

Even in the face of impossible tragedy, she carried the grie



JACQUELINE KENNEDY
1929-1994

Newsweek

May 30, 1994 : \$2.95

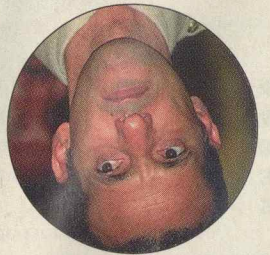
PERSON PARADE

Q I'm not clear about the fortune left by Jackie Kennedy Onassis when she died this year. Can you give us some details?—M.A. Baker, Canyon

A Press releases said Mrs. Onassis' 36-page will valued her estate at "greater than \$500 million." That's a conservative figure. In fact, her net worth was at least \$200 million when Jackie died at 64. The bulk of it went to her children, Caroline, 37, and John, 34, \$250,000 each in cash, plus trust funds set up by President Kennedy and the former First Lady. The twins received Jackie's 15-room Fifth Avenue co-op, her 10-acre estate on Martha's Vineyard, jewelry, art, furs, and cars. Her sister, Lee, 61, received nothing, but Jackie had taken care of her while alive. But Lee's children—Tony, 34, and Anna, 33—each got a \$500,000 trust fund. Jackie's stepbrother, Hugh Auchincloss, received her property in Newport, R.I. Jackie also left \$100,000 to her niece, Alexandra Rutherford, and \$250,000 to her spokeswoman, Nancy Tuckerman. Her longtime companion, Maurice Tempelsman, received an ancient Greek sculpture. As one of the executors of Jackie's estate, however, he also may receive a hefty fee. Various organizations also will receive donations through the C&J Foundation, a charitable



Periscope



Contingency plans: Cedras

The Good Life?

PENTAGON OFFICIALS, WHO adamantly oppose using force to topple Haiti's military regime, are cheered by recent intelligence reports from the island. As fighter U.N. sanctions take effect this week, the officials say they have received indications that Gen. Raoul Cedras and his senior officers are making private contingency plans to leave Haiti and live comfortably in exile. The general and his staff, the sources say, have quietly moved money into secret bank accounts in Europe and Asia. "The guys are beginning to look for an escape hole," says a Pentagon analyst. France and a country in Africa are possible havens.

CONVENTIONAL WISDOM WATCH

Hill Health-Bill Edition

It's the big health casino. Five committees are working on bills and none of them are getting anywhere. The CW smells a deal, but with most pork off the menu, who's gonna grease it?

Players

Rosly Lacks ways and means to pass a bill. Does the Allenwood Infirmary have co-payments?

Mitchell In last at-bat, future commish ready to swing for fences. But Senate balks.

Moyihan Dyspeptic Pat dissed by White House, but his Finance Committee is where the action is.

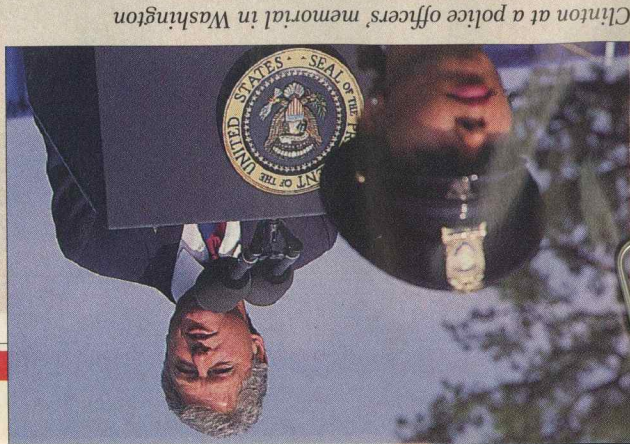
Dole New Hampshire '96 or America? Disabled vet can cripple health care—or save it.

Breaux Flip-flops on mandates. Change of heart or oil and lube job from House Energy chief Dingell?

Kennedy Purist killed Nixon's good plan in '74. Would fight for it now. Hey, it's a re-election year.

Not a Done Deal

CRIME



Clinton at a police officers' memorial in Washington

THE CLINTON ADMINISTRATION'S HIGHLY TOUTED CRIME bill may be headed for trouble. When the ban on semiautomatic assault weapons narrowly passed the House earlier this month, it looked like the whole anti-crime package would soon become law. After all, the weapons ban was billed as the last obstacle to an omnibus bill that includes tougher sentencing provisions and more money for cops and prisons.

But as the legislation goes to a Senate-House conference, a major snag has emerged. The House version contains a controversial provision making it easier for inmates to challenge death sentences as racially biased. The Senate has voted to reject the "racial justice" amendment. Dumping the measure from the final bill could cost the support of House liberals and members of the Black Caucus. Keeping it will anger Senate conservatives, already skittish over the assault-weapons ban. The administration is officially "neutral" on the racial-justice provision. "The vote count is complicated," says a Clinton aide. "This is no sure thing." While White House aides are counting on a crime package, it won't be on Clinton's desk by Memorial Day, as they'd hoped. That's the second self-imposed holiday deadline that's slipped: the launch of Clinton's welfare-reform plan has already slid—again—to mid-June.

Chile Chili

TRADE

LATIN AMERICAN SUITORS are lining up to join in the North American Free Trade Agreement, and Chile—economically booming, now dictator-free—holds the largest bouquet. Congressional Democrats want to forge a separate U.S. trade pact with Chile, where they'll insist on labor-protection clauses to satisfy unions whose demands were not included in NAFTA. Clinton administration officials are eager to join hands with Chile but know a U.S.-Chile deal would infuriate Canada. With the question hanging, Clinton has quietly sent envoys to Santiago to lower hopes for a speedy pact.

Running for It

THE PRESIDENT

BILL CLINTON TRIES TO STAY "on message" even when he jogs. With polls showing that crime is the No. 1 concern among voters, Clinton sported a National Police Memorial Day T shirt for his spin last week with court nominee Stephen Breyer. The president typically chooses his own outfit. He also has a vast collection of caps given him by fire and police departments around the country. The only changes is Hot Springs Mountain Valley Water, bottled in Arkansas.



Showcases: Clinton and Breyer

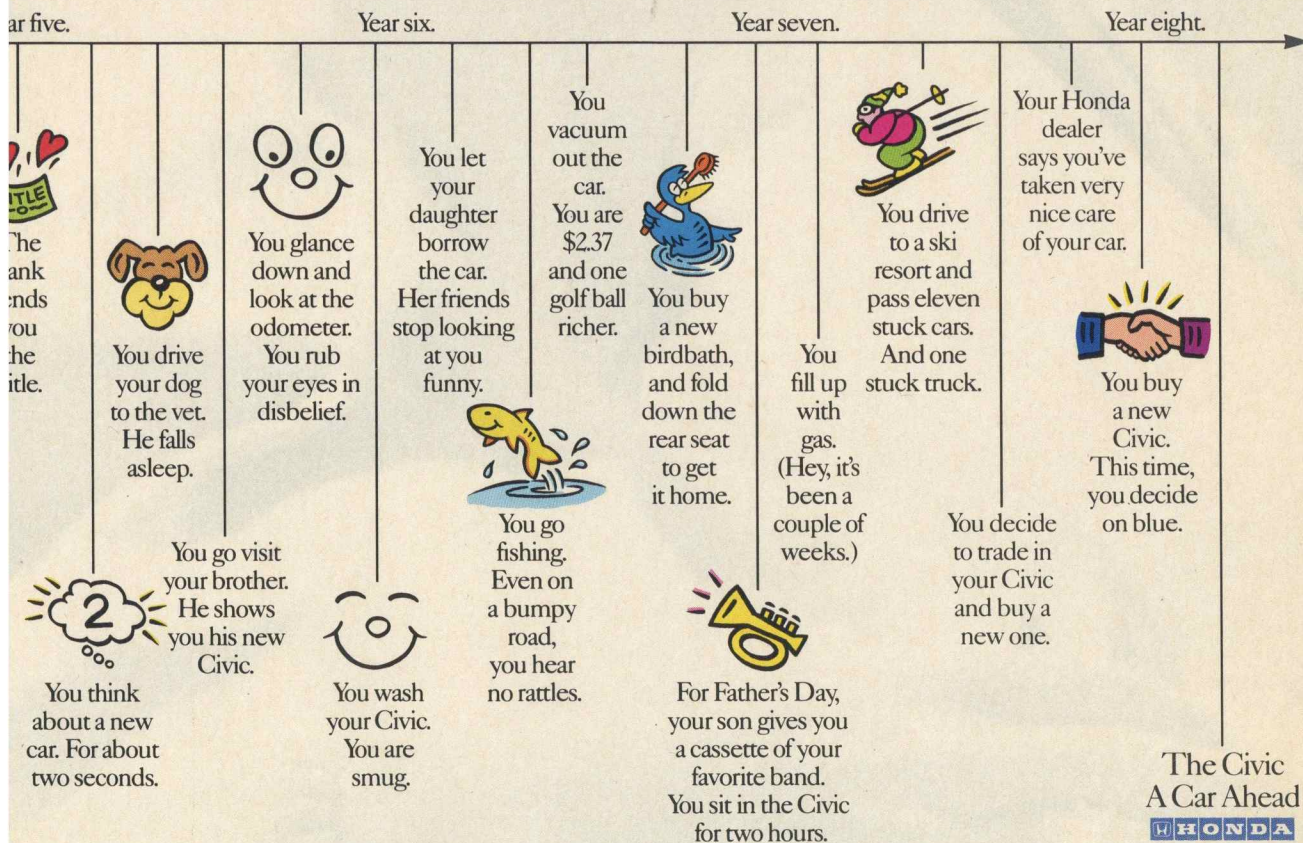
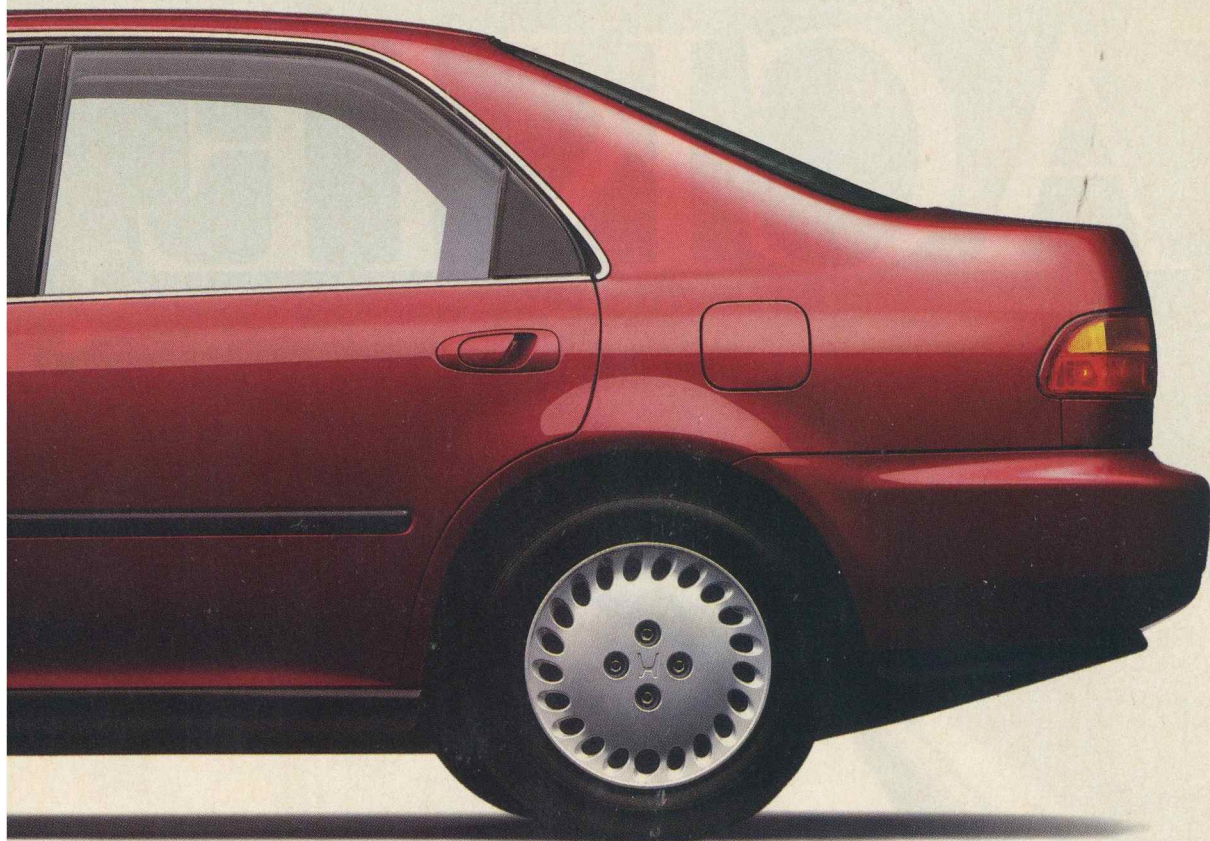
Land for Peace?

SOUTH AFRICA FAX

Did Zulu Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi cut a land deal in exchange for his eleventh-hour decision to participate in South African elections last month? According to Johannesburg news reports, on the eve of the vote F. W. de Klerk, then still president, secretly signed over a third of the land in KwaZulu/Natal province to the Zulu monarchy, a longtime Buthelezi ally. Buthelezi says he had no prior knowledge of a deal. Deputy President de Klerk admits to the deal but says the intention was to return the land to its original owners. The matter is expected to be the first item on the new cabinet's agenda.

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RIS KEARNS
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 HOR OF "THE
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She never took a bad picture, though Andy Warhol captured a rare sly gaze in 1964 (top left). More often, she was the epitome of elegance and sophistication, as the world saw when the First Couple stepped out of the White House for the Inaugural balls in 1961. She had a breezy élan even in private moments: reading to Caroline at their home in Hyannis Port in 1959 (right), saying goodbye to the young senator in 1957.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ANDY WARHOL MUSEUM, CONTRIBUTION OF THE ANDY WARHOL FOUNDATION, AP, JOHN F. KENNEDY LIBRARY—SYGMA (2)

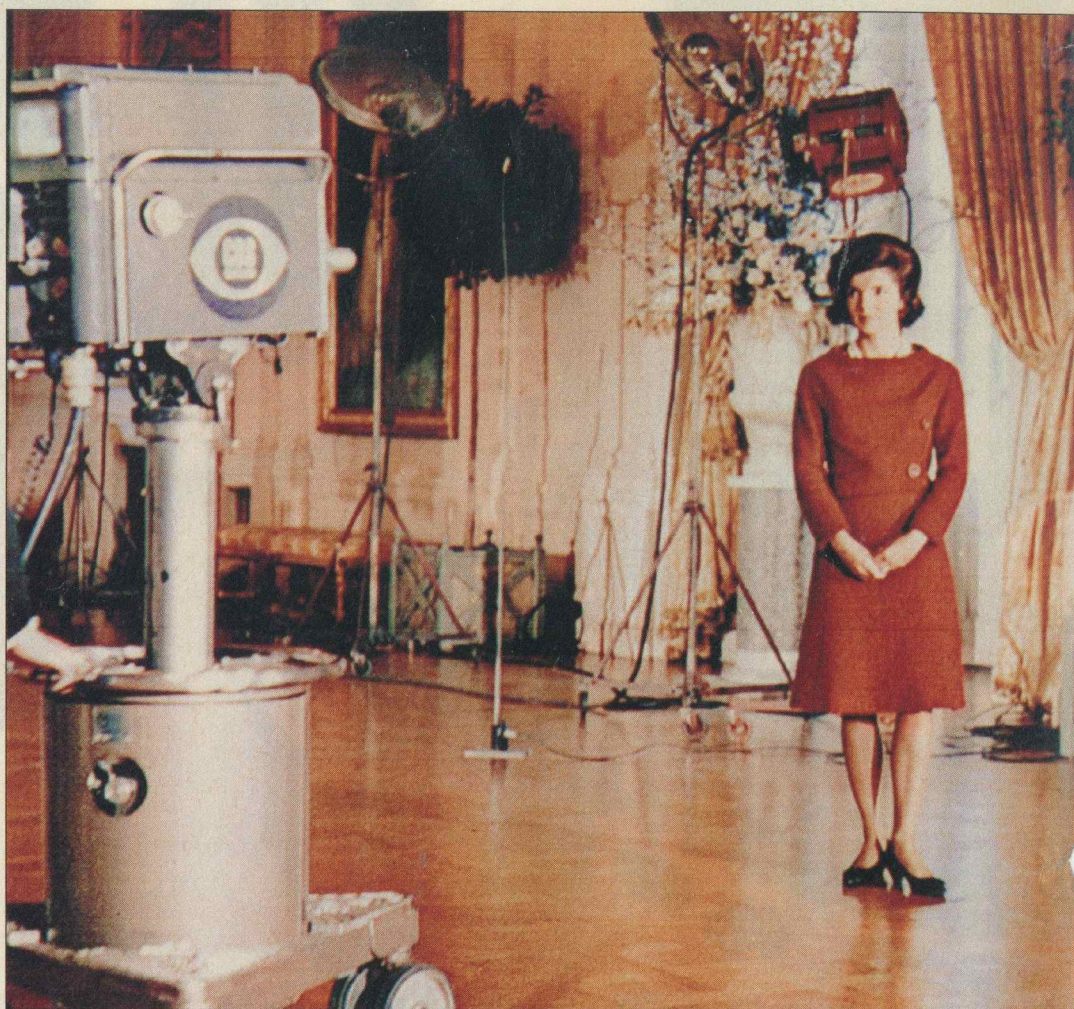


When she arrived at the White House, she had no clothes. For about 10 days, she wouldn't go out. I remember her asking me, "Can you hurry up? Because I have nothing to wear." The popular idea is that Jackie arrived with hundreds of dresses. The reality was that she was a photographic reporter and she'd lived with controlled simplicity. The moment she was in the White House, she was another person. She was suddenly confronted with so many things to do, and she had to play the part.

Later, Jackie called me from France and asked, "Should I have a dress made by a French designer to make the French happy?" At that time, she was very proud and very happy with her wardrobe. She asked if I would mind if she had one Givenchy dress. I said, "It's perfectly beautiful that you bothered to ask me."

OLEG CASSINI
FASHION DESIGNER

The nation followed her every fashion cue as she gave a TV tour of the restored White House in 1962 (top) and beguiled Frenchmen like André Malraux





W

hen Mrs. Kennedy was leaving the White House after the assassination, she took Lady Bird Johnson on a complete tour, and gave her some valuable counsel: "Don't be frightened of this house—some of the happiest years of my marriage have been spent here. You will be happy here." Lady Bird said she repeated that over and over "although she were trying to reassure me."

LIZ CARPENTER
PRESS SECRETARY
LADY BIRD JOHNSON



Her triumphant arrival at the Dallas airport (above) was quickly replaced by indelible images of tragedy: lunging across the limo, being consoled by LBJ and Lady Bird, John's salute as his father's coffin passed

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: JOHN F. KENNEDY LIBRARY, CAPT. CECIL STOUGHTON—UPI-BETTMANN, AP

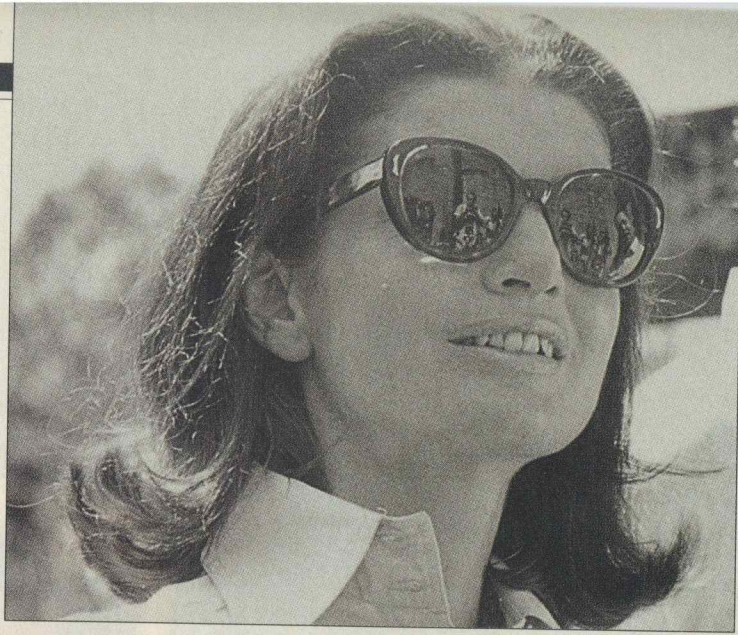


Even in the face of impossible tragedy, she carried the grie



of our entire nation with a calm power. —PRESIDENT CLINTON





Trying to move on from Camelot, she took refuge in travel and a controversial remarriage, then a new career and the proud pleasures of parenthood (clockwise from top): behind sunglasses as she toured Cambodia in 1967, fleeing paparazzi with Onassis after their wedding on Skorpios in 1968, the wedding of daughter Caroline in 1986, escorted by her son at Maria Shriver's wedding the same year



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: UPI, PRINGLE—AP, C. BLANKHORN—CAMERA 5, PETER CARRETTE—OUTLINE

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S HOVING
DIRECTOR OF
ROPOLITAN
OF ART



the subject of 22 biographies. (She has more listings in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature than any living American woman.) She almost singlehandedly propped up the woman's magazine industry, appearing on the cover of the Ladies' Home Journal at least 16 times, on McCall's 13 times. "She was our Lady Di," said Ellen Levine, the editor of Redbook. "I would have killed for an interview. Ultimately, I respect her more for never giving it."

"I am convinced that she never read the articles about her," said Auchincloss. But her publicist, Nancy Tuckerman, did; she was once observed on an airline poring over C. David Heymann's "A Woman Named Jackie" between a false dust jacket.

She went to charity balls, she protested against buildings that cast shadows on Central Park, she was a patron of the arts. For the last 15 years, her steady companion was Maurice Tempelman, a wealthy diamond trader with a comforting manner and an easy sense of humor. (Long separated from his wife, Tempelman lived with Jackie.) She was a devoted mother and grandmother. She loved her children, and warned them about the press. "I can't talk," John Jr. told one reporter, "my mother will kill me."

Over time, people gradually gave her a measure of the respect she deserved. She still got letters at her office, saying, "I love you. Please send me \$10,000" and worse, but the paparazzi backed off. When people came up to her on the street and told her how wonderful she looked, she would fix them in her perfectly polite smile and say nothing. She had achieved a kind of icon status: As a fine painting, she was too valuable to touch.

Hillary Rodham Clinton was fascinated by her. During the summer of 1992, the would-be First Lady met with the former Lady and asked "how she had managed so well to carve out space and privacy." The Clintons have not yet managed to put good use whatever wisdom Jackie passed along, but perhaps she would have had a hard time maintaining appearances and dignity in today's rude political milieu.

This week, Jackie will be buried alongside her first husband in Arlington National Cemetery. She had wanted JFK to be there, she said, because he "belonged to the people." Jackie Kennedy Onassis does, too, even if there was nothing quite like her about her.

A Varied But Brutal Disease

THE TABLOIDS HAD SCREAMED of her illness since January, yet when Jacqueline Onassis died last week from non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, no one seemed ready for the news. Thanks partly to Sen. Paul Tsongas, who ran for president while fighting the disease, her survival was all but taken for granted. Many lymphomas are in fact so benign they can be left untreated for years. But roughly 20 percent are aggressive enough to kill within months. Mrs. Onassis's cancer responded briefly to treatment last winter, but it roared back to life this spring, invading her liver and brain. By last week, her doctors were powerless to help.

Though it takes a smaller toll than breast, colon or lung cancer, non-Hodgkin's lymphoma is a leading cause of cancer death (Hodgkin's disease is a mild and less common lymphoma). It will strike an estimated 45,000 Americans this year, and kill 21,000. Thanks to advances in treatment, 52 percent of all patients now live at least five years, up from 31 percent three decades ago. But as Mrs. Onassis's experience suggests, curing or preventing the disease is still a distant hope.

Lymphoma draws its name from the lymphocytes, or white blood cells, it affects. These cells normally course through the bloodstream and the lymph system, a network of small glands concentrated in the neck, groin and armpits. Healthy lymphocytes proliferate only as needed to combat foreign invaders, such as viruses or bacteria. But cancerous ones multiply endlessly, crowding out healthy cells in the process. In its early stages, lymphoma may cause no symptoms other than a



RICK MAIMAN—SYGMA

Walking recently with friend Maurice Tempelman

swollen gland like the one Mrs. Onassis noticed in her right groin last December. As the condition advances, it can also cause weight loss, night sweats and fevers. To diagnose the condition, and gauge its aggressiveness, doctors analyze tissue from an affected lymph node. Ironically, says Dr. John Laszlo of the American Cancer Society, fast-growing varieties

like the one doctors diagnosed in Mrs. Onassis are often the most sensitive to chemotherapy.

Aggressive lymphomas are normally treated with several different drugs simultaneously. When that approach fails, other strategies remain. Bone-marrow transplantation can help patients endure chemotherapy at doses that would normally kill them. And vaccine-style treatments sometimes quell drug-resistant tumors by tricking the immune system into attacking them. But as Mrs. Onassis's experience suggests, a virulent lymphoma can still outpace any oncologist. Her cancer spread to her brain and spinal cord just two months after she started chemotherapy. Injections of

drugs through a tube into her skull did no good, and the malignancy soon invaded her lungs as well.

Unlike lung cancer, which smoking is largely to blame, lymphoma has many clear causes. It's common in people with HIV (the disease rate has jumped 100 percent since the AIDS epidemic began), but the typical sufferer is HIV-negative and at least 50 years old. Studies suggest that lymphoma is more common in people with autoimmune diseases, such as lupus and rheumatoid arthritis, and in those exposed to certain chemicals. Some studies even suggest that the longed use of dark hair dyes can promote the disease. Now, though, no one can say why the former First Lady was stricken, or how she might have been spared.

GEOFFREY COOPER

Common Cancers

Non-Hodgkin's lymphoma still ranks among the leading killers.

CANCER DEATHS PROJECTED FOR 1994

Lung	153,000
Colon and rectum	56,000
Breast	46,300
Prostate	38,000
Pancreas	25,900
Non-Hodgkin's lymphoma	21,200
Ovary	13,600
Kidney	11,300
Skin (melanoma)	6,900

SOURCE: AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

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RANK 2. GREATER IN QUALITY
R VALUE 3. ABOVE AVERAGE**



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Elegant to the end:
at a Met ball in 1979;
yachting with the
Clintons off Martha's
Vineyard last year;
taking a final stroll in
Central Park last
week with Caroline,
grandson John and
Maurice Tempelsman



I saw her the last time two ago in New York, when we had lun the 21 Club. Jacki had edited one of my novels. I remi her that several years before, in h mother's house in Georgetown, I ha asked her when s would write her o book. She had lau and replied, "Ma when I'm 90." Th time, she said mo People change, sl said. The person might have writt about 30 years ag "is not the same son today. The in nation takes over When Isak Dines wrote 'Out of Af she left out how her husband had ed her. She creat new past, in effe And why sit inde with a yellow pa writing a memoir when you could outdoors?"

I asked her ho she managed to c with the tabloid trash that was co constantly being wri about her. "The of sludge will go and on," she said. "It isn't about me."

DAVID WISE
AUTHOR AND
WHITE HOUSE
CORRESPONDENT
DURING THE
KENNEDY
ADMINISTRATION

GRACE & I

Her elegance made her a national icon, but cunning and willpower enabled Jack



RON

to endure and to find a measure of peace



BY EVAN THOMAS

IT'S NOT CLEAR FROM THE PICTURE WHO IS more doting, the throng of reporters and photographers, or her proud husband, the president. Jackie Kennedy was a national treasure, and almost everyone, even jaded members of the press, felt a little proprietary. Maybe she did spend too much money on clothes and for new wallpaper at the White House, but so what? She deserved the best. In a way, many Americans of that era believed that they deserved *her*. After the dull '50s, the nation had entered an age of "poetry and power," according to Robert Frost, the poet laureate who spoke at JFK's Inauguration. If Americans were willing to pay any price, share any burden, why shouldn't they be entitled—if only briefly—to a queen? Jackie Kennedy was regal, yet also vibrant and so young (31 years old in 1961, the year she became First Lady). In this New Frontier, the pioneers would dine with silver spoons.

When, after only a thousand days, the age came to an abrupt end, she taught her country how to mourn with grace. She refused, after her husband had been shot down beside her, to change out of her blood-spattered suit; she wore it as a badge of national shame. But then she set about, as methodically as if she were arranging the seating for the next state dinner, to lift the nation's spirit and restore its dignity. She sent an aide to the Library of Congress to research Abraham Lincoln's funeral. She decided that her husband's coffin should be followed by a riderless horse, that his body should rest beneath an eternal flame, that he should be buried not in his old hometown of Boston, but alongside other soldiers who died for their country, at Arlington National Cemetery. When JFK's bier passed by, she gently nudged her 3-year-old son, John-John, to salute the fallen commander in chief. Throughout she slept little and, in public, wept not at all.

Camelot was Jackie's creation. A few days after the funeral, she

She was a delicious enigma, born to privilege in the Hamptons (above), yet poised and playful in public, as when she introduced her son to astronaut Gordon Cooper Jr. in 1963

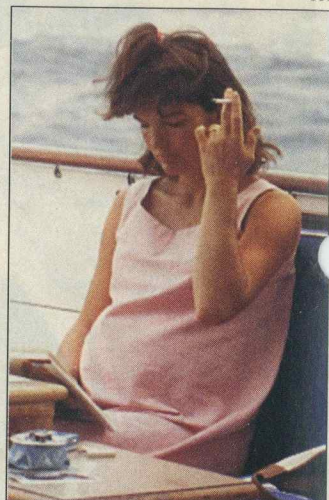


© MOLLY THAYER COLLECTION-MAGNUM



UPI

Debutante of the Year in 1947 (left), she still needed money and went to work as an "inquiring photographer" for the Washington Times-Herald (above). In 1963 she was pregnant with her third child, Patrick, who was born prematurely and died 39 hours later.



