Additions

By Harry Stimson

Innocent looking guy, isn't he.

1937-1953

The Gibson family in 1947

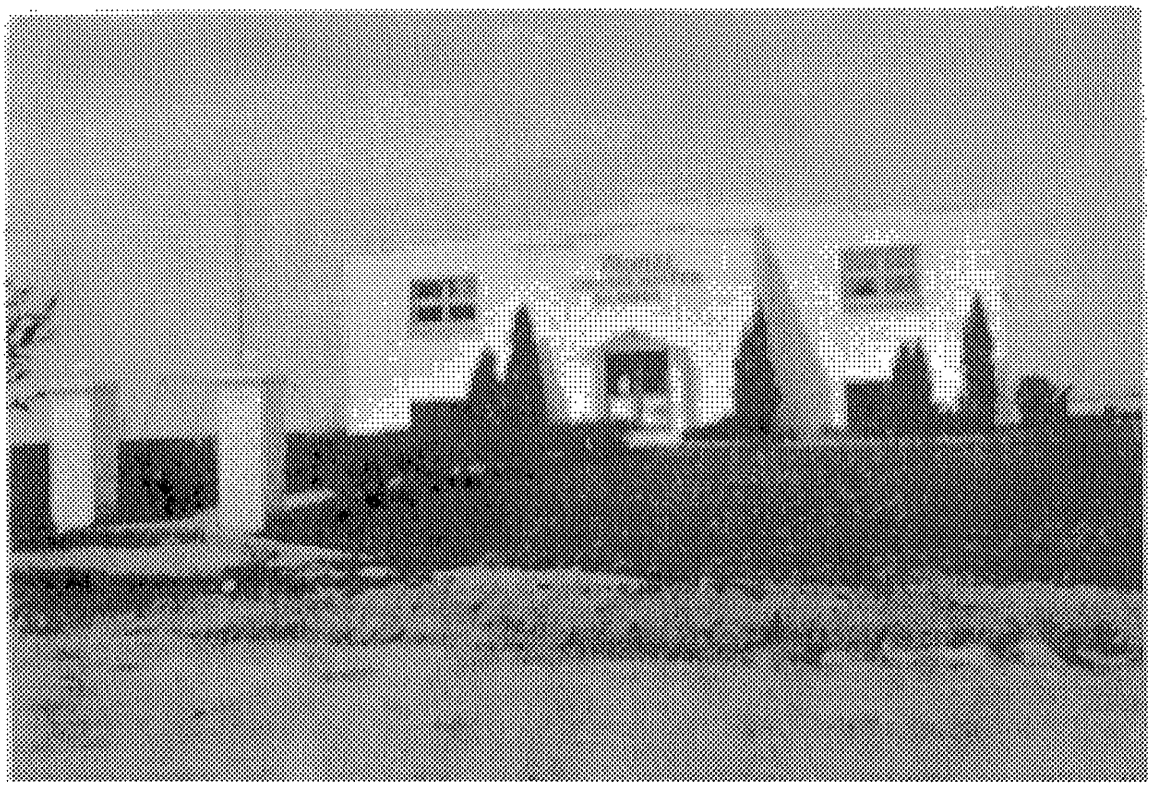
Roy, Hazel, Dorothy, Lloyd, Ruth (In rear) and Andy and Harry (Front)

After Mother leaves off her works, there came the birth of Harry, June 9, 1939, and Andy, June 5, 1941. All the children were born on the Savage farm. Father Roy always said that for the farm, the depression of the 1930's didn't really end until WWII. But we can see that with the 50-50 share arrangement with AW Savage the farm has grown and entered into what was probably the most productive period of the family farming operation.

The following are vignettes of the period from WWII to when we moved off the Savage farm in 1953 and moved to the Liberty farm, close to Independence. Several years later, with the death of Grandpa Ed, Grandma Effie and Paul came to live with Mother Hazel and Father Roy on the Liberty farm. With this final move, with the exception of Ruth who lives one mile East of Monti, came the end of Mother Hazel's relationship to the old Troy Mills and Coggon area. Also ending 100 years of pioneer living and creating history

"Along the Troy Road."

Monti Consolidated



I was too young, but I can imagine there was typical consolidation battle in order to combine the local country schools into one. The first school was held in the old wooden church hall while the more permanent cement block building was constructed. Wouldn't you know, the hall burned and we had a school holiday until the new building, shown above was completed.

I would estimate that Monti Consolidated was an elementary school of approx. 100 students. Rooms were divided into three classes each, so Andy and I had made the move from the one-room Reilly School to the three-room Monti School. This, plus the fact that we got to ride the bus to school now and we believed that we were right uptown.

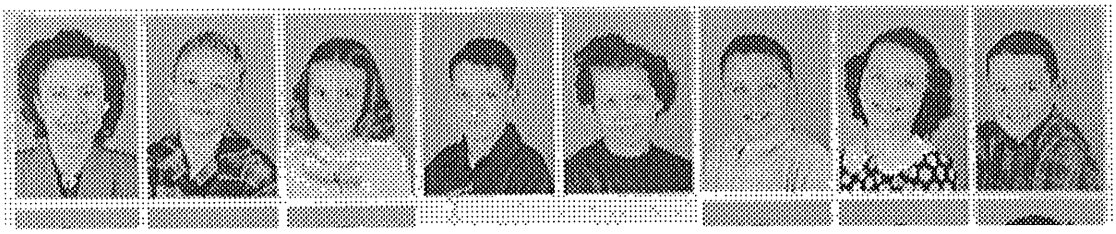
The school was located directly West of the Catholic Church in Monti. Monti Consolidated was a public school, but because of the heavy concentration of Catholics in the community, there were not more than three or four non-Catholic families in the school. As a result, once a week, during the noon hour, the Catholic students had catechism at the church across the road and that left us few Protestants to fend for ourselves. We were probably glad not to have to go to church but it limited our playground activities.

Living on the edge of this large Irish Catholic community, and being a part of the Methodist community of Troy, we were exposed to some of the antagonistic feelings of the day between the two religions. It would be too much to say that Father was anti-Catholic but he never lost the opportunity to talk of the heavy drinking in the Irish

community and I'm sure that some of that may have been true. Mother didn't have a prejudiced bone in her body, and in general, our family got along very well with our Irish neighbors.

Of course, Andy and I had the great advantage of growing up among and having great friends in the Monti School. We found that any incipient prejudices that we might have are hard to maintain when you are spending every day in school, on the playground, playing and working with your friends, even if they happen to be of a different religion. And I'm sure that the reverse is true and the cohesiveness of the Irish community at Monti has been much reduced over time.

Monti Consolidated School has been gone many years although the Monti Church remains, and the old store where we could get fireworks has been gone for many years. I never fail to get a strange feeling when I pass by that spot where I went to school until March of my eighth grade year.



Our teachers included, Catherine Reilly Coleman, Phyllis McElligott, Helen McEnany, Pauline Britt Doyle, and Ann Walderback. Our sister Ruth, who had obtained a teaching certificate from Iowa State Teachers College, also taught at Monti for a time.

Andy Hefferman ran the Monti store and as Andy and I were taking the bus, for all practical purposes, we didn't patronize the store. However, the store was a source of fireworks for the 4th of July.


Consolidated
Grades 4-5


Monti Iowa Circa 1950's

Creek Place

For Mother, as the Creek Place was her original home, in her writings she shows a lot of affection for the old homestead. In Andy and my memories, Grandpa and Grandma Ed and Effie were living there in our very early years but it was soon after that when they moved to the smaller 20-acre parcel up the road.

My memories are vague but I do remember the old style barn, built into the side of the farmyard so that a ramp led directly to the upper level. I also remember the old style stock tank with the windmill pumping water.

Grandpa Ed still had horses at the time and I can remember riding from the field on the front of a load of hay and Grandpa let me handle the reins for a short period of time. I would estimate that I was six or seven at the time.

I have also related that when Lloyd had scarlet fever, we were sent to Grandma Effie for the period of quarantine and I slept in the table. Perhaps I am wrong and this was really some other piece of furniture but it still seems to me that the table pulled apart and there was a small bed underneath.

The creek place was one of those homesteads that were settled before the road system was established and so was located down a relatively long lane. Add the lane to the two miles to Troy Mills and it must have been quite a walk to school for the young children of the family. As Mother relates, the little family originated on the Creek Place and migrated to several farms in Linn County before finally returning to the old homestead.

The entryway to the house was covered with a flowering vine that had the most aromatic flowers.

My first memory of the visits from our Chicago cousins was at the Creek Farm where we all ran free, except we were a little insecure about the sheep running in the pasture. Our favorite song was "Ice cream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream." And of course, in preparation for the big event, someone made the trip to Troy for a block of ice from the icehouse. And using real cream, unless you've tasted this delight, you've never tasted real ice cream.

Grandma Effie still had a butter churn and that was one of those tedious jobs where she could employ her young grandsons. Once again, this newly churned butter slathered on newly baked bread was about the most delicious treat you could imagine. Sometimes I wonder if my memories are misleading me or are apples less juicy now, tomato skins tougher, strawberries need to be cut with a knife, and white bread tasteless. And I wonder if very many young people really know what a piecrust made with lard really tastes like.

From the view from many years later, it seems like a small paradox as I think back on the life that Grandpa Ed and Grandma Effie led. They and their children all led long and relatively healthy lives. But financially, Ed and Effie ended their lives with virtually nothing. The moves to other farms in Linn County are a story of attempts to purchase other property, failure, and finally a move back to the original homestead.

Finally they made the move to the small 20-acre parcel which had been put in Paul's name.

But the paradox is this. They never lost their interest in the outside world. No matter how tight their finances, they always subscribed to the Cedar Rapids Gazette and probably the Capper's Weekly. Incidentally, you had to get to the paper before Effie because Effie didn't mind dismantling the sections and if you were reading an article that continued on another page, you might have to search for the other section.

Ed and Effie were determined to assist their children in getting an education. As Mother relates with some emotion, in the coldest and most bitter of mornings, Grandpa Ed would get up and harness the driving horse to the buggy for Mother to drive to High School at Center Point.

Raising and processing their own food, they probably ate as well or better than most. The air they breathed was clean. Mother mentions that the Troy Mills workmen used to go to the river in the winter and use large saws to saw out blocks of ice for the icehouse for sale in the summer. I'm not so sure that anyone would want to use our Wapsi river ice for any purpose today.

There was an old quarry just up the road East from the Creek place. Since Mother mentions that our Iowa Ancestor David Phillips was well versed in the use of stone for building purposes, I have come to wonder if that original quarry was a part of the creek place. The creek place, just like many other early farmsteads, had all the elements that made it valuable for a building spot. It had running water, some timber, and some land that could be cleared. Of course, as Iowa land developed, this was not the most desirable property. When drained, those boggy, undesirable, upland sloughs turned out to be far more valuable than the soils close to the streams and creeks.

But whatever else the Creek place might have been, it was a great place for young grandchildren to visit and explore.

Modernization (1855-1954)

In the 100-year period since our pioneer ancestors came to Iowa, it is rather astonishing to contemplate the enormous changes that these pioneers and their children have observed.

There was the constant introduction of new and more laborsaving machinery, which really accelerated with the introduction of the tractor. Virtually all later improvements in planting and harvesting stemmed from the introduction of this mobile power unit. Even so, Mother Hazel tells of the struggle with AW Savage when Father Roy wanted to buy his first tractor.

There was the introduction of the automobile. Mother relates that Grandpa Ed had his "Overland" when she was in High School in the 1915-20's. I'm sure that Roy and Hazel had an early car or two, but the car I remember most was the Oldsmobile that came to the family by way of AW Savage.

The coming of electricity probably resulted in the greatest labor-saving advances of all, when you consider that suddenly not just the men of the family, but the housewives had many more labor saving devices.

Consider Grandpa Ed and Grandma Effie. They say the coming of the radio, the telephone, the movies, the auto in all its variations, the tractor with its assorted attachments, atomic energy and the first A-bomb, beginning television, airplanes, cement roads, and much more, all came about in this 100 year period. Not to mention living through the Spanish-American War, WWI, WWII, and the Korean War. Also not to mention the great depression.

I've often thought that as we examine our family histories over this 100-year period, that this had to be the most rapid period of technological advances of any age in history. And for those of you who knew Grandpa Ed and Grandma Effie, along with Roy and Hazel, I think we could all agree that these immediate ancestors were able to adapt quite well to all the changes. And it seems that these technologies build on each other so there is a kind of acceleration of technology in our lives. Some of us have to choose just what to adopt and just what to ignore. Like, do I really need to learn how to set the time on my VCR? And it seems like the more labor saving devices we adopt, the busier we become. Suddenly, we don't seem to ever have enough time.

I think of our original David and Julie Phillips, James and Almira Richardson, Albert and Charlotte Todd, William and Helen Bruce, Milton and Nancy Stimson. Most spent weeks and months on the trails to Iowa. Their challenges were to erect housing, build homesteads, raise crops and livestock, maintain the horses, and raise the children, all without any of these modern conveniences. Somehow, they overcame the obstacles and built homes and lives for themselves.

You could visit the remaining homesteads and you would find few reminders of the old settlers. Virtually everything material that was constructed is gone, from early homes, farmsteads, schools, and churches. As mechanization progressed, the need for sons and daughters to remain on the farm declined. Children and families moved on.

When you tote up the visible accomplishments of these pioneers, there remains only one lasting accomplishment. That is of the extensive families that have followed behind, now spread to virtually everywhere in the United States. All busy with their lives and many virtually unaware of their connection to that energetic and optimistic group of Iowa settlers who met and gathered "along the Troy road".

War Years

Whether this is Mother Hazel with Harry or Andy, it also illustrates the windmill, pump jack, pump house.

I have stated before that I was born just before WW2 and therefore too young to really see the terrible effects of the war. As very young children, we were hardly in a position to understand or even remember the rationing, the shortages, and the other

sacrifices that our parents made.

On the other hand, we were well aware of some of the personal struggles that were discussed in the home. Mother's brother Donald went in the Marines and served in some of the most difficult campaigns of the Pacific. The record shows that Uncle Donald served on Tugali, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, and Tinian. He was overseas from July 1, 1942 to Sept. 30, 1944. For years, a picture of Uncle Donald and his mortar crew hung on Grandpa Ed and Grandma Effie's living room wall.

Father Roy always told the story of one of our neighbor's sons, and I believe that his name was Behan. Behan was a member of a bomber crew and was severely wounded as the plane made its bombing run over Germany. He had to bail out and the air was so cold at the high altitude that his bleeding wounds froze and that is what probably saved his life.

The Dix's took in a captured German fighter pilot paroled to work on American farms. The man was full of exciting stories about getting in dogfights and getting the tail of his aircraft shot off and just making it back to base.

On the way to the Reilly School, we were assigned the duty of collecting milkweed pods. What the value of these pods were to the war effort was, I do not know, but we diligently scoured the roadside on the way to school looking for and collecting these pods. I seem to remember that the "silk" in these pods was used in life jackets. No wonder that I haven't seen a milkweed for many years now.

At the Reilly School, we had jigsaw puzzles of war scenes that we worked to put together. I would like to see some of those puzzles now with an eye to seeing just how much propaganda they contained and how realistic they were. Mother mentions how, after WW1, she was somewhat disillusioned to find that the picture of the German's was highly distorted during the war. And I remember some of this same propaganda during WW2. The Nazis tied the legs of undesirable pregnant women together when they were about to give birth. It was only quite later that we learned of the real German atrocities.

I can remember that the death of President Roosevelt caused quite a lot of mourning and concern in the family. The depression and the hard times had served to turn Father Roy from the traditional Republican to Democrat.

Another incident occurred which will give more of a picture of Grandpa Ed. There was a movie produced about the war and the Marines. Grandpa was induced to attend at the movie at the Comet Theater in Coggon. Evidently, there was quite of bit of fighting and chorusing in the first part of the movie and Grandpa Ed walked out. That caused quite a stir and embarrassment for the rest of the family.

Over all, Father Roy always held that the real end of the depression on the farm was the advent of WW2, and he held to the philosophy that in the end, "They," meaning political leaders, would always get us into some sort of foreign adventure when the domestic situation required.

Saving for Glove

Into each life a little rain must fall. This must have been quite a cloudburst in my life that I remember it yet.

I had a piggybank and was collecting my pennies and nickels to buy a baseball glove. I had several dollars saved up and was just about ready for my glove when I suppose in some sort of burst of poverty, Father broke open my piggybank and took the money. I was upset, in spite of promises to pay me back, and I remember Mother was upset, also.

I don't remember just how, but I did indeed receive a baseball glove later.

That glove followed me for years. I think because of the circumstance, the glove

had some sort of meaning for Mother, also. I know that that glove never got thrown away and was in Mother's house well into the 1980's.

I suppose it is like Mr. Spock says, that the good of the many is more important than the good of the individual. But try to explain that to a 9 or 10 year old who sees his money for a baseball glove disappear.

The Savage Farm

It wasn't until I was much older when I read Mother's works that I learned some of the details of our relationship to the Savage farm. In her works, she calls the farm the Orchard Place. In my young days, we were renting the Savage farm on shares from A.W. Savage who owned the lumberyard and probably other businesses in Coggon.

The Savage farm had been settled by our Phillips ancestors years ago and due to circumstances they had lost the farm and forced to deed the farm over to Savage, probably for unpaid lumber bills. Father and Mother's first farming venture was near Dike, Iowa, but when the Savage farm came up for rent or purchase, they gathered the money to make a down payment and buy the farm from A.W. Savage. It was almost immediately that they found they couldn't make a go of it and gave the farm back to Savage but he encouraged and aided them in staying and renting.

From what I can see from Mother's accounts, this partnership actually worked quite well as Father and Mother seemed to do well, and the extra capital available from Savage made expansion and modernization much easier.

But even so, I suppose ownership still had its attractions, and this is why Father and Mother purchased the Liberty farm in 1953. Ruth, Dorothy, and Lloyd were already away from home by this time, so it was Andy and I who most enjoyed the move to the new farm near Independence.

It was during this time on the Savage farm that Mother and Father spent what was probably the most productive farm life of their lifetime. They went through the depression and through WWII on that farm. I think that for Mother in particular, the Savage farm would always be her real home. For myself, the Savage farm is a place for the earliest of memories. The little stories I relate in this work are all from my memories of living on the Savage farm.

Even though Father and continued to farm for several more years after moving to the Liberty farm near Independence in 1953, from the perspective of time I think it is fair to say that the move from the Savage farm was the beginning of the end of Father and Mother's farming career. Perhaps they were just a little tired from the struggles of their younger lives. Or perhaps it was because the mid-1950's were one of those depressed times on the farm. And the handwriting was on the wall. The children were leaving home, one by one. Whatever the reason, it wasn't long after moving to the Liberty farm that first Mother, then Father took full time jobs off the farm, called a closing out sale, and discontinued their active farming.

The Old Grove

Mother speaks fondly of visiting her Grandpa (John Morris Phillips), and Grandma (Eliza Bruce Phillips) on the old Orchard Place. This was one of those original homesteads which ended up down long lanes after the new road system was established. The old homestead was located back up in a field on what Mother called the Orchard Place and what I'm calling the Savage farm. Evidently, after John Morris and Eliza moved into family homes, the old homestead was abandoned.

Mother also speaks of later using the lumber from these original buildings to build and repair new buildings on the Savage farm. She also mentions that in the depth of a difficult winter, the men would go to the old homestead to get fuel to burn. So by the time Andy and I came along, the buildings were long gone and all that was left was a stand of trees, some old foundations, and junk. To us, we knew it as the Old Grove.

Periodically, mostly out of boredom and curiosity we would rummage around the old grove, looking for things of interest. In later years now, the old grove has been bulldozed and it is completely gone. Drive by there today and you will see that the trees are gone, the area leveled, and crops growing.

Between the Old Grove and the road, Mother would point out the location of the Nathan Richardson cabin. When our original James and Almira Richardson settled and built a homestead in Iowa, it generated enthusiasm in James's Father, Nathan Richardson, about relocating in Iowa. So Nathan and wife Jane (Richardson) made a move to Iowa and settled near James and Almira. Nathan seems to have been an energetic and resourceful person who busied himself in leatherwork, shoe repair, and general blacksmith work. This cabin would have been located just ½ mile West of James and Almira Richardson and on the East boundary of the Savage farm. Nathan Richardson also served as Buchanan Township trustee and such. Unfortunately, he passed away too soon and his wife, Jane, returned to Vermont, although this is not certain. Again, all traces of this original cabin are gone.

The entire Troy area has many of these very old and original homesteads that remain and are in use today. Because the area was settled early before the road system was established, these original homesteads were established using basic considerations of access to timber, water, and such. As a result, the original homesteaders often found themselves located far off the new road system. Many, as with James and Almira Richardson, went to the trouble of moving their homesteads to be near the roads. Others didn't move. So even today, you will find many old farmsteads with long lanes in the area.

It is one of the cruel ironies in the history of Iowa Pioneers, that the Pioneers selected land that had ample timber and water, and usually with a stream that was big enough that it wasn't likely to completely freeze in the winter. The surrounding prairie tended to be boggy and wet and therefore was not so valuable. Over time the surrounding prairie was drained and developed and this prairie would turn out to be far more valuable than that land claimed by the early homesteaders.

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Model Airplanes

Every year, because of our interest or maybe to keep us busy, we got model airplanes to build. These were of the old style, with balsa sheets and parts stamped onto the sheets that required a sharp razor blade and a steady hand. After the cutting and arranging of the parts came the gluing phase where before your eyes appeared the framework of the model. Once the frame was constructed, the framework was covered with paper and the finished product appeared.

It was very difficult. The skills involved were not only those of a steady hand and precision, but of patience and dedication. I don't remember that patience and dedication were Andy or my greatest skills. Above all was the ability to find a place to do the project where it didn't have to be moved and wasn't a problem to Mother. Nothing was likely to ever be completed successfully if started on the living room table.

We never had a modern model airplane motor to use, and our airplanes were powered with rubber bands that had to be wound tightly and the propeller released as you threw the plane. The best we could hope for after completion of the construction of our new planes was a few experimental flights, as landings were destructive to the model and soon ruined the plane.

And of course there were the every present and not-so-helpful dogs who didn't quite grasp the idea that we really didn't expect them to fetch the downed aircraft.

My own children never experienced the construction of these kinds of models. We were more into model rocketry in the later days and I'll have to admit myself that building and flying model rockets was much more exciting than the old balsa models.

Record melting

Before I tell this story, I want you to agree that Andy and I have to be given an A for effort. That said, the rest of this story isn't so pleasant.

It was on the Savage farm and in a burst of creativity, we found ourselves in need of some material that could be poured into a mold to set. What could that material be?

We settled on phonograph records. Somewhere in the family was an old, hand-cranked phonograph (Probably priceless today), along with a large supply of old records (Also probably priceless today). We gathered up these records and decided to melt the records to produce our material.

We heated water on the stove and when the water got hot, we dumped in the old records. I will say that the records softened enough to become pliable but never hot enough to melt. Our project was unsuccessful.

But oh, the smell. I honestly believe, as I recall this, that just the memory brings back that obnoxious smell that we created. And of course, the smell penetrated every nook and cranny of that house. There weren't a lot of happy campers in the Stimson household for a few days. So if anybody wonders what ever happened to those old records, ask Andy, not me. He knows.

The Kitchen Range

We have recounted the machinery advances of the age, but no less important were the advances in household chores and the most obvious of these was preparation of the daily meals. Almira's account includes years of cooking over what must have been an open fire, with pots and kettles placed over the fire for food preparation. She even mentions baking bread in the kettles.

I see pictures of old kitchen stoves with flat cooking surfaces that must have been in general use for a period before the introduction of the kitchen range. These stoves provided for surfaces for cooking and heating, but not for the baking. It was the kitchen range that finally gave the women of the family full 'range' of meal preparation.

For Almira, the purchase and use of a kitchen range represented a great advance in her life. With that range, she could heat several kettles at once, bake in the oven, and heat and maintain hot water in the reservoir. Over the top of the stove were doors which opened and there was space for warming as in letting the bread rise before baking. Another great advance of the range was the ability to light the range quickly, usually with cobs as a starter, so that the family no longer had to worry about keeping fires going overnight.

And in the middle 1940's, it was Grandma's range that I most remember. There was a small specialized tool designed to lift the iron plates that were removed for refueling with wood. Cobs were collected, kindling added and finally small pieces of wood. As youths, it was our job to collect cobs and help get in the wood. When we shelled corn, we could easily get cobs from the cobpile. One the cobpile was gone, we were reduced to searching for cobs in the hog lot. Once the range was going, it provided heat for the cooking, and I might add, heat for the entire kitchen.

The range also served to heat the flatirons that were used to iron clothes. These flatirons, by my time, had become relics of the past but were retained for other uses. The use that I remember was that they were very handy for cracking walnuts. The flatiron fit on your lap and was heavy enough that you could crack the walnut with a hammer without injuring yourself. Of course, as with all young people, this experience of cracking walnuts soon became boring although we enjoyed eating the nutmeats. I doubt that we managed to save many nutmeats for mother.

Looking back, it must have taken much skill to build a fire in the range that would provide an even heat that would last long enough to finish baking. And it must have taken just the right kind of fuel to keep adding at just the right time.

Grandma Effie cooked and slaved over that range. The result would be that the kitchen area often became overheated while poor Grandma was working and sweating in the hot kitchen. Then, in would come Grandpa Ed from the outside cold and immediately he would stoke up the warm morning stove in the living room while he warmed up. Of course, by the time Grandpa was warmed up, he left the house, which was now far too warm. This didn't go over too well with Grandma and was one of the few bones of contention between the two.

The kitchen range was one of the first examples of the use of credit in the sale of new products to the farm world. The range could be bought on time and itinerant sales people would go from farm to farm selling not just ranges, but virtually anything that was

of use on the farm. Along with the use of credit came the advent of the high-pressure salesman. And later the Watkins man and the fuller-brush man.

Historically, the range lasted then for decades, to be replaced in my early years by a gas stove, which was similar in almost all respects to modern stoves. Energy to our first gas stove was provided by propane in the form of 100-gallon tanks placed on a stand outside the house. A propane delivery service grew and the propane man with a load of 100 pound bottles was a regular sight on the road. The final step on the farm was the introduction of larger propane tanks, to serve many other functions on the farm, and the introduction of the electric range, which some preferred because of safety considerations.

Bee Stings

Every time I run into a person who makes a fuss about finding a bee in the car or meeting a chance wasp, I have to think to myself, "What wimps!"

It was on the Savage farm so I was thirteen or under and Andy and I, along with some city cousins, were playing behind the barn. For some reason, we decided to get on top of the old loafing shed and I was walking down the old tin ridgevent of that shed when I disturbed a nest of hornets. They swarmed all over me and I really couldn't run away but had to make my way slowly back down the roof and climb down to the ground, all the time being surrounded and stung by this swarm of hornets. And yes, they were mad as hornets.

Mother was upset enough to rush me off to Doc. Byers in Coggon where they cleaned me off and counted over 150 stings. I suppose what it really amounted to was that we all sat around for a while waiting to see if I died and when I didn't, we went home. I don't remember having any reaction at all to all those stings and didn't develop any real phobias about wasps, hornets, and such. After all, as it was rather forcefully pointed out to me, just what the heck had I been doing up there anyway?

I think, and this could just be my imagination, that there were more bees and insects around then than now. It seems like we saw more bumble bees then. We always had to beware of moving an old iron pipe gate because of the danger of bees inside. When we found a nest that was in the wrong place, we took an old oily rag, wrapped it around a stick, lit it on fire, held it in front of the opening, and shook the gate. Out came the bees to their doom. At least most of them were doomed because inevitably some escaped and life became hectic for us for several minutes as we resolutely try to hold the burning rag to the hole lest we quit too soon which would require us to beat a hasty retreat.

The family seemed to have lost all the affection for honey bees that Mother relates in her tales of the early pioneers. We conducted no searches for bee trees. In fact, I doubt that any of our family would have the knowledge of just how to gather the honey, anyway, out of a bee tree. And Father had the unfortunate experience while mowing hay, of hitting a nest of bees that insisted on swarming all over him while he tried to escape. And then there was the time he swatted away a bumblebee with his farmer cap only to find he had really captured the bee on top of his head which he realized soon enough.

On the Savage farm, the time came when AW Savage was induced to put an addition on the house. In the process, as some siding was removed and to the workmen's distress, they disturbed a hive of bees living in the house. Mother found the sight of several of the workers running around the yard trying to swat the bees away very hilarious. It seems to be much more fun to see the swatter than to be the swatter. The fact is, it would be more accurate to say that many of the family had developed more of a phobia about bees. And why try to raise bees if you could go to the store and buy processed sugar, anyway?

In a strange, but subtle way, as the times modernized, many of the old ways were abandoned and with apparent good riddance. Finding and harvesting a bee tree didn't happen any more. The idea of shooting a rabbit for supper had become ridiculous. We never saw a deer in those days. We still burned some wood, but coal was the coming

thing, and then coal passed away. Old skills such as harnessmaking and leatherworking were abandoned.

Mother titles her works, "The Good Old Days," and "More Good Old Days." If you've read her works, you'll see that she really titled her books with her tongue in her cheek. Mother and Father knew full well that the good old days were very hard indeed and they welcomed each advance with open arms. In reality, it was the heck with the good old days, and let's just get on with the good new days.

To Town

Saturday night was the night we often got to go to town, either Coggon or Troy Mills. It was a time to dispose of the eggs, shop, and socialize. Father would take us down the street and often he would treat us to an ice cream cone. It was embarrassing to be around Father since he had the habit of reaching down and pinching us on our cheeks. And I suppose there were never more shy kids around that we country kids. And Coggon had an excellent theater (the Comet) where we saw many movies.

