



NEWS 'N' NOTES

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Roots of Alden Family Tree Descend to Early Pilgrims 1959

BY MRS. ED KOOL
Express Correspondent

WYOMING-- The roots of Bob Alden's family tree descend directly to an illustrious early American who was made famous as one of the Plymouth Pilgrims.

Eight generations ago, this ancestor of Alden, Wyoming coal dealer and Jones county supervisor proposed to a young lady. He was not asking her to marry him, instead was speaking for the tongue-tied lover, Miles Standish.

The young lady, Priscilla Mullins, used a phrase that we still use, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Longfellow took this unique love story and wrote about it, historians use the story and the Wyoming Aldens tuck the interesting bits into their family history.

John Alden married Priscilla in 1621, several months after the Mayflower had landed at Plymouth. These two are the ancestors of most persons bearing the name of Alden in this country. He was the last male survivor of those who came in the Mayflower and of those who signed the compact in the ship's cabin in 1620. He was an assistant to the Governor for many years.

They were the parents of 11 children. The second son, Joseph, born in 1624 is the branch bearing the subsequent lineage traced directly to Robert Alden and his brother and sisters. It is interesting to note in tracing the 'family tree' that the Alden clan was prolific and also noted for longevity. John Alden, fourth generation, lived to be 102 during which time he was married twice and was the father of 19 children. The first John Alden lived to be 88. Another Alden was 94 when he died.

The first Alden to venture into Iowa was William Henry Alden. He came to this vicinity in the 1850's coming from Middleboro, Mass.

The story is told by the family that William, at that time 'teaming' from Daytonport to the Wyoming area, passed through Massillon and saw several pies cooling in a window. He announced, after a taste-test, that the girl who had baked the pie would indeed have to be his wife. The jest proved true and later he took as his bride, the girl who had baked those delicious pies. She was Emily Jerusah Williams and has come from Orwell, Vermont with her family. Her grandfather, Henry Mulford d'Homedeu, had been a Huguenot soldier in the American

This part missing

of interest, most of them articles from their grandfather and grandmother.

Among items brought to Iowa from Vermont and Massachusetts are brass candlesticks, a foot warmer, pewter platter, carpet bags, coffee grinder, foreign money, dainty buttons and a spoon which even then was on its way toward becoming an antique.

Miss Ruth Alden estimates that the spoon, which she has, is about 240 years old.

A hand woven scarf, worn by Alden when he traveled to Iowa, is still in excellent condition. Also in their treasures is a valuable New England primer which has been evaluated at \$3700.

From Vermont are beautiful home spun coverlets and blankets still retaining their original beauty although they are well over 100 years old. They had been given to Mrs. William Alden by her mother and were brought here as part of the household goods when they traveled to settle in Iowa.

Most fascinating of all, is a 'grandmother clock' which is in excellent condition, keeping accurate time, although it is approximately 104 years old. It was brought to Iowa by the Williams family, Alden's grandmother.

One of the first sewing machines

in this area was purchased by William Alden in 1880 for his wife and daughter Harriet. Although relegated to the attic, it is still in good running condition. Price of the machine was the trading of four cows.

The foot-warmer, in the home of William Broderson, great-grandson of the Wyoming pioneer, was probably used during lengthy church services in unheated buildings.

Ruth Alden is a member of the D.A.R., tracing the lineage to the previously mentioned Henry Mulford d'Homedeu. She is also a member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants 'Colorado chapter'.

The name of John Alden remains in this branch of the family tree. John Alden, a soldier stationed in Georgia, the son of the late Herbert Alden, carries on the family name. The other descendants join in the pleasures of family tradition filled with historical significance, treasuring the heirlooms throughout the generations.

Early Flora and Fauna of Jones County

(By Miss H. A. Cunningham)
Flowers

When one of Anamosa's young pioneers started out from the little log cabin on the prairie to look over his "eighty" while his bride prepared breakfast that crisp March morning of 1851, he little dreamed of the long train of discoveries his surprise "find" would inspire.

On a little raise of ground lying to the south where the sun had melted the snows, he spied a great path of lavender tinted flowers, each one standing erect in the brown bent-over prairie grass, its golden center answering back to the warm rays of the rising sun. He was seeing for the first time, the starry flowers of the Western Anemone whose exquisite beauty so charmed the Scotch Grove emigrants from the Selkirk country.

Stooping down, the young man gathered one lovely blossom with its fringe of furry leaves about its throat to protect it from sharp winds, and bore it to his wife. Placing it in her hand, he said, "Abbie, we have come to a wonderful country where the flowers bloom beside the snowbanks." This Pasque or Easter Flower is to this day known as the first flower of spring, although there are others that bloom earlier. This was the one that attracted popular attention. It is not common now because like many another prairie flower, the plow has ended its existence and it rarely bears transplanting.

Marsh Flowers Gone

The brilliant marsh flowers and delicate white orchids formerly growing in the swamps are gone because their habitats have been drained and plowed for field crops. The rare wood orchids, Indian pipe and wood lilies, trilliums and other blossoms that carpeted the forest have faded away as the woodsman's axe has deprived them of the shade and sustenance so necessary to their lives.

There is scarcely one of the early writers in this new country that did not write enthusiastically of the multi-form and great variety of wood and prairie flowers. From the Pasque flower through a long succession of bluets, hepatics, blood roots, dutchmen's breeches, violets, buttercups, columbine, shooting stars, lady slippers, bell warts, may apples, Indian paint brush or "fire balls", meadow rue, Joe Pye, iron root, milk weeds and brown-eyed Susans, into autumn with its golden rods, wild asters and gentians, the native flowers of every color and form have trooped over Iowa-land in charming array.

