age when Gene was a year old. Mother's two brothers and their wives from New York state came to visit us. They were pleased with our country which was so different from their eastern state. I think it was that

year that the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad was laid through a pretty valley from Sioux City branch to the new town of Manilla and connected with the main line.

Many changes were made in the farms and roads, and how proud we were to have a railroad so near--only two miles west of us. The little town of Kenwood sprung up, and we really had a country store and black-smith shop owned and operated by Charles Lewis--the store was owned by Mr. Fenolin from Clinton. I believe that Mrs. Nancy Barnes at one time put up a building and had a millinery there. Arion had sprung up in the meantime. It was situated on the Northwestern Railroad and the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.

Our winters were still severe, but we were in better condition to withstand them. We had many fine sleigh rides bundling the children in a big sled and going to spend the day with grandpa, grandma, and uncle Will--now a grown up man. On New Year's Eve in 1887, a bitter cold night with plenty of snow, Mamie McCord, my sister's eldest child was united in marriage to Robert Grayson (formerly from Illinois, but living in Denison) by Rev. Nash from Denison.

I recall one incident when Lou Cambell Bumont--later a teacher and intimate friend of Mamie's--arrived quite late and nearly frozen. When asked where she was teaching, she said she was living with the angels in Paradise, meaning the Angel family--poor Louise was jolly and now is gone.

If I remember rightly, it was about this time that J. R. Smith of Chicago purchased the one hundred and sixty acres. The land that adjoined ours on the south--a fine tract of land owned by the late W. A. McHenry. I mentioned this land before. Mr. Smith put up the necessary farm buildings and soon Mr. and Mrs. Smith were residents of the old Paradise valley also. They were gladly received. His brother Charlie came several years later. I find looking at the former years (which is quite difficult to do) that they came in 1877 and 1878 as near as I can recall. They were our neighbors until the spring of 1894. They sold to a Mr. Lenz and returned to Illinois.

Grandmother Duncan had made a visit also to her son of Charter Oak. We were still doing very well with crops and stock, and Joe was feeding cattle every winter as were most of the neighbors. He shipped also every winter to Chicago.

I recall then, the neighbors, as Dave McCord, G. Jordan, J. R. Smith, and Charlie Saul in our immediate neighborhood. Oh, those days when we were together, our family unbroken during the summer of 1877. My Uncle and Aunt, J. I. Nettle of Toledo, paid us a visit. This was mother's brother; how they enjoyed our country home and the children and their ponies. Our Gene was not a strong child. He was a very nervous child, yet full of mischief as were the others. The creek that ran the length of the farm afforded much merriment and much washing, too. On each holiday during the year we were all together for a reunion either at Father McCord's or at our place. The feeds were fit for a king and the children, all that troubled them, had to wait which was not just as it should have been.

Our Jennie arrived in March 28, 1888, our fourth girl; she thrived and did well

until she was about four years, when she had what they said was rheumatism and it was about four years when she had to ride a pony to school with the others leading it because she was still unable to walk. Our school was not handy, the nearest being one mile and a half one way for the children to walk. We were not blessed in those days as now. If we lived in the country, we walked. Now they generally have a car, and in town, a nice cement walk. But Jennie recovered from the affliction at that time. In later years she suffered the same and was at the Black Hills twice and also at Colfax, Iowa. She finally overcame it and was quite robust.

Death entered our family circle on November 3, 1889, when I lost my dear mother. It seemed the world was different afterward. Father and Will were alone on the farm near Dow City and a lonely life it was for them afterwards. In Mother's death I lost my best friend who was always sympathetic and kind with a loving heart and willing to help and advise me in all my troubles, who understood our trials and life's vocations--which most or all of us pass through. I had lost her, a void that would never be filled. How I missed her kind words and helping hand-- God only knows. On the fifteenth of December in 1889, our Anna, the eldest, was united in marriage to Bernard Vollertsen. They went to housekeeping in Denison in the little house known as the Skaggs property. He worked in the J. P. Miller store. After a time he went into a partnership with Leander McCord in the general merchandise store in Keyword.

Here I must recall a lark. Several of us old folks in 1890, I think, well, there were Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Grayson, Mr. and Mrs. B. Vollertsen, Mr. and Mrs. Will Bradshaw, and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Duncan, we all decided that we would attend the state fair at Des Moines, Iowa, as was customary. I supposed that each couple would fix a lunch basket so I fixed a generous one. Well, when we reached Perry, Iowa, we found that we had to remain there all night. We left Kenwood about seven, I think, and after we were sort of settled, Uncle Dave McCord said he thought Hannah had a lunch. So for manners sake, I produced my lunch. What happened was that the bunch cleaned me out, but we did have a good time and fun, and the fair was a success, too. As I read it all as though it were yesterday, there are only three of our original party living; the others have gone to try the realities of another world, but I we have or should have bright spots along life's pathway. I have had many and like most persons find many disappointments and reverses.

In June, 1891, I became grandmother to a dear little girl who always was welcome to grandma's and loved to come and stay awhile. We called her Garnett. When she was about two and one half years old, as I remember, or three years, in May Susie, my second daughter was very ill with the typhoid-malaria [sic] fever, and Nannie McCord, too in July. After my three--Henry, Ed, and Hattie were sick at one time; I had all I could very well attend to. I had very good help--Aunt Jennie, some kind neighbors, and a good doctor, Dr. Carr--but no nurse. This was a time when we became acquainted with Ned Marks who came to work for Joe. Ned had just landed in Iowa from Virginia.

In January, 1892, Uncle Dave McCord died at my house of a heart attack. I called him as Gene was very sick and Joe was in Chicago. Uncle Dave had only returned from there that morning. I had the man, John Garret, and Mary Peters with me and the children. It was a great shock to me and his family. The funeral was from our house as grandma

McCord was very ill at the McCord home. His death occurred on the seventh, and Grandmother passed away on the nineteenth. Aunt Dora Ireland had been with her mother and the McCord family for several weeks; she was from California. Sad days. We were again called to Illinois by the illness of Joe's mother. This time Jennie, Barney Vollertsen, my son-in-law, went with me as Joe had gone ahead with a shipment of cattle, and Barney went for goods for the store; we met at Chicago.

My father was married early in 1892, much to our regret. Brother Will was in Illinois--changes all around--Jennie had gone from the farm; Bert McCord was married and lived on the McCord farm. He married Ida Bixler; Aunt Jennie moved to Denison, and Susie and Hattie attended school there staying with Aunt Jennie. Our climate being severe in winter, Joe would never plant fruit trees so I bought some on my own account because I wanted tame fruit. We had an abundance of such as it was on our creek--wild grapes, plums, and choke cherries. So the trees, and blackberry bushes came. The children and I set them in a nice level place east of the house. They all grew and looked fine. I am very fond of shrubbery and flowers of all kinds, especially roses. I have tried so hard to have them and did have very pretty lawn and shrubs on the old farm. Beds made with a border of cobble stones from the creek brought by the children, and the place being on an elevation was very pretty memories.

In the spring of 1894, brother Will was married to Jessie Coon, daughter of William Coon of Arion. In May of that year, Joe made quite an extended visit to his brother, A. J. Duncan of Spokane, Washington. He usually visited his mother in Illinois every winter while she lived, but now he left for Washington. The morning of the sixteenth of May-- my birthday was the seventeenth of May--we had a hard frost that night, and it froze some of the garden and nipped the oaks quite badly.

On October 10, 1894, I gave birth to a fine son who tipped the scales at fourteen pounds. Joe and the attending doctor said he was named Joseph Percy, his father's initials as Ed had his middle name of Porter. Anna came home, and Dr. Carr asked her what she thought of her brother. I remember her reply, "There's nothing small about him." She must have had an inspiration; for in the passing years there never has been anything small about him in his treatment of Mother as you will see as you read along in my naration [sic]. He grew to be a fine lad. I believe, if I remember rightly, and I am not positive about the exact time there has so much transpired in my life time--joy and trouble and vexations, and many, many sorrows.

As I recall, I can't be far from the time when Dr. Evans, formerly a druggist in Dow City--but then Arion, built our first telephone line through the country. I believe Will Scott hauled the material for he had a pretty gray team. Well, nearly all of the neighbors had a phone put in. My what wonderful improvements!

Bob Gould was with us about these days in corn husking time. I nearly forgot to mention the McCord brothers, Wm. and Leander, the former had been here a long time and the latter came more recently with his wife. He, I think I mentioned, was in the store with our son-in-law. The W. A. Duncan family consisting of five children--two sons and three daughters--had before this returned to Illinois, also the Nelson LaNeau family.

Our baby boy was doing fine, and the following summer my Uncle Jewett, my father's sister Sarah's husband, was along visiting from Ypsilanti, Michigan. He came to see Jennie, Will and I. How we did enjoy his visit, which extended well into the fall. He was completely alone in the world except for one grandson. He was a good man of eighty-six years.

The Omaha Exposition was that fall. Uncle, Aunt, Jennie, Susie, and Hattie attended, and later in the last days of the Exposition-- Joe and I went for one day. It was enjoyed by me.