With Ruth and Dorothy in Troy Mills High School, we had to opportunity to follow the Troy Mills basketball teams. Girls games were first to be followed that same

Dorothy and Troy Mills basketball team. Dorothy is third on right on top row

night by the boys games. Fan support was high, even fanatic, as the teams fought it out in the conference. And in some ways, the girls games created more excitement than the boys, depending on the success of the team. The aim then was to make it to sectionals, then district, and finally, to the state tournament. It was here that we experienced a great lesson in sports life. We might have success at the local level, but out there somewhere, there was probably a bigger, better team.

Once a year came the greatest celebration ever known to mankind, the Coggon Harvest Home. How I looked forward to going to Harvest Home and seeing the rides, the crowds, and the programs. Coggon, at the time, was quite a healthy community with a robust economy. Mother, in her later years, still liked to go down to Harvest Home but I have to admit, as we attended several years ago, that it seemed only a hollow shell of its former self.

We also used to attend outdoor movies in the evening at Troy. The price, as I

remember, was a dime. If the weather was good, the benches were set up in a suitable empty lot and we all enjoyed the movie on the screen. You could call it a precursor of the drive-in that became popular later. Andy and I were addicted to Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and Abbot and Costello. There were also short serials that always ended in some cliffhanger and you had to wait until next week to see how the heroes extradited themselves from one situation only to fall into another trap.

Once in a while Father and Mother would make a trip to Independence. We were getting old enough that on these trips, we would make a game out of recognizing the cars as we met them on the road and most cars at that time were pretty distinctive. Today, I don't even try to identify the cars I meet. In Independence was the greatest bakery that I have ever seen and we would stop and pick up a roll and such. And of course, part of the adventure of these excursions was the question; will the car make it all the way?

Periodically came another great adventure, a trip to Cedar Rapids. The highlight for us was a stop at Kresge, which at the time seemed enormous, and in the rear of Kresges' was a large cafeteria. The dishes were always crashing in the background and we would sit down and Father would buy an ice cream Sunday for us.

Kresges' had a system of pneumatic tubes throughout the building. When you made a purchase at a counter, the clerk placed the ticket and your money in a cartridge and sent it away in the tube. Soon, the cartridge returned with your receipt and change. At the time, I suppose, Andy and I thought we were witnessing a great marvel of the modern age.

It is scary sometimes, to realize how much we still enjoy certain things, like eating ice cream. How much is related to that faint memory of sitting with our parents at a lunch counter at Kresge, eating those ice cream sundaes. How much is related to running around with our cousins on the old creek place, shouting "I scream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream" as our elders churned home made ice cream using crushed blocks of ice that came from the Wapsipinicon river.

Schools

Since I only attended the Reilly one room country school for kindergarten to 2nd grade, my memories of that school are vague. Naturally, the school had to be on the exact other corner of the section so we had to walk two miles to school. I don't ever remember going cross-country. And I don't ever remember Father ever driving us to school, either. We walked the mile East, crossing the creek, and the mile North past the old Richardson homestead.

I commented to Sisters Ruth and Dorothy that it seemed like I missed a lot of school those first few years and they told me that Mother didn't make us walk to school on very bad weather days. I see that one of those years I missed 45 days of school.

I must have been too young to have had to do much of the work around the school that was normal in those days. Older students had to travel to the Reilly farm and return each morning with the drinking water. There was also the care and feeding of the stove. In spite of the primitive conditions, it made for a good learning environment. The teacher would be at the blackboard working with the younger students with their assignments. The older students couldn't help but hear and there was much reinforcement of lessons as the various classes were held.

Our teachers' name was Catherine Reilly and I notice that in the second grade, my report card was signed by Catherine Coleman, so I'm assuming until corrected, that Catherine Reilly got married at that time. My single classmate was Donald Reilly.

My only real memory of those school days is when I piped up with some sort of answer and Miss Reilly asked me "How did you know that?"

I said, "I thunk it up." Thereby hangs a tale that I've never lived down to this day.

The school was riddled with mice and there was also the problem of civet cats living underneath the building. It took a pretty hardy young lady to teach in country school those days.

When area township schools consolidated into Monti Consolidated, the old Reilly Newton School became surplus property. I don't know what happened to the old school but the entryway was moved over to Grandpa and Grandma Phillips and attached to their house. Drive by the old school location today and there is nothing there to indicate the location of the old school.

Our lives now improved to the extent that we had a bus come to our door and take us to the Monti School. It wasn't too long before the old church hall burned and we got an enforced vacation from school until we could move into a newly constructed cement block school across the road from the church. Grades were grouped into three grades per classroom and I attended there until the spring of my 8th grade. Later, the Monti Consolidated district was itself disbanded and absorbed into various neighboring districts. For years, I would drive by the old block school, which had been converted into a hoghouse, until one day I drove by and it was gone, to be replaced by a new home.

The Monti School was located in the middle of an Irish Catholic community and Andy and I were one of the few Protestant families attending. For children our age, religious differences meant very little among our pals and friends at Monti School. And we felt ourselves fortunate that when the bulk of the students left for the church across the street about once a week for Catechism, we were left to our own devices.

I remember that one of the teachers at the Monti School had this bright idea. We would all learn how to make things out of paper mache.

Paper mache was made out of newspapers torn into small pieces and then mixed with flour and water. The resulting mixture could then be formed into whatever you wished. You might call it the poor man's clay.

I wouldn't want to be in the position of criticizing that teacher, but for some reason, she felt that the sloppy mixture should age before we used it. Or was it that we had several snow days off before we got the opportunity to form up our creations?

Whatever, by the time we went forward with our mixtures, they had been standing long enough to become rather rancid and foul. In fact, after breathing the fumes for a time, it became rather nauseating.

Worse and worse it became as I worked diligently on my creation, which happened to be a bust of Lincoln, until finally, the teacher had pity and we threw the stuff away. So much for paper mache.

The Cattle

Although we had hogs, it was dairy cattle that were the basis of our operation. It was the dairy cattle that provided the bulk of the income, and the bulk of the work. And the relation of the farm family to their dairy herd is complex and deep.

If you read Mother's account of the rigors of the winter of 1935-36, you can see that the situation deteriorated to where we can see that there was even danger to the family. A sudden fire, a serious injury, an illness could have been catastrophic under those conditions. But always, Father and Mother's concern was the cattle. As well it should have been.

Cattle appear to be and are large, strong, and resilient animals. At the same time, cattle are very fragile animals, as any experienced cattleman could tell you. Cows probably aren't as intelligent overall as pigs, but are basically creatures of habit. Treat the cow the same way every day, open the same door every day, open the same gate every day, and the cow learns the way. She almost doesn't need herding as she learns the routine.

Change the routine, and the cow is uncertain and can be balky. And Father was an expert in the care and handling of cattle. The young heifers weren't expected to know where to go, they could run with the dry cows and learn from them. The heifer about to calve was run into the barn to become accustomed to the stanchion before she calved, to be petted and handled and her udder massaged to prepare her for the day when she would be expected to accept the milker.

The animal that was balking was not to be forced, but the farmer was to step back and reassess just what he could do to reassure and assist the animal. If the cattle herd was moved to another field, leaving several young animals that refused to go through the new gate, don't chase, holler, yell, and curse their stupidity. Move some older animals back, herd them together, and try again.

The herd formed their own hierarchy, from the boss cow down to the youngest heifers. When the barn door was opened at milking time, the boss cow leads the way and takes the first stanchion. In order follow the other senior cows, while the junior members bring up the rear. In the pasture, you will see the herd grazing in what looks like a scattered pattern. But if you look closely, you will see that the herd really moves in concert with several of the herd leaders.

The bull, in the pasture, follows the herd obediently, checking to see if he has any duties to perform, grazing, and in general, separate from the female social order. With one exception. If some sort of perceived danger appears, there is some sort of primeval alarm bell that goes off in his bovine mind, and he is alerted to his duty of defending his harem.

It usually occurs just once to a young dog that it might be fun to chase such a herd. The dog soon finds that the pasture belongs to the cattle and not the dog.

There come's that day, that sad day, when the Boss cows teeth are worn down, her milk production has fallen, and in spite of the affection the farmer feels for his old faithful herd leader, she must go to the slaughter house. I well remember Mother crying in the kitchen as one of our boss cows was loaded and taken away. The boss cow, in her

prime gave a ten-gallon can of milk a day. Her daughters in the herd are uniformly high producers. The whole herd has inherited and adopted her gentle nature. And now she is hauled away.

But life goes on in the herd. There may be a period of strife, but a new boss cow emerges. There are beautiful young heifers to be brought into herd. There is another year with new grass for the pasture. There is another crop of hay to be cut and stored in the barn and corn to be made for silage.

No, we shouldn't get caught up in sentimentality here, should we. After all, these are purely economic considerations, aren't they? If you really believe that, you shouldn't be a dairy farmer.

Cowbarn

Milking cows involves hours of chores, morning and evening, every day of the week, and every week of the year. It sounds so grueling, and it is, that the question is just why anyone would undertake a dairy operation.

Aside from the obvious economic reasons, let me tell you from experience that if you were born and raised on a dairy farm and never knew anything different, milking cows was not an unpleasant experience. We had mechanical milkers by the time I was old enough to do chores and I never had the experience of milking by hand.

In the winter, the cows were kept in the barn overnight in their stanchions. No matter how cold outside, when we got to the barn, the heat generated by the cattle served to keep the temperature inside tolerable. We'd go down to the barn at 5 or 5:30, turn on the radio and begin chores. Being creatures of habit, the cows began to stir themselves and we turned them out in the lot to minimize the manure in the barn. We'd clean and scrape the floor, put more straw on the floor, put a ration of feed along with silage out for each cow and open the door. The cows trooped back in, Boss Cow in the lead, of course.

Milking didn't really take that long, with probably an average of 4-5 minutes per cow, including dumping the milk, and with two milkers going at once, actual milking time probably didn't take over an hour.

After milking and the cows had cleaned up the feed, we would provide a ration of hay and after putting the cans of milk in the cooler and cleaning the equipment, our morning chores were done. I should mention that since we never had a silo unloader, we also had to climb the silo and throw down silage at least once a day.

Morning radio was mostly farm news on WMT radio, but the best radio came on Sunday evenings when we heard Jack Benny, Our Miss Brooks, The Green Hornet, Life with Riley, the Great Gildersleeve, and many others that escape me now.

Father Roy was a great orator, in the cowbarn, and although he wasn't speaking out loud, he could spend the whole milking time mouthing great speeches, to himself.

Can you draw any conclusions about human behavior by observing the behavior of cattle? Probably not, but in the cattle herd there could be born effeminate (in a bovine sense) male calves, and 'bullish' heifers. This was after years of farmers selecting their livestock to some degree on the particular animal's masculinity or femininity. My own conclusion from this is that I accept the idea that homosexuality probably has some genetic or hereditary basis.

Anyway, summer schedule was easier as the cattle were on pasture and beyond having to go out and haze the cattle up for milking, the feeding and cleaning were simpler. In summer, we had much less concern for mastitis striking the herd, as conditions were cleaner on pasture. Grazing on pasture is relative safe for cattle but we did occasionally have problems with hardware disease, which is simply a case of the cattle picking up metal as they grazed and the metal settling in the animal's craw. If we saw the animal declining and not having any other answer, the preliminary diagnosis might well be hardware disease. Beyond feeding the cows magnets, there was usually little to be done but dispose of the animal.

That left only one major disaster that usually struck about once a year. This was milk fever. Unfortunately, the highest producers were the most prone to the disease. After calving and just about the time the cow was reaching maximum production, suddenly and unexpectedly, the cow would go down and not get up. The vet would be called immediately and the treatment seemed to be to inject a large quantity of some kind of liquid solution. It was necessary to get the cow up immediately since a cow lying down on its side cannot survive long under any circumstances. I would say this occurred about once a year in our operation. One minute the cow is a relatively inconspicuous but valuable member of the herd, and the next minute she lays there dead. It is, to put is simply, pretty hard to accept.

The cattle are out

You're driving up the road and you're looking at the pasture. You stop and stare. It that critter on the wrong side of the fence? Are those hogs out on the road? The neighbor calls, "Do you have a bunch of Holstein cattle?"

This is how it begins. Those tame and obedient domestic critters become stubborn and obnoxious pests just as soon as they get out. Freedom, how sweet it is, when you've spent you're entire life penned up--if you're a farm animal.

Luckily, most animals don't lose their herd instinct and once you locate some of the offending animals, you're likely to find the rest close by. If you're lucky. Of course, the livestock are thoroughly enjoying the experience, but the farmer is in a panic. His ordered world is lost. He has lost control. And it's always possible that an animal could be struck on the road with who knows what consequences.

And if the cows are in the neighbor's corn, you're in real trouble. No farmer likes to spend the winter planning the spring planting and cultivating, only to see his crop trampled with the neighbor's cattle. Once might be explained as an accident. Twice and the neighbor is threatening to gather up the cattle and sell them at the nearest auction.

Well, to solve this problem, the simple solution is to maintain the fences. That said, the next simplest solution is to remember to close the gates. These solutions failing, the next solution is to cull and sell the breechiest animals.

Always, in every herd, are breechy animals. These critters can be standing in lush grass up to their bellies, and there they are, pushing on the fence to feed under or through the fence. How I've wished for the invention of a harmless, but painful laser that I could aim from a distance and ZAP, I got the critter. I'll teach that @#$%&*.

The World's Worst Job

In the midst of all the livestock, the chickens belonged to Mother. Even back in the early days, it was probably doubtful whether the chickens were any kind of moneymaker. But being Mother's project, and no doubt the feed bills were being lumped into the farm feed bills, the sale of the eggs provided Mother with some money.

Already gone were the days of the broody hens that Mother speaks of in her books, and the new baby chicks came delivered by mail in perforated cardboard boxes straight from the hatchery. This was another exciting day on our farm as Mother got the brooder house ready with the kerosene heater prepared and the floor cleaned. Mother has already recounted her many failures in the brooder house, but in my time, she always successfully raised several hundred chickens.

Usually we got straight run chicks, that is, half capons and half pullets. When they were full-grown and the capons ready to eat, a family crew was gathered for the killing of the capons. Father was drafted and not being partial to the ax, he wrung the necks of the poor capons. As part of my education, he showed me the technique and not that I'm so proud of it now, but I became an accomplished chicken-head-wringer. And yes, chickens do run around for a short time without their heads on.

Mother boiled a large basin of water and the chickens were dunked in the water and the feathers plucked, then the now bare chickens singed on the fire. The woman's crew began the process of dressing the chickens, which I'm sure, was long and tiring but at the end of the day, we had our many capons processed. Needless to say, we ate a lot of chicken on the farm. In fact, so much that chicken is not one of my favorites to this day.

The young pullets were spared and were to join the Mother's flock of hens. It was this flock that Mother relied on for the egg production, and of course, this leads to another regular chore, the gathering of the eggs every day. Being Mother's project, naturally, if fell on the younger members of the family to do many of the daily chicken chores.

Feed had to be placed in the small feeders and the waterers filled. We filled the small water tanks up-side down, screwed on the basins, and then set the waterer down right side up. Water filled the basin, but created a vacuum in the water chamber, which held the rest of the water in the tank. As the chickens drank and lowered the water level, air holes allowed air to enter and water refilled the basin.

The eggbasket was taken to the chickenhouse, the eggs were fished out of the nests and gathered and brought into the house. There was some limited cleaning, the eggs were 'candled', that is held to a light to check for cracks, and packed into the large egg cartons for sale later.

With the good comes the bad. At some point in time in the spring, the word would go forth, "Go and clean out the chickenhouse." The roosts were hinged along the back wall and therefore could be raised to allow cleaning. As we sallied into this obnoxious pile of chicken doo-doo, the fumes rose and the eyes watered. The conditions did not allow for mechanization and each forkful had to be carried out the door and into the spreader. People rue the fact that small-scale chicken farming has gone out of the country. No one who has every cleaned the chickenhouse would ask why.

Planting Corn

As with haymaking, advances in planting corn came slowly and only relatively lately have advanced rapidly. Mother mentions the first mechanical planters of her time were two row planters with a man riding the planter and tripping the seed boxes to drop the seed spaced so the corn could be cultivated crosswise.

At some time, a wire was added. This wire was unrolled the length of the cornrows and had knots, or ties, every forty inches apart. When the planter traveled down the row, the wire fed through the planter, tripping the seed boxes so as to drop the kernels every forty inches. This necessitated someone, usually we younger kids, to move the wire and stake at the end of every row or two with each round as the planter moved across the field. At the time, it was thought that corn needed to be cultivated both ways for the best weed control. And, since several kernels were planted in each hill, this provided competition for the plants and with the intermingling of the root systems, made for a stronger stand of corn.

Sometime after the war, we advanced to power checking, where the wire was dispensed with and the planter wheels were used to power a tripping mechanism, which tripped the seed boxes and dropped the seed in hills or "power checked". This was the end of cultivating across the rows and hill spacing narrowed and plant populations increased. This advance was short-lived as the idea of dropping in 'hills' was abandoned and kernels were simply dropped in series or "drilled".

Tractors had come into general use, but for some reason, among the old-time farmers, it was considered necessary to plant corn with horses. It was held that it was only with horses that the accuracy and care could be taken with the all-important planting of the corn. And Father also subscribed to this theory even though he had already been using a tractor for most other uses for years.

Unfortunately, each year, the horses were being used less and less, and were becoming fat and sassy in the spring. Our last experience planting with horses came on the day that the frisky horses ran away, almost ran down brother Lloyd, damaged the planter, the wire, and several rods of new fence. That was the end of planting corn with horses in our family, and it was also the end of horsepower entirely for our family. In spite of the general good feeling for horses expressed by Mother Hazel, Father Roy said he never regretted selling and getting rid of horses once and for all.

Of all acts of faith required to farm, planting corn is among the greatest. The seed itself is small and sprouting depends of the right mixture of depth and moisture. And of course, the seed being covered after the planter passes, doubt can enter the mind as there is no obvious sign that there has been any seed planted at all. Within several weeks, however, the new corn plants sprout and grow to where the farmer can "row" the corn as he drives by the field and he realizes that indeed, once again, the corn is growing as it has every year before.

Corn Picking

If the technology of planting corn took a long time to develop, the picking of corn also remained primitive until my times. Luckily, I wasn't really old enough to get in on the hard work, but was well aware of the difficulties of getting in the crop at harvest time. Paradoxically, the more the improvements, the more the crops size increased, the more difficult it became.

In my very young youth, we still picked by hand. For the men, this entailed getting to the field every day, rain or shine, and picking the corn by hand, driving the team back to the crib, and scooping the corn into the crib. A man who could pick and store one hundred bushels a day was considered a superman. Of course, it was hard on the hands, and the men wore a hook, attached to a wristband, where they grabbed the ear in one hand and used the hook to remove the ear with the other hand. Then the ear was tossed into the wagon, which probably had 'bangboards' extending upward on the far side. Woe to the person picking an inside row who moved into the line for fire of the person picking the outside row.

Of course, to "open" the field, two rows of corn had to be run down and this necessitated following the wagon and picking the corn from the down rows. This is where a good team of horses was valuable. A good team would follow the rows and start and stop on command.

Then, a neighbor named Eldo Smith purchased a one-row pull-type mechanical picker. These original cornpickers were a Rube Goldberg combination of exposed rotating chains and spinning gears. So one of the first things Eldo did was stand too close, and had his coat ripped off, leaving his standing in only the collar and cuffs. Worse, over time, many farmers lost their hands and arms in these dangerous machines.

In spite of the lack of safety features, the mechanical pickers were a great advance. We still had to open the fields with the horses, but then the one row picker could be used from then on and that was the end of centuries of hand-picking corn. It was only a short time that another neighbor, again I believe it was the Behen's this time, purchased a two-row mounted picker and that was the end of having to open the fields by hand. Incidentally, this was also the end of one of the last uses for the horses.

At the same time, we purchased a new elevator and from then on we were able to unload the wagons into the elevator and dump the ear corn into the crib. Soon a hydraulic lift was developed that raised the front of the wagon and eliminated the scooping of the wagons. We boys were still left with raking the corn back as the crib filled to allow for more room. Of course, from that time on there came bigger pickers, bigger wagons, better cribs, and finally the move to field shelling of corn with combines. We all know the history from that time to this.

I should mention that there was something especially great about the corn harvest. The smell of newly picked corn with the freshly picked ears was pleasant and as the cribs filled, it was with a sense that once again, from the planting of the small seeds, to the harvest of the large ears, another great crop years was coming to the end. Never mind that

the cold of the winter was just over the horizon. The crops were in and we were prepared for the winter. And a good crop year meant adequate feed for the dairy cattle and plenty left over for hogs. With a barnfull of hay, a silo full of silage, and cribs full of corn, we were set for wintering the livestock.

The Bushel Basket

Corn was an enormous part of our life. So carrying corn around was also a part of our life. So enters the bushel basket. It wasn't considered couth to carry a bushel basket of corn against your stomach looking like a housewife with her load of laundry. No, you hoist the basket on your shoulder with the corresponding arm on your hip for support, and the opposing arm over your head holding onto the basket, and away you go. And you hope that you don't slip on a patch of ice and fall into a pile of manure surrounded by a bunch of hungry hogs.

But how do you get the ears of corn into the basket? Now enters the scoop shovel. The original scoop shovels were made of steel and were therefore quite heavy. A day scooping corn out of a wagon and into a crib would tax the strongest man. But next came the aluminum shovel, which was much lighter and easier to handle. But of course, the aluminum shovel wore out quite quickly and so was more expensive. So goes progress. Of course, as the shovel became lighter, other inventions were improving life to the place where scooping corn was hardly necessary, anyway.

Dogs

It is great to have a good dog around. There is nothing like that waggy-tailed dumb devotion to keep your spirits up or give you a lift after a hard day.

The first dog that I remember was Fritz. Looking back, I suppose Fritz was of the prized mongrel breed, but for we young people, Fritz was a purebred friend. We never tried to really train our dogs. Rolling over and sitting up were foreign languages to our dogs. But who in their right mind would try to teach tricks to a farm dog? His job was to bark if someone came in the farmyard at night, raise a fuss if the livestock were out, chase rodents, and keep us company. And Fritz did those jobs well.

Of course, sometimes you had to wonder about just how good your "watchdog" was. We've had several dogs that raised a great din when a stranger came into the farmyard....when we were home. It was only later we found that that same dog could be found silently cowering under the porch when the stranger came in....when we weren't home.

We had a neighbor who had a set of foxhounds. One day we were planting corn and this neighbor came over the fence to socialize with his hounds. This was the one and only time I've ever been around fox hounds and they were rather strange and ungainly looking creatures close up as we chatted and petted the dogs. I would say in my memory, these foxhounds looked somewhat like Greyhounds, only taller and skinnier.

At that moment, a fox did appear in the distance and the neighbor let the dogs loose. Now a fox is quick and agile and quite able to defend itself against foes of equal size. But this poor fox was doomed the moment he showed himself. The dogs took off at full speed. The fox saw them far too late and those dogs hit that fox at full speed, sending him rolling. They were back on him before he could recover. I have to say that I'm glad I saw that, but I don't know that I'd ever like to see that again. There should be some element of fair play in any competition.

Anyway, one night we came home from town and turned on the yard light and here came our good old friend Fritz, leaping and greeting us. And then Fritz realized that those great big foxhounds were loose and were there also, in our yard. We then saw a world record for a dog digging under a house yard fence. And I believe that we edged our way into the houseyard right away ourselves, murmuring little things like, "Nice, doggies, good doggies."

Fritz was only showing his native intelligence, the ability to size up the situation and retreat in the face of overwhelming odds. This ability to protect himself was crucial to the farm dog because of the constant movement of farm machinery, the auto's, the large livestock, and other hazardous conditions. Father Roy, and probably we, were not in the habit of saying "Now, Fritz, we're going to move the tractor now." No, we just got on the tractor and Fritz was expected to get out of the way. Many were the young farm dogs that didn't survive to adulthood. It was a kind of survival of the fittest in the farm dog world.

And then came the inevitable day when our true and loyal doggie friend was gone and it hurt. And any pet lover knows how bad it hurts. But we soon recovered and after a respectable period of mourning, there was a new puppy around the farm.

Saving for Glove

Into each life a little rain must fall. This must have been quite a cloudburst in my life that I remember it yet.

I had a piggybank and was collecting my pennies and nickels to buy a baseball glove. I had several dollars saved up and was just about ready for my glove when I suppose in some sort of burst of poverty, Father broke open my piggybank and took the money. I was upset, in spite of promises to pay me back, and I remember Mother was upset, also.

I don't remember just how, but I did indeed receive a baseball glove later.

That glove followed me for years. I think because of the circumstance, the glove had some sort of meaning for Mother, also. I know that that glove never got thrown away and was in Mother's house well into the 1980's.

I suppose it is like Mr. Spock says, that the good of the many is more important than the good of the individual. But try to explain that to a 9 or 10 year old who sees his money for a baseball glove disappear.

Women's World

I believe that I can state with certainty, that I never had a male teacher until I got into High School. And that includes Sunday school at church.

I don't want anyone to misunderstand here. I am not talking about right and wrong, or just and unjust, or ease or difficulty. The point I am making is that I lived a life that was pretty much regulated by women. Men were the ultimate authority figures, as with Father, the Doctor, the Minister, and the School Superintendent. Until the age of 13-14, women dominated our lives. Of course, we boys felt great pride when the day came when we could participate in the 'male' activities.

In fact, looking from the woman's point of view at that time, nurturing type of occupations were all that were considered as careers. Motherhood, teaching, nursing, and other variations were all that most rural women could strive for. Young men, of course, were expected to reach for the "higher" occupations, if they were to consider leaving farming and building for a career. All of this may seem rather quaint now that women are entering law, medicine, and business in ever increasing numbers.

But just think of the advantages to we boys that we grew up with under the "old" system. We were raised in a family whose women took it as their responsibility to subjugate their own aspirations to those of caring for the children. If there weren't sisters to look after us, there were aunts, and there were grandmas, nearly always available and closeby. We boys were the beneficiaries of the old system.

Part of this was as the females of the family realized that they were to have their limits, sometimes their hopes and dreams were displaced to the boys of the family. Expectations for the boys were higher. More resources were given to the boys. And here's an important point. This was not a result of the Father's feelings; rather, they were a result of the Mother's feelings. In the old system, one measure of a woman was the success of her male offspring. And it's true that if you look over a list of Presidents and other successful notable men, you're going to find many whose Mother's pressed their sons forward.

But paradoxically, in our small Troy Mills High School, girl's basketball was probably just as popular as boys. One game nights, the girls played first, to be followed by the boys. Families attended for both games. Talk about being too involved in ball games. And it wasn't just the Fathers who shouted and berated the referees. The Mothers got just as involved with the ball teams as the men, sometimes more so. I remember one game where a Troy Mills mother got escorted right out of the gym by the authorities.

It wasn't until we left this small rural community and I attended the larger High School in Independence, that I found to my surprise that the larger schools didn't even have varsity girl's sports. Somehow, these larger schools clung to the idea that sports competition was somehow unhealthy for the girls.

My opinion is this. Because the life on the farm required so much family activity, cooperation, and assistance between all the member of the family, including both the girls and boys, rural culture was much more receptive to girls participating in physical

activities. In fact, this characteristic of mutual (male-female) participation in virtually all activities characterized the rural life of my youth.

You could look at it like everyone had his or her assigned role. But truthfully, if the father and sons had spent the morning milking the cows, throwing out the manure, and ringing the pigs, would you really expect them to come in and fix the dinner? Of course, many of my female relations would tell you that sometimes they had also been drafted to milk the cows, throw out the manure, and ring the pigs. Then went in and fixed the dinner, anyway.

Shivaree

Say this word to the average young person today and they would probably look at you and say "Huh". The shivaree is one of the old rural traditions that have been gradually forgotten over the years, and maybe well forgotten.

The object of the shivaree was, on the appropriate evening, to get everyone in the neighborhood together with any pots, pans, or any other noisemakers you could find. Having gathered your group, you then stealthily proceed to your victims home, stand outside the bedroom window, and at the appropriate signal, all shout, bang the pots and pans, and make all the noise possible.

Of course, part of the fun was that your victims were a newly married couple. It was as if we all were saying, "Ha, ha, we know what you were doing!" The truth was, someone had probably tipped off the victims in advance. Anyway, it was all in fun and as always with the old neighborhoods, the ladies would have prepared snacks, and a good time was had by all.

Coggon Harvest Home

I have mentioned before that the single greatest celebration known to mankind was the Coggon "Harvest Home". Even in the later years of her life, Mother Hazel liked to travel to Coggon for this celebration and socialize with old friends and neighbors.

As for Andy and I, the Coggon Harvest Home was an event that we looked forward to for months with great anticipation.

A stage was set up for a program to be presented on the open field in front of the high school. The line of rides went up and down the street with many food tents. And on Saturday night, there was the dance. Of course, we were forbidden to venture toward the dancehall, as our parents held that the atmosphere at the dance hall led to drinking and fighting, which may have had some truth.

As with all greatly anticipated events, Andy and I would eventually wear ourselves out. To go to the Harvest Home in the daytime was a great disappointment, as the rides and stalls were exposed for what they were, relatively dingy and unattractive. And we were not of the age where the displays of produce, flowers, and other handiwork were of much interest to us. But all this would be forgotten by the next year as we looked forward once again to another Coggon Harvest home.

Lloyd and the Car

Lloyd had the unfortunate experience of running the Studebaker in the ditch and damaging the front end. He said that he had just leaned down to pick something up and had just run in the ditch. It sounded reasonable to me.

Father Roy was not the type of person to accept such accidents lightly. I remember considerable complaining and blaming of Lloyd for the accident and of course, the time required having the car repaired and the dealing with the insurance company.

Anyway, this was when I learned the true meaning of 'poetic justice.' After all this rather unpleasant experience of getting the car fixed and listening to Father and his opinions, it wasn't long after we had the car returned from the repair shop when Father jumped in the car one day and backed under the elevator, putting a huge dent in the roof of the car.