To our State park officials, Conservation and Garden clubs, wild Flower Protection society and individual guardians of our plant life all thanks for keeping this rapidly vanishing race from disappearing entirely from the earth.

Commissioners Guard Plants

In several states both in the east and far west, the highway commissioners have taken particular pains to guard the native plant life bordering the roadways. They have realized that the majority of tourists so love the cool greens and beautiful colors that characterize a state's native plant life that they avoid the hot, congested city streets for these parkways through the open country and the little towns, restfully inviting with their arching trees and fragrant roadside gardens.

The railroads of this country have served as the chief protector of our wild flowers and many of our birds that nest among them because allowed to live there on their right of way. The "last stand" of shooting stars, blue bottle gentians and others of the less common species may be seen along the Milwaukee railway track between Anamosa and Monticello.

"On either side the track is a goodly breadth given over to nature," says William Quayle in "Along a Railroad Track in June." The railroad calls to the homeless garden of nature, "I will give you room" and makes good the cordial invitation.

There are flag and cattail and swamp grasses which flourish in the ditch waters at the foot of the embankments, hospitable home sites for the red wing blackbird and song sparrow. Wild roses cover

the banks and turn their delicately flushed faces to the speeding motorist with a beckoning smile.

Haven Kept Here

There are several wild flower havens on private grounds in this locality. Perhaps the one planted and cared for by Miss Eva Byerly is one of the most attractive and complete from early spring to late fall.

Miss Byerly's thorough knowledge of botany, together with her keen appreciation of the need for conserving the "remnants" of plant life her pioneer parents found here, have inspired her to this constructive work of wild flower preservation.

Wild Fruits

Wild fruits were the reliance and comfort of the early settlers and the true harbingers of the orchards and fruit farms of today. Best of all the wild fruits, perhaps, was the wild strawberry. Usually they grew in greatest profusion under the clumps of sumacs at the edge of the prairie sloping to the south. Whoever has tasted the wild strawberry, either from the long stems gathered in his hands or as rich red preserves, can never forget the flavor of this ambrosial fruit.

There were the thickets of wild plums yielding a bountiful harvest of fruit to be dried or preserved for winter. Blackberrying time was the occasion for a neighborhood picnic as well, and yielded "Whole washtubs full", to quote a participant of some of these parties over in the Big Woods or up the Buffalo. A fresh blackberry pie, or later the dried berries sprinkled through a steamed pudding or baked "Injun" pudding, were far more delectable than anything a Waldorf-Astoria chef could create with the same ingredients today.

In the fall the wild grapes were gathered for wine and jelly, elderberries for pies and wine, and wild black cherries and even choke cherries were dried for use in winter. But best of all, wild crab apples, after the frost had mellowed and yellowed them, were gathered and made into apple sauce.

Wild Crab Delicious

To one who has known the wild crab apple from the time in May that it has blossomed into fragrant pink clouds of loveliness until it yields its yellow-green fruit, still carrying its springtime aroma in autumn, there is no wonder that Henry Thoreau thought it worthy of a separate chapter after he was in southern Minnesota. The reader will recall that he said, "One crab apple is worth more to scent your handkerchief with than any perfume which they sell in the shops."

But no one who has ever tasted wild crab apple sauce prepared by steaming with a little soda in the water to lessen the intense acid taste then mashing to remove cores, afterward cooking them with brown sugar over a slow fire until a slight jellied consistency, can ever forget the delicious flavor and wild zestful tang of that pioneer fruit.

An old farmer who always selected the right word said that the "wild crab had a kind of bow-arrow tang". It touched the spot for the taste that was up to them. It takes a healthy out-of-doors appetite to relish wild fruits as the pioneers did.

Animals

Much has been said recently on the question of whether there were ever buffaloes in Iowa. Very little doubt as to their actual presence here in the early days can remain after reading the journal kept by a United States Dragoon in 1835 and published by the State Historical Society of Iowa, July, 1909.

"On the banks of the loway, a small stream 80 yards broad, we camped and saw our first herd of buffalo. We killed five or six. This day was spent in eating buffalo meat and sleeping."

Other accounts describe them seen in other parts of the state. The last record of a herd in Iowa was of one seen in Blackhawk county in 1852 by a settler at Hudson, who killed three buffalo and a calf from a herd of 28.

There is no question but that Buffalo river derived its name from the buffalo that drank of its waters unmolested before 1838,

Deer were plentiful to a much later date. Edmund Booth describes a herd of them, 25 or more, in number resting and feeding in the prairie grass that covered what was later the Anamosa fairgrounds.

Elk Plentiful

Elk were numerous in Jones county until 1853. Olin was first named Elkford for the elk that forded the river there. Beaver, otter, mink, brown bears, wild cats, red and grey foxes were also plentiful. There seems to be no truer picture of the prairie wolf than that drawn by the late Bishop Quayle in his book, "The Prairie and the Sea". "His swinging gallop

with head thrown back waggishly over his shoulder, is as free as the blowing of winter winds. He is not moral. He cares for no works on ethics. He looks out for no one in which lucrative employment, both on and off the prairie, many are engaged. Many is the night when I have lain awake listening to the eerie barking of the wolf. It is like the laughter of a maniac, repetitional, meaningless, remorseless, a wandering voice of the prairie disappearing and reappearing among the billows of the rolling prairie grass."

