



MADISON COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

P O BOX 26

WINTERSET IA 50273-0026

FIRST QUARTER NEWSLETTER 2017

MEETING: Our meetings are held the first Tuesday of each month in the Winterset Public Library meeting room. We meet at 7:00 pm year round.

DUES: Payable January 1 of each year. \$10 per person or \$15 per family. Life membership is \$115.

RESEARCH: \$10 per hour plus cost of copies and postage. Send inquires to the above address.

OFFICERS FOR 2016

PRESIDENT	Pat Hochstetler
VICE PRESIDENT	Linda Smith
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MADISON COUNTY WEBSITE COORDS:	Kent Transier Linda Smith
NEWSLETTER:	JoAnne Walker Linda Smith

MCGS EMAIL: madison_ia_gen_soc@yahoo.com

MCGS WEBSITE:

<http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~iamadcgs/>

MADISON COUNTY GENEALOGY INFO:

www.iagenweb.org/madison

MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Work continues to be done updating cemetery records and putting obituaries online from our dedicated genealogy members. Thanks goes to Mary Hart, Shirley Keating, and Ida Morse for their volunteer time.

After 15 years, one of our Madison County IAGenWeb.org coordinators has decided to retire. Many thanks go to Judy Wight Branson for her years of dedication to make this site one of the best in Iowa.

The Winterset Public Library is moving ahead with the process of remodeling the first part of February, so we will be holding our February and March meetings at the Madison County Historical Complex. Further meetings will be announced if we cannot get back into the meeting room at the Library.

When doing research, don't forget that the Winterset newspapers are online and are searchable. News that the Earlham Echo will soon be online and searchable is exciting. This should happen through the Earlham Library around the 1st of March.

Take time to get some of those family stories written down. They soon disappear.

Until Spring,
Pat Hochstetler
MCGS President

I was looking in the autograph book of my grandmother, Ethel Clara Beery Kimpton. It is always fun to read through them again. Ethel lived in Taylor County, Iowa. Entries were dated 1892-1894. I think I even have an album somewhere. JoAnne Walker

Friend Ethel,
What! Write in your album for critics to spy, for the learned to laugh at? No, not I. Alta Combs

Dear Ethel,
Love many, trust few and always paddle your own canoe. Your friend, Nettie Heidlebaugh

Dear Ethel,
Love your mother, love your father, love your

sister, love your brother, love your books and love your toys, but never, never love the boys.

Yours truly, Elsie A Boyles

Marilee Cunningham of Harpers Ferry, WV recently emailed this memory to the MCGS. She said that it was "written by my great grandmother, Alice Amanda Parker Cassidy. I do not know when it was written – Alice died in 1945, so was possibly written to inform her granddaughters, my mother Elizabeth Hamilton O'Donnell and her sister Katherine Hamilton Bidlack, about her childhood, when they were in school. Or it's possible that it was written at the request of my grandmother Eva Catherine Cassidy Hamilton, Alice's daughter, for historical purposes." Alice Parker was the sister to two of C. D. Bevington's wives, one of which lived in the brick mansion located on the grounds of the Madison County Historical Society.

My Happy Childhood Days

By Alice Parker Cassidy

When I was a very little girl, I lived on a farm in Iowa with my parents, a brother, and several sisters. The sisters Eva and Florence, one younger, one older than I, were my playmates. Eva was two years younger than I, and Florence two years older. I, Alice by name, was just four years of age at this time.

When my parents decided to move to Iowa, I was but two years of age and sister Eva was a babe.

We went on a train as far as Keokuk and when we reached Keokuk, we left the train. The children had to be counted, there were so many of them, five little ones. They found one missing and on going back into the car, my father found the missing one under a seat asleep. We were to go the balance of the way in a big covered wagon. When we reached the end of the journey and were driving into the town (Winterset), five little faces in pink calico dresses just like the bonnets they wore, stood bashfully looking about.

We soon went into the country to a farm where we made our home for a few years.