Moral- it's probably not too smart to harp on the honest mistakes of others because you're liable to end up with egg on your face.

More cars

Happily, Andy and I were were born into a time when the car companies had learned to create an enclosed car. Mother always told of a winter car excursion to see Uncle Oliver and Aunt Margaret in a car that only had side-curtains and how she almost froze during that ride. But for all the advances, in the mid-1940's the car companies hadn't quite made it yet.

I seem to remember a constant problem with tie-rod ends. First, a little play would develop in the front end and then, at some point, and hopefully not at 60 miles per hour, a tie-rod end would come loose and one front wheel would do a right angle turn and it was the end of the journey for us. Possibly because of the miserable roads at the time, the whole front-end assembly of most of the cars I've ever been associated with eventually gave up the ghost. The first evidence was usually when you noticed that your tires were wearing faster on one side than the other.

Then the car companies couldn't seem to determine just how to power the windshield wipers. Eventually, electrical wipers came to be the norm, but several of the earlier cars had vacuum wipers, which stopped working when the engine was under a heavy load. And of course, even today, companies don't seem to engineer for really cold weather and they shortcut on defroster capacity. In extremely cold weather, or extremely humid conditions, you are likely to find yourself driving hunched forward straining to see out of a small cleared area of the windshield.

Tie rods broke, timing chains jumped, and engine rings wore out to where you were trailed with a trail of blue smoke. Headlights burned with a yellow glow and some of those early cars had only one small taillight. Tires had already improved to where it was fairly safe to take a long trip. I never had the experience that Father had of carrying along a jack, tools, an air pump, and a supply of tire patches. And I never had the experience of having to crank the car, although we always had to hand-crank the tractors, which could be dangerous but that is another story.

After electricity, it was the rage (or necessary) to have a heater on the engine of the car in order to start the car on very cold days. And we learned the technique of taking off the air-cleaner and priming the engine directly with gasoline. If the car backfired, the gas might explode and often did. Whatever, wherever we were going was too important to worry about little things like that and eventually, we usually got the car going.

The voltage regulators would often stick and until we replaced the defective regulators, it was often necessary to get out and tap the regulator lest the battery run down. Twice, I've had the experience of boiling the battery acid out of the battery due to overcharging, and that left a gagging sulfuric acid odor in the car that clung for days.

Our Hudson didn't seem last very long, and unless I've mixed the order, with our next two cars we traded up. To Studebakers. I imagine that because Father and Mother were limited to trading for used cars, they were able to trade for "off-brand" makes for less expense that trading for Fords or Chevy's. But truthfully, the Studebakers were pretty good cars.

Church

Social life at Troy revolved around the Methodist church. Wednesday prayer meetings were already a thing of the past but we loyally attended weekly Sunday School and Church services at Troy Mills. There were always other church functions to attend. The church community was fond of ice creams socials and I remember several box socials. And of course for all occasions, the ladies arrived with large quantities of freshly made foods.

Grandma Effie was also a loyal church member, and she insisted that Paul attend, but Grandpa Ed never attended. Grandma was from the old school where women always wore their hats to church and probably she wore it anytime she was out in public. Sunday School was held in the hour before church services and it was a long time before I realized that most adults only attend church services and not Sunday School.

Imagine my surprise when at Grandpa Ed's funeral, representatives of the Masons arrived and conducted a Masonic service. I ever knew him to participate in Masonic activities. No one ever spoke of just why Grandpa Ed avoided church but in the old communities of the day, it wasn't uncommon for the men to avoid church but insist on the wife and families attend.

The first Methodist minister that I remember was Rev. Scott. And Rev. Scott fully shared the general Methodist disapproval of the consumption of alcohol in any form. We had one service where we all had to sign pledge cards that we would never engage in the consumption of alcohol and of course, I signed, along with everyone else in the congregation, to my knowledge.

Then came the famous incident that catapulted Rev. Scott to some local fame. I don't know just what precipitated the action, but one day Rev. Scott purchased or otherwise procured bottles of alcohol and proceeded to break those bottles and let the contents go down the sewer. It made enough of a fuss that looking back, there must have been somewhat of a backlash.

As young people we are likely to be embarrassed by such actions, just as we were embarrassed when Grandpa Ed walked out of a bawdy movie one day. Now, even after all these years, I realize how these little acts of conscience can embed themselves in our memories and influence us years later.

We grew up in a family that still showed traces of our Puritan heritage. Card playing was frowned on and never played on Sunday. Alcohol was prohibited. Smoking was discouraged. Divorce would have been a disgrace and would hardly have been even considered. Dancing was also frowned on and we never attended the local dances in Coggon.

Sadly, in spite of the valiant efforts of the few remaining members, the Troy Mills Methodist Church, along with the Spring Grove Methodist Church, has been disbanded and no longer exists. So now, every church and every school I ever attended through the eighth grade has been disbanded, sold, burned, bulldozed, or otherwise disposed of. Such is progress.

Barn Fire

Mother described the new barn (built in the 1930's) in some detail. The only thing she omitted was that the new barn burned down in the early 1940's. Let it be said that I remember nothing of the fire that burned our barn. But I can recount several of the stories that give some insight into my Father Roy and Mother Hazel.

Mother was in the barn taking care of the calves and she always said that she was unaware of the fire above until burning embers started falling down the haychute. She was successful in getting the livestock out of the barn, but as anyone with any experience in barn fires could predict, a barn full of hay, which is already on fire, is a hopeless case.

We didn't have a phone and someone ran to our neighbors, the Wachel's, and called the Coggon fire department. Father always claimed that the trucks were in our yard 7 minutes from the time of the call, but all that could be done was to save the adjoining buildings, as the barn was too far along to save. The silo doors were burned out of the silo and the silo had to be replastered.

Now comes the interesting part. It seems that the question had arisen earlier as to whether the hay was dry enough to put up. The way Father told it, old AW Savage was there and it was he who gave the order to put the hay up as it was. Mother had no doubts that the cause of the fire was the combustion of the too wet hay.

But Father and Mother had a hired hand that smoked and Father leaned to the idea that the reason that the barn burned was that the hired hand was smoking in the barn. Why he clung to this story when at the same time, AW was the perfect fall guy, I don't know, but I assume that Father felt guilty about burning down the barn. And remember, Mother and Father had had two houses burn to the ground so I would think it would be natural to be sensitive about fires. I do remember that in later years, whenever the burning of the barn was mentioned, a rather sudden silence filled the room.

Later, on the Liberty farm, I had a lot of experience putting up baled hay with Father. He drove the tractor and I loaded the bales on the rack. I can tell you that Father never saw a field of hay that was too wet to put up. I think that his idea was that as long as we had the equipment ready, we had better put the hay up, because it might be wetter tomorrow. Judging from this experience, half a century later, I am ready to pronounce my findings on the burning of the barn. The hay was put up too wet.

Being Poor

Several people have told me after reading Mother's works, that they didn't believe that their families had ever gone though such hard financial times as our parents. And, no doubt, by any standard, we probably were poor. And some of our thrifty habits were actually a product of the shortages of the War years. I especially remember Grandma Effie would put her coffee grounds in a large open pan to boil the coffee. After waiting a while, most of the grounds settled and the coffee could be dipped off the top. When she needed more coffee, she just added more grounds and reboiled.

But looking back, I don't believe that I ever realized that we were poor. After all, we probably ate as well or better than most. We had an almost unending supply of eggs, milk, chicken, pork and beef, and canned vegetables. If we were lacking anything, it might have been fresh salads and fruit in the winter, when meals probably began to get a little dreary.

And since we were always outgrowing our clothes, wearing patched clothes and hand-me-downs seemed only sensible to us, even being young. We actually did have old shoes where we used hog rings to staple the soles. Both Mother Hazel and Grandma Effie were experts at darning socks and patching work clothes. But if you are starting the day by heading for the cow barn and the hog house, what difference did it make?

Of course, we weren't subject to the advertising of today, and didn't even know about, or want designer jeans and such. And, I suppose, being boys, we didn't care that much about what we were wearing, anyway. But we did resist wearing shorts and Mother once bought some corduroy trousers that Andy and I thought were a disgrace. I'm sure if you were to discuss this with my older sisters, Ruth and Dorothy, they probably felt the lack of "store bought" clothes more acutely.

The one-room Newton Township school and the Monti school didn't have the extracurricular activities and the extra fees and costs that are common in schools today. Except for buying a few pencils and tablets, I don't think our parents had many extra costs for school. But we did seem to have a pair of "school" shoes to wear that weren't to be worn around the farm.

And in that period of the late 1940's and early 1950's, Father had built the dairy herd to the place that we probably did have a more prosperous farm than others. Father always said that during that time, we became the largest cream producer that sold to the Coggon Creamery. So the sharing arrangement with AW Savage had been relatively successful and this was probably the most prosperous time our parents ever had as farmers. It probably is proof positive that the old saying is true. You're either a rich renter or a poor owner.

So I have to say that even if, by today's standards, we didn't have much, on the other hand, no one else seemed to have much more. And I should note that my memories really began after the depression and WW11 when times were toughest. And if we were poor, Andy and I didn't really seem to realize it at the time. Ignorance really is bliss.

Bulls

In the days before artificial insemination, one of the most important animals on the dairy farm was the herd bull. Since half the genetics of the next generation of young cattle depended on the bull, the careful selection of a bull was vital and the easiest way to increase the productive capacity of a herd.

And since the young heifers couldn't be bred to their own sire, careful care had to be taken to keep the bull with the older herd for a number of years, and heifers that were saved in the herd were exposed to a younger, unrelated bull for their first calves. And of course, when the herd bull reached maturity, he could reach the weight of over a ton and so became a relatively dangerous animal to handle.

For safety reasons, a bull ring might be placed in his nose, with a chain attached which served to prevent the bull from putting his head to the ground, snorting, as if to attack, at which time he would step on the chain and yank his nose. And a staff could be attached to the ring to allow the farmer to lead the bull, if necessary. Unfortunately, the older the bull became, the more bad-tempered he was likely to become.

Summers, the bull was allowed to run with the cattle, and as I have mentioned before, the bull got used to being with the herd, coming up at milking time and getting his meal. With this routine, the bull remained docile and obedient although we always felt slightly uncomfortable if we had to go to the pasture if the bull was with the cattle.

Winters, as the cows were stanchioned, the bull has his own "bullpen" and he was let out with the cattle in the mornings and evenings. Even Father might find it prudent to open the bullpen and quickly get out of the way as the bull was let in and out. I don't really remember Father or we boys ever really being attacked by a bull, but Father could relate the names of a number of men in the neighborhood who had been injured or even killed by bulls.

When artificial insemination came into the dairy industry, Father was quick to change and use artificial insemination on the mature cows and use a younger bull, perhaps even a more gentle black angus bull, on the younger heifers. Also, young heifers could be injured by the herd bull because of the size difference. Father always said that they took a bull to Chicago with a load of cattle and the bull weighed 2300 pounds, Chicago weight. And the herd bull would bring heavier calves, leading to calving problems for first-calf heifers.

The situation became serious if the neighbor happened to have his herd bull out in the adjoining pasture. The noise of a true fight between bulls is terrifying and could be heard for miles. It would take a foolhardy farmer to try to separate them. On the occasion Father always mentioned, the two fighting bulls never got together but virtually destroyed a 40 rod section of fence.

All in all, the handling of bulls was really second nature to the dairyman, but always remained one of the most dangerous part of dairy farming.

The Burr Mill

It was possible to feed whole corn to the cattle but if you did, there was a certain percentage of the corn which simply "passed through." This was the reason that Father would always run hogs in the feed lot with the cattle, so as to forage and clean up behind the cattle. So it is considered more efficient to crack or grind the corn before feeding the cattle. Thus is the genesis of the commercial portable feed grinder.

My first memory of the mobile feed grinder was of Mr. Meecham and his machine who came regularly. Mr. Meecham always arrived with face and clothes covered with fine grain dust. He wore one of those puffed up farmer caps that looked like a short version of a cooks hat. Mother always talked of Mr. Meecham with great respect as she recounted how the man went to great lengths to get to the farm in the severe winters.

The feed grinder was truck mounted, and carried a large engine attached to a grinder and dust collector and elevator type feeder. The engine was started with a great roar, the ear corn was fed into this grinder and using various sieves, the corn could be ground into various particle sizes and dumped in a feed bin or wagon for later feeding.

Later we got a burr mill, which might be described as a small scale version of the mobile grinder described above, but was powered with our own tractor using a belt. With this burr mill, we could feed shelled corn and depending of the size of the sieve, crack or grind the corn to be more digestible.

Therein lies a piece of expertise that we all learned which has proved to be of no use for any other purpose that I know of. This was the ability to line the tractor up so that the belt pulley was exactly in line with the pulley of the burr mill. Then you had to put the belt on the two pulleys and back the tractor until the belt was tight. If you weren't exactly right, the belt would immediately run off the pulleys.

This expertise was also necessary with several other pieces of machinery as with the ensilage cutter and the threshing machine.

All of this became unnecessary as power takeoffs became more common and most tractor powered machinery began to simply use the power takeoff. As usual, the first power takeoffs were extremely unprotected and even until recently, there were many unfortunate accidents with farmers and their families becoming entangled in the exposed power takeoff. All new power takeoffs are now protected with shielding.

The custom mobile feed-grinder was common until quite recently as the Amish in our community still hired the feed-grinder until recently but like much technology, the custom feed-grinder filled a need in its time but has outlived it usefulness. And of course, at the same time, with overhead bins and larger electric motors, most larger farmers today have an automated feed preparation system.

Butchering

Cleaning the chicken house was the worst chore, but to a young person, butchering on the farm came in a close second. I suppose even at that time, it was possible to haul the live animal to the locker, as can be done now, and let the locker do the dirty work. But the practice at the time was to have someone with experience in the neighborhood come to the farm and do the butchering on the site. Butchering hogs wasn't bad, as it is hard to feel much affection for a single hog out of a herd of hundreds. But calves aren't that numerous on the farm and when it came time to select some poor old bovine innocent, the selection process wasn't that easy.

Out of delicacy for our youth, we were gently pushed aside for the moment of the actual kill, perhaps because Father had no expertise in the actual killing of a cow and the process was fairly grisly. Whatever, soon the poor dead animal was strung up to bleed properly and the process of skinning the hide began. My memory of the hog butchering includes preparing a barrel of boiling water and dunking the dead hog in this water.

But with the cattle evidently the dunking wasn't necessary and with a sharp knife, the cattle hide came off quickly, at which time the whole process became easier for us as any identifying marks were removed and the familiar critter had become just another side of beef.

And of course, the freshly killed beef was tasty. We ate it all, from the tongue to the liver. Mother was the worst liver cooker person of all time. It was many years before I realized that liver didn't have to be tough as leather. I don't think I ever tried the headcheese.

I've often wondered if Mother Hazel, who knew Father Roy well, was overly cautious of the butchered meat, knowing full well the Father was not likely to butcher a good quality dairy animal and more likely to be disposing of an animal that might not be of the best quality, or even the best health. In other words, if an animal got down and couldn't be saved, there was always the thought that, "Well, maybe we should butcher it."

I don't remember ever making use of the hide, and there was that moment of sad contemplation when we passed that sorry pile of innards, bones, and hide that were all that remained of the poor critter. Finally, the remains were disposed of and the meat all processed with most of the meat stored frozen in the locker at Coggon.

Butchering on our farm ended soon after as Father was quite capable of adding the total costs and determining that there was not much gain in butchering your own quality livestock, save for the maimed and crippled. Plus, there was the fact that we were farming on shares and there had to be some consideration for your joint owner.

Although there are a few lockers still in business, butchering ended in the same way that the raising of a flock of chickens ended and the way a modern farmwife may purchase her milk and butter and peas and beans at the local supermarket.

Christmas

There is a progression in life that is marked by Christmas gatherings. Naturally, our family was well under way by the time I came along, so by this time, our family traditions were well established. In deference to Santa, each of us woke Christmas morning to find his or her individual pile of gifts. It was here that I gradually learned how intricate the gift-giving process can be.

Everyone had to be up, and either before or after chores the gifts would be opened. Of course, weeks of expectations were satisfied in a few moments of unwrapping frenzy and then came a terrible realization. This was it! Only after I have been a parent for many years myself do I realize how hard it must have been for Mother and Father to prepare for Christmas. I only hope that I wasn't too demanding or showed much disappointment at my gifts.

Mother had a great tradition that continued down through the years. She insisted on hanging up stockings and on Christmas morning we found the stocking filled with all sorts of candies, fruit, and maybe a puzzle or two. It was a simple thing, but was one of our greatest gifts.

Yes, we really did go to Grandma's house for Christmas. And Effie had that great tradition of making a contest out of being the first to wish the other a Merry Christmas. It was hard to beat Effie to the punch.

Because we lived so close to Ed and Effie, it was very simple for us to pack ourselves up and get to Grandma's on Christmas day. It was only after the family became more extended that it became necessary to schedule a separate day for the "big" gathering, usually the Sunday after Christmas. And as the families got more complex, the married children found themselves having to attend both the wife's family gathering and the husband's. A simple solution was to alternate Christmas and Thanksgiving between in-laws.

Now, how about the gifts? When the gatherings were going to be large, for many years we simplified the problem by drawing for gifts. We set a dollar amount and each of us was responsible for purchasing just one gift. Later, after Grandma Effie was gone, the responsibility of our family gathering fell to Mother Hazel and Mother took it upon herself to make sure that every single person who came was going to get some sort of gift. The rest of us sort of muddled through.

After the large meal, the men retired to the living room and soon were stretched out, napping. The women gathered in the kitchen and socialized as they cleaned up the remains of the meal and washed the dishes. We children explored each other toys and probably in general, made pests of ourselves. Happily, our family gatherings always seemed to be great fun with little bickering and a general good time. And then it was back to home and out for the evening chores. And to already look forward to next years Christmas gathering.

The Car Trade

Mother mentioned the old Oldsmobile that we were driving. It had come to us somehow from AW Savage and was getting old and decrepit.

One day a car salesman showed up in our yard and he had a great car that would work just fine for us, according to him.

Father and this salesman were in the yard visiting about cars and this was a true kick your feet in the dust and shoot the bull type of negotiation. It seemed to Andy and I that the deal was going nicely. At some point, the salesman must of asked Father what kind of condition that the old Oldsmobile was in and I suppose Father said something like its not too bad or something like that.

Of course, Andy and I had to pipe up and tell all about the leaking radiator, the heater that didn't work, and before we were all through, in our obsession with full disclosure, we blurted out everything, every little detail of just what was wrong with the old Oldsmobile.

My memories of the deal end there, as I suppose Andy and I were relegated to the house immediately. However, in spite of Andy and I, Father did trade cars and I believe that was where we got the Hudson, fluid drive and all.

So one day, having a good Hudson car, Father and Mother decided on an outing. It seems that there was a major flood on the Mississippi so what better to do than travel to Dubuque to see the flood.

Lloyd was driving and we crossed the Highway 20 bridge at Dubuque and began back. Traffic was so heavy with fellow sightseers that we were reduced to stop and go driving on the bridge. We'd go a few feet, then stop, then go a few feet again. And then all of a sudden we didn't go at all. The fluid drive had overheated.

Lloyd did maneuver the car into the middle of the roadway far enough that other traffic could squeeze by slowly on either side but there sat our family in our Hudson. Lloyd, Mother, and Father were sitting in the front seat, acting embarrassed as people stared at us, and Andy and I were hunched down in the back seat in the humiliation of it all, as if to say, "Hey, don't blame us, we just came for the ride." It wasn't long, however, before the car cooled down and we went on our way. It sort of ruined our confidence in our Hudson.

Cattle

We're not talking the Chicago Bulls here, we're talking about real life bulls, as in male cattle.

Father had what could almost be called a complex about bulls. A complex that wasn't a complex because during his lifetime, he was in the position of handling many bulls. And he could recite the names of men in the community that had been attacked by bulls and some who had been killed.

I've often thought about the relationship between the cows and bulls. It is virtually impossible to differentiate between the behavior of very young female and male cattle, but it isn't long that the cowman can see behavior differences developing.

The young females are always curious and energetic, as are the young males. It isn't long, however, before the young males begin to develop a sense of their maleness and begin to spend more and more time in the pursuit of the females, who, being young female cattle, seem to have no interest in sexual matters at all. Of course, to the real cattlemen, at this stage, he has waited to long to castrate the males.

In the herd itself, where there might be 20-30 females for every bull, the society that is created is a matriarchal society. There is a real pecking order that develops with a boss cow, and each cow in the herd knows their place in the order. The lone bull is readily accepted into this society, but in all matters of movements and activities of the herd, the bull follows the leadership of the cows.

Except, and it's a big exception for the unwary trespasser, the bull, along with mother cows with calves, takes it upon himself or herself to defend the herd. In our case, we made it a point to "visit" the cattle virtually every day, and walk close to and among the herd so that all the cattle, including the mother cows, calves, and the bull are used to our presence. Conversely, we always took pains to warn hunters and other visitors to avoid the cattle since the cattle recognize the presence of strangers.

Young mother cows are the most protective, as year after year, the older, more experienced mothers come to realize that their calves are in no danger from the cattleman. But the bulls follow another path. The older the bull, the more temperamental they become. And there lies the greatest danger. The farmer who has handled his bull for years becomes too familiar and trusting with his animal.

I have mentioned before how I feel that I retained too much of my old farm memories too long into my life. But even today, I still enjoy having cattle on the farm. And one of the last things that Father said before he died was to take care of the cattle.

Coggon

Most of our business was done in Coggon, as Troy Mills was already lacking many of the basics that make up a thriving town. Of course, we were regulars at the Savage Lumber company, and also regulars at the sale barn, all down by the old railroad tracks.

Up the street was Ellis implement and a block over was Baxter/Dvorak implement. Between was the Coggon creamery. Up main street was Shackelford grocery, and a large drug store. Across the street was French hardware, where if you couldn't find something, it was probably never made.

Intermixed along main street was a tavern or two, a filling station or two, a car dealership, the Doctor's office, the "Comet" theater, the Coggon "Moniter" office, and up a side street was the dancehall. At the East end of main street was the school system. The several churches were located on the various side streets. All in all, Coggon was still a thriving little community.

Barring some emergency, we made our trips to Coggon on Saturday nights where Mother could sell her eggs and buy groceries. Father and Mother could spend hours visiting with fellow farmers as Saturday nights were not just for shopping, but for socializing. And Andy and I might get to see the latest movie. And I doubt if we were very patient if we found ourselves waiting for our parents when we thought it was time to be going home.

Both Coggon and Troy Mills had their taverns and it wasn't considered wise to travel down "that" side of the street later in the evenings, especially for the women of the family. In fact, it seemed to be an unspoken rule that we would be out of town before it got too late. Pity the poor person who accepted the job of town "Marshal." Of course, on a big night, there probably would be a couple of sheriff's deputies on hand also.

On dance nights, Andy and I would glance up at the crowds at the dancehall as if to wonder, "What could possibly be so interesting there that would attract so many people?" And the stories of various fights were legendary.

Even so, Coggon and Troy Mills never developed the reputation of being "rough" towns, unlike the neighboring towns of Ryan and Masonville. Whether these towns deserved their reputations I don't know because we never went there. But if you've had a mental picture of the Troy/Coggon area as quiet little farming communities full of quiet folks who never got into trouble, your mental picture is a little lacking.

Corn Shelling

For many years, corn was still picked in the ear, using the mechanical pickers, hauling the corn to the cribs with wagons, and elevating the corn into the cribs. The ear corn was fed to hogs with the cobs ending up in the feedlot. The ear corn was fed to cattle, cob and all.

But as the advantages of feeding processed corn became obvious and machinery developed for the feeding of ground shelled corn, there developed a custom business of corn shelling. Someone in the neighborhood would purchase a corn sheller and develop a custom shelling business. This business hasn't totally disappeared but is on its last legs today.

Sometime after harvest, the call would go out for the corn sheller. These were large, usually yellow Minneapolis Moline truck-mounted machines, powered with the power takeoff from the truck. The corn was fed into the sheller using a various number of "drags" attached together. This was heavy work and required several good men set up the drags and attached them to the hopper of the sheller. Once attached, the work crew assembled and we scratched, pawed, and scooped the ear corn from the crib into the drags. Out of one side of the machine came the shelled corn and out the other side came the cobs.

The corn was stored away immediately but the cobs usually remained in a "cob pile" that remained for various uses until finally cleaned up the next summer. This pile usually provided ammunition for a "cob fight" when city cousins visited in the summer. And of course, cobs were used for fuel for various heaters and stoves.

Then came the advent of the mobile threshing machine, aptly dubbed the combine. With the combine, the corn is picked and shelled in the field, the cobs spread behind, and the corn dumped into trucks and wagons to be hauled to the bins. Slowly, the old timers who still picked corn in the ear died out and virtually all modern farmers combine their corn.

The exception here is that since the combine does damage some of the kernels, companies raising seed corn still pick in the ear, dry the corn, and then using a more gentle shelling process, shell the corn from the cob.

Corn shelling time, as with the threshing runs, required the assistance of at least several helpers so once again, farmers exchanged help for these times when extra help was needed. And of course, we young boys were always expected to do our share. Also, there was added excitement of the hoard of mice waiting to be discovered as the corncrib became empty. As always, after the shelling or threshing was done, the extra help left and then there were still the chores to do. In fact, those days of threshing and corn shelling were mini neighborhood social get-togethers to be looked forward to. And after the excitement of the day, an inevitable letdown.

You might get the impression that life was unending drudgery but I've always said, at least for we boys, that there was also lots of "down" time when we were hard pressed to find something to do. And regular farm chores become so routine that in reality, chores can be a period of relaxation and even enjoyable.

Corn

Perhaps there can be too much written about corn. But as Andy and I grew up in corn country it is only natural that corn was a part of our lives. And just like the Eskimos who are reputed to have over a hundred words for snow, to a farmer there are many types and kinds of corn.

Field corn is kind of self-explanatory. If I remember right, Grandpa Ed still used open pollinated corn. The name I seem to remember is Reeds Yellow Dent. I can just remember helping to sort out some of the best ears. The ears were hung on a rack to dry over the winter and shelled and planted in the spring. Father Roy was already into using hybrid corn at home by the time I came along.

Of course, we had to plant some sweet corn. One of the advantages of planting the hybrid seed was that as a promotion, the corn company would include a generous sample of sweet corn. Mother liked lots of sweet corn and Father would empty out a seedbox on the planter and plant the sweet corn alongside and among the field corn.

At some point, it was determined that the sweet corn was ready and we went to the field to get bushels of corn. It fell to our lot to husk the corn and pick off all the silk that we could. At that time, the corn that wasn't eaten promptly was canned. I don't remember all the process but our basement was full to the brim with canning jars and we had to make a trip to town to resupply our supply of canning lids.

Canning was done with a pressure cooker. We boys were always warned to keep our distance from this pressure cooker as I think Mother was afraid that the thing would blow up someday. The jars were taken out of the cooker to cool and as they cooled, the contents contracted and a properly sealed jar lid would curve slightly inside with a distinctive pop. And Mother would tap the top of each lid and listen for any lid that didn't sound right, which would indicate that the jar wasn't properly sealed. Even so, during the winter when we went to the basement to get a jar of canned goods, there was likely to be jars of spoiled food intermixed with the jars of good. I think this possibility of tainted food was where Mother got the habit of COOKING THE HECK out of food.

We planted popcorn with great expectations that were rarely fulfilled at harvest time. Sometimes we did get a good crop but popcorn, to pop properly, must be at a certain moisture content, and I don't remember ever really eating much homegrown popcorn.

Finally, we experimented with Indian corn, or calico corn, or whatever it may be called. This yielded a many-colored corn that made great decorations.

What is there to say? Cattle, hogs, and corn. Our lives revolved around these crops.

Hand-Cranking

Of all the skills I learned farming, learning how to crank the tractors properly was probably the most difficult, and now the most useless. Both the F-12 and the F-20 were hand-cranked and the first electric start tractor I ever owned was my own M Farmall that I purchased in the 1960's.

Since there was no battery on the old tractors, the electricity was provided by a magneto that was geared to the engine and provided the spark to run the tractor. Therein lies the rub. If the tractor is not running, the magneto is not providing spark. Therefore, it is up to the operator to provide the impetus to turn the engine over.

First advice. Make sure the tractor is out of gear. There were no lockout or safety features on those tractors, and if you happened to crank it over while in gear, it could conceivably start and run over you.

Then came the question of how much to choke the engine. During normal weather and with active use, you could usually find the exact setting where the tractor would start of the first crank. The problem came when the tractor hadn't been run for a while and when the weather became extra cold. Not enough choke and the cranking was in vain. Too much choke, and the engine was flooded and would require much more cranking to clean out the cylinders and dry off the plugs. If the tractor didn't start, and after much futile cranking, it was likely that indecision would seize your mind, and from then on you didn't know just what to do, except to crank on and on.

The crank itself was designed to free itself when the engine started, but if you were extra aggressive, or careless, it was entirely possible to have the engine kick back with the crank kicking back with it. Many were the farmers and earlier motorists who broke their arms trying to crank a balky engine. I escaped that kind of fate, but cranking the tractor engines did serve to increase my vocabulary of profanity.

Of course, we could have solved our problems by buying John Deere tractors which were started by turning and pulling the flywheel. But it seems like in our neighborhood, the John Deere "Putt, Putt's" were not as popular as the Farmalls. And at that time it seemed like International Harvester had the edge in mounted cornpickers and other harvesting machines.

But back to the starting of the engines. With the onset of larger engines and diesel engines, hand cranking became virtually impossible and there developed a rather curious hybrid machine which had a small gasoline "starter" engine which the operator started first and then used the starter engine to turn over the diesel engine. This advance had the advantage of doing away with the hand-cranking, but had the disadvantage of having to start two engines in order to start one, and also the need to have two fuels on hand.