JOHN F. KENNEDY LIBRARY-SIPA

ned historian Theodore H. White, who was writing a eulogy magazine. She told him that she believed, and that her d believed, that history belongs to heroes, and that heroes ot be forgotten. At night, she said, JFK liked to listen to a ng of the Lerner and Lowe musical, and he identified with the of the last song: "Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a r one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot." e knew perfectly well that Jackie was misreading history, was mesmerized by the romance and passion in her breathy At that moment," he later wrote, "she could have sold me g from an Edsel to the Brooklyn Bridge." All she was really or, he rationalized, "was for me to hang this Life epilogue Camelot conceit. It didn't seem like a hell of a lot... So I said lf, why not? If that's all she wants, let her have it."

HUS DID THE PRESIDENT'S WIDOW ENSHRINE A NATIONAL myth. Teddy White was only one among many men, beginning with her father and ending with her son, whom Jackie bent to her will. She "always knew what she wanted, and how to go about getting it," says Louis Auchincloss, an old friend from childhood days. w she managed to be genteel, gracious, dignified, even as shrewd and fierce.

eline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis—"Jackie O" to the tablo feasted on her celebrity—was a delicious enigma. She ve put up with womanizing men (her father and two

husbands), yet she hardly carried herself as a helpless victim. She raised two children burdened by fame and surrounded by the temptations of wealth, and miraculously they turned out to be quite normal (or, in JFK Jr.'s case, as normal as one can be when described by People magazine as "the sexiest man alive"). Her face was plastered across every newsstand in America for three decades—yet she barely spoke a word to the press.

She confounded expectations. With her cooing, childlike voice, her frail limbs and society airs, she always seemed a little overwhelmed by the rough-and-tumble world of the Kennedys—too fragile for touch football, too fey for politics. The Kennedys valued "toughness" above all; how could the 1947 Deb of the Year, of Miss Chapin's and Miss Porter's schools, possibly be tough enough?

She was, from the beginning, tougher than all of them. She had to be in order to survive her childhood. The Social Register friendships, the proper nannies, the forelock-tugging retainers of Fifth Avenue and East Hampton were a comforting façade, her highborn heritage a bit of fraud. The family liked to pretend that the Bouviers were old French aristocracy; actually, their forebears were petit bourgeois who came to America and made their fortune speculating on land (the name Bouvier means "cowherd"). Jackie's parents were separated when she was 7, divorced when she was almost 11. Her father was "vile," says Louis Auchincloss. "Black Jack" Bouvier was a philandering lush who was too drunk to attend Jackie's wedding. Her mother, Janet Lee, was an icy social climber who tried to disguise her Irish roots.

Jackie learned at a very young age to protect herself, to manipulate, to be wary. She was, inside her gilded cocoon, worldly and prematurely cynical. At Miss Porter's, she pouted and vamped for the camera like Veronica Lake, schoolgirl sweater pulled low off her shoulder. In her dorm, she laughed scornfully with her roommates about her mother's teary confession that her father had commenced his first extramarital affair two days into their honeymoon. In the Porter yearbook, Jackie wrote that her ambition in life was "not to be a housewife."

It is ironic, given her later disdain for *paparazzi*, that her first job was as a \$42.50-a-week "inquiring photographer" for the old Washington Times-Herald. She needed the money; Black Jack had squandered the family fortune, in part by spoiling his daughters. Yet she was so elegantly turned out that the young rake she was dating, Congressman Jack Kennedy, "never dreamed that she was virtually penniless," said a cousin, John H. Davis.

Kennedy was a cold suitor. There were no flowers or love letters (only a postcard from Bermuda: "Wish you were here," it said). When JFK proposed, in June 1953, he did so by telegram from London. But he was intrigued by Jackie's aloofness and air of portent. She was not swept away; she told her friends that Jack was "so vain you can't believe it," and that his family was "terribly bourgeois." One evening, she watched with amusement as Kennedy played up to British Prime Minister Winston Churchill. In his cups, Churchill failed to recognize Kennedy. As the young couple left, Jackie eyed her dejected escort, slumped over in his tuxedo, and suggested, "Maybe he thought you were the waiter."

To the family patriarch, Ambassador Joseph Kennedy, Jackie was about perfect: lovely, cunning, aristocratic, Roman Catholic. He helped stage the wedding of the year in 1953, inviting the entire U.S. Senate as well as the Newport set. Jackie and her father-in-law formed an alliance: he paid her bills and she discreetly put up with his son's philandering.

She had been conditioned by her own father's behavior. "I don't think there are any men who are faithful to their wives," she told a friend. Still, she hadn't bargained on the Kennedy appetite. (Kennedy "hunted" with his colleague, Florida Sen. George Smathers, meeting young secretaries, sometimes several at once, at a hideaway apartment on Capitol Hill. "He liked groups," said Smathers.) After the first year, a friend observed, Jackie was "wandering around looking like the survivor of an airplane crash." She did not find comfort from the other Kennedy women, who mocked her as "the debutante" and made fun of her "babykins" voice. When, at the Hyannis Port dinner table, she pronounced her name as "Jacklean," sister-in-law Eunice murmured, loud enough to be heard, "rhymes with queen." The barbs were returned. Jackie, who had a miscarriage and a stillborn child before Caroline was safely delivered in 1957, regarded the fecundity of Bobby Kennedy's wife, Ethel, with a certain awe. "She drops kids like rabbits," Jackie remarked.

Jackie was not a dutiful political spouse, at least in the ordinary sense. As a senator's wife, she announced in the late 1950s that she was tired of "listening to all those boring politicians." After he was elected president, Kennedy feared that his wife would become a

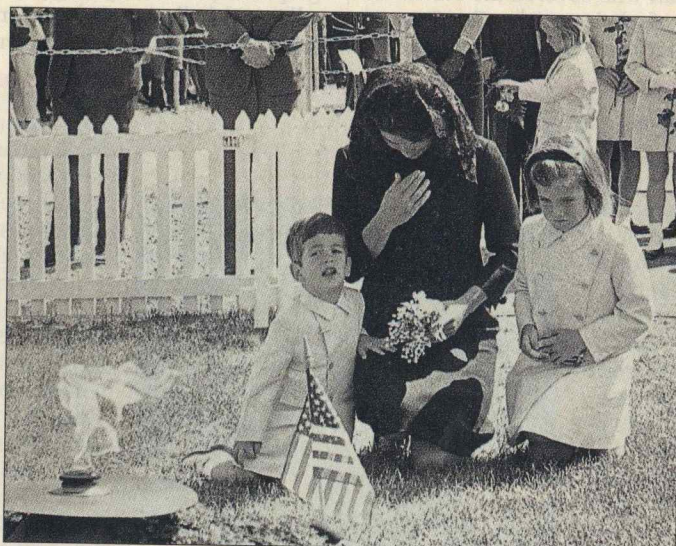
political liability, especially after she passed up a lunch at the National Council of Negro Women to go fox hunting, and attend a reception for congressional wives, whom she found boring. The president had to go instead, to avoid offending their

STATE TRIPS ABROAD WERE MORE TO HER TASTE than her pillbox hats and understated elegance, she flew to Paris in the spring of 1961, rousing the French to cheer "Vive Jackie!" and charming Charles de Gaulle. It was no easy task. At the end of the trip, the president remarked, "I am the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris, and I have enjoyed it."

That same year, Jackie set about to "restore" (not "redecorate") the White House. Out went Mamie Eisenhower's dowdy interior in came antique furnishings from "the James Monroe era" (which meant French). Walls painted seasick green were covered with 19th-century wallpaper carefully (and expensively) stripped from old farmhouses. Costs soared; her husband, who was tight with money in spite of his own high life, grumbled about the bills. Yet in a

tour watched by 50 million Americans in February 1962, she made the White House look like a living stage and formed her own image: the spoiled rich girl to eleventh-hour savior of the national

Along with the Empire State Building, the fronts came a parade of famous musicians, literary figures, intellectuals. Igor Stravinsky, André Malraux, Carl Sandburg, and the like added to the state dinners over a 100 nights. British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan complimented the First Lady on bringing to the White House the "casual sort of good that Britain had lost." The culture was a little wiser, the president. Kennedy had no interest in opera, and he fell off at the symphony, bored by ballet," said his speechwriter, Ted S



UPI-BETTMANN

Jackie taught the nation how to mourn with grace; at JFK's grave on what would have been his 47th birthday in 1964

(The only music he liked, joked his wife, was "Hail to the Chief." When the Bolshoi ballet came to town, the president insisted, "I don't want my picture taken shaking hands with all those Russian fairies.")

But Kennedy knew what made him look good, and increasingly realized, was his wife. In November 1963, he asked her to come with him and the vice president on an early stop on the 1964 campaign, to Texas. Although she regarded LBJ as a "Bird" as "Uncle Cornpone and his Little Porkchop," she loved him and packed her pink suit.

After Dallas, she worked hard to polish her husband. "Bobby gets me to put on my widow's weeds and go to [LBJ's] office and ask for tremendous things," she told a friend, journalist Charles Bartlett. On one such mission, she persuaded Johnson to ask the governor of Florida to change the name of Cape Canaveral to Cape Kennedy. But she felt a little phobic in Washington and increasingly upset by the policies of the Johnson administration, particularly the escalation of the Vietnam War. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara was shocked at a small gathering, she began to beat on him with her fists. "You've got to stop the killing!"

A move to New York, to an apartment overlooking Cent

in 1965, could not keep the paparazzi at bay. Her lawyers trooped into court to win restraining orders against her flash-bulb nemesis, Ron Galella. The assassinations of her brother-in-law Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. in the spring of 1968 really shook her. "I hate this country," she told a friend. "I despise America and I don't want my children to live here anymore. If they're killing Kennedys my kids are No. 1 targets. I want to get out."

Her escape was Aristotle Onassis. That October she married the Greek shipping tycoon and became the mistress of Skorpis, with 70 servants and a ruby on her finger "the size of an egg." "The American public will never turn on me unless I run off with Eddie Fisher," she once said, but Onassis tested their faith. The disappointment was global: HOW COULD YOU? demanded a Swedish newspaper. The Kennedys had tried to head off the marriage. "For God's sake, Jackie, this could cost me five states," Bobby had warned her, before he was killed as he campaigned in California. The Catholic hierarchy fretted that if she consummated her marriage to the divorced Onassis, she would be living in sin.

It did seem odd that the woman who brought Nobel laureates to the White House would marry a man who covered the bar stools on his yacht with the tanned leather of whale testicles. But Onassis "had great charm," said Louis Auchincloss. "He was funny, and he

had enormous intelligence." Jackie was puckish about her new mate. "I like seeing all these politicians dealing with Ari's squiggly name," she said. Besides, it took a great deal of money to buy the kind of privacy and security she craved.

She very nearly lost out on the money. The marriage predictably soured. Onassis kept up with his old flame, diva Maria Callas, and the Greek magnate's daughter, Christina, regarded Jackie as the wicked stepmother. Badgered by Christina, Onassis persuaded the Greek Parliament to change the law ensuring widows a quarter of their husbands' property. When he died in 1975, Christina had to buy off Jackie for \$26 million.

Widowed once more, back in New York, Mrs. Onassis found a wise investor, Andre Meyer, who multiplied her worth times 10. In addition to the Fifth Avenue apartment, there was the 464-acre estate on Martha's Vineyard and the farm in New Jersey horse country. Jackie herself went back to work four days a week, as a book editor who sat in a small office and made her own coffee. She was earnest, discerning and productive, editing up to a dozen books a year. She asked other famous people to write their autobiographies, persuading singer Michael Jackson to deliver "Moonwalk" and ballerina Gelsey Kirkland to write "Dancing on My Grave." Meanwhile she stayed mum about herself, while becoming

The Last of the Idols

THE FORCE OF THE SADNESS at her death took women by surprise. They hadn't expected to feel such a loss, but they couldn't shake it. They pointed to her children, her grandchildren, and said, "But they weren't ready to lose her." The truth is, however, they were really talking about themselves. We weren't ready to lose her. For a generation of women who were Jackie's age, and for the women who were their children, she would be the last woman we could idolize.

We are not allowed to believe fairy tales anymore. And we demand so much from women now: no one woman can ever embody all our dreams. But we fell in love with Jackie in a simpler time. When we wanted to grow up to be princesses, she was our princess. And later, when we wanted to be independent, she was independent. And she was always one step ahead, and one step better. She made it all look so easy, when for the rest of women it always seemed so hard—the mothering, the wifing, the beauty routine, the "staying interesting" thing.

We balanced books on our heads, desperate to move like models, but the books always slid. "There's a string at the top of your head and it's pulling up, up, up," dance instructors hectored little girls so we could stand like angels, but we looked like chickens, and would afterward return to our slumps. We fussed with Peter Pan collars and bizarre undergarments and Toni home perms that never turned out right. And then here was



RON GALELLA

She made it all look so easy

Jackie, with her chiseled collarbones and elegant, clear arms—arms that could juggle babies, dance with giants, rein in large animals. Most women felt so uncomfortable in their skins, but she was radiant in hers.

When she fled the country and ran off with Aristotle Onassis, the spell seemed broken for a while. But what was most crushing was that she had run off with a toad. Did she let him touch her? This was not what we aspired to, and this did not

look easy. This was working too hard for your money. But that chapter didn't last long, and it was the late '60s; our internal gyroscopes were out of whack. We were all wobbly. And, we liked to think, learning from our mistakes.

As Jackie did, or so it seemed a decade later when we'd see her striding out in Central Park—long and lean-torsoed in her T shirts and slacks, with that determined look that said no one was going to fence her in. No man with a camera was going to send her scurrying back to her pad, and if that meant shoving a *paparazzo* to the ground now and then, so be it. And no New York sniggering would keep her from pursuing a vital, interesting life. When she landed her first job at Viking, there was sniping about town: "She's taking someone's job; that money could go to someone else." Critics be damned, she became an accomplished editor. But that is almost beside the point, which is this: She belonged to a generation of women who felt they had to apologize for everything, but she was not going to. She was not going to apologize for picking up a proper paycheck any more than she was going to apologize for her past. And when she decided to keep company with a married man, she took his arm in public and smiled at the cameras—when she felt like it.

At her estate on the Vineyard, caretakers sometimes rode out before she took her long walks and scattered birdseed by the road, so the birds would descend and her walks would be magical. A rich woman's trick, perhaps. But nothing to apologize for. We all want to live in a fairy tale, sometimes.

SARAH CRICHTON

sale invokes our history

The Washington Post

NEW YORK — For four days, they've spoken about History.

Time after time, the hammer came down on another breathtakingly expensive item from the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis estate auction — which concluded here Friday with the sale of a second JFK rocking chair (for \$453,500) and her BMW (for \$79,500) — and the victorious bidder invoked history.

"It's not a humidor, it's a piece of history," said Marvin Shanken, editor and publisher of *Cigar Aficionado*, just after he spent \$574,000 for the walnut box that Milton Berle gave President Kennedy.

Same with the 40.42-carat diamond engagement ring that Aristotle Onassis gave to the president's widow. "It's got history and it's a once-in-a-lifetime thing," said Al Lippert, who spent \$2.6 million on behalf of his friend Anthony O'Reilly, chairman of the Heinz Food Group (who was promptly dubbed the Ketchup King by the New York tabloids).

But it was more than just history. Imagine the fate of a dented silver cocktail shaker once owned by Bess Truman. Or a desk on which Lyndon B. Johnson signed an important piece of legislation. Would such items have wrought the frenzy on display this week at Sotheby's, where the desk used by JFK to sign the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty sold for \$1.43 million?

Items once owned by Jackie O sold for more than \$34 million this week. In the attempt to explain what has fueled the paroxysm of acquisition — in which prices paid bore little relationship to pre-sale estimates, to market value or to many buyers' self-imposed spending limits — would-be analysts resort to the language of myth and romance. Bidders, they say, wanted to take home a tangible link to a supposedly more graceful, untarnished past, and Sotheby's helpfully provided the means.

Another first lady's mementos wouldn't "have that charisma, that magic," said Juan Molyneux, the architect and designer who bought Jackie's silver tape measure for \$48,875 on behalf of a San Francisco man whose 24-room house he's restoring. "I don't think anyone is buying an object. What has been auctioned here is memory . . . a first lady who was touched by a certain magic,



A television crew tapes a display featuring an 18th century Louis mahogany bureau where President Kennedy signed the 1963 Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. The desk was sold Wednesday for \$1.43 million.

an allure."

In other words, the Kennedy fascination endures. In fact, now that the bidding's over, it's possible to put a kind of price tag on it. The final tally for the 5,500 items sold was \$34,457,470. Compared to Sotheby's estimate of about \$5 million for the property (widely considered a bit low), "the Jackie premium" therefore amounted to more than \$29 million, give or take.

"People have bid and bought at this auction because she and President Kennedy have touched our lives in a profound and moving way," said Sotheby's CEO Diana Brooks, reading a prepared statement in a breaking voice at the conclusion of the sale.

Through the week, some of the artworks and antique furnishings—items of intrinsic value—incited less fervor than baubles and odds and ends more commonly found in thrift shops. "For example, there was a very attractive portrait by Martin Drolling," said Alan Salz, director of Didier Aaron New York, which deals in Old Masters and 18th- and 19th-century European furniture. The signed 1797 painting of a Polish aristocrat carried a pre-sale estimate of \$80,000 to \$120,000. It went for \$167,500. "It would have happened had

been in any sale of fine art," Salz

But such valuables were not the only things that drove bidders, many of them participating in their first auctions, to the bidding. They were attracted to the prospect of duels that resulted in staggering prices.

"I wanted to own something she wore against her skin," said Judith Bresler, a New York law professor who on Thursday spent \$6,900 for several of Jackie's necklaces ("her beatniky stuff," worth, by Sotheby's estimate, fifteen times that sum. "I wanted to own something that was used in an intimate way, as a way of having a connection with her."

Even the Sotheby's team was unprepared for the force and breadth of the phenomenon. The firm had doubled the number of phone lines and worked longer and longer hours to keep up with the blizzard of faxed absentee bids. "No one would have thought the humidor or the clubs would have sold for what they did," said Senior Vice President David Redden as the sale wound down. "We're still surprised as the day goes by."

Kennedy friends say auction won't change Camelot legacy

Newsday

NEW YORK — Bidders paid millions for Kennedy keepsakes last week, but friends and associates say the megabucks — \$211,500 for a string of Jackie's fake pearls! — will not taint memories of John F. Kennedy or cloud the brief, shining moment known as Camelot.

"Not in the slightest," said former Kennedy speech writer and adviser Theodore Sorensen, now a Manhattan attorney.

Sorensen said he saw nothing improper about the family's decision to sell items from the estate of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis at the highly publicized Sotheby's auction. "We don't bury possessions with the pharaoh any more," Sorensen said.

The breathless excitement and huge amounts of cash summoned by the event suggest that people still view President Kennedy and his glamorous wife as sovereigns, American-style.

"I wasn't a bit surprised," said Dave Powers, a close political aide to JFK and, until last year, curator of the John F. Kennedy Library and Museum in Boston. "I traveled all over the world with President and Mrs. Kennedy, and I saw the love and affection they received. These two people were different. They were as close to royalty

as we had."

But can anything explain the eagerness of bidders to part with such king-ly ransoms? A riding saddle for \$90,500? A set of 12 ashtrays for \$37,000? More than three-quarters of a million dollars for Jack Kennedy's golf clubs?

"I don't know what the hell it is," said Ben Bradlee, vice president at-large of The Washington Post and a friend of John Kennedy. "Cultural history is always written through excesses. It's stunning."

But melancholy may account for part of the madness.

Frank Mankiewicz, who was Robert F. Kennedy's press secretary, said the auction represents a final burst of public affection for Jacqueline Kennedy. "It's the last chance to make a connection with this truly astonishing woman," Mankiewicz said.

While Mankiewicz wondered at first if the big spend-off at Sotheby's might compromise the Kennedy legacy, he now feels the auction harmless.

"I don't think the focus is on the money but on the demand," he said. "People are paying large sums of money to have (Kennedy mementos) in their homes — to be able to say, 'Those are John Kennedy's golf clubs. That footstool was Caroline's.'"

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Uh, no. The second gunman, in his zeal to rush the crime along, had managed to shoot ... himself ... in the face.

Bleeding, the would-be robber fell to the ground. The first gunman then hopped in the car and sped off, driving

the bleeding man's leg. Only to scoop him up and drive away

couldn't happen to two nicer says Officer John Quigley of Santa Police Department. "It's

n't tell them they get caught se they're stupid," Quigley "That'll make it harder to do

Texas robber certainly made it or police.

as Detective Edwin Ruiz-Biaz a case in '95 in which a robber into a convenience store toting a n and demanding all the clerk's

-Biaz says videotape of the robbery showed the clerk complying with an's wishes. "He gave him the," he says. Then the robber laid n on the counter to collect his

Mother's Day
Sunday, May 12, 1996

"Mother and Child."

Express your special bond in the most eloquent way—the classic Mother and Child™ pendant. Make it extra special by adding diamonds or birthstones to represent each child. No other gift is as timeless and unique a symbol of the love you share.

Downtown Cedar Falls
Schilling Jewelers **266-1705**

G O U
SINES
Successful Bus
LING O
BARE

Well

Lillian P. Jacobsen was born February 1, 1900 in Buchanan County, Iowa the daughter of William Thomas and Erming Belle (Keller) Messingham.

She married Carl Hayes on August 24, 1924. He preceded her in death on September 21, 1969. She married Alfred H. Jacobsen on April 20, 1961 in Cedar Falls. Lillian died Thursday, November 10, 1983 at Sartori Hospital at the age of 83 years.

She is survived by her husband, Alfred H., Cedar Falls; one daughter, Peggy L. Mitchell, Des Moines; four grandchildren and four great grandchildren; three stepdaughters, Mrs. Herbert (Evelyn) Lehman, Waterloo, Mrs. Albert (Margaret) Jungling, Cedar Falls, and Mrs. Albert (Virginia) Tjebkes, Waterloo; nine step-grandchildren and twenty-three step-great grandchildren.

Lillian was preceded in death by her parents, first husband, one step-grandson, three brothers, and five sisters.

Funeral services were held Monday, November 14, 1983 at 10:30 a.m. at St. Patrick's Catholic Church in Cedar Falls, Ia.

Clergymen officiating the services were Fr. Stephen Lundgren of St. Patrick's Catholic Church in Cedar Falls, Iowa and Fr. Clarence Kruse of St. Joseph's Catholic Church of New Hartford, Iowa.

Interment was in Garden of Memories in Waterloo, Iowa.

A memorial Fund has been established for: St. Joseph's Catholic Church of New Hartford, Iowa.

Nov. 1983

Alfred H. Jacobsen

CEDAR FALLS — Alfred H. Jacobsen will celebrate his 90th birthday next Sunday with an open



house from 4:30 to 6:30 p.m. in the East Solarium of the Western Home.

The event will be hosted by his daughters: Evelyn Lehman of

Alfred Jacobsen Waterloo, Margaret Jungling, and Virginia Tjebkes of Waterloo.

He was born March 12, 1899, in Sjalland, Denmark, and came to this country in 1900 with his parents, brothers and sisters.

Alfred grew up on farms in and near Black Hawk County. In 1921, he married Lillian Glaus. She is deceased. He married Lillian Hayes in 1961. She is deceased.

There are 10 grandchildren, 24 great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren.

He farmed in Black Hawk and Butler counties most of his life; the last farm was in New Hartford.

He has resided at the Western Home 4½ years.

No invitations are being sent and the honoree requests no gifts.

METRO DEATHS

CEDAR FALLS — Alfred H. Jacobsen, 91, of the Cedar Falls Western Home, formerly of New Hartford, died Saturday, Aug. 4, at the Western Home of natural causes.

He was born March 12, 1899, in Hyllede Sjalland, Denmark, son of Nels Peter and Marie Bertha Jorgensen Jacobsen. He married Lillian Glaus on Feb. 18, 1921, in Cedar Falls. She preceded him in death. He married Lillian Hayes on April 22, 1961, in Cedar Falls. She died Nov. 10, 1983. He farmed in the Black Hawk and Butler county area from 1921 to 1980.

Survivors include three daughters, Evelyn Lehman and Virginia Tjebkes, both of Waterloo, and Margaret Jungling of Cedar Falls; a stepdaughter, Peggy Mitchell of Des Moines; a brother, Iner Jacobsen of Sacramento, Calif.; nine grandchildren; four stepgrandchildren; 24 great-grandchildren; five stepgreat-grandchildren; and three great-great-grandchildren; he was preceded in death by 11 brothers; two sisters; and a grandson.

Services will be 10:30 a.m. Tuesday at St. Paul Lutheran Church with burial in Garden of Memories Cemetery, Waterloo. Friends may call until 9 p.m. today at Dahl-Van Hove-Schoof Funeral Home and an hour before services Tuesday at the church. Memorials may be made to the Cedar Falls Western Home or the church.



Alfred Jacobsen

Campbell-Jacobson Betrothal Revealed

Parkersburg, Ia.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reid of Parkersburg, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Cain Campbell, to Bernhard Jacobson, son of Emile Jacobson of St. John, British Columbia Canada.



Miss Campbell

The bride-elect is a graduate of St. Olaf college in Northfield, Minn., and will return this year to Hansell, Ia., where she is music instructor in the public schools there. She is a member of Nu Sigma Rho social sorority. Mr. Jacobson is an aviation metalsmith at the naval air station in Norfolk, Va.

Mary Cain Campbell Becomes Bride of Bernhard E. Jacobson in Cedar Falls Church Ceremony

Aug 25, 1944

Parkersburg — Before an altar decorated with yellow, orchid and white gladioli and tapers at 8 p. m. Friday in St. Luke's Episcopal church, Cedar Falls, Miss Mary Cain Campbell



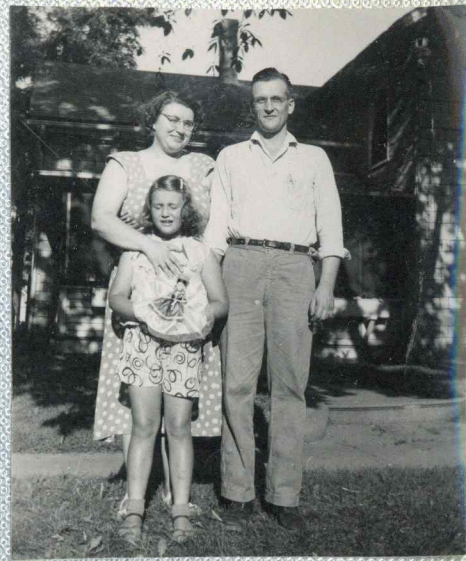
Mrs. Jacobson

daughter of Mrs. Charles Reid, Parkersburg, became the bride of Bernhard E. Jacobson, aviation machinist' mate first class son of Emi Jacobson, Palisade, Minn. Rev. J. S. Cole, pastor of St. Mark's Episcopal church, Waterloo, read the double ring vows before a group of 100 guests. Paul O. Seifert, Cedar Falls, served as organist, playing "Ave Maria" (Schubert) and accompanying Arthur Lynn, Cedar Falls as he sang "Because" (D'Hardelot). The bridal gown was composed of white silk marquisette ornamented with imported lace and a plunging neckline. The princess silhouette swept into a French train. The sleeves were leg-o-mutton and the full length veil was held in place by a tiara of seed pearls. Her only jewelry was her mother's silver cross and she carried a white prayer book surmounted by a single gardenia and a shower of satin ribbons. Miss Martha E. Holmes, Hudson, was maid of honor in orchid silk and net with a matching veil and a colonial bouquet of yellow gladioli. Miss Astrid Jacobson, Northfield, Minn., the groom's sister, and Miss Lorraine Homan, Parkersburg, were bridesmaids in yellow organdy with matching marquisette veils and colonial bouquets of orchid gladioli. Miss Mary Carroll Tofft, Parkersburg, was ring-bearer in orchid silk and net with a tiny velvet cap in the same tint. She carried the rings on a white satin valentine cushion. Emil Jacobson, the groom's father, attended him as best man. Ushers were Clifford Moles, and Merl Jacobsen, both of Dike. The bride's mother was present in a gown of black chiffon and lace with a corsage of gardenias. One hundred guests attended a reception in the church parlors after the ceremony. The table was appointed in orchid and yellow blossoms with orchid tapers in crystal candelabra. Mrs. L. F. Watson, Parkersburg, and Miss Onnolee Reed, Waterloo, were assisting hostesses. Centering the bridal table was a three-tiered wedding cake topped with miniature figures of a bride and sailor. Guests were present from Parkersburg, Cedar Falls, Waterloo, Hudson, Dike, Aplington, Dumont, Northfield, Minn., Palisade, Minn., New Hartford, Grundy

Center and Kesley. The couple will leave today for Seattle, Wash., where the groom will be stationed at an air base. For her wedding trip, the bride has chosen a green dotted bemberg sheer suit with white accessories and a corsage of gardenias. Mrs. Jacobson attended St. Olaf college, Northfield, Minn., and has been employed as music supervisor at Hansell and Dike. The groom was employed as a machinist at Northfield foundry before his enlistment in the navy in December, 1941. He served 16 months in the south Pacific area before returning to this country.



Bernhard and Mary C. Jacobsen
 Hattie Belle Charlie Reid
 Mary B., Mark 1951



**SERVICES FOR
MARK JACOBSON**

Born
March 25, 1948

Died
October 30, 1952

Services at
Congregational Church
Parkersburg, Iowa
November 2, 1952

Clergyman
Rev. John Petersen

Interment
Oak Hill Cemetery
Parkersburg, Iowa

Engelkes Funeral Service



Oct 30, 1953
PARKERSBURG — Mark Jacobson, four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard Jacobson, Thursday in Allen Memorial hospital at Waterloo; born Mar. 25, 1948, at Parkersburg; leaves parents, a sister, Mary; maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reid, Parkersburg; paternal grandfather, Emil Jacobson, Northfield, Minn.; funeral, 2 p. m. Sunday at the Congregational church here; burial in Oak Hill cemetery; body at the Engelkes funeral home; casket will not be opened at the church.