In the early days, money was scarce and dress materials were high in price. Calico was at that time quite high and most people bought it by the bolt, which

contained from ten to twenty yards and if one bought a bolt, all of the children had dresses from it. So, in my father's wagon, there were five little girls in pink bonnets and pink dresses peeping out from under the canvas cover of the big wagon. They were pretty, rosy-cheeked girls, too.

Our house was built of logs and had two rooms and a loft. There were pieces of timber on the ceiling of our living room that were called rafters. In fall and winter, many slices of pumpkins hung from these rafters to dry for pie-making. Also, many pieces of meat hung from these. Our home was lighted on winter evenings by candles, which did not give much light, especially if only one was burning. The corners and spaces under the beds were quite dark and I was sure to keep as far from these dark places as possible. These lights were home-made. Tin molds were used in which to put the cotton strings folded over a stick, then melted tallow grease was poured over them to harden in the cool air. Then, they were ready to use. In our farm home, we had in our sitting room in front of the big fireplace, a rocker settee, roomy enough for three or four persons. It would hold about four small children, and one of these would often be a baby in a small bed at one end, and it, of course, was frequently rocked by the other children. We always gathered in the rocking settee after supper and sang simple little songs to our hearts' content.

During these happy evenings, my mother would likely be spinning the great spinning wheel, or perhaps sewing by hand – of course, by candlelight. She made all stockings worn by the family, men's shirts, coats, pants, and all kinds of dresses.

The living room was very large and in it was a big fireplace where the cooking was done in large iron pots or kettles and skillets. The iron pots hung from hooks over the blaze and the skillets were heated on the hearth with hot coals placed both over and under them. Oh! the delicious biscuits that were baked in those skillets. All kinds of good things were cooked in the pots: rabbit and chicken stews and venison meat. Deer were plentiful there in those days. Many times, they would come up and gaze at us through the back fence as if they wanted to get acquainted. One day, a

little fawn came up to the fence and gazed at us – it was very pretty.

Beside the nice big fireplace in the living room, there was a big corner cupboard, a dining table, three beds, and one trundle bed, which in the daytime, could be pushed back under a big bed. This, of course, was a cozy little bed.

There was a loft above our living room where my big brother slept and where our extra clothing and articles of different kinds were kept. I remember our Sunday clothes were kept up there. There were, for the three youngest children - Florence, Eva, and myself, Alice – a yellow straw hat trimmed with blue ribbons, a blue cloth cape, and little red leather shoes. We were very proud of these clothes. Our clothes for weekdays were of coarse wool material, which we called at that time, “linsy-woolsy”, a home-spun material. Our shoes were coarse leather and stockings, hand knitted woolen ones.

Our home life was very simple at this time. In our home, there was no lock on the door, only a wooden latch with a leather string attached to it which hung loose and was pulled through a hole to the outside, so that anyone by pulling the string could raise the latch and walk in. At night, they just pulled the string on the inside and no one could come in. We had no story books or newspapers at this time, but there was the big Bible where all family records of deaths and births were kept and there were a few other religious books.

We had lots of fun on the farm playing “hide and seek” among the shocks of corn and riding on top of the loads of hay. We had no horses, but instead had a pair of oxen named Buck and Berry, and it was more fun to ride after them than to ride in one of the present time automobiles. We did not go as fast, but we could see more.

We often went on long walks with an older sister, down to a beautiful place a mile away that we called the Spring. There was a lot of limestone and among other rocks ran a spring of good clear water. We often ate a lunch here and played among the stones and waded in the running stream barefoot.

Then, we sometimes went through a large meadow where many wildflowers grew: tiger-lilies and many other beautiful blooms. Birds, too, were plentiful in the meadow and we saw there were many wild quail and-prairie chickens.

The meadows were a mine of wealth to us. The black and red tiger-lilies, the black-eyed susans, the big mullin leaves, the milkweed’s silky blossoms, the Indian root blossoms of scarlet, the blue and pink bachelor buttons flowers, and by looking close to the ground around bushes, we often found violets and a nice bunch of wild strawberries. The sunshine and gentle breezes made these walks a never to be forgotten joy. On these excursions, butterflies and honey-bees were ever welcome companions. The songs of meadow-larks we often heard along with the “whir-r-r” of quail wings.

