



NEWS 'N' NOTES

JONES COUNTY GEN. SOC.
P.O. BOX 174 ANAMOSA, IA 52205

Jan-Feb. 1999

NTY, IOWA, THURSDAY JULY 5, 1951 - WYOMING JOURNAL NO. 37

County Quota Will Take Three Men During July

The Jones county local draft board has been notified its quota of inductees for July 16 has been set at three young men.

Registrants with the board during June were Lonnie Ray Ripper-ton, Louis Edwin Shimanek, John Wesley Kleineck, Wyoming, Allen Lee Laetare, Lewis Eugene Williams, Harold Lawrence Eggers and William Francis Merkel, Oxford Junction; Everett Lee Johnson, Onslow; Irvin LaVere White, James August Pearson, Willie George Dirks, Charles David Metcalf, Anamosa; William Theodore Burlage, Wayne William Wolf, Gilbert Henry Paulsen, Donald Hugh Martin, Donald Delbert Wright, Monticello; John Joseph Meis and John Patrick O'Brien, Cascade; and Arlen Lee Holcomb, Martelle.

Former Wyoming Girl Is Chosen North Ia. Queen

The North Iowa annual band festival held last week at Mason City was attended by thousands, with 83 high school bands and 84 queens entered in the competition.

It held interest locally, since Audrey Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Madsen, formerly of Wyoming, was chosen queen. She will reign as Miss North Iowa until the next festival next June.

During their stay in Wyoming, Mr. Madsen was cashier of the Citizens State Bank. They have lived in Hampton for about ten years.

Wyoming Folks Tender Farewell for Vroomans

Thirty persons enjoyed a farewell courtesy for Mr. and Mrs. Everette Vrooman at the Lyle Jenkins home on Friday evening. Due to showers, the picnic table was spread in the garage where members of the Cozy Club and their families enjoyed an impromptu evening of feasting and visiting. Mrs. Vrooman has been a member of the club for several years and the members regret the Vroomans decision to move in the near future.

Ann O'Hara Was Hostess To Polly-Pigtail Members

Last Thursday the Wyoming Polly-Pigtails met at the home of Ann O'Hara with 15 members, 2 leaders, 7 guests and 4 mothers present.

The 4-H camp at Monticello was discussed but no decision was made. The Jones county fair list was read and the girls got an idea of what to make for their achievement show.

Everybody worked on a demonstration to be given at the next meeting, which will be held at the home of Nancy and Marjorie Jamison on July 6.

Refreshments were served by Ann and her mother.

Dr. Charles Koon Of Monmouth Is Killed In Crash

Monmouth—Dr. Charles H. Koon, 76, retired veterinarian who lived on a farm four miles south-west of here, was killed last Thursday when his car was struck by a truck.

Apparently the truck driver was the only person who actually saw the accident, but general reports and the position of the vehicles seem to substantiate his account.

Dr. Koon drove onto the highway from the north, having been in Monmouth. He stopped before driving onto the highway, looked east, then drove into the path of the truck coming from the west. Dr. Koon was killed in the car, which was sent eastward by the impact, along the shoulder of the highway some 200 feet. The truck, loaded with feed, went out of control and came to rest in the yard of a home on the south side of the highway.

Deputy Sheriff Charles Gibson and insurance agents re-visited the scene Friday to determine distances, and to talk with those who might have added information, or who saw the accident. They found no one who actually saw the mishap. Coroner John Hilton stated no inquest would be held.

The truck driver, Herbert Ingwersen, 23, of Preston, was not injured.

Written by William Wallace - Sarah Gage's Father

Things that I know, and have been told by my father about the Wallace family:

First, my grandfather Andrew Wallace, served in the civil war, and as near as I can figure from his discharge, he served about four years in the 12th Wisconsin Volunteers. There is a large monument in honor of this regiment in Gettysburg. Also, when I visited Grant's Tomb in New York City, I saw the battle flags that were carried by this regiment. I had my grandfather's discharge from this war, but have since given it to my only Wallace grandson, Craig Wallace. He also has my discharge from World War I and his father's discharge from the Korean War.