MARY JACOBSON is pictured receiving her curved bar in Girl Scouting from her father, Bernhard Jacobson, 804 W. 6th St.



Our '76 Heritage

Words from out of our past

Have you ever considered how words slowly fade into disuse from our language and how new ones replace them? Word games have become so popular this year that I thought you might find these words fun to contemplate.

Did you ever wear ostrich tips, gaiters, spats, a pompadour, passementerie, soutache, spectacles, a shirt waist, a corset cover, galluses, a shimmy, a fichu, a snood, golashes, millinery, a cloak, a fedora, wraps, a duster, a petticoat, a swallowtail, a bustle, a corset, a dust cap, a sun bonnet, sleeve holders, a celluloid collar, collar buttons, cuff buttons, dress stays or leggings?

Have you ever used a match holder, gem pans, mucilage, a muff, paregoric, a stereoptican, patty pans, a salt cellar, a cake salver, a pickle caster, nappies, sealing wax, scrim, a skimmer, a cribbing muzzle, a horse blanket pin, a curry comb, a stove board, a straight edge, carpet stretchers, tugs, hames, a valise, a satchel or a grip?

Did you ever order from Montgomery

Ward's catalogue any of the following: flue stoppers, portiers, gimlets, froes, nutmeg graters, harrows, hearing horn, heddles, hog wringer, hog trough, razor hone, kazoo, wick trimmers, a magic lantern, a whip rack, a velocipede, a wash stand or a spigot?

When did you last hear about a victrola, a running board, a rumble seat, side curtains, a seperator, a barn raising, a shingling bee or a husking bee, a woodshed, a pantry, eisenglass, a stereoptican, a crouper, a surry or a buckboard, an ocharina or a melaphone, a shindig, a smoke house, bundling, nits, a coverlet, catarrah, a slop jar, a coal skuttle, a single tree or a mould board, an adz, a sewing bird, a cruet, an antimacassar, a mouth organ or B.V.D.'s?

Well, for some of you these words will be memories, but for others they will be mysteries. Whichever they are for you, I hope that you found them enjoyable!

MARY JACOBSEN,
Sturgis Falls Bicentennial
Committee.

Wash day in Sturgis Falls...

I've been thinking that this Bicentennial Year should be a good time to look back and consider how the early settlers of Sturgis Falls did some of the everyday things compared to today.

Have you ever really stopped to think how convenient women have it on laundry day? We put the clothes in the washer, add detergent, bleach and softener and turn on the machine. Were you ever around when wash day was a day-long production?

Everyone was up early on wash morning to get the fire going and the water hot. If the weather was good, washing was done outside. I would like to share with you one frontier woman's thoughts on washday. The writer is anonymous, the spelling is her own.

FORMULA FER WASHIN' CLOES

Bild a fire in back yard to heet kittle of rain water, set tubs so as smoke won't

blow in yer eyes if wind is pert. Shave one hole cake soap from lye in bilin water. Sort tings out, make three piles; a pile of whites, pile of collards and a pile of britches and rags. Stir flour in cold water to smooth, thin down with bilin water.

Rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard, then bile again in hot water, just rench and starch. Take white things out of kittle with broom stick, rench agin, blew and starch agin.

Spred out towels on grass. Hang ole rags on fence posts, pore rench water on flower beds, scrub porch with hot soap water. Turn tubs upside down and scour bottoms.

Put on clean dress, smooth hair with side combs, brew cup of tea, and set and rest and rock a spell. COUNT BLESSINGS!

Aren't you glad that you are a woman of 1976 rather than 1776?

—MARY JACOBSON



MARY JACOBSON shows pottery pieces made by an early Cedar Falls craftsman, John Raab, whose works are featured in a special display

running through June at the Cedar Falls Historical Society museum. (Record photo by Rick Chase)

SERVICES FOR
MRS. CHARLES REID

Born

June 30, 1890

Date of Death

January 9, 1967

Services at

Engelkes Funeral Home
Parkersburg, Iowa
January 11, 1967

Clergyman

Rev. Wayne Gordon

Interment

Oak Hill Cemetery
Parkersburg, Iowa

Casket Bearers

Fred Nicklaus	Oliver Jungling
Joe Daniels	Robert Geist
C. Kannegieter	B. J. Johnston

Engelkes Funeral Home

SERVICES FOR
CHARLES W. REID

Born

November 1, 1891

Date of Death

April 4, 1973

Services at

Engelkes Funeral Home
Parkersburg, Iowa
April 11, 1973

Clergyman

Rev. Harry Lansman
Organist: Mrs. Harley Hartman

Interment

Oak Hill Cemetery
Parkersburg, Iowa

Casket Bearers

Joe Daniels	R. M. Lohr
Bob Geist	Albert Jungling
B. G. Johnston	Charles Norris

Engelkes Funeral Home

PAGE A6 WATERLOO-CEDAR FALLS COURIER MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1995

CEDAR FALLS — Mary C. Jacobson, 74, of 7703 University Ave., died Sunday, Dec. 3, at Sartori Memorial Hospital of natural causes.

She was born May 18, 1921, in Des Moines, daughter of Daniel K. and Hattie Belle Allmen Campbell. Her father died at an early age, and she was raised by her mother and her stepfather, Charles W. Reid. She married Bernhard E. Jacobson on Aug. 25, 1944, in Cedar Falls.

She received a bachelor's degree from St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn., and a master's degree from the University of Northern Iowa. Before her retirement in the early 1970s, she was a second-grade teacher at North Cedar School.

Survived by: her husband; a daughter, Mary Rittgers of Cedar Falls; and a grandson.

Preceded in death by: a son, Mark A. Jacobson.

Services: will be at 11 a.m. Wednesday at First Presbyterian Church, Cedar Falls, with burial in the Fairfield Cemetery, rural New Hartford; friends may call from 1 to 8 p.m. Tuesday at Richardson Funeral Home, with the family present from 6 to 8 p.m., and for an hour before services at the church.

Memorials: may be directed to North Cedar Elementary School.

In Memory of
MARY C. JACOBSON

Mary was born in Des Moines, Iowa, May 18, 1921, the daughter of Daniel K. and Hattie Belle (Allmen) Campbell. Following the death of her father, her mother was united in marriage to Charles W. Reid and Mary was raised in that home. She received a bachelor's degree from St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, and her master's degree from Iowa State Teachers College (U.N.I.) in Cedar Falls, Iowa. Mary was united in marriage to Bernhard E. Jacobson August 25, 1944, at St. Lukes Episcopal Church in Cedar Falls. Mary taught in the Dike Public School system and then in the Cedar Falls Public School system for many years retiring from North Cedar Elementary School as a second grade instructor over 20 years ago. Mary was a member of the Cedar Falls Questors and the American Association of University Women.

Mary is survived by her husband of Cedar Falls, Iowa; her daughter, Mary Rittgers also of Cedar Falls; and her grandson, Mark Rittgers of Burke, Virginia.

Mary was stricken at her home and died early Sunday morning, December 3, 1995, at Sartori Memorial Hospital in Cedar Falls. She was preceded in death by her father, mother, stepfather; and her son, Mark A. Jacobson.

Richardson Service • Cedar Falls, Iowa

SERVICES
Wednesday, December 6, 1995
11:00 a.m.

First Presbyterian Church
Cedar Falls, Iowa

OFFICIATING
Rev. Charles E. Orr

ORGANIST
Joan Smalley

SOLOIST
Jayne Erickson

CASKET BEARERS
Byron Norton Robert Hall
Mark Rittgers Deloy Davidson
Darwin Hofer Ronald Michaelson

INTERMENT
Fairfield Cemetery
New Hartford, Iowa

Family and friends are invited to the church fellowship area immediately following the service in the sanctuary for refreshment.

*An angel has passed my way,
I do not know how else to say.
As much as was taken from her,
she ever sought something to offer.*

Bernhard Jacobson
December 3, 1995

Celebrations

BIRTHDAYS

Bernhard Jacobson

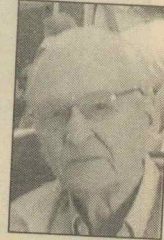
CEDAR FALLS — Bernhard Jacobson will celebrate his 90th birthday with a card shower.

He was born June 15, 1919, in Palisade, Minn. He married Mary Cain Campbell Aug. 25, 1944; she died in 1995.

Mr. Jacobson retired as chief designing engineer with Universal Industries.

His children are Mary Rittgers of Cedar Falls, and Mark Jacobson, deceased. He has one grandchild and two great-grandchildren.

Cards may be sent to 7511 University Ave., Cedar Falls 50613.



Bernhard
Jacobson

FAMILY GROUP No.

Husband's Full Name

Elihu Jaquis

This Information Obtained From:

*Butler Co 1883*Husband's
Data

Day Month Year

City, Town or Place

County or Province, etc.

State or Country

Add. Info. on Husband

Birth

*1840**Clinton**New York*

Chr'nd

Mar.

Death

Burial

Places of Residence

Occupation

Church Affiliation

Military Rec.

Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc.
Make separate sheet for each mar.

His Father

Benjamin

Mother's Maiden Name

Annie

Wife's Full Maiden Name

*Mary Ann Stuart*Wife's
Data

Day Month Year

City, Town or Place

County or Province, etc.

State or Country

Add. Info. on Wife

Birth

*1843**Maine*

Chr'nd

Death

Burial

Compiler

Places of Residence

Address

Occupation if other than Housewife

Church Affiliation

City, State

Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc.
Make separate sheet for each mar.

Date

Her Father

Charles

Mother's Maiden Name

Margaret

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
1	<i>Charles</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
2	<i>Benjamin</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
3	<i>Libbie</i> Full Name of Spouse* <i>Gessler</i>	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
4	<i>William</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
5	<i>George</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
6	<i>Hattie</i> Full Name of Spouse* <i>Turner</i>	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
7	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
8	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
9	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
10	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					

*If married more than once No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or information.

FAMILY GROUP No.

Husband's Full Name

Elihu Jaguis

This Information Obtained From:

Husband's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	<i>19 Feb 1840</i>				
Chr'nd					
Mar.					
Death					
Burial					

Places of Residence

Occupation

Church Affiliation

Military Rec.

Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc.
Make separate sheet for each mar.

His Father

Mother's Maiden Name

Wife's Full Maiden Name

Mary Ann Stuart

Wife's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth					
Chr'nd					
Death					
Burial					

Compiler

Places of Residence

Address

Occupation if other than Housewife

Church Affiliation

City, State

Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc.
Make separate sheet for each mar.

Date

Her Father

Mother's Maiden Name

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
1	<i>Charles</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
2	<i>Ellie</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
3	<i>Art</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death		<i>Died when small</i>			
		Burial					
4	<i>Benjamin</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
5	<i>Fannie</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death		<i>died young</i>			
		Burial					
6	<i>Libbie</i> Full Name of Spouse* <i>Bessler</i>	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
7	<i>William</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
8	<i>George</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
9	<i>Hattie</i> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
10		Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					

FAMILY GROUP No.

Husband's Full Name

Benjamin H. Jaquis

This Information Obtained From:

Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	aug		1810				
Chr'nd							
Mar.	21	Jan	1838				
Death							
Burial							

Places of Residence

Occupation

Church Affiliation

Military Rec.

Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc.
Make separate sheet for each mar.

His Father Benjamin

Mother's Maiden Name Mary

Wife's Full Maiden Name

Fannie Lashbrook

Wife's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth							
Chr'nd							
Death							
Burial							

Compiler

Places of Residence

Address

Occupation if other than Housewife

Church Affiliation

City, State

Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc.
Make separate sheet for each mar.

Date

Her Father Richard Lashbrook Mother's Maiden Name Ann

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
1	Elizabeth Full Name of Spouse* Orin Shaw	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
2	Elihu Full Name of Spouse* Mary Ann Stuart	Birth	19	Feb	1840				
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
3	L. Cabinda Ann Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
4	Artimissa Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
5	Mary Full Name of Spouse* Leander Mason	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
6	Caroline Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
7	Sarah Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
8		Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
9		Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
10		Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							

*If married more than once No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or information.

George Jacqui

Maud Preugh

Dorothy

Ruth

Georgia

Paul

Barbara

Janice

Ronald

Greg

Paulette

Gerard

Mary Etta

Irene

Janet

Merne

Compiled by Esther Thomas

A story

Dedicate

The Gold Moon

My four grandparents came from four different countries, and my parents were the first generation born in the United States. The Gold Moon, is a story of these interesting people, and covers more than a century of time. It tells of real people in real places, and what really happened to them in the way of Adventure, Romance, Comedy, and Love. I hope you like it.

Libbie Ressler

Libbie Jaguis Ressler and Hattie Jaguis Turner are sisters, so this is also a story of Hattie Turners' family

The Stuarts
The Jaguis
The Lashbrooks
The Perrye
The Resslerers

Orie Shaw pg 19
Orie married
Elizabeth Jaguis

THE GOLD MOON as written by Libbie Ressler
as 25 chapters, 42 pages
chapters re-arranged in order for each family
Nov. 1998 - by Esther Turner Thomas

THE GOLD MOON

-LIBBIE JAQUIS RESSLER

@ 1934

- JAQUIS -

It was the twelfth day of August, in 1810. Near a little village in France, not far from Paris lived Benjamin Jaquis and his young wife, Mary. They had been very happy in the year of their married life, for Benjamin dearly loved his brown-eyed Mary, and she adored her tall, broad-shouldered husband.

To complete their happiness, a little son was born to them on that August day. They named the babe Benjamin W. He was a strong, healthy youngster, and it was not long until he was toddling around looking for adventure. The Jaquis family were well bred people, with small means, and as the family increased with the old time regularity until twelve children numbered in the family group. Namely -- Benjamin, Enoch, Eben, Eliza, Mary, Emily, Sarah, Ann, Jane, Uz, Daniel and John.

When Benjamin was just a little lad, he one day heard his parents talking about America, the rich country where so many people were innigrating to in those days. Little Benny listened for awhile, then he strutted up to his father and said "When I grow to be a big man, I am going to America and get rich too." His father laughed heartily at the boastful air of his small son, while Mary kissed the boy and said "That will be a long, long time, my little man."

Benjamin grew rapidly. As a boy he was tall and lanky, with a freckled face and tow-colored hair which later turned to a dark brown. He had one peculiarity about him, which is seldom heard of. His teeth were all double teeth. In other words, "He had not a single tooth in his head," as I have often heard my father say.

Benjamin was a good trustworthy lad (like his father) with quiet dependable ways (like his mother). He attended school regularly until he was a good sized lad, then he worked at whatever he could do to help his father support the large family. He frequently told his folks that he was going to America some day. Very early he began to save a small part of the money he earned and each bit, however small, was faithfully dropped into an old cracked jug, which he used for a savings bank.

The years quickly passed and Benjamin was nearing his twenty first birthday. His lankiness had filled out, and he was a strong built young fellow, of the big man size of his boy-hood dreams. Again he told his parents that he was going to America. Then they realized that the long, long time had passed, all too soon, and that their son would soon be leaving them.

Young Benjamin began preparations for his journey. He bought a small leather covered trunk, and a new suit of clothes - the first store-bought clothes he had ever owned, for Mary, his mother, was a thrifty woman and did the sewing for all the family. The twelfth day of August in 1831 was a day long remembered by Benjamin. He was a bit homesick as the ship sailed out of sight of land, but he was off for adventure and was soon interested in what was going on about him.

Crossing the ocean a century ago was a long tedious journey of several weeks duration. Part of the time the weather was rough and the passengers were sick, but Benjamin proved to be a good sailor and stood the test well. After about sixty days of steady sailing over the briny waters, the ship came in sight of land, and soon after sailed into the harbor at New York City.

It was the latter part of October in 1831, when Benjamin first set foot on American soil. At that time, New York City was only a small town. Benjamin soon found a respectable rooming house, where he could get his board too, at a moderate price. Carrying his small trunk up the steep stairs to his attic room, he was soon settled in his new quarters, and no doubt he was lonesome and homesick for he was without friends or relatives in the new land. With a brave heart, Benjamin set out to find work, and after several weeks of odd jobs with small pay, he joined a crew that was going north to the logging camps. He did not like city life, and was glad to leave the place, where liquor and vice abounded so freely. He had no desire to drink of the vile stuff, although it had been offered to him many times. But he remembered the promise to his mother, and touched it not.

With his small trunk, Benjamin sailed up the Hudson River, with others of the crew to the big timber section, where the trees were felled, sawed into logs, and hauled to the river brink, ready for the spring freshet to float them to the saw mills, down the line.

That kind of work was more to his liking. He was out in the open, where he could do things and it was not long until he could swing an ax, with the best of them. He liked the work. Wages were good, living was cheap, and he worked at the logging camps for several years.

Several years had passed and Benjamin Jaquis was working at a logging camp in Clinton County in the northern part of York State. He was a strong hearty man. The several years of out-door life with the muscular exercise of swinging an ax and rolling logs had developed a strength that even he had not dreamed of in his boyhood days.

At the camp was a young man by the name of John Lashbrook who worked side by side with Benjamin. He measured six feet up in the air, and being very slender, he seemed even taller than that. The two young fellows, Benjamin and John were soon very good friends, and John invited the husky Benjamin to spend the day with him sometimes. And Benjamin who was lonely for a bit of real home life accepted the invitation and the next Sunday, he was welcomed to the home of the genial Richard Lashbrook. The happy good nature of the large family made Benjamin think of home and the good times he had when he was a boy.

Fannie, the third child of Richard and Ann Lashbrook, was born in England on Feb. 9, 1819. She was a blushing young miss of eighteen years. When Benjamin first met her, she was a likeable girl, with shiny black hair and large brown eyes. She was a plump, motherly little woman and she reminded Benjamin of his brown-eyed mother in far away France.

The young folks at the Lashbrook home were a jolly good-natured group and Benjamin greatly enjoyed his frequent visits with them.

As time went on, his visits became more frequent, for he was very much in love with brown-eyes Fannie. "Fannie has a beau, Fannie has a buau" teased the lively youngsters as they danced around full of fun and mischief. Fannie was a very shy girl and the teasing she got made her cheeks rosier than ever.

Well, it was the old, old story, but a new one to the young couple, and after a short courtship, Benjamin Jaquis and Fannie Lashbrook were married ^{Hattie + Libbie} on January 21 in the year of 1838. They began housekeeping in a little log ^{Shanty} house which Benjamin built on a few acre tract of land he had purchased. Benjamin made a cupboard in one corner of the room, where Fannie placed her few cherished pieces of chinaware and crockery. The shining tin dishes were hung on pegs which were driven in the wall near the fireplace. In another corner of the room was the bed, a sort of four poster affair with stout cords, criss-crossed on the frame to hold the straw-tick in place. Fannie got her feather bed and a pair of plump pillows and made up the bed using one of her prettiest quilts for a coverlid. On the floor by the bedside, she spread a braided rug which she had made. She arranged her cedar chest and Benjamins small truck in convenient places, and was much pleased with the home-like look of her small domain.

Benjamin was a happy man those days as he looked about the comfortable room, with Fannie singing as she went to and fro about her work. "Are you happy, Fannie girl?" he asked as he findly caressed his little bride. "Oh pshaw, what would make me happy?" said Fannie as she tousled his bushy brown hair. "I know what makes me happy. It's the sweetest little woman in the world, and that is you." said the happy man. "Well, I know the best man in the world, and that is you," answered the equally happy woman.

Times were very hard, the first few years of their married life, and they had to skimp and save in every way to get along. Benjamin was much grieved over the fact that he could not provide more comforts for his wife and the children, which arrived during the next few years.

Fannie was a brave little woman, and altho she was not used to such hardships, she very sensibly made the best of things that came her way, and faithfully did her part in every way she could. Benjamin toiled early and late, and when it was possible helped his wife with her work and the care of the children. "Are you tired, Fannie girl?" he would ask of her when she had an extra hard day. "When we get rich you won't have to work so hard," he promised her again and again. "I don't mind the work, as long as I have you, you old rogue," playfully answered Fannie. "You just wait my lady, I may be a wealthy man some day. How would you like that?" he asked. "That would be fine, and I will wait," answered patient Fannie, while Benjamin planned and dreamed as in his boyhood days, about the riches which would be his some day.

Benjamin and Fannie Jaquis had been married ten years, and at meal time five rosy cheeked children gathered around the family table. There was Elizabeth and Elihu. For some reason or other the next two girls were given very fancy names - Icabinda Ann, called Ann, and Artimissa, called Artie. When the next two babies arrived they were given very common names as Mary and Caroline.

His father
(Elihu,) the second child was the only boy of the family. He was born Feb. 19, 1840. He was a chubby babe with big round eyes, and was the apple of his fathers eye. Elihu was but a few months old when he first saw the moon, and he laughed with glee at the sight for it looked like a big golden ball, ready to drop in the tiny arms, which he held out for it.

As a lad Elihu was slender and tall, with dark hair and gray eyes, which had an eager, earnest look in them. His favorite pastime was to gaze at the moon and stars. They were a great mystery to him, and he asked many questions about them. "Where is the moon in the daytime" "What makes the stars twinkle so" "How does the moon change its shape" "What keeps them from falling?" were some of the questions he asked his parents, for he always wanted to know the why and wherefor of everything he was interested in.

The Jaquis family lived in York State near a grove of hard maple trees, and for several years Benjamin had been making use of the sweet extract which flowed from the trees in the early spring. He erected a building where the evaporation process was done, and during the long winters he made many little troughs out of bark. He purchased a large cooker and many buckets, pails and pans. When the first warm days of spring came, Benjamin bored holes in the big trees, adjusted the little troughs and nature sent forth the sweet fluid into the buckets, by the way of the little troughs. Twice a day, the sap was gathered and hauled to the plant. A roaring fire was built under the cooker which was filled

with the sap, and the boiling down process was steadily kept up until it was the right consistency for syrup or sugar. After the first year, Benjamin went into the business more extensively, for he found it to be quite a profitable business, as there was a ready sale for all he could make. Every one was busy when maple syrup time came round, and during its season Benjamin employed several men to help him in the making of the sweet products. The syrup was put in buckets for sale, and when stored in a cool place, it would keep indefinitely.

Those were happy days for the Jaquis children. When it was about time for the syrup to "sugar off" they would each get a pan of snow, over which a ladle of syrup was poured. The result was hunk of delicious maple sugar candy, a sweet which the old as well as the young delighted in. Maple syrup time was also pancake time at the Jaquis home, a treat much enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to be on hand at that time.

Benjamin always kept a goodly supply of the maple sugar and syrup for their own use. In the summertime many wild fruits and berries grew in the woods about them. The wild black berries were especially good, for they were large and juicy and delicious. During their season, Fannie and the children gathered large quantities of them. Fannie kept some by the simple method of putting the berries in stone jars and covering them with cold water. Stored in a cool place, the berries kept fresh for quite awhile. Fruits and berries were also dried or made into thick preserves, which was put in stone jars and sealed with wax.

The different methods of canning fruits and vegetables was not known in our grandmothers day, so a supply of dried fruits was prepared for winter use. It was a common sight to see a generous supply of dried meat or apples (which were pared, cored and strung on a cord to dry) hanging from the rafters in the homes of our ancestors. Herbs and wild plants to be used for medicinal and tonic purposes were also gathered and hung up to dry for future use. Fannie was always on the look-out for such things that could be used by her family and kept a goodly supply on hand at all times.

In the meantime Fannie had heard from her parents who were in Illinois. They were well pleased with the country where they lived. The land was rich and fertile, towns were springing up almost over night, there were schools in every settlement, churches were being built, and the price of land was cheap. (In order to get the country settled, the government was selling land at \$1.25 per acre, at that time.)

The school problem was one that troubled Benjamin and Fannie a great deal, for they lived too far from any school for their small children to attend. Fannie could neither read or write and she wanted her children to have an education.

"Fannie girl, how would you like to go west where your folks are?" asked Benjamin, one day after hearing from her relatives. "Do you mean it, Benjamin?" she quickly asked him. "Well, I guess we will have to do something, Fannie. We have both worked hard here, and what have we got to show for it?" he said in rather a discouraged way. "We have each other, and the children" answered plucky little Fannie. "Yes, and the children should be in school and they have not a chance here," said the discouraged man. "I know they should be in school, dear, but it is so far for them to go when the weather is so cold and the snow so deep" replied Fannie.

"What do you think about going west. Shall we undertake it?" asked Benjamin, who had been thinking over the matter for sometime.

"I would love to see my folks again," said Fannie, who really was homesick for her parents. "As for the undertaking, hundreds of people are going west every year, and I guess we could do it too," she added. "Just what I think, Fannie, and from what Jim Haden said the other day, I believe they would go too," said Benjamin. "When would be the best time to go?" asked Fannie. "As early in the summer as we can arrange it, I would say," replied Benjamin. "I will be ready any time after June," said Fannie, with a twinkle in her large brown eyes. "All right, dear, its a go" said Benjamin as he fondly caressed his beloved wife. "Guess I will talk with some of the other folks around here. Maybe they would go along too" said Benjamin as he put on his coat and cap and started out to the nearest neighbors home to tell what they had decided to do. Benjamin found several other families who were of the same mind about going west, so they planned on going at the same time. It was the spring of 1848 when James King and family from Essex County, John Lashbrook and family, Jim Haden and family began preparations so they would be ready to start.

After the spring rush of making maple syrup Benjamin sold the outfit and his small farm at a fair price and prepared for their trip. Fannie was busy too, in getting ready for the trial she had to go through with before their departure. She was expecting another baby in June, and they were to start on the journey as soon as possible after that event.

In the back part of the wagon, plenty of blankets, bedding and robes were arranged for a bed and riding place for the children. Buckets, pots, pails and pans hung in convenient places about the wagon, where they would be handy to get at when needed. Baby Caroline was about two weeks old, when the Kings, the Lashbrooks, and the Hadens with their families and their outfits gathered at Benjamins place for it was time to be started on the long journey.

Every one was astir bright and early that fair morning and after a hearty breakfast the oxen were hitched to the wagons and they were ready to leave. The children clambored up into the wagon, very much excited about the long ride they were going to have.

Fannie with the small babe in her arms, mounted to her seat of honor- the cedar chest, covered with blankets and robes. She was a brave woman, but as she looked on the familiar scenes for the last time, her brown eyes filled with tears and she was almost sorry that she was leaving the place which had been her home for many years. They had been happy in the little home, even through those long lean years and hard times, and she wondered what the outcome of this new venture to the far west would be. But I must look forward, not backward, she thought, so with a word of courage to Benjamin who was taking a last look, she told him she was ready to start. Benjamin squaring his shoulders gave the word and the oxen started down the road, where they soon overtook the other families who had gone on before.

Driving down the state, the group of people reached the Erie Canal, where each family engaged one of the innigration boats to take them across the state of New York by the way of the Canal. The boats were large roomy flat-bottomed affairs with a cabin built in the center to shelter the passengers. The boats were large enough to accomodate a family and all their belongings, household goods, stock, poultry and whatever they saw fit to take with them as they journeyed to the new land. The Canal was full of such boats, going or coming, as the case might be. It took more than a week to go the 300 miles across the state by the way of the Canal. At Buffalo New York, they embarked on a sailing vessel going down the coast of Lake Erie to a small town Cleveland, Ohio. At Cleveland several other outfits headed westward, joined the procession and all pushed steadily onward, over the rough trail.

It was much better and safer to travel in large numbers in the early days. They were ready to help each other in a time of trouble, and they were better able to protect their selves if they happened to meet a band of hostile Indians.

Benjamin with his gun over his shoulder, walked along by the side of his team to guide them with a "gee" of a "haw" as the case might be. Eight year old Elihu often trudged along by the side of his father, carrying over his shoulder a toy gun which Benjamin had whittled out of a pine board. Fannie who had not got her full strength since the birth of her baby, was weary and tired most of the time. Little Caroline was fretful and cross and required a lot of care and attention. The other little girls of the family were quite contented and happy as they rode along in the back part of the wagon, playing with the rag dolls which Fannie had made for them.

Harriet King, the oldest daughter of the King family who were of the group, often helped Fannie with the care of baby Caroline. Harriet was a meek little woman with long black hair and a clear complexion. She had a gentle soothing voice and calm patient ways, which endeared her to all she came in contact with. Fannie loved the young woman who was such a help to her on that long journey. (Later, when Fannies brother Solomon met Harriet King, he too loved her and made her his wife.)

For a camping place at night, the travelers would select a place near a spring or a stream and where there was a supply of wood for the camp fires. The caravan of schooners would form in a circle and a big camp fire was built in the center.

The tired and foot-sore oxen were unhitched from the wagons and turned loose to graze on the luxuriant wild grass which covered the prairie. Wood was gathered for the fires, water was carried and the evening meal was prepared.

After a hearty supper, cooked over the camp fires, the weary travelers were glad to roll up in a blanket or crawl into the wagons or tents for a good nights rest. All but one -- the one watchman, who was to guard the camp for the night. The men took turns at being guard, and when it was Benjamin's turn, his small son Elihu declared his intention of helping his father. "You must go to bed and get your rest, my son," said Fannie. "Let the lad stay with me awhile. The moon will soon be up and I know he will want to look at that a bit" said Benjamin who loved the company of his son. "Well, he may stay for awhile," said tired Fannie, as she

crawled to her place beside the sleeping baby. "I am going to stay with you all night" asserted Elihu, who imagined himself quite grown up as he sat beside his father with his toy gun resting across his knees, in the exact position his father had taken.

"We will see, my boy, we will see," said Benjamin with a smile for he knew the boy would not keep awake for long. The camp was quiet. Bright stars twinkled overhead, and Benjamin in a low voice told his small son about the stars. The big dipper, the little dipper and the evening star, which was about to disappear in the west.