Although many things were taken away as time went on, a little girl came to the home of Will and Jessie, named Helen. The mother's health began to fail and when Helen was about one and one-half years old or two years old, passed away leaving a motherless little girl and heartbroken husband. She was laid to rest in the Dow City Cemetary [sic] with our loved ones gone before.

I can't recall the many incidences that transpired in the busy days of hard work and trying to manage a family of children who were full of fun and frolic. By now I had disposed of the organ and had a piano. I got the boys, or rather Ed a violin, and there was not a week passed that some of the neighbor's young people did not come down one evening to sing and have music. John Nickleson would bring his violin too. As life had pleasure as well as toil for the youngsters as well as some of us older ones. Memories in all those years--we had our family dinners, and we all enjoyed them at father's, Aunt Jennie's or our home; but now our number had been broken by several being taken from our circle.

I think it was about this time that Barney and Anna had sold the store in Kenwood and moved to Charter Oak; perhaps it was sometime before, I can't recall the exact year as my memory is a little tricky at my age now. As I am writing these pages in their new home, and Barney was in the employ of the late Thomas Thomsen hardware and implement business, where he remained several years. It was here that on September 21, 1896, that a wee little girl came to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vollertsen and sister Garnett. They named her Lorraine. So now there were two who loved to sometimes come and stay a few days with grandma. Happy days gone never to return.

About this time another improvement or luxury came our way--the Bell Telephone Company had installed their office in Denison and lines all through the country. They installed one at our home so now we had two phones, and we were sort of an exchange. It was not a paying proposition for me; for it very often interferred [sic] with my arrangements, but it afforded much amusement sometimes for the younger ones pertaining to news over the two lines. After a time the Arion line was discontinued, and the Bell retained with Miss Emma Wells (now Mrs. H. Cushman of California) and Miss Zella Hoover (now Mrs. Art Green of Denison) as the operators. Those days seem far away as I look back.

I have not written in my memory book for sometime. I can't recall as much of importance in our routine of daily cares which are not all work and care, but much

happiness and pleasure. The children are growing and full of life, fun and frolic.

Jennie, apparently better, and Joe had purchased a hundred and twenty acres of land not far from the home place which he had rented for several years and had used as pasture and hay land. The basket of lunch--by no means a small one--comes vividly to my mind. It was the men's dinner sent to the hayfield. After all those years are past I remember it as some work, but all in a life time.

After brother Will was left with little Helen, he rented sister Jennie's place and was one of us in Paradise Valley. Grandma Coon took Helen on January 18, 1899.

Our eldest son, Henry, took unto himself a wife--namely Sarah Beck-- who had been with me for sometime. The occasion was held at the home of her parents--Mr. and Mrs. George Beck. Later the young people went to housekeeping on the place Joe had purchased not so long ago. He had erected suitable buildings previously. On that same day a son came to the house of Burt and Ida McCord who was named Marcus, this being the third child. The years have passed too rapidly and so much has transpired that I can scarcely bring to my memory the events that have passed.

After a time Uncle Will was married to Miss Cora Jones of Charter Oak, and he resided near Dow City. A little girl came to Henry's home on December 21, 1899. My married life was not so rosy and pleasant for a number of years past as they might have been. They had really never been as I had hoped for, and it seemed that they were getting worse instead of better. I was afraid it was coming to worse. My parent's married life was happy, so much in mine was so different from my former life or as I was raised.

In 1901 our Susie was married to Wm. J. Scott and lived in Denison for a time. Ethel was born on October 30, 1902, at our home. They moved to Des Moines where he was employed. So our children were leaving the old home as all broods do after a time. Our children had attended the country school, Hattie for a time stayed with Anna in Charter Oak, but owing to her father's complaint of expense, she left school. Henry had a son, Alan, born on November, 1902, and he died in January 1913. On August 4, 1906, our son Edward P. was married to Alma McCord. They having stole a march on us.

So now the children remaining at home were four. Aunt Jennie McCord had moved to Denison some years previous. As I remember it was just for a few years and then returned to the farm where Will was with her. It seemed as though our lives were drifting further apart, and although I tried to make the best of it and tried to arrange peace, all was in vain. We went to an attorney to patch things up for the sake of all concerned, but it seemed as though the breach could not be healed--the children siding with mother, and on March 3, I procured [sic] a divorce. He, Joe, taking his land, and I taking mine--owing to the way the deed was made out. He went to Denison and in 1909 remarried. I remained on the farm a year or more. So much has transpired that my memory may play me tricks. I was obliged to have a sale of stock and implements, and I rented the land to Ed. He built a small house later. The first year he stayed with Hattie, Jennie, Gene, Percy and I. My attorney, P. W. Harding, arranged with the store management to take the rent notes, so we had our living. I boarded a teacher one summer who had a small boy; she was

Mrs. Blanche Saxton also afterwards became Mrs. Hillis Fox.

In March, 1906, Ira Scott was born (Susie's son); they had moved to Sioux City by that time so I was called there for a time. Percy went with me. In about 1907 they moved to Omaha. Well, I had my hands full; the place was run down and so were the fences and buildings. I took out a small loan and was obliged to repair the barn which was in bad shape and some other improvements that were needed. I had a team, four cows, a buggy, and some few other things. I had Hattie who was a great assistance, and the girls could manage horses. We got along alright. My carpenter work was done by the late Thomas Morris and John Muier of Denison. Well, John is our nightwatchman now, for those many years I boarded them. Hattie, being the one doing the driving and hauling of lumber, was Jack-of-all trades. Eugene worked out as long as his health would permit, then another sorrow came into my life--Jennie was again afflicted with rheumatism; her father took her to the Black Hills, South Dakota. Well everything, it seemed, was coming fast and furious.

A young man from Chicago came in the neighborhood and seems fell in love with my Hattie, and after some time they were married at home. The first and only of the children married at home. Sister Anna came and superintended the menu--she being an expert in that line. Just a small company--Mr. Hoffmann's mother from Chicago came for the occasion which was held on March 27, 1907. The contracting party--Will Hoffmann and Hattie Duncan. Yes, and about this time, although perhaps a little before, Percy had the misfortune to be pushed off of the fence, and the consequence was a broken arm. Hattie took us to Denison where it was set, and the young couple went to housekeeping on what was known as the Marion Cole place. Soon after all this transpired, Susie and her two children came to me, there being some difficulty arising in their happy home. She was with me about three years.

Jennie was married to Albert Eggers in 1908 if I am correct. They living for a time on our avenue in Denison, after a time they moved to a farm near Crofton, Nebraska, so now I was alone with Percy and Susie and her children. On February 10, Jennie called and Percy and I went to Crofton. Oh, it was a bitter cold, and they lived fourteen miles from town. We remained in town over night and resumed our journey the next day. On the day following, a daughter arrived, and we called her Neva (now Mrs. Fred Schauble of Bennington, Illinois--will speak of them later. I will never forget the cold trip.

I have written somewhat ahead of my story and find that Henry's second daughter had arrived and was named Hattie. The event being April 6, 1905. I was still on the farm, but contemplating moving to Denison, which I did, if I recollect--in March, 1910. Susie and the children went with me. I rented the house of H. C. Laub on Tremont, and there had a few roomers also boarders. Ed was still on the farm.

Denison had made some improvements since I began my narration, I find. For now we have a fine courthouse and grounds, but I miss the old stately trees which were on the court house grounds; their removal made it more modern. The old brick courthouse was removed on the corner across the street east, and converted into some store or business office. So this one old landmark was removed from the familiar place. We now have electric lights; we have a fine opera house on the corner Broadway and Main streets, and

fine stores and office rooms, and we also have pavement in a great portion of town. I have seen much improvement since my arrival in Crawford County--the old opera house in which so much happened. I remember hearing a fine address given by Senator J. P. Dolliver. Then I attended many good movies too. Well, now it is moved on Tremont street and converted into a fine Mason hall.

Some more babies have arrived to swell my number of ancestors. A son to the Hoffmann's, named Burton, on December 26, 1907, and daughter Elaine on July 29, 1909 which constitutes the Hoffmann family. Henry's second son was born on July 2, 1910, named Bernard. Little Lewis came on July 29, 1912 and was left with his loved ones only a few short months; he died in January, 1914, a sweet baby and greatly missed.

If I remember correctly, the fall of 1910 or the spring of 1911 I moved in the corner house belonging also to H. C. Laub and vacated by Dr. Holmes. I still had my roomers and boarders, not a large number just a few. The scarlet fever had made its appearance in the schools. Ethel had just started in kindergarten when she came down with the disease, also Ira in my home and was under quarantine. Just Susie, her children, myself, and Percy being out. About that time, Jennie and Neva came. Jennie for an operation. Of course, they were also out after we were free, and Jennie had returned to Crofton, Nebraska. I was not well, and I stored my household belongings with Mrs. Flinn. We went out to Ed's on the farm. I was not well for some time. I was with Brother Will for a share of the time on the old Woodruff farm near Dow City.

I was at Hattie's place--old Robinson place--when we received word that Mr. Duncan (Joe) was taken sick with appendicitis [sic] and was at the Denison hospital. We went to Ed's where the three boys went to see him. He passed away on August 20, 1911. The father of my children. Sad. Sad. Uncle Will Duncan came from Sullivan, Illinois. The funeral was from the Denison Presbyterian Church, and he was laid to rest on the hill south of town--the beautiful Oakland Cemetery [sic].