These were very happy times indeed, but one day our mother sickened and died, and we were left to the care of our older sisters and father. My father soon sold the farm and moved into a town nearby. Here we had a fine large vegetable garden and a pretty flower garden. In our flower garden grew four-o’clocks, marigolds, phlox, morning-glories, pinks, poppies, and many other old-fashioned flowers that we all loved. Just back of our large plot of ground ran a small stream that was our great delight. The bed of this stream was covered with slate stones and we could wade in the warm water all we cared to. We sailed little hand-made boats and built dams, etc. In one corner of the garden lot we built a play-house where we spent many happy hours. One morning we went, as usual, to the play-house and found to our great surprise, on the table, a basket of candies. Oh, how pretty and good they looked. We suspected a young man who always passed by that side of the garden, going to and coming from, his place of business, of putting the candies there and when we asked him if he did it, he said “Yes”. He was always kind and friendly to us and did nice things for us.

At our home was an old-fashioned windless well where one let the bucket down with a windless, gave it a jerk, which filled it with water, then by turning the windless around and around, it came up. We then caught it and pulled it over onto a shelf. Of course, very small children could not do this. Around this well was a

lot of clay soil that had been dug out of the well and piled nearby. This clay was of a yellow color and when mixed with a little water, one could make all sorts of nice things: dishes, furniture, dolls, etc. When they were molded, they were dried well and they were then almost white in color. Our dolls' faces and hair we painted with watercolors and they were very pretty.

Sister Eva was a dear, gentle, sweet little girl who loved company. When she was about seven years of age, while we were living in the town, she thought it would be nice to give a party to her little girl friends. Without saying anything to her home folks, she invited about ten of her little friends to come on a certain afternoon, which, of course, was a surprise to the older folks at home. It all turned out all right as they played games of all sorts and a few simple refreshments sufficed and all were happy over it.

In our walks, we often went through the timber where wild grapes, carb-apples, and plums grew abundantly. We never saw any Indians although there were some not many miles distant. In the town where we lived, a great number of Indians came on their ponies; they would not go along in the street, but rode their ponies on the sidewalks. They did not make any trouble.

One day, my sister Florence and I went over to some nearby hills that were covered with hazel-brush to hunt for mushrooms and strawberries. This hazel-brush was a kind on which hazel-nuts grew, but at this time the nuts were green and not good to eat. I wandered a little way from my sister and to my great delights I saw just under a bush a fine big cluster of strawberries, but at first I did not see a snake that was coiled near the berries, looking wickedly at me. I was so frightened that I could scarcely speak, but I did finally call to my sister that "Here is a snake", and she called to me to run, which I did and lost the lovely berries.

One day when we were walking in the woods, we came to a spot where thousands of violets were blooming. It was a most beautiful sight and we left with our hands full of lovely blue violets. Another day in the woods, we saw a large number of blue-bells in bloom and no other kind of flowers near, but in these woods

was a long deep gulch or ravine, and here a variety of wild flowers grew: sweet-williams, lady-slippers, and dutchman's-breeches.

My sister Florence was fearless and loved to play jokes on her playmates. When living in the country, we had to walk through the woods to and from school and it was my sister's delight to call out to us, "Run, run, wild-cat, wild-cat", or "Wolf, wolf", which, of course, we took seriously and therefore ran as fast as possible, screaming at the top of our voices.

One cold winter's day we happened to leave our front door open a few minutes while we were all in the kitchen and when we went into the sitting room, we saw a funny sight. Our cow had walked in at the front door and stood by the big heating stove contentedly chewing her cud. It seemed a pity to run her out into the cold.

These all were happy days never to be forgotten – happy days of childhood.

One day there was great excitement in our small town when news was given out that some of our people had decided to go by wagon to the far West to look for gold. There was among these people a Dr. Bevington, who had married one of my older sisters, Julia.

There was to be about five wagons, each with one or two pairs of oxen and plenty of provisions loaded into some of the wagons while the other wagons were for bedding and the people who wished to go. There was much weeping as the train pulled out on their dangerous journey, for, in that day, there were fierce Indians who were watching for wagon trains.

My sister never came back. She died and was buried out on the plains.