There were, of course, the raccoons and opossums, red and gray squirrels, rabbits, ground hogs and

prairie dogs and other lesser furry folk, who made their homes and hunted their food in wooded tracts or open prairies. A few of these remain to keep us acquainted with their species. The biologist has discovered for us that many of these predatory animals and birds served

a real purpose in keeping the balance of nature more stable. Man, by his wholesale slaughter of many of these creatures because they seemed destructive to others of their kind, has thrown a monkey-wrench into Mother Nature's machine which she was better able to run alone.

Birds

It is well known to ornithologists that the great bird artist, the first in the world of any importance, John James Audubon, came as far north as Iowa early in the last century to observe and paint some of the species so plentiful here.

Among the common ones then numerous and now totally extinct, were the Passenger pigeons which came in the spring in great flocks, often a mile or two long and so massed that they darkened the sun.

The early settlers of Jones county have described these migrations as taking place as late as 1858. They would settle on the low trees along the Wapsie to rest and feed, bending the branches to the ground by their weight. The settlers would kill them with clubs and stones, fill their wagon boxes with their bodies, and because they did not have use for so many they would bury them as fertilizer in the corn hills of this already fertile soil. They doubtless reasoned that as fish were used to enrich the sandy wastes of Cape Cod for garden purposes, these pigeons were so needed here.

Passenger Pigeons

The Passenger pigeons were beautiful shapely birds of iridescent plumage, greys and browns and blues predominating, touched with rose and gold by the sunlight. The last pair known to be alive died in a park in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1906.

A small bird of this same family, the Mourning dove, is with us still in considerable numbers. During the last few years the "Rock" pigeon, a species of semi-domesticated pigeons, has been nesting in the quarries at Stone City. This seems to be a reversal to type and manner of living of the common pigeon that one time found his home in a church tower or steeple.

The Paroquet, a species of parrot once common here is now few in number and is restricted to Florida. Loons, grebes, ducks and geese pervaded our streams and ponds during the spring and fall immigrations. As late as 1900,

these birds could be seen on the Buffalo above the dam that was then in place. From among the sheltering reeds and marsh plants along its borders, coots and different kinds of rails were flushed.

Over the prairies, inland gulls and terns circled, often alighting to follow the settler's plow for the rich provender the upturned soil revealed. Woodcock and snipe were as common as robins are now.

Prairie Grouse Plentiful

A century ago, rough and prairie grouse, prairie hens and wild turkeys were far more plentiful than quail are today. The turkey buzzard was common and served well as Nature's needed scavenger. Golden and bald eagles, the latter America's prophetic symbol of independent flight and vision, nested on the highest crags of our bluffs. Ivory billed and pileated woodpeckers, largest of the family on the continent, carved their homes in the tall trees of the primeval forests.

Among the perching birds, the strikingly beautiful yellow headed blackbird built his home by that of his red-winged cousin in the cat tails of the pond near Riverside cemetery. Towhees nested in numbers in the brown leaves that carpeted the ravines in the state park while they called to one another, "Drink-your-tea-a" where now the golf balls whiz.

Blue birds in early March would settle in flocks on the hillsides by the river like patches of blue sky among the white clouds of lingering snow banks. As recently as February 23, 1906, such a sight was personally observed at the end of South Garnavillo street. The organ toned notes of the wood thrush in the dewy morning or dusky evening could be heard from the depths of every thicket and ravine, along the roads and even in our sheltered dooryards. Very rarely now do we see or hear that sweet "hymn singer" of the birds. Only in memory does "the sound of a voice that is still" come back to comfort us.

Decrease in Species

A comparison of recorded species covering a period of 38 years in this locality reveals a 15 to 20 per cent decrease in that time, both in the varieties of species and the number of a given kind. There have been changes in permanent residence of several species during this time. Among these, the cardinal first recorded up the Buffalo in 1897 and not seen again for seven years, is now a year around resident.

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A more recent arrival than the cardinal is the Carolina woodpecker who visited here first in 1905, stayed during the winters from then on and disappeared every summer. 1938 marks the first all around year residence of this handsome woodpecker in the bird retreat on Sales street. The black capped titmouse is another winter bird that has fed at the bird stations in town only in recent years.

The active and persistent efforts of conservation clubs, bird and nature study groups and public school classes are beginning to yield practical results. More birds are nesting around our homes and in our state and city parks and a large number of fledglings seem to have escaped the jaws of their arch enemy, the house cat. It is to be hoped that this increase continues each succeeding year.

The "little feathered brother" heads the list of all creatures on earth for his companionship and blessing to mankind and for economic, scientific and aesthetic worth. He is the only form of animate nature, including man, that has succeeded in growing wings through a long evolutionary process. It would, indeed, be interesting to know a century hence what birds shall have survived and so, successfully adapted themselves to the changes advancing civilization brings.

Geology

Geologically, according to latest research and discoveries, Iowa (especially in its eastern part and therefore Jones county) is of the Paleozoic era (ancient life) and Mississippian system of rocks. A widespread invasion of the sea in the central part of North America resulted in the development of thick marine limestone containing numerous coral reefs and the carboniferous Brachiopod Productus.