Next, starting with my father, William Joseph Wallace, when he was ten years old, he with his little sister and baby brother, went from Illinois to Kansas in a covered wagon with their parents. This was in 1876, the same year that Custer was killed at Little Big Horn in Montana. At the age of fourteen, my father's parents separated; my father went to Anamosa, Iowa to live with a Soper family and stayed with them until he was grown up. At the age of 21, he returned to Kansas and freighted groceries and provisions to inland towns. He drove a big wagon with six horses across the prairie to Topeka. One day after loading at Topeka, he drove out of town on the prairie. He stopped and built a fire to cook dinner as he had just had lunches on the trip. Pretty soon the fire started to get away in the prairie grass and he fought it so hard that when he got it out, he couldn't eat anything. He was so scared, because he had heard that any who let a fire get away was hung for it.

After several years in Kansas, he returned to Iowa, where he, his father, and Uncle Will Hamilton cut cord wood for \$1.25 per cord to make a living. At this time my grandfather on Saturday would walk nine miles to Anamosa, Iowa to buy groceries. He would throw the bag on his shoulder and walk the nine miles back home. And some times now we think we have a hard time.

On December 6, 1894, my father was married to Nettie Denison, and the following October 3, 1895, I was born. One thing that I remember at the age of two, was going around a pump at a well. There were two people and an old dog there. Many people and doctors as well say this is impossible at this age, but I know this to be true, not something that I was told.

For many years, we lived on an Iowa farm. My father worked by the month for Iowa farmers; for \$25.00 and \$30.00 per month much of the time. He was up at 4 o'clock in the morning, and worked until 8 o'clock at night. When I think of what he and mother did to raise my sister and I, it is hard to keep back the tears. The only difference between his life at that time, and slavery, was that they couldn't sell him.

I will relate a few of the things which happened to make me feel this way. One farmer that Dad worked for, had three hired men, and at haying time when they came in with loads of hay to be put in the barn, my father and one other man was always in the hay

mow to put the hay away, and it would be at least 120 degrees in the mow. When they came down, the farmer wouldn't wait for them to get a drink of water. He would keep on driving to the field for another load, and Dad had to get his drink and then run to catch the wagon for another load.

Another farmer that he worked for, he used to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, milk twelve cows, and do all other chores, then drive a team and bobsled eight miles, cut a load of wood, drive home, do the chores, get through at 9 o'clock, fall in bed and have the long time of six hours to rest, and this many days below zero.

When my father wasn't paid at the end of every month, as time went along he would draw five or ten dollars at a time. My mother kept books, and the farmer did the same. At the end of the year, which was the first of March at that time for farmers, they would have what they called "settling up time". I remember one year that my parents had ten dollars still coming, and they sat up quite late that night discussing what a very good year they had. They were so thankful that they were not in debt to the farmer.

My sister and I attended a country school in the corner of a cornfield in Iowa. The school house is long gone, but the cornfield is there. I was back and visited this same spot a few years ago, and also visited several of my old school mates who still live in the area. On the way to the country school I always carried my hunting gun, and used it for hunting rabbits and hoping I would get a chance at a wolf I might see, and I saw many of them on my way to and from school. My dog followed me to school. He stayed near school while I was inside, waiting for me until school closed in the afternoon. My sister, who is 3 1/2 years younger than I, and I walked to this country school and it was 1 3/4 miles from our home. And we always walked regardless of what the weather was like; many times when it was way below zero.

In 1917, World War came along and I was ready for it. Being 22 after it started, I enlisted and served with the 41st Balloon Co. during the War. It seems like I came from a family of veterans, my grandfather in the Civil War, I was in World War I, my eldest son-in-law, E. J. Van Faasen served 5 years & 3 months in World War II, and my son, Keith Wallace served 22 months in Korea. In that War, my family certainly (knew) plenty about war.