At this time, the civil war was going on and a company of United States soldiers came to our town and camped in sight of our home on a hillside near the big school house. It was great fun for all the children to watch the soldiers march, cook their meals, and eat them. We had never before seen soldiers so this was a great treat, which we all enjoyed. They did not stay long, however.

One day my father brought home a small harmless snake; he placed it on the floor near a cat and her kitten to see what they would do. The snake put out its tongue and snapped its eyes and the cat put out her paw towards the snake as though she wanted to slap it, and the kitten did the same thing, but they did not fight. The snake was put into a box in the garden and in a day or so was let out to go where it pleased.

Money was so scarce at our home that we could afford few luxuries, and at Christmas time our gifts to each other were mostly homemade or inexpensive. One Christmas I remember well. Our father was away from home trying to earn some money and we were in the care of our older sister. She was very kind and wanted to make us happy. When Christmas Eve came, we hung up our stockings, hardly daring to think we might find a gift of some sort in them the next morning. My sister had written us each a little letter and signed it Chris Kringle, a dear cheery little letter that made us quite happy as nothing else did we find. After breakfast on that day, we went out to play in our yard where snow had fallen the night before and the wind blew it in great drifts as high as the back fence. This was jolly fun for us as we could coast down either side of the fence. We had home-made sleds our father had given us, so we were happy all the day long.

My sister Florence was a little artist. She made lovely dolls and doll dresses, hats, and coats of pretty colored papers. She used her water color paints and painted their faces and hair and some dresses. They were truly beautiful. All the girls in the town were delighted with these things.

My memories of farm life are very happy ones and I would be glad if all children could spend some years of their lives on a real farm, where there were domestic animals and fruits, vegetables, and flowers. It is the ideal life.

Transcribed on November 2, 2016 by Marilee O'Donnell Cunningham, great granddaughter of Alice Amanda Parker.

Notes:

Alice Amanda Parker was born in 1853 in Knox County, Ohio. Her father was Leonard Parker, born in New York State in 1802. Leonard was a Methodist minister, who traveled a circuit for many years in Ohio. Her mother was Mary E. Hill, born in Vermont in 1810 and died in 1857, when Alice was only four years old. Alice Amanda married George Cassidy, born 1853 in Zanesville, Ohio. Their children were Eva Catherine, born 1878; and George Robert, born 1884, who were both born in Winterset, Madison County, Iowa.

Alice Amanda's siblings were:

Julia Anne, born 1829, Richland County, OH; died 1852 at Fort Laramie, Wyoming after her marriage to Charles D. Bevington in 1851.

Elizabeth, born 1831, Richland County, OH

Reuben, born 1833, Richland County, OH

Phelina P., born 1836, Holmes County, OH. Phelina married Charles D. Bevington in 1854 after the death of his first wife and Phelina's sister, Julia Ann in 1852.

Milton, born 1838, Wood County, OH. Milton was a veteran of the Civil War; mustered into the Army in 1861 at Dixon, Illinois.

Sophia Jane, born 1840, Knox County, OH

Caroline B., born 1842, Coshocton County, OH

Mary Ellen, born 1844, Lusco County, OH

Emma O., born 1846, Summinite County, OH

Sara Florence, born 1850, Holmes County, OH

Harriet Evaline (Eva), born 1855, Knox Co., OH

The Madison County Genealogical Society thanks Marilee Cunningham for this wonderful family history. What story do you have to share? We'd love to print it. Please pass it along to JoAnne Walker.

History of the Winterset Cemetery, Conclusion

Beth Gray, current Secretary/Treasurer of the Winterset Cemetery Improvement Association, presented the history of the cemetery for our October, 2016 program. Our last newsletter contained the early history of what was once known as the "Rock City" Cemetery. Here is the information she shared on the monuments located there.