Specimens of fossil coral are still plentiful along the Maquoketa river east of Monticello. Several varieties of echinoderms (marine animals in shape of cup or calyx) were once commonly found in rocks along the Wapsipinicon river. At the time of the digging of the "deep well" for Anamosa Waterworks company, some fine specimens of cystids and crinoids of this group were unearthed.

The great advance which geology has made during the twentieth century appears to be due largely to: Increasing value of the metals, coal, oil and stone, and the appreciation of the scientific interpretations of scenery; and the development of geochemistry and geophysics or study of chemical composition and physical forces of the earth. As an agricultural state, Iowa is particularly dependent on these last two studies. It may be interesting to recall that in 1584, the earth was thought to be 4004

years old, in 1760 it was considered 75,000 years old, and in 1932 Einstein reckoned its age to be 10,000,000,000 years old.

Trees of Jones County

Among the most entrancing chapters of the Book of the Earth, are the ones which describe its forests.

The immortal line of Joyce Kilmer, "Only God can make a tree," is not only poetry expressing the wonder and mystery of its creation; but the statement of a profound fact that calls for man's thoughtful investment of the tree's uses and protective interest in its growth and preservation. Probably there were between 50 and 60 different species of trees in Jones county a century ago. Of that number it would be possible to find 50 kinds today although most of them are greatly depleted in numbers.

The white pine once grew here, but it cannot come again on a tract that has been devastated by fire. The prairie fires that swept over Iowa in the early days were death to them. A few native white pines remain in sheltered spots such as Back Bone state park. It is the tallest, most stately and beautiful of all the conifers. But

no one pine is ever so beautiful as a grove of pines. The extensive plantings of this tree in Wapsipinicon state park have added materially to the attractiveness of the hillsides. They lend shelter to bird and beast as well as to man from winter's cold and summer's heat.

The American larch or tamarack is another tree that has disappeared from our country. It likes to grow in the deep muck that borders an old pond or slough. There are few such favorable spots left for them now. The wood of the Red Cedar is so valuable and has been cut so closely that trees of any age or size are becoming rare. The Red or River birch, the only native of that family in the country, is also becoming scarce. The oak is the most valuable and majestic of our native trees. They are long lived trees if left to grow. The life of some species of oak is believed to reach a thousand years in England and other countries where they are protected.

Oaks on Matsell Farm

The finest groves of oak in this vicinity were found on the famous Matsell farm until a few years ago when many of them were cut down. Probably 150 years is the span of the oldest bur, red or black oak in Jones county.

At the time the larger bur oaks were cut down to make room for the new court house, two of them were found to be 125 years old by counting the rings. The two oaks at the northwest corner of the school yard are believed to be celebrating their centennial with the town and the county this year.

The Hackberry tree on Cleveland street in front of the W. H. Prentice home is considered an unusually fine tree of the species.

The American elm grows more rapidly than the oak. It varies from 60 to 120 feet in height. A few here and there in the country may have passed the century mark. The Black walnut growing alone is one of the grandest and most massive trees of all. Its wood supplied the pioneer with his best furniture and often was used for doors and other wood work in his cabin.

The first settlers planted groves of soft maples as wind breaks and lines of willow to mark their boundaries. Poplars and other fast growing trees were also used in this way. Hard or sugar maples are natives here, as is also the lovely Scarlet maple of our swamps, but the latter is now very scarce.

Driving through the country today, the age of a farm can be judged by the species and of the trees about the door. Many of these came from the east. Some of them, such as hemlock and pines, came from the very door yards of their childhood homes.

"He that planteth a tree is a servant of God,
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen
Shall bless him."—Henry Van Dyke.

Did you know that the Iowa prairie was at first scorned by the pioneer farmers because it "wouldn't even grow trees"?

* * * * *

Little town, conceived by pioneers,
 Your birth pangs witnessed by few.
 Only a dreaming adventurer
 Made something of you.
 Took your trees and made your houses;
 Rocks for the buildings, mortar of clay.
 Your little river flowed slowly by
 As you grew day by day.
 Now, little town, in old age you pause
 And reflect on the days gone by.
 Your heart is a shell; you question,
 "Why was it I had to die?"
 Gone to the cities the children you sired
 Gone from this land and it seems,
 Little town of years long ago,
 This is the end of your dreams.

By Muriel Byers Kool.

THE Maquoketa river still flows slowly by but there is little else that is reminiscent of the once flourishing community of Canton in Jackson county.

One of the first settlements west of the Mississippi, Canton had the natural advantages of a large timber area plus an adequate water supply.

Manufacturing Center.

It was one of the area's early manufacturing centers. The grist mill, the only one within a wide radius, located here as was a large sawmill, a woolen factory and a factory which made cut to order lathes. Pioneers came from great distances, camping in their covered wagons or in tents for days, waiting their turn in line at the grist mill.

The adventuresome J. J. Tomlinson, a Virginian, was proprietor of all these industries and originally owned the 700 acres of timber as well as nearly all the lots in the town.

The two practicing physicians, Dr. George Davis and

Dr. Belden, had offices on Main street. A veterinarian, George Alberry, also practiced in Canton.

Other men involved in mercantile business made Canton their home. The large country store was an impressive 2-story building. Built in 1876 of limestone quarried nearby, the shell of this store remains . . . completely burned out. One wide ceiling rafter remains in charred, dangling defiance. Weeds obliterate the iron stairway now leading into nothingness. Initials carved into the stone almost a century ago are still legible.

Only the Echo.