Ed's first child, a son, came to their home on August 26, 1911, on his mother's birthday and was named David. I may as well add to their record the arrival of the remainder of the family--Edward on June 17, 1913, and baby Ruth on June 3, 1921.

Now I came to Denison again that fall of 1911 in a house of North Main Street which is now owned by Mrs. H. Harding. Here I had a few boarders; Susie had gone to Des Moines to live; and Jennie and Neva came with me for nine years, as you will see in my later experiences. Now Percy was in a garage and went to Omaha to take a course at an auto school to fit himself in his business.

I visited Susie's several times in Des Moines. About this time the Hoffmann's sold their farm north of Arion and went to Illinois. They purchased a farm near the town of Barrington; and, as I had an opportunity to sell my place for a fair price to one Mr. Pithan, I disposed of it and bought a nice little home on Matheson Street. Now, I had an old square piano which I had never brought to town. I exchanged or traded it for a small upright at good figures. I had a few roomers which you see were with me in my new home, also Mr. and Mrs. Kendall were with us.



So now as Aunt Jennie had been spending her winters in Oklahoma the past few years with the Graysons, Bob and Mamie, who had located there some years previous, word came to us that she was seriously ill with pneumonia. So brother Will, Burt McCord, Alma, and myself set out by train for Boynton, Oklahoma. Now I won't begin to tell the difficulties that we met on that trip with being delayed on account of accidents on the railroad, poor auto service, and drunken drivers, and a remaining part of a guide with a family of Crete Indians. They say variety is the spice of life, and we surely had a taste of it on our trip. Just imagine our anxiety not knowing if she were living or had passed on. But to our joy, she was somewhat better and lived several years as you will see. When we arrived home, my folks had moved in our new home which was very nice, I considered.

I loved it and made haste to set out roses and shrubs, some pines and cherries, and I had indeed a pretty little place here. I could entertain my friends and family, and I visited Hattie in her new Illinois home and the Scotts in Des Moines. I decided to see them as I went with them by auto--a trip much enjoyed. My first auto ride, sometime before, was with Mr. and Mrs. Lou Romans. We visited the Vollertsens in Battle Creek. The Vollertsens having previously moved to Battle Creek, Iowa, a flourishing city in Ida County where Barney was in business for himself, and where he now resides. Well, the event of the automobile in our midst was here and like the silk stockings have come to stay, and who could have forseen [sic] their number and use of today, as they were swell.

The Scotts decided to take up their residence in Barrington, Illinois, and are now citizens of that flourishing town. Ed has bought the old home place. Joe's farm is sold to C. L. Voss. Henry has purchased a farm west of ours near Kenwood and a good comfortable home. It was here that little Lewis died and Helen and Hattie were married several years later. Percy was in a garage. Jennie and Neva were with me which constituted our happy family. Neva was in school and I had three or four young men roomers sometimes, more, of which visited and of whom I will speak later.

David Scroggs from Indiana, a nephew of Mr. Duncan's, visited us one summer and was pleased with our town and country and I suppose its people. Aunt Jennie visited Mrs. Bixler and Lottie and Mrs. Burt McCord's mother in Dunlap where she had a very serious illness, and we were much alarmed, but she was spared to us for a while longer. I just can't recall so many incidents as to the crop conditions, but everything seemed to be profitable and people were content. Aunt Jennie was not too well after her recent illness and was a sufferer with asthma and had been for a long time. She was now with her son, Burt and family on the old McCord farm, and she passed away on August 23, 1915, a good woman much beloved. Now our family has passed to the great beyond except for brother Will and I. Did I miss her. No one knows how much. A wise counselor and my sister, so now a great sorrow hid once more crossed my pathway, and the world and its cares moved on.

This is not an easy task for me to recall all or part of the incidents of my life with the sorrows which are or have been many. Its joys and happinesses; its pages are very imperfect, but as some of the children desired me to leave them a sketch; I am trying to comply.

My sister had been with me in my home in Denison a great deal, and I miss her companionship much. When I see sisters enjoying each other's company, I almost envy them. Her funeral was from the old home on the farm where she had raised her family and spent many happy years. The floral offerings were lovely, and she was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery [sic] on the hill near Dow City with the loved ones gone before.

In a short time I had a dear friend move to town and locate near me; she had lived in the country, but we were not so intimate there as later--Ms. Laura Rockwell. We were both members of the Women's Relief Corps and also charter members of the Ladies Auxiliary of the World War of which I shall speak later. Our relief corps, as you know, is an auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic. Both societies were represented and took part in Decoration Day parades which had been set apart on May 30 for giving honor and remembrance to the boys in blue in the days of 1860 to 1865, Civil War. I believe General John A. Logan was the originator of the relief auxiliary if I am not mistaken. Mrs. Rockwell, Jennie, and I spent many enjoyable hours together; she too has passed on.

It was in 1914 that the great and awful war was declared between the countries across the ocean--England, France, Italy, and Belgium against Austria and Germany. Woodrow Wilson was then our President, and we, the USA, were drawn into that terrible onslaught in April, 1917. So many of our splendid young men volunteered in April, and my baby boy, Percy, was one who volunteered and his pal Frank Wilkins also. The two young men who had roomed with me several years and seemed like members of the family--Howard Grey and John Frey also volunteered. John and his father, familiarly known as Dad Frey, had been at my home since 1914, and he, Dad, remained with Jennie and me and so did a young lady, Marie Bolling, who's [sic] brother had also enlisted. Those were sad days. I thought my heart would break when on July 1 they left for Ida Gower for training. Our boy, my youngest, leaving Jennie and me alone (as it were, they came down home some evenings; since it was only about thirty miles away). The citizens gave then a big celebration at Ida Grove and we all attended. The Battle Creek folks, too. Anna's daughter's husband had enlisted (Garnett) in August. Their company was to be divided, I think they were Company B, National Guard, and transferred to something else (Rainbow Division) I had forgotten, but the company was divided on August 17 and we had received word on the death of my dear niece on the 14th, Mamie Grayson, of Oklahoma; she had only recently visited us in July.

When Percy left home and some of the boys were to be transferred to the 116th Iowa regiment and some to be sent across. Oh, the anxiety I felt, no one but a mother knows. Not only myself, but thousands of mothers were passing under that rod. Mamie's remains were brought to Denison, and the day of the funeral was the one the boys were to be separated. How I prayed that my baby would be spared. It seemed as if I could not stand it. All my prayers were answered in a few days. I was on the street and I met Percy's pal, Frank Wilkins. I asked if Percy had been transferred, and he said no. "Were you Frank?" I asked him. He answered me a low and sad, "Yes." I could scarcely refrain from crying. Then and there they were separated, and poor Frank was killed in France on the 28th of August.

Hattie, the two children, Burton and Elaine, and myself went to Des Moines to

help Susie celebrate her birthday which was the 29th and also was the last day of the fair which we attended. The soldiers camp was adjoining the fair grounds, and as some of the Denison boys who were transferred to the 168th regiment were there and soon to leave for France, we--Susie, Hattie and I made inquiries and finally located them, and we called on them--Frank Wilkins, Orris Suter and several others. Grover Tucker and the two Swartzenbaugh boys are all I can recall now. They entertained a few days later, and I saw them on the train pulling out. A sad day. I never saw Frank after that day, all returned after the war of our town boys except Frank whose remains were brought back home for burial in his old home cemetery [sic]. So we returned home lonely, lonely days. No one knows, only those who have passed through the same experience.

In a short time the company was transferred to Camp Denning, New Mexico. There for awhile, then Percy and several others were sent to Washington, D. C. and in a month were sent to France. They were the 44th Engineers, if I am correct. I have forgotten where they landed, but in the Eastern part of France where they remained doing duty there. I had been sending him several boxes of food and dainties from home, which he shared with some of the home boys. They would say, "Come on, Duncan has a box from home." I sent him a Christmas box to France. I received several tokens of love and keepsakes from him in France. After he and the other two went, I took two or three others to room, and they were called to the colors too. So this was my experience so far. A star in my window. My neighbors were mostly pro-Germans which made it doubly hard for us, but my boy was as faithful in writing to me as he could be, and I did the same. When he left for France, his pal in Denning Camp, New Mexico--August Christson--sent me Percy's trunk, and we, August and I, corresponded for some time until they were called.

One winter while we were alone and it was so cold and there was so much snow, Jennie did the shoveling. That winter was full of lonely, anxious days when the Armistice was signed, and news came it was a glad day. We Denison folks had three celebrations--the first two being false reports, but the last real. What rejoicing. Schleswig, a small town north a bit celebrated. So now the boys would be home soon. In April, 1919, Percy landed in New Port News, Virginia, and later in Camp Dodge, Iowa, and was allowed to come home a few days. Oh Joy to have him home again. Anna came and decorated the house in national colors, and what a dinner, only she could engineer that. The whole Duncan family, and that was quite a delegation, met the train, and as he came out, the brothers where they stood, he asked, "Where is Mother?" I was not far away. What a joyous reunion! He went back to Camp Dodge for an operation, I went to Susie's. She and I visited him almost daily. Then he came home and a soldier boy with him from Camp Dodge--Biz Miller-- who stayed with us a long time. The two others came back too, and were there until I broke up my home.