There was also the appearance of a "duel fuel" diesel engine, which had one lever, which served to change the compression of the engine and another, which served to switch the fuel from gas to diesel. The engine could be started on gas and after warming up, you yanked both levers at the same time to switch the engine to diesel.

Finally, with better batteries and with engine heaters, the modern engines have finally arrived to the place where hand-cranking is only a dim memory of the past.

Cream

I have mentioned that we produced milk, but the milk was sold in the form of cream to the local creamery in Coggon. The process involved milking as usual but the milk was collected and run through a cream separator. The separated cream was saved for sale and the skim milk was fed to the hogs. Of course, the pigs loved the skim milk and I'm assuming it was a nutritious diet for hogs, if supplemented properly.

I never really understood just how the cream separator worked. It must have been some sort of spinning process where the milk was separated from the cream by weight and centrifugal force. Our first separator was hand cranked. Put the raw milk in the top, crank the crank, and out one spout came cream and out another spout came the skim milk. When electricity came, of course, a small motor was installed and we had another laborsaving device. In this separator were the most wonderful metal triangular funnel shaped fins that made great playthings.

Mother mentioned in her account that she began to feel than the cleaning of the milking equipment was getting to be too much and there wasn't any real reason for the equipment to be brought to the house for her to clean. In other words, the men could just wash their own equipment. As the children grew, this became one of our chores and we had to carry hot water from the house to the milkroom for the cleaning chores.

Therein lies a very sad tale. Someone was taking a pail of scalding hot water from the house to the barn and set it temporarily on the house landing. Father Roy stepped into the pail and suffered severe burns on his foot. Even talking about it now makes me shudder and Father was incapacitated for at least several weeks. This was the first time that I saw a different side of my Father. In his enforced idleness, he read to us younger children. We read the Uncle Wrigley series and other books and in spite of his impatience at getting back on his feet, he always seemed to enjoy his time with us.

The milkroom was a room apart from the milking area. Summers were hot and we would gather a great accumulation of flies in the milkroom. We would make a swat with our open hands to see how many flies we would catch at once and we could catch large numbers with each pass. Flies were a constant aggravation and Father Roy used hand sprayers to spray the cows each milking and around the barn. I suppose it was DDT. At the time we had no idea of the potential dangers of DDT, we only knew that DDT was effective in the control of the flies and gave we and the cattle some relief.

Where there is milk there are cats and we were overrun with cats that lived on the skim milk along with the hogs. There was no money or inclination to vaccinate the cats and periodically, through distemper or some other disease, the cat population was decimated, only to recover soon. Of course, the cat population aided in keeping down the mouse population and I suppose that was my first experience in what might be called the balance of nature.

Diseases

I believe that of all the childhood diseases that a person could name, we would have had them all. Mumps, measles, chickenpox, whooping cough, flu, and earaches. Were earaches more common then or what? I don't remember my own children being bothered with earaches but I remember Andy and I having earaches many times. My memories of mother were that she seemed to have a great nursing ability and we seem to have endured childhood diseases rather well.

And then there was the occasion when a bug flew in Andy's ear and in spite of all of Mother's efforts, we had to go to Dr. Byers in Coggon to get it out. And although not a disease, Lloyd broke his leg at the Savage lumberyard. Darn, today Father and Mother would own the lumberyard.

A crisis came when Lloyd got Scarlet Fever. Scarlet Fever must have been regarded much more seriously than routine diseases because the house was quarantined and Andy and I went to live at Grandma Effies on the creek place for the duration of Lloyd's confinement. I was very young and I've told several people later that I remember sleeping in the table. It turns out that Grandma did have an unusual piece of furniture that did open up into a bed.

I have often wondered, and I fully understand that inoculating all young people for these diseases saves lives and disabilities, whether young people today are growing up with the abilities we developed in fighting and recovering from disease. Chicken pox, for example is a type of Herpes, and the old folklore used to be that people who got coldsores (also Herpes) didn't get cancer. I read once that some people still believe that cancer can be retarded or reversed by inducing a case of measles in the patient. Sounds pretty nutty as I look over this, but who really knows?

I've got to add this about good old Dr. Byers. He was already getting older and hard of hearing. He was used to driving an old car and he raced the motor to hear it before he tried to move. When he bought a new car, of course the engine was quiet, it had an automatic transmission and he raced the motor and backed directly across the street into another car.

Ears

It seems to me that earaches were much more common when Andy and I were growing up. Or is it providence that my own children didn't ever seem to be plagued with earaches?

The earache was one of those problems that being hidden from view, seemed to be hard to treat and hard to diagnose. After all this time, I'm not sure that Mother's remedies were really all that good. She would put hot compresses on the ear and we would hold them there, along with rinsing with hydrogen peroxide.

I'm thinking now that modern treatment might be a cold compress, especially if the interior of the ear was inflamed. Whatever the correct treatment, the earaches would subside eventually and we would recover. Like a toothache, you learn to appreciate your body when the aches stop and you recover your normal good feelings.

The more famous incident was when an insect flew into Andy's ear. I think that we finally had to go to Doc. Byers office in Coggon to finally get the thing out after all our efforts failed.

I learned a good lesson later about my ears. I was required to get a physical exam. to go out for sports in High School and I went to Doc. Locke in Independence. He found nothing wrong, but did take the time to clean the wax out of my ears. He dropped the instrument in a tray and I just about leaped out of the chair. I spent the next several hours marveling at all the loud noises and getting used to really hearing again.

Over the years, my hearing has gradually deteriorated, especially in the upper ranges. Some of this loss occurred in the Marines on the rifle range and later in the artillery. You know the old saying, that you can always tell an old artilleryman. He's the one who always answers your question by saying, "HUH".

Then it was on to the tractors with bad mufflers and noisy machinery. I would be in the field with the tractor running full blast and turn the radio up to where I could hear the radio over the tractor noise. I never realized how loud this was until one day I went back to the tractor and turned the key and the radio came on full blast. From a standing start, that radio was overpowering.

But I digress. Mother lived in a world where going to the Doctor was basically for emergencies. All other problems were solved by consulting with the older women in the family and reading publications from health agencies. We suffered through measles, mumps, chickenpox, whooping cough, and didn't suffer any long-term effects that I am aware of. The only disease that really presented a problem was Scarlet fever, and when Lloyd came down with Scarlet fever, the house was quarantined and we younger children were sent to live with Grandma Effie. And the really dreaded disease of Polio passed us by.

Eggs

In the early days of my memory, these seemed to be little extra money around for groceries. But, as long as we were growing most of our own food anyway, there wasn't as great a need for extra groceries as there is now.

The only separate source of money that Mother had was from selling eggs. In the house we had an empty 12 dozen egg case and over several days, as we collected the eggs, we put the eggs into the large egg container and took the eggs to town to sell. Whether it was spoken or unspoken, this seemed to be the only money that Mother could call her own.

We kids had the chore of gathering the eggs from the henhouse, which wasn't that hard a chore except when you had to collect the eggs from under a sitting hen, and she wasn't that cooperative. From the henhouse, we gathered up the collected eggs and cleaned them if necessary. All eggs were candled, that is held up to the light to check to make sure the shell wasn't cracked, and weighed to be sorted into different containers according to weight.

Often, we would find a double-yoked egg that was kept back as evidently there wasn't any extra value in two yokes for the price of one.

Gradually, over the years, our chicken raising dwindled down until I would describe the whole effort as a kind of hobby for Mother, as she took her job full-time in town and began to realize that it didn't make much sense to spend hours and days tending chickens for the eggs when a few minutes work up town would buy a fresh dozen eggs. Over time, the same sort of process occurred with gardening.

I always smile when I meet or hear of people who dream of living on a farm and raising their own food, living close to nature, and in general, getting back to a simpler life. Funny, I don't seem to remember very many people ever actually accomplishing such a feat. The truth is that it could be done and the Amish are doing it today, but who really would want to go back to those days.

Electricity Comes

Electricity came to the Savage farm in 1947-48. I have never had the affection that some of the older farmers have for the REC for the simple reason that our electricity came to us from Iowa Electric in Cedar Rapids.

The poles were put up, the lines were raised and the electricians came from town to wire the house and buildings. Of course, at first, there was nothing but lights. Even now, I find it hard to believe that I lived at home with kerosene lanterns and lights until I was eight or nine years old. But I do remember it was a red-letter day when the electricity came.

One of our first purchases was a refrigerator. Funny that I have almost no memories of how we kept produce before that. I suppose we did a great deal of canning and of course, we always had access to fresh eggs and milk. I have no memories of ever being short of food. Nothing like the stories about Grandma Effie and her experiences in South Dakota where they had to live on beans or potatoes one winter.

Now back to the refrigerator. It was off with Mother and Father and brother Andy to Smulekof's, in Cedar Rapids to buy a refrigerator. Into the store we went and dealt with the salesman for what seemed like hours as they haggled over the price and conditions of sale of the Crosley refrigerator, or was it a Crosley-Kelvedere? At one point the salesman said that if we bought that refrigerator that day, he would throw in a case of pop. He turned to Andy and me and asked what kind of pop we would like. We agreed on Orange.

More haggling. Was this haggling and bargaining more accepted in those days or what? Go to Sears today and can you negotiate a lower price? Anyway, some sort of deal was struck and we left the store and the company was going to deliver the refrigerator soon. Going out the door, Andy or I shouted back, "Don't forget the pop!" Mother and Father shushed us up quick. There wasn't any pop with the refrigerator when it was delivered. I have never quite understood just why we didn't get that pop.

The coming of electricity probably made more changes in our farming lifestyle than anything that had ever come before or has come since. Suddenly, we joined the civilized world. An electric motor was put on the pump on the well, on the washing machine, on the De Laval milking pump and on and on.

In fact, it wasn't only a very few years when Father realized just how dependent we had become when we became virtually helpless when a large ice storm interrupted the electricity for several days.

Ensilage

Chop corn along with the stalk, put the corn in a silo, and you get ensilage. After fermenting for a while, this makes a great roughage for cattle, especially dairy cattle.

The corn was cut with a machine that was similar in principle to the oat binder and quite naturally was called the corn binder. This machine cut the standing corn, tied it into bundles and laid the bundles on the ground behind. Once again, it was up to the farmer and the family to gather the bundles and place them in shocks. You can still see some of this among our Amish neighbors.

The ensilage cutter was called and arrived along with several lengths of pipe. Enough pipe was put together to reach the top of the silo and some adventurous fellow would climb the flimsy ladder on the outside of the silo to attach a pulley and rope to the edge of the silo. All together we would pull the pipe to the vertical and attached it to the ensilage cutter/blower. Once again, we had to align the tractor pulley to the implement pulley, put on the belt and we were ready to go.

The crew in the field would throw the shocks onto the hayrack, haul the racks to the farmyard, and pitch the shocks onto the feeder platform. Into the silo went the chopped silage. The cut wasn't very fine in those days and it was necessary to take a collection of feeder chutes into the silo and one man use these chutes to distribute the silage to prevent chaff and lighter particles from settling in one spot. As the level of silage rose in the silo, a chute could be removed and the process continued until the silo was full.

Removing the pulley and rope was a snap now that the silo was full because you could just stand on the silage in the silo to detach the pipe and after the crew lowered the pipe to the ground, lower the pulley and rope. The only problem was that most silo chutes were full of chaff, debris, and pigeon droppings and by the time a person climbed up and down the silo chute, he was likely to be filthy dirty.

Shortly after filling, the drain pipe on the bottom of the silo was likely to start seeping a liquid which looked to be about as powerful as battery acid. I never saw anyone try to drink it. The ensilage process also could produce dangerous gases and it was not advisable to enter the silo for a period of time after filling. I can well remember going into the milkhouse at the base of the silo and seeing the dead pigeons. "Hum," I said to myself," maybe I had better get out of here." Lots of other farmers weren't quite so lucky.

If you've been reading many of these accounts of making hay, threshing oats, and chopping corn, you might understand why there is such an affliction as "Farmers lung."

Father's Stories

Mother does a great job of relating her life stories but she didn't relate the many stories that Father likes to tell of his old days.

Father worked out before his marriage and one of his jobs was in Western Iowa. It was there that he was exposed to large tractors for the first time as Western Iowa farmers were using larger tractors for their plowing even back in the twenties.

During the time he and Savage were feeding cattle on the Savage farm, Father used to make cattle buying trips out in Nebraska. He never claimed to be a horseman but out on the ranches, he naturally had to ride on the range with the ranchers to inspect the cattle. Evidently he survived, but he always told of one particular horse that loved to catch his rider's leg against the corral fence or worse, a barbed wire fence. I imagine the ranch hands got a big kick out of putting their "dude" buyers on troublesome horses.

Then, after the cattle were brought home, fed out, and ready for market, they were loaded on trains headed for the stockyards at Chicago. Father would ride in the caboose of the train for the ride into Chicago. He said if the train was stopped with the cars bunched together with the slack taken out of the couplings, he could hear the engine starting up, the cars clanging as each car took up the slack, and by the time the caboose got started, it jumped about ten feet at once. I'll bet the trainmen enjoyed that sight also.

He told about the driving horse his Father Harry owned that refused to back when attached to the buggy. They went to Church one night and hitched the horse. It was pitch dark when they came out and they could not get that horse to move forward. Finally the horse leaped and crawled forward over a pile of telephone poles they hadn't noticed and pulled the buggy up and over that pile of poles.

Father always believed that there was, somewhere out there, a great "They." And that great "They" was determined that the nation would have cheap food on the theory that cheap food left people with money to buy new industrial products. "They" would never let prices to farmers rise, and if for some reason, a short crop or conditions led to a rise in farm prices, "They" would take immediate steps to bring the prices back down. And our history records, even after Father was gone, that it is hard to argue with his beliefs.

Fire and Ice

It was 1947-48 before we got electricity. I remember getting our refrigerator at that time, but for some reason, I have no memory of an icebox. One summer I do remember going to the icehouse in town and coming home with one of those large blocks of ice that had been cut out of the river the winter before. With this ice, we made home-made ice cream, a treat which no modern corporation has ever come close to equaling and selling on our supermarket shelves.

We burned wood and coal. One of the projects of summer was to get up as much wood as possible. We blocked the wood into sections that could be hauled on the hayrack and piled at the homestead. At some point, we powered up the buzzsaw and cut the wood into small stove sized chunks. The Savage farm was never equipped with a modern forced air furnace and heat was provided with the Warm Morning stove in the living room. Heat rose by convection through registers to the upper bedrooms.

We would burn wood until it got too cold when we would switch to coal, which not only gave up more heat, but also held the heat longer over the evening. It always seemed that no matter how much wood we had up in the woodpile, by spring we were frowning and wondering if we had enough. People always seemed to underestimate the length of the winter but Father Roy always said, "You need to have half your hay left on the 1st of February". I assume that was probably true of the wood also.

No matter what we were burning, however, winter evenings in the house on the Savage farm got downright cold. On the coldest mornings, we would wake to have water frozen in the sink. And sleeping upstairs was accomplished by piling on blanket after blanket.

At some time in the winter, the routine was altered to allow us to get up and come downstairs and dress behind the stove, which was providing much heat by the time we youngest got up. And we had a washtub that was placed behind that same Warm Morning stove where we took winter baths. I hate to admit it, but that probably wasn't that often.

We had a hand pump at the kitchen sink that was connected to a cistern that collected runoff water from the eaves and provided a source of soft water for washing and cleaning. Drinking water had to be brought in from the pump outside and that was another one of our chores. And of course, if we had to go to the bathroom, it was out to the outhouse. There wasn't much lingering at the toilet in the dead of winter, I can tell you as a positive fact.

With electricity came the removal of the lamps. The lamps used kerosene and I'm sure that considering all things, we must have gone to bed at an early hour, not just for the convenience, but also to prevent the overuse of fuel. The lanterns that we used in the barn were larger and heavier and had a wire handle that allowed us to carry then around from place to place in the barn. I still remember the old lanterns handing uselessly on the side of the cowbarn, saved, I suppose, for use in case the new-fangled electricity failed.

It must have been quite a dimly lit world. I wonder if that's why I always have to have the bright lights on when I'm around the house.

Fires

The thing about fires is that usually fires happen so seldom in an individual's life that it is very easy to forget about the risk. Let's recap the history of our family and fire. And it's not good.

Mother and Father had two houses burn to the ground, losing virtually all of their household goods. The first was on the Dike farm, and the other house to burn was on the Savage farm. And there was the infamous barn fire on the Savage farm where the "new" barn went up in flames. When Monti consolidated, the new school wasn't completed so classes began in the Church hall. It burned and we missed some school before the new school was completed.

In my sophomore year of High School, the bus didn't come one day and sure enough, the Independence High School had burned. More time off. Once again, there was a new school under construction that was originally intended to be a new Junior High and the High School was moved into the new school.

We had a serious house fire on the Liberty farm caused by an earlier lighting strike. It seems that during a thunderstorm late one night, a bolt of lightning landed so close to the house that it came in through the telephone wires and blew the telephone to bits. The noise woke us up and the odor of burning wires filled the house. We looked closely but it seemed like nothing else was damaged.

It was several weeks later that Andy took the electric mower out to mow the lawn, plugged the cord into an outlet in the house, and that started a major fire. There was smoke and water damage throughout. During the repair work, the walls were stripped down to the studs and we could see where the lightening had arced from the wiring to the metal spikes in the walls.

The problem with fires is that they occur so seldom that we all have a tendency to forget the danger. But as you can see, over a lifetime, the odds of suffering a major fire are quite high.

Each fire occurred years apart and thus each blaze was a complete surprise when it occurred. And after each fire, there are the attempts to find a cause, or to perhaps cast the blame.

So in my family, we have tried to follow certain rules. Trash fires and such outside are not to be left unattended. When leaving the house, make sure all electrical appliances are off as with washers, dryers, coffeemakers and in particular, remove anything on the stove. Leaving the coffee pot burning on the stove is one of my most famous piccalillis. Switching to the microwave has solved a lot of forgetfulness problems for me.

Making Hay

Reading Mother Hazel's accounts, we have to realize that the vaunted industrial revolution really came slowly to the farm. The technological improvements in the making of hay moved very slowly and it hasn't been until quite recently that the need for large amounts of labor has been reduced.

On the Savage farm, we had advanced to where the hay was mowed with a tractor mower, raked after several days, and gathered on the racks with a hayloader. This still required a driver on the tractor and a man or two on the rack to stack the hay.

At the barn, the big upper door on the end was dropped open, the load of hay was pulled under the door, and the hayfork dropped onto the load of hay. One person set the forks, another held the 'trip rope', another drove the tractor on the hay rope, and a crew 'mowed back' the hay in the barn.

The hayrope passed from the fork, up to the track, down the length of the barn, down the far side of the barn, and out the side to be attached to the pull tractor, all through a series of pulleys. The forks were set, the signal given to the tractor driver and the pull tractor began the pull. The fork of hay rose, the person holding the trip rope let the rope play out through their hands as the hay rose to the rack and receded down the track into the barn, the mow crew gave a shout at the proper time, the trip rope was yanked and the forkful of hay dropped and the pull tractor was stopped.

The person on the trip rope then pulled the empty forks back down the track to the end of the barn where the forks fell of their own weight back to the rack. In order to assist the person on the trip rope, my job was to help with the pull rope as the pull tractor slowly backed and the person on the trip rope pulled the forks back down the track. Care needed to be taken because when the forks reached the end of the track and dropped, the pull rope raced crazily back through the pulley with dust flying and pulley howling.

The death of Grandpa Ed's brother by the falling forks was still a clear memory in my family and absolute care was always taking in our family for the fork-setter to 'get off the rack' before the forks fell.

This means of storing hay ended with the invention of the baler. The first balers were stationary machines and the process of making hay became similar for a time as that of harvesting oats. That is, the hay was hauled to the farmstead and fed into the baling machine to be baled and hauled away for storage. The phase lasted a very short time as mobile balers came on the market and the baling began to take place in the field and the bales hauled to the barn. These first balers tied the bales with baling wire and of course, baling wire became the fixall for mechanical problems, like a farmer might say his machine was held together with baling wire. Later came the use of twine.

In my memories, haymaking was a great time. There is nothing quite like the smell of new hay. It required the full services of all the family, plus probably sharing work and machinery with neighbors and adding Grandpa and Paul for help. And of course, the work on the first crop of hay was hardly done when the second cutting was ready. All to be done after morning chores and before evening chores.

Hogs

Mother always called the hogs the mortgage lifters. But Father's heart was in the dairy farm and I think that hogs, to Father, were only valuable to the extent that they were a place to dispose of the skim milk, and to forage after the cattle in the lots.

Since the hogs had the run of the lots, it was necessary for a most unpleasant of chores, that of ringing the hogs. These small coils were placed directly on the tip of the snout of the hog and pinched tightly through the nose, which of course was very painful to the animal. This ring in the nose was designed to limit the pigs rooting.

At least two separate and sturdy lots were necessary to raise hogs, one area for the sows and pigs, and the other area for the weaned pigs, which were grown to maturity. When the new pigs were weaned, the need for sturdy fences was evident as the pigs squealed and tried to get back to their mothers and the mothers made every attempt to get to the pigs. After several days, it quieted down as the newly weaned pigs found the new feeders and found that life without mother wasn't that bad. Sows were prepared and introduced to the boars for another round of motherhood.

The day came when it was decided that we had a sufficient number of fully-grown hogs to market and we called the trucker. Father used Edwin Powell from Troy Mills to haul the hogs and soon the truck showed up and we had to drive the hogs up the unfamiliar chute. Loading hogs is an experience that I wouldn't wish on anyone, as nothing can be as stubborn as a hog that doesn't want to go where you are trying to make it go.

And I should add that after handling the hogs, the farmer and his sons gained another attribute, that of smelling like hogs. Back at the house after one of these sessions, Mother would insist that we leave our filthy clothes at the entry landing. Hog odor is almost impossible to remove from the human body. Even after intense scrubbing, the odor remains in your nose. And hog dust is an irritant to me. After a session in the hog dust, for a few hours, I wouldn't notice the effects. It was later, about the time that I went to bed, that the coughing began.

I mentioned Edwin Powell. I clearly remember after loading one load of hogs, the question arose of what was the charge. This was another of those stand around and kick in the dust negotiations and Father and Edwin Powell finally settled on $2.00.

Chicago

Our relationship with Chicago revolved around Aunt Blanch and Uncle Duane and their children. Without fail, Blanch and Duane would make a trip to Iowa for several days in the summer where Blanch had time with her sister Hazel and Mother Effie. Of course, having the cousins visiting was great fun and Duane and Father spent most of the time arguing. All in fun, of course. In spite of their differences, Duane and Father shared one defining experience in their lives. That was the Great Depression. They both spent the remainder of their lives fearing the return of hard times.

Not as often, but periodically, we made a return visit to Chicago. On one trip we went to Soldiers Field to the Chicago Music Festival featuring Mahalia Jackson. At the proper time, the lights were put out and we all lighted matches or candles and it made quiet an impressive display. At the end, as we made our way out, there was the largest, noisiest fireworks display that I have ever heard, before or since. In fact, it was kind of scary.

As promised, Duane took us down to a Cubs game. We found offstreet parking that seemed about a mile away and made our way to the game. Duane didn't seem to be able to stay still and he would wander around the stands with the typical cub fan shouting at him, "Down in front," and other things I can't print here. It think it was all part of Duane's enjoyment in going to the game. And of course, we youngsters would look the other way as if to say, "Who is that old guy, anyway?" After the game, we made our way back to the car to find if covered with a layer of coal ash.

My memories of the trip downtown on the freeways were of passing mile after mile of damaged and deteriorating buildings. Combine that with the coal soot and it seemed like much of Chicago of those days was a pretty dreary place.

But we also toured up Lake Shore Drive and into the upper class neighborhoods. I suppose we could only be reminded of our own small frame house at home as we stared at the mile after mile of homes that seemed like castles.

In fact, we have been to Chicago many times since and I've never lost that dissatisfied feeling after visiting the large cities. You pass all those large homes, all those beautiful boats in the marinas, all the obvious wealth and you can't help asking yourself. Where did I go wrong? Of course, I have to remind myself that we didn't go into the sections of the cities that we wouldn't consider living in ourselves.

And to the end of his life, Uncle Duane talked and dreamed of getting out of the city and into the country. He even considered moving to Iowa. The grass really does seem to be greener on the other side of the fence. Blanch and Duane lived first in Arlington Heights, and later in Mt. Prospect. Another thing I began to realize that while we thought of Blanch and Duane as living in Chicago, they really didn't get downtown in Chicago very often, if at all, except to escort visiting relatives. It is kind of like visiting New York and finding New Yorkers who have never been to any of the museums or to a Yankee game.

Anyway, after spending time in Los Angeles and several other of our great cities, I've come to believe that Chicago really is the "second city" of America.

Junk

It would be nice to think that our ancestors were neat and tidy around the farmstead. But alas, this was not always true. In fact, almost every farm had an area that would be labeled a temporary junkpile. It might be over near the windbreak or out behind the feedlot, but it was surely there.

Periodically, a junk dealer would actually show up. I don't think we ever got paid anything for the junk the dealer picked up, but he did serve to help clean up the heavy pieces in the pile. This left all the odds and ends, as with cans from the kitchen and other small and worthless junk. This remaining pile was destined to be taken to the permanent junkpile.

The permanent junkpile was probably in a back corner of the farm, perhaps in an odd hole or ravine where over the years, even decades, there grew and rusted an old pile of used tin, wire, cans, tires, etc. perhaps even including old cars, wagons and outmoded equipment. If there was a timber area in the farm, what was more logical than piling your junk in the timber? And in the timber, you might also find the remnants of an original fence, with rusting old barbed wire and rotted posts.

It took years for a real sense of concern for the environment to start to develop in the mind of pioneer farmers. There were township dumps established where the township trusties provided a space for dumping. Of course, by today's standards, these township dumps were totally unregulated, but they did serve to accumulate trash away from the local farms. Local towns and cities also established their dumps, in the neighboring countryside of course, and these dumps were also virtually unregulated.

So now we have the newest entry into the dump wars, that is of the Department of Natural Resources, the DNR. If you were to buy a farm today, it might be wise to inspect for old dumps, and if you find one, have it inspected by the DNR for hazardous waste, before you close on the deal. If there is an old dump with hazardous materials, have the owner clean it up.

It has been relatively recently that there was established a county dump where all county residents could take their trash, for a fee of course, and where much more strict rules were enforced regarding hazardous substances, such as tires, batteries, chemicals containers and such. And society as a whole has been assisting as with collecting old batteries when selling new, collecting chemical cans when emptied, and various other recycling programs.

The final irony has been for our Buchanan County dump to fill up to capacity. Noone in the County is willing to have another dump established in their neighborhood and trash is now hauled out of the County to far-away and unseen landfills. This leaves the closed County dump to be monitored carefully and probably forever and also leaving nearby neighbors worrying about the dump polluting their wells.

I've often thought about modern archeologists sifting through ancient ruins and making determinations about the inhabitants. What would future archeologists determine about our lives by sifting through our junkpiles?

Livestock Diseases

The accumulation of livestock into large herds naturally led to the need to watch carefully for diseases. Bovine TB had been pretty well eliminated by my time, although all cattle still had to be tested periodically. Already, young cattle were being vaccinated for various diseases soon after they were born.

Cattle on pasture are subject to worms and deworming was always necessary and the medicine administered through the feed. Rations had to be balance to prevent the cattle from bloating. Cattle turned out on alfalfa were subject to bloating. And cattle that managed to get into the cornfield were likely to overeat and kill themselves.

Even so, in spite of all the precautions, weather changes could lead to respiratory problems in the cattle. Pneumonia in other words. The first hint was tell-tell coughing and before you knew it, the whole herd was coughing. I think at the time the addition of a sulfa product into the water supply was one means of control.

Father's handling of the cattle in the winter seemed counter to common sense. In the coldest weather, he would shut the outside livestock out of the sheds. This was because if left to their own devices in very cold weather, the cattle would gather in the sheds, the steam from their breath gathered on the shed roof and dripped back down like rain, and after time the shed would become damp and unhealthy. It was better for the cattle to be outside under the protection of the windbreaks.

Mature cows had little trouble calving but often the young heifers needed assistance. A valuable heifer might rate the assistance of the veterinary but most of the time, we pulled the calves ourselves using a block and tackle. It sounds severe but never seemed to cause any lasting damage.

The scourge of the hogs was cholera and a vaccination program was necessary. Baby pigs born and raised in confinement needed iron shots to prevent anemia.

And of course, there were animals that were born that were just plain weak and unhealthy and no amount of "doctoring" could save them.

Mice

It's always amusing to watch people who have a fit about mice. When you grow up living with mice you can't help but develop a little affection for the little creatures. They work hard, their focus is on raising their families, and I've never heard of a mouse that actually attacked a human being. Noting all that, the time inevitably comes when you must poison, trap, or otherwise dispose of them.

Mice on the Savage farm had so many places to live and flourish that it was virtually impossible to imagine the large dairy farm without mice. Straw stored in the haymow was attractive because of the oats, which hadn't been threshed out of the straw. Ear corn storage was a favorite mouse living area. Both provided food, along with cover from the many cats that took it as their duty to rid the property of mice.

And of course, on occasion, there were mice in the house. Traps were the preferred method of disposal, since using poison was likely to result in the mice dying in the walls and leaving a resulting odor.

Setting that trap was an art but luckily mice are not the smartest of creatures and a well-placed piece of cheese could lure a mouse to its doom. That left the problem of disposing of the poor creature, some of which weren't too pretty to look at in their state of demise. We daintily picked the trap up with two fingers, went outside and pried open the spring to let the dead mouse fall to whatever wild creature came along first.

Our war against the mice usually had its periods of ups and downs. For long periods, we might not notice or be too attentive of the mice. Then, perhaps because the population got too high and noticeable, our attention turned to the mice. It was to the "Mouse Attack". For several days or weeks, we kept the traps set and attended, and gradually the number of mice declined to where we got to the place where our attention wavered and we forgot once again about the mice. Until the time came to repeat the cycle.