Turning to the opposite direction, Elihu, with rapt attention was gazing at the moon as it slowly came up in the east. Then, in the quiet of the night, there was a queer noise. It grew louder - then rippled away. Again it came, louder and longer. "Oh, father, what is that?" cried Elihu. Again came the queer noise, several of them from different directions. Elihu was terrified and clung to his father, who took the boy in his arms and told him it was only the tired travelers who were snoring as they peacefully rested and slept. Elihu had to laugh a little after the explanation, then hearing the queer noise again, he said "Well, it does sound kind of scarey, doesn't it Father,?" and Benjamin had to admit that it did sound scarey.

"But look where the moon is, my boy" he exclaimed, for Elihu in his fright had forgotten about the moon. There it hung, a pale, golden ball in the eastern sky, and the lad gazed at it and thought he had never seen it so beautiful as it was just then. Snuggled in his fathers arms, he watched it as it rose higher and higher, and until the sandman closed his eyes in slumber. Tenderly, Benjamin carried his small son to his place in the wagon, where Elihu dreamed that the moon made a queer noise and then winked an eye at him.

At day-break the camp was astir and everyone was busy at the many tasks which had to be done before they could be on their way again. The early pioneer had many hardships on those long journeys, but they never gave up, they were not made of that kind of stuff. They endured the hardships, overcome the difficulties and traveled on and on and on.

After several weeks of such life, the caravan divided. Some were going to the south. Benjamin and his group were headed for northern Illinois and in a few more days arrived at the home of Richard Lashbrook, where they were heartily welcomed. Everyone was happy and talked at the same time. Fannie laughed a bit, and then cried a bit, she was so happy and so tired.

The weary travelers relaxed and rested for a spell, while they got acquainted with the new surroundings. In a short time, Benjamin, Fannie and the children moved to a farm which Richard had recently purchased from a man who was moving to Wisconsin.

"Well Fannie, my dear, what do you think of the new land?" asked Benjamin a few days after their arrival. "It looks good to me," said Fannie. "Just see that big field of corn, and look way off yonder to the west. I wonder where that trail leads to," mused Fannie, who loved to gaze about her in the level country.

"Yes, it does look good, and I hope I will be able to make a better living for you and the children here," said Benjamin as he fondly caressed the little woman he loved so well. "Father has done well here, and I believe we can too, my Benjamin" said Fannie. "I am so glad we came, for the children can go to school here." added Fannie. "Yes, they will have it better here, and we will have a better chance here too. I will buy some of this cheap land, raise grain and stock, buy more land, and in a few years we will be rich, and riding on top of the world," promised Benjamin, who still had dreams of being rich some day. Fannie laughed and said "I do not care so much for riches, Benjamin, I just want my husband, my children, and a cozy home to live in."

The year after Benjamin and Fannie Jaquis came to Illinois, 1849 was the time that gold was discovered in California. The news was spread over the country and there was great excitement everywhere. Men hurried to the scene, each eager and anxious for a share of the precious metal.

It was late in the summer when the news reached the middle west, but a group of men were soon banded together to start on the long trip to the promised land. There were young men and old men, large men and small men, good men and bad men, each with the same object in mind - the gold fields of Calif. - where they were going to seek their fortunes.

Benjamin Jaquis was one of the group. At last his boyhood dreams were to be realized. "He would go and fill his pockets with the precious stuff, return home, and they would live in comfort the rest of their days", so he told his family. "Oh yes, it would be a long hard journey across the plains and the mountains, but he was used to hard knocks, and this was the chance of a lifetime" he argued.

Fannie dreaded seeing her husband go, but she did not object, and Benjamin soon had his arrangements made. Before going, he asked each of his family what they would like to have for a gift, if he found a gold mine. The girls wanted a gold ring. "And what would you like to have, my boy?" he asked of nine year old Elihu. "You can bring me a gold moon and star." promptly answered the lad. Laughing heartily Benjamin said, "I might have expected that." Yes indeed, for Elihu is always thinking of the moon and stars" said Fannie laughing too, at the solomn face of her only son. "All right, my boy, I will make a bargain with you" said Benjamin. "If you will promise to take good care of your mother and your sisters, while I am away, I will bring you a gold moon and star. Will you do it?" he asked. "Of course I will take care of them for I will be the only man here, when you go away" replied small Elihu as he squared his shoulders in a very important way. "Very well, my boy, that takes a big load off my shoulders. I can go easier now, knowing that mother will have a protector and a helper" said Benjamin.

About the middle of October, he took leave of the family he loved so well, and was off to that far away land. Fannie went about her many duties, with a heavy heart, for she knew not when she would see her beloved husband again. Baby Caroline had not been well all that summer. She was teething during the hot weather, and it had went hard with the little one who was so fragile and delicate. Shortly after Benjamin left, she grew weaker and died the latter part of the month.

Fannie was heart broken over the loss of the baby girl, she had so faithfully and tenderly cared for, during the fifteen months of the little ones life. It was a trial she had to bear alone, for her husband was away, she knew not where. And not long after the death of little Caroline, Fannie knew that in the time to come, she would have to bear another trial alone.

It was nearly three years since Benjamin Jaquis had left home for the gold fields of Calif. and Fannie had no word from him in all that time. Day after day, week in and week out, she had hoped to hear from him, and her heart was sore, for she knew not what had been his fate.

Plump little Sarah, who had never seen her father, was more than two years old. Elizabeth was fourteen and nearly as tall as her mother. Elihu the man of the house, was a lad of twelve, and the other children had aged and grown accordingly. The children had always been a great comfort to Fannie, especially Elihu who had manfully tried to keep the promise he had made, doing all that he could to help his mother. He still gazed at the moon and often wondered if his father could see it as he did.

"When will papa come home?" the children often asked of their mother. "Papa Come" echoed little Sarah as she climbed up into her mother's lap. Poor Fannie, who could not answer the questions, was always hopeful that they would get a letter some time before long.

One day, her father Richard Lashbrook, on his way to Harvard, stopped at Fannies home as he usually did to see if she wanted anything from town. "Put on your bonnet and ride along to town with me Fannie" he said to his daughter as he picked up baby Sarah and jounced her on his knee. "I would like to father, but I have to wash this morning" answered Fannie. "Do you want me to bring you h' anything? he asked her. "Yes, I need some sugar and salt. You may bring them for me" said Fannie as she selected a few coins from a lean looking pocket book. "H'all right, my girl, is there h' anything else you want?" "No, father, that is all" she said, "unless you bring me a letter from Benjamin," she added. "By golly, I'll do it gal, if I possibly can. I hear that some mail is coming through by stage now, and who knows, I may bring you a word. Cheer up, my girl, cheer up." said Fannies father as he patted her on the shoulder. "I have almost given up hopes of ever hearing from him again," said brown eyed Fannie, as she wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron.

Richard went to town, and Fannie went to her washing. By the middle of the afternoon, her work was finished. A row of calico dresses of various sizes to fit the five girls, and a few blouses which belonged to the only man of the house hung on the clothes line, merrily swinging to and fro in the gently breeze. Little Sarah was asleep in the cradle Benjamin had made so long ago, and in which each of the children had slumbered in, when they were the "wee one."

Fannie had worked hard that day, and was about asleep herself, when she heard the clatter of a team and wagon, as it came up the road in a great hurry. She looked out the door and saw her father urging on his team and waving something in his hand. "What did I tell you, Fannie, what did I tell you?" he called out when he saw her at the door. "What is it father?" cried Fannie as she ran out to meet the excited man. "What is it?" Well, by golly, its the letter you have been looking for, for the last three years," answered the man as he handed a soiled and worn looking letter to his daughter. Fannie took the letter and hugged it to her heart.

"It was well for her that she lived near her mother at this time, for everything seemed to go wrong that year, altho Fannie tried so hard to be patient and brave through it all. She was not well or strong that winter, and the children had a seige with the whooping cough, which added to the burden which she had to carry alone. Time went on, and the 13th day of July, 1850, another little girl was born to Fannie. This baby was strong and plump, and was named Sarah.

In all that time Fannie had no word from Benjamin, and she feared she would never see him again. The little woman worked hard in those days. The children must be kept in school, and it was no easy task to keep things going but, she was used to the pin pricks of life, so, calmly and patiently she carried on, in all that came her way.

In the meantime, the gold seekers on their way to California, had many trials to go through with too, for it was no easy journey they were taking. They had to travel the two thousand miles as best they could. Some went with wagons drawn by mules or oxen, some went on horseback, and some traveled on foot. They had to cross the vast and trackless plains; they had to find their way through the wilds of the Rocky Mountains; they had to cross the great desert, where water was so scarce, and where food was so hard to get.

Day after day, the weary travelers crawled along the way, sometimes going without food; often suffering for the want of water; always on the look-out for the hostile Indians, who were on the war path most of the time. But, no suffering hardships or dangers, stopped those determined men, on that wild rush to the land where such great wealth was stored.

After several months of untold sufferings and privations, Benjamin with those who had survived the hard knocks of the journey reached their destination at last. Weary and foot-sore as they were, the sight was rather discouraging to them, for it seemed that every spot was staked out and claimed, by those who had reached the fields before they did.

Here and there, where ever they could, the man eagerly worked with a pick axe, and shovel, anxious for a sight of the yellow metal. Week after week, month after month, Benjamin worked hard and his gleamings were few, but doggedly he worked on, ever hoping that the next shovel full would "pan out" better for him.

Two years of working, skimping, saving, and Benjamin had money to send to the dear ones at home. In all that time, he had no chance to write home, for at the time of the grand rush to Calif. there was no way of transportation other than the way the early pioneer provided for himself. Neither was there any overland mail service. But after such a flood of emigration to the coast states, it was found that a way of communication must be provided. The stage coach lines and the pony express mail service were organized, and were bravely trying to meet the needs of the people, altho they were working under great dangers and difficulties. Bandits and robbers soon found out that gold and money were being sent east, and they boldly held up and robbed the stages and the mails. The indians were a great menace too, for they were always on the war path, and ready to scalp any white man they came in contact with. It was not safe to send valuables or money in those days, tho many people did send them, and in some cases it got through all right.

"I must send a letter and some money to Fannie" Benjamin thought as he washed a pan of dirt, he had just shoveled up. "Oh how he would like to see them, or hear from them. It seemed like ages since he last saw them. If things didn't go better he would go home before long," mused the weary man as he patiently labored on, in quest of the riches he had traveled so far to find. It was a slow process, this digging out gold. Water was scarce in many places and his equipment was poor, but "never say fail" was

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Steady girl, steady, cautioned her father as she flung herself into his arms to cry, she was so happy. Richard let her cry for a moment while he smoothed down her black hair. With a shaking hand, Fannie broke the seal and drew forth the letter her husband had written many weeks before. She had never had a chance to learn to read or write so they called in a neighbor who taught the country school to read the letter for her. "My beloved wife" it started out and went on to tell that he was well and hearty. He had found some gold, not a great lot, but he still hoped that some day his luck would change and his dreams come true. He was sending some money and a few trinkets for the family. The rings for the girls and the moon for Elihu. Tell him I have not found the star yet. It was rather a long letter...telling of his love for the dear ones at home and if things panned out as he hoped for, that he would come home in a year or so. When Fannie heard the letter, she had another cry on her fathers shoulder.

"Well, by golly, that is a good piece of news for you, my girl," said Richard as he fondly caressed his daughter. "And just in time too, father, for my pocket book is nearly empty" said the happy woman. Richard then gave to her a package containing money and the trinkets for the family. Just at that time, the children came from school and stood in round eyed wonder at the treasures displayed before them.

While the girls proudly tried on their rings, the round eyes of Elihu got bigger and rounder as he gazed at his gold moon. A stick pin, with a mounting of prue gold, moulded into the shape of a half moon. It was a pretty thing and Elihu almost cried, when he realized what it meant to him. The family had always joked him about looking at the moon so much, and he had said "a gold moon and star" when his father asked him what he wanted, but he had never expected anything like this. The gold moon which he held so proudly in his hand. The whole family were overjoyed at the good news they had received, and best of all that the husband and father was all right, and that they would see him before long, for as Elizabeth said "Two years won't be long."

Life was brighter for Fannie after that for she had heard from her Benjamin.

Fannie and the children wrote a long letter to Benjamin thanking him for the nice gifts. Fannie told him how big the children were getting to be and about the death of little Caroline, and the birth of baby Sarah who was such a pet with all of them. They hoped he would strike it rich and come home soon. After the lengthy time it took for mail to travel the long distance, Benjamin received the letter and was so happy as he read the message from his loved ones.

So little Caroline was at rest, poor little one, and there was another baby, eh? Well, that was news. My, how the children have grown, Elizabeth almost as tall as her mother, and Elihu was twelve years old. Why it didn't seem possible. They liked the trinkets, eh? -- and Benjamin smiled as he pictured the pleasure of his family when they had received his gifts. I bet Elihu was surprised when he got his gold moon. "Oh, how I would like to see all of them," this thought Benjamin as he again read the letter from his dear ones.

During the next year or so Benjamin wrote home several times and sent money to Fannie too. Some she got and some - perhaps the robbers got. John Lashbrook, Fannies brother always had a hankering to go to California too, and he wrote a letter to Benjamin to find out what the prospects were for him in the far west.

Following is an exact copy of the letter Benjamin wrote to his brother-in-law John Lashbrook. (This letter written December 25, 1853 has always been kept in the Bible which belonged to Elihu Jaquis and which is now in the possession of Charles Jaquis, the oldest son of Elihu Jaquis. The letter was copied eighty one years later, by Grace Jaquis and sent to me at my request that I might include it in the story of The Gold Moon. L.M.R.)

December 25, 1853
Oregon Gulch, Bute Co
California.

Dear brother: I take this opportunity to inform you that my health is good at present and likewise in ans. to your of November the 2 which I received day before this with great pleasure, which I hope will find in good health. I have moved about forty miles below with the expectation to spend the winter here. The grass is growing and other vegetable matter like as in may where you are. The weather is pleasant - very little rain, not a nough for the rivers in this dry section and therefore makes very dull times. This is a very good place for mining if there was water a plenty. This winter is not like the last. There is very little rain here, and not much snow in mountains as yet.

Provisions are reasonable. Flower 12½ per lb. pork 25 cts per lb, beef the same, potatoes 9c per lb, onions 15c per lb, other things at the same rates. The want of rain makes it hard times with me. I have made nothing since I have been here for nearly two months and the prospects a looks unfavdle.

I want to get home dreadfully but must try to stand this test this winter and go home in the spring if nothing takes place. I to keep me here worthy of notice. In regard to your coming here. I cannot advise if you intend to mine. I think the diggins are about as good in Ills as here, keeping stock, raising hogs and fowls, good business here. I do not want to detain myself here a way from family or I would do a little in that line. Chickens are \$4 apiece, hogs from \$15 to a \$100 a head. I have to poor luck to be contented here. I want you to write as you get this and fail not give my affections to my wife and children and other enquiring friends.

Yours truly, B.M. Jaquis

Benjamin went from place to place in Calif. in quest of the fortune he was seeking, but it seemed that luck was against him. He was getting discouraged, for as yet he had barely made a living for himself and family. He was out in the hills looking around one day, when he found an old man who was very sick. Kind hearted fellow that he was, Benjamin cared for the old man, who was without food or water. He was very old, and weak and worn. His clothes were ragged and torn, as tho he had crawled along the way. He talked and jabbered of many things but his mind seemed to dwell most on one subject which he tried so hard to tell. Again and again, he mumbled

over the words of which "gold" was the only one that Benjamin could understand. After Benjamin gave him water to drink and some nourishing broth, which he made from a chunk of dried meat, the man seemed to be stronger and talked more rational. Bit by bit he told his story.

He was an old prospector and miner. He was alone in the world, for he had no relatives or close friends. He had been in the mountains for many weeks, and claimed he had found a place that sparkled with gold. He told Benjamin where it was, and tugging at something in an inner pocket, he pulled out an old wallet, which contained some gold nuggets and a crude map of the place he had found. These he gave to Benjamin with a mumbled blessing.

The old man rested easier after his story was told, but gradually grew weaker and died the following day. Many miles from any habitation, Benjamin did the only thing he could do in a case like that. He dug a grave and buried the body of the old miner, then laid a neat pile of stones at the head of the grave for a marker.

Benjamin wondered "Was it possible the old man had struck it rich? It might be worth investigation anyway". And he started out. Following up the stream in and out around curves, through ravines, over steep and rugged hills, he picked his way. After several days he came to the marked place, a huge rock with cross on it, which the old man had chipped out with his pick axe. Benjamin was very much excited as he washed a panful of the loose gravel in the near-by stream and was more excited than ever when he saw the glint of yellow in his pan.

Steadily he worked, and steadily his findings increased. His dream had come true, and he was to be a rich man at last. After several weeks, Benjamin's grub begin to give out. So he staked out his claim, covered his tracks, so to speak, and went to the camp for provisions. When he told of his findings, there was a stampede, headed for the new fields as many men rushed to the scene. Sluce boxes were built and set up in the stream ready for business, and the gulch was a busy place where man dug out the stored riches.

During the summer months, the water supply ran low, and work at the gold diggins was slowed up accordingly. There had been little snow in the mountains that year, and the river through the gulch was but a narrow stream which called a halt to the washing process of the gold industry in that part of the country.

About that time a stranger came to the camp and after a few days of looking around, he offered Benjamin a large sum of money for his claim. Benjamin hardly knew what to do. He was making good as it was, but it was slow work, and the question of water was a problem just then. If he took up the offer, he would be a wealthy man, and could go home at once. Otherwise he would have to be on the job for a long time before his dream was fully realized.

"I don't know what to do. I wish I could talk it over with Fannie" he thought. And that thought was a big factor in helping him decide the question, for thinking of his family and home -- well, he believed he would take the offer and go home to his family. And the deal was soon made.

Benjamin wrote to Fannie at once, telling her that he would soon be home. After settling his business affairs, Benjamin bought a strong built chest in which he packed some of his belongings, and also some of his riches. A large sum of money and some gold, he placed in a stout canvas belt, which a young lady of his acquaintance made for him, and then firmly sewed it around his strong body, as his mother had done many years ago, before he came to America. "It will be safer that way" were the words Benjamin remembered her saying. "It was a good idea and he would try it again" he thought as he placed a big share of his wealth in the belt. He was going home.

Going home to Fannie and the children. How happy they would all be, together again.

To make better time, and better connections with the stage line, by which way he was to travel overland, Benjamin took passage on a ship sailing north up the coast. As the happy man paced the deck of the ship that was speeding him on his journey homeward, Benjamin made many plans for the future. "Fannie would not have to work so hard now. She had been put to it pretty hard, but now he would see that she had an easier time. How brave she had always been. Well, it would be different from now on", planned the happy man.

Then a storm came, a raging storm at sea. The ship bravely battled with the elements, and for a time held her own. But the storm was too severe -- the ship was wrecked and began to sink. Life boats were put off, loaded with frantic passengers, others were left on the ship which was sinking fast. There was no help for them. The ship went down and many lives were lost.

Benjamin Jaquis was one of them. He -- who had traveled half way around the world to seek his fortune. Oh, the tragedy of it. Just when life seemed the best to him, as he was homeward bound with the wealth he had dreamed about so much, and labored so hard to get. Tragedy indeed. For, boyhood dreams, many realties and life were swallowed in the deep, on that autumn day in 1854.

There was great rejoicing in the home of Fannie Jaquis when the letter from Benjamin came, saying "That he had sold out and was returning home, perhaps he would be there soon after the letter arrived. He had some business to see to, then would take a boat going up the coast as he could connect better with the stage line, by which way he intended to travel home. Would tell more later, for he expected to see them before long."

That was glad news for Fannie and the children, who hustled around to get everything in apple-pie order before the return of the husband and father. "I wonder if Father will know us" said one of the girls as she scoured the set of steel knives and forks. "You have all grown so much, I doubt if he would know you, if he met you away from home," answered Fannie, who could hardly realize herself how the youngsters had grown up so fast. "I wonder if Fav'er will know me" said four year old Sarah, who was busily engaged in putting a clean dress on her rag doll. "I wonder too" laughed Fannie as she kissed the sober face of little Sarah.

Elihu, a lad of 13 had grown much too, during the five years of his father's absence, and he also wondered if Father would know him, and Elihu looked out of the window at the full moon for a moment, then went to his chest and found the one big treasure he owned, the Gold Moon, which his father had sent to him.

Several weeks passed by, while the family anxiously awaited the return of Benjamin. Several more weeks, and still he did not come. With a sad heart, Fannie watched and waited, and as time went on, she knew that something had happened, and she would never see her husband again.

Later, a word came that a ship had been wrecked and many lives lost, at about the time Benjamin was to sail for home, and Fannie had no doubt but that he was on the ill fated ship, and had lost his life with the others in that awful storm. It was a sad blow to the little woman, who had always tried so hard to make the best of things. Even as she did then in the time of her great sorrow.

Fannie, at the age of 35 was left a widow, with six children to provide and care for. Benjamin had sent money to her several times; not a great lot, but enough to keep her going for awhile. As the children grew older they were able to help some in the business of making a living so - by skimping and saving they managed to get along about as well as any of the other early settlers.

The spring of 1856, several families in the vicinity of Harvard, Ill. decided to go to Iowa where they could take up homesteads. Included in the group were Thomas, Solomon and Noah Lashbrook and Fannie Jaquis.

These families loaded their household goods and their families into the covered wagons, and were hauled along over the rough trail by strong oxen as they wallowed through the tall grass that grew so luxurantly on the plains of Iowa. Thomas Lashbrook and family located in Bremer County, while Fannie Jaquis and Solomon Lashbrook settled in adjoining homesteads in Butler County. They erected their log houses within half a mile of each other and settled down to help in the upbuilding of a new community. Fannie was glad to live near her tall brother, who proved to be a big help to her as she bravely took up her burden in the new land.

She was also glad to live near one, who was very dear to her, the timid little woman Harriet King, who had traveled with her all the way from York state. Harriet King was the bride of Fannies brother Solomon, and they had come to Iowa with the others shortly after their marriage.

Having settled in the new surroundings, sixteen year old Elihu, manfully took up the job of breaking the sod, sowing the seed, and harvesting the crops, a job which was not easy at that time. There was no modern machinery to do the work of man as there is now days. A team of horses, a walking plow and one furrow at a time would seem mighty slow work these days when a tractor can pull a big gang plow, a disc and a drag all at one time and travel along at a fast gait with no trouble at all. Sowing the seed in the early days was no swift job either. Back and forth, across the field, the sower trod, carrying half a sackful of grain, slung over his shoulder, out of which he would grasp a handful and scatter it to the four winds, keeping time with his step. Now, a lively team of horses, a wagon and a seeder does the work much faster and easier.

The old method of harvesting the grain was a hard task too. Those who had a harvester that cut the grain, while men followed along and tied the sheaf into bundles, thought they had an easy time of it, even if they had to shock, stack and thresh the grain, before it was stored in the bin. Now, the modern combines, cuts the grain, threshes out the seed, and elevates it to a wagon or truck, as it travels across the field. Surely, times have changed.

The widow Jaquis bravely battled, with the many ups and downs, of her lifetime. She was now a plump, matronly woman with a look of determination in her face - a determination to carry on and win. She was a comely woman, with long black hair, which she wore parted in the middle, combed down each side of her face, and twisted into a knob at the nape of her neck.

The girls ranging in age from 8 to 18 years, were good honest dependable girls and were a credit to the mother who raised them. They were good looking girls too. I have been told by those who knew her, that Artie was a beautiful woman. As they grew to womanhood, Fannie taught them the practical side of caring for a home, and each of them learned the lesson well, using it to a good advantage when they had homes and families of their own.

Elihu was a young man of medium height, rather slender, but strong and wiry. He had quiet, good humored ways and loved a joke any old time. Being the main stay of his mother, he very early learned to depend on himself and to master things he undertook to do. He was handy with the axe, the saw, the plane, and his jack-knife too, which he used in whittling out many handy articles, such as axe and hammer handles, handles for spades and forks, also many useful articles used in the home, as paddles, mixing spoons, potato masher, and such things. He could build neat cupboards and other simple pieces of furniture, too much in the way his grandfather Lashbrook had done so many years before.

Altho Elihu, still loved the moon, in each stage of its pilgrimage across the sky, he had outgrown the habit of gazing at it so much. But he never outgrew the habit of occasionally looking at the gold moon which his father had sent to him from the gold fields of Calif. It was a cherished keepsake to Elihu, and it was always under lock and key except on special occasions when he wore the pretty stick pin with its pure gold mounting. He was proud to tell the history of it too.

It was hard times for the widow Jaquis and her family during those first years in Iowa, but by much earnest endeavor and hard labor, they improved the homestead so that they lived in a very comfortable way. Early and late they toiled, and the time came when stables and sheds were built to house the stock, most of the land was under cultivation and a rail fence enclosed the fields.

The family lived a very simple life, and their wants were few. A plain diet of corn bread, salt pork, potatoes, buckwheat cakes, sorghum and what few vegetables they could raise, with the fresh air and plenty of exercise they had, made them the healthy, hearty family they were.

For clothing, heavy jean material and hickory shirting was bought by the yard and made into overalls and shirts for the men folks by the women of the house. The Sunday suits were often home made too. The ladies wore strong muslin underwear, calico dresses, aprons, sun bonnets, and cotton hose. In the winter time, flannel petticoats and home spun wool dresses were durable and warm as well. They did not know the touch of silk undies, silk hose or silk dresses either, but they adorned themselves with the corset hoop and bustle which were so stylish then.

Altho the Jaquis family worked hard in the upbuilding of their home, it was not all work for them, for the young folks mingled with others in the surrounding country, and had good old fashioned times, at party, dance, or spelling bees. It was no trick at all to hitch a team to the lumber wagon or bob sled and drive several miles to a home for an evening of fun and amusement. Simple entertainment, tho it was, they all enjoyed it and rarely missed attending one of the "shin digs". The pretty Jaquis girls were lively and full of fun, and were very popular with the crowds.

Eilhu was quite the hero of every gathering if the story of the gold moon was told. Then, as time went on, there were many changes made in the Jaquis family. Elizabeth met and married a young man by the name of Orin Shaw. Mary was keeping company with a young chap by the name of Leander Mason, and Elihu was courting the shy Mary Ann Stuart. *

In the meantime young Elihu bought a 40 acre farm in Albion Township, a mile or so from where his mother lived, and he began the building of a home for the young lady who would soon be his bride. Altho Elihu was starting out for himself, he always remembered the promise he had made to his father many years before, and he kept the promise by helping his mother in every way he could.

Fannie being a wise woman, knew that she could not always keep her boy tied to her apron strings, nor did she want to stand in the way of his life plan, but by helping each other, they managed to get along very well.

The girls grew to young womanhood, each with their own love affair and courtship and married. Then Fannie adopted a niece who was homeless and raised her.

It was the 30th day of November in 1862 that a very important and happy event took place at the home of widow Jaquis. A double wedding - when the charming Mary Jaquis became the bride of Leander Mason, and Elihu Jaquis married the shy and blushing Mary Ann Stuart. *Hattie's Parents*

It was a pretty wedding, attended by the immediate relatives of both couples. The double ceremony took place at noon, after which a bountiful feast was served. The bride of Elihu was attired in the pretty dress of wool challie. The dress fitted well, and Mary Ann was a very pretty bride. Elihu wore a new suit of store clothes, with a suitable neck-tie, in which the gold moon stick pin gleamed, the treasure that he wore on special occasions only. Hattie Turner possesses his wedding shirt. An afternoon of visiting and quiet celebrating, then the newly wed Elihu and Mary Ann took a mile and a half honeymoon trip to their new home, where they settled down to married life.

They were happy in the little home, altho they started out in such a humble way, having only the most necessary articles in their outfit, to which they added little by little as the years went by, and as they could afford it.

Their home was a one story frame building about 12 by 20 containing bedroom, pantry and kitchen with living room. It was a neat, well built house which the young couple were very proud to own. Straw sheds and stables were made and used for the few head of stock Elihu owned, until the time came when he could afford a better set of outbuildings.

Some time later, Elihu had a chance to buy another 40 acre tract of land, just across the road from where they lived. "Well, Mary Ann what do you think about us buying that land?" he asked as they were at the noon day meal. "I think it would be all right" she answered. \$5.00 an acre seems like a big price, but I suppose land will never be any cheaper." "No, land won't ever be any cheaper and we may not get another chance to buy land joining us as that does at that price" said Elihu as he helped himself to a piece of dried apple pie.

"Well it is all right with me. We can both work and save, and get it paid for some way, I guess" said the young woman. "It is good land and I believe we had better try it" replied Elihu as he arose from the table, caressed his wife, picked up the water pail and went to the well for a bucket of water.

They bought the land at \$5.00 per acre. Cheap? Yes perhaps, but money was scarce and they found it hard to make the payments as it is hard to make payments of \$50.00 land now. But the hard working Elihu and the saving Mary Ann, managed to meet their expenses altho they saw many times of depression in their lifetime, as they traveled along together.

The next fall after their marriage, a little son came to brighten their home. Then, at regular intervals, other children came until eight were numbered in the family group as follows. Charles, Ellie, Art who died in infancy Benjamin, Fannie who died when small, Libbie, William, George and Hattie.

When the happy couple started housekeeping, they had plenty of room in the little home, but as the family increased, space seemed to diminish, and the house had to be enlarged. A lean-to, the length of the house was built on at the west side, which made ample room for a couple of beds, the baby cradle, the sewing machine and several other articles of furniture. Trundle beds, which were pushed under the large beds during the day time, were used for the small children, and many other space savers were used, until the spring of 1882 when a new addition was built on at the front of the house. It was a 16 by 24 two story addition with front room and bed room downstairs and two large rooms upstairs. The old part of the house was remodeled too. The partition between living room, bedroom and pantry was taken out and the result was a large room - a kitchen and dining room combined with a large cupboard at one end for dishes and cooking utensils. The leaky old leanto was removed and a long porch was built in its place, all of which made it seem like a large and spacious house, after living so long in the crowded rooms.