In April, 1918, we lost my dear niece Addle Bixler, Aunt Jennie's second daughter. Ed and Alma had sold the farm and bought property in Denison. Burt and Ida McCord soon came to town, and Percy soon found employment. It was then that the American Legion Society and Auxiliary were organized of which we belonged or joined rather. I was truly thankful to have my son home again and rejoiced that he was spared to us and as well as he was, when so many mother's poor sons were sleeping beneath the sod in France. I hope I never go through that terrible experience again. All mothers have a wound never

healed.

Now we were happy, and home was home once more. I seemed to like living again. My home was very pretty, and my flowers were doing well. I was always a lover of flowers and music. Jennie was busy, and Neva was in school. Life was dear, and it was a joy to be once more at peace after all the trials, losses and troubles I have passed through, but it seemed that was not to be mine or to last for me.

In July, 1920, Jennie married Mr. McCord of Dunlap, Iowa. Ere long I was left alone, my roomers were gone except Frey, because Biz Miller had married and had a home of his own, and Percy and I were alone and rather lonely, too.

In June, 1921, a little daughter [sic] came to brighten the home of Ed and Alma. They called her Ruth. Mr. and Mrs. Shropshire lived near Ed's. They were old friends of the family that lived in the country. He was an old Civil War soldier, and time went on with nothing out of the ordinary. As I can recall, Barney and Anna were frequent visitors. I think both girls were married and gone. In the spring of 1922 I was miserable so I could do nothing and had to have help, but after a time I regained my health and felt my old self once more. It was a nervous breakdown.

Percy was still in the garage and with me. In former years he had driven a great deal for Mrs. Nave, Dr. Carr and others. Now Mrs. L. Cornwall, a widow who spent her winters in California, wanted a reliable and dependable man to drive for her. Percy was recommended to her and the outcome was that he was chosen. So now what was I to do! Jennie was gone and Percy going. Nothing for mother to do as we could see, but break up my loved home. So it was to be. It was a difficult proposition for me to decide, but in the end when I considered the advantage my boy would have and the country he would see; it was never more profitable and better than trustin' to some other employment. So I finally gave my consent, and forthwith began packing and getting the home in readiness for renting. Jennie now lived in Dunlap, Iowa, and had given birth to a little girl whom she called Jennie Lorraine on March 29, 1923.

Well, to resume my naration [sic], Jennie came to Denison and assisted Percy and I in getting things arranged for him to go to California. Thls was the forepart of June, and did it rain. It seemed that there was no sunny days to be had, so we stored my belongings--that I did not sell--in one room reserved for that purpose, and went to Ed and Alma for the time being. Strange, too, for me who had a home for so many years and had the responsibility to be left with so little and nothing to accomplish. I was at Ed's a short time and went to Illinois, as I had been doing during the summers since Hattie moved there. Susie's family were nicely situated in the town of Barrington. I have spent my summers with them (with the exception of one) for several years. Now Mrs. Cornwall spent her winters in California and the summers in Denison, but mostly at Lake Okaboji where she owned a cottage and was counted as a wealthy widow, childless and having a very capable lady companion. Mrs. Martin, with her. A fine Cadillac was purchased and the first trip was made the fall of 1923. Previously Percy had made arrangements for my staying that winter with Mrs. Savery where I had a nice room and spent a pleasant winter. The girls--Susie and Hattie--had made one visit back to the old town previously to my breaking up

the home. Now Ed and been in town several years, and it seemed as the business was not so good, and everything did not look so bright.

Percy had been back during the summer as usual and arrangements had been made for my going to California to spend the winter with him, and so in November, 1926, I boarded the train in Denison in a big snow storm. There were six in the party, I believe, or five. Jennie was now living at Charter Oak, and she came over to see me off, but with the storm being so serious, did not stay very long. I was on my way to California, thanks to Percy, and in my first sleeping car. I enjoyed the trip immensely. The scenery was grand and I slept well, but was aroused during the night some by the puffing of the engine going over the mountains, a new sensation. I looked out, or tried to, and could see nothing. Percy was at the depot to meet me and I was glad. I went to Mrs. Cornwell's a day or two and started sightseeing and picnicking. I spent a week at my old friend of other days who was nearly a relative Dora (McCord) Ireland of Long Beach. Here I met Mr. and Mrs. Rogers of Denison.

Then I spent a short time with Miss Delia Hall of Redwood Beach. Percy by then had an apartment on Shatto Street, and we went to house-keeping again, which I enjoyed, and we found new friends later, the apartment housekeeper. The living in a new apartment was expensive for me, we were on the second floor, and a friend of Mrs. Cornwell and Miss Hall has an apartment on the third floor. She is a very agreeable person, Daisy Hartzell, but quite deaf. She abounds in pretty quilt pieces which she procures from the garment store in which she works. So we are busy. We go out sightseeing and picnicking often, and I do enjoy the scenery. The ocean is wonderful, and I loved to watch to see the breakers come in and recede. I love the mountains, roads, the orange groves, and the lovely flowers all over. Beauty growing in the white sand, even where I can't see how they survived. The roses are wonderful; in fact all the flowers are beautiful, but I miss our lovely peonies as they do not grow in California, not near Los Angeles at least. The vegetables are fine, and so are the big open fruit stands along the roads. I love to explore fruits, vegetables and flowers.

January 1, we attended the Rose Bowl parade in Pasadena. It was gorgeous. One can't imagine the lovely floats all of flowers. We ate our picnic dinner at the foot of Mt. Wilson on January 1. It was different from our old Iowa. The party consisted of Mrs. Cornwell and Martin, Mrs. Thomas Morris of Denison, Miss Hall of Redondo Beach, Percy and myself. It was a wonderful day for me. We visited San Pedro where our defense guns are stationed and our battleships are. It was certainly a new experience for me. Out days were spent happily. Frequent letters from home were a source of comfort. I was feeling very well and enjoyed the little housekeeping.

Here is where by boy Percy became acquainted with (on the way out to California) Mr. and Mrs. Martin coming overland. Well, they fell in company with some young men from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Ed Siederman hunted Percy up and was a frequent caller to our apartment. I found when I arrived, that Percy was known only as Joe, which is also his name, but I could not become accustomed to it. So his name is still Percy to me. I visited Miss Hall; in fact we four did often. I also visited Mr. and Mrs. Reed--Bob and Dell--formerly of Des Moines, Iowa; I spent several days with them. Later Mr. Reed died and

left his wife and three children and I since have lost track of them.

In February, the last Saturday in the month, was the annual Iowa picnic and from the looks, one would think there was none left in Iowa. Here I met so many old acquaintances formerly of Iowa. So my first winter was spent very pleasantly in California with Percy. I returned home in May, I believe. I had a nice trip.

Times were not so good in Iowa now. Henry and Sarah had moved to Denison, occupying the Charles Brogden House. Hattie, the second daughter, married Fred Lutts, so I went to Henry's for the present. Plenty of changes had taken place. My friend Mrs. Rockwell, had passed on. The McCord family, Burt and Ida, were residents of Spencer, Iowa, and so was Ida's sister, Lottie. I made my yearly visit with the girls in Illinois. Jennie was living in Charter Oak, and I stayed some with her. Percy came home for the summer while still in the employ of Mrs. Cornwell. They spent the summer at Lake Okaboji and returned to California in the fall as they did every year. If I remember, I spent the time with Henry and Sarah. I had made my first [sic] trip to Lake Okaboji that summer. I am not so crazy about the lakes as I might be (rather afraid of waters anyway, especially lakes). I stopped at Spencer to call on Burt and Ida. By now Jennie was having her share of domestic troubles of which I could not blame her. October 2, 1927.

We here in Denison received a message from Spencer that a horrible accident had happened and that Ida McCord had been killed by an auto at the fair grounds in Spencer on October 1 at 4 p.m. She had been horribly mangled and passed away on the second of October. It was a very sad piece of news for us all because she was a fine lady and a wonderful mother to be ruthlessly cut down in the prime of life. Her funeral was at Denison on October 5--my wedding anniversary. Will and Susie Scott came to the funeral from Illinois and Ida's sister from Nebraska. Now Jennie had moved to Denison from Charter Oak.

The last part of November, Percy had sent for me from California to spend the winter with him again which I was pleased to do as I loved California, even though I had felt one or two very light tremors of earthquakes, and do you believe it actually thundered and lightening twice in California. So I set out along on the journey and arrived safely with no harm. Percy was there to meet me at the Union depot and I was tired.

About the third or fourth of December, Jennie and her two girls, Neva and Lorraine, decided to go to Illinois to make their home, as Will and Sue thought it would be to their advantage. So now I had three girls in Barrington, Illinois, 35 miles from Chicago and 150 miles from my old home. Only Anna was left near me, and Henry and Ed. Brother Will had made a very unsuccessful move to Colorado a few years previous and was now back in Iowa where the tall corn grows. Will's family consisted of a wife and two daughters--Mearle (Mrs. Forest Winn) and Helen (Mrs. John Dawson). Her father was very much discouraged when he returned from Colorado. The awful depression which we have experienced the past few years was just being felt, and times were hard.