After World War I was over, I was married to Anna Petersen, whose parents had both come here from Germany. Dad Petersen having served three years in the German Army; he said that was enough for him, so he skipped into the Netherlands and sailed to the U.S.A.

Now for some birthday and dates:

As near as I can figure, my Grandfather Wallace was born in 1836 and died in 1892, being 56 years old.

My father, William Wallace was born June 24, 1866, and died January 28, 1935 - he was 68.

My mother, Nettie Wallace was born August 24, 1867, and died June 24, 1950, lacking 2 months of being 83 years.

Dad Petersen was born in 1862, and died in 1954.

Mother Petersen was born in 1872, and died in 1934.

Anna Petersen, my wife, was born March 2, 1896, and died October 22, 1958.

I might add that I only knew one of my grandparents, the rest being gone before I was born. The grandmother that I knew, was Sarah Denison, who was born in 1832 and died in 1910.

My family consists of two daughters and one son. My eldest daughter, Jean Van Faasen, has 3 daughters and one son. My other daughter, Jacqueline Gillese, has one son and one daughter. And my son, Keith Wallace, has one son.

ANAMOSA JOURNAL - SEPT 16 1948 BELLING SERVICES DATED FOR FRIDAY.

Funeral services for Gustave A. Belling, Olin will be held this Friday, September 17, at 2 P.M. in Wayne Zion Lutheran church. Rev. F.H. Kehren will officiate. Interment will be in Wayne cemetery. Smykil-Goettsch funeral home will be in charge.

Mr. Belling, son of William and Mary Belling, died at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Floyd McGuire, on Tuesday morning, September 14. Born on January 1, 1855 in Hanover, Germany, he came to the United States in 1913, and farmed near Scotch Grove. He was married to Maria Wolfe in 1879 in Germany who preceded him in death on December 19, 1924. Since 1913 he has farmed in Jones Co. until retiring in 1925.

Following children survive: Mrs. Henry Brokens, Scotch Grove; Mrs. Peter Jacobsen, Randalia; Mrs. Bennie Thuman, Monticello; Mrs. John Nottngel, West Union; Mrs. Floyd McGuire, Olin; and Emil Belling, Wyoming. Also surviving are 15 grandchildren 29 great grandchildren and 3 great great grandchildren.

ANAMOSA EUREKA NOVEMBER 21 1862

ANAMOSA EUREKA AUGUST 1 1912 THURSDAY

Jacob Jacobsen died at his home in town Sunday evening after a short illness, The deceased was about 65 years old and had been in frail health for some time. though not seriously ill until the past week. He is survived by his widow, one daughter and three sons. The funeral service was held in the Lutheran church this afternoon and interment in the Wyoming cemetery.

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THE WI-HI JOURNAL

MILDRED HEASTY, Editor

Wednesday the high school and the grade pupils enjoyed a very entertaining movie "The Price of Peace." This showed the methods of warfare, manner of attack, manner of travel, and the recreation provided for the allies. It also gave us an idea of the work carried on by the Red Cross and the great part which the Liberty Loan Bonds played in the victory. It also showed the effects of the Armistice and the method of settlement. The movie was perhaps made more interesting by the fact that the pictures were taken during the war. It was brought here under the auspices of Miss McLarnan.

E. J. R. Wilson, principal of the high school, was married to Alta Starry, of Wyoming, Saturday afternoon, in Cedar Rapids. Mrs. Wilson was a former student of Wyoming high school and is now teaching near Hale.

Don't forget to attend the declamatory contest this evening at opera house. There are twelve speakers and you can be sure of an enjoyable evening.

SPORTS—John Rohwedder

Wyoming played Monmouth last week at Monmouth. The boys lost by a score of 9-5. The game was close and hard fought. The team goes to Morley Tuesday, Feb. 5th. Morley has not been defeated to date and will be a "hard nut to crack." But we always have hopes.