Reaching a peak population of 1,200, Canton now claims only a small cluster of houses set near the deeply-rutted streets. A large dance hall, once the "night-spot" for the people, is gone. Only the echo of music and laughter can be heard, emitting from a small unpainted tavern building equipped with a juke-box.

The picturesque old schoolhouse of native limestone stands a short distance from the little town,

the chiseled inscription reads 1877.

Still in use as a school, the play area is pounded hard by the feet of countless children enjoying a respite from their studies.

A former teacher, Miss Mae LaMonte, later a professor at Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., related in a letter dated 1947 how reluctant the board was to hire her as the term before had seen the schoolmaster thrown, deliberately, into a snow drift. She also recalled how she had so much fun one wintry day in

sliding with the pupils that she lost all track of time until reprimanded by a board member who was passing by.

No Homecoming Now.

Until 1953, Canton was the scene of an annual homecoming which was a county wide affair with persons coming from even greater distances to share in the reunion. These homecomings were arranged by Frank Reyner who now lives in Maquoketa.

A vice-president of the Westinghouse Electric Company, Ellis L. Spay of Jersey City, N. Y., calls Can-

ton his hometown. George Reyner of Silver Star, Mont., president of the large Ruby ranch was born and reared there.

The few remaining residents of Canton are proud of the new Bar-I-Ranch being built in the scenic hills near the town. Don Thomas of Clinton, Mich., is creating a beauty spot in the vicinity, using a pipe-line to course the Maquoketa river into a lake in the front of his home on the ranch. Several hundreds of acres of land are being built up as part of this new ranch located only a stone's throw from Canton.

The road winds and it is not easy to find Canton. The scenery in the wooded, hilly area is breathtaking in the fall. But . . . in the winter the scene is bleak desolation. The town is dead.

ANAMOSA EUREKA

MRS. J. M. PARKS 1931

Malinda Demaris Ireland, daughter of Benjamin and Catherine Ireland, was born in Fairview township, Jones county, Iowa, October 12, 1881, and died at her home in Fairview township, March 2, 1931, at the age of 49 years, 4 months and 14 days. January 1, 1900 she was united in marriage to J. F. Parks of Jones county, Iowa. After their marriage with the exception of the first year they have lived in Fairview township. To them were born four children James F., Marion, Grace and Carl.

Mrs. Parks was a great lover of her home and family, her two little grand children were especially dear to her although her love went out and embraced all children. Again she expressed her love for the beautiful by her fondness of flowers. Her home sufficed to meet the needs of her life. Here she reigned supreme content that the activities of the world should be taken up by other hands.

The last three years of life she was afflicted with an incurable malady that taxed the frail body to the utmost. But through the years, every thing was done to alleviate suffering and bring health to no avail. Yet no word of complaint or murmur passed her lips.

Surviving are the husband J. M. Parks, the children, James F. Parks of Cedar Rapids, Marion E. Parks of Anamosa, Mrs. Grace Moyer of Viola and Carl Parks at home. Her grandchildren, Maxine Parks and James Moyer. Of her father's family two brothers, Marshall and Robert Ireland and a sister, Mrs. Pearl Wolfe, all of Anamosa.

Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. F. C. Worcester from the Methodist church in Anamosa, Wednesday afternoon, March 4, at 2 o'clock. Music was furnished by Mesdames L. A. Miller, F. C. Worcester and James McMurrin. Interment in the family lot in Riverside cemetery. The funeral was in charge of J. C. Bride of the Loder Funeral Home.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our thanks to our friends and neighbors for the many acts of kindness and sympathy shown us during the long illness of our wife and mother, and for the beautiful flowers and other manifestation of love for the departed at the funeral services.

Frank Parks and family

*Anamosa Register
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 10 July 1960*

THE EUREKA

LOCAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1908.

TIRED, SHE SLEPT.

A Loving Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. Thomas J. Cowan, of Olin.

Ada Gertrude Herrick was born near Hale, Jones county, Iowa, on Sunday, May 25, 1862, and went peacefully to sleep as the church bells were calling to morning worship on Sunday, March 15, 1908.

Her life was one unending struggle, with an active mind, an indomitable will and a boundless ambition on the one hand, and a frail and pain racked body on the other.

The war robbed her of a father when she was but four months old. While yet a young girl the family moved to Davenport, and later to Monticello. After a few years she came with the family to Olin, where her life has practically been spent. While yet a girl in her teens, she began teaching in the Olin public schools, but shortly was compelled to surrender her school duties and give her delicate body up to the awful tortures of inflammatory rheumatism. From this she recovered, but it was the beginning of the end.

Early in life she gave her heart into the Master's keeping and joined the Congregational church. Later on she allied herself with the United Brethren church of Olin, and for many years was one of the most faithful and valued teachers and workers in the Sunday school.

For a long time she was clerk in the postoffice, where she greatly enlarged her already long list of friends.

She was a charter member of the A. U. G., a well known local secret society of young ladies. They were an affectionate organization and held many happy meetings.

In the presence of a little party of friends and relatives, she was united in marriage to Thomas John Cowan, at Grace Church, Des Moines, Iowa, by the Rev. L. B. Wickarsham, then pastor of that charge, on August 31, 1892.

After nearly sixteen years of tender companionship, that sacred bond has been ruthlessly broken by the pitiless hand of Death, and a saddened and devoted husband finds himself

"Alone, alone, on a wide, wide sea."