Rats on the farm were a different sort of problem. It took a rare cat that cared to tackle a full-grown rat and not too many dogs were good at catching rats. Father Roy's extreme aversion to rats stemmed for an incident when he climbed into an old silo intending to clean it out, not realizing until too late that it was infested with an overpopulation of starving rats.

Poison for the rats seemed to be the only practical solution in many situations. It was critical to keep a clean and tidy farmyard because a discarded board or old piece of tin was an invitation for rats to take up housekeeping. It would take the end of ear corn storage and the advent of better steel grain bins to reduce the rat population.

Monti

I would estimate that Monti Consolidated was an elementary school of approx. 100 students. Rooms were divided into three classes each, so Andy and I had made the move from the one-room Reilly School to the three-room Monti School. This, plus the fact that we got to ride the bus to school now and we believed that we were right uptown.

The school was located directly West of the Catholic Church in Monti. Monti Consolidated was a public school, but because of the heavy concentration of Catholics in the community, there were not more than three or four non-Catholic families in the school. As a result, once a week, during the noon hour, the Catholic students had catechism at the church across the road and that left us few Protestants to fend for ourselves. It gave a kind of lonely feeling to us.

Living on the edge of this large Irish Catholic community, and being a part of the Methodist community of Troy, we were exposed to some of the antagonistic feelings of the day between the two religions. It would be too much to say that Father was anti-Catholic but he never lost the opportunity to talk of the heavy drinking in the Irish community and I'm sure that some of that was true. Mother didn't have a prejudiced bone in her body, and in general, we got along very well with our Irish neighbors.

Of course, Andy and I had the great advantage of growing up among and having great friends in the Monti School. We found that any incipient prejudices that we might have are hard to maintain when you are spending every day in school, on the playground, playing and working with your friends, even if they happen to be of a different religion. And I'm sure that the reverse is true and the cohesiveness of the Irish community at Monti has been much reduced over time.

Monti Consolidated School has been gone many years although the Church remains, and the old store where we could get fireworks has been gone for many years. I never fail to get a strange feeling when I pass by that spot where I went to school for many years.

Movies

There must have been a great variety of movies made during the time, but our taste seemed to run to Westerns. Andy and I must have seen every Roy Rogers, Lone Ranger, and Hopalong Cassady movie ever made. I must qualify this statement because we also rushed to see the latest Abbott and Costello movie. But Westerns must have been cheap to make and that was the staple of our movie going. I must mention the last Roy Rogers film that Andy and I saw. During one scene, there appeared a vapor trail in the sky and in the distance was a Greyhound bus on the highway. It sort of ruined the atmosphere.

Life in the old Westerns was simpler then. The bad guys were really bad and did wear black. The good guys were always faced with some trial or evildoing to overcome, and that was the plot of the movie. The good guys always won and the bad guys always got their just deserts. Along the way, they might throw in a group of singing cowboys, a solo ballad by the hero to his girl, a loyal sidekick for the hero, a noisy and belligerent camp cook, and of course, the trusty horse.

The elements never changed and followed right along into TV and the TV Westerns, with Wagon Train, Gunsmoke, and Bonanza.

I should also mention that I read every Western that I could get my hands on when I was young, especially Zane Gray.

Then, suddenly, I and apparently the rest of the American people, lost interest in Westerns. How do you explain that? The Westerns have disappeared from TV and from the Movie Theater few a few rare exceptions.

Probably the greatest Western I ever saw was 'Shane'. Leave aside the personal and sexual dynamics between the homesteaders and Shane. The cattlemen were presented as rough and sometimes cruel as they tried to keep their range from being settled and fenced. The homesteaders were populated by some brave, some foolish, and some stupid characters that ultimately didn't have the strength to fight the cattlemen without outside help.

Even though the cattlemen were defeated in the movie, and our sympathies were with the homesteaders, the irony is that we all now know that the cattlemen were ultimately right, most of the range country was not suitable for dry land farming, and few, if any of the "Victorious" settlers would ever be successful in their attempts to farm the range country.

Anyway, Andy and I spent a lot of evenings at the old "Comet" theater in Coggon.

MUP Dance

I'm going to let the female reader in one a little secret here. The men of our family were known to be quite conservative and even dull, but sometimes, usually out of the sight of the women, our men were known to break out suddenly into what was known as the farmer's MUP dance. This was almost like dancing a jig, at the same time there was much grabbing of the legs, prancing about, and making the most bloodcurdling screams and yells, and in the midst of all this, might even involve taking down the pants.

Having said this, I want to get back to the final stage in the handling of Iowa's corn crop. At this stage, the corn is in the crib. Most of this corn is going to be fed to cattle and hogs, perhaps ground or cracked, and otherwise used on the farm. But the surplus corn needed to be shelled and sent to town. So the corn sheller was called, a crew gathered, and the work began.

Ear corn stored for any length of time settles as it dries and so naturally, when the bottom doors of the crib are opened, the corn doesn't just fall out and needs to be raked and pawed out into the drag sections of the corn sheller where it will be fed into the sheller and separated into shelled corn and cobs.

Corn was raked and kicked out until the floor was finally reached and we could proceed with scoop shovels. Amidst all this, ear corn storage was almost always subject to infiltration from mice. As the remaining pile dwindled, the population of mice was force into a smaller and small space until as the last of the corn was cleaned off the floor, there was the whole population of mice.

Cousin Earl, who was the type of person who loved to visit the farm and take part in all the activities, was busily finishing the shoveling when lo and behold, Cousin Earl burst into the greatest rendition of the MUP dance that Andy and I had ever seen. We roared with glee as we watched Cousin Earl perform. I believe that I have never seen the MUP dance ever performed to such great perfection as that of Cousin Earl's that day.

MUP dance-(Mouse Up Pantleg) dance.

Getting de male

Nothing is more sobering to human males that to observe the condition of the male in the domestic farm world. To begin with, great attention is paid to the quality and vigor of the males selected as breeding stock, as males are selected to carry their genetics forward into a bigger and better herd or flock. And since each male services a much larger number of females, the importance of the quality of the male is multiplied. The logical conclusion of this process is the development of breeding firms who possess the finest quality of stock, sell the semen, and the local farmers utilize artificial insemination as a means of improving his herd.

So for the vast majority of male farm animals, it is castration to become the steer, the barrow, and the capon. Luckily, being dumb animals, there is little evidence that this majority ever knows the difference.

Castration to a very young pig, or very young calf, is an easy, simple, and whatever pain is suffered is endured quickly and is over soon. That is speaking of the process as it should occur. Unfortunately, it does occur that this small chore gets continually delayed until the farmer, out of dire necessity, finds himself facing a formidable task. That is of wrestling with a half-grown animal, throwing said animal to the ground, gathering up the knife, and administering the coup-de-grace to the poor bellowing creature.

Whatever, the neutered creatures are much easier to handle, docile, and more conducive to better weight gains and efficiency in the farm operation.

Oats

The first field task in the spring was the sowing of the oats and the grass seed. The earlier the better was the philosophy as late frosts didn't damage the emerging crop and late maturing oat crops were subject to summer heat damage if maturing too late in the summer.

Our oat seeder fit on the back of a wagon box and was powered by a chain that worked from a rear wheel. The oats and a supply of grass seed were loaded into the wagon and away to the field we went, Father driving the tractor and we helpers in the wagon. Oats were shoveled into the hopper and grass seed ladled into smaller hopper as the wagon bumped and jumped over the rough ground. It was a quick process and when completed, Father returned to the field to "drag" the seed in. We never graduated to the more modern "drilling" of the seeds.

Beyond usually being cold and uncomfortable, seeding the oats was really an enjoyable time. It was the first real opportunity for us to get out after a hard winter and you couldn't help but feel that it was the start of another year, another beginning.

I should mention the mixing and care of the grass seed. Oats could be reseeded from "bin-run" oats but the grass seed had to be purchased and was always relatively expensive. If we were planting a mixture of red clover and timothy, it was necessary to find a washtub and hand-mix the seed. Of all the pleasant sensations you could imagine, running your hands through and through that seed and smelling the aroma of that seed as you mixed has to rank among the best. And of course, woe to he who spilled any of the precious mixture.

We "seeded down" a different patch every year. The oats were used for the horses, the straw was used everywhere on the farm, and the new hay seeding was ready for the next year for hay. Somewhere in the farm rotation, an older field of hay was plowed for corn. This rotation of crops was thought at the time to promote soil fertility and assist in insect control.

Once again, with the disappearance of the horses, the need for oats began to decline, as did the market for oats. This, plus the fact that oats are subject to lodging and disease led us to raise less and less oats over the years. And modern farming has led farmers to abandon the idea of rotating crops until most farm fields are rotated only between corn and beans.

Rabbits

In each young boy's life, dreams must be allowed to flourish. And this is true on the farm where dreams have just enough basis in reality that what seems silly on its face can often seem to that young boy like the greatest idea since the beginning of mankind. We were short of money so what to do? At some point, Andy and found our answer. Raise rabbits!

Seeing as how Father and Mother had pretty much monopolized the cattle, the hogs, and the chickens, and no normal person considers raising sheep, that left Andy and I with more specialized livestock to raise. Of course, the backs of the farm magazines were full of chinchilla ads. Raise chinchillas and get rich was the basic pitch. But we couldn't afford to buy the breeding stock and had to compromise on more ordinary rabbits.

The enthusiasm of our youth was slowly tempered over time with the reality of actually raising rabbits. To make a long story brutally short, our rabbit-raising venture was unsuccessful.

Over the years, the possibilities for alternative ventures on the farm have appeared regularly over the years. There are llamas here, EMU's down there, elk over there, bison up there, and pot-bellied hogs are over there. Just from general observation, it is obvious that most, if not all of these alternative ventures may be enjoyable as a good hobby, but hardly a source of great income.

With crops, we have seen the sunflower rage, and the Jerusalem artichoke rage. Lest we lose all enthusiasm for introducing new ideas on the farm, we need to consider the success of the soybeans, which have come into our farm community on a large scale during my lifetime.

Back to making money. How about raising worms? How about raising mushrooms? And then there are Mink. I have come to believe that most, if not all of these schemes are pipe dreams, and a part of a defensive mechanism of human beings. Andy and I didn't have the money we wanted, we don't have the resources to make the money we wanted, so therefore, there must be something out there that we could get into that would be easy to buy, easy to raise, and make enormous profits.

Today this leaves? The lottery! But in those days it only left? Perpetual motion! This would be my answer to riches and fame. The fact that the scientists believe that it is impossible to construct any such machine only increased my determination to devise a perpetual motion machine. Many are the hours I have spent in my youth trying to draw the diagrams, and build the prototypes.

Truthfully, I haven't given up. I was saying the other day that I still believed that my old inventions would work. Anyway, it would be a pretty full life if we didn't have anything to dream about.

Plowing

Plowing is one of the last jobs that the beginning farm youth is allowed to attempt. The ability to plow a straight furrow was a valued talent and not that easy to learn.

If only we had had a decent tractor and plow. I learned with the F-20 as the tractor and a 2-16 plow. This plow had an automatic disconnect on the hitch, which was designed to unhitch the plow when you struck too big a rock. The result was that the plow would suddenly unhitch and the tractor would leap forward so quickly that you were likely, if caught unaware, to fall off the back of the tractor. So here is Harry, gripping the steering wheel, and bang, off goes the plow and the tractor lunges forward. All was well until the day the steering wheel came loose and bang, here was Harry picking himself off the ground with the steering wheel in his hand and chasing down the careening tractor.

Father rented a 20 acres next to the Liberty farm and sent me to plow. That 20 acres had the biggest and most rocks of any place I have ever been. After climbing on and off that tractor, rehitching and rehitching, the air started to become blue with a profanity that I didn't know that I had before.

So it was a great advance when I purchased a tractor and plow that had 5 bottoms with automatic reset on each bottom. A large rock would trip one bottom only and the spring would return the bottom to its proper setting as you passed over the rock. Luckily, I had a cab on the tractor, as when the bottom sprung back, it was possible for it to shoot dirt and pebbles forward into the tractor.

Which reminds me of hauling manure with the wind at your back. You'll only do that once!

It used to be that when plowing, the great plowman left a field that was totally black. The reason for this was that the then prevailing theory held that you had to bury the crop residue for insect control. Lately, it seems that the more residue that the farmer leaves on top of the ground, the better.

Plowing is going out of the country to be replaced with minimum tillage techniques. The old art of plowing a straight furrow is out of style. But I have found other occasions for perfecting and practicing my profanity.

School programs

Somewhere in the mind of man, there seems to be a need to perform. Let me rephrase that. Somewhere in the mind of parents is the need for their children to perform. And this is the genesis of the school Christmas program. All the parents are invited and for this momentous moment, the students become the center of attention, to sing, read their parts, and act out the skits.

And the smaller the school, the longer and more complex the part for each student. All of this seemed simple and even exciting as we were assigned our parts or readings well in advance. But as the great day approached, nerves started to set in. By the time of the program, we were lucky to remember our names.

Pity the poor students of today. At the most recent school program that I attended, there was a roomful of camcorders recording and cameras flashing. Happily, there is no record of my own school programs.

At the appropriate time, Santa Claus appeared. The young children were thrilled, and the older children punched themselves as they noted that Santa looked suspiciously like one of the local farmers. But there was a small sack of candy for all and we ended the program with a great sigh of relief. Like always, after the event, it didn't seem so bad in retrospect.

There was no real relief, however, as we also had to go through the Christmas program at church. There were the same requirements of reading, singing, and skits. Church programs were a little more relaxed as standards for the church program were a little less demanding and there was a different and more low-key audience.

The mania for putting students on display has increased, if anything, with the many more activities of today. And today's students are far more capable of moving forward and performing in public that we were back in the old schools. I suppose that I would have been labeled as being shy, but how many opportunities did we have to perform in public?

Quarry

Mother comments in her works, that our Iowa pioneer David Phillips was experienced in working with stone. Small wonder since I have since learned that his Father, Morris Phillips, owned a stone quarry in Belleville, NJ, called the Phillips Quarry.

So I have to wonder if it is a coincidence that West of Grandma and Grandpa Phillips and the Savage farm was the limestone quarry of Farkware. Is it possible that this quarry was originally started by our ancestor?

Whatever, periodically in our time, the operators of this quarry would announce that blasting was to begin, but assured everyone that there would be no danger to anyone but for the inconvenience of the noise and vibrations.

But the blasting skills weren't what they are today and often we would find rather large chunks of rock blown into Grandpa and Grandpa's yard and lawn.

The quarries seemed large to us then and we took the opportunity to go exploring for fossils in the limestone pits when Mother would allow. I suppose there was some danger for us, but the fossil finds were great and that was where we got our start on collecting various fossils.

I remember a neighbor visiting and in one of the quarries we found some unexploded sticks of dynamite. This man picked one up and cut it in half with his pocketknife. I was ready to jump for the ditch but he explained that caps were necessary to set it off and there was no danger. It was only later that I learned that while this was true enough, if the dynamite was old, the nitroglycerin could settle over time and thus become much more unstable.

Speaking of caps, Father always told of a neighbor boy who thought it would be fun to place a dynamite cap on a fence post and hit it with a sledgehammer. You'll only do that once. I imagine picking the splinters out of your body is not much fun.

For some reason, the quarry in the old Phillips farm location was abandoned, leaving the great holes in the ground. Driving by today, you would hardly know the holes were there, as they are obscured with brush and trees. The idea of restoring the soil or landscape never occurred to the old owners and no doubt, there was no money programmed for restoring the land. So even though this old quarry is now virtually invisible through the brush and trees, there is still a great hole in the ground.

Road Building

Back in the old days, and we're talking old here, the county had a poll tax of a dollar or two. Farmers were given the option of working off the poll tax by working on the local roads for a day and most did just that. Farmers would get together on an agreed upon day and work on bad spots on the roads. In our case, the dirt road going West from the farm went down to a low area between the Savage farm and Grandpa and Grandma Phillip's which became rutted and almost impassable in the spring. Mother tells the stories of the many motorists who came tramping in the house yard, looking for a pull out of the mud.

The county had a schedule of improving the roads and at long last, our road at the Savage farm appeared on the list, although the portion to the East of us was to remain unimproved to this day. Down came the surveyors and staked our road. The trees along the roadway were removed, the stumps blasted and the fencelines moved back. We found, as we watched, that the blasting of stumps took considerable skill as the workmen drilled holes, put in the black powder and fired it off. Most of the time the stumps just split and not too much was gained. But eventually, the job was done and the scrapers came.

I remember father, who, of course, was a stern and sometimes formidable man to us, taking to the county engineer as the work was progressing. Father said something and the engineer reached up and pulled father's 'farmers' cap down over father's eyes. Of course, it was done in a joking way, but I can imagine I was rather slack-jawed at the idea that my father would tolerate this kind of impertinence.

The dozers and scrapers came, (was this where we lost our row of cottonwoods?) and before long, we now lived on an all-weather gravel road. It wasn't for some time that I realized that even gravel roads can get virtually impassable, but it was a great improvement. Particularly, being raised with deeper ditches, the gravel road is not so subject to snowstorms.

With the improved roads came increased speeds and because we had two T intersections near our house, as Mother mentioned, we had numerous incidents where people drove off the end of the road and into our ditch. It got to the place where Father didn't even bother to really fix the fence, figuring that it would be soon torn out again anyway.

I remember the man with the top hat that Mother mentions, who ran off the end of the road to the East and came walking down the road looking for all the world like good old Abe Lincoln. Once again, Father had to get start up the tractor and pull yet another car out of the ditch.

With the gravel road came the gravel dust. Nothing can infiltrate a house more that that fine gravel dust which cars kick up on a gravel road. Our home on the Savage farm was located to the North of the road so on still nights, the gravel dust hung in the farmyard and covered everything in sight. I think Mother took the attitude that it was hopeless and cleaned and dusted when she began to notice dust building up too much.

It was a common sight to see a car roaring up the road, a rooster tail of dust billowing behind. I always said that Father Roy loved to see that tail of dust and he always drove faster on the gravel than on the cement roads, perhaps because he knew that the gravel was rarely patrolled.

Well I remember roaring down the gravel road with Father, right down the center of the road, perhaps moving slightly to the right when nearing the crest of a hill, and counting on the fact that no one was coming the other way. And on the occasions where we did accidentally meet someone on the crest of the hill, swerving suddenly in the loose rock on the side of the road with the car slewing dangerously and then back to the middle, and back on our way.

Then one night we were racing up the road somewhere toward Monti, and a cow appeared out of the ditch and we hit the cow with the right front fender of the car. There was a lot of damage and the cow was killed. We walked up to a neighbor for help and of course, our evening was ruined. As you might expect, no neighbor would admit it was their cow. And we had to go through yet another difficult period of having the car fixed.

And, when the roads got 'washboardy', and full of potholes, it became more like driving some sort of obstacle course. Shock absorbers got weak, front ends went out of alignment, tires were ruined, and it would be considered a great car that made 100,000 miles under these conditions.

But even by then, speed had become more of a focus of our lives. To drive somewhere was to rush somewhere because there were repairs to be purchased, groceries to be purchased, and waiting at home, hours of chores to be done. Strange how with the advent of electricity, better roads, faster and more reliable cars, and bigger machinery, our lives seemed to become more and more hectic.

And language changes over time, sometimes not for the better. Periodically our gravel roads were leveled and conditioned by what we called Road graders. Someone would say, "What's that noise?" and someone else would look out the window and say "It's just the Road Grader." It made perfect sense. But gradually, it became known that it was more correct to call the machine a Maintainer. "It's just the Maintainer."

More recently we learned the correct term. The machine is a Motor Patrol. Now I ask you. It that really progress?

Ruth and the Oat Bin

Ruth was born in the Oat Bin. At least, by the time Andy and I had come along, that was the old story. It really wasn't until I read Mother's works that I realized what had happened.

The house had burned on the Savage farm and Father and Mother had set up housekeeping in what Mother called the cabin, which I suppose had been originally constructed for grain storage and such. And this is where their first child, Ruth was born.

I couldn't help but smile when I read Mother's story. The house burned, and between Father, Mother, and AW Savage, they decided to use at least some of the insurance money to tile out the old slough, rather than replace the house. It kind of shows the priorities of the day.

Anyway, it wasn't long before Father and a crew got together, cut and sawed native lumber and gathered up old lumber from the Old Grove. Using this lumber, a new house was constructed. And I suppose Mother was overjoyed at her new home, although she does mention that AW Savage did reduce the dimensions before he allowed the house to be constructed. I know that with the standards of today, the rooms were very small.

Mother also never forgot that after the rafters were laid out and cut, the foreman was called away. The temporary foreman thought the rafters were too long and proceeded to cut them all shorter. Of course, when the rafters were raised and placed on the house, they were too short and extensions had to be nailed back on. She also remembered that after a dangerous chimney fire, it was found that the lath for plastering had been placed too close to the brick chimney and caught on fire, although is was put out before it did any real damage.

The next three children, Dorothy, Lloyd, and myself were born in this house. Andy was the only child that was born in a hospital. It was in this house that Horace and Ruth Annis, working as hired hands also lived. During one of the snowstorms, Ruth Annis delivered a baby with Mother's help since the Doctor couldn't get there in time. As it is said, if only the walls could speak, there would be plenty of stories in this little house.

So, since as Andy and I grew up, the oat bin had been restored to its original use as a granary, the old story of Ruth being born in the oat bin never really made any sense to us.

Sale barns

Part of Father's social life revolved around the livestock sale barns. I have no idea what there was about it, but my memories are that as soon as I was able, I often went with Father to the sale barns. Looking back, it couldn't have been easy for me to sit long hours but we would take a break at the lunch counter.

Livestock sale barns of the day would have to be classified as pretty unhealthy places today. In addition to the odors and dust, by the end of the sale session, the barns were likely to be so full of smoke that a person could hardly see the ring from the bleachers. After spending several hours sitting in that environment, we all came home reeking of a variety of odors.

Father was partial to the Coggon and Central City barns and seemed to be good friends with the auctioneer, Wesley Waterhouse. I notice that after all these years, the Waterhouses' are still very active in the auction business and I see sale bills often with their name on it. The Central City barn, itself, went broke in a situation where a farmer sold a load of mortgaged cattle, the barn paid the man for the cattle, and the bank went after the barn. I looked recently and due to the improvement of the road in the area, I couldn't really locate the location of the old Central City barn.

The Coggon barn, which used to be located by the lumberyard, expanded and moved out of town to the East and operated until recently. I never got out of the habit of going to the sale barns. Until I quit farming, Father and I would often jump in the car and go down to the Coggon barn.

I've also spent considerable time at the Independence barn and sold quite a few pigs through the barn. Father always sold his calf crop there.
Unfortunately, it hasn't been long since the Independence Sale barn met its doom and burned to the ground and has never been rebuilt. In fact, livestock sale barns have been hard pressed to stay in business in our area and most have shut down or tried to branch out into other business.

Sledding

Sleds were the one thing we were sure to have in the winter and we were always on the alert for proper sledding conditions. And when those conditions came about, away we went. Sledding on the roads was usually best as the snow became packed and almost icy.

But with the advent of gravel roads, sledding on the roads became more difficult as the loose rock presented a problem. And you really didn't want to wipe out on a gravel road. So we would usually have to find some other hill to sled.

And with good sledding, like magic, cousins would show up to join us. You would think that trudging back up the hill for a quick ride down would get tiring soon, but it seemed like we could spend hours when the conditions were good.

And of course, Mother took it in good humor when we finally gave up and came into the house all covered with snow and with our boots full of snow.

Of course, we could never be satisfied with our first runs downhill. When the conditions were just right, each trip conditioned the course that much better and we could go faster and further. We belly flopped and it took a brave and perhaps foolish person to try to go down sitting upright. And even in the best of conditions, if you missed the course enough, after taking a good run and flopping on the sled, the sled dug in and stopped suddenly and you went head over heels adding to the general hilarity of the others.

When I first watched the winter Olympics and saw the luge, I was amazed that they were going down the course on their backs. That, I thought, was the stupidest thing I had ever seen. We're probably lucky we didn't think of that.

And as you could expect, by the end of the winter, the sleds were pretty beat up and the runners likely to be warped. We would find some place to hang the sleds up and by the next winter, retrieve them, bent and rusted runners and all, and begin all over again.

Killing Time

We may have had to save for months for something as simple as a ball glove but that didn't mean that we couldn't find our own playthings.

We must have spent many hours and days working on bows and arrows. Any stick of a proper length and size was a candidate for a bow and we carefully cut off the bark and notched the ends for string. String could be hard to find but usually we could find something, even twine, that would work as a bowstring.

Arrows were more difficult. Sticks were easy to come by but trying to attach the feathers was a real problem. Usually we just ended up shooting the sticks as far as possible, and with a properly tuned homemade bow and arrow, we could shoot arrows over the barn.

But twine had another use, that of making whips. I suppose that most of our ideas came from the old Westerns that we were seeing at the movies. By braiding the twine and tying a knot in one end and fixing a handle on the other, we could make quiet a serviceable whip. And with practice, we could get that whip to crack like a rifle shot. So for days on end, we were around the farm cracking that whip and probably making a general nuisance of ourselves.

We could also make quite useful ropes by braiding twine. It wasn't until I got into scouting that I realized that we weren't braiding properly, but at the time, it seemed that our homemade ropes were very strong.

And there were the trees. We had several trees that were fun to climb and of course, once up in a tree the thought occurred to us to build a treehouse. Unfortunately, suitable materials were scarce and our plans degenerated into what would be called a glorified tree stand, suitable for waiting for a deer but not for much else.

In the winter, probably to keep us busy and from under her feet, Mother would have up tear up old cloth into strips, and we would crochet rugs. It was easy to do but I never really learned the full technique of crocheting a rug because my rug usually started to curl up on the edges and finally ended up looking like a big bowl.

We boys never got into the more complex world of making quilts, like Grandma and Mother did. At that time, it was not regarded as anything but a necessity of life and the quilts that were produced were pretty much a patchwork of colors and patterns.

Looking back, it must have been enormously hard for Mother to find things to keep us occupied, especially during the winter. I should mention that we all got in the habit of putting jigsaw puzzles together. Like all leisure activities, we started small and soon were only satisfied with some large 1000 piece puzzle with the most intricate pictures. Some of the family still enjoys this pastime, although I have given it up, at least for now.

Someone is sure to ask, "What about homework?" Should I be ashamed to admit this? I can't remember doing a single solitary bit of homework from the time I started school until I went to College. I think I grew up with the idea that school was school and home was home and never were the twain to meet.

Sports Dreams

Nothing has changed as far as young people dreaming of becoming great sports stars. I was a non-discriminating dreamer.

In the fall, we used to listen to the Iowa football games with Tate Cummins and Frank Corridio giving the play by play. Notre Dame came to town one Saturday and the game was close and near the end of regulation time with Iowa in the lead. Notre Dame had the ball but was out of time outs with time now running out. Down went a Notre Dame player with an injury. Or was it ruse just to stop the clock? To us, of course, there was no doubt. It was just another example of a wrong done to the poor old Iowa Hawkeyes. After the game, it was out to the yard to practice punting the football.

During the basketball season, we attended the Troy games and lived and died with the team. We listened to the Iowa games on the radio. And out in the yard, we had a basket put up on the corncrib where I would spend hours shooting baskets.

And baseball! This was the time that those damn Yankees seemed to always come to the World Series against the Brooklyn Dodgers. But my hero was Mickey Mantle and I was torn between Mantle getting that home run while hoping the Dodgers would win. The World Series was an event that we listened to avidly. And of course, during the season, we were out in the yard, hitting and catching the ball as we prepared for our own success.

We were hitting fly balls in the yard on day and a good friend of the family named Gerard Nickles was visiting and joined in the fun. He held his glove up in the air and shouted, "I've got it." He got it all right. The ball hit him right between the eyes. Which reminds me of an unfortunate accident at the Monti school. Once again, we were hitting out fly balls and I gave a mighty swat and the end of the bat came around and got Jerry McDowell on the forehead. You've heard the term bloody Sunday. Well that was a bloody schoolday.

The truth is, in a lifetime of exposure to large farm animals, heavy machinery and Iowa weather, (with the exception of the Military) the only serious injuries that I have ever been close to have been in athletics.

Well, the sad part of life is that you have to gradually give up your dreams and over time I gave up the dreams of hitting that home run, or running for a touchdown. I hung onto the basketball dream, and played basketball into my adulthood.

State Fair

One day we gathered ourselves together and took off for the Iowa State Fair. Chores had to be done early as the drive to Des Moines would be three hours at least, and since we had to be back for chores, it had to be a hurried trip.

We got to Marshalltown and Father didn't really know how to get through town but luckily, we had been following a car for quite some time that was obviously going to the State Fair also, so we just followed that car. We left the main streets and got off into sidestreets and finally the car ahead pulled into a driveway and the people got out. There we sat, finally realizing that our guide car wasn't really going to the State Fair. Of course, once again, I suppose Andy and I were probably hunched down in the back seat as if to say, "Hey, don't look at us, we're just along for the ride."

We finally got to Des Moines and the Fairgrounds and there we were. Of course, we visited around the midway and some of the various exhibition halls, but Father was really interested going to the stock car races, so we went into the grandstands and sat down to enjoy the races.

These were real stock cars and there were none of the various modified classes of today. If memory serves, as always, the Fords and Chevies dominated but there were also Kaisers and Hudsons. It was almost an early version of the demolition derby. We all watched with great amusement as bumpers fell off, wheels went out of alignment, and front ends failed. All in all, the race served to ratify our judgment that we ought to stay away from some of the "off" brands of cars.

But it had either rained or the track had been watered because part of the fun was to watch the great clouds of mud that the cars picked up and threw over the fence. Luckily, we were parked some distance away, but as we left the area we saw that many of the cars were plastered with mud.