Coach Wilson was given a charivari Monday noon of this week. We gave three cheers for Wilson, Alta and the treats—but the treats were not forthcoming.

The Jones County Basketball Tournament will be held at Monticello Friday and Saturday of this week.

SENIORS—John Rohwedder

The seniors did nothing much but study last week—which is quite a bit in reality.

JUNIORS—Charles Swarides

The modern history class have been given an outline for current events, which they use every Monday.

Mary Strong, who has been absent

for some time on account of illness is back in school again.

The English class had a test over American Authors.

SOPHOMORES—Ruth Conney

The English II Class are studying "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by Sannett Taylor Coleridge.

FRESHMAN—Evelyn Carroll

The freshmen are using new exercise books this semester.

Louis Petersen returned to school after being absent several days on account of illness.

Thursday evening the freshman boys played the eighth graders. The freshmen won 10-4.

H. J. Petersen from near Monmouth on the eastern side of Wyoming township, reports five shoats which were born on the 7th of July 1928. On January 21st, 1929, Mr. Petersen shipped three of these shoats which tipped the beam at 920 pounds. The top one weighed 360 pounds. Just after this Mr. Petersen butchered one of the shoats for home consumption which weighed 340 pounds when killed the other one was butchered on the 5th day of December and sold to John Latare for domestic use. This shoat weighed 225 pound when killed. Mr. Petersen used no stock food whatever in growing this bunch of shoats—the daily rations being corn, milk and plenty wood ashes. They were always ready for their meals and made a rapid growth. Mr. Petersen remarked that the shoats were clean inside and out. A party standing at our elbow remarked that it took Mr. Petersen to raise the shoats but his daughter could raise poultry. During the past season the daughter raised and sold over \$700 worth of poultry. There is money in farming if you use your head.

J. W. Allen of Monmouth was a caller Friday. He remarked that 36 years ago that day was a different day than last Friday. Way back 36 years ago it blowed and snowed so hard you could not see "across the road" as we used to say. But he was satisfied. We are having enough winter to suit him.

Highland Grove
Aprile 1865

Mr. Thomas Moore

My much esteemed friend, after a long silence I sit down to write a few lines, but it is so long since I wrote that hand and pen seems to be out of the way of writing. It will soon be nine years since I promised to write to you but circumstances alters cases and strange though it may appear, it is not the less true I have not seen a creature since I left from (County Antrim) but one gentleman, whose name is Johnston. He belongs to Bally-Mena and was once a member of Doctor Paul's church. He was quite a stranger but my heart warmed to him like a brother and he stayed several nights with us. He has not been here since the war commenced; by this you will see that I had nothing satisfactory to write you, nor any of my old friends about Raloo. Perhaps you may think me unkind in not writing but I can assure you that I have thought of you with a friendly affection every day of my life since I left the country but I had nothing interesting to communicate (but enough of this).

As a natural consequence you will be wondering how such a awkward family as we are got along among strangers in a strange country where we had to learn everything like children. I hasten to reply in as brief a way as possible. Of course you heard of our voyage and safe arrival in this side the Atlantic. From this point I shall start my narrative, the first evening we set our foot on land. Our oldest little girl was taken to hospital sick with the small pox. We had what is called a quarantine one week in Statten Island; then we crossed the river into New York where we were received with great kindness by my father and sisters. This meeting anyone could enjoy but myself, but alas the joy of meeting my folks was overbalanced by grief leaving my child in the hospital among strangers. Doctor would not allow me to speak to her through the window before leaving. My spirits sunk beyond measure but here I must say a few words about my father and sisters not boastingly but truthfully. Everything appeared beyond anything anticipated. Everything appeared in the highest style and conducted with economy and good order accompanied with good taste. He lived in a four story house and had every room carpeted and furniture the best quality. Mary and Sarah played beautiful on the peana. Elizabeth's word was a law in the house. What ever she said was done without a grumble. My father looked hearty and well, dressed like a gentleman every day with his carpet slippers walking through the house. He made one little break before we went there but he kept his own room except the first day. The girls was grieved to the heart. Brothers was all in California and they have all moved there since then, but Jannie was married in New York. Ann, being her twin sister stayed with her. We stayed one week there and then took our journey clear through as far as Rock Island. This cost one hundred dollars and board ourselves. We were ten days in making that trip. After going as far as we could by train we took the stage coach and proceeded to a little town called Tipton. There we were disappointed in not seeing my brother-in-law as that was the place we expected to see him. The post-master told us he had not been here for six weeks. We tried to rent a house or even a room but could not, there were only a few houses in town. It was dark by this time and we got staying all night with enough to do. The owner of the hotel where we stopped told us he expected my brother-in-law was on his farm 30 miles from there. Next morning William and I started by sunrise, him to find out his brother, and me to see after our luggage leaving the family in care of the land-lord of the house. I hired a man with a two horse wagon. The stranger and I as we had no load, rode very fast. We reached the junction at midday in good time to get our luggage (it had just come.) After feeding