Banks were failing and men's hearts were failing and the end was not yet as we were to learn to most people's sorrow, but old Iowa, as far as crops and weather were

concerned would produce its share with the best of all the years of my living in the Hawkeye State. I had or have seen a failure of crops; that is why we have our state song, "Iowa, where the tall corn grows", and the great fields of corn are a fine sight especially to those not used to this area. Acres of the finest size, and quality compares with the best and I am satisfied with Iowa. But here I am talking Iowa strong, and I am supposed to be in California.

So here we are, very nicely situated in the five story Blaizier Apartments on the third floor; it seems nice to be back in California again, and Perry's work is only two doors away. I spend much of my time there. Here we have Ed Siederman again, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and on our floor, Evelyn (Cash) Crandall--a dear friend. Mr. Smiley from Marion, Ohio, and Dad Richard and more. We visited Miss Hall and Dora Ireland and also Mrs. Rogers. We are well, so are our dear ones at home, but a dark cloud hangs over our beloved country. Banks are failing all over the country. Only four banks have closed their doors in our little town of Denison. What does that mean? We shall soon see. Many are left penniless and have seen their life savings and hard earned money gone where my home has gone. Henry's farm is gone, also Ed's home; Burt McCord's is all gone after years of hard work by the sweat of their brow, and the end is not yet lived, as you will see by the following simple naration [sic].

Farms are being lost and quite a sum of farmers are moving to town for what work they can get and to educate their children. The latter is all right, but the work proposition is not so good. In a small place and no factories to give employment; prices not so good. Businesses of all kinds are very poor with no trade, no money to buy with and no debts can be collected. Not a very bright future ahead.

Well, here I am in California and enjoying myself. Evelyn (Mrs. Crandall) is teaching school, and I went with her to her school one day. The children are Mexicans and Italians. I call American schools interesting. How eager those children are to learn; it was fine to see them go through the salute drill of our flag--the red, white and blue. A wonderful school. A nursery department where working mothers could leave their small children. I attended several school entertainments and we had a nice Christmas dinner with Mrs. Crandall and her father, Mr. Cash, a dinner in which all contributed and the Christmas Eve was enjoyed by all. I could tell so many real good tines--the little picnic dinner Mrs. Cornwell and Martin, Percy and I enjoyed. Sometimes Mrs. Morris and Miss Hall were along; Percy and I had a birthday dinner with Dora. Our birthdays both being in May, and beautiful large baskets of lovely flowers, a gift to us. A pleasure I most appreciate was a ticket to the beautiful Chiernice Theatre for my birthday by Evelyn. So life went on, one place of interest to another, we had visited the Cary's at Long Beach. Before now a sad blow came to Mrs. Cornwell; the bank in which her means were, and in which her husband was president before his death had closed, cleaning her of her property except one home in Denison, and her beloved car in which they had made several cross-country trips and been so kind as to share with others less fortunate to own a nice car. It was all gone along with Perry's service; so he was forced to look elsewhere for employment and the end was not yet.

I had attended many interesting places. I can recall now several years later as I try

to write; they come to my mind never to be forgotten. My last trip to California I visited the old missions, the parks, especially the Edison Park where little Marion Parker's limbs were found. The wonderful fine trees of different varieties [sic] in that park where she was killed were so beautiful. To imagine whose heart could be so calloused as to commit such a deed and desecrate so beautiful a park. The Zula Hunt was an odd place to eat fine foods. The Grey L, on Farm, well rather noisy, but never forgotten; so on I could mention one place after another of interest. In May, I concluded to set out for my home in Iowa, in company with Mrs. Cornwell and Agness Marcing, Percy to remain in Los Angeles. Our trip home was uneventful, and we arrived in Denison on May 28. So, tired, Henry, Alma and the boys met us. So here we are home again. I had a wonderful winter seeing so much of interest and enjoying the little housekeeping. We had our meals together and occasionally, Mrs. Crandall, her father--James Cash--Percy and I. It was very nice. It was very nice. We went on rides and on April 17, Easter Sunday, we took a trip to Sandiego [sic] and Tijuana, Mexico, which was a grand trip; we saw so much and took some pictures. We started early in the morning and seeing the sun rise over the mountains was beautiful. When we came home we saw the sun set over the Pacific and was it gorgeous--more beautiful than the hand of an artist could dare to compare with. I was very tired when we arrived home, but seeing so much of the wonderful and beautiful, I never expected to enjoy, thanks to my boy.

I love California; only lack of money and more of the family to be there is all I think prevented me from calling it home, but still old Iowa and the town of Denison looked pretty good to me still, where I have spent so many of the best years of my life. Where I have experienced joy and sorrow, happiness and disappointments as is the lot of human family. Here my children were born and raised, and lived from the pioneer days until the present. Here I have seen many changes from the days of 1873 until the present day of 1934, and it is home to me.

We no longer ride in the lumber wagon or nice team and buggy, but the automobiles have supplanted the horses. It has become too slow to travel of this age, and one can travel miles and miles in ease and comfort; unless there is tire trouble or some other difficulty or an accident of which there are many. Well, I am home, or in Denison at least. I believe the autos hit Denison about 1908, and I also think that E. C. Chamberlain had the first one in town--a funny looking contraption as we see them today, but a great source of attraction then.

I went to Henry's and Sarah's; they are now living in the Jimmy Wygant place. I was at Henry's until May 28. I went to brother Will on July 1. He was then living on the Dr. Carr place. Here I remained until July 15. I had fine visits and helped Cora with whatever there was to do. I believe Mearle was teaching. I went up with Barney and Annie in Battle Creek for a time, and had a fine time as always. On August 8 I took the train for Chicago and Barrington for my yearly visit with the girls. I was met by Jennie and Elaine, Hattie's daughter. I had a fine visit with all the friends, in-laws, children and grandchildren. Few are blest with so many fine good relatives. Yes, and good looking too. I say I am proud of them.

I again returned to Denison on October and was met by Henry, Alma, Ed and



Ruth. I again went to Henry's on account of room. All was well as usual, and I was just visiting over there. Piecing quilts, doing fancy work, and later painting several pictures in oil. On October 3, Joe's birthday, Percy came for a visit from California. I was in hopes that he would remain in the state of his birth, but he thought otherwise. We were all glad to have him with us even for a short time. We are going a lot these days which I enjoy immensely. I called on an old friend of Mrs. Bryan, and Uncle Billy in the corn field. Aunt Cora, carpenter as she was, though a farmer's wife, caught in the act of making chicken coops. She did not object to some help. The next day was a chicken dinner, and then we went home by Mearle's, took pictures and got some walnuts.

October 24, Sarah, Alma, Percy and I went to Battle Creek by way of Odebolt to visit with Annie and Barney and of course, dinner, and were not the least disappointed. Such a feed that my Anna was capable of getting ready for the most fastidious tastes. We are surely living on the fat of the land for at least a few days. We took some pictures. The day would not be complete without some pictures being taken, for the days pass too quickly. On October 10 was Percy's birthday; he was with me. Mrs. Shropshier was very bad; a serious fall injured her hip. She is an old friend; she died. The funeral was October 15 and we attended.

The great Zepplin from Germany carrying sixty persons in New York City on October 15, but Lindberg was not one of the number. A wonderful achievement; more and more wonderful inventions every year.

Sarah, Mrs. Cornwell, Mrs. Martin, Percy and myself wops to Lake Okaboji which was 120 miles away. We had a picnic dinner for which Mrs. Cornwell is so famous. On the way home we stopped at Spencer and called on Burt and Ida. Sarah, Percy and I enjoyed a fine dinner with Hattie Lutts. Percy soon will be leaving me again, much to my regret. I only wish he could remain longer in the old home town.

October 28. I am so lonely. Mrs. Cornwell and Mrs. Martin also were going back to California. Not much work here but all well, for which I am thankful. I think my story is getting less and less interesting, but maybe someone will read it with interest.

I think I was still at Henry's at the Wygant home until February when I went to Ed's until sometime in the spring or early summer. I again went to visit the girls in Illinois and spent several weeks with them and generally had a fine time. I also visited the Hubbard Woods, my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hagen and Mrs. Hoffmann. One year when Percy was with us, we, Susie, Hattie, Percy and I drove by auto to my old home which I enjoyed so much. We also went to Sullivan to visit the relatives there and at Arthur, Illinois. So many are gone, but I should have related this earlier in my book.

When I returned to Denison in the fall of 1930 or 1931, I think if my memory is correct, that Henry and Sarah had moved in the west part of town to a very nice place now owned by Charlie Shives. In the spring, Jennie and Lorraine came home from Illinois on business. It was certainly nice to have her with me again; we had a reunion dinner at Henry's with Uncle Will and Aunt Cora; Anna and Barney and Ed and Alma. What a feed! Happy days never forgotten. Well, everything went on in the old routine and too soon

Jennie had to return to Illinois, much as I did regret to have her leave. I can't understand why families have to be separated, so far apart; one here and one somewhere else, but such is life. It always has been that way.