Then it was back on the road and back home. To do the chores. I've always wondered why it was that even though a trip like that didn't really require the energy that making hay or picking corn did, it seemed like a day at the fair was exhausting and required some recovery time.

Summers

The great, long awaited day would finally arrive and school would be out for the summer. Looking back, I imagine that Mother and Father weren't that happy to have we young boys around all summer. But there were summer chores that Mother had that we could help with, like picking and shelling the peas, picking and cutting up the beans, bringing in the tomatoes and picking and shucking the sweet corn.

But for us, summer was the time when Mother allowed us to shed our shirts and shoes and I suppose it wasn't long before we started to look like a couple of young Indian boys. Mother had a rule that we couldn't take off our shoes until is got into the heat of the summer and that was a great day. I'm surprised now that we didn't injure ourselves on the many pieces of machinery, parts, and wire strewn around but by the end of the summer, the bottom of our feet were as tough as shoe leather, anyway.

We suffered through our first sunburns, and then more burns, until our skin was not just tan, but dark, at least to the beltline. Our enthusiasm for the sun didn't extend to wearing shorts, as there seemed to be something slightly strange to see a man in shorts on the farm in that era. Father never gave up his long sleeved shirts and cap, even in the summer, so he looked like other farmers of the day, with weathered hands and face. And of course, when he took off his cap and rolled up his sleeves, the newly exposed skin looked extra white. None of us were exactly the picture of elegance.

The summer also meant haying, which was always a fun time for we boys, and it was a time for gardening, which was not so fun a time for we boys. Mother always raised a large garden full of the basics of radishes, peas, beans, tomatoes, and potatoes. The sweet corn was planted in the field with the field corn. So there was the constant chore of picking whatever was in season and aiding Mother as she cooked and canned. This was evidently "Women's work," as the adult men, with the exception of Uncle Paul, usually found they had something more important to do than pick beans. No such luck for we boys.

I should mention that we did suffer from the heat more than we do today. With no air conditioning, the heat in the house tended to build. Even when the mornings were cooler, the house stayed too warm. After a prolonged siege of this type of heat, everyone's dispositions were likely to suffer as sleep was difficult and some of those hot spells never seemed to end. Worse, the cattle, hogs, and chickens suffered in the heat also, and even if we didn't lose any livestock, production fell off, which I'm sure didn't help Father's mood either.

Finally, about the time school started in the fall, the weather began to moderate and we began to get a little more comfortable. Of course, it always seems there is one hot spell left after school starts in the fall. I believe that these old unpleasant memories of the summer heat spells on the farm is the reason I've always said that I could stand cold weather better than I could stand hot weather. With modern air conditioning, I can see why most young people don't agree today.

The New Corncrib

Corn production must have been increasing as in the late 1940's, Father and AW Savage agreed to construct a new larger corn crib with a drive-way and more capacity. I remember the natural excitement of Andy and I as the work crews showed up and construction began.

On the evening the concrete was finished but not yet dried, Andy and I took it upon ourselves to scratch a message in the concrete. "Gosse Destruction Company." No doubt we were influenced by Mother. She never forgot that when the house was built, these same carpenters had mistakenly cut all the roof rafters off too short and a "tail" had to be attached to each rafter during construction.

Anyway, someone noticed our message and it was hurriedly scratched back out. Probably on the theory that it probably wouldn't pay to irritate the carpenters, or Father might find himself building the new corn crib himself.

By the late 1940's we were living in a relatively new house, had a new barn, and a new large corncrib, and our building site was looking pretty good. With the hogs and feeder cattle in the lots, and the large dairy herd, I believe that Father and Mother had achieved a great deal since beginning farming with virtually nothing years before.

I might add that during this period, probably 1948, we had a very wet year that hampered corn planting. Father always said that they couldn't get the corn planted in that year until June 12th. The result was that the price of corn rose to well over $2.00 per bushel and this served to increase our income for that year.

My memory is that this corresponded with the coming of electricity and this is the time period where we got our refrigerator, milking equipment, some new farm machinery, and finally trading off the old Oldsmobile. I've mentioned before that looking back, this was probably the apex of Father's farming career.

Ruth and Dorothy were married during this period and Lloyd was in his High School years and getting out with his friends and driving the car. I think I can expand this account and say that this was not just the apex of Father's farming career, but our parent's most prosperous farming era. It was during this period that I'm sure that Mother and Father began to think of buying a farm of their own. Naturally, since they had lost one farm during the depression, buying a farm was a hard step for them to take. And the old saying was and probably still is, "You're either a rich renter or a poor owner."

Threshing runs

The threshing runs were an annual summer event of my early youth. Someone in the community or perhaps a cooperative group of farmers would own a threshing machine. During the summer oat harvest, this huge machine would lumber from farm to farm to thresh the oats using the combined efforts and equipment of all the farmers on the run.

We had our own oatbinder, complete with bullwheel, which cut the oats as they stood in the field and formed the oats into bundles. The bundles were deposited by the machine in rows in the field. It was left to the family to gather each bundle, set these bundles on end in a small stack (shocking the oats) and carefully put a bundle on top to shed the rain (cap). After standing for several days in order to dry completely, the shocked oats were ready for threshing.

The men would travel back and forth from the field in hayracks, pitching the bundles onto the rack in the field and pitching the bundles off the rack into the threshing machine in the yard. Someone would have to 'mow' the straw in the barn or into a stack, and we boys were probably in charge of keeping the oats away from the thresher, to be later shoveled into the oatbin. Of course, it was always the hottest time of the summer and handling oats makes you itchy so it was always a great relief to make for the pump and cool and clean yourself with well water.

The women all got together to prepare the meal and I suppose it was a source of pride for a farm wife to have a great meal at noontime for the men. And it could be a source of great frustration to the women as the crew might gather and the weather turn bad and everyone leave, leaving the women with much food to store and keep for the next good working day.

Unfortunately, the men got to sit at the 'big' table and we boys were relegated to somewhere 'below the salt'. It was here I learned the great satisfaction of humor, even if unintentional. The men were discussing the price of cobs, at so much per hundred, and I piped up, "Who's going to count them?" Everybody roared.

My first experience driving the tractor, the old F-12 Farmall, was on one of these threshing runs. Father cranked up the tractor, hooked on a hayrack, and pointed me down the road at the neighbors, the Price's. I must have been about eight or nine. I don't know just how many shocks I knocked down in learning, but I can say that the older men of the day were very tolerant of the many young boys eagerly trying to help with the work.

Of course, there was always somebody who was determined to show their manhood by throwing bundles in the threshing machine so fast that it plugged. But those old engines had great lugging power and I don't remember anyone being man enough to plug it up.

It was during my time that there appeared in the neighborhood a new machine, which might be called a mobile threshing machine, on wheels with a sickle bar, which allowed the farmers to cut the oats standing in the field and thresh all in one operation. With this new machine, aptly named the combine, went the age of the threshing machines. At the same time, the number of workhorses was declining and with the decline in the number of horses, the need for oats. Oats acreage began its decline.

To Town

Saturday night was the night we often got to go to town, either Coggon or Troy Mills. It was a time to dispose of the eggs, shop, and socialize. Father would take us down the street and often he would treat us to an ice cream cone. It was embarrassing to be around Father since he had the habit of reaching down and pinching us on our cheeks. And I suppose there were never more shy kids around that we country kids. And Coggon had an excellent theater (the Comet) where we saw many movies.

Once a year came the greatest celebration ever known to mankind, the Coggon Harvest Home. How I looked forward to going to Harvest Home and seeing the rides, the crowds, and the programs. Coggon, at the time, was quite a healthy community with a robust economy. Mother, in her later years, still liked to go down to Harvest Home but I have to admit, as we attended several years ago, that it seemed only a hollow shell of its former self.

We also used to attend outdoor movies in the evening at Troy. The price, as I remember, was a dime. If the weather was good, the benches were set up in a suitable empty lot and we all enjoyed the movie on the screen. You could call it a precursor of the drive-in that became popular later. Andy and I were addicted to Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and Abbot and Costello. There were also short serials that always ended in some cliffhanger and you had to wait until next week to see how the heroes extradited themselves from one situation only to fall into another trap.

Once in a while Father and Mother would make a trip to Independence. We were getting old enough that on these trips, we would make a game out of recognizing the cars as we met them on the road and most cars at that time were pretty distinctive. Today, I don't even try to identify the cars I meet. In Independence was the greatest bakery that I have ever seen and we would stop and pick up a roll and such. And of course, part of the adventure of these excursions was the question; will the car make it all the way?

Periodically came the great adventure, a trip to Cedar Rapids. The highlight for us was a stop at Kreskies, which at the time seemed enormous, and in the rear of Kreskies was a large cafeteria. The dishes were always crashing in the background and we would sit down and Father would buy an ice cream Sunday for us.

It is scary sometimes, to realize how much we still enjoy certain things, like ice cream, and come to understand that much of what we like today has to do with happy experiences of childhood. The sad part is that we finally have to realize that the happy experiences of our childhood on the farm might not be translated into the same kind of experiences on the farm today.

Tracking

In the old cowboy and Indian movies, there were always the great trackers. A bent leaf here, a tiny indentation there, and the tracker would stand up and say, "It was 17 Apaches passing Northwest, carrying two prisoners, and looking for firewood." But as good as they were, these old fictitious characters couldn't hold a candle to Father Roy.

If we were gone for a day, when we came home the tracking began. We could recognize our own tracks by the tread. The milkman's tracks were easy as it was a large truck and we could see where the driver had backed down to the milk house. Then there were these other car tracks that led up to the house yard. Oh yes, we remembered the neighbor had been down that morning before we left to return a post hole digger he had borrowed.

But what were these other tracks? There was definitely another set of car tire tracks that we couldn't identify. Who was that? It was a puzzle that Father would wonder about all evening and into the next day.

And then several days later, the Fuller Brush man stopped by. "I was here the other day and you weren't home." Problem solved, mystery cleared up.

And of course, if you walked around the corner and found new cow or hog tracks, this would lead to a major investigation. The cattle still inside the pasture would have to be counted, as with the hogs. Somewhere, there had to be missing critters. Even if there was no stock missing when we checked, somehow, there had to be a breech in the fence where some animals were going in and out.

Of course, having no phone, it was necessary for anyone who wanted to get in touch with us in a hurry to come out to the farm. And overall, it was probably pretty rare for no one to be home, except on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings. The truth is, whenever Father and Mother were away from home, the farm never left them. A few hours away and their thinking would always turn to getting back home. Once home, a check of the tracks in the yard and a quick turn around the buildings and finally, all was well again.

Tractors

The picture shows the old F-12 with steel wheels but my only memories of that first tractor was with rubber rear tires. I do have vague memories of stories of getting the tractor stuck in the mud with the old steel wheels and what a problem that was to get out. I suppose it would be considered embarrassing to have to pull your tractor out of the mud with horses.

My first chance to drive the tractor came on a threshing run and we had to move our machinery to another farm to the East. Father allowed me to drive the F-12 over to the farm and then take the hayracks to the field where the men would pitch the bundles onto the rack. I imagine I was about 9 or 10 years old. From that time on I was involved in driving the tractor.

With driving the tractors came starting the tractors, and with the starting of the tractors came the hand cranking of the tractors. For those of you who don't know what I mean for hand cranking, the term hand cranking is a shorthand term for "Learning how to swear like a trooper."

Since there is no battery, the electricity was provided by a magneto that was geared to the engine and provided the spark to run the tractor. Therein lies the rub. If the tractor is not running, the magneto is not providing spark. Therefore, it is up to the operator to provide the impetus to turn the engine over.

First advice. Make sure the tractor is out of gear. There were no lockout or safety features on those early tractors, and if you happened to crank it over while in gear, it could conceivably start and run over you.

Then came the question of how much to choke the engine. During normal weather and with active use, you could usually find the exact setting where the tractor would start at the first crank. The problem arose when the tractor hadn't been run for a while and when the weather became extra cold. Not enough choke and the cranking was in vain. To much choke, and the engine was flooded and would require much more cranking to clean out the cylinders and dry off the plugs. If the tractor didn't start, and after much futile cranking, it was likely that indecision would seize your mind, and from then on, you didn't know just what to do, choke or not, and simply cranked on and on.

The crank itself was designed to free itself when the engine started, but if you were extra aggressive, or careless, it was entirely possible to have the engine kick back with the crank kicking back with it. Many were the farmers and earlier motorists who broke their arms trying to crank a balky engine. I escaped that kind of fate, but cranking the tractor engines did serve to increase my vocabulary of profanity.

I've mentioned that the coming of electricity brought the greatest changes in our farm life and lifestyle. But I would say that the introduction of the tractor has brought the greatest changes in farming as a whole.

The use of animal power for cropping resulted in limits to the size of an operation. If an average 160-acre farm had to maintain four draft horses, this meant that there were probably some younger horses being brought into the horse herd. A significant portion of the farm had to be set aside for the care and feeding of the horses. With the end of the horses and the use of tractors, this portion of the farm could be brought into production.

But time was the biggest limit. Imagine doing the chores every morning, then spending the time harnessing and hitching the horses for the work in the field. At noon, before the men came to the house to eat, the horses had unhitched and watered. In the evening, fieldwork had to be ended in time to care for the horses and then do the evening chores again. Small wonder that on the average 160-acre farm, not more that 50-60 acres were actually planted to corn.

Since the horse herd had to be cared for 365 days a year, the labor required was never-ending. Young animals had to be trained, older animals curried and handled, stalls cleaned, and harness cared for. And since horses are sensitive to the quality of feed, much care had to be taken with the horse ration, with no trace of mold in the hay or musty oats.

And it is hard to achieve any economies of scale. If a farmer were to expand, say to rent or buy another 160 acres, this would require that many more horses along with that many more field hands.

But time was the worst enemy. The time required to plant even that 50-60 acres of corn was often spread over weeks, often into June. With the tractor, much more could be done with the advent of a few good days of drying weather. We have progressed today to where with a good week of planting weather; virtually the entire crop can be planted.

Gradually, over time, every implement, every tool was adapted to the tractor as the horse lost its advantages and the tractor became supreme.

Trains

Growing up in the Southern end of Newton Township in Buchanan County, we didn't have the most experience with trains. I do remember taking my older sister Ruth to the Interurban that ran between Cedar Rapids and Waterloo-Cedar Falls. I believe we caught that train at Center Point. In later years, that old roadbed has become the Cedar Valley nature trail and interstate 380 follows the general direction of the route.

Andy and I used to visit Aunt Edna and Uncle Alfie in Winthrop and my most vivid memory of those trips was waking up in the night as the trains went through. You remember those ads of people buying that "cheap" house and then waking up that night with the house shaking and the train light shining in the window? That was about the experience that Andy and I had. Of course the people who lived there were used to it but it was new to us.

When we moved to Independence, the Illinois Central was still using the steam engines and we could hear them clearly from our house, even being a mile away. Once in a while, a loaded train would be stopped on the siding North of our house and as the train started up, you would hear the slow chug, chug, chug. Then the wheels would slip and there would be this rapid chug, chug, chug, until the engineer got his traction back.

Father always told of riding in the train with cattle for Chicago and riding in the caboose. There was some slack between the cars and if the train stopped with the cars tight together, he said that by the time the engine got going and took up the slack, the caboose leaped about ten feet at once.

The first actual train ride I ever took was from Washington DC to Quantico, Virginia. That was a fast and comfortable train and I remember a good, speedy ride. After Quantico, I took the train to Pensacola, Florida. The ride was good from Quantico to Jacksonville, Florida. From Jacksonville, we had to change trains and the ride started out good. For about 10 miles. That train stopped at every station across the northern part of Florida. Add to that was the fact that I was in the company of several very drunk and hung-over fellow Marines and I lost whatever enthusiasm I was gaining for trains right away.

The last train trip I took was when I was on leave from Pendleton and flew to Chicago. My plane to Cedar Rapids was canceled and I went downtown and caught the "Land of Corn" to Independence. That was so convenient that I don't know why I didn't take it more.

The "Land of Corn" is gone now, along with most other passenger service to Iowa. Mother wanted to take a train trip to see Lloyd and Dorothy when they were in California and I took her to meet the Amtrak- in Ottumwa. So much for train service in Iowa any more.

Going to Troy

I'm not sure I remember the names of the Troy Mills storekeepers but I do remember the names of Bosteder and Winstofer. The service station, and let me place it as Winstofer's station, seemed to have an attraction to Father and we often went into the station. In the back was a poolroom where we would venture where the loafers in town held forth and there was sure to be someone there who had an opinion on something or other. Of course, Father would have to go into one of his cheek-pinching routines.

Another stop was Charlie Price's hardware store, whose proprietor seemed ancient to me then and probably was. On the end of this store was a blacksmith's shop where the machinery was operated by the most amazing and complex series of belts that a young boy's world had ever seen. The store was heated by a pot-bellied stove with a long black stovepipe.

My memories of visiting the store are mostly in the winter where everyone pulled up seats and nail kegs to sit on and enjoy the heat. I suppose I was as impatient as any other young person, but I have pleasant memories of those gatherings around the old stove where the men engaged in small talk.

Troy Mills still had a High School in those days and although I never attended High School in Troy, brother Lloyd, and sisters Ruth and Dorothy did. When Walker, Coggon, and Troy Mills later consolidated into what is now North Linn, Troy Mills, being centrally located, was chosen for the new High School. Of course, they couldn't use the old High School and constructed a new facility about a mile outside of town.

Troy, along with large numbers of small towns across Iowa, found themselves using their old High School facilities for elementary and middle schools, with busing becoming the rule of the day. This was if the old schoolbuildings found any use at all and the countryside is full of old school buildings that may or may not have found another use.

In the summer, an outdoor theater was set up on Friday or Saturday night and for a dime, we could see the show. Serials were still popular and the hero was left on the sawmill table being drawn toward the big blade. Of course, you had to come back next week to see how he extricated himself, only to see him get into another batch of hot water.

There was still a grocery and small restaurant and tavern in my early years, but even though Andy and I were very young, it was pretty obvious that Troy Mills, as a growing community, had seen its day.

But those small communities could still throw a great celebration. Troy Mills was famed for its potluck dinners on Memorial day. And I remember the great celebration of the opening of the new modern bridge over the Wapsi. And there was the 100th Anniversary celebration where the men all grew great beards and the women wore old time dresses.

Walking to School

We had to walk to our Reilly School up until I was in the second grade and Andy was in kindergarten. Naturally, the Reilly School was almost exactly across the section from the Savage farm. As it wasn't practical to walk across the section, we had to walk about two miles to school. I've noticed from the records that several of those years I missed up to 45 days of school and my Sisters have told me that Mother didn't insist that we walk when the weather was too cold and severe. And the unimproved road to the East tended to be blocked with snow and was on the last on the list to be plowed out. And evidently, school wasn't considered important enough for Father to drive us if the roads were open.

Mother always told the story of how Ruth, Dorothy, and Lloyd were walking that same route to school (before Andy and my time) and they came to a plank that had been placed over small stream. While Lloyd was crossing that plank, Ruth and Dorothy jumped up and down on the plank and into the creek went Lloyd. I imagine that a few words were said about that.

Anyway, walking to school for a youngster exposed you to the various real and imagined dangers along the route. There were the geese at one of the homesteads that were likely to notice you and come charging at you. There were the cattle in the pasture that came charging as a herd up to the fence as you went by. And there were the dogs along the route.

I've mentioned that during WWII, we stopped to gather milkweed pods for some purpose of the war. And I imagine that we could be easily distracted by anything new and different along the route. Remember, these were dirt roads at the time and probably covered with snow in the winter and mud in the spring and fall. But what the heck, so we had to walk miles to school, we didn't have electricity until I was about 9 years old, and we didn't have indoor plumbing until I was away at College. I can't see that it was really that bad.

Anyway, by the time we got to school, we were probably a muddy or wet mess and along with the other children, presented the teacher with quite a problem keeping the schoolroom clean and tidy. And the same was probably true when we got home at night with Mother. But the advantage of the one-room school was that there were older girls who could assist the teacher with getting the youngest back into their winter clothes and boots.

Weather

I am glad to have lived long enough to see just about everything you can see in the weather, and that includes typhoons. I'm not saying that as you move away from the farm world, the weather becomes less important in your life. What I am saying is that living on the farm forces a farmer to observe the weather closely and judge its effects. Because of the importance of weather to the livestock and crops, farmers develop good prescriptive abilities of weather patterns and forecasts.

In the winter, when the winds come around to the East a storm may be coming. As the snow starts falling and gathers into piles, the wind gradually moves to the Northwest and we can expect several cold days, with blowing snow and Northwest winds. Finally, comes that calm, still, morning, when the temperature reaches its lowest. The lowest temperature I've ever personally seen was while Andy and I were waiting for the bus and watching the thermometer out the window. It reached 32 below. These big winter storms don't seem as common to me now, although perhaps we're just used to better roads and equipment.

In the early summer, the heat builds, the air is humid, and we look to the West for the first signs of building thunderheads. Later in the summer, the ground and air are drying and the countryside falls into a dry pattern where each day's heat is barely dissipated during the night and the next days heat is just that much worse.

Father Roy was the eternal pessimist as far as the weather was concerned. Three days of rain and he'd be saying, "I remember 1947, we didn't get the corn planted until the middle of June." Three days of snow, and he'd say, "I remember 1936, we were blocked in for weeks." Two weeks of dry weather and he'd say, "I remember 1936, we had to take the cows off pasture on Decoration Day,"

So I have taken notice of the weather and records and I have now lived through drier years than 1936, wetter years than 1947, and more snow than 1936. The only claim Father ever made that we haven't topped since is his claim than in 1916, it frosted every month of the year. I have discussed this with several older farmers and they all agree that there was a cold year during that time, probably caused by the eruption of a volcano, but they disagree on just what year it was.

All of which leaves Ice. Ice is probably the most irritating of all weather related problems on the farm. It was very common for ice storms to knock out electricity, sometimes for days at a time. Getting around the farmyard became a problem, but even more serious, cattle and horses can have great difficulty moving on ice. We had the misfortune of losing several valuable animals, not from falling, but from slipping and pulling muscles and going lame. Worst of all, ice was almost impossible to clear as we waited for the weather to warm. Strangely enough, the colder the weather, the safer the ice. Ice really becomes most treacherous when the weather warms enough to form a film of water on the surface.

Working on Sunday

Except for the normal chore routine, we didn't work on Sunday. I came to believe that Father Roy and Mother Hazel didn't feel that strongly about it but Grandma Effie always believed that working on Sunday was wrong and we were sure to be punished by God if we did.

But of course, if there was one more day of cornpicking and the radio forecast a big snowstorm coming on Monday, Father was the type who would probably get out there and try to get more corn picked, Sunday or not.

This always led to a slight apprehension as if you were out in the field working on Sunday and a chain broke, or you tripped and sprained your ankle, in the back of your mind you could hear Grandma Effie muttering, "They shouldn't be out there on Sunday, anyway." Maybe it was our own guilt operating.

And it was also true that if you really did break down and need repairs, the stores and businesses were all closed, anyway. And understandably, these businessmen were probably not too happy to be bothered at home on Sunday. However, there wasn't any question about calling the veterinary on Sundays. The health of the animals was too important, especially if the animal showed symptoms that we couldn't identify, or worse, symptoms that we could identify as the beginning of a serious outbreak.

So most Sundays we came home from Church and ate dinner. I use the term dinner because in the farm world, large breakfasts, and large noon meals were the rule. Evening meal was called supper may have been a lighter meal. It wasn't until much later in life that I ran into people who ate breakfast, ate lunch at noon, and then ate dinner in the evening. We would never said we were going out for dinner in the evening, we would have said we were going out for supper, probably a Church supper.

Whatever, after sitting through church and then eating a heavy noon meal, the men, and even the boys in the family were soon taking long naps in our Sunday routine. Worse, there is something about taking a "too-long" nap during the day that is not very refreshing but instead leaves you feeling groggy and probably grumpy. We really didn't start to perk up on Sunday afternoons until later in the evening during chores when the best of the radio programs were on, including Jack Benny, The Great Gildersleeve, Our Miss Brooks, The Life of Riley, Charlie McCarthy, and many others.

Of course, in the farm world, the days passed in a regular routine and there was little talk of "Thank God its Friday (TGIF)," or the Monday morning blues. In fact, I think we were decently pleased with the arrival of Monday and resuming our regular routines.

Moving

I'm sure that giving up the Savage farm and purchasing the Liberty farm was a hard decision to make for Roy and Hazel. Farming on shares on the Savage farm had allowed Father to grow his operation to a sizable operation to where we were milking 30 cows and feeding out various hogs and cattle.

In addition, Ruth, Dorothy, and Lloyd had all been born and raised there and had completed High School in Troy Mills. And of course, it meant leaving Grandpa and Grandma who lived just ½ mile down and road and moving 20 miles away. But I think the Roy and Hazel had the belief that if they were ever to own their own farm, they had better take the opportunity when presented or they would never own their own property. Father would have been 52 at the time so I imagine he was beginning to feel the years passing.

So we found ourselves visiting several farms that were for sale in the area and finally settled on the Liberty farm. It had a larger house, in decent condition, with a large dairy barn and several older outbuildings. There was considerable permanent pasture along with some decent quality farmland. Our Real Estate agent was Bill Harris from Quasqueton and it wasn't until later that I learned some of the financial details of our purchase, but to Andy and I at the time, the details weren't important, we were just excited to move.

Dissolving a 50-50 farm operation was not an easy process. There may be silage left in the silo and hay left in the barn to be adjusted for. The grain and hogs were relatively simple but the dairy cattle were more of a problem. I believe that perhaps a third party was utilized to try to divide the cattle fairly and evenly. The machinery would have been owned by the renter.

In that day, the procedure was to move on March 1st, but of course, it really required many trips back and forth to deliver all the livestock and equipment and probably the cooperation of all the parties involved. Some might bring trucks and hayracks were loaded full. Relatives and neighbors assisted when possible and the great day finally came when we were settled in a different house and farmstead.

There was still the outhouse but we did have running water piped into the house for the first time on the Liberty farm. And the new farm was located on a decently large creek. For Andy and I, there were many new places to explore and a new school to attend. That meant it was back to a one-room country school for Andy and I and leaving the three-room school at Monti.

It was only several years later that Grandpa Ed passed away and Grandma Effie and Paul came to live with Father and Mother. Looking back, the decision to leave the Savage farm was really the end of our family relationship to the Troy Mills and Coggon area. With a few exceptions, the Todd's, the Richardson's, the Bruce's, and the Phillip's are all gone from the area. And for all practical purposes, the move to the Liberty farm was the beginning of the end of Mother and Father's farming operation.

Uncle Paul

I suppose every family has an Uncle Paul. I myself don't know just how to describe Paul. Grandma always thought Paul was normal until he got the measles. Grandpa thought that a cow had kicked him. I think that the new in-laws marrying into the family probably wondered if Paul indicated some genetic defect in the family.

I've always admired Grandma Effie for her devotion to Paul. She included Paul in everything, she got him to Church, and she kept him as long as she was physically able. Grandpa Ed seemed to just ignore Paul.

Paul could have been helped in today's world. He could count and played a good game of dominoes which he and Grandma played often. He could write fairly well. During the heavy work seasons of planting and harvesting, Paul was in demand by neighbors for help and he could do all the chores asked of him.

It was the social graces that Paul lacked. He would constantly come up to us and put his arm around our shoulders and ask, "Do you like me?" And of course he would do this with total strangers. To we young people, he could be an intense embarrassment. In the small Troy Mills community, everybody knew Paul and everybody accepted Paul. When Grandma and Paul came to live with Mother and Father, I have to say that I was proud of our Independence Methodist Church and the way the congregation came to accept Paul.

Father Roy, of course, wasn't so hot to be seen in Church with Paul. In fact, while Paul lived with Mother and Father, Father and Paul lived in a sort of silent truce. After Effie died, Mother followed Effie's footsteps and did her best to make a good life for Paul in his older years. And when it came time to bury Paul, Father and Mother made sure that he got a nice funeral.

To Andy and I, Paul was a pretty good buddy. Caps and capguns were one of our favorite toys. The caps came in a box of multiple rolls, which we broke apart to fire off one roll at a time. Andy and I and Paul were in the basement of the house on the Savage farm and we were taking individual caps and hitting with a hammer on an anvil. Then we got the idea of hitting a roll of caps at once. That made quite a bang. Then we got the idea of hitting a whole box of caps at once. "Here Paul," we said, "take this sledge and hit the whole box!" It made a tremendous roar. Paul had false teeth and as he laughed, the upper part of the false teeth fell down. Mother didn't think the whole thing was that funny.

We'd take the post driver and find a can that fit just right into the driver. We could play mortar by dropping a cherry bomb down the pipe and then the can. It would shoot that can quite a long way. We would take a bolt and screw a nut partially on. We would cut the head off wooden matches and fill the nut with matchheads, then screw another bolt into the nut from the opposite way. If you threw that contraption just right on a piece of cement, it would explode and blow the bolts off the nut.

Of course, Paul would be following us around like a puppy and my memory is that he enjoyed every minute of it.

Yes, Paul, we liked you.

Phillips Genealogy

Genealogy notes: I've thoroughly enjoyed browsing around trying to find our ancestors. But truthfully, it's the historical nuggets that you run into that are even more interesting. Due to the rather extreme difficulty in reconciling place names, I have included a helpful listing of place names in Essex County that was of assistance to me in this research (Enc 1)

Our Iowa Pioneer ancestor David Phillips (to be known as in this article as our Iowa David to help the reader differentiate from an earlier David Phillips) letter's indicate his belief that the Phillips family originally came early to Connecticut, then migrated to Caldwell, NJ. Caldwell, NJ, is included in an area labeled Horseneck, NJ. I found a website about this area called the Horseneck Founders of NJ. It is fascinating to read of the area during the time of the Revolution because the British controlled NY and were running continual raids into NJ and the area was a hotbed of Patriots and Tories to begin with. Of course, the Patriot forces also raided the British with what has been labeled the 'longboat' war where they slipped into the harbors and raided and burned the British ships. And of course, the Tories and Patriots were burning each other's barns and hay and in general devastating the countryside. It really makes it clear what historians mean when they say the American Revolution was really a civil war. Anyway, as far as I can see, out ancestors' family was devastated by the war and after the war, several of the family were loyalists and went to Canada. It is this part of the family that has done the most research on our branch of the Phillips family.