and loading we returned to Tipton. William was there a few minutes before me. Now I must tell you how well William managed. He went to a little town called Mechanicsville. After a little inquiry, he found that his brother's farm was five miles from town, that there was no house on the farm nor no improvement whatever. As for James McMurrin, he had not been seen for months. Well William looked around and was fortunate enough to get a house and then he engaged a man to come right along with him and his team and wagon to bring all along and was just in Tipton when I got there, so the luggage was taken off the one wagon and poot on the other. I was well pleased with that day's work and after settling our bill in the hotel, we started again at candle lighting feeling more like going to bed to rest than taking another journey but the driver knew the road well and although we had no moon light we got along very well. He charged 4½ dollars a night in the hotel. My dear friend, I feel as I am trespassing on your time but if you can bear with me a little longer I shall inform you how we got along after James McMurrin turned up. We looked with great anxiety for his coming expecting he would assist us in choosing a farm as we were unexperienced but it appeared that there was something the matter with every farm but his own. William told him that he would not buy a farm without a house on it. Well, to be short, with it he kept trifling around seven weeks. By this time the owner of the house we lived in told us that he had sold out and that he had to give possession the first day of October. We had only a few days then to work. I told James that Mr. Onstot had sold and that we must get a home as soon as possible. As we could not get a house in town. Well, he said he would take him to a farm he thought would please him. Next morning they both started to buy a farm. I did not expect them back for two or three days but to my great surprise they both came home the evening of the same day. I inquired how it was they got home so soon. (Well, James said) we went by my farm. I had hay cut and I thought better to poot it up before we would go away it looked like rain. William and I was beginning to lose patience with him and we just told him what we thought about him but after all they started next morning. We had only two days then to work. The first morning of October, Mr. Onstot commenced to move all his things out the house very early; he expected the other folks there by noon. My men had never got back. I felt purty bad. I did not wish to give any trouble to Mr. Onstot as he had treated us very well. I had no one to help me to move nor did not know where to go. After thinking a little I recollected a woman named Bardoe giving me an invitation to visit her. Her parents came from Ireland. I told my little boys to try and hitch up our team that we bought a few days before and although they had never done the like before in a few minutes they had the wagon at the door. As quick as possible we loaded. I hired a boy to go along with my boys to show them the road. It was 4 or 5 miles and after stating the circumstances as directed to the lady, they unloaded and come right back for the balance of the luggage and the family. We loaded up again and reached Mrs. Bardoe's by sunset. She made us very welcome and laughed at the joke I had played on the two men, James and William. Her house was small 16 x 18 feet. I shall never forget that night. She had 8 of a family and 10 of us. Don't you think it was a well filled house? You could not step inside of the door without tramping on someone. As soon as my men found us again, (this done by inquiring a little) we started with two teams to what we thought was our new home but the gentleman would not take our money. He wanted it all gold. Father advised us to deposit part of our money in New York Bank. When we drew out money here, they paid half paper money and half gold. We did not want to part with the gold first. We then made another purchase and it turned out the same way. He would not take the paper money. There was no way of saving ourselves from losing two thousand five hundred dollars but deposit the paper money in the bank and hold on the gold with the check. For this money we bought two hundred and twenty acres of land which we now live on. Times have been hard since we came here but we did not