I don't think that I have spoken of the great invention of the day--radio. It certainly is a wonderful instrument. What will come next? I wonder if anything so marvelous in my day. I have seen so many changes from the kerosene lamp, which I distinctly remember, to the gas and electric both for heating and lighting. The automobile in place of the horse-drawn vehicle and the telephone where we can order or visit and remain at home. All so wonderful, what can come next? I have seen the highways paved from city and town to another over our hills and through the valleys where the autos roll smoothly along, where in my day no real road existed, only the best way one could pick out over the hills and through the valleys where there were creeks with only a few bridges. Even one of the younger generation can scarcely comprehend the great stride of our civilization, but I have seen this.

I am still with Henry and Sarah in the west side of Denison. Everything is as usual, we are near the Illinois Central Railroad and the overhead crossing; there is also one over the Northwestern Railroad. Changes are for the better as there are fewer railroad accidents at crossings, and we have had some very bad ones. I have been at Battle Creek several times, and Anna and Barney are down frequently. They are alone, with Garnet in New York City and Lorraine in Shenandoah. How they are scattered from the old home where once there was joy and laughter. Happy days gone never to return, and each one has taken up the cares and burdens of life--success or troubles, cares of this life.

Anna is not well; she is small and frail, but very ambitious and anxious for the welfare of her family and working for their comfort and happiness. She has been to a hospital in Omaha and returned home. She was down to see me and has to go to the hospital again (much against her wishes). She went and spent two weeks at the home of Lorraine and Dr. Weaver and then to Omaha. We were sitting around the table in the evening reading at Henry's when a telephone call came at nearly nine from Dr. Weaver on March 7, 1931, saying that Anna had passed to the great beyond. Barney, Lorraine, and her husband were at her bedside when the end came. We called the girls in Barrington, but a hard snow storm had blocked the roads and it was with difficulty that Barney and Lorraine had reached her bedside. It made it impossible for the relatives to come, but strange as it may seem no snow had fallen in our locality, and the roads were in good condition. We laid her away on March 10, 1931, in the Battle Creek cemetery mid tears and flowers. Garnet arrived the morning of the 10th from New York. So my eldest child, Anna, was gone from us and the girls were not able to attend the funeral-- a nice day a little chilly. So Barney is left alone in the nice home and surroundings, and the one which loved and whose interests were theirs was gone forever. Such is life.

I don't recall much of interest just now. The daily routine of life and at times were not so extra good, but still there was work for the most. If I remember, Jennie came a little later on business. Uncle Will and Aunt Cora were living south of Buck Grove. I spent my birthday with them, and they gave me a dinner. Helen and John Dawson and children and Mother Dawson. You remember that Helen is Uncle Will's daughter, the oldest; also Mrs.

Griffin was present. John and Lorraine Weaver sent me a box of candy, and Percy never forgot mother's birthday. So I had passed another mile-post in my life.

I write this as I feel inclined. I don't know as I mentioned before that Will and Cora had disposed of his place a few years previous and went to Colorado, but conditions did not prove satisfactory and he came back to Iowa--a sadder man. I was glad he came back for we two were the only ones left of our once happy family. So they were on a farm near Dow City. I mentioned that Anna had two daughters--Garnet and Lorraine. Garnet had married Tom Weatherwax of the famous Weatherwax brothers; he was in the World War, and Lorraine had married Dr. John Weaver; they now had two children--Julia and John. They lived in Shenandoah, Iowa, he being a specialist, a fine man. Difficulties came into Garnet's life, and she was gone several years. She taught school in Sioux City, Iowa, for a time and went to New York to a school. There she met a Mr. E. C. Grey, and she afterward married him in Chicago. They now live in New York; they have an adopted son, Jack. Doctor Weaver's health failed, and on December 13, 1931, he passed away only a few short months after Annie left us. A man much respected and needed was taken from his wife, Lorraine (our Lorraine Vollertsen) and his two children--Julia and John, a sad Christmas for us all.

The winter of 1932 I spent with Mrs. John Cary and daughter, Margaret Haverstick. Percy and his friend, Evelyn (Cash) Crandall, were back to her home town in Michigan. That summer they had taken the remains of her father back to bury him. He having died in April in California. I went back to visit the girls as usual, and he came to Illinois and was there for a short time, and we returned to Iowa together. Mrs. Crandall came later. They returned to California.

We met so many at the Old Settlers Picnic that year in 1932. Barney and Lorraine, Helen, Mearle, Cora and Will. What changes time has brought. Those yearly gatherings of the old settlers of Crawford County are much enjoyed and largely attended with our picnic dinners and free coffee and the prizes for the handsomest and the smartest man, and one for the handsomest baby whose parents were Iowa born. First, second and third prize. The list reading of those departed during the years seems to be larger each year. The pioneers of the county are passing one by one and leaving their part in the battle of life to be filled by their children. Percy, while here, visited my nephews and daughters in Sioux City--Burt McCord, Gladys and Ione and also took a trip to Lake Okaboji in company with Mrs. Crandall and some friend. I was very lonely when they returned to California that August.

Henry's only son, Bernard, was married to Mary Bowman; so Henry's three children are married; and in fact most of my grandchildren are now. Henry's Helen married Dewey Boettger and resided near Haver, Montana. Hattie married Fred Lutts, and lived in Denison. Susie's daughter, Ethel, married Dick Wessel. Ira unmarried. Hattie Hoffmann's button untried Dorothy Garfish. Elaine untried Lloyd graham and Jennings Neva was married to Fred Schauble. The last five named reside in Barrington, Illinois. I am also the great grandmother to ten, and one adopted one--Jack Grey. So that is different since 1873 when I came to Iowa. My family tree is spreading its branches until it has become quite a sizeable tree.

I spent the winter of 1933 with Mrs. John Cary and Margaret, and I had a very pleasant winter and was well all winter. Cora was in Denison all winter taking care of a Mrs. Charlotte Thiem who was helpless or nearly so. Will was with me considerably and I certainly enjoyed it. Mrs. Thiem died; so Cora and Will went to Mearle's. Everything seemed to be as usual. I was with Ed and Alma before taking my yearly trip to Illinois.

On May 30, being Declaration Day, and I an observer for many years, Burt McCord and Gladys and Mr. and Mrs. Deane came down as they had been doing and wanted me to go home with them to Sioux City, which I did. The ride to Sioux City was fine. The scenery along the highway is great. I certainly enjoyed it; this you see is May, 1933. Well, I did not feel extra good on Friday; so Burt said that he would take me to Denison on Saturday the third. I was extremely nervous, so we went home. When I awoke on Sunday morning Alma told me of my dear brother Will being killed on Saturday night in an auto accident. Oh God, will I ever forget my feelings--my only brother; so I was left--the last of my family. He was coming home from Odebolt, Iowa, about nine thirty at night, and he had just come from his friend, Jim Smith's house and was going home. Saturday, June 3, a passing bus found the car run off the road, and upon investigating, found him in the car, dead. A nurse in the bus said he had been dead a whole hour. We never have found the guilty party who killed him, but some day when the secrets of the hearts of all are laid bare; the mist will be cleared away and justice done. We laid him away on June 5, beside father and mother and Jennie in the Dow City cemetery. It was an extremely warm day.

Will, my brother, and I never had a cross word or quarrel for which I am thankful, neither with parents or sister. I can look back and be glad, but it is not saying I have not with others. My imperfections have been many; although I have tried to do my best. That is all one can do in this life as we see it. About or at this time, Sarah was called to Minnesota to attend the funeral of her brother Dick Beck, and she did not learn of Uncle Will's death until after her return home.

I made my yearly visit to Illinois in the latter part of July in company with Barney, Lorraine, Julia and John. Garnet had been home and Jack and she were returning home. They were to attend the World's Fair, Century of Progress at Chicago so I had plenty of good company as far as Chicago. I was met there by my son-in-law, Will Scott.

I had a fine visit at Battle Creek. Previously Lorraine and children were there and had a nice time. A little later Susie came and made a short stay; we spent one day with Barney and returned to Denison in October. I spent the winter with Henry and Sarah. David is married to Ruby Hass. Ed is not well; he has been to Iowa City once the winter of 1937 and 1934, not as cold a winter as I have experienced many times. Not much snow, and this was our worst dry season. We had no rain in April, very little in May and it was so very warm with plenty of dust storms.

Alma and Ruth went to California to visit Aunt Dora and were gone six weeks. Ed and Edward home alone, the girls had a fine time. Sight- seeing with Percy entertaining them. They returned home after a fine vacation. I went to Mrs. Cary's in May and was there three weeks. On June 14, I came to Illinois being met in Chicago by Jennie and

Lorraine. I came to Palatine, where she resides. I was glad to be able to visit them once more. It has been a yearly visit with the exception of one year since Hattie came back to Illinois. Now both of her children are grown and married and Hattie became grandmother to little Janet Graham who was four years old. I found all well, but the weather is warm. I have passed through many summers in my long life, but I can't remember such prolonged very warm weather like we are having this year and so dry.