I'd like to discuss the old vintage rifle that Mother Hazel donated to the Buchanan County Historical Museum. My brother Andy and I used to play with this rifle and at that time it had the bayonet and the powder bag with it. I think the bayonet and powder bag are gone and that's one reason that I encouraged Mother to give the rifle to a museum because I was afraid it would disappear and we would never see it again. I have a vague memory that this rifle was actually from the war of 1812. Our Iowa ancestor David's father was named Morris Phillips and I have found one reference to a Morris Phillips who served with a NJ Militia Regiment in the War of 1812. That was Frelinghusen's 3rd Regiment, NJ Militia. Whatever, I have found nothing else about this Morris Phillips.

Continued Dec. 20, 2001. In the intervening time I have learned more about Morris Phillips. He was the proprietor of a stone quarry in Belleville, NJ. I have come to believe that the old rifle that was carried out to Iowa by our Iowa ancestor David was converted by the Hewes and Phillips Iron works from an 1816 vintage weapon. I refer to an item for sale in a catalog referred to as "This Model 1816 N. Starr musket was altered to percussion and rifled and sighted by Hewes & Phillips in 1863." Morris Phillips was born in 1786 to David Phillips and Sarah Morris. They settled in Newark on what is called the old back road to Belleville, later called Lincoln Avenue. It was here that our Iowa ancestor David Phillips was born along with his brother, John Morris Phillips (See Enc. 2). If there were other children, the possibilities are Uncle William and Uncle Samuel. When the above article indicates that our earlier ancestor David Phillips settled in Newark on family property originally deeded in 1696, this was probably property handed down through the Morris family and was known in later years as the Morris neighborhood.

Morris Phillips died in 1830, which would have been at the age of 44. I find it interesting that in the Essex County history biography of John Morris Phillips (Enc. 2), the name of his Father, Morris Phillips, does not appear, even though the name of his Grandfather David does occur. Since Mother records that our Iowa ancestor David came to Iowa after being on the losing end of a lawsuit, the subject of this lawsuit could have been the distribution of the estate of their Mother, Sarah (Morris) Phillips, who evidently survived her husband David by a number of years. I also see no reference except the burial place to the wife of Morris Phillips (Naomi Perrow) and see no date of death for her.

I also notice that in a reference to the "Phillips Quarry" in Belleville, that this quarry was later operated by an Alexander Phillips. There are other references to Alexander Phillips where he served in various capacities, including postmaster. I am assuming he was related but I don't know how.

There is also a note in the Essex history of a William Phillips who served in the Civil War from Caldwell.

There is also no mention in this early Essex history that our earlier ancestor David was married twice. His first marriage was to Hannah Ball. It is recorded that Hannah Ball had two children but there is no further record of Hannah Ball or her two children. This marriage occurred in 1772 so it is possible that

they died during the war years. His second marriage to Sarah Morris occurred in 1786. I should note that the Ball family has done extensive genealogical research and also has no record of the children of Hannah Ball and David Phillips. Since two of the earlier David Phillips' brothers (Thomas and Matthew) were loyalists and migrated to Canada after the Revolution, this relationship of our earlier David to the Ball family may explain why the Phillips family split and went their separate ways.

There is also the situation of the land title problems that were so evident during the period leading up to the Rev. war. There seems to be no doubt that our Morris ancestor came to Newark in 1666 with the Robert Treat migration from New Haven. There is no evidence of a Phillips family moving to NJ at this time. On the other hand, the history notes that our Phillips ancestor came to Caldwell after purchasing 900 acres of land.

Here is the basis of the land title problems of the area. The original settlers of Newark (including John Morris) tried their best to purchase more outlands from the Indians and eventually did. At the same time, evidently some of the same land was deeded from what were called the proprietors (British or Dutch), who under British authority owned the property. It would look like our Phillips ancestors gained their title to their land some way directly from the proprietors, bringing them into conflict with some of the other Newark settlers who were claiming their property from the Newark Indian deeds. I see a note in the Essex history that an Abram Phillips of Horseneck, in 1749 had his house broken in, was turned out, and a stack of oats burned. (Enc. 3)

These title conflicts might explain why our ancestors might have had every reason to fear that they would be dispossessed of their property if the British were overthrown, and of course, that is just what happened. All of this does not really explain why our earlier David Phillips chose to remain in the colonies. Knowing no other details, I still lean to the idea that having married Hannah Ball in 1772 and starting a family, and the Ball family being heavily on the side of the Revolution, that his family relationships led him to remain in the colonies. I also noted that the marriage between our earlier David and Hannah Ball took place in Bloomfield or Newark on 29 Jan 1772. This would indicate that our earlier David had some relationship with Bloomfield and Newark before the war and might help explain why he took separate ways from his younger brothers. We also don't know just what happened to Hannah Ball and the two children. Apparently they didn't survive the Revolutionary war so whatever happened to these family members surely had an effect on our earlier David Phillips.

Earlier Matthew m. Lydia

As a subject of our discussion, I am limiting our discussion to our earlier David (Born in Acquackanonck, NJ), along with the two known brothers Thomas (Born in Acquackanonck) and Matthew (Born in Horseneck, NJ) who were loyalists who migrated to Canada after the war. There were a total of nine children in this Phillips family. The Father Matthew is recorded as being born in 1712 in Essex, NJ, and his wife is recorded in one location as being Lydia Demerest, and they were married in 1738. The name Demerest is an Americanized version of the original French des Marets, descended from French Huguenots (Protestants). The original Demerest came to New York early and arranged for what is called the French Patent in New Jersey and the name Demerest is common in Essex county histories.

As I mentioned, this couple had nine children and were evidently located in the Caldwell area, which also included Acquackanonck, and Fairfield. I find it very interesting that Matthew Phillips died in 1760 and his wife Lydia died later. This would mean that our earlier David would have been 16 years old at the time of his father's death, Thomas would have been 14, and Matthew 11. I have read in other places that families that didn't have a father in the home during the Revolution had a hard time surviving the Revolution intact and this fact may have contributed to our families' breakup.

I have had a small reference to the fact that Father Matthew may have had a brother named Abraham and this is why the reference to Abram Phillips being thrown out of his house by other settlers in 1749 may be significant. It could also be that the younger brothers Thomas and Matthew went to live with a Phillips relative, such as the possible Uncle Abraham, while at 16, our earlier ancestor David was old enough to work out on his own.

I also find no reference whatever to the fate of the two older brothers, Robert, born in 1738, and Richard, born in1740. This lack of any reference leads me to speculate that they didn't survive into adulthood.

Anyway, as a small summary, after the Revolutionary war, the family lands were confisticated, the brothers Thomas and Matthew migrated to Canada as Loyalists, and after the assumed death of Hannah Ball and her children, our earlier ancestor David remarried Sarah Morris and settled on Morris property in the Bloomfield area in NJ. From this point the lineage of our Iowa ancestors along with the two loyalist brothers is relatively clear.

Earlier Matthew m. Mary

The further back we go, the more difficult it becomes. It is recorded that the Father of the Matthew m. Lydia as described above was also a Matthew Phillips, married, according to one reference, to a Mary Bush. Since the later Matthew was born in 1712, obviously this marriage preceded 1712. If we were to estimate that this earlier Matthew married at the age of 25, this would make a date of birth for him in the area of 1687. I do find in the Essex history a reference to an original Henry Bush who settled in the area Caldwell NJ area in 1711. This at least makes it possible that the earlier Matthew's wife's name truly was Mary Bush. The number of other children isn't known although I have mentioned a reference to a brother named Abraham.

I am still trying to reconcile the above paragraph with our family history that holds that our original ancestor came to the Caldwell area along with the original Morris family who settled in nearby Bloomfield. It is becoming obvious that it is unlikely that the Phillips family came to NJ by the same route as the Morris family. I have already mentioned that the original Morris settler came to NJ in 1666 with the Robert Treat migration from the New Haven colony.

Along the way, I have also found that what was called the New Haven colony also included a number of communities that were actually on Long Island, including Southhamption, Oyster Bay, Hempsted, Newtown, and several others. Since the John Morris Phillips' family account relates that our Phillips ancestor came to Killingsworth, CT, this leads me to speculate that our Phillips family actually came down to NJ through NY. This would explain how it came to be that our Phillips family came into possession of property in NJ under a deed from the proprietors, (British or even Dutch) and put them into conflict with earlier Newark settlers.

We need to remind ourselves that our family accounts were written 200 years after the actual events and is would certainly seem possible, even probable that details of the migration had been lost over the years. Our Iowa ancestor David's account relates that our original ancestor came to Litchfield County, CT. Our Iowa David traveled to NJ and CT. in 1866 and found records of what he considered to be our original ancestors, George, David, and William Phillips. I should also mention that the name William Phillips is inscribed on an obelisk in New Hartford honoring early settlers of New Hartford as of 1644.

Another Earlier Generation- Unknown Phillips m. Catherina _____

The further back we go, the murkier this becomes. We are searching here for the parents of our earlier Matthew Phillips b. in ??? in about 1687 m. Mary Bush. Using our figure of guessing a marriage at the age of 25, this would make a date of birth of this original father of about 1662. I see a posting on GenForum which relates to this investigation. This posting relates a Catherina Phillips b about 1660 in NY, d after 1712 in NJ. Catherina's husband first name unknown. They had these children: Thomas Phillips b abt 1683: Matthew Phillips b abt 1685 (Spouse Mary): and Catharina Phillips b abt 1690. The fact that this original Catherina Phillips is recorded as being born in NY is another clue that our Phillips family came down to NJ through NY. And the reference to Matthew Phillips in this posting fits our estimated date of birth almost exactly. But we don't have the name of this original Phillips, only that his wife's name was Catherina.

This is where our family histories lead to conflict. According to our family, our Phillips and Morris ancestors came to America together after the fall of Oliver Cromwell which would place the date at 1660. However, it is pretty clear that our Morris ancestor actually came to America sometime before 1645. And as I have mentioned, there were plenty of Phillips names in the New Haven Colony before 1660.

There is another remote possibility. The period of 1630-35 saw a great migration of Puritan resistors to America. What isn't as well known is that upon the advent of the Puritan revolution in England under Cromwell, many of the settlers returned to England to fight for Cromwell. This leads to a remote

possibility that some of our ancestors returned to England to fight under Cromwell and when the Cromwell government fell, fled back to the colonies.

With regard to a possible relationship to the more famous George Phillips of the Mass Bay Colony, I don't really find this likely as that Phillips family line is well researched and also, the relationships were not that good between the Mass. Bay colony and the New Haven Colony. In fact, it was the forced merger of these two colonies that led to the Robert Treat migration from New Haven that included the Morris family.

In addition, there are several clues that our ancestors came from Wales, whereas the famous Reverend George Phillips was from the London area. It is true that some of the family of Rev. George Phillips migrated to Long Island, also, but seem to have removed further to the Hunterdon, NJ, area, and not to the Newark, NJ area.

In summary, we are searching for a Phillips, born about 1660, born either in Long Island or in England or even Holland, and married to a Catherina. This young Phillips would grow up to marry Catherina and father the earlier Matthew Phillips who married to Mary Bush and the ancestor of the Newark, NJ area Phillips'. This young Phillips parents would be the supposed soldiers who fought under Cromwell.

Also, our Phillips' family histories hold that our Phillips ancestor came to the colonies with the regicides Goeff and Wooley, who also took refuge in the New Haven Colony. This adds a complication in that it is recorded that when these two fugitives traveled, they traveled under assumed names. If our family history was true, it is possible that our ancestor came to America under an assumed name. In this connection I noted a Phillip Llangolen who arrived in NY from Amsterdam in 1659, arriving with two daughters named Phillips.

Other comments. Since our earlier ancestor David and his brothers and sisters were born in the Acquackanonck area, we note that this particular area was settled not just by English Puritans from the New Haven colony, but by Dutch settlers. Relations were good and in fact, both attended the original Acquackanonck church. This leads to a really murkier but slight possibility, that is that our original Phillips was Dutch. I noticed that one of the most prominent men of the 1660-90's period in New York was Frederick Phillipse, a Dutchman. In his will, he passed on property in Bergen County, NJ. This connection seems very unlikely but still remotely possible.

In a reference that lists the names of Phillips in the NY abstract of wills, Vol. 1, 1665-1707 I noted the following Phillips names.

Daniel Phillips, Newtown, witness to a will in 1676.
Theophilus Phillips, Newtown, appointed overseer of will of Ralph Hunt, 1676/7
Joseph Phillips, Newtown, children inherit under will of Wm. Graves, 1679
Thomas Phillips, NY, appointed exec. to estate of Matthew Tayler, 1687
Thomas Phillips, NY, appraisers appointed for estate of Thomas Phillips, 1688
Thomas Phillips, NY, Charles Lodowyck app. admisistrator of estate of Thomas Phillips, 1691
Thomas Phillips, NY, final inventory of estate of Thomas Phillips, 1692.
Richard Phillips, NY, Witness to will of Robert Matthews, 1693
Samuel Phillips, NY, Witness to will of Elias Rambout, 1706

I believe that the likelihood is that the Newtown Phillips mentioned above are descended from the Rev. George, as it is known that one of Rev. George's descendents preached for years at Newtown. That leaves us with only one NY possibility, that of Thomas Phillips, described in his will as a merchant.

I also noticed a will dated 12 July, 1692, of a merchant in NY named Henry Mayle, where he leaves property to William Phillips, Mary Morris, William Morris, Rebecca Morris, and Joseph Phillips. I mention this because I have been noting early connections between the Phillips family and the Morris family. I cannot identify this particular William Phillips, but I have come to believe that the Morris children mentioned here are not of our Morris line.

Also, a daughter of the above mentioned Frederick Phillipse, Mary Phillipse, married Colonel Roger Morris, of some colonial note. Again, I don't believe that these are our lines.

For other researchers: I believe that very likely possibility for investigation would be the record of confisticated estates in the Caldwell, NJ, area. If the location of this original land purchase in NJ were found, this would not only provide the name of the original NJ settler, (which we are now assuming was an early Matthew, married to a Catherine) and the name of the grantor, which might provide a valuable clue as

to just how our original Matthew migrated from their original landing in the New Haven colony to Essex county, NJ.

Review

In spite of what may seem like a lot of guessing and speculating, my research has led me to expand our knowledge of our Iowa ancestors. I believe we can be relatively certain of the following.

Roy Stimson m. Hazel Phillips (My parents)
John Edward Phillips m. Effie Todd
John Morris Phillips m. Eliza Bruce
David Phillips m. Julia Falconer (Iowa pioneers)
Morris Phillips m. Naomi Perrow
David Phillips m. Sarah Morris (Second marriage for David, first to Hannah Ball)
(I have included a biography of the brother of this David Phillips, named John Morris Phillips, which was extracted from "History of Essex and Hudson Counties" dated circa 1886) (Enc. 2)

The following becomes less certain

Matthew Phillips m. Lydia (Possibly Demerest)
Matthew Phillips m. Mary (Possibly Bush)
Unknown Phillips m. Catherine Unknown but born in NY
Original Phillips to Colonies

My original investigation of our original Phillips ancestor concentrated on our family history that held that the original Phillips came from England after the fall of Oliver Cromwell, which would be about 1660 and that this family settled in the New Haven Colony along with our original Morris ancestor. Again, according to family accounts, these two families migrated to NJ in 1696, the Phillips family to Caldwell, and the Morris family to Bloomfield.

In my investigation, I have found that it seems sure that our original Morris ancestor came to America earlier, at least before 1644. This Morris family did migrate to Newark, NJ, in 1666 with the Robert Treat migration. Even though I find that there were several Phillips' in the early New Haven colony, I can find no record of any Phillips migrating to NJ during this time. There is also no Phillips mentioned in the records of the original Newark settlement.

The mention that our Phillips family purchased 900 acres near Caldwell also reinforces the idea that our original NJ Phillips purchased that land from "proprietors" who would almost surely be British or Dutch absentee owners located in NY. This purchase ultimately may have put our family in conflict with the Newark settlers and led to land title conflicts.

This has led me to speculate that our Phillips ancestor really came down to NJ through NY. One additional clue indicates that the wife of our earlier Phillips was born in NY.

This would lead to the possibility of the Thomas Phillips, mentioned in the will above. Because this Thomas Phillips died circa 1690, we would be looking for a son of this Thomas, with unknown name and born circa 1660, who married a Catherine (born in NY), and this son of Thomas had the children Thomas, Matthew, and Catherine. Matthew would be our line, but notice the additional fact that the first-born was named Thomas, after his grandfather, which fits the Puritan naming pattern of the day. In fact, it is notable how many children in the next several generations are named Thomas. This, unfortunately remains as only one of several possibilities and is only speculation.

Harry Stimson

Excerpts from Feb 13th 1867 to John & Caroline

First in regard to Mr Martin the chance of getting money is but slim as Uncle John has bought Uncle Sam'ls part which with the improvements he intends making will take some $10,000. I have found others such as A)unclear) Hitchcock who has money to loan out--But its too far from home and they want their money where they can look after it with less trouble--Well! I often look at some of these Poor rich Cusses and conclude that a western man enjoys more of life in one year than they do in forty--In regard to the wheat don't sell it for less than $1-75--Potatos & oadt, make the best you can of them. Its very probable that Uncle Wm & Sam'l will both come out there this apring..

A.P, Miller made his appearance here last night the whole trivbe has left the far off sickly West and come back to Plainfield.They say Uncle Aleck Spencer has (Nippoed) ----------(Later on he mentions Aunt Eunice Spencer) Mr. Green & Uncle John wants all the live quails you can catch sent on here as the snow has very nearly destroyed the seed of them here They calculate to come out next summer in the season for chickens and stay late enough to take a chance at Ducks & Geese. Let Dr. Wilson take Sport and train him in the way he should go and also keep his hand in at shooting-because I have bragged some little on him as well as myself And these Newark gents calculate to nave a new Breech loading Precision needle Double Barrel which is to do the most murderous work ever done in Iowa-But I expect it will take them one seas9on to get used to their guns.

Newark, Feb 25th 1967 Dear Children,

I take this opportunity of writing but at present am confused with the Pesky Wire Fiddle which they are hammering at in the next room and hammering out the Storm Scottish or Joe Bower's Hornpipe I don't know which. We are well and your Mother has just come home from New York. We are glad to hear that you are will and doing well- The weather is very much out of sorts-These has been about three feet of snow fell since we have been here which has made it very bad gatting about.

The 18th of Feb. I went to New Haven Conn-And spent some time in Milford and other towns in Conn. And curiosity prompted me while attending to other business to look at the old Records and I observed among the first settlers of Milford New Haven & Heartford in 1639 a Thomas a Frederic & Joe Buckingham A george aWilliam & David Phillips A Thomas & John Morris an Edw'd & Wm Downs a Wm & George Curtiss together with Baldurns Cranes Dods Wards Leve No doubt but they were of the same Puritan stock as Wholley, Jeff & Dixwell Three of the Judges who condemned the Royal Charles to the Block-The generally received tradition is that they were most if not all of them Soldiers and officers in Crownwells Army and emigrated to America at the restoration of the Monarchy.

1639

Isn't it to be wondered that the descendants of such as these who could brave the privations and dangers of an unexplored forest filled with hostile savages and hide and protect the (regiscides) from the Royal power so that they should die at a good old age- Should be inclined to look with any degree of favor on any Aristocratic system either in Church or State- Its a part of a Puritans nature to acknowledge no superior except in talent and to bow to no Lord fut the Lord Jehovah. I want you to see Mr Edd Downs or Wm J Downs and tell them I expected a letter from them and that I have got a large basket full of books for the Sunday school and the promise of a great many more you can show this to them. Feb. 20th-- We have set no time for starting back and I rather think that we have to wait some time for Uncle Sam'L to get ready- He has sold his part for 4 thousand dollars which with some other crumbs will make his pile about $5000 Sufficient to start him confortably in the West which will be much better for him than fiddling along in the haphazard happy to lucky way he is in here.

In all probability Uncle Wm will come along at the same time. .....---(added at the end) Aunt Eunice Spencer is in Newark also Rob R(unclear) Abe Walter from (Unclear)Broken Men. I will tell you Aunt Eunice sends her love to you when I see you.

Newark Jan 18th 1967

John & Caroline

We are well excepting sore toes which I suppose we got in Illinois Your Mothers foot is quite swelled while my only bothers when my boot is on The weather is cold and the snow deep which makes it troublesome getting around.Uncle Sam'l & Aunt Sarah are about selling out and they talk of coming to Iowea. He will be able to bring some $5ooo in money with min which will set him up nicely. Also Uncle William talks of selling his place in Illinois and coming to Iowa--His place will probably bring 6 or 7 thousand dollars--I should advise him to sell in Illinois as he seems to have too great a water privilege to suit me on his place

Uncle John wants you to trap as many quails as you can if its (He goes on about trapping quail and how to pack them up to send and that the authorities will know they are for breeding)

How is Bucks folks I saw Isaac Lee and Wm Dow they are well but look pretty old One of Elisabeths daughters was married a short time ago John Morris Keen only looks about eighteen months older than he did forty years ago but Pernina is the same old Pernina only a good deal more so Joe is the same Joe he always was only he (unknown) over by age--by requiring a pernicious taste for bad whiskey And Alfred Keen its said has a taste for whiskey--but he drinks a better quality than who which makes him look as if he had the big Head, as the western folks say

You can tell Wm Downs and Mr Spell that there is a pretty good chance of getting a lot of Library and Hymn Books from the 2nd Pres'n Churhc as they are about making a change of their books. By the Bye Uncle John wants them by all means to keep the Sabbath school going and he will use his influence in helping them to get a decent comfortable Church_____

(M. Boos?)

Know all men by these presents That we John M. Phillips and Elizabeth Phillips of the City of Newark, County of Essex and State of New Jersey in consideration of the sum of Eighteen Hundred Dollars in hand paid by David Phillips of Linn Co. State of Iowa do hereby sell & convey unto the said David Phillips the following described premises to wit The N (Fract 1/2 of NW1/4 & N 1/2 of SW 1/4 of Nw 1/4 of Sec 3 & the NE 1/4 of NE 1/4 of Sec 4 Tp86 NR7 W 5th PM.& we do hereby covenent with the said David Phillips That we are lawfully seized of said premises that they free from encumbrance That we have good right & lawful authority to sell & convey the same And we do hereby conenant to warrant and (defend) the said premises against the lawful claims of all previous (clammy) by or under our authority.
Given & signed by us this 5th day of January AD 1860

Newark Jan. 15th 1867

John- We arrived safe at Newark on Friday last and find the folks all well- But the place is so much changed that I hardly knew it. The Horse R Road and streets out through the old fields and fine cottages and country residences for the upper (Ten) of Newark scatterd over Ansons and Stimuses lots gives it the appearance of a city. There is two big houses built and three buildings between the House and old (Well or Mill)
Your Mother is gone to Elizabeth Port to visit Chamberlain and wont be back until tomorrow. The weather is pretty cold and there is a couple of inches of snow fell on Sunday.How did you get home from the Rapids and how did you make out with your wheat. I would not sell any until the price rises as every one says wheat will keep up for the next 6 or 8 months. I suppose you might as well sell the pork of you have not already sold As it don't appear to come up much in price, won't as far as I can judge.
Jan 17th We are well Your Mother seems to enjoy herself But I cannot feel contented surrounded as I am with old objects and old reminiscences- I often wake at night and find myself cursing some of my old friends etc If my mind don't get better settled I shall be back very soon and leave your mother to finish her visit at leisure.
We got your of Jan. 19th and are glad you are well We sent a letter from Blue Island to you Last night it snowed about 1 ft deep and its been cold and raw ever since we were here.
Tell Joe & Capn Wm Downs that the prospect sees pretty good for getting a fair lift towards building a church from the upper (Ten or Ton) of Newark.
I have not written to Major Downs yet about them books of his from the fact that my mind is unsettled and if I were to consult my own feelings I should not have stayed 4 hours. Not but that I am treated well- But if you knew all I know and had suffered all I have suffered you might comprehend my feelings- I am sorry Major Downs did not send the books to Uncle John for I think they would have taken well--two or three copies would have recommended themselves. The chance for Mc Martin getting money is but slim as all the spare funds are invested in building a new city called Woodside for the upper ten of Newark to live in I can stand at Uncle Sam's and count 20 new buildings in course of erection costing from 3 to $10 thousand apiece. I may be mistaken but still its my opinion that somebody will have to suffer.
About that land of Mr Moores you had better perhaps let it take its course let him sell if he has a chance Uncle William talks of coming out in the spring and selling his place in Illinois. And also Uncle Sam'l - but maybe they will not like the place And if they do there is land farther south as good or better can be got as cheap
I hope Caroline gets along well with the domestic affairs Her Mother is anxious to hear how she likes being chief in command
I have to answer many enquirys about the west--- and its curious to observe what vague ideas most of people have--such as Ain't you afraid of the Indians--or how many miles are you from your nearest neighbors--or do you have schools or meetings
Your Mother wants Caroline to look after the pet pig The calves, the cats & Prince and to see to the Beef or porkand not let it spoil,
You speak of Frank A don't seem that he is thought much of by his own friends and Relations.Write as often as convenient
Yours Sincerely John Morris & Caroline
David Phillips (His fancy Signature)

375 Broadway
Newark New Jersey
973-483-0288

A partial letter apparently written to John Morris:

----In FairMount Cemetery, and allowed no renumeration to plat holders but either sold the land or built themselves. I don't know which. Your uncle had the remains of father and mother, and any others that could be gathered removed to his plot in Mount Pleasant Cemetery where there is a stone erected to the memory of "Morris Phillips and his wife Naomi Peron".

There is a tradition , I don't know how well founded, but your father used to tell us that the first of the Phillips family who came to this Country was a general under Cromwell, and after the restoration of Charles 2nd left Eng. with the Three Judges whose graves are now to be seen marked by little brown headstones on "New Hav en Green". That Gen. Phillips settled in Litchfield Township, Conn. That, in 1696 the Morrises and the Phillips came to New Jersey. The Phillips family took lands in Caldwell. There were brothers and held their property till the close of the Revolutionary War, then some of them being Tories had to leave, and all their property was confiscated. those who were loyal to the Federal Govenment had to suffer by their Tory brothers.

My great, great-grandfather was the first sheriff of Essex County.

The Morris part of his family settled in Bloomfield and my great grandfather, John Morris, whose name you bear, settled up on the old Bloomfield road and owned all the land down to the present Lincoln Ave. and it was subdivided with ,,,,,,,McReeve, or rather his mother. My grandmother Phillips-Uncle Lemuel Morris, and his ~~brother~~ Uncle Samuel brother Zebulon Morris, The land held by your Uncle John's estate is all that is remaining in the family. Franklin has built on the upper edge of the Estate in what used to be the Woods. I wish you could get a copy of the book you refer to giving the geneology of the Phillips family or tell where we can obtain a copy. We did not know there-------

David Phillips to Wm. T(unclear) Phillips Power of Attorney

Know all men by these presents That I, David Phillips of the Township of BelleVille in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey have made consti(unclear) and appointed and by these presents do (unclear) and appoint William (either T. of F.) Phillips of the City of Newark County and State aforesaid: My true and lawful attorney for me and in my name place and stead to and for my use to collect and receive all such rents which may hereafter grow due from David Phillips or John M. Phillips or any other persons as tenants or occupiers of any lands belonging to me situated in the Township of BelleVill County of Essex and State of New Jersey or in the city of Newark County and State aforesaid or which may be due from or payable by another person or persons as tenants occupiers or (lessees or Unclear) of any term of such land. And upon receipt thereof to give proper acquittance thereof. Also to receive and collect the equal undivided half of the crops of Hay Ry oats corn Buckwheat Potatos Apples and all other crops grown in partnership by David and (SamL) Phillips in 1855 on the Sanford place and on the Homestead Also to collect all debts interest and demands from H. H.(unclear). Giving and granting to my said attorney full power and authority to do and perform every act in and about the premises

(The line on the fold has been obliterated.)

Hereby ratifyiing and confirming all that my said attorney or his substitute shall lawfully do or cause to be done by virtue there of

In witness whereof I have here unto set my hand and seal the first day of October in the year One thousand eight hundred and fifty-five.

Sealed and delivered in the presence of David Phillips (his fancy signature.)

Witnesses Edw Touey James Campbell

JOHN M. PHILLIPS was born in Newark, N.J., Nov. 4, 1817, and is descended from Col. Phillips, an officer in the army of Oliver Cromwell, who, on the accession of Charles II. to the throne of England, in 1660, was obliged to fly to America with Goff, Whalley and Dixwell, three of the regicide judges who assisted in having Charles I. beheaded. He first settled in Killingsworth (now Clinton), Conn., and subsequently removed to New Jersey, where he purchased nine hundred acres of land near Caldwell, Essex Co. One of his grandsons, David Phillips, settled in Newark, N.J., and married Sarah Morris, a granddaughter of Dr. Morris, who was also an officer of Cromwell, and had fled to America in company with Colonel Phillips. David Phillips began his house-keeping, in a small one-story frame building that stood on the old Back Road to Belleville, now called Lincoln Avenue, and he purchased subsequently sixteen acres of land near his little house, for which his family received a deed from the proprietors of East Jersey in 1696. In this little house the father of John M. Phillips, the subject of this sketch, was born, and in it died. In it, too, Mr. John M. Phillips was born, and the little house still stands, a treasured heirloom, in the rear of the fine mansion which Mr. Phillips erected some years ago near to its original site. It may be mentioned as an interesting fact in this connection that Mr. Phillips' father was one of the proprietors of the quarries at Belleville, and that from these quarries he furnished the stone used in building Fort Lafayette, Castle William, the old St. John's Church and other buildings in New York, as well as the Mechanics' Bank and the old State House in the city of Albany.