feel it as much as hundred of our fellow beings. We cannot save money here but can make a good living. We have had ten of a family, 6 boys and 4 girls. One girl is dead. William seems to be hearty and happy. His health is better than it was before we left home. The children is all very healthy but John my oldest boy has had a sore leg for four years. Several pieces of bone has come out of it. He cannot stand to work much but he don't use a cane. Now, perhaps you would like to know what progress we have made in the world and how we are situated but we are like the snail. We don't go fast. I have already told you what land we have and what family. I will now tell you what stock we have. We own 6 head of horses, 6 milk cows, 12 head of hogs, gees 9, hens and rooster 100, and a few ducks. I had much more to say but must conclude, hoping this will find you and your son in the enjoyment of health, wealth, and prosperity. I must conclude. I remain, yours truly in friendship and the best good wishes.

I McMurrin

Please remember me in the kindest manner possible to all my old neighbors too numerous to mention about Kaloo.

Isabella McMurrin

Mr: If you can read this scrolling I would like you to write me a letter as soon as you receive this and let me know all the news you can. Ther's a great many changes in life in nine years. Please let me know if you have got married again or if Mr. John Crawford is married and all the deaths and marriages around. If you knew how anxious I am to have a letter you would not fail to write immediately. Please give me David Sloan's directions.

I. McMurrin

Death of Mrs. Ann Sullivan.

Mrs. Ann Sullivan died at Fonda, on Thursday, Feb. 12th, 1891. She was a daughter of Mrs. Bridget Ballard of Anamosa, and a sister of Mrs. C. W. Robinson of Cascade township. The deceased of late years resided at Castle Grove, but was called to Fonda to nurse a sick sister and while there suffered a fatal attack of paralysis. The remains were brought to Castle Grove, and on Sunday were brought to Cascade for burial. The funeral services occurred at St. Martin's church on Sunday afternoon, the Rev. Father Roche officiating.

Death of Mrs. Patrick Donahue.

Mrs. Patrick Donahue died at the residence of her daughter Mrs. Maggie Doran in Dubuque, on Tuesday morning, Feb. 17th, 1891. The deceased was the widow of the late Patrick Donahue of Temple Hill and one of the early settlers of that section. There survive her of her family

Wm. Y. Donahue of Temple Hill; John

of Ida county; Michael, James and Frank of Butte City, Montana; Mrs. Margaret Doran and Albert of Dubuque; Mrs. John Connoll of De Witt; Mrs. Frank Callings of Dakota; Mrs. Phillips of Chicago. The remains were taken to Temple Hill for burial. The funeral services took place in St. Peter's church, the Rev. W. J. Convery officiating.

Cascade Pioneer - 20 Feb. 1891

Want to contact anyone with information on the DALTON and SELDERS family of Jones County IA. Sandra Kiger 102 Coyote Ridge Rd Santa Fe NM 87501-9681.

CASCADE PIONEER 13 Feb 1891

Death of Christian Beyeler.
 Christian Beyeler died at Tell City, Indiana, on Sunday night, February 8, 1891. He was the father of Fritz Beyeler of Cascade. He was born near the city of Berne, Switzerland in 1829, and came to the United States in 1880, locating on a farm near Monticello. Later he went into business at Worthington, afterwards resided at Cascade, and from thence went to Tell City, Indiana, where he resided up to the time of his death. There survive him of his family his wife, Fritz Beyeler of Cascade, Madeline Eaton of Monticello, and a son three months old.