I had a surprise letter from my son, J. P., Jr. one day recently telling me of his marriage to my much esteemed California friend-- Evelyn (Cash) Crandall on July 2. Well, I was satisfied, he will have a home now and not be living in an apartment and in cafes. A fine lady, a teacher and musician; and they are on their honeymoon east. They will come through by auto visiting us in Illinois in a few days and then on to Chicago to the Century of Progress, a wonderful sight, but I have not attended. They then went on east, returning later to Iowa and California which will be their home, I suppose. So my family are all married now and right here, I may as well mention my family.

The mother of eleven children (three dying in infancy) and at the age of eighty-two I with seven living children, fourteen grandchildren (two deceased), and eleven great grandchildren constituting my immediate family, and also three daughters-in-law and three sons-in-law. My life has been long and in many ways, very pleasant. Of course, all mothers of large families have many trials and difficulties, also many pleasures and joys, sorrows and temptations, but thus far, God has brought me and given me health for my advanced years for which I am very thankful for every blessing. A strong arm to lean on, one who never turns a deaf ear to the cries of those in distress, a help in every time of need. My years have far exceeded what I ever expected and I am the last member of my family and my little naration [sic] is at an end, and this far in my life is more really a family history and may perhaps be read with interest in years to come by the children and descendents. I have given dates and incidents as best I could after all the years that have passed, but of course, have omitted many forgotten ones, but with all the imperfections it will give an idea of what my life has been. Also, what I have passed through in my long pilgrimage thus far--August 3, 1934.

After a week or two spent in Michigan, by son Percy returned to Illinois and spent the time visiting with us all, and we--Percy and myself--set out by auto for Denison on August 8. Evelyn came later-- she having remained in Michigan with relatives. August 8, 1934, alas a very warm day the breeze that there was, was like coming from an oven. We drove to Clinton then crossing the Mississippi River which was fine, and I enjoyed it immensely. We then set out for Davenport, Iowa, along the river which was twenty-two miles, I believe. We found Clarence McCord home, he is my sister Jennie's grandson. I was so tired that we remained there for the night, and the next morning set out on our day's drive. We arrived in Iowa City and went to a park thinking that we would stop for awhile in the shade. I did some writing, but we soon decided it would be more pleasant on the road, so we started out and reached Tama, Iowa, where I took a room and rested until five-thirty. I was much rested when we obtained rooms in a private home in Ogden. Here Percy found an old acquaintance, and he had a pleasant time while I was enjoying a needed rest and sleep. Thursday morning we started again and soon were at Jefferson where we called on our old friend Mrs. Thomas Morris who has recently taken up her abode in Jefferson

with her daughter, Mrs. Will Anderson. As we were nearing Denison, we came to Vail and called on brother Will's daughter Helen and family where we were kindly invited to remain for dinner which was very agreeable to us both. A fine dinner and much enjoyed. After a short visit we jogged along and were soon with Henry and Sarah at home and had the car relieved of the burden of numerous articles such as boxes, bags, pillows and blankets from California, and I was really sorry our journey was at an end. I was not so tired; a trip to be remembered and it was never to be taken again by us together. It made me sad, but I was thankful that God had given me the strength and permitted me to go. I do not think I even experienced such warm weather for so long a time and so very dry, but I certainly enjoyed the trip and was sorry that it was not longer. Although I was very tired, the girls--Susie, Hattie and Jennie--were afraid it was too much for me, but with an extra good driver we made it and after a good rest I felt better.

Now the Crawford County Old Settlers picnic, a yearly affair, was due on the fourteenth of August, I believe. We attended and saw many old friends and heard of many who had passed on. Percy certainly enjoyed the day. Evelyn had not yet come, but now the time had come when I must find a room and place for the winter, and I thought I would like a furnished room. I got a room with Mrs. Cary and Margaret Haverstick, her daughter, and fixed it to our liking. I had previously spent two winters with them.

I was enjoying myself having Percy with me; we went and drove and had a fine time, but all good times have an end. The time had arrived when he must return to his home and business in California, so when Evelyn came he returned to his home and business in California. They called on all, and I had a few fine auto rides, the sad day came for then to load the VA to the utmost capacity. They departed. A sad, sad day for me, but I must be brave and make the best of life, my life. The day went by, nothing very eventful. I had many fine drives with Mrs. Cary and Margaret in the country that I had never been over, after all these years of living in Iowa. So, I went to Mrs. Cary's in August and Percy had returned to the land of sunshine, oranges and earthquakes. I had felt two tremors when I was in California the two winters--excuse me, I am not in love with them.

The scenery is fine, and I can't go on with my naration [sic] without something being said about the condition of the country in which we had just come through in the first place. It has been an exceedingly dry season; the dryest [sic] and nearest of failure of crops I have ever seen in Iowa in the many years I have resided here. The small grain nearly a complete failure. Some quite nice fields of grain in the shocks in Illinois and some thrashing corn very poor there. Pastures were brown in Iowa where the tall corn grows that we sing of. Well, it looks sick for Iowa, some fields look green and nice, but poorly eared. Some dried up, scarce, and brown; and the pastures are poor, water supplies poor too. It still is so warm. There is rain in some localities, but none here yet to help. The gardens have suffered much and some are gone. Not so much fruit.

Little book, I have neglected you sadly of late as it is now September 27, 1934 and I have not even looked at my scribbling. We have had some rain and considerably chilly weather and some frost a little over a week ago. Lorraine Weaver of Shenandoah, Anne's daughter, and her children Julia and John came for me to go to Battle Creek for a weekend visit with her father, Barney. It rained on our way up and turned quite cold for so early in

the season. We had a nice time and were over to Ida Grove one day and returned to Denison on Sunday afternoon. Barney accompanied us as far as Henry's, and then all set out for home, each their separate ways. Such is life. I returned to Cary's home, but would have much preferred to be with my own. No one can know how hard it is for me after all the years of home and family--the patter of the children; the trouble and vexation of their lives, their anxieties and hopes--where I have heard all and helped all and to be here among strangers is hard to endure, be they as kind as they may, it is not home or anything to compare with it.

The depression which has been in our country for the past several years has brought havoc to nearly everyone, causing unemployment to thousands, and causing much suffering, causing people to lose their homes, not only in the towns but farms as well, and making poor prices for production. The farms also the dry season has placed hundreds of our prosperous people where they are forced to ask for help from their county or government. Our President, F. D. Roosevelt, is doing all in his power to elevate the wants for not only the laborers of the country, but also the farmers as well and save their homes. Oh that it were remedied now, and our people once more returned to lives of happiness and contentment where each family had their share of daily work and business. May God speed the day.

While I am getting negligent in my writing and it becomes more of a diary now that I am down to the present time and what transpires at the present time. It is now October 13, 1934, the weather is beautiful warm and balmy but still very dry. I must not forget to jot down how I spent my sixty-fourth wedding anniversary on October 5. My very dear friend Mrs. Cornwell invited me to accompany her and Mrs. Dunbar, Agnes Martin and Mrs. Cornwell's niece whom I will call Mamie as I can't recall her name, who had a fine car and also can drive well. Well, the outing was to be up at the Black Hawk Lake formerly known as Wall Lake, but I suppose in the enlightened days that was an ordinary name so Black Hawk is more refined. Well, the day was wonderful, a beautiful October day, as was the October 5th, sixty-four years previous. A fine drive and a picnic dinner which was all a picnic lunch should be and was much relished, but the lake is receding [sic] so much from the ordinary water line. We were busy seizing the fish and transferring them to the other waters. The drought has been so severe. I recall the day so many years ago, what a change so many dear ones are sleeping in the churchyard gone, and I am still spared to battle. My immediate family is gone, but my dear children are spared with the exception of Annie, my oldest, leaving us in 1931, and father in 1911. Joy and sorrow, too.

Sometimes since I have taken my pen to add a few lines to my neglected sketch, but today brings back to my mind the passing of my dear brother Will, seventeen months tonight since he was so ruthlessly taken from us and how I do miss him; his cheery smile, and friendly waves, but he was spared the worry and anxieties of these trying days. Days which try the hearts of strong men. This is also the day and month of my dear mother's death forty-five years ago, a long time. I am left to battle the life alone. It is strange that Will and Mother were both sixty-nine years of age. A sad day for me, the dearest friend I had on earth lay under the sod in the cemetery not far from where the old home was. The cemetery where so many of my dear ones sleep today, their lives work done and their

work to follow them, their good deeds of life are remembered in this life and written in the great book of life beyond the grave. While we here are passing through a trying time such as we have never experienced before. The great drought which we have passed through this season, the scarcity of crops here was never known before. No employment for people or not nearly enough and badly wanted. Laying from our President down to the so-called common people although he has done a wonderful job in restoring or trying to restore relief for all and the betterment of conditions extending all over the United States. May he have the wisdom and strength to carry the work on to the betterment of all and to all and once more may we have contentment and prosperity for our great nation, This brings us to another election day near at hand and a fierce battle is on; what the outcome will be remains to be told.

November 6, 1935, was the date of a fierce battle which went strongly democratic. Thousands were unemployed in this glorious land of ours. The land of the free and the home of the brave. The army in staving conditions in the land of plenty.

This is March 22, 1935, how very negligent I have been for so long a time. Time has elapsed since I have even looked at my story; I have really lost any interest of late, but will endeavor to take up the thread of the imperfect naration [sic]. It may be read sometime with interest by some of, or all of the children, I hope.