Fifty years ago young Phillips, at the age of sixteen, became an apprentice at the pattern-making trade under Mr. Horace T. Pointer, who was afterwards mayor of the city of Newark. Subsequently he found employment in the establishment of Seth Boyden, where he had charge of the pattern-making department for six or seven years, and then he worked in the West Point foundry, from which he went to the Novelty Iron Works, in New York City. In the fall of 1845 he formed a partnership with the late Joseph L. Hewes, and began the manufacture of machinery at No. 60 Vesey Street, New York. Early in the following year they removed to the Hedenburg Works in Newark, N.J., and again, in the winter of 1847, to Oba Meeker & Co.'s property, at Bridge and Spring Streets, in the same city. Finally, in 1858, they purchased the site, on Orange and Ogden Streets, where the manufactory is now located, and where they began making boilers, steam-engines, mining machinery, and machinists' tools, etc., on a large scale. The works cover an area of more than two and a half acres of ground, a part of them extending along the Passaic River with a dock one hundred and ninety feet long, provided with a forty-ton crane for lifting machinery in boats. For many years past the products of this vast establishment have been sold and shipped to Cuba, England, China, South America, and, indeed, to all parts of the world. During the war the firm employed four hundred hands, and did a business of above five hundred thousand dollars a year. At the beginning of the war they altered eight thousand stands of arms from flint-lock to patent breech and percussion guns for the State of New Jersey, asking nothing more from the State than to be reimbursed for the actual expenses incurred in altering them. They also altered twelve thousand stands of arms for the general government, and in twenty-one days turned the turret-rings and made a planing-machine for planing the turrets of the little "Monitor," which arrived at Fortress Monroe, in time to prevent the Southern ram, the "Merrimac," from destroying a part of the Union navy. Of this little "cheese-box," as it was called, Mr. Phillips always spoke with a great deal of pride. All the motive machinery for the "Modoc," the "Cohoes" and other light-draught iron-clads was made in this establishment, and it furnished thousands of dollars' worth of machinery for the various gun factories in the Union. From it seventy men were enlisted, and Mr. Phillips, as well as his partner, sent each a substitute to the field, although neither of them had been drafted.

The heirs of Mr. Hewes, soon after his death, in 1873, sold their interest in the establishment to Mr. Phillips, and from that time the business was carried on by him alone. His six sons, as they grew up, were educated with a view to sending them to college, but before allowing them to enter they were

placed in the factory, and after having thoroughly, learned every branch of the business were sent to Cornell University, where they were successively graduated. The youngest is now in course of preparation for that institution.

Mr. Phillips took an active part in every enterprise which tended to promote the welfare of his native place. He was one of the originators of the Board of Trade and of the Newark Industrial Exhibition. In the spring of 1883 he was elected president of the Newark Sanitary Association, as well as vice-president of the State Sanitary Association. When elected president of the Newark Sanitary Association be pledged himself to devote the remainder of his Life to the sanitary improvement of the city, and it is a noteworthy fact that, on rising from the chair in which he had been seated, while studying works upon that subject, he fell lifeless upon the floor. This sad event occurred Feb. 15, 1884.

Mr. Phillips was in many respects a remarkable man, and as he was a leader in the business which he had chosen, so would he have been the foremost in any pursuit which he might have selected. With a meagre education at the beginning, he made himself; in the end, conversant with almost every branch of human knowledge, and his writings for the public journals were not only pointed and vigorous, but evinced a profound knowledge of his subject. His gentleness and kindliness were inexhaustible. His charities ceased only when the object became unworthy of them. His filial piety has preserved intact the humble dwelling of his ancestors, while his devotion as a husband and a father has always made his home the most agreeable spot on earth for his numerous family. He died the death of a manly Christian, mourned by the church of which he was an exemplary member and lamented by the community in whose service he drew, as he had promised, his latest breath. At a meeting of the directors of the Newark Industrial Institution, of which he was one of the founders, the following resolution was adopted a few days after his death:

"*Resolved,* That in the death of John M. Phillips we are called upon to mourn the loss of another of our members, one in high esteem, a counselor, a friend, one in whom Newark has lost a most substantial and valued citizen, one who was ever foremost in all that tended to the well-being of our city, and ever zealous in promoting the industrial interests of Newark, especially so in the exhibitions of its industries, through which Newark has been so largely benefited, giving to it from the first his counsel and aid. His ready advocacy and untiring efforts in the advancement of every interest productive of good to Newark render his death a loss which will be deeply felt throughout this community. To this Board his removal is a serious loss for which there is no compensation; and we would tender our heartfelt sympathies to his family, on whom this bereavement most heavily falls."

THE EAGLE IRON FOUNDRY, on Alling Street, carried on by E.C. Hay, was founded over half a century ago, in 1830, by J.B. Hay, one of the pioneers in this trade in this city, and father of the present proprietor. At that time the foundry was a very small establishment, but the business increased, and larger and more complete facilities were demanded and supplied. The manufacturing plant has a frontage of ninety-three feet on Alling Street, and runs back two hundred and twenty feet to Ward Street, and consists of a four-story brick building and pattern-shop, and stables in the rear. The business is divided into two departments, the foundry and the iron railing works, and both are furnished with every mechanical appliance required, including a large collection of patterns suitable for every kind of work. The business done at this establishment is so extensive and the productions so various that it would be almost impossible to enumerate them in detail. In the foundry, castings of all kinds, including machinery, railroad, bridge and building materials, such as columns, girders, store-fronts, etc., hatters', bakers' and tailors' furnaces and factory stoves, and in the railing department, iron railings and coverings, gratings, crestings, balconies, etc., are all made to other on the shortest

Old Newark
Business & Industry

Hewes & Phillips Iron Works

Ogden Street

From: "Newark, the Metropolis of New Jersey at the Dawn of the 20th Century", 1901

The Hewes & Phillips Iron Works of Newark was established in 1845 by Messrs. Joseph L. Hewes and John M. Phillips. They incorporated under New Jersey laws at the start and there has never been a change in the corporate name then adopted.

Both of the esteemed founders, however, have passed away and the large industry which has grown from the plant they built in Ogden Street, more than fifty years ago, is now owned and controlled by the sons of Mr. John M. Phillips.

Edward L. Phillips is the president, Franklin Phillips, vice-president, George H. Phillips, assistant treasurer and Robert M. Phillips, superintendent. The works now cover one plot of ground 250 by 500 feet in area and one on the water front 150 by 200 feet in dimensions, with private wharf. Employment is given to about two hundred and fifty skilled men in the manufacturer of Corliss engines, tubular boilers, and steam fittings and the building of complete economical steam power plants of all sizes and capacity. The latter has been a leading specialty for many years and their trade in them and for all their high class products is extensive throughout the entire Western Hemisphere.

All the officers of the company were born and educated in Newark, all were practically raised in the works, so to speak, and all are prominent in social as well as business circles in this city. The company hold membership in the Newark Board of Trade and other business associations.

Descendants of John Stimpson

1 John Stimpson 1605 - 1643
.... +Susanna Phillips 1607 -
..... 2 James Stimson 1635 - 1720
..... +Mary Leffingwell 1646/47 - 1717
..... 3 James Stimson 1669 - 1758
..... +Hannah Stearns 1689 -
..... 4 Ichabod Stimson 1712/13 -
..... +Margaret Peck 1717/18 -
..... 5 Joel Stimson 1751 - 1813
..... +Susannah Grow 1760 - 1841
..... 6 Jason Stimson 1800 - 1838
..... +Jeanette Phelps 1805 -
..... 7 Milton Shelton Stimson 1833 - 1926
..... +Nancy Eliza Chandler 1840 - 1904
..... 8 Harry Sylvester Stimson 1875 - 1965
..... +Mary Emma Cross 1877 - 1946
..... 9 Roy Orvil Stimson 1900 - 1977
..... +Hazel May Phillips 1904 - 1986
..... 10 Harry Edward Stimson 1939 -
..... +Kim Sunagawa 1938 -
..... 10 Ruth Virginia Stimson 1928 -
..... +Leon Howard Bovenmyer 1926 -
..... 10 Dorothy May Stimson 1930 -
..... +William Emery Sherman 1927 -
..... 10 Lloyd Orvil Stimson 1933 -
..... +Dorothy Lee Bates 1932 -
..... 10 Andrew Willard Stimson 1941 -
..... +Karen Essex
..... 9 Esther Ruth Stimson 1899 - 1930
..... +Clarence Popp
..... 10 Mary Popp
..... +Lee Main
..... 10 Alice Popp
..... +Howard Quint
..... 10 Emma Popp
..... +Don Bacon
..... 9 Oliver William Stimson 1902 -
..... +Margaret Jones
..... 10 Mary Francis Stimson
..... +Dean Carradus
..... 10 Charles William Stimson
..... +Mary
..... 10 Fern Stimson
..... 10 Grace Stimson
..... +Dale Crippen
..... 10 Harry Dean Stimson
..... 9 Vernon Sylvester Stimson 1905 -
..... 9 Bertha May Stimson 1907 -
..... 9 Ray Stimson 1913 -
..... 9 Alta Mary Stimson 1914 -
..... +Clyde Pogue
..... 10 Earl Pogue
..... 10 Janet Pogue
..... 10 Edwin Pogue
..... 8 Della Myra Stimson 1860 -
..... +William Smith
..... 8 William Fuller Stimson 1861 -
..... +Elizabeth Allman
..... 8 Maggie Lousia Stimson 1863 -
..... +Edward Thatcher
..... 8 Calvin Levi Stimson 1865 -
..... +Olive Purvis
..... 8 Edward Milton Stimson 1870 -
..... 8 Susie Stimson
..... 8 Alba Stimson

Descendants of Christopher Todd

1 Christopher Todd 1616/17 - 1686
.... +Grace Middlebrook
..... 2 Samuel Todd 1645 - 1714
..... +Mary Bradley 1653 - 1724
..... 3 Samuel Todd 1672 - 1741
..... +Susanna Tuttle 1678/79 - 1737
..... 4 Caleb Todd 1699/00 - 1731
..... +Mary Ives 1706 -
..... 5 Hezekiah Todd 1728 - 1794
..... +Lydia Frost 1735 - 1807
..... 6 Bethuel Todd 1762 - 1829
..... +Esther Ives 1765 - 1805
..... 7 Leverett Todd 1795 - 1878
..... +Charlotte Woods 1793 - 1878
..... 8 Andrew Giles Todd 1830 - 1896
..... +Charlotte Ann Briddell 1828 - 1890
..... 9 Salah Alanson Todd 1856 - 1927
..... +Mary Jane Richardson 1860 - 1954
..... 10 Effie May Todd 1882 - 1969
..... +John Edward Phillips 1875 - 1958
..... 10 Homer Herbert Todd 1883 - 1948
..... +Jennie Elizabeth Finley 1882 - 1961
..... 10 Lavica Olive Todd 1886 - 1921
..... +Earl C Ferree
..... 10 Anna Almira Todd 1890 - 1948
..... +John Noot 1884 - 1959
..... 10 Nathan Todd
..... 10 Florence Pearl Todd 1896 - 1979
..... +Joe Christensen 1892 - 1975
..... 10 Orin Wendell Todd 1903 - 1966
..... +Ruby Eva Buery 1899 - 1956
..... 9 Leverett Todd 1853 - 1856
..... 9 Elihu Todd 1854 - 1923
..... +Flora Garvin 1857 - 1944
..... 10 Charles Todd
..... 10 Grace Todd
..... 10 Minnie Todd
..... 10 Rollo Todd
..... 10 Leverette Todd
..... 10 Nellie Todd
..... 9 Nancy Todd 1858 - 1881
..... +Elmer Dutcher
..... 9 Ella Todd 1860 - 1946
..... +James Lowery Moore 1860 - 1924
..... 10 Ernest James Moore
..... 10 Leslie Andrew Moore
..... 10 Lillian Anna Moore
..... 10 Orin Wesley Moore
..... 10 Irving Lowery Moore
..... 9 Giles Todd 1862 - 1865
..... 9 Albert Reuben Todd 1864 - 1940
..... +Ada Irene Manchester 1869 - 1914
..... 10 Ella May Todd 1894 - 1978
..... +William James Emerson 1888 - 1967
..... 10 Lottie Eliza Todd 1887 -
..... 10 Ruth Alice Todd 1908 -
..... 9 Levi Merrill Todd 1867 -
..... 9 Andrew Grant Todd 1869 - 1869
..... 9 Isaac Wesley Todd 1870 - 1914
..... +Bertha May French 1878 - 1971
..... 10 Alta Blanche Todd
..... 10 Melvin J Todd
..... 10 Kenneth L Todd
..... 10 Fern Lillian Todd
..... 9 Charlotte HM Todd 1872 - 1955
..... +Orin Earl Richardson 1871 -
..... 10 Royal Roscoe Richardson 1893 -
..... 10 Noble Nolan Richardson 1895 -
..... 10 Mirth Richardson 1897 -
..... 10 Faithe Richardson 1899 -
..... 10 Hope Ella Richardson 1901 -
..... 10 Charity Richardson 1902 -
..... 10 David Richardson 1904 -
..... 10 Truth Delight Richardson 1907 -
..... 10 Idah Pearl Richardson 1911 -

..... 10 Orin Joy Richardson 1914 -
..... 10 Glen Richardson 1917 -

Descendants of Amos Richardson

1 Amos Richardson 1617 - 1683
.... +Mary Smith 1617 - 1683
..... 2 Stephen Richardson 1652 - 1694
..... +Lydia Gilbert 1654 - 1738
..... 3 Jonathan Richardson 1674 - 1700
..... +Anne Edwards 1678 - 1764
..... 4 Amos Richardson 1700 - 1779
..... +Rachel Yarrington 1707 - 1775
..... 5 Nathan Richardson 1724/25 - 1799
..... +Phebe Crocker 1729 - 1821
..... 6 Andrew Crocker Richardson 1756 - 1828
..... +Marcy Clauson 1750 - 1813
..... 7 Nathan Welles Richardson 1796 - 1861
..... +Jane Livingston 1800 - 1866
..... 8 James Richardson 1827 -
..... +Almira Blanchard 1832 -
..... 9 Mary Jane Richardson 1860 - 1954
..... +Salah Alanson Todd 1856 - 1927
..... 10 Effie May Todd 1882 - 1969
..... +John Edward Phillips 1875 - 1958
..... 10 Homer Herbert Todd 1883 - 1948
..... +Jennie Elizabeth Finley 1882 - 1961
..... 10 Lavica Olive Todd 1886 - 1921
..... +Earl C Ferree
..... 10 Anna Almira Todd 1890 - 1948
..... +John Noot 1884 - 1959
..... 10 Nathan Todd
..... 10 Florence Pearl Todd 1896 - 1979
..... +Joe Christensen 1892 - 1975
..... 10 Orin Wendell Todd 1903 - 1966
..... +Ruby Eva Buery 1899 - 1956
..... 9 Herbert Richardson 1856 -
..... 9 Nathan Richardson 1857 -
..... 9 Bedia Adelia Richardson 1862 -
..... 9 Julia Etta Richardson 1868 -
..... +William A. Fillmore 1894 -
..... 9 Orin Earl Richardson 1871 -
..... +Charlotte HM Todd 1872 - 1955
..... 10 Royal Roscoe Richardson 1893 -
..... 10 Noble Nolan Richardson 1895 -
..... 10 Mirth Richardson 1897 -
..... 10 Faithe Richardson 1899 -
..... 10 Hope Ella Richardson 1901 -
..... 10 Charity Richardson 1902 -
..... 10 David Richardson 1904 -
..... 10 Truth Delight Richardson 1907 -
..... 10 Idah Pearl Richardson 1911 -
..... 10 Orin Joy Richardson 1914 -
..... 10 Glen Richardson 1917 -
..... 9 Edith Richardson 1876 -
..... 9 Ella Richardson 1866 -
..... 8 Susan Richardson 1821 -
..... 8 Peter Richardson 1822 -
..... 8 David Richardson 1825 -
..... 8 Ann Richardson 1829 -
..... 8 Mary Richardson 1831 -
..... 8 George Richardson 1834 -
..... 7 Eleazer Richardson 1774 -
..... 7 John Closson Richardson 1776 -
..... 7 Rosamond Richardson 1778 -
..... 7 Andrew Richardson 1783 -
..... 7 Zerenah Richardson 1785 -
..... 7 Mercy Richardson 1787 -
..... 7 Sally Richardson 1789 -
..... 7 Nathan Welles Richardson 1797 -
..... 6 Rosamond Richardson 1749 -
..... 6 Lucy Richardson 1752 -
..... 6 John Richardson 1754 -
..... 6 Amos Richardson
..... 6 Esther Richardson 1758 -
..... 6 Nathan Richardson 1760 -
..... 6 Hette Richardson 1762 -
..... 6 Sarah Richardson 1765 -
..... 6 Elizabeth Richardson 1768 -
..... 6 Welles Richardson 1770 -

Descendants of Matthew Phillips

1 Matthew Phillips 1712 - 1760
.... +Lydia Demerest 1716 - 1761
..... 2 David Phillips 1744 - 1805
..... +Sarah Morris
..... 3 Morris Phillips 1786 - 1830
..... +Naomi Perrow
..... 4 David Phillips 1814 - 1868
..... +Julia Falconer 1814 - 1883
..... 5 John Morris Phillips 1843 - 1930
..... +Eliza Bruce 1848 - 1929
..... 6 John Edward Phillips 1875 - 1958
..... +Effie May Todd 1882 - 1969
..... 7 Hazel May Phillips 1904 - 1986
..... +Roy Orvil Stimson 1900 - 1977
..... 8 Harry Edward Stimson 1939 -
..... +Kim Sunagawa 1938 -
..... 9 John Roy Stimson 1967 -
..... +Julie Jawarski
..... 10 Wyatt Stimson 2001 -
..... 9 Michael Edward Stimson 1969 -
..... 9 Teresa Ann Stimson 1975 -
..... 8 Ruth Virginia Stimson 1928 -
..... +Leon Howard Bovenmyer 1926 -
..... 9 Virginia Ann Bovenmyer 1951 -
..... +Christopher George Biang 1953 -
..... 10 Michael George Biang 1981 -
..... 10 Timothy Daniel Biang 1983 -
..... 10 Thomas Allen Biang 1984 -
..... 10 Christine Elizabeth Biang 1986 -
..... 10 Robert Leon Biang 1988 -
..... 9 David Leon Bovenmyer 1952 -
..... +Dawn Marie Knaphus 1954 -
..... 10 Daniel David Bovenmyer 1976 -
..... 10 Johathan George Bovenmyer 1978 -
..... 10 Peter Joseph Bovenmyer 1982 -
..... 10 Mark Christopher Bovenmyer 1985 -
..... 10 Rachel Ruth Bovenmyer 1987 -
..... 10 Andrew Steven Bovenmyer 1989 -
..... 10 Matthew Thomas Bovenmyer 1991 -
..... 9 Steven Roy Bovenmyer 1953 -
..... +Julia Ann Edwards 1953 -
..... 10 Joseph Steven Bovenmyer 1974 -
..... 10 Elizabeth Ann Bovenmyer 1978 -
..... 9 Dean Bovenmyer 1956 -
..... 9 Carol Bovenmyer 1964 -
..... +Eric Lawrence Gilson 1962 -
..... 10 Nicole Rae Gilson 1981 -
..... 10 Michele Marie Gilson 1985 -
..... 10 Travis Richard Gilson 1988 -
..... 8 Dorothy May Stimson 1930 -
..... +William Emery Sherman 1927 -
..... 9 Kenneth Douglas Sherman 1950 -
..... +Rosalee Gunderson
..... 10 Valerie Lynn Sherman 1978 -
..... +Rhys Black
..... 10 Brent David Sherman 1981 - 1987
..... 9 Eugene Francis Sherman 1951 -
..... 9 Helen Irene Sherman 1953 -
..... +David Franklin
..... 9 Richard Allen Sherman 1954 -
..... +Kay McBurney
..... 10 Jason Kyle Sherman 1979 -
..... 10 Jennifer Lee Sherman 1980 -
..... 9 Keith Dale Sherman 1958 -
..... +Carmen Lynn Solberg 1960 - 1989
..... 10 April Marie Sherman 1979 -
..... 10 Erica Lynn Sherman 1982 -
..... 8 Lloyd Orvil Stimson 1933 -
..... +Dorothy Lee Bates 1932 -
..... 9 Tiffany Stimson 1965 -
..... +Todd Keller
..... 10 Pam Keller
..... 8 Andrew Willard Stimson 1941 -
..... +Karen Essex
..... 9 Douglas Stimson 1969 -

..... 9 Thomas Stimson 1972 -
..... 7 Wendell Paul Phillips 1906 - 1979
..... 7 Edna Muriel Phillips 1908 -
..... +Alpha Hawkins 1899 - 1954
..... 7 Blanche Anna Phillips 1911 - 1990
..... +Duane Cornelius Kingsley 1904 - 1992
..... 8 Bruce Phillips Kingsley 1933 -
..... 8 Mary Elizabeth Kingsley 1936 -
..... +Howard Chamberlain
..... 9 John Chamberlain 1960 -
..... 9 Robert Todd Chamberlain 1962 -
..... 9 Sara Chamberlain 1966 -
..... 8 James Scott Kingsley 1940 -
..... +Barbara Cschack
..... 9 Daniel Kingsley
..... 9 David Kingsley 1968 -
..... 9 Katherine Kingsley 1970 -
..... 8 John Leonard Kingsley 1942 -
..... 8 Donald Edward Kingsley 1944 -
..... +Marilyn Talo
..... 9 Scott Mathew Kingsley 1970 -
..... 9 Stephen Kingsley 1963 -
..... 9 Jeffrey Darious Kingsley
..... 9 Jonathan Kingsley
..... 7 Nona Belle Phillips 1913 -
..... +Wilbur Royal Van Fossen - 1996
..... 8 Charles Edward Van Fossen 1934 -
..... 8 Gladys Marie Van Fossen 1935 -
..... 8 Howard Donald Van Fossen 1938 -
..... 8 Darius Vernon Van Fossen 1940 -
..... 7 Donald Bruce Phillips 1916 -
..... +Bessie Louise Van Fossen 1926 -
..... 8 Peggy Lee Phillips 1947 -
..... +Don Robert Munsell - 1986
..... 8 Rosemary Sue Phillips 1950 -
..... 8 Melvin Allen Phillips 1951 -
..... 8 Barbara Joe Phillips 1953 -
..... +Gary Rick
..... 8 Billy Ray Phillips 1955 - 1979
..... 8 Evalena Joy Phillips 1957 -
..... +Arlyn Sieck
..... 8 Mark Asa Phillips 1962 -
..... +Donna Marie Micheal
..... 6 Mary Celeste Phillips 1876 - 1916
..... +George Cyrus Gardner
..... 7 Fanny Gardner
..... +Henry Andrews
..... 8 Virginia Andrews Ahura
..... 8 Buelah Andrews Grover
..... 8 Anita Andrews
..... 7 William Gardner
..... +Ellen Holmes
..... 8 Virginia Gardner
..... 8 Willetha Gardner
..... 8 Barbara Gardner
..... 8 Twyla Gardner
..... 8 William Gardner, Jr
..... 8 Jim Gardner (Adopted)
..... 8 Mike Gardner (Adopted)
..... 8 Jackie Gardner (Adopted)
..... 6 Lydia Phillips 1881 - 1937
..... +Nathan Pepper
..... 7 Elizabeth Pepper
..... +Harry Draves
..... 8 Ralph Draves
..... 8 Ronald Draves
..... 8 Morma Draves
..... 7 Mary Pepper
..... +Herman McGinnis
..... 8 Kathleen McGinnis
..... 7 Dorothy Pepper
..... +John Marker
..... 8 John Marker
..... 8 Ella Jane Marker
..... 6 Andrew Phillips
..... 5 Caroline Phillips 1847 -
..... 4 John Morris Phillips 1817 - 1884

Stimson Genealogy

It has been much easier tracing Stimson genealogy although much of what I have here comes from the LDS web site so the accuracy depends on that source.

Roy Orvil Stimson m. Hazel May Phillips
Harry Sylvester Stimson m. Mary Emma Cross
Milton Sheldon Stimson m. Nancy Eliza Chandler
Jason Stimson m. Jeanette Phelps
Joel Stimson m. Susanna Grow (Growe)
Ichabod Stimson m. Margaret Peck
James Stimson m. Hannah Stearns
James Stimson (Stimpson) m. Mary Leffingwell
John Stimson (Stimpson) m. Susanna Phillips about 1630

Our immigrant ancestor, John Stimson (Stimpson) is recorded as being from Northumberland, England. He and his wife evidently came over to America with the Winthrop fleet and he is recorded in one location as being a minister. Note that his wife was Susanna Phillips and of course the thought has occurred to me that wouldn't it be great of our original Stimson and Phillips ancestors came over on the same ship over 360 years ago and finally got back together again while pioneering in Iowa. However, as yet, I have never been able to find even a clue that Susanna Phillips was in our Phillips line.

I have little on the original Stimsons but I am reproducing an entry in a Norwich, Vt. history. "Joel Stimson, the progenitor of the Stimson family in Norwich, emigrated from Tolland, CT., during the Revolutionary War. He had previously served as a soldier from that town-a fifer in Captain Solomon Will's Company. He married Susanna Growe at Norwich, April 15, 1779. He settled on what is now the Danforth farm, on the old Sharon road, and for many years kept a hotel there. Mr. Stimson raised a large family of sons and daughters and was a leading man in town and church...."

It was a son of the above Joel Stimson, Jason Stimson, who started the family's trek west and settled in Ohio. With at least one stop in Seward, Illinois, it was Milton Stimson who migrated further west to the Manchester, Iowa, area. Father never spoke much of his ancestry but the one thing that he did say turned out to be true. He always said that we had descended from two brothers who migrated to Iowa from Ohio. In the Stimson family plot at Manchester, Milton is buried alongside another Jason Stimson, whose dates of birth indicates he is probably a son of the older Jason and a brother of Milton.

Excerpt from obituary of Nancy Chandler (Mrs. Milton) Stimson published in the Manchester, Iowa Press, Thursday, January 21, 1904. "Nancy Eliza Chandler was born in Norfolk, St. Lawrence County, New York, December 26, 1839. At the age of ten years, she removed with her parents to Rockford, Illinois, and during the year following,

the family removed from that place to Pecatonica, in the same state. In 1852, the family moved to Seward, Winnebago County, Illinois, where, on March 14, 1858, Miss Chandler was united in marriage with Milton S. Stimson, who also lived near Seward...in 1863, came with their children to Prairie Township, (Delaware County, Iowa) locating on the farm which has since been the family homestead....She is survived by her husband and the following children: William, Calvin, Edward, Harry, and Mrs. Maggie Waughop." I have yet to find additional info. to the family of Nancy Chandler.

Excerpt from obituary of Grandma (Mrs. Harry) Stimson's obituary. "Mary E. Cross was born at Wilson, Kansas, May 29, 1877, the youngest and last of 8 children (Of Hiram Cross and Clarissa Bennett) When about 18 years of age she came to live with her brother Corwin near Masonville, Ia. She was united in marriage with Harry S. Stimson March 3rd, 1898. Seven children were born of this union. Esther, who died April 23, 1930, Roy, living near Coggon, Oliver, on the home farm near Masonville, Vernon, who died March 9, 1905??, Bertha, Mrs. Loren Olive, living at Newark, Ill. Ray, who died in infancy, May 11, 1913, and Alta, Mrs. Clyde Pogue, at Marion, Iowa. (Survived by) Also 15 grandchildren, and one great-greatchild. She was a member of the Methodist Church at Masoville, and a faithful attendant until (illegible) by illness. She passed away at the home of her son Roy, August 7, 1946 and was therefore, at the time of her death 69 years, 2 months, and 9 days of age."

I received an E-Mail from a gentleman named Dan Lindsted in Kansas who was good enough to pass along the following information from the 1880 census of Mitchel County, Kansas, Hays Township:

Hiram Cross	Age 62,	b. NY	Parents b. NY
Clarrisa J.	Age 45	b. NY	Parents b. NY
Corwin	Age 28	b. ILL	
Elwin I(?)	Age 23	b. ILL	
Salome M.	Age 16	b. ILL	
Lillian	Age 14	b. ILL	
Viola	Age 11	b. ILL	
Mary E.	Age 3	b. KS	
Baberty, George	Age 33 (Son-in-law)	b. IND	Parents b. "cannot tell:
Ella...(Wife)	Age 29	b. ILL	

I received information from a Cross family researcher who indicated that this branch of the Cross family was a part of the Vermont Cross's, whatever that means. Hiram's parents were located at Braddock's Bay, NY before they migrated to Michigan. From there Hiram and Clarrisa spent years in Illinois before moving to Kansas where their last child, Mary Emma was born.

Notes. My understanding was that Father Roy's brother, Vernon Stimson, died in the flu epidemic of probably 1917. Esther (Stimson) Popp died in childbirth in 1930 and Mother Hazel goes into quite a bit of detail about their relationship to Esther and Clarence Popp. Maggie (Stimson) Waughop originally married Edward Thatcher.

..... 6 Lois Richardson 1772 -
..... 5 Rachel Richardson 1729 -
..... 4 Jonathan Richardson 1697 -
..... 3 Stephen Richardson 1676 -
..... 3 Mary Richardson 1678 -
..... 3 Margaret Richardson 1681 -
..... 3 Amos Richardson
..... 3 Rachel Richardson 1686 -
..... 3 Lemuel Richardson 1688 -
..... 3 Nathaniel Richardson 1690 -
..... 3 Jemima Richardson 1692 -
..... 3 Samuel Richardson