That summer, soon after the building and the remodeling was finished and everything was bright and shining with white plaster and new paint, the little daughter Hattie arrived on the scene. I was about ten years old, and had been allowed to spend the night at the home of a neighbor. When I returned home the next morning, I was much surprised to find I had a little sister. I hardly knew what to think of her at first, but soon learned to love the little midget, who was the pet of the whole family.

Rollands'
mother

Following along with the Jaquis family, many interesting and amusing incidents took place during the lifetime of Elihu and Mary Ann, the most noteworthy being the changes during the progress of time. Machinery was invented, which lightened the work of man, and women too for the sewing machine was in nearly every home and the washboard had given place to a machine that washed a whole tub full of clothes at one time, and the wringer - what a big help that was on wash day.

Barbed wire fences had taken the place of the old fashioned rail and board fences. Mowing machines had taken the place of the scythe, corn-planters had taken the place of the hoe and the one hill at a time method of planting corn. The horse and buggy had taken the place of the team of oxen and the lumber wagon, and the automobile had taken the place of the team and buggy. Tractors were doing the work of horses and men and the many other labor saving devices which, as the years passed on have been improved and enlarged until there is no limit to the work that electricity and the gasoline engines may do. And they saw all those changes.

One time long ago, there lived in the neighborhood a family by the name of Dockstedder, who were a happy go lucky set, that evidently believed in being saving. Anyway, one time one of the boys brought a piece of fresh meat to our house, as was the neighborly custom with the early settlers. "Oh, you have been butchering, have you?" asked my mother, and the honest lad replied "yes, we butchered the sheep with the sore back!" Mutton never appealed to the Jaquis family after that.

The Jaquis home was two miles from the school house where their children attended school, and acquired their brilliant knowledge. Back and forth the youngsters trudged in all kinds of weather, winter and summer while they learned the rules of readin', ritin' and rithmetin in the old country school house at New Albion. In the winter time, we about blistered our faces and froze our feet as we clustered around the old pot-bellied stove trying to keep warm. Some times about thirty or forty pupils ranging in age from 6 to 20 or more would be enrolled for the winter term. And one long teacher was expected to teach all the different grades and classes of the whole bunch. Large rulers were the style in those days and they were used quite often too, when the big unruly boys tried to run things.

I well remember one summer, that I attended school. Our teacher, apparently loved flowers, and every window was full of potted plants. Us youngsters had to carry water half a mile to water those plants. Every morning they had to be carried out in the sunshine, and back again every night. During the school hours, we dallied along at our studies and waited on the teacher most of the time. We had summer and winter term of school then and I was walking the two miles through the hot weather to learn what I could and I got tired of toting those plants around. So one day I packed my books and took them home with me. I was going to quit school. But the next morning I had to pack my books and go back to school, for my parents believed in upholding the teacher. But I remember that teacher did not come back for the second term.

Another time, we were about blown away by a cyclone. It had been a hot sultry morning and about noon a storm came up. The air was very oppressive and it got so quiet. Our teacher called us all into the house and we had only got the door closed when looking out of the south window, we saw a black funnel shaped cloud a short distance away, which whirled water into the air as it crossed the creek.

The next moment it struck where we were. Coal house and out buildings were picked up and dashed against the school house, breaking in the windows and scattering glass all over the building. It was an awful storm, and lasted for a couple of hours. Rain poured down, it hailed, and the lightning and thunder came crash after crash.

The old school house shook and trembled, but held its own, altho the windows were smashed in, and shingles were ripped off and scattered more than a mile away. The teacher and pupils were stunned for a time, and it was several days before some of them got over the shock. "Its a wonder the old school house didn't go too" was what people said when they saw what had happened.

In the long ago days, spelling school were quite the fashion, and people for several miles around would gather at the school house for an evening of entertainment. The leaders would choose up sides and there would be two long rows reaching the length of the building, then the fun began. One by one as they misspelled the words, the people would go to their seats. Old and young took part in the game, and sometimes it would be quite a lengthy session. I well remember one time, when there was but two left on the floor, one on each side. They were Mary Ann Jaquis and her young daughter Libbie. It was nip and tuck with them for awhile, then Libbie misspelled the word "uncouth" and Mary Ann, her mother had the honor of being the best speller of that large crowd.

Fannie Jaquis was a good woman, and one of her many kind deeds was to raise and care for a motherless girl as though it were her own. Nellie Lashbrook, a daughter of Fannies younger brother was left motherless when a very small child, and Grandmother Jaquis provided and cared for her until she was able to do for herself.

About the year of 1876, Fannie Jaquis sold her farm in Iowa, where she had lived for about twenty years, and having the urge for more pioneering, she moved to Nebraska, where she took up a homestead claim near Alma and lived there the rest of her days. She proved up on her claim in the year of 1879 President Chester A. Arthur signing the deed. The document is valued as a keepsake by the writer.

In the days of long ago, it was quite the custom for old ladies to smoke a pipe, and my grandmother had her pipe too. I remember her sitting in a rocker by the fireside, gently rocking back and forth, smoking her pipe. I was a small child, but it was my job to fill her pipe and take it to her, then very much interested, I would watch her light it, by taking a live ember from the hearth and pressing it into the bowl of the pipe. She would then settle back in her chair and smoke, in a very contented way, remarking "how good it was because a nice little girl had filled it for her."

I have in my possession a teapot that grandmother always brewed her tea in. It is a pretty thing, of unusual design. The body represents the back of a tree, and on either side is a cluster of apples and pears in their natural color with some green leaves. On the cover is an inverted acorn for a handle. When grandmother died, the teapot was given to my father and he gave it to me years ago. I would not part with it.

Having lived a good life, with many trials and tribulations to bear alone, Fannie Jaquis was stricken with that dread disease, cancer. She suffered much in her last days, but was patient through it all and died March 10, 1881. She was laid to rest in the cemetery at Alma, Nebr.

Year after year, Elihu and Mary Ann Jaquis, jogged along at the same old job, in the same old way on the same old place. Elihu was an honest and upright man, much respected by all who knew him. He was a strong Republican, a loyal citizen and at various times held responsible positions in the public affairs of his community.

He loved his stock, especially the horses which were always fat and well cared for. He was a good natured man with jovial ways, and enjoyed a joke on anyone, himself included. As he grew older, the hair on top of his head thinned so that he was almost bald except for a tuft at each side, and a few long straggling hairs, which were spread over the top of his shining pate. He always wore a beard, which was the style for the men of his day.

He was a handy man at any kind of work, and was always busy at something, such as, hewing out an axe handle, repairing the harness, sewing a patch on a grain sack, putting a leather strap on the broom handle so it could hang, instead of standing in a corner to wear off lop sided. Many other of the thousand and one things that maybe done to keep things in shape, and prolong their usefulness.

He was quite a singer in his younger days, and knew many of the old time songs. "Will you sing or tell stories for us tonight?" the children would coax him on long winter nights when their studies were ready for the next day and it was great fun for them, when father would start out on some of the old favorites. "Oh Susanna, Dixie Land, Miss Diana, Nellie Gray, Old Black Joe, etc". Sometimes he would tell about maple sugar time in Yorn state, and how he took care of his mother when he was a small boy. We enjoyed his Indian and bear stories too, but best of all was when he told the story of the gold moon. "May we see it again?" the children asked of him, then he would take the key from its hiding place, unlock the treasure chest, unwrap the package, and show us the pretty trinket that he prized so highly.

Mary Ann was a hard working woman, who had seen many of the ups and downs in her lifetime. Day after day, she toiled on, never complaining, just doing the best she could in every way. She was of medium height and size, with a round face and deep set gray eyes. She had long, straight hair, which she wore parted in the middle, combed back and twisted in a knot at the back of her head. "Let us do your hair up on curlers, Mother," we would say to her if there was some special reason for looking especially nice. "All right, if you want to," she would answer, for she liked to have someone fuss with her hair. After the curling process was over and her hair lay in pretty waves, she would look into the mirror and say "It is too fussy for an old woman like me."

She had the most wonderful memory of anyone I ever knew. She always remembered birthdays, deaths, weddings, and any other important event. If there was a boubt about the date of any event by any relative or friend, it was always, "Ask Mary Ann. She will know when it was."

Swiftly the years passed for Elihu and Mary Ann, and the time came - November 30th, 1912 for their golden wedding day. It was a happy occasion for them when friends and relatives about forty in number gathered to help them celebrate the fifty golden years of their married life. They had invited the children home for the occasion, but were surprised when other relatives came to spend the day. The children had planned the surprise and provided a bountiful feast with appropriate trimmings and favors. During the afternoon a photographer came and took pictures of the group which pleased the couple very much. They received many pretty and useful presents which they appreciated and enjoyed. It was a day full of pleasant memories for the worthy couple and they enjoyed telling others of the happy event.

A few more years on the old home place, a few more years added to their age and they were hardly able to carry on at the farm any longer. Each of them had experienced severe sickness and they decided to retire. It was almost like tearing the heart out of them to give up the home where they had lived for more than fifty three years. But they saw the wisdom of it and chose Shell Rock as their place of residence. They bought a comfortable little home and settled down to city life, where they had a bright light by pressing a button and good fresh water by the turn of a faucet. They enjoyed it all, especially the companionship of the close neighbors.

"I wish we had moved to town years ago" said Mother as she rocked back and forth in her chair, piecing together the blocks for a quilt. Father busied himself with his garden and found plenty of tinkering around to do as he kept the lawn and everything looking neat and tidy.

A clipping taken from the Parkersburg Eclipse about the time they left the farm, tells much of what had taken place in their lifetime. Here is the item: Elihu Jaquis and wife move next week from their farm near Swanton to Shell Rock where they will make their home. They have lived on this place for fifty three years, coming when practically this entire section of Iowa was a wilderness, the towns far apart and the settlers homes fully as far. At that time, there was not a railroad in this section of Iowa, scarcely a road or bridge worthy the name. The currency at that time was scarce and hard to get. The settlers had to travel miles across the trackless prairies for supplies. What they had to sell, had to be carried fully as far and the prices they received were just enough to supply their wants and no more. At that time, the people depended upon wood for fuel, coal not being known at that particular time as far west as this section, and coal burning did not become general here until the early seventies. Mr. and Mrs. Jaquis have lived to see the marvelous changes that a half century has brought in this locality and the world in general. The old fashioned lumber wagon with a board laid across the box for a seat has given place to the modern auto. The poor roads, swampy and impassable in the spring and fall of the year and none too good in the summer months, have given way to the graded and well drained roads, in places built of solid concrete and in others well graveled. The old wooden bridges have given way to the modern steel and concrete bridges, solid and enduring as the hills. All these things have been witnessed by the couple and as they spend their declining years in comfort and ease they have the satisfaction of knowing that they in their own way, have helped to contribute to the marvelous progress of this, the much vaunted twentieth century of the human race. The shell Rock people will find Mr. and Mrs. Jaquis good people to have among them.

— STUART —

It was the tenth day of July in 1810. In a small town in Scotland, lived Albert Stuart and his good wife Maggie. They were comfortably situated in the home where they had lived for many years. Albert was a mechanic and worked at his trade in a manufacturing establishment in a near by city. Albert and Maggie were married when both were quite young. They had always worked hard -- had raised a family of nine children and at the middle of life had ample means for a life of comfort and ease for the rest of their days. The youngest daughter Sarah, was nine years of age, when Maggie knew she was to have another child, and it was the morning of that July day when a little son was born to them. They named the babe Charles Albert. He was a laughing blue-eyed baby, and the pet of the whole family.

Charles grew to be a chubby lad - much interested in school and his studies, especially history which was a favorite with him. He liked adventures and travel, and when he learned of the new country America, he declared his intention of seeing the new land for himself, some day. Like his father, Charles learned the mechanics trade, and worked at that when he was a young man.

The years passed on. Albert and Maggie were quite old, and depended much on young Charles, for the other children were married, and had families of their own to care for. When Charles was twenty years of age, his father was suddenly taken sick, and died a few days later. The shock was almost too much for Maggie, who had never been well or strong since the birth of the son, who had come to her so late in life. Charles dearly loved his fragile little mother, and he tenderly cared for her during her declining days. She lived but a year after the passing of her husband.

The following spring, 1831, Charles Stuart having no family ties to keep him, sailed for America, the land he so much desired to see. When he arrived in America, he was twenty one years of age, somewhat heavy set, and of medium height. He had twinkling blue eyes, and jovial ways, which made friends for him wherever he went. He was a very temperate man, and never used strong drink or tobacco in any form.

Coming from Scotland, Charles landed in New Brunswick, and he was soon working at his trade as a mechanic in a saw mill. He got good wages and began to save a portion of his earnings for a rainy day. He was an honest young man, a good mechanic, and a willing worker, and he worked at the mill for several years.

Meanwhile, Charles Stuart was located at St. Johns, New Brunswick, where he was working at a saw-mill. He had a good job with good pay and was well satisfied with his work and his surroundings. Charles was an honest good-hearted fellow and made friends where ever he went. Working at the same mill, was a young Frenchman by the name of James Frazee. James and Charles were about the same age, but altogether different in their make-up. James was a tall slender man, with a dark complexion and snapping black eyes. Charles was of medium height and heavy set, with fair complexion and twinkling blue eyes.

The Scotchman and the Frenchman seemed to hook up pretty well together and soon were the best of friends. And it seemed to be in the general scheme of things that these two young men would meet the two pretty Perry girls, and then things began to happen, for when Charles first saw dainty little Jane, he knew that she was the one for him, and after a short courtship, (Charles Stuart and Jane Perry) married in the fall of 1839. Charles was making good at his work and had furnished a comfortable little home for his bride. *little's*
Grand-
parents

After a few days honeymoon, they settled down to housekeeping and they were very proud of the little place they called home. The days seemed long to Charles as he worked at the mill; but Jane was in the height of her glory as she busied herself with her home duties.

Jane was a very neat person. She had a place for everything, and everything must be kept in its place. She was not a crank about the matter, it was just one of her orderly habits, which made her work easier for her to do. Her home was always spick and span, and Charles adored the neat orderly ways of his little wife. But jokingly he would often say to her, "Jane, why don't you clean around here, once in awhile?" "Oh, what is the use, it would just get in a mess again," would be her laughing reply.

Jane loved the teasing way of her blue eyed husband, and with her keen sense of humor, had an answer ready for him every time. Charles would laugh and say, "Jane, you are the neatest and the best little woman I ever had."

In December of the next year after their marriage, a little son Joel was born to them, and Charles was the happiest man in town when that important event occurred.

When Joel was about a year old, Charles and Jane moved to the state of Maine, where Charles erected and operated a saw-mill of his own. It was in a big timber country and their new home was in a little clearing near the mill. Jane had never been away from her people for any length of time, and she had many a lonesome day, but she was a plucky little woman, and made no complaint. Charles was a good provider, and they lived well, altho they did not have many luxuries.

Soon after they were located in their new home, Jane knew she was to have another baby. She was happy in the knowledge for she loved children, and hoped the expected one would be a little girl. Joel was at the age to toddle around and get into all sorts of mischief, and Jane who was not strong, was more than glad when her mother came to spend a few weeks with her that summer. It was the twenty-fifth day of July in 1843 when a daughter was born to Charles and Jane. They named the little miss, Mary Ann, and again Charles was a happy man. In fact he was happy most of the time, for he had good work, a good home, and the best little woman in the world. And now he was the proud father of two little children.

Little Mary Ann, was a good natured, bright-eyed baby, who grew to resemble her father, a fact which pleased Charles very much. "The baby looks just like you, Charles," said Jane one day when Charles was playing with his six months old daughter. "Looks like me, does she, how do you make that out. Why, the child hasn't a tooth and is almost bald-headed, and you say she looks like me," spluttered Charles in his good-natured way. Jane, the efficient little housekeeper and mother was very busy those days. The children were always neat and clean. There was much sewing to be done too. She had many pretty peices of material which she pieced into quilts. She made one quilt top out of gay colored calico, which was sold by the pound in those days. (The quilt top is in the possission of one of her descendants at the present time, just as she made it a century ago.)

After a long day of work at the noisy saw-mill, Charles loved the quiet of his home, and the evenings were happy times for the family. Little Mary Ann was but eighteen months old, when another baby, James was born. He was a husky youngster who believed in letting folks know he was around. Jane was never well or strong after the birth of baby James. Charles hired a girl to do the work, and help with the children.

Charles Stuart was heart broken over the death of his beloved Jane. The children, too small to realize the loss of their mother, clung to Margaret Sharp, the girl Charles had hired to do the work while his wife was ill. Margaret was a good hearted girl and loved the children and cared for them to the best of her ability.

During her stay with the Stuart family, Margaret had loved the kind hearted little Jane, and was much grieved over her death. She was sorry for Charles, who mourned so for Jane. She was sorry for the motherless children too, and loved them more than ever. The children, under her care for so long a time, loved her and depended on her, as they would depend on a mother.

"Oh yes, I will be glad to stay and take care of the children for awhile," Margaret told Charles when he asked if she minded staying with them awhile, until he decided what was best for him to do. Charles wanted to keep his children together, and he wanted to keep them with him. There was no place for them to go anyway, for Grandmother Perry's health was poor and she would not be able to care for them. Hannah had a family of her own, and lived far away. He must keep them together, and he must keep them with him - Jane would want him to do that. Oh what would he do? What could he do? Thus around and around went the thoughts of the grief stricken man. In the meantime, kindhearted Margaret kept things going in a very efficient way. The children were contented and happy, the home was kept neat and clean, and everything was going along smooth and well.

As time went on, Charles began to see a way out of his difficulty. They could not go on living as they were. Margaret was a good woman, the children liked her so well. Again - round and round went the thoughts of the bewildered man. The result was that Charles Stuart and Margaret Sharp were married, in less than a year after the death of his former wife, Jane.

The Stuarts lived at the same place in Maine, where Charles continued to operate his saw-mill, until the year of 1854. Joel was then a lad fourteen years old, Mary Ann was a round eyed rosy cheeeked girl of eleven years, and James a lively youngster nine years of age. By that time there was also a Charles, a William, and a George included in the family group.

*Nattie's
mother*

The older children remembered and related many things that happened in the big timbered country where they lived, when they were young. The Stuart family all had a sweet tooth, and maple sugar time was a very sweet memory to them. They loved to recall the times, when they tapped the trees and made sugar and syrup from the sap gathered from the sugar bush or orchard. In the early days, there was many dangerous wild animals in the timber country and it was hardly safe for a child or an unarmed person to be out alone especially at night. Wild cats and panthers lurked in hidden places, ready to spring upon any unprotected prey, either fowl, beast, or human being. At night the panther would cry out in a blood curdling scream, which sounded like the cry of a woman in mortal agony. Sometimes they would whimper and cry, which sounded like a lost child or a baby crying.

The clumsy bear, did his part too in making it dangerous for children to wonder far from home. One time a neighbor boy set out to meet his father who was delayed for awhile. The boy wondered on along the trail, expecting to meet his father at any time. Hearing a noise in the underbrush, he turned and saw a bear coming his way. The boy ran for his life, to an old empty shack not far away. The door hung by one hinge, so he could not shut it. He quickly climbed a rickety old ladder to the loft, and slammed down the trap door, just as Mr. Bear came into the shack. The bear prowled around all night trying to find a way to get at the boy, who was nearly frightened to death by the time his father found him the next day.

In the woods, in the summer time, there was wild berries galore. When gathered and made up into jam or preserves, it was a treat to be remembered for many a day.

The Stuart children did not have much of a chance for schooling when they were young. Charles taught them what he could during the evenings until they were old enough to make the trip to the log school house located some distance away. Margaret had no schooling in her youth, and she too learned as the children did what Charles taught them.

Joel was interested most in history. Mary Ann was quick at spelling. James liked poetry and amused himself and the family by making rhymes and jingles. George was the clown. He was always cutting up funny capers. Each one was different and had characteristics which belonged to themselves.

One of the funny things about the family was the off nick-names they had. Joel was (bread printer) because he accidentally sat in a pan of dough one time. Mary Ann was (lamb) because she was so innocent, gentle and meek looking. James was (toad) because he was a fat roly-poly baby, and when he rolled on his back, he could not turn over again. Charles was (nug) because he said "nug, nug" when he wanted a drink of water when he was a little tot. William was (soup) because he liked soup so well. George was (nick) and the name fit well for he was full of the old nick. Maggie was (Keaty) Sarah was (jib) Lincoln was (big) because he was a big boy, and Alice, the youngest of the family was (Angel). The nick names were always used by the family and it was funny to hear them talk of Nick, and Toad, and Soup.

Along in the early 50's a great number of people emigrated to the west. A group of covered wagons with ox teams and a cow or two trailing along behind, a man or two on horseback while others walked along beside the wagon, out of which rosy cheeked children peeked from under the canvas cover, was a common sight in those days as family after family packed their belongings

and started out for new worlds to conquer. "Margaret, I have a notion to go west too" said Charles Stuart one day as they watched an outfit as it slowly wended its way down the road. "Don't ever spoil a good notion, Charles" said Margaret who had wondered many a time what the west was like. The result was -- early in the spring of 1854 the Stuarts packed up their goods and started westward. Their outfit consisted of a strong yoke of oxen, a covered wagon adorned with plow, ax, shovel and spade on the outside and with needed household goods and the family inside, a couple of cows leading behind, and an old horse on which the boys took turns at riding.

Traveling down through Maine, they crossed the states of New Hampshire and Vermont, into Pennsylvania, over hills, through hollows up and down over humps and bumps, the family slowly traveled. It was hard going and they often had to camp a few days to rest the tired and foot-sore cattle. After they came to the Government highway through Ohio and Indiana, it was easier going, and the old wagon, with a creak and a groan, was steadily hauled on across the states.

When they entered Illinois, they headed north to a village where they could get provisions. The village consisted of several stores and a row of log houses set each side of a muddy street. It was a busy place, this little town of Chicago, where people came for miles around to get provisions and do their trading.

Not far from Chicago, was Ft. Dearborn where the early settlers gathered for shelter and protection during an Indian rampage. With a goodly supply of provisions and after a few days of much needed rest, the Stuarts left the village of Chicago to take up the trail again towards the west.

Slowly they traveled along. Having no special destination, they were going as far as possible that summer, or until they came to a place that suited their fancy.

They crossed the Mississippi River by ferry on the 25th day of July, 1854. Rosy cheeked Mary Ann well remembered that day, for it was her birthday - The day she was twelve years old. It was an occasion which she always remembered. From Dubuque, the family came on west, following the rough trail through tall grass in which pretty wild flowers bloomed everywhere, and the new country looked like a paradise to the weary travelers.

They crossed the Cedar River by ferry, where Waterloo is now located, and a few miles farther on came to Cedar Falls, a very busy trading center, where a grist mill was in operation and where the early settlers brought their grain to be ground into meal and flour. At Cedar Falls, Charles bought more provisions, and traveled on again.

Many, many were the miles they had passed over that summer. Many a hardship they had endured. Many dangers they had met with and many obstacles had they overcome. They had no streamlined train to travel in. No marked and paved highways to follow. No luxurious car to speed them along, even no bridges for them to cross rivers in safety. They crawled along in a prairie schooner drawn by oxen, and made their own trails in many places.

Then they camped for a few days in the western part of Butler County where Kesley is located. It was a pretty spot, near a spring of good water. After looking over the surroundings, Charles laughingly said "Well, folks, here is the place we have been looking for, all the way from Maine."

It was nearing the fall of the year when Charles Stuart and family settled in Iowa, and Charles immediately set out to build a home before cold weather came. They chose a place on a side hill, near the spring. There was a thick grove all around, and many wild plum trees, loaded with fruit. To the Stuart children, one of the outstanding memories of their first home in Iowa, was sour wild plums, and rattlesnakes, of which there were a plenty.

For the log house, Charles was to build, he selected tall trees of about the same size. These were sawed in the proper lengths, and notched, ready for the raising of the building. Hoisting logs was heavy work, but with the help of some extra men, they soon had the house built, ready for the chinking in between the logs, a job which was hardly finished before the first snow of the season came.

The winters of those days were long and severe, with a lot of snow and many blizzards which raged over the plains and piled snow in deep drifts. Charles was wise to select such a well sheltered place for his home. The family were none too comfortable, as it was, for the winter of 1854 was one which the early settlers remembered as being a very severe one.

The new log house was rather small for the large family. To save room, the bed was a three story affair, built in one corner of the room. The parents used the lower berth, the small children the next one above and the older boys had the upper berth. This arrangement was very satisfactory until the warm days of spring weather and the melting snow seeped through the thatched roof made of poles and wild slough grass. The roof built in that way had been very warm and satisfactory all winter, but the boys in the upper berth had a different story to tell when the spring rains came and water dripped down their neck and in their face.

There was a wild scramble for buckets and pans which were placed to catch the drops as they fell. The receptacles were of various sizes and shapes, and as the drops fell with a splash into the tin pans, it made a musical sound which amused the youngsters very much. They imagined they were being entertained by a band. "The Tin Pan Band" if you please, which played stirring music for them. That was the way with the Stuart family. They could find music and fun in all occasions.

The Stuarts had not been settled in their new surroundings very long that fall, when a couple of the boys were sent to bring home the cows. As they strolled along, they heard a rustle and a scamper in the brush, and saw a bear as it hurried out of sight in the thicket. After that they called the place "Bear Grove" and it goes by that name to this day.

That fall Margaret and the children gathered a lot of the wild plums which she preserved in molasses and made into plum butter. The plums were very sour and puckery, but added variety to the everyday diet of salt pork and corn bread.

The family needs were few in those days, they lived on plain nourishing foods with none of the side dishes and fancy salads which grace the tables of today. "We had pancakes for breakfast, corn bread for dinner, mush and milk for supper three times a day" one of the Stuart boys told to a group of interested listeners many years later.

Charles Stuart owned a couple of cows which he had brought with him from the east. Each day Margaret would strain the milk into shallow tip pans, and set them aside for the cream to rise. After which she carefully skimmed off the thick cream into a stone churn. When she had the desired amount, she adjusted the cover and the dasher, which she patiently raised and lowered, up and down, up and down, through the thick cream until butter was formed. The yellow mass was then dipped out, salted to taste, and made into pats. For special occasions or for company, these round pats were decorated in a fancy design made with a few quick moves of the butter paddles. The buttermilk was used for a drink, or for corn bread and flap-jacks which were a favorite breakfast dish, with the Stuart family. "How many pancakes can you eat this morning" Margaret often asked of her family. "Oh, I don't feel very well, so eight or ten will be enough for me" would be the answer of Nick or Toad or Soup, or some of the others.

Cedar Falls, 50 miles away was the nearest trading point for the Bear Grove Settlers, and it took four or five days to make the round trip. Therefore going to town was a very important event, and one that did not take place very often. The neighbors usually took turns in going, and would bring provisions for the scattered settlers along the way. The spring following their arrival to the fair state of Iowa, Charles Stuart began to look for a suitable place to build a saw-mill.

"There is a little settlement about fifteen miles from here, which I think will be a good place to build" he told Margaret one day. "Do you think it will pay, when there are so few people around here?" asked Margaret. Butler Center will be a big town some day if there is lumber to build it up with. More people are coming every day, and they are talking of a store before long. It is a good location, near the center of the county and I wouldn't be surprised it would be a large city sometime" predicted Charles. "Well do as you think best" said good natured Margaret, as she stirred up a johnnie cake for dinner. "Do they have a school there" asked Mary Ann who was an interested listener to the conversation.

"They are having school at one of the houses now, and I expect they will soon put up a school house" answered her father. "I wish I could go to school some more" said the Lamb of the family with a wistful look in her eyes. "I wish so too, my dear. Maybe I will see the lumber for the school house. What will you think of that?" asked Charles. "Isn't there any saw-mills here?" asked Mary Ann. "No, Lamb. If I build one it will be the first steam saw-mill around here" said Charles as he playfully tweaked an ear of the daughter he loved so much.

Early in the spring of 1856, Charles Stuart had his saw-mill built at Butler Center, and work was started at once. It was a busy place -- that little settlement where the chop of the ax, the squeak of the saw, and the tap of the hammer, proclaimed the fact that the building up of a town was in progress. With the convenience of a saw mill and plenty of lumber at hand, many frame houses were erected that summer.

Charles Stuart moved his family from Bear Grove, to the new home he had prepared for them. They were glad to leave the leaky old cabin, altho it had sheltered them so well during the two winters of their stay there. The low frame house with a lean-to built on at each side for sleeping rooms, seemed like a mansion to Margaret, after living in such close quarters in the little log house. "I have room to turn around in here" she said to Charles as they were getting settled in the new home. "Yes, and you will have room to grow, here", replied Charles in his droll way, as he looked at the plump form of his wife.

"You get out of here," laughed Margaret, and she chased her husband from the room with the broom she had been using. Charles laughed, waved at her, and went to work at the mill, which with its noisy buzz and hum made the Center seem like a very busy and wide awake place. The town consisted of a cluster of dwelling houses, a general merchandise store, with post office where weekly mail was delivered, a boarding house, blacksmith shop, and best of all, a new school house where children of all ages gathered on week days to be taught by the tune of the hickory stick, by a stern old school master, and where older folks gathered on Sunday for an hour of praise and worship.

Butler Center was a busy place indeed. It was a pretty spot, located about a mile from the West Fork River, on a gentle rise of land overlooking the country for miles around. Near the Center of the County, it made an ideal place for County Seat, which later on was established there and all business proceedings of the County were transacted at the Center.

Things were booming, and it looked as though the prediction Charles had made some time before would come true. "That will be a big town, someday", he had said. It was indeed, a pretty spot, and a good location, but alas, the railroad going through the county later on, missed the little town and it was doomed forever. For the County Seat was moved to Allison a few miles away which was on a railroad line, and Butler Center was wiped off the face of the map.

The Stuart family had been living at the Center but a short time, when Margaret gave birth to a baby girl Jane, and a year later, a boy John was born to them. The following year those two small children died within a week's time, and their little bodies were the first to be buried in the Butler Center cemetery.