Six years of this happy union were spent in Anamosa, where the husband served as county superintendent of schools. While there, Mrs. Cowan made many friendships that were destined to endure. There it was also that she united herself with the Mount Moriah Chapter of the O. E. S. and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In 1880 she returned with her husband to Olin, and here, among old friends and scenes she dearly loved, she rounded out a too short, but beautiful life.

In 1883 she was called upon to part with the tenderest and most devoted of mothers, and from the effect of that pathetic parting she never fully recovered. Shortly after her mother's death she had a severe attack of influenza, the effects of which seemed to settle about her heart. Following this at irregular periods she would have severe heart attacks, growing worse and more frequent, until on the evening of November 19 last, she was utterly prostrated and for four months she has endured with wonderful fortitude the slow ebbing of a tired heart. All that medicine, skilled nursing and loving hands could do was done. The fight was a long and heroic one, but the surrender was inevitable. God closed the bitter struggle and carried her tired spirit into the quietude of eternal rest. She loved her friends ardently, her near relatives enjoyed her unswerving devotion, and to her husband she was the tenderest and most loving of wives.

Her generosity knew no bounds. When she gave, it was without stint. She measured up fully to Lowell's ideal of perfect giving:

Who gives himself with his arms to a bitter himself, his hungering neighbor and the

She loved nature, children with her joy, home her heart's dearth, a clean, pure, Christian life her goal, and to love and be loved was her very life.

In her last illness she felt deeply the many, many tender evidences of sympathy extended on every hand. It sweetened the final days of her long suffering, and has fortified the hearts of her loved ones against the utter sadness of the parting hour.

"How sad it is, with so much gone of life and love, to still live on."

Besides a heart-sore and saddened husband, she leaves three beloved sisters—Mrs. J. W. Jamison, of Cedar Rapids; Mrs. Dr. White, of Olin; Martha E., her companion sister; one

precious brother, August E. Herrick, of Davenport; the devoted brothers-in-law, Mr. J. W. Jamison and Dr. White, a very father to her, and sisters-in-law Nettie Herrick and Mary L. Adkins, six tenderly loved nieces and two nephews and the six idolized little ones belonging to her married nieces.

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the bill,
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

The last and rites to the loved one were paid to her in her own pretty little home on Wednesday, March 18, 1908, at 10:30 A. M. In the midst of tender hearts and the most beautiful

fls just closed. Rev. Eugene Ackley, of the United Brethren Church, drew much comfort from the text, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Abide With Me" closed the solemn and holy and, just as her wish had been, to the strains of "Tired" she was carried by six of her tried and enduring friends—C. E. Mereson, C. U. Lamb, Gilbert Hlayney, W. H. Post, O. S. Brown and W. F. Houston—from her saddened and desolated home for her last journey to the silent city on the beautiful hill. She was slowly settled to her final rest near her sacred and sainted mother, to the accompaniment of the requiem—

"Tired" as you, so tired, dear
I shall sweetly sleep to night"

Rev. Eugene Ackley read the final service, and the voice of the venerable Elder Potter, the tears of the living loving ones and the gentle rain drops from the pine trees mingled themselves in the last benediction. And so—

"After life's dust fever, she sleeps sweet."

SERVICES TUESDAY FOR GEO. FRAZIER

Funeral services were held at the Smykil Home for Funerals, at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, for George Buris Frazier, 76, who died Sunday at his home here following a lingering illness. Mr. Frazier was one of Jones county's best-known citizens, having been for many years president of the former Niles and Watters Savings bank.

Rev. B. T. Schwab, pastor of the Anamosa Congregational church, was in charge of services, and interment was in Riverside cemetery. Honorary pallbearers were William Hale, W. K. Pearson, Wm. Hogan, and H. H. Soper. Casket bearers were Albert Ament, W. W. Buckner, M. C. Crispin, B. F. Erb, A. N. Trevarthen and A. L. Remley.

A native of Nevada, Mr. Frazier came to Anamosa in 1915. Graduated from Iowa State college, he taught school at Butte, Mont., and Jewell, Ia., then established a bank at Breda in 1890.

He was married at Breda in 1892 to Belle Jones, who survives with two daughters, Mrs. K. L. Johnston of Oskaloosa and Mrs. Marguerite Moore of Des Moines; one son, W. S. Frazier of Anamosa; a brother, William J. Frazier of Berkeley, Calif., and a sister, Mrs. A. A. Ashby of Sioux City. He was a member of the Masonic lodge, Knights Templar and of the Knights of Pythias.

Anamosa Eureka
14 April 1940

MRS. FRAZIER SERVICE HELD

Widow of Prominent Anamosan Dies In Oskaloosa

Funeral service for Mrs. Anna Jones Frazier, 74, who died early Monday in Oskaloosa at the home of a daughter, Mrs. K. L. Johnston, was held Wednesday at 2 p.m. at Smykil Funeral home.

She was the widow of George B. Frazier, Anamosa banker, and ~~mother of Wright S. Frazier, Anamosa attorney.~~

Rev. Dalrymple Officiates

Rev. H. E. Dalrymple, pastor of the Congregational church, officiated at the service and burial was in Riverside cemetery.

Pallbearers were M. C. Crispin, Dr. B. F. Erb, Dr. A. N. Trevarthen, A. L. Remley, Warren J. Rees and Leigh Pearson.

Mrs. Frazier was born Jan. 24, 1867, at Brooklyn, Iowa, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. U. C. Jones. Later the family moved to Breda

where her father practiced medicine. She was graduated from the Breda high school and taught three years before her marriage to Mr. Frazier in 1892.