In 1913 workmen were busily engaged in erecting the Crawford mausoleum in the cemetery for the family of A.W. Crawford. It was built by a firm in Buffalo, NY, is of Barre, Vermont granite, and is finished on the inside with white marble and a stained glass window in the north wall. It is a handsome structure and was built with a permanency that was calculated to stand through the ages of time. It contains eight separate vaults or receptacles, faced with white marble and trimmed in bronze. The will of Mr. Crawford left instructions for the sum of \$500 to be paid to the Trustees of the Evening Star Lodge A.F. and A.M. No. 43 of Winterset to be used to keep the mausoleum, walks, vases, grass, plants, etc. in good repair over the years. This money was transferred to the Perpetual Care Fund of the Improvement Association in 1989 which then assumed all future responsibility for the care and maintenance of the mausoleum.



In 1919 The Madison County Supervisors favorably replied to a petition by the War Memorial Association of Madison County to levy a tax of one mil on the dollar on all taxable property in Madison County for the purpose of erecting a soldiers' monument in the Winterset Cemetery. The land for the monument was, at that time, owned by the War Memorial Association. The memorial was to be in memory of all soldiers and sailors of Madison County. The Board of Supervisors levied for \$8,000 for the Soldiers Monument and \$8,050 was the amount needed to manufacture and put it in place by Wilson & Clark of Winterset. The monument stands in the center of the memorial plot rising 21 feet high. The base, which is 14 feet high, is of Barre granite topped by the figure of a WW I soldier which is cast in bronze. This soldier is 7 feet high with his uniform and equipment in exact detail. Chiseled in the pedestal are the words "Erected by the People of Madison County, Iowa as a grateful tribute to the memory of its soldiers and sailors." Granite markers at the base of the monument are arranged in the shape of a star. The monument was unveiled on Sunday, November 14, 1921, during a snow storm with bad roads preventing many from attending the service; however, a long line of autos joined the procession carrying patriotic organizations along with other dignitaries. The parade moved to the cemetery in the following order: Women's auxiliary to American Legion, Pitzer post G.A.R., Pitzer W.R.C., Red Cross representatives, flag bearers, and gold star families.

In 1921 a new imposing gateway at the northwest entrance to Rock City cemetery was erected which is built of mat-faced polychrome brick in shades of red and brown. The posts and connecting walls are capped with Bedford stone. The main entrance for vehicles is fourteen feet wide, flanked by eight foot posts which were originally topped with wrought iron lanterns for electric lights. Between these posts and the connecting walls are foot gates about four feet wide. The entire length of the structure is about 66 feet.



On Memorial Day of 1934 the Women's Relief Corps dedicated a shaft in honor of Winterset's Pitzer post of the Grand Army of the Republic (GAR) whose members were Civil War veterans. The ceremony took place in the old part of the cemetery where the shaft is placed on the unknown soldier's plot near the Crawford mausoleum. A row of Civil War soldiers are buried to the south of the shaft.

In 1980, members of Winterset's Green Rogers post of the American Legion Post 184 started a county-wide fund drive to raise money for a monument which is located just north of the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument. This monument honors the dead from World War II, the Korean Conflict, and Viet Nam. In 1960, the Veterans of Foreign Wars Post #8142 placed memorial flag holders at each soldiers' gravestones for displaying flags at certain times of the year.



The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs were granted the right and privilege of erecting and maintaining a memorial structure in the cemetery in 1989. The memorial was designed by Robert White of Des Moines Monument Company with Bob Bass and Ted McDonald helping with the overall planning. The lodge bought three lots so there would be enough space to provide a good perspective of the monument. It is located just east of the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument and is dedicated to the lodge's deceased members and their work in our community. One side commemorates the Odd Fellows and the other, the Rebekahs.

According to cemetery records, a Baby Row was laid out in 1962 on the western part of the cemetery just south of East Summit Street. The monument in this section is inscribed "The Garden of the Innocent." The oldest grave found in the area is dated 1979.



The Garden of Memories, a solid-stone Columbarium, was added to the Winterset Cemetery in 2003 located north of East Summit Street. The Columbarium serves as a receptacle for cremains. The structure, made of Barre gray granite, has 32 spaces (niches) which will hold two cremation urns. Each niche measures 12 inches by 12 inches by 18 inches in length. A feature memorial is located adjacent to the columbarium including a flag pole and flag. The underground wiring was installed and provided by the Winterset electric department and the flag pole and flag were donated by Veterans of Foreign Wars Post #8142 of Winterset.