Death of Mrs. Mary Dunlinger.
 Mrs. Mary Dunlinger died at the family residence in Cascade township on Sunday, February 8th, 1891, aged 78 years. She was the wife of Peter Dunlinger Sr. She was born at Santweller, Luxemburg, and came to the United States with her husband some 30 years ago, settling in Cascade township, where she resided up to the time of her death. She was a loving wife, kind mother and a good christian woman. There survive her of her family, her husband and two sons, Peter and Mathias, and daughters Mrs. Elizabeth Koppes, Mrs. Lena Guttenkauf and Mrs. Anna Anton. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning at St. Mary's church, the Rev. Father Feuerstein officiating.

JONES COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY DUES
 ** \$10.00 per year

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1999 dues are past due.

ITEMS FOR SALE:

- 1910 Jones County History Vol. II - Index of Names ... \$ 6.00
- Jones County Marriage Book A 1840-1863 #2007.....\$6.90
- Jones County Marriage Book B 1863-1870 #2008.....\$7.70
- Jones County Marriage Book C 1871-1877 #2009\$5.30
- **Include \$2.50 postage/handling for marriage books
- John and Joseph Merritt Book.....\$17.00
- Jones County Cemetery Maps:
 - Individual Township Maps.....\$00.25 (set of 16 - \$6.00)
 - Large County Map \$ 2.60 (without cemeteries marked \$2.00)
- Assorted forms (census, family charts, etc.)\$00.15

*Order marriage books from
 Iowa Genealogical Society
 P.O. Box 7735
 Des Moines, IA 50322-7735

Olin Teacher To Be Doctor's Bride

— 1935 —

Miss Lottie Rice, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rice, of this city, and Robert Frances Sweet, of Cedar Rapids, were married, yesterday afternoon, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. H. Barr, in the presence of the relatives and a few of the close personal friends of the contracting parties. Miss Hattie, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid and Philip Crissman, of Cedar Rapids, step-brother of the bridegroom served as best man. The home was handsomely decorated, and a repast was served the wedding guests. Among those present from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Crissman. The latter is the mother of the bridegroom. The bride is a most excellent young lady, well reared and dignified in her demeanor. The bridegroom is a graduate of the Cedar Rapids high school. He attended a preparatory school at Washington for a year, and was a midshipman at Annapolis, Naval academy two years. He is in business in Cedar Rapids where the young couple will make their home at 846 Sixth avenue.

Announcement is being made today by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. S. M. McConnell of Washburn, Ill., of the approaching marriage of their daughter, Ruth McConnell, to Dr. Frederick W. Truax of Farmington, son of Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Truax of Olin. The wedding will take place June 15 at the McConnell home in Washburn.

Miss McConnell has been a teacher of English and dramatic art in the public schools of Olin for the last three years. She is a graduate of Monmouth college, where she was affiliated with the Illinois Collegiate Players and the Beta Epsilon social sorority. Dr. Truax is a graduate of the University of Iowa school of dentistry.

Miss McConnell was complimented at a miscellaneous shower given Monday evening by Mrs. Ruth Carpenter at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Swartzell. Those who attended the affair, in addition to the guest of honor, were the Misses Lois Children, Ruth Johnston, Alta Levsen, Bessie Dusanek, Elizabeth Lawson, Maxine Whitney, Mata Herrick and Virginia White and the Mesdames Daisy Truax, Willa Lawtare, Reva White, Esther Peck, Helen Benadom, Helen Jansen, Kathleen Irons and Cleone Day.

DORTHEA RALSTON WEDS; STOLE MARCH

Miss Dortha Ralston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ralston and Mr. William Gardner, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Gardner of Stanwood, stole a march on their friends, and went to Osage, Iowa, where they were married, July 31. Their friends only recently became acquainted with the news.

Miss Ralston is well known here. She attended the local schools, graduating from the high school in Colorado Springs, Colorado, where she stayed with her sister, Mrs. Louis Sharp.

Mr. Gardner graduated from the Stanwood schools, and is quite well liked there. We understand that they are visiting near Osage at the present time.

JONES COUNTY
GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
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ANAMOSA, IA 52205

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ORGANIZATION



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