After her marriage, the family home was made in Oklahoma and later at Nevada, Iowa, where Mr. Frazier engaged in the banking business.

Moved Here In 1914

In 1914 he purchased the controlling stock of the Niles and Watters Savings bank and the family moved to Anamosa. Mr. Frazier died just a year ago, April 14, 1940. After his death, Mrs. Frazier went to Oskaloosa to make her home with her daughter.

She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Johnston, Oskaloosa, and Mrs. Marguerite Moore, Des Moines; a son, Wright S. Frazier, Anamosa; a twin sister, Mrs. Ida Wilson, and another sister, Miss Lotta L. Jones, both Breda.

James H. Wooder was born in Caroline county, Maryland, June 17, 1834, and died at his home in Hale, Jones county, Iowa, April 7, 1915 aged 80 years 9 months and 21 days. When 2 years old he moved with his parents to Guernsey county, Ohio, where his father died when James was eleven years old. At the age of thirty years he enlisted in Company A, 116th regiment, Ohio Infantry, where he served three years and was honorably discharged June 14, 1865, at Richmond, Va. While in the service he was promoted to the rank of sergeant. At the battle of Winchester he was captured by the enemy. Besides J. W. and M. E. Wooder of Hale, Mrs. Frank Dalby of Lamoni, Iowa, Mrs. Fred Cruise, of Olin, and Edward C. Wooder of Muscatine with the aged widow left to mourn his death are seventeen grand children.

REV. P. S. SLOCUM.

Monticello friends of Rev. Perkins S. Slocum, for many years pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in this city were shocked and sorrowed Friday night when word reached this city that he had committed suicide while on board a Burlington passenger train between Clinton, Iowa and St. Paul, Minn. Worry over continued ill-health is thought to have caused the act.

Mr. Slocum was born in Center Junction and spent the early part of his life there, and succeeded in acquiring a good education through diligent effort and ambition. He later entered the ministry and for many years served as pastor of the local M. E. church. Upon retiring as pastor here to accept a more lucrative call, he was president of Epworth College and for several years served in that capacity. It was during that time that he accompanied Rev.

Brown of Epworth on a tour of the world, writing many fine articles regarding his travels while enroute.

From Epworth he went to Lyons, accepting a call as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church there, one of the largest and best M. E. churches in the conference, and at the time of his death Rev. Slocum was in line for appointment as a bishop of the conference. Without doubt he was one of the finest and most successful ministers in the conference, beloved by all who knew him, and an ideal man in every respect. His death will be mourned by an enormous host of friends who sorrow with the immediate family in the death of this noble man.

The Times publishes the following from the Clinton Herald, relative to the tragedy.

"Minneapolis, Minn., April 16.—Rev. P. S. Slocum, a traveling evangelist of Lyons, Iowa, was found dead in the toilet room of a Burlington passenger train near St. Paul last night. A pistol at his feet indicated that he had ended his life. A letter from Mrs. P. S. Slocum, written on March 20, was the only means of identification. It was addressed to Staples, Minn. and in it were references to the ill health of Mr. Slocum and warning him to be careful. A return card on the envelope gives the address of Mrs. Slocum as 310 South Sixth street, Lyons, Iowa. The body was discovered by W. S. Brown, the porter, who called F. W. Hampton, 3343 Oakland avenue, Minneapolis the conductor. Coroner James in Ramsey county found \$61 in Mr. Slocum's pockets. Death was pronounced due to suicide."—Jones County Times.

Mr. Slocum was well known in Wyoming, and his friends in this vicinity will regret to learn of his untimely and sad ending. Funeral services were held at Center Junction, Tuesday forenoon and his remains deposited in the North Madison cemetery beside those of his mother.

B. J. PENCE

B. J. Pence, for many years a resident of this vicinity, passed away at his home near Savanna early Tuesday morning, following a long illness. The remains will be brought here from that city this afternoon, and interred in the Pence cemetery about four miles east of Baldwin tomorrow.

Mr. Pence was well known in this locality where he had made his home for so long a time. He was a prosperous farmer living northeast of town, and made a great many friends during all the years of his residence here. A little over a year ago he purchased a farm near Savanna and moved to that locality last spring, leaving his farm here to be operated by his son, Curtis Pence. His death is indeed regretted, and the ones here will have the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of all in this bereavement.

Mr. Pence was born August 12, 1858, and was therefore at the time of his death fifty-seven years, seven months and sixteen days of age. He leaves to mourn his demise his wife and two sons, besides other relatives and a long list of friends.—The Oxford Mirror

6 April 1916
Wyoming Journal

INTERMENTS IN WYOMING CEMETERY.

Below we publish a list of interments in the beautiful Wyoming Cemetery for the year ending April 1st 1915. This is the shortest list of burials in this cemetery for years. It will be observed that only four out of the fourteen burials were people who lived inside the corporate limits of Wyoming, the other ten being from outside territory. This surely speaks well for Wyoming as a health resort. Following is the list:

	Date of Burial	Age
Carl Lester Steyne	April 14	11 mos
Jeannette Slim	April 26	67 yrs
Amos Korah	June 2	89 yrs
W H Tourtellot	June 26	67 yrs
Fred Schmidt	July 5	65 yrs
Aug Feddersen	July 14	28 yrs
Mrs Harrit D Bulen	Aug 26	79 yrs
Vivian G. Lincoln	Sept. 29	9 mos
Mrs Sarah Hutchins	Nov 5	70 yrs
Mrs J W Wherry	Nov 11	79 yrs
Leona Sarah Wilkins	Nov 21	4 yrs
Mrs N B Pence	Dec 15	
Hert H. Niles	Dec 30	35 yrs
Jerome Cooley	Mch 9	84 yrs

WYOMING JOURNAL
22 April 1915

Home Economics Has Exhibit.