Not far from Butler Center is a huge rock shaped somewhat like a loaf of bread, but about the size of a haystack. It was a good landmark for the early settlers, and no doubt was the means of saving the life of Charles Stuart one winter day. Charles set out on foot one fine morning on some business with a man who lived several miles away. On his way home, a snow storm came up. It was a blinding snow, the wind blew and one of the old time blizzards set in. Facing the storm, Charles tried to keep his bearings, as he staggered on against the storm.

He struggled on, mile after mile, so it seemed to him. The snow was blinding and he could see but a little way ahead of him. Night was coming on and as he could see no familiar landmarks, he feared that he had lost his way. "Surely I must be almost home" he thought. Thus he trudged on. He was getting weary, but he must keep going he said to himself. About that time a large dark object loomed up before him, and he recognized the big rock which was but half a mile from his home. Charles crouched down in the shelter of the rock for a moment of rest, and thanked the Lord for his Guiding Hand. He reached home safely, a weary man but happy and glad to be in the shelter of his own home again.

The old rock was a favorite place for the children of the neighborhood to gather, and many a good time they had as they climbed over the top of it, slid down the side of it, and played all around it. The young folks of the olden times had jolly times together. Their entertainment was of their own making, such as spelling matches, singing school, good old time parties with games and folk dances, quilting parties, husking bees, and the endless tests of strength and skill in work as well as play. They had no theaters, bridge parties or such things as the young folks of today revel in. But they were just as happy, perhaps more so. Who can say?

Charles Stuart had a good business at Butler Center and he employed quite a number of men at the mill. One day a couple of tall, slender young men with dark hair, dark eyes and dark complexion came to the mill and asked for work. "We hear that you need a couple more men," said one of the fellows to Charles. "Well, yes, I could use another man or two" replied the mill owner. "Did you fellows just pull in?" he asked of them. "We just got here" replied the younger lad. "And we are ready for any honest work" said the elder of the two.

"Where are you from, and what are your names?" asked Charles as he looked up and down at the two tall young men. "We are from Pennsylvania, and our name is Ressler. I am Amos and this is my brother John" answered the older fellow. "All right boys, you say you are looking for honest work, and I am looking for honest men. You are hired and may begin work at once" said Charles as he led the way into the mill. He liked the appearance of the young men and they proved to be the steadfast hard working men he had them sized up to be, and they worked at the mill for a long time.

Among the many kind hearted people of Butler Center, was a family by the name of Margretz. They were from the Dutch settlement of Pennsylvania and had emigrated to Iowa and located at Butler Center. Herman and Sarah Margretz were kindly people with a family of eleven children and the two Ressler boys were young folks of about the same age and many a good time they had together. Friendships were formed which lasted for the lifetime of these people, even closer ties than friendship were formed too, for -- but that belongs to another chapter.

The Stuart family lived at Butler Center for a number of years, then having a good opportunity, he sold out his business, and moved his family near Janesville, in Black Hawk County. There he erected another saw-mill near the fork, where the Shell Rock river flows into the Cedar. As there was a thick, heavy stand of timber up and down, each side of the two rivers, it made a good place for his line of business, and he operated the mill at that place for some time.

While living there, a band of Indians camped real near to them, on the banks of the Shell Rock River. They were a friendly tribe and good neighbors to the white man, if they were treated right. Charles was a good and generous man, and he helped the Indians in many ways. While they, honored and trusted him in all things.

It was very interesting to hear them tell about the Indians, how they lived, trapped and hunted, about their war paint, war dances and their many other customs. The Stuart boys had many games and contests with the young braves. Such as racing, target shooting with bow and arrow, pony riding, rope pulling and various other tests of endurance and skill which were equally enjoyed by both tribes, the red and the white. Charles Stuart harbored Indian women and children when a hostile tribe of Indians warred the peaceful ones.

Indians were great on begging, no matter what, this, that or the other thing would do, but they liked best, the white bread which Margaret made, and were ever asking for a loaf of it. If Margaret shook her head "no", they motioned that a slice would do. And whenever Margaret baked bread, it seemed they could smell it a mile away, and were soon at her door, for a loaf of the hot bread.

After a few years at Janesville, Charles sold out again, and moved his family to New Albion, a little settlement in Butler County where they lived a number of years.

Charles Stuart was a good man, who believed in treating all men right. Margaret, his wife was a very religious woman. Converted when she was young, she joined the Baptist church, and with the old time religion, believed not in dancing or card playing. She had little opportunity for an education in her youth, but with the help of her good husband, she had read her Bible and faithfully tried to follow its teachings.

As the five lively boys of the family grew older, Margaret was very much concerned about some of the pranks they indulged in. One time, she found a pack of cards in her sons coat pocket. For a time she knew not what to do, for she believed that a deck of cards was a tool of the evil one, and she would not have them in her house, nor would she soil her hands by touching the vile things. Glancing about her, for some way to handle the affair, she saw the tongs hanging by the fireplace. Her problem was solved, for she took the cards from the pocket with the tongs, and flung the offending things into the blazing fire. And that was that.

Another time, one of the boys was plowing in a field near the home. As he drove the lazy team back and forth across the field, she heard him using language which she did not approve of. She trudged out to see what she could do about it. "You must not talk like that," she told the lad when she had overtaken him. "Well the old skates won't hardly move unless I swear at them," said the boy, who had felt quite grown up, because of using words he had heard from grown men. Margaret told him to say "clod" and see if it wouldn't work just as well. Sure enough, it did, for when young George yelled "clod" at the lazy team, they lurched ahead as well if not better than before. "See what did I tell you?" asked Margaret, who had settled the affair in a very satisfactory way, she thought as she picked a bouquet of wild flowers on the way back to the house.

The boys were always up to some kind of pranks. They were young and full of life, mischievous and full of tricks, but honest and kind hearted, for all of that. George was a ventriliquist and a clown. He could put all of his face on one side, so it seemed, then with a swipe of his hand over his features, it was all on the other side. It was great fun for him to throw his voice and fool people too.

All the boys were very daring. If one would say "I Bet you can't do such and such a thing." that was the very thing which was done, even to sitting on a hot stove so long a time, which one of the boys did until he was almost blistered. They would do most anything if dared. It was fun for all and all for fun. But life was not all fun, for the lively boys. Very early they learned that they had a part to do in the business of making a living.

They were handy at most anything, ready and willing to do what came their way, and later on, each had a special trade. There was a doctor, a carpenter, a painter and one who could apply himself to any trade, poet, inventor, salesman, etc. They were all good fellows.

The Stuarts lived at New Albion during the Civil War, and the three older boys enlisted and served until they were honorably discharged. Joel was a Corporal of the 12th Inf. Co. E, Ia, James was a volunteer in the Cavalry 7th Co. C. Ia., young Charles was in Co. C. 14th Inf. Ia. Both Joel and Charles were wounded while on duty. Joel recovered, but Charles died of his wounds and is buried in the New Albion cemetery.

In the meantime several more children were added to the Stuart family. There was Maggie, Sarah, Lincoln and Alice, besides several others who died in infancy. This family of children lived very interesting lives, and a chapter could well be written about each one of them.

In regards to the Stuart family, little has been said about Mary Ann, the oldest daughter who was a spindling miss of twelve summers when she landed in Iowa. Since that time, she had grown to young womanhood. She was of medium height, very slender, had dark brown hair, grey eyes, and rosy cheeks. She was a modest young woman, with unassuming ways and it seems she had inherited the neat orderly ways of her own mother, Jane Perry Stuart, who died when Mary Ann was only 3 years old. But she had never known the want of mother love, for Margaret, her foster mother, had done her part, faithfully and well in caring for the motherless children.

Being the only girl of the family for so long, Mary Ann took her part in the daily routine of housework, ever since she was big enough to stand on a chair and wash dishes. Later, she learned to cook and sew. She was very neat and precise about her sewing, every stitch had to be just so, or it was taken out and done over again. When she was a small child, she learned to knit, and always had some of that work on hand, for her spare moments. For it took a good many pair of stockings, mittens and wristlets to supply the needs of the large family.

Mary Ann loved going to school and had learned easily, and was at the head of her class most of the time. She could write well, and was extra good at spelling. Many a time she spelled down the whole school, and often carried off the high honors at the community spelling matches.

Mary Ann was a very attractive young lady, altho she was not what you would call handsome. She was good looking enough for any one and with her ready wit and good humor, she was quite a favorite with the young folks, even tho she was so shy and demure. She was about 18 years of age, when her folks moved to the little settlement of New Albion, a neighborly community which included quite a number of young people who heartily welcomed the youngsters of the Stuart family. During the fall and winter, the young folks for several miles around attended parties, spelling bees and a singing school which had been organized and was held at the different homes. In this way Mary Ann became acquainted with the Jaquis family who lived about six miles away. And it was at one of these gatherings that young Elihu began to "shine" around the modest Mary Ann. A few days later in a very neighborly way of course, Elihu called on the boys of the Stuart home. And it was not long until he called again. As time went on and his calls became more frequent, it was very plain to be seen, that it was not always the boys he came to see. And shy Mary Ann got plenty of teasing from those mischievous brothers of hers. It was almost too much for her sometimes, tho she tried

hard enough to hold her own with them. Even her father could not resist teasing her a bit. "Was the moon pretty last night" he asked his blushing daughter after she had taken a moonlight stroll with the young man. Mary Ann blushed more than ever, for it was on that moonlit night that young Elihu had told her the story of the Gold Moon. He also told her another story - a new one - and she was very happy for she had promised to be his wife.

The summer she was 19, Mary Ann began preparing for her wedding day. She did every bit of her sewing by hand. Sewing machines were very few and quite expensive in those days, and it was a luxury that many could not afford. So, Mary Ann patiently sewed together the long strips of yard wide muslin for her sheets. Sewed them with the tiny over and over stitches, which made the seam very firm and flat when finished. Her hemming stitches were so small and even, they could hardly be seen. All her sewing was done in that same precise way, and when she had finished her meager supply of needed articles for the home, she began the making of her wedding dress which she did all by herself.

It was a lovely dress, made of wool challie. The background, a soft ivory color, with tiny bouquets of bright colored flowers, arranged in an all over design. It was not an elaborate dress with a lot of frills and furbelows, but a neat, simple, girlish looking dress, to fit the next, girlish looking miss, who was soon to be a bride. The gown was made with a straight full skirt, attached to a tight fitting bodice, with short puffed sleeves. As was the style of the early 60's, hoop skirts were worn to make the full skirts, spread out in graceful flares, and Mary Ann arrayed herself, according to the fashion for her wedding day. She wore the dress, only a few times after her marriage, but kept it neatly folded in tissue paper, so that today, it is almost like new, altho it is nearly 75 years old. And in that time, the material has ripened, so to speak, and is now a rich mellow color. At the present time, the dress is in the possession of Mrs. Grace Jaquis McConnell of Boulder, Colo. who prizes it much as a keepsake. Mrs McConnell is a grand-daughter of the neat and orderly Mary Ann.

Charles and Margaret Stuart had lived at New Albion several years, when they got the fever to move on again. This time to the state of Oregon, where a trail had been made and where many people were emigrating too, for wonderful stories of the new land were reported and it seemed to be in the blood of those early pioneers to ever push on to new fields.

It was the spring of 1868 when they started. Again they went with oxen and covered wagons. Again, they endured the hardships as before and again, they reached the land of milk and honey, but with a sad heart this time, for eighteen year old William was taken sick on the way and died shortly after they reached Salem, Oregon. He was buried at that place in the fall of 1868.

The family lived in Oregon for about ten years, then came back to Iowa. A rail road had been laid through the states to the Pacific coast by that time, and they traveled back on the train and settled at Webster City, Iowa, where Charles bought a home, and spent the remainder of his days at that place.

As I think of the coming and the going of these people, I am minded of a scrap of paper I saw one day as it was tossed about by the wind. Crisp and fresh looking, it came rolling down the street. It veered a little to one side and rested there in a sheltered spot for awhile. Then, with a stronger puff of wind, it started out again and tumbled along for a way and lodged in a thicket of shrubbery where in a very contented way it stayed for

awnlie. Another puff of wind from a distant log was off, merrily rolling along as tho its destination was all mapped out. Again it stopped for a rest. By this time, the paper began to look old and weatherbeaten, but with another puff of the wind, it again took to the trail, and tumbled along westward, where it was out of sight for a time. Then, back it came, all wrinkled and old looking. Feebly it rolled for a way, and finally settled in a well sheltered place to stay until it was beaten down by the elements.

So it was with the Stuart family. They had traveled far, lived here and there, and then, old and weather beaten, settled in a sheltered nook, for the remainder of their days.

I was a child about eight years of age, when I last saw my grandfather, Charles Stuart. The old man had snow white beard and hair. He was a jolly fellow, with twinkling blue eyes, and looked very much like Santa Claus, I thought.

Charles Stuart was a kind hearted man with a good influence, to all he came in contact with, an influence that will go on and on for many years—like a pebble thrown into a pool, makes ripples that go on and on, getting wider and wider until they reach the far off shore. So, was the influence left by Charles Stuart, it ripples on and on, year after year. May it never reach the far off shore. Charles Stuart died the 14th day of Feb. 1881 and was buried in the cemetery at Webster City, Iowa.

Margaret Stuart, who was several years younger than her husband, lived in the little home they had purchased at Webster City, when they came back from Oregon. She had an old fashioned carpet loom, and wove rag carpets and rugs for many years. Margaret had poor vision in the latter part of her life and could not see well, to read or sew, and being the woman she was, she could not sit with folded hands. So she passed away the time at the humble task of weaving, and many many yards of rag carpet, woven in fancy stripes was made by that good woman. She was happy and contented at her work, and often sang or hummed church songs as the shuttle, with a slam and a bang, flew back and forth across the creaky old loom.

Margaret Stuart was a kind hearted woman, who had had many of the ups and downs in her life time, but her faith and trust in the Lord, carried her through it all to the end. She died the 15th day of Feb. 1901, just twenty years after the death of her husband, and was laid to rest by his side in the cemetery at Webster City, Iowa.

I found a poem one day which seems to have been written especially for our Mary Ann.

The best of all the folk I know,
Is Mary Ann.
She's rather freckled, plain and slow,
Is Mary Ann.
She cannot sing a bit or dance,
She knows naught of a coquette's glance,
To be a belle, she'd have no chance,
Would Mary Ann.

But when old trouble comes to you,
Then Mary Ann,
Knows just the helpful thing to do,
Does Mary Ann.
Her awkward hands are soft to touch,
Her freckles does not matter much,
You feel the Angels, must be such,
As Mary Ann.

She was real handy at nursing and was often called to officiate at the first birthday party of the children in her community. I recall one flourishing season, when she was called out real often. It was a common occurrence to get up in the morning and find that she was away on one of her errands of mercy. It got to be quite a joke, with us youngsters, and one time when she returned home, she found a sign on the gatepost. "Dr. Jaquis, all call's answered, night or day." She had to laugh when she saw it, but it teased her a bit too, and we were told to take the sign down. Most of the children of the neighborhood called her "grandma" and she would have had quite a family group if she had claimed relationship to all the children she ministered to as they came into the world.

During all her lifetime, Mary Ann carried the trait she inherited from her own mother Jane. That is, the same neat and orderly ways. One time, when she was doing her spring house cleaning, she had a fall that laid her up for the rest of the summer. She was doing some papering, and while in her elevated position, she lost her balance, and fell to the floor meeting the wood box on the way down. It hurt her terribly and we thought her leg was broken, for she could not move. The doctor was summoned, and it was found that the ligaments in her knee were torn loose. "It is worse than a broken bone " the doctor said, and he put her limb in a cast which she had to wear for a long time. After many long weeks of pain and suffering, she was able to be up, then she used crutches for a time, than a cane helped her to get around, and finally she was able to go alone.

For a long time after that her one foot seemed to be larger than the other and the shoes she had did not fit. "I will have to wear a number six and a big shoe" she said one time. When we laughed, she saw the joke and laughed heartily too. She often told the story to others. "A number six and a big shoe" was quite a byword with the family for a long time.

PERRY —

John Perry was born in Canada. His parents were from England, but had lived in Canada for many years. Emma Price was born in France, and came with her parents to Canada, when she was a small child.

John Perry and Emma Price were married and located at St. Johns, in New Brunswick, where John was engaged in the lumber business. The Perry's were comfortably situated in the home John had built for his bride about the year of 1825. It was a roomy frame dwelling house, with several buildings joined on at the rear. Near a side door, was the well, with a long pole, for a sweep, and an oaken bucket to draw the water. It was quite a luxury in the early day, to have a good well so near the house, and Emma Perry considered it a great convenience. (Note -- have a picture of this house taken in the year of 1907 by a grand-daughter of John and Emma Perry, which shows the well and oaken bucket.)

Two daughters were born to John and Emma Perry. They were pretty little girls, much adored by the fond parents. Hannah, the oldest by two years had a merry twinkle in her blue-gray eyes. (Jane) was a tiny little thing with small features, and very neat ways. The two girls had every chance for a good education, for John Perry wanted his girls to have the best of everything. Both girls loved music, and learned to play the organ which their father got for them. They all enjoyed the evenings, when they gathered around the organ to sing hymns and old time songs. married
Charles
Stuart

At the stage of young womanhood, Hannah was a very handsome young lady, with rosy cheeks and her sparkling eyes. She was stronger and more robust looking than Jane, who was still dainty both in stature and manner. Jane had very artistic ideas, and loved all things of beauty. Emma Perry was a thrifty woman and believed in teaching her daughters the art of house-keeping. The girls were very apt pupils as they loved to be busy at the humble tasks about the home.

The two girls were very popular young ladies and the Perry home, was a social center for many a gay party or an evening of music and song or the old time folk dances. Jane was the life of every party. She was very quick-witted and enjoyed a good joke on herself as well as on others. She was quick at work or play and she did all things well.

James Frazee and Hannah Perry were married and had two children, George and Jane, who many years later came to Iowa. George was a jeweler by trade, and was located at Osage, Iowa for many years. He and his wife Chloe had five children, four sons and a daughter. George Frazee was a very spry and active man even when he was about eighty years of age. He lived in the state of Washington, the latter part of his life.

Jane Frazee married Henry McHenry and lived at Nora Springs for many years. She had no children of her own, but adopted a baby girl and raised her to womanhood. During the year of 1907, George Frazee and wife and Jane McHenry, went to New Brunswick and located the birthplace of Hannah and Jane Perry. The Perry home was in very good condition, although it was nearly a hundred years old. They took the picture referred to before.

- RESSLER -

In a former chapter, there was mention of the Ressler boys who came from the Dutch settlement of Pennsylvania. The three brothers, Elias, Amos and John came to Iowa about the year of 1856. Amos and John worked in a saw-mill at Butler Center for quite awhile when they first came to Iowa, and later all three brothers bought land near Shell Rock where they lived many years.

While working at Butler Center, Amos and John met the young people of that community, and friendships were made which lasted for the lifetime of those same people. The young people of the the Stuart and Margretz families and the Ressler boys were all about the same age, and several years later Amos Ressler and Albertina Margretz were married, then Jhon Ressler and Nancy Jane Margretz were married about the year of 1861 and settled on their farm three miles south of Shell Rock, where they lived continously for more than forty years. John and Nancy were the parents of 13 children, seven boys and six girls, the two oldest girls being twins.

It was hard times for John and Nancy Ressler when they started on the journey of life together. So, to help things along John taught school for several years. Later, he devoted his full time to the work on the farm, which with his careful management and hard labor, yielded generously, and he was considered a prosperous farmer. John was a tall, slender man with piercing brown eyes and a very dark complexion. He was a just man, but very strict in his dealings with others.

Nancy Jane was a large framed woman, who at the middle of life, took on much weight and almost reached the 300 lb. mark on the scales at one time. She was a kind hearted and true woman, whom all loved and respected. Their large family of children were born and raised at the old home place, and grew to be honorable and respected citizens of Butler County.

The Resslers were good Christian people and their names were in the list of Charter members when the M. E. Church at Shell Rock was organized.

John and Nancy Ressler and Elihu and Mary Ann Jaquis were young folks together back in the fifties when they lives at Butler Center, and both families settled on farms in Butler County about ten miles apart. They often visited each other and in the course of time, the two families were closely united for (Enos,) son of Hohn and Nancy Ressler, and Libbie, daughter of Elihu and Mary Ann Jaquis were married, thus linking together the two families who were great friends in their younger days.

arrived
libbie
again
ressler

- LASHBROOK -

Sometime during the summer of 1827, Richard Lashbrook and his wife Ann, with their twelve children emigrated from Devonshire, England to Quebec, Canada where they live a year or two. Then they moved - cross the line to York State and settled on a farm, Richard had bought in Clinton County. There they lived for several years, and there two more children were added to the family group, making a total of fourteen children, nine boys and five girls.

Richard Lashbrook, was a portly man of medium height, with a very important manner about him. His wife was a tall, angular woman with a happy-go-lucky disposition, and a smile for everyone. Their off-spring was of various hieghts, shapes and sizes.

All together, they were a genial family, and talked much with an "h'english h'accent." They arrived in York State in the early fall and all hands found a plenty to do, in building a home for the family and a shelter for the stock before winter set in. Working early and late, they soon had a comfortably log house, built in a little clearing in a grove of hard maple timber. During the winter months, Richard Lashbrook made furniture for their home. He got lumber at a near-by saw mill, and made stools, benches, a table, cupboards, several chests and even a cradle for the baby. He was very proud of his work. He made it strong and substantial, and it added much to the comfort of the home, altho it was crude and unpolished.

Meanwhile the older boys worked at clearing off the timber on the farm working most of it up into firewood. The women folks were equally as busy with the spinning and weaving, knitting and sewing for the large family.

In order to keep tab on the numerous children, Richard quite often had to call the roll "By golly". There was John, ²Mary, ¹Fannie, ¹Thomas, ¹Richard, William, Solomin, Noah, Aaron, Jacob, Eliza, Mose, and Grace. -- ^{Married} Benjamin W. ^{Jaguis} all good old fashioned names to fit those good old fashioned English people. Situated as they were, the Lashbrook children had little opportunity for an education, and those who had the chance to learn the simple rules of readin', 'rinting and 'rithmetic, were very fortunate indeed.

"Schoolin' is h'all right" said Richard, "But Ih'am thankful if my children 'ave h'nough to h'eat and drink and wear, by golly" often remarked the genial Englishman as he slapped his knee with his hand, a favorite gesture of his to emphasize the "By golly", his favorite by-word.

The summer of 1841 Richard Lashbrook and family pulled up stakes and emigrated to the plains of the west. There was much talk about the rich and fertile country of the west, where large fields of grain and corn could be raised, and many people were on the move westward. Richard had heard the glowing accounts and decided it was just the place for him to go with his large family.

They had all worked hard to seek out a living among the steep and stony hills, where they were and the returns were barely enough to provide the necessities of life for the large family. So, Richard sold his farm, packed his household goods and headed for the west to see what that country would have in store for him.

Richard got two strong built canvas covered wagons, in which he loaded his goods and his family. As he called the roll to see if all were at hand, he found that John, Mary, and Fannie would not go with the rest on that new venture, for they were married and settled in homes of their own.

Hitching the oxen to the two covered wagons, the Lashbrooks bid their friends and relatives good-bye and started on that long journey. They took the shortest route to Quebec, where they embarked on a sailing ferry, going down the St. Lawrence river to the lakes. Traveling by water was the cheapest and best way of going from place to place in the early day, and the pioneers took the water route whenever it was possible. Sailing down the coast of Lake Erie, they came to the southern point and landed in Ohio, then proceeded overland on their way to Illinois. After a long and tedious journey, they reached their destination in the early fall. They settled on a farm near Harvard Junction, in the northern part of the state.

At that time, the country was new, and the settlers were few and far between. The unbroken plains stretched away as far as the eye could see, a much different country from the hills and timbered section of York State, where they had just come from. The Lashbrooks settled on a claim which Richard had taken from the government. An unbroken, unimproved tract of land, where tall grass and wild flowers grew, in the rich and fertile soil.

Richard built his home, tilled the soil, and from time to time, as he could afford it, bought more land until he owned a large acreage, and years later was considered a very wealthy man.

One by one, his children grew older, and one by one they married and settled in homes of their own, here and there, even in adjoining states and communities. But Richard never moved again. He liked the country and his home, and was satisfied to spend the remainder of his days at that place.

Richard Lashbrook lived a long and useful life. He died in the year of 1881, at the age of 88 years and was laid to rest by the side of his wife in a cemetery at Harvard, Ill.

Max A. Jaquis, 52, Buried Monday

Funeral services for Max A. Jaquis, 52, who lived north of New Hartford, were held in New Hartford at 2 p.m. Monday. Services were at the Methodist Church in New Hartford with burial in the Riverside Cemetery, Shell Rock.

Mr. Jaquis died of acute coronary thrombosis last Thursday about 9 p.m. while he was enroute by train to attend his mother's funeral. He was removed from the train and taken to a hospital at Owatonna.

He was born in Canby, Minn., Dec. 23, 1903, to Will H. and Bessie Jaquis. He married Zelda L. Abell, March 21, 1928 at Waverly. They lived in a farm near New Hartford for the past 24 years.

He was a member of the Masonic lodge at New Hartford, of the Methodist Church, and of the Farm Bureau.

Surviving are his wife; a son, Gordon M., Parkersburg and a daughter, Carol, Sartori Nurses home; his father at Hinkley, Minn. three sisters, Mrs. Marian Sikkink, Wall Bay, S. D.; Mrs. Elizabeth Sikkink, Hinkley, Minn.; Mrs. Evelyn Ryan, St. Paul, Minn.; a brother, Lewis, Iowa Falls.

He was preceded in death by his mother, four sisters and one brother.

CEDAR FALLS — **Zelda L. Jaquis**, 87, of the Cedar Falls Western Home, died there today, Dec. 16, of natural causes.

She was born Aug. 22, 1905, in Shell Rock, daughter of Thomas and Ethel Goodsell Adell. She married Max Jaquis March 21, 1928, in Waverly. He died June 28, 1956.

Mrs. Jaquis attended Iowa State Teachers College and Gates Business College. She taught school for a time and was also employed at the Briden Insurance Co., retiring in 1966.

Survivors include a daughter, Carol Bentley of Waterloo; four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren; a brother, Herbert Adell of Sarasota, Fla.; and a sister, Evelyn Chapman of Waterloo; she was preceded in death by a son Gordon; and three sisters, Gladys Anderson, Erma Wagner and Mildred Mazes.

Services will be 10:30 a.m. Saturday at New Hartford United Methodist Church, New Hartford, with burial in Riverside Cemetery, Shell Rock. Friends may call from 2 to 8 p.m. Friday at Kaiser-Corson Funeral Home, Cedar Falls, and for an hour before services Saturday at the church.

Memorials may be directed to the family.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1992

WATERLOO COURIER PAGE F3

Bentley/35

Forrest and Carol Bentley, 547 E. Airline Highway, will celebrate their 35th wedding anniversary with a trip at a later date.

Mr. Bentley and Carol Jaquis were married Oct. 4, 1957, at First Methodist Church, New Hartford.

Their children and families are Darwin of Cedar Falls and Laura and Todd McGlaun of McKenney, Texas. There is one grandchild.

Mr. Bentley is a retired John Deere supervisor, and is now self-employed.



Mr. and Mrs. Bentley



MR. AND MRS. JAQUIS

NEW HARTFORD — Friday evening at 8 p. m. at the Methodist Church, Miss Maurine White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford E. White, became the bride of Gordon Jaquis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Jaquis, Parkersburg. The Rev. Clayton Becker officiated at the double ring ceremony.

The bride's sister, Miss Kay White was maid of honor, Miss Carol Jaquis, Parkersburg, sister of the groom, bridesmaid, and Miss Linda White, sister of the bride, flower girl.

Merrill Anderson, Shell Rock, cousin of the groom, was best man, the bride's brother, Maurice White, groomsman; Richard Anderson, Shell Rock, cousin of the groom, ring bearer. The ushers were Ronald Anderson, Clarks-ville, cousin of the groom; Herbert Johnson and George Mulder, Parkersburg.

The bride is the fourth grade teacher at New Hartford and the groom is engaged in farming at New Hartford, where the couple will make its home.

* * *

In Memory **GORDON M. JAQUIS**

Gordon was born March 10, 1930, at the family home in rural Shell Rock, Iowa, the son of Max A. and Zelda L. (Abell) Jaquis. He graduated from New Hartford High School in 1948 and then served in the U.S. Army during the Korean Conflict. Gordon married Maurine White November 28, 1952, at the United Methodist Church in New Hartford, Iowa. He farmed until 1981 in the New Hartford area and then was self employed in the livestock transportation business. Gordon was Past Worshipful Master of Beaver Lodge #472 A.F. & A.M. and was a charter member of the New Hartford Lions Club.

Gordon is survived by his wife of R.R. #1, Parkersburg, Iowa; two daughters, Juline Blanford and Elise Howe; a grandson, Thomas M. Blanford; and his mother, Zelda, all of Cedar Falls, Iowa; and a sister, Carol Bentley of Waterloo, Iowa.

Gordon died Friday, September 20, 1991, at Sartori Memorial Hospital in Cedar Falls, Iowa. He was preceded in death by his father in 1952.

Jacquis-Howe

CEDAR FALLS — Announcement is being made of the April 29 wedding of Elise Jacquis and Robert Howe.

Parents of the couple are Gordon and Maurine Jaquis of Parkersburg, Carl and Maxine Howe, and Clarence and Laurie Straight of Nashville, Tenn.

Vows were exchanged at 2 p.m. at First United Methodist Church, with the Rev. Dwight Grosvenor officiating.

Attending her sister of matron of honor was Juline Blanford. Jeff Peck served as best man.

The bride is employed at John Deere Community Credit Union. Her husband is employed by North East Machine and Tool in Janesville. They will reside in Cedar Falls.