Our thanks to Beth for her extensive research and generosity in sharing this information. Perhaps when warmer weather comes again in the spring, you may want to take a walking tour and locate each of these structures.

Bits and Pieces

Letter to the Editor

I wish to let you know how much I've just enjoyed the current Newsletter. My only regret is that I am no longer living in Madison County.

My genealogy work is sort of at a standstill at present. However, I'll share what I am working on for each of my children. One of my boys asked me last week if I had his Birth Certificate. I was not sure without doing some looking and found that I still had several papers that the boys should have. Thus, for Christmas, they will be given to each. In addition, I will be making copies of other family documents, labeling them as copies, and give to each for Christmas. That way I will be sure to keep remaining original documents in the Bank Box or a Safe. Up to this point, I have kept some of the originals among the genealogy. I've decided that is not good, as in case of a disaster, they might be lost forever. Examples are: Great grandfather's Civil War Discharge paper, mother's contracts as a teacher in rural schools, and the list goes on and on.

*Nancy (Boyle) Malmquist
August, 1016*

Iowa Genealogy Society News

What a great place to visit during the winter on a weather-free day with free parking just outside the door.

The IGS 2017 Spring Conference, featuring J. H. Fonkert, will be Saturday, April 8, 2017. For more info, visit http://iowagenealogy.org/?page_id=246.

State Historical Library Extends Hours

Both locations, Des Moines and Iowa City, are now open an additional day – Wednesday. Visit them from 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. on Wednesday through Saturday.

Earlham Echo Digitization Progressing

The *Earlham Echo* newspaper should be available online and searchable within the next month or two. The *Echo* was published from 1890 through 1987. Master microfilm reels are available for 1899 to 1987, with a few years missing: 1890-1898, 1930, 1952, 1958, and 1961. With online access to so much information, local family research will be greatly enhanced.

Many thanks go to Michelle Sandquist, Director of the Earlham Public Library, for her work to make this happen and to all the organizations (including MCGS!), businesses, and individuals who funded this project. Look for it at website: earlham.advantage-preservation.com.

Mark Your Calendar

Upcoming MCGS dates to remember.

Feb 7 – Monthly meeting. Our program is Peggy Eichner reading family stories she has written.

Mar 7 – Monthly meeting. Our programs is Dr. Jim Pottebaum with an update of his cemetery restoration projects.

Apr 4 – Monthly meeting. Lynn Ochiltree will present a program on “Writing Your Own Story.”

May 2 – Monthly meeting. Our program will be Walt Libby on the history of Monumental Park, celebrating its 150th year in 2017.

July 19-23 – Madison County Fair including Genealogy Exhibit. What will you enter? Categories have been slightly expanded to better match the entries received in the past. For a copy of the rules, contact this year's Fair Chairperson, Linda Smith.

Long-time Web Coordinator Retires

Judy Brannon of Arizona has been of great assistance to genealogy researchers in Madison County. For over 15 years, she has taken on the responsibilities of County Coordinator within the IAGENWEB structure plus coordinating Madison County information at iowagravestones.org. Her time and guidance has been a great benefit to all of us and we wish her the best in her future endeavors.

Winterset Public Library Remodels Interior

Library Director, Jean Bosch, announced that the “Winterset Public Library is getting a makeover – new paint, carpeting, and some new furnishings, too! The Children's Room and Meeting Room will be closed to the public starting Feb. 6. The entire Library will be closed from Feb. 26 – March 12.” Jean attended the January MCGS meeting to describe the rearrangement. The Genealogy Section will move to a quiet corner with tables for study and discussion, close to the non-fiction collection. It will be exciting to see the new layout.

Speaking of the Winterset Public Library ...

Don't forget to look over their copy of “Family Tree Magazine.” It is always full of informative articles to read a NO COST to you. For example, the Jan/Feb copy contains these topics:

- Seventeen habits (a nod to 2017) to make your genealogy life more organized and efficient
- FamilySearch's indexing of Freedmen's Bureau records
- 25 indispensable websites for every genealogist
- How to use Ancestry.com leaf hint to add relative and records to your online tree