Interests of women are going to be completely covered at the state fair this year, according to the program of the home economics section of the agricultural extension department of Iowa State College. Most of the work will be demonstrations, but there will be at least two lectures on popular subjects during each day.

Short cuts in sewing and pressure cooking demonstrations will be held simultaneously each morning and afternoon. Rural organization work and special problems of the rural housewife will be the subject of daily lectures at eleven in the morning. Demonstrations on uses of milk will be made each morning also.

In the afternoons, such subjects as "where does the dollar go?" Meal planning for nutrition and economy," and "Clothing for children" will be themes of lectures given by experts in their lines.

At all times, home demonstration agents from all over the state will be present at an information desk to guide and assist visitors. These agents will also have active parts in various phases of the program.

Sulphured Apples.

Pare and quarter apples; for one market basket of the prepared apples, use one tablespoon of sulphur with a few coals to make the smoke. Hang the basket of apples in a barrel or any similar contrivance which will retain the smoke and smoke them about one hour or longer. They may be put away in large crocks. Later some juice will form in the bottom of the crocks but this does not interfere with the keeping at all. Cook them up as they are needed from time to time during the winter. The apples retain the white color and are considered by all who preserve them in this way, superior to the canned apples. It is a good method too in that it does not take many jars to put them away in.

IRENE B. WHEELER,

Home Demonstration Agent.

Captain Clyde Doolittle, of Delhi, has announced his candidacy for the republican nomination for representative from Delaware county in the state legislature. He is at present completing a course in law at the state university at Iowa City.

21 Aug 1919

Montice No Express

2004 Dues Are Now Payable

JONES COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY DUES

** \$10.00 per year

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE \ ZIP _____

DEATH OF MATTIE MOWERY QUEST.

This lady was well known in this vicinity, being a member of one of our oldest pioneer families. The following is from the Oakland, Oregon, Owl, of March 6th:

Mattie Mowery Quest was born January 16, 1860, near Anamosa, Iowa, departed this life March 2, 1908, near Oakland, Oregon. She was a daughter of Jacob and Helen Mowery both of whom have preceded her to the better land. Deprived of a father's care at the early age of fourteen years, she grew to womanhood at the old home which she dearly loved and of which she talked so much during her last illness.

On December 1, 1880, she was united in marriage to J. W. Quest of Sterling, Illinois. Three children came to gladden their home. Mr. and Mrs. Quest lived at Anamosa for six years. In 1901, they came to Oakland, Oregon, where they have since resided.

Mrs. Quest, although ailing somewhat, showed no alarming symptoms until about the middle of November. The local physicians were then called, but deeming her case a serious one, advised her being taken to the hospital at Portland. This advice was followed, and on December 31, she, accompanied by her brother, D. D. Mowery, went to Portland, entering the North Pacific hospital. Here a thorough examination was made, the physicians pronouncing it cancer of the stomach, and giving no hope of recovery. At this place they were joined by a sister, Mrs. Nettie Mitchell, of Anamosa, Iowa, who accompanied them to Oakland as soon as Mrs. Quest was suffi-

ciently strong to make the journey home. They arrived on January 10, the 48th birthday of the deceased.

Mrs. Mitchell remained a constant and devoted attendant at the bedside of her beloved sister, striving in every way to relieve her suffering until death claimed her, March 2 at 4 p. m.

The gratitude of the deceased for the tender and thoughtful administration of husband, children, sister, brother and friends, was unbounded; her patience and gentle resignation to her lot of pain and suffering was touching. Full of cheer, hope and brightness, with none but kind words and deeds, with an abiding trust in her Lord, she remained to the last an example to those with whom associated. Long will her memory live in the hearts of her friends who give to the bereaved ones their heartfelt sympathy.

The deceased leaves a husband and three children, Hazel, aged eleven; Lyman, nine, and Mary aged three and one-half years, all of this place. Besides these there are two brothers, Emory Mowery, of Anamosa, Iowa, L. E. Mowery, of Boone, Iowa; three sisters, Mrs. Carrie Hartman and Mrs. Nettie Mitchell, of Anamosa, Iowa, and Mrs. Eleanor Nelson, of Clinton, Iowa; also the following half-brothers and sisters: Jacob and Hugh Mowery, of Des Moines, Iowa; D. D. Mowery, of Roseburg, Oregon; G. W. Mowery, of California; Mrs. Susan Landis, of Superior, Wisconsin.

Two brothers, J. W. Mowery, deceased September 25, 1892, and W. O. Mowery, deceased September 28, 1906, as well as the parents have passed on before.

Wednesday at 1 p. m. funeral services were conducted at the Oakland Baptist church by Rev. F. W. Leonard, assisted by Rev. W. S. Smith; interment immediately afterwards in Odd Fellows' cemetery. Many friends were present both at the church and the cemetery.

March 1908

JONES COUNTY
GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
P.O. BOX 174
ANAMOSA, IA 52205

NON-PROFIT
ORGANIZATION

LaVerta Langenberg
21692 20th St
Lisbon, IA 52253