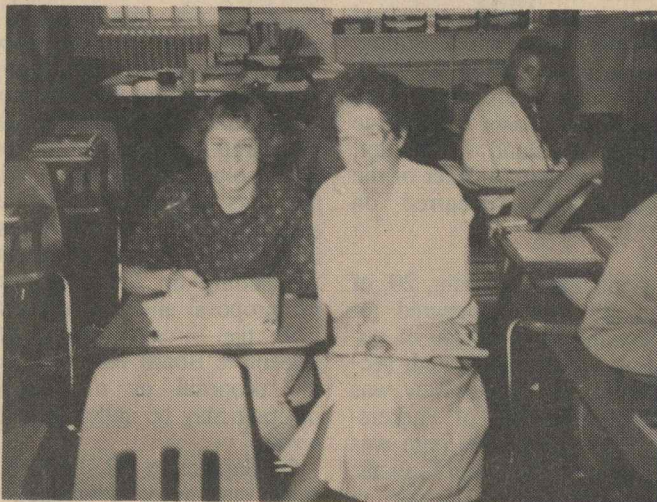
Mr. and Mrs. Howe

Six South Butler Teachers Selected To Who's Who

Six teachers from the South Butler area are among a select group of America's teachers being honored by their toughest critics, their former students, in the second edition of *Who's Who Among America's Teachers*, 1992.

All of the 65,000 teachers being honored were selected by their former students who themselves are currently listed in *Who's Who Among American High School Students*, or *The National Dean's List*, publications which recognize the top 5% of our nation's high school and college students respectively. Paul Krouse, publisher of *Who's Who Among American Teachers* said, "There is no greater honor teachers can receive than to be recognized by former students for their excellence and dedication. In this publication we clearly have to best teachers in America selected by the best students."

The students were requested to nominate teachers who "made a difference in their lives" by helping to shape their values, inspiring interest in a particular subject and/or challenging them to strive for excellence. Many of the students



Student Tiffany Merriweather with Mrs. Sullivan who was won of six South Butler teachers to receive national award.

commented about the enthusiasm and knowledge their teachers demonstrated in the classroom, and many praised their teachers for their ability to relate to youngsters on a personal as well as a professional level. One student wrote about her teacher saying, "she made education something pleasurable, instead of a dreadful ordeal, by letting me spread my wings and showing me the best way to fly."

Local educators honored in

Who's Who Among America's Teachers, 1992 included:

Mary Sullivan of Aplington Community School District. Mary has taught for 25 years with the last 19 at Aplington.

From Parkersburg four teachers received recognition, they are:

Georgia Bennett, Al Kerns, Esther Taggart and Ed Thomas.

From New Hartford, Maurine Jaquis was listed.

ECLIPSE, MAY 29, 1996



Retirement Open House

A retirement Open House will be held for Maurine Jaquis on Sunday, June 2, from 2:00-4:00 P.M. in the New Hartford Multipurpose Room.

Mrs. Jaquis has taught at New Hartford since 1952.

Everyone is invited to attend and wish Mrs. Jaquis well in her retirement.

Paul B. Jaquis, 67, of 109 Randall, Reinbeck, Iowa, died of cancer Saturday evening, October 1, 1983, at the Schoitz Memorial Hospital in Waterloo.

He was born on March 21, 1916, in Shell Rock, Iowa, the son of George and Maud Prugh Jaquis. In 1922 he was baptized in the Methodist Faith in Waterloo. He attended schools in Waterloo, Swanton, and New Hartford. Paul was employed by the W.C.F. & N. in Waterloo, worked for thirteen years for the New Hartford School System, and was with the State Department of Transportation in Waterloo for thirteen years, retiring in 1979. Following his retirement, he moved to Reinbeck to live with his daughter and son-in-law, Paulette and Larry Brookman. In 1980 he became ill, was hospitalized several times, and became a resident of the Americana Healthcare Center in Waterloo.

Paul served with the U.S. Army during W.W. II, and was a member of the Geyer-Bickner American Legion Post #660 in New Hartford.

He is survived by four children, Mrs. Barbara Johnson of Ames, Iowa, Mrs. Raymond (Janice) Raincrow of Norman, Oklahoma, Gregory Jaquis of Liberal, Kansas, and Mrs. Larry (Paulette) Brookman of Reinbeck, two brothers, Gerald Jaquis of West Des Moines, Iowa, and Clyde Hall of New Rockford, North Dakota, six sisters, Mrs. Lawrence (Dorothy) Leuch of Waterloo, Mrs. Casper (Ruth) Lamfers of Cedar Falls, Mrs. Jerry (Mary) Williams of Clarksville, Mrs. Kenneth (Irene) Whiteside of Clarksville, Mrs. Janet Barnes of Ankeny, Iowa, and Mrs. Richard (Merna) Haggin of Waterloo, eighteen grandchildren and three great grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents, one son, Ronald Paul, and one sister, Georgia Jaquis.

Oct 12, 1983
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Funeral services were held Tuesday, October 4, 1983 at 2 p.m. at the Kaiser-Corson Chapel in New Hartford with Rev. Allan Mittler of the United Church of Christ, Reinbeck, officiating. Burial with gravesite military rites were at the Riverside Cemetery, Shell Rock.

MARRIAGE AT NEW HARTFORD.
 The marriage of Dr. Jaynes of New Hartford to Miss Mable Ferguson, a former resident of Parkersburg, was solemnized Wednesday afternoon of last week at New Hartford, Rev. Moore of the Baptist church officiating. This marriage came as a surprise to the friends of the couple at this place and in Hartford. The doctor's first wife granted a divorce from him at Atlanta the first of the week on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment. The newly wedded couple will make their home at New Hartford.

R. JAYNES DIES OF EAR TROUBLE

— 1922

Death Is Sudden; Deceased Practiced
 in Waterloo 18 Years; Served
 in World War.

Dr. E. T. Jaynes, age 53, physician and surgeon practicing in Waterloo the past 13 years, with office and residence at 315 Franklin street, died at 5 p. m. Wednesday, in Presbyterian hospital, where he had been taken for emergency treatment earlier in the day. His death, wholly unexpected, came before an operation could be performed and was due to spinal meningitis, developing from an abscess in the ear.

While Dr. Jaynes had suffered the past month from the infection of the ear, his condition was not alarming until yesterday morning. On Monday he attended to his medical duties as usual and was seemingly in good health aside from the ear trouble. Sudden stricture yesterday morning resulted in his being taken to the hospital, where the ailment developed so rapidly that medical science was powerless to stay the fatal termination.

Had War Service Record.

Dr. Jaynes had an honorable record for service in the world war. He enlisted in the medical corps and was assigned to the Great Lakes training camp and Fort Sheridan, Ill., with the rank of captain. He did valiant service during the influenza epidemic and also in caring for returned soldiers disabled from wounds or illness. When discharged he was breveted major, and returned to his practice and family at Waterloo.

He was born Dec. 3, 1869, at La Monte, Mo. Previous to coming to Waterloo he practiced in Parkersburg and New Hartford, Ia.

Surviving are the widow and four children, Helene, Vernon Hewitt, Eileen and Edwin T., jr., the oldest 14 years of age and the youngest born a week ago. His first wife, mother of the three older children, died three years ago. A year ago he was married to Miss Ethel Ferguson, sister of his first wife.

Brother, Two Sisters Arrive.

A brother, G. H. Jaynes, Pierre, S. D., and two sisters, Misses Gertrude and Ethel Jaynes, Chicago, arrived during the day to attend the funeral. The body was taken to O'Keefe & Towne funeral home pending arrangements for services.

30 ^{Sept} 2004 Years Ago

A free blood pressure clinic was held in Parkersburg at City Hall. Campbell-Knepp Insurance Agency sponsored the event.

Paul Janssen, 28 of rural New Hartford, was electrocuted when he came in contact with a line wire at the New Hartford Football Field.

George Palmer and Art Collings were re-elected to the Parkersburg School Board. Calvin Stahl and Tako Ubben were re-elected to the Aplington School Board. Incumbent Pete Saathoff defeated Meinard Koop by

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DEATHS OF A WEEK.

1836 — 1921

Mrs. J. W. Jennings.

Nancy Jane Peckham was born near Saratoga Springs, Saratoga Co., N. Y., Sept. 11, 1836. She was the oldest of six children, three sons and three daughters. In her early womanhood the family moved to Indiana, where she was married to John Wiley Jennings in 1869. Here were born their two children, Florence Jennings and Charles Jennings. About 1868 both families came to Butler County, Iowa, where they have since lived, in the vicinity of New Hartford. Modest and unassuming in her demeanor, in her home she dispensed a rare and gracious hospitality for many years.

On July 6, 1921, she passed away after an illness of four months duration, leaving to mourn her loss the husband, daughter and son, two sisters, Mrs. Mary Brennan of Still Rock and Mrs. J. H. Chapman of New Hartford and two grandchildren, besides many friends.

Services were held at the home conducted by Rev. H. A. Essex pastor of the Baptist church. Interment was made at Oak Hill.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to extend our thanks to those who so kindly sent flowers and extended other help during our recent bereavement.—John W. Jennings, Florence Jennings, Chas. Jennings.

Florence - 1861-1940

Charles - 1863-1945

Rosa Schreurs Jennings 1877-1956

*Charles
Jennings
graduated in 1925*

Obituary.

1833 — 1923

Taps have sounded for another veteran of the Civil war.

John Wiley Jennings was born in Kentucky in 1833. His family were of the old pioneer stock, whose courage and hardihood made them fit successors of Daniel Boone. His father served in the war of 1812, was discharged with others, during the winter, in Canada and found their way back to Kentucky afoot, through the wilderness, crossing swollen streams on rafts.

In 1837 the family moved to southern Illinois. In 1859 he was united in marriage to Nancy J. Peckham, in Indiana, in which state were born their two children, Florence and Charley. He served in the Civil war about a year and moved to Iowa in 1868. The rest of his life has been spent in this vicinity.

He was a member of the Christian church and A. F. & A. M. and I. O. O. F. organizations.

Until he was stricken by paralysis two years ago, he went down town every day where he had a genial smile and a merry grip for everyone he met.

Death came of pneumonia following a short illness, at the age of 89 years 10 months and 10 days. His immediate family who mourn his loss are his daughter and son and two grandsons.

Funeral services were conducted from the Baptist church Friday afternoon. Interment was made at Oak Hill.

THE PASSING OF JOHN G. JENNINGS

1905 — 1923

John Jennings died at Cincinnati General Hospital of typhoid fever after a week's illness. First reports were that the illness was going along normally without complications, and they expected him to be out in about four weeks. On Tuesday afternoon he grew worse and on Wednesday afternoon, July 25, he died, just one year and two weeks from the day he left his home in New Hartford, to go to University of Cincinnati, College Engineering and Commerce.

John George Jennings, son of Rosa and Charles Jennings, was born in New Hartford, Iowa, May 30, 1905. He grew to young manhood here, graduating from high school May 23, 1922. On July 11, of that same year, he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, to enter the University of Cincinnati as student of Electrical Engineering. This is a co-operative course and John spent half of his time at his studies and the other half on work along his chosen line, first working in Cincinnati, later in Dayton.

On Wednesday, July 25, after an illness of a few days, the short chapter of his earthly life was closed by typhoid fever, only twenty minutes before his father arrived in Cincinnati. Everything that human hands and hearts could do was done to make easier the burden of grief. So many beautiful things were said of John's life and work there, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith with whom he roomed were grieved as at the loss of a son. John was always a "home boy" and it was his good fortune to find one with the Smiths and his fellow roomers there, next only in his affections to his own in New Hartford. Short and beautiful services were held at the Johnson Funeral Home and then came the long journey home, where again everything that friends could do was done.

John's immediate relatives are his father, mother and brother Charles, Grandma Schreurs and Aunt Florence Jennings, whose faithful care during the first few months of his life made it possible for John to live eighteen "beautiful" years, clean, upright, square and true.

Short services were held at the home at 1:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon and the funeral was conducted from the

Baptist church at 2 o'clock. The members of the class of 1922 and the Boy Scouts attended in a body. Rev. B. A. Davis conducted the services. Interment was made in Oak Hill.

CEDAR FALLS — **Marius E. Jensen**, 87, of Cedar Falls, formerly of Dike, died Friday, Nov. 10, at Cedar Falls Lutheran Home from complications of a stroke.

He was born March 11, 1913, in Fairfield Township, Grundy County, son of Ray J. and Ane Mette Tonnesen Jensen. He married Lillian Kirstine Hansen July 23, 1943, at St. Ansgar's Lutheran Church, Waterloo.

Mr. Jensen operated a tank wagon fuel service from 1943 until retiring in 1978. He also drove a school bus for Dike Community Schools.

Survived by: three brothers, Einar T. of Jesup, Ernest of Cedar Falls Lutheran Home and Arthur of Kasson, Minn.; and a sister, Frances Rittgers of Shell Rock.

Preceded in death by: his wife, on Sept. 30, 1992; a brother, Donald R.; and an infant sister at birth.

Services: 10:30 a.m. Monday at Fredsville Evangelical Lutheran Church, with burial in the church cemetery. Friends may call from 4 to 8 p.m. today at Dike Funeral Chapel, with the family present from 4 to 6 p.m.

Memorial fund: has been established.



Marius Jensen

Ernest Jensen (1918-2002)

CEDAR FALLS — Ernest Jensen, 84, of Cedar Falls, died Friday, Oct. 4, at the Cedar Falls Lutheran Home of natural causes.

He was born Sept. 27, 1918, in New Hartford, son of Ray and Anne Metta Tonnésen Jensen. He married Helen E. Hermansen May 29, 1948, in Cedar Falls. She died Nov. 6, 2000.

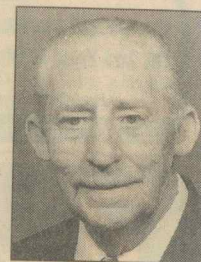
A U.S. Army veteran of World War II, Mr. Jensen retired in 1978 from John Deere Waterloo Tractor Works.

Survived by: two sons, Al (Julie) of Castaic, Calif., and Steve (Connie) of Carlisle; three grandchildren; two brothers, Einer of Jesup and Art of Kosson, Minn.; and a sister, Francis Rittgers of Shell Rock.

Preceded in death by: two brothers, Don and Marius.

Services: 1:30 p.m. Monday at Fredsville Evangelical Lutheran Church, with burial in Fredsville Cemetery, both in rural Cedar Falls. Military rites will be conducted by Dike American Legion Post 471. Friends may call from 1 to 5 p.m. today at Richardson Funeral Home, with the family present from 2 to 4 p.m. Visitation also for an hour before services Monday at the church.

Memorials: may be directed to the church.



Ernest Jensen

LAI D TO REST

Nov 1955
NEW HARTFORD — Mrs. Wm. Jensen passed away at Sartori Memorial hospital, Cedar Falls, Saturday night from complications and poor health. She was born at Melvin, Iowa, October 10, 1894. She was married in Butler county November, 1914 to Wm. Jensen. They have always farmed near New Hartford. She leaves her husband and three sons, Alvin, Floyd, and Charles, all at home, and two sisters, Mrs. Susan Dixon, New Hartford and Mrs. May Kraklio, of East Moline, Illinois. Funeral services were Tuesday at 2 p.m. in the Nelson Funeral home at Cedar Falls with burial in Oak Hill cemetery, New Hartford.

WILLIAM JENSEN

Jan 31 1965
William Jensen was born at Cedar Falls, on Nov. 21, 1893, and passed away at his home on the farm near New Hartford, on Jan. 31, 1965, at the age of 72 years, 2 months and 10 days.

Death was due to a skull fracture resulting from a fall in the barn at his home. His entire childhood was spent in the Butler County area, in the vicinity of New Hartford.

He received his education in the

public school and spiritual training in the Methodist Church there.

On Nov. 28, 1914, he was united in marriage to Florence Knipe of New Hartford. They made their home on farms in this vicinity. To this union were born three sons, Alvin, Charles and Floyd. Charles passed away two years ago due to a car accident. His devoted companion passed away thirteen years ago. His parents and a brother, Nels are also deceased. Surviving besides Alvin and Floyd are four sisters, Ellen (Mrs. A. T. Barrett) of Cedar Falls; Emile (Mrs. Ray Rutting) of Winnebago, Illinois; Annette (Mrs. Bausman), and Agnes (Mrs. John Sietsema), both of Wellsburg; and Mrs. Susie Dixon, together with a host of friends and neighbors who will mourn the loss of this friend, father and brother.

Dearest Father, thou has left us
And our loss we deeply feel
But its God that has bereft us
He can all our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee
When the days of life is fled
When in heaven in joy to greet thee
Where no farewell tears are shed.

Man Dies in Bridge Crash

(COURIER NEWS SERVICE)

Dec 13 1962
NEW HARTFORD — Charles Jensen, 34, of New Hartford was killed early Thursday when his car struck a bridge on Highway 20 just west of here.

Mr. Jensen was alone. The Butler County Sheriff's office said he might have fallen asleep at the wheel.

THE ACCIDENT was believed to have occurred about 3 a. m., but wasn't reported until about 8 a. m. An unidentified passerby reported the accident.

Funeral services for Mr. Jensen are pending at Engelkes Funeral home, Parkersburg. He is survived by his father, Will, and 2 brothers: Alvin and Floyd, both of New Hartford.

The accident victim had been employed on the Harry Stirling farm near here.

ALVIN WILLIAM JENSEN

Mar 8 1975
Alvin William Jensen was born Sept. 7, 1917, the son of William and Florence Knipe Jensen near New Hartford, Iowa, and was a life long resident of New Hartford, and worked as a farm hand in the area. He was hospitalized Dec. 22, 1974, and was there for a period of three weeks. He then lived at Lawn City Nursing Home in Cedar Falls, and since Feb. 17, he lived at Robert's Care Center of Waterloo.

Alvin is survived by one brother Floyd, of Parkersburg, and an aunt, Susie Dixon of Maple Manor in Aplington.

He was preceded in death by his parents and a brother, Charles.

Funeral services were held at 1:30 p.m. on Tuesday, at the United Methodist Church of New Hartford, with burial in Oak Hill Cemetery at New Hartford, Iowa.

Casketbearers were: Herman Mulder, John Hogenkamp, Albert Thorne, Paul Mead, Roy Venenga, and Jerry Venenga.

Engelkes Funeral Home of Parkersburg was in charge of arrangements.

NEW HARTFORD—Four young men from New Hartford will report for duty at Allison Feb. 27 and from there will be sent to Des Moines for further orders. They are Vernon Towsley, Harry Luck, Charles Jensen and Eugene Rittgers. This is the largest group to go at one time from here.

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Casketbearers were: Herman Mulder, John Hogenkamp, Albert Thorne, Paul Mead, Roy Venenga, and Jerry Venenga.

Engelkes Funeral Home of Parkersburg was in charge of arrangements.

Celebrating The Life of
FLOYD JENSEN



Floyd was born December 10, 1933 at New Hartford, Iowa, the son of William and Florence (Rhodes) Jensen. He attended New Hartford Public School and for the last twenty-seven years he lived with and worked as a farm hand with the Rodney Kendrick family. Floyd died Friday, June 17, 2005, at the Grundy County Medical Hospital, Grundy Center, Iowa, at the age of 71 years.

He was preceded in death by his parents and two brothers, Alvin and Charles Jensen.

FUNERAL SERVICE

Tuesday, June 21, 2005

1:30 p.m.

Dahl-Van Hove-Schoof Funeral Home
Cedar Falls, Iowa

SPEAKER

Dianne Bass

SPECIAL MUSIC

Sharon Pelton, Soloist

William McGuire, Organist

"The Old Rugged Cross"

"What A Friend We Have In Jesus"

CASKET BEARERS

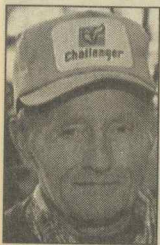
Mark Youngberg Bill Rogers Shan Kendrick
Paul Youngburg Byron Beniga Kevin Pruisner

INTERMENT

Oak Hill Cemetery
New Hartford, Iowa

Floyd Jensen (1933-2005)

PARKERSBURG — Floyd Jensen, 71, of Parkersburg died Friday, June 17, at Grundy County Memorial Hospital, Grundy Center.



Floyd Jensen

He was born Dec. 10, 1933, in New Hartford, son of William and Florence Rhodes Jensen. He attended New Hartford Public Schools and for the last 27 years he lived and worked with the Rodney Kendrick family near Stout.

Survivors include: many friends.

Preceded in death by: two brothers, Alvin and Charles Jensen.

Services: 1:30 p.m. Tuesday at Dahl-Van Hove-Schoof Funeral Home, Cedar Falls, with burial in Oak Hill Cemetery, New Hartford. Friends may call from 11 a.m. until service time Tuesday at the funeral home.

WILLIAM JENSEN

William Jensen was born on May 11, 1904, and died on June 17, 2005, at his home on the farm near New Hartford, on June 17, 2005, at the age of 101 years, 1 month and 16 days.

He was due to a week long stay in the hospital from a fall in the home in 1999. His entire adult life was spent in the New Hartford area for the vicinity of New Hartford.

He received his education in the public school and obtained a college degree from the University of Iowa.

On May 11, 1931, he was united in marriage to Florence Jensen of New Hartford. They made their home on the farm in the vicinity of New Hartford and their three sons, Alvin, Charles and Floyd, were born there.

Alvin and Charles were both in the military service during World War II. Alvin was a sergeant and Charles was a private. They both served in the Pacific Theater.

Alvin is survived by one brother, Floyd, of Parkersburg, and by one sister, Anna, of New Hartford. He was preceded in death by his parents and a brother, Charles.

Funeral services were held at 1:30 p.m. on Tuesday at the United Methodist Church of New Hartford, with burial in Oak Hill Cemetery at New Hartford. Interment was in the family plot.

Minister, John Hogenkamp, Alvin Jensen, Paul Hogenkamp, Vernon, and Jerry Veenendaal. Burial was in charge of Parkersburg.

Where no express name is stated.

AID TO REST

NEW HARTFORD — Mrs. Wm. Jensen passed away at Sartori Memorial hospital, Cedar Falls, Saturday night from complications and poor health. She was born to Melvin, Iowa, October 10, 1894. He was married in Butler county November, 1914 to Wm. Jensen. They have always farmed near New Hartford. She leaves her husband and three sons, Alvin, Floyd, and Charles, all at home, and two sisters, Mrs. Susan Dixon, New Hartford and Mrs. May Kraklio, East Moline, Illinois. Funeral services were Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the Nelson Funeral home at Cedar Falls with burial in Oak Hill cemetery, New Hartford.

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And our loss we deeply feel
But its God that has bereft us
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He was preceded in death by his parents and a brother, Charles.

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Casketbearers were: Herman Mulder, John Hogenkamp, Albert Thorne, Paul Mead, Roy Venenga, and Jerry Venenga.

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Engelkes Funeral Home of Parkersburg was in charge of arrangements.

Bodies of Two Veterans Due Monday

The bodies of two northeast Iowa service men, Staff Sgt. Warren C. Jensen and Corp. Robert Steen, will be met by military escort of World war II veterans Monday at 10:30 a. m. when they arrive at the Chicago Great Western station.

Sgt. Jensen's body will be taken to the Ray Hurley funeral home, and Corp. Steen's to Parrott and Wood funeral home.

Sgt. Jensen, the son of Hans C. and Emma Jensen of New Hartford, Ia., was killed in action Jan. 2, 1945, on Leyte island in the Philippines.

Funeral services, preceding reburial, will be conducted Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the First Evangelical United Brethren church. Rev. H. M. Raecker will officiate.

The body will be taken to the church an hour before services.

Members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the

American Legion will act as a military escort at graveside committal services in Fairview cemetery.

Final services for Corp. Steen have been tentatively set for Wednesday afternoon.

Corporal Steen, the son of Melvin and Marie Steen, Route 2, died Feb. 9, 1944, in Brisbane, Australia, the result of injuries suffered in a jeep accident.

Warren C. Jensen was born Feb. 24, 1923, in Waseca, Minn. He came to Iowa with his parents in 1925. Following his graduation from the New Hartford schools, he helped his father farm near that community.

He enlisted in the army June 2, 1941, going overseas in 1943.



Sgt. Jensen

DEATHS

27 Nov. 1957
PAGE 2 DETH RESET

MRS. HANS JENSEN.

Mrs. Hans Jensen, 68, died at 1:30 a. m. Wednesday at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Margaret Anderson, Rt. 1, Dunkerton.

She was born Emma Miller on Oct. 28, 1889, at Cedar Falls, the daughter of Gottlieb and Christina Hildy Miller.

On Dec. 3, 1919, she was married to Hans Jensen at Cedar Falls. They farmed near New Hartford for many years.

Surviving are her husband, two sons, Andrew, Route 3, Waterloo; Robert of Grinnell, Ia.; one daughter, Mrs. Margaret Anderson, Rt. 1, Dunkerton; and Marilyn, at home; nine grandchildren; two sisters, Mrs. Louie Miller, Janesville; Mrs. Nina Faust of 1138 Hawthorne Ave., three brothers, Carl, 257s, Fairfield Ave.; Elmer and Clarence, both of Dunkerton.

She was preceded in death by her parents and one son, Warren, who died in the armed service during World War II; and by one brother.

A memorial may be given in her honor to the cancer foundation.

Funeral services will be conducted at 2 p. m. Friday at the O'Keefe & Towne funeral home by Dr. J. A. Hachlen, and by the Rev. W. G. McCrory, pastor of Barclay United Presbyterian church. Burial will be in Fairview cemetery.

27 Nov. 1957



Margie Ann Jurchen, 73, of Wellsburg, Iowa died from natural causes on Friday, December 4, 2009 at the Marshalltown Medical and Surgical Center in Marshalltown, Iowa.

Margie Ann Winkowitsch Jurchen was born August 18, 1936 in rural Wellsburg, daughter of Anton and Anna (Olthoff) Venenga. She attended country school Colfax #4 through the 8th grade,

transferring to Wellsburg High School in 1951 and graduating with the class of 1955. She then attended Iowa State Teacher's College in Cedar Falls to become a teacher. She was united in marriage to Duane Winkowitsch on December 11, 1957 and to this union was born a son, Glenn Eldon. Margie and Duane later separated. On August 16, 1980 Margie was united in marriage to Arthur Jurchen and they spent 29 years together going to football and basketball games, and just having fun.

She worked at several small jobs in Wellsburg until gaining employment with the Grundy Memorial Hospital where she worked until 1971. Margie then worked for Mapco Gas Company in Eldora until 1986 and then for Snittjer Grain Company in Wellsburg, retiring in 2001. She was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran Church and the UNI Scholarship Club. She enjoyed watching basketball, football, and track and field, and during Glenn's high school years cheering him on while he played basketball. She also attended many sporting events at the McCloud Center to watch UNI.

She is survived by her husband, Art; son, Glenn Winkowitsch and his wife Sara of Wellsburg; grandchildren, Dana Winkowitsch of North Liberty and her fiancé Danny Stafford, and Adam Winkowitsch of Cresco; sister, Arvilla Gerloff of New Hartford; and by many nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her parents; brothers, Bernard and Harvey Venenga; sister, Helen Davis; and an infant brother.

In Loving Memory
Margie Ann Jurchen

August 18, 1936 ~ December 4, 2009

Funeral Services

10:30 am

Tuesday, December 8, 2009

St. Paul's Lutheran Church

Rural Wellsburg, Iowa

Minister

Pastor Gary Burkhalter

Organist

Sheryl Harms

Vocalist

Eldon Harms

"On Eagle's Wings"

Congregational Selections

"This is My Father's World"

"Amazing Grace"

Casket Bearers

Dennis Gerloff LeRoy Gerloff Henry Lee Gerloff

Gene Venenga Duane Venenga Art Duncan

Flower Committee

Norma Heiken Janice Koch

Interment

St. Paul's Cemetery

Rural Wellsburg, Iowa

Please join Margie's family for lunch in the church fellowship hall immediately following the committal service.

Marilyn Jensen of Cedar Rapids is engaged to marry Andrew Weiss of Marion.



Miss Jensen is the daughter of Hans Jensen and the late Mrs. Jensen. The Rev. and Mrs. Edmund Weiss of Victor

Miss Jensen are parents of

the groom.

Miss Jensen is an employee of the Morris Plan Co., Cedar Rapids, where her fiancé is employed by Collins Radio Corp.

The couple is planning an Oct. 22 wedding to take place in the Trinity Lutheran Church in Cedar Rapids. 1966

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1991



Mr. and Mrs. Weiss

Andrew and Marilyn Weiss, 9342B Noel, Des Plaines, Illinois, will celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary Saturday, October 19, with an Open House at the Barclay United Presbyterian Church, 4 miles south of Dunkerton, from 2 to 5 p.m.

Mr. Weiss and Marilyn Jensen were married October 22, 1966 in Cedar Rapids.

Hosting the event will be the Billy Anderson family.

Mrs. Weiss graduated from the New Hartford High School, Gates College, Waterloo, and was employed at Lutheran Mutual, Waverly, for several years before moving to Cedar Rapids.

Anderson/50

DUNKERTON — Billy and Margaret Anderson will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary next Sunday at Barclay United Presbyterian Church, four miles south of Dunkerton.

An open house is planned from 2 to 4 p.m.

Hosting the event will be their family and grandchildren: Marilyn and Andy Weiss of Des Plaines, Ill.; Gene and Diane Anderson, Charles and Vickie Anderson, all of Dunkerton; Donald and Gail Anderson of Rowlette, Texas; and Stephen and Ellen Anderson of Readlyn.

Margaret Jensen and Mr. Anderson



Mr. and Mrs. Anderson

were wed Jan. 9, 1941, at the Little Brown Church in Nashua.

The honorees request no gifts.

PAGE B4 WATERLOO COURIER SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1993

DUNKERTON — **William J. Anderson**, 74, of 107 E. Dunkerton Road, died Friday, Jan. 29, at Allen Memorial Hospital of natural causes.

He was born April 15, 1918, in Barclay Township, son of William and Stella McMillin Anderson. He married Margaret N. Jensen Jan. 9, 1941, in Nashua.

Mr. Anderson retired from farming in July 1980.