Well, in December, Henry's daughter from Montana, Helen Boettger, and her two little children came for a visit. I had not seen her for a number of years. I spent Christmas at Henry's and exchanged presents on Christmas Eve. She remained here until January 12, then she returned home by way of Sioux City. Sarah and Henry accompanying her that far. The weather was very cold for awhile. On January 26 I left Mrs. Cary's and came to Henry's awhile. I missed being convenient to Ed and the post office and the stores, but now spring is nearly here. The grass is peeping through, and the trees are showing the buds. The ground is full of moisture, and all are hoping for a good season and crops much needed. Never was there such a printer of want and scarcity of food for stock in my memory of Iowa since 1873. We had not so much snow, but considerable ice and much sickness and many deaths. So now I am caught up for awhile.

Well, my reminiscence has been sadly neglected of late, and this being September, 1935, I recall an incident to my mind which takes me back to the first of December 1879, to a wedding solomized [sic] at my father's James Schouten's house. He living two and one-half miles southwest of Arcola, Douglas County, Illinois. The contracting parties being Nelson LaNeue, the young man of our acquaintance who had been with us for several years, of French parentage and a Civil War Veteran, the lady being Sarah Yarnell, a sister of Lydia Duncan (Mrs. W. A. Duncan) and a friend of our family. Joe and myself were the attendants. We were married the next October 5, 1870; the day was an ideal December 1, but as I write, tears unforbidden start for that little company which was gathered there happy and gay under the hospitable roof of my dear parents; all have passed on to the great beyond as far as I know, except myself and Aunt Lydia Duncan. I can't say as to her as the last word I have received said that she was unable to walk to help herself in any way. The bride of this sketch passed on last year, and the husband some thirty years ago, yet I can help myself, and associate with friends and loved ones. God has surely been



good to me, my dear children, and good health for many years. I have passed through many sorrows, trials, vexations and failures, and still have and think life is sweet. I enjoy life and the many blessings God has bestowed on me.

Well, my record is being sadly neglected. My last entry was in March and this is April 13, soon it will be Ed's birthday--the fifteenth, born in 1878. This is a queer spring, but rains have come and not much snow in the winter months. We have seen such dust storms--the clouds or sky would be dark with dust from adjoining states. Well, as they say over the radio [sic], "I feel a verse coming on," but not a verse in my case, just a bit of family history of my ancestors, I think. It will be for my children and those to follow.

May 15, 1935, our drought is broken, and the country looks more promising after the years of the terrible depression of the worst employment. Men might furnish some relief, but a higher power must supply the old word with some needed moisture to bring forth the fruits and grain and all things needed for mankind's needs and comforts. How helpless we are without God's help. It shows us that we are poor, frail mortals and need and must have help from above. This is my mother's birthday. She was born Mary Ann Nettle in Saratoga County, New York, in 1820, and she died on November 3, 1889. She is gone these years, but not forgotten. The seventeenth of May will be my birthday. My father, mother, brother and sister gone before and much younger than I, and here I am. I hope the day will prove happy.

May 17, 1935, a nice day rather cool but sunshine for a change from so much cloudy weather. All winter and spring we had cloudy weather. Nice rains along April and May which is very encouraging, not everyone encouraged. Well, this is my birthday and how thankful I am that I have been spared so long to my children and friends. There can't be many more years for me. I have received fine cards, and three fine bouquets today, and I feel proud that I was able to finish a pretty picture in oil today. I think that is wonderful. I have made four this spring and remodeled two which I think remarkable for an old great-grandmother these days, don't you?

I was well remembered on Mother's Day which was June 21, with two lovely bouquets and many cards. Barney, Lorraine Weaver, Julia and John, her children were here. Granddaughters and great-grandchildren of which I have twelve.

Well old story, you have been sadly neglected of late, but I will try to jot down a few lines this beautiful July 9 morning. It is cool and pleasant here (I am away from home in Iowa) as I came to Illinois on June 5 to my daughter Jennie's home in Palatine; as you will remember, she is my youngest daughter. She has two daughters. One is married. I came alone by train. Jennie and Lorraine, her youngest, met me in Chicago. I was not so very tired. I have seen the bunch that calls Illinois their home now; they are quite a number--three daughters and families and one great-great-grandchild, Janet Graham. All is well-- but not all employed I am sorry to say. What times. What depression, and what disappointments these days. So many with no work. It never was known before the likes of times now. I wonder in years to come if any should read these simple lines I am now writing, if they will think them strange after our beautiful American's returned to prosperity once more and we are a happy and contented home loving country, and work

for all with fair wage for all. That is my ardent desire. Will I live to see that happy day. My baby (he is a married man) is coming here next week to see me and the others. I am so glad that he is now in Michigan having come by auto from Louisiana. A fine way to travel.

Well, here is September 25, 1935, and how I have sadly neglected you, my little mirror. Percy came in August as I mentioned before in a previous page and stayed with us two weeks. Was it a treat to me. He had his car, and did we have some lovely trips---by the way I love the auto trips. I would have loved to have gone back home with him to Iowa, but it was pretty warm. He was busy all the time fixing things for Jennie, wherever it was needed on things that were out of repair. Evelyn, his little wife, came on a Saturday and they left for home on Monday stopping in Denison a short time. So he went and left me lonely. Will I ever see him again, God only knows, but I pray that I may in the flesh. They had a fine trip home to Los Angeles, California, nothing eventful except some person tried to break into their car one night and was not successful. There is so much thieving going on these days, it is dreadful. I have visited with the three girls and am now ready to go back to my home or at least it has been my hone since 1873. A long time, so no place seems home to me anymore. I hope I have my desire. Since coming here, I have lost my old childhood friend by death, W. Wright, on August 14. We three--he, Dora Ireland of Long Beach and myself--were the same age nearly. Dora and I in May and Billy in August, and we were young together. Then we were separated for years and here I am, very well for my years. I can help myself, I need no waiting on yet, and I have my reasoning powers. I write letters and love to receive them. I hope I may retain my reasoning facilities to the last, and not require much waiting on. Now I will wait a space again.

I have certainly waited awhile, for this is December 1, 1935, and it recalls to my memory years ago. So many changes bring back sad memories and I feel lonely. I have no words to express my feelings. No one knew when the dear ones had passed one by one and I am still in the land of the living. I have much to be thankful for because I still have my dear children. One has gone before. I enjoy my children; they are kind and thoughtful, especialy [sic] my youngest that God gave me in my later years of my life. Never has a mother ever had a more thoughtful, devoted son; may has life be filled with love and happiness and good things of life. If he were only near me. Us poor mortals have been passing through very trying times the past few years, that every strong man's heart--the depression, but beginning to look brighter.

Oh my, oh my, how I as neglecting my writing. I have so many correspondences. The girls and Percy expect a card or letter every week besides memory's friends. This is February 7, 1936, a new year. Cold, I should say, cold from fifteen to twenty-five to thirty below zero nights; and cold enough during the day. Snow piled up. The roads impossible to drive on, and many schools are closed. In many places there is a coal shortage since the forepart of January. The coldest in many years. Henry has been out helping open roads nearly two weeks. A real oldfashioned winter as we used to have in the 1870's and 1880's.

Several events have happened. I have two new great-grandchildren. David Alan on December 5, 1935, son of David and Ruby Duncan. The older son of theirs is Charles Ed,

a fine boy. Well, they are all nice. On June 3, 1936, a little girl came to the home of Fred and Hattie Lutts, so they called her Sarah Jane. Now Lois has a fine sister so that brings the number of great-grandchildren up to fourteen.

We received word that James Bixler of Centerville, South Dakota, formerly of Denison and husband of Addle McCord (deceased) had passed away. The funeral was here at Dow City on Tuesday, January 7, 1936. It was cold. January 11, 1936, my what weather we are having. The worst in years. Snow blocked roads all over Iowa. No papers from Des Moines since the seventh. Until this morning it was twenty below zero here, so Henry has been out with Glen Harvey opening roads, but had to give it up. He went this morning and came back. There is a shortage of coal, we can't get to the mines. Trucks can't get through, and in cities. people are going into public buildings to keep warm. We have, in Denison, had to take coal from the county sheds at the sheriff's orders. Our sheriff is Art Green.

I see by the paper that a lot of stock has perished in cars enroute to market. They were marooned--the worst in years. In the 1870's and 1880's, all turned out to open roads. Now with our roads that have cost thousands of dollars, we are unable to dig through so many drifts--deep ones. We miss old Dobin and the sled instead of cars. My, I wonder how long it will continue.

I wrote to Garnet Gray (Vollertsen) my oldest grandchild who lives in Pelham, New York, concerning my ancestors being in the Revolutionary War and also the War of 1812. She being a DAR member, I wrote to Albany, New York, and also Washington, D.C. From Albany I received the information that my grandfather, William Schouten, was a corporal in Captain Samuel Drake's, Saratoga County artillery company from September 18, 1812, to December 20, 1812. He was born in 1784 and he married Hannah Smith on June 5, 1809. Grandfather died on April 20, 1870, and grandmother died on February 6, 1858, at the age of seventy-three. Yes, my mother had two uncles--John and Conrad Nettle--in the Revolutionary War, further than that I don't know.