Survivors include his wife; four sons, Gene and Charles, both of Dunkerton, Donald of Rowlett, Texas, and Stephen of Readlyn; 12 grandchildren; and two brothers, Donald of Jesup and James of Waterloo; he was preceded in death by a grandson.

Services will be 10:30 a.m. Monday at Barclay United Presbyterian Church in Dunkerton, with cremation and burial in the Old Barclay Cemetery at a later date. Friends may call from 3 to 7 p.m. today at Parker Funeral Chapel in Jesup and for an hour before services Monday at the church.

Memorials may be directed to the church or KNWS Radio.



William Anderson

Wed., Dec. 26, 2001

Robert Jensen, son of Hans and Emma Jensen of New Hartford, was on the USS Maryland at the time of the attack at Pearl Harbor. Robert and wife Naomi, now of Sun City, AZ, were among other survivors to visit the Arizona Memorial Tuesday, December 4, 2001 in Honolulu.

The Wayne Kimballs, formerly of this area, report 18" of snow and more coming in Klamath, Oregon.

JANUARY 12, 1994

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kunz and Nicklaus were Saturday afternoon luncheon guests in the Ann Jensen home, coming to greet their mother for her 80th birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marlin Adolphs hosted a surprise birthday luncheon Sunday afternoon in the Ann Jensen home to honor Mrs. Jensen on her 80th birthday. Those present were Margaret Everts, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Schnepf, Mr. and Mrs. Doug Grandon, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hogenkamp, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Adams, and Mike and Amy Adolphs.

COURIER SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1995

Retirement

Martin Kunz

WATERLOO — Lt. Martin Kunz will celebrate his retirement with an open house Friday from 2 to 4 p.m. at Fire Station No. 5, 617 Nevada St.

He will retire Saturday after more than 31 years with Waterloo Fire Rescue. He was hired as a firefighter in 1964, became a fire engineer in 1975, and was promoted to lieutenant in 1980.



Lt. Martin Kunz

D-CEDAR FALLS COURIER SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 2001

Andrew Jensen

DUNKERTON — Andrew C. Jensen will celebrate his 80th birthday next Sunday with an open house from 2 to 4 p.m. at the Dunkerton Community Hall.



Andrew Jensen

He was born May 10, 1921, in Waseca, Minn., to Hans and Emma Jensen. He lives with his wife, Dorothy, at 8615 E. Main St., F-61, Mesa, Ariz., 85207.

His family also includes Karen and David Waytenick of Cumming, Iowa, and Vern Jensen of El Paso, Texas, seven grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

No gifts are requested.

Page B2

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 2002

DEWAR — **Andrew C. "Andy" Jensen**, 80, of Mesa, Ariz., formerly of Dewar, died Wednesday, Jan. 16, at home of cancer.

He was born May 10, 1921, in Waseca, Minn., son of Hans and Emma Miller Jensen. He married Dorothy Jensen on Jan. 3, 1942, in Waterloo.

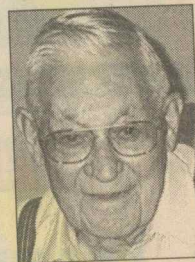
Mr. Jensen was retired from farming. He then worked as a jailer at the Black Hawk County Sheriff's Department and for 16 years was a Dunkerton school bus driver.

Survived by: his wife; a son, Vernon L. of El Paso, Texas; a daughter, Karen Waytenick of Cumming; seven grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren; a brother, Robert of Sun City, Ariz.; and a sister, Margaret Anderson of Dunkerton.

Preceded in death by: a brother, Warren.

Services: 2 p.m. Saturday at Garden View Chapel, with burial in Garden of Memories, both in Waterloo. Friends may call from 4 to 8 p.m. today and for an hour before services Saturday at the chapel.

Memorials: may be directed to American Cancer Society, or Heartland Hospice, 777 W. Southern Ave., Suite 101, Mesa, AZ 85205.



Andrew Jensen

High school senior top musician of UNI orchestra

FAIRBANK — The sounds of Wapsie Valley senior **Audrey Anderson** are being heard far beyond this small town.

The Readlyn woman already owns the spot of best oboe player in the University of Northern Iowa orchestra.

Extremely active in all aspects of music, Audrey was also recently selected for the second time as the best oboe player for the All State Band. The band is comprised of 250 of Iowa's best high school music students.

But Anderson's talents are not confined to just playing the oboe.

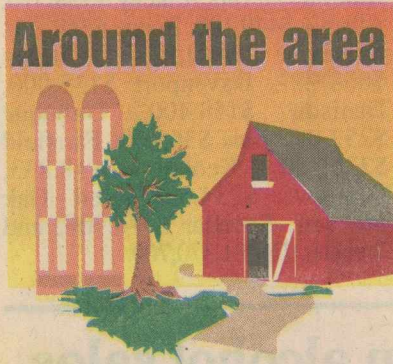
She also plays the piano, English horn and flute. In addition, she has also participated in jazz band all four years of high school, being an accompanist.

When UNI goes to the orchestra to perform in the Center, and visiting the Opera House, as well as from the Julliard faculty.

Upon graduation, Anderson will get to pursue a musical career. — Oelwein

Dog saved from p...

TRAER — A family has known that their Pekinese dog was home after being seized from a mill.



Tim and Amy Jantzen sold their pet in early November.

Audrey is granddaughter of Margaret Jensen Anderson — Great granddaughter of Hans

Kramer, which later led police to the bust.

— The Toledo Chronicle

Sumner woman gets award

SUMNER — Cheryl Arthur has had some hard times.

One of the hog barns on her farm burned down in October, her pickup was stolen and her foot was recently in a cast.

But, she has been chosen one of four 2000 Iowa Master Farm Homemakers. The award is sponsored by the Wallace's Farmer magazine and the Iowa Master Farm Homemakers Guild. The honor recognizes the women for their work with their families, homes and community service.

Arthur is the second woman from Sumner to be chosen as the homemaker of the year. She was nominated by a woman who won the award in 1956 - her home economics teacher from high school.

"My family is the most important thing in my life," she said. "Roger (her husband) and I have two lovely daughters. They are caring, responsible young women who are active in their church and communities."

Arthur did not know she had won the award until August when Wallace's Farmer came out to do a feature on her.

— Sumner Gazette

Jantzens told police that they sold it to



Sara and Charlie Anderson

Sadler-Anderson

WATERLOO — Sara Sadler and Charlie Anderson were married May 7 in Waterloo.

Parents of the couple are Wayne and Jan Sadler of Waterloo, Margaret Anderson of Dunkerton and the late William Anderson.

The Rev. Jeff Connor performed the 6 p.m. ceremony at Heartland Vineyard Church.

Attending the bride were her sisters, Lisa Thornburgh and Julie Ames, and her cousin, Amy Schaefer.

The groom's attendants were his brothers, Don Anderson of Rockwall, Texas, and Gene

Anderson of Dunkerton, and his son, Aaron Anderson of Janesville and Matthew Hiebert of Richardson, Texas, son-in-law of the groom.

Flower girls were Marissa Ames, Madison Ames and Makayla Schaefer. Ring bearer was Mattais Gordon, son of the bride.

Seating guests were Mike Sadler of Long Lake, Minn., brother of the bride; Scott Sandberg, cousin of the bride; Billy Brandenburg; and Tyler Trunnell of Cedar Falls, son-in-law of the groom.

The groom is employed in the marketing department at John Deere Tractor Works.

They reside in Dunkerton.

2004

Working to ensure health care for all Iowans!

"I serve on the board of directors of the Iowa Comprehensive Health Care Association. We need better health care services for rural Iowa citizens. The home nursing program is one way to provide this service."



Visiting with Grundy County Public Health Nurses.



Raising the Vietnam Memorial MIA flag at the State Capitol.

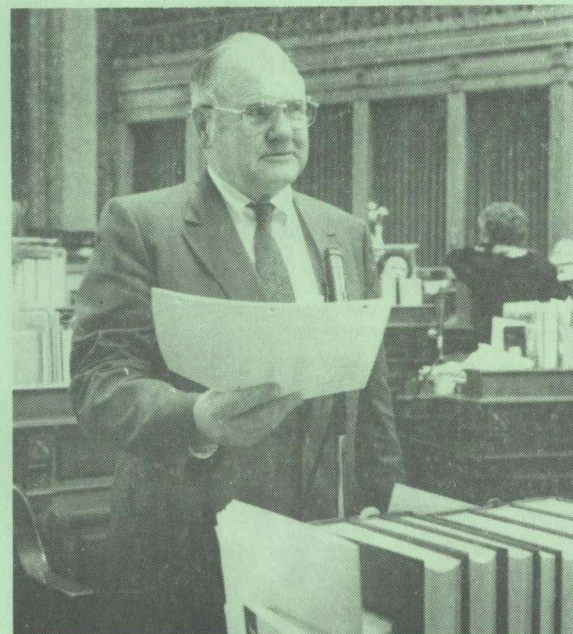
Recognized as a leader of veterans' affairs!

"We must remember those citizens who gave their all, that we might enjoy our freedoms."

John is a veteran, having served in the United States Marine Corps during World War II.

JOHN JENSEN

**STATE SENATE
District 11**



Experience in Senate leadership for the past eight years.

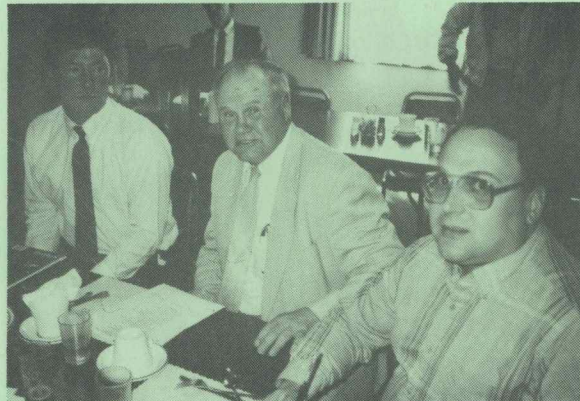
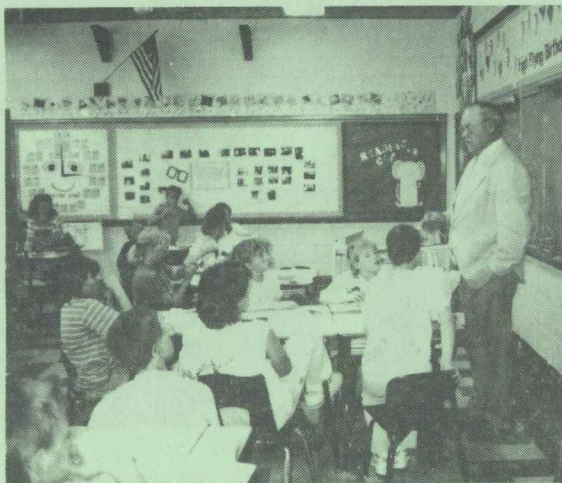
**Proven Leadership
That Works for You!**

JENSEN

JENSEN

Leading the fight to preserve Iowa's small schools!

"Educating the youth of Iowa is a top priority. We must continue to increase state funding for education. Good schools are the answer, not necessarily large schools! Our rural schools are the best investment we have."



Visiting with Butler
Rural Development.

Striving to build Iowa's rural economy!

"Economic development is the key to growth in this area. More businesses mean more jobs, more money, and more children to fill our classrooms."

Passing family values on to future generations!



"My wife, Myrtle, and I have five children: Linda, Alan, Stanley, Rita and Carolann."



"I have great expectations
for the next generation."

Paid for by Jensen for Senate,
Donald Schrage, Treasurer

JENSEN

JENSEN

Jensen Receives Distinguished Service Award



Mathias (Pete) Jensen

Distinguished service awards were presented Thursday, June 2, to two Iowans for their efforts on behalf of agriculture. Mathias (Pete) Jensen, Clarksville, and Don Muhm, West Des Moines, are the recipients of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation's (IFBF) 1994 distinguished service to agriculture awards. They were honored at the IFBF midyear conference in West Des Moines.

Jensen, 59, has worked in the dairy business for more than 35 years and has been a leader in the community through his work educating all ages about the important role of agriculture. He is a Butler County Farm Bureau member, having served on about every county committee. He is also well respected for his dairy practices and is an avid dairy promoter in northeast Iowa.

Jensen and Muhm were selected by the IFBF board of directors to receive the distinguished service awards. Jensen was nominated by the Butler County Farm Bureau, and Muhm was nominated by the Polk County Farm Bureau.

This is the 17th year for the awards that honor individuals for service to agriculture that has been of statewide or industry importance. Both winners received plaques, and their names and photos will be added to a permanent display at the Iowa Farm Bureau building in West

Des Moines.

Pete Jensen graduated from Plainfield High School and attended North Western Bible College in St. Paul, Minn. for two quarters before enlisting in the army. He served for two years, with eighteen of those months serving in Japan and Korea.

Jensen did construction and concrete work after returning to the states, and then worked as a herdsman before renting a farm for one year. In 1960, he and his wife, Mary, bought the farm they presently own and live on.

In addition to his membership with the Butler County Farm Bureau, Jensen is a member of the Iowa and National Holstein Association, North Central DMIA, Clarksville Lions, Clarksville Church of Christ, Tri-State Breeders Coop, AMDI Dairy Coop, Butler County Republicans and the Butler County Dairy Promoters.

He serves as the regional funding chairman for the IFBF to help promote ag awareness and education in Iowa. After completing three years as a voting delegate for Butler County Farm Bureau, Jensen continues to serve as a township director. He is an elder at his church, serves on the Dairy Promoters Board and is treasurer for the Butler County Soil and Water District Commissioners.

Jensen has been recognized as a member of the Butler County Soil Conservation Service 5 Ton Club for his efforts in soil conservation. He has been farming with minimum tillage practices for more than 25 years because of his belief that farmers are stewards of the land.

In 1987, Jensen was named Distinguished Dairyman in Iowa sponsored by Iowa State University Extension and The Cedar Rapids Gazette. He has received several quality milk awards from the Association of Milk Producers, Inc., in Fredericksburg and has had cows qualify for the Iowa "Super Cow" award given by the Dairy Herd Improvement Association in Ames.

The Jensens currently have a 250-head dairy herd. They have two daughters, Debra Renning and Pam Bolin, and a son, Marque Jensen.

Muhm, Jensen are presented service to agriculture awards

A well-known Iowa farm reporter and an outstanding dairyman, both known for their work in educating about and promoting agriculture, were honored June 2 with distinguished service awards from the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation.

Don Muhm, the retired farm editor for the Des Moines Register, and Mathias (Pete) Jensen, who operates a 250-head dairy herd in Clarksville, were honored at the IFBF midyear conference in West Des Moines.

Muhm, 65, was born on a farm near Kanawa, where he developed an understanding and dedication to agriculture that has led to 40 years of reporting agricultural news at the Marshalltown Times-Republican, Omaha World-Herald and the Des Moines Register and Tribune newspapers. He is well-versed in Iowa Farm Bureau annual meetings since he has reported from each one and covered most mid-year meetings since he began working at the Des Moines Register 33 years ago.

Jensen, 59, has worked in the dairy business for more than 35 years and has been a leader in the community through his work with all ages about farming and the important role of agriculture. He is a Butler County Farm Bureau member, having served on about every county committee. He is also well respected for his dairy practices and is an avid dairy promoter in northeast Iowa.

Muhm and Jensen were selected by the IFBF board of directors to receive the 1994 distinguished service awards. Muhm was nominated by the Polk County Farm Bureau. Jensen was nominated by the Butler County Farm Bureau.

Farm Bureau started the distinguished service award program 17 years ago as a way of recognizing individuals for service to agriculture that has been of statewide or industry importance. Both winners received plaques, and their names and photos will be added to a permanent display at the Iowa Farm Bureau building in West Des Moines.

Pete Jensen...

Pete Jensen graduated from Plainfield High School and attended Northwestern Bible College in St. Paul, Minn. for two quarters before enlisting in the Army. He served for two years, with 18 of those months serving in Japan and Korea.

Jensen did construction and concrete work after returning to the states, and then worked as a herdsman before renting a farm for one year. In 1960, he and his wife, Mary, bought their present farm.

In addition to his membership with the Butler County Farm Bureau, Jensen is a member of the Iowa and National Holstein Association, North Central DMIA, Clarksville Lions, Clarksville Church of Christ, Tri-State Breeders Coop, AMDI Dairy Coop, Butler County Republicans and the Butler County Dairy Promoters.

He serves as the regional funding chairman for the IFBF to help promote ag awareness and education in Iowa. After completing three years as a voting delegate for Butler County Farm Bureau, Jensen continues to serve as a township director. He is an elder at his church, serves on the Dairy Promoters Board and is treasurer for the Butler County Soil and Water District Commissioners.

Jensen has been recognized as a member of the Butler County Soil Conservation Service 5 Ton Club for his efforts in soil conservation. He has been farming with minimum tillage practices for more than 25 years because of his belief that farmers are stewards of the land.



Jensen

Besides his present positions with Farm Bureau, Jensen has been Butler County president, vice president, a campaign manager three times, and has been active in the following committees: county action, budget and finance, building, national affairs, policy development, legislative, campaign '92, and commodity and marketing.

In 1987 Jensen was named Distinguished Dairyman in Iowa by Iowa State University Extension and The Cedar Rapids Gazette. He has received several quality milk awards from the Association of Milk Producers, Inc. in Fredericksburg and has had cows qualify for the Iowa "Super Cow" award given by the Dairy Herd Improvement Association in Ames.

One of Jensen's favorite areas of service is educating and teaching the public about farming. For several years in the spring, he has hosted second grade students from Clarksville School on a tour of his farm. The students learn about animal care, receive coloring books on farming and get an ice-cream cone. Recently, Jensen expanded the tours to include Allison second grade students and the Butler County Headstart preschool.

The Jensens also welcome visitors from abroad to visit their operation and they have received added interest as they are helping to prove out young holstein bulls for artificial insemination. Visitors have come from Mexico, Panama, England, France and other areas of the world.

The Jensens have two daughters, Debra Renning and Pam Bolin, and a son, Marque Jensen.

■ Mourning dove's fate

NEW HARTFORD — It has been drawn to the attention of the public in the Courier that the legislators, have a bill before them that deals with open season on the mourning doves.

For heaven's sake, don't pass that ugly bill.

From my kitchen window I can watch the bird world in action. There are many trees and bushes out there to please many species of birds.

This is what I saw take place: A large ugly crow came swooping into the cedar trees where there was a song bird's nest. The crow came out quickly with a young baby bird to take to her nest to feed her own baby. That's what crows are doing. The population of crows is well out of hand. They need to be thinned out immediately.

Now for the actions of the starlings. In my back yard there is a large tall tree stump that a flicker worked on for many weeks trying to chip out a hole in that hard outer wall before she could get into the inner softer section. When she had the hole large enough to squeeze into it, she chipped it out for depth. She had the hole ready for her nesting place.

All this time a pair or two of starlings fought a fierce battle, with the flicker outnumbered and driven away.

I could not think of a way to destroy the starlings so I rammed a small soup can into the opening. Consequently, neither party could use the nesting place.

Don't destroy the mourning doves which never interfere with any bird. We desperately need to thin out crows, starlings and blackbirds, too.

ANN M. JENSEN



■ Vote for Bush

NEW HARTFORD — Beware of Big Brothers Government.

Are you working? Are you earning your own living? Are you paying taxes? Are you putting anything away for a rainy day? Or for your retirement? Do you want to be independent?

Or are you happy to turn your wages over to the government and let that government return some of it to you when needed (after taking a cut for themselves)? Who decides what you need and when?

Do you want to be dependent on Big Government? Can you trust Big Brother Bureaucracy to always take care of you as well as you could take care of yourself?

Beware. Protect yourself from Big Government.

Vote for George W. Bush.

**ANN JENSEN AND
JANE BERNING HAUSEN.**



METRODEATHS

Emma Jensen (1916-2003)

CEDAR FALLS — Emma C. Jensen, 86, of Cedar Falls, died Saturday, Feb. 22, at her daughter's home near Toddville of cancer.

She was born Oct. 28, 1916, in Cedar Falls, daughter of Nick and Elsie Petersen Dockwell. She married Erhardt I. Jensen on Nov. 21, 1936, in Galena, Ill. He died May 21, 1977.

Mrs. Jensen was a clerk-typist for 30 years in the placement office at the University of Northern Iowa, retiring in 1981.

Survivors include: two daughters, Judy Eriksen of Ankeny and Katy (Ron) Strand of Toddville; four grandchildren and five great-grandchildren; and a sister, Betty (Orlyn) Bergmann of Clinton.

Preceded in death by: a sister, Anna Boehmke; and four stepsisters, Vendla Webrand, Helen Uschkrat, Laura Bode and Ethel Nelson.

Services: 11 a.m. Thursday at Bethlehem Lutheran Church, with private family burial in Greenwood Cemetery. Friends may call from 4 to 7 p.m. Wednesday at Dahl-Van Hove-Schoof Funeral Home, and for an hour before services Thursday at the church.

Memorials: may be directed to the church or Hospice of Mercy in Cedar Rapids.



Emma Jensen

On Tuesday, the 11th of May, 1914, at 7:30 p. m., Mrs. L. P. Johnson departed this life at her farm home near New Hartford, Iowa.

Rosemena Jepperson was born in Hennemved, Denmark, on the 28th day of April, 1846, where she enjoyed the early portion of her life. In 1866 she was united in marriage to Lars Peterson Johnson of Nudenbrue, Denmark. To this union six children born. They came to America in 1880, locating near Parkersburg, Iowa, where they resided until the spring of 1896, when they took up residence on the present home place.

She was a devoted christian mother, quiet and gentle in her manner of living, choosing to be helpful to all, courageous in all things and inspired all who came in contact with her. It was as mother this influence was made most manifest, for she transmitted these virtues to her children, taking great comfort in the knowledge that they were amply fitted for the responsibilities of life.

Besides the husband, three daughters and two sons survive, Anna Johnson of Cedar Falls, Mrs. C. V. Sherman of Scranton, Iowa, Mrs. P. Dillman of Des Moines, P. J. Johnson of Dike, R. O. Johnson of Chicago. She also leaves one sister, Mrs. G. Dineson of Parkersburg, and a brother, Lawrence Jepperson of New Hartford, besides a host of friends to mourn her loss.

1846-1915

Card of Thanks.

We wish to assure the friends and neighbors, also the choir of New Hartford who assisted us since we were bereft of our dear wife and mother, our deep appreciation of kindnesses shown and help extended. Thanks also for the floral offering. —L. P. Johnson and Children.

Obituary.

Lawrence Jepperson was born in Denmark, January 2, 1849. He came to America in 1866. He was married to Margaret Ann Corwin January 20, 1876. To this union were born eight children, Mrs. Mabel A. Hersey, William L. Jepperson, David L. Jepperson, Mark L. Jepperson, Charles R. Jepperson, Mrs. Hazel Cochelin and Mrs. Vernelia Small.

The deceased leaves 25 grandchildren, six great grand children. His wife and one daughter preceded him in death. He was a member of the Baptist church of New Hartford, Iowa for many years.

He had been in failing health for time but only for a little more than a week had he been confined to his bed. The end came gently and he fell asleep October 15, 1921, aged 72 years, 6 months and 13 days.

Funeral services were conducted from the Baptist church Monday afternoon, Rev. Essex officiating. Interment was made at Oak Hill.

Husband's Full Name

Husband's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	2 Jan 1849				
Chr'nd					
Mar.	20 Jan 1876				
Death	15 Oct 1921				
Burial		Oakhill	New Hartford		
Places of Residence					
Occupation	Church Affiliation		Military Rec.		
Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.					
His Father			Mother's Maiden Name		

Wife's Full Maiden Name

Wife's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth					
Chr'nd					
Death					
Burial					
Places of Residence					
Occupation if other than Housewife	Church Affiliation				
Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.					
Her Father			Mother's Maiden Name		

Children's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
Birth	1876	Children Dorcas (Dick), George			
Mar.		Nellie, Mable (married Godfrey)			
Death	1908	Josh, Ida or Irene + David			
Burial					
Birth	25 Jan 1879				Nicola
Mar.					John Thel
Death	21 Nov 1963				Chalmer
Burial					Hazel
Birth	4 Mar 1881				
Mar.					
Death	28 Dec 1964				
Burial					
Birth	1883				Laura Sells
Mar.					Mava Luck
Death	26 Oct 1938				Ruth Luck
Burial					Ellis
Birth					
Mar.					
Death					
Burial					
Birth	2 Nov 1889				
Mar.					
Death	15 May 1968				
Burial					
Birth	28 Jan 1893				
Mar.					
Death	2 July 1976				
Burial		7th Calhoun Nebraska			
Birth	14 Dec 1895				
Mar.					
Death	6 Dec 1958				
Burial					
Birth					
Mar.					
Death					
Burial					
Birth					
Mar.					
Death					
Burial					

1 Blanche
Full Name of Spouse*
Frank Lewis

2 Mabel
Full Name of Spouse*
Fred Hersey

3 William
Full Name of Spouse*
Emma Mills

4 David
Full Name of Spouse*
Flourence Haney

5 Mark
Full Name of Spouse*

6 Charles
Full Name of Spouse*
Inez Lee

7 Hazel
Full Name of Spouse*
Cochelin

8 Vernelia
Full Name of Spouse*
Small @ Christensen

9
Full Name of Spouse*

10
Full Name of Spouse*

Charles
Jepperson
Hazel
Vernelia
Virginia

FAMILY GROUP NO.

Husband's Full Name

William

Jepperson

This Information Obtained From:

Husband's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	4	Mar	1884				
Chr'd							
Mar.							
Death	28	Dec	1965				
Burial				Oak Hill	New Hartford	La	

Places of Residence

Occupation

Church Affiliation

Military Rec.

Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc.
Make separate sheet for each mar.

His Father: Lawrence Jepperson Mother's Maiden Name: Margaret Corwin

Wife's Full Maiden Name

Emma

Wils

Wife's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth							
Chr'd							
Death							
Burial							

Compiler

Places of Residence

Address

Occupation if other than housewife

Church Affiliation

City, State

Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc.
Make separate sheet for each mar.

Date

Her Father

Mother's Maiden Name

Mary Boloff

Hurbat

Sex	Children's Name in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
1	Evelyn	Birth			1905				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
	Ernie Luck, Overland	Death							
		Burial							
2	Genevieve	Birth			Nov. 28, 1906				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
	Andrew Brocka	Death							
		Burial							
3	Margaret	Birth			Feb 2 1909				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
	Neil Grimes	Death							
		Burial			1944				
4	Carrie	Birth			June 14 1910				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
	Thomas Neesen	Death			Aug 9 1977				
		Burial							
5	Willis	Birth			June 7 1913				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
6	Floyd	Birth			Jan 6 1915				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death			Aug 9 1983				
		Burial							
7	Robert	Birth			Apr 9 1916				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death			Oct 1916				
		Burial							
8	Rita	Birth			24 Jan 1917				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
	John Sullivan	Death			30 Aug 1991				
		Burial							
9		Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
10		Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							

DEATHS

MRS. EMMA JEPPERSON.

Funeral services for Mrs. Emma W. Jepperson, 53, who died suddenly of a heart attack at her home, 129 Barclay street south, at 10:45 p. m. Friday, will be at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday from Walnut Street Baptist church and at 3 p. m. from the Baptist church in New Hartford. Rev. P. B. Chenault, pastor, will conduct both services. Burial will be in Oak Hill cemetery in New Hartford.

Mrs. Jepperson visited the home of her brother, Merlin R. Wills, 1643 Sycamore street, Friday evening, leaving there at 10 o'clock to walk to her home. Soon after arriving she was seized with a coughing spell. She called to others for help and died soon afterward. A physician said death was caused by an acute heart attack.

At the time she visited her brother she was apparently in good health. She was heard singing about her room after returning home.

Emma, daughter of Evan and Mary (Melum) Wills, was born Dec. 18, 1883, at Mondamin, Harrison county, Ia. On Sept. 22, 1904, she was married to William J. Jepperson in Waterloo. The couple lived on a farm near New Hartford until 1924, when residence was taken up in Waterloo.

Mrs. Jepperson was a member of Walnut Street Baptist church.

Surviving are the following sons and daughters: Mrs. Evelyn Luck, New Hartford; Mrs. Genevieve Brocka, Allison; Mrs. Marjorie Grimes, 723 Franklin street; Mrs. Carrie Neessen, 1309 Grant avenue; Miss Rita, 723 Franklin, and Willis and Floyd, 129 Barclay south. Mrs. Jepperson's mother, Mrs. Mary Wills, died Jan. 17, 1937, and a son, Robert, died in infancy.

Mr. Jepperson, from whom Mrs. Jepperson was separated, lives in Mountain Home, Ark.

Surviving also are a sister, Mrs. Floyd Hoffman, Syracuse, N. Y., and the brother, Merlin R. Wills.

The body will be at the O'Keefe & Towne funeral home until Tuesday noon.

In Memory of
WILLIAM L. JEPPERSON

BORN
March 4, 1884

ENTERED INTO REST
December 28, 1964

FUNERAL SERVICES
Saturday, Jan. 2, 1965
2:00 P.M.

In the First Baptist Church
New Hartford, Iowa

CLERGYMAN
Rev. Richard Johnson

FINAL RESTING PLACE
Oakhill Cemetery
New Hartford, Iowa

Nelson's

CASKET BEARERS

Ray Dodd
George Dove
George Hansen
John Johnson
Roger Conklin
Orvie Youngberg

VOCAL SELECTIONS

Mrs. Alida Saathoff

ACCOMPANIST

Mrs. Vera Hurst

Mrs. Carrie L. Neessen

Services for Mrs. Carrie L. Neessen, 67, of 418 Cutler St., who died at the Parkview Gardens Care Center 5 p.m. Tuesday, will be Friday at 1:30 p.m. at the Central Christian Church with burial in St. Paul's Lutheran Cemetery at Wellsburg.

She was born June 14, 1910, in Grundy County, the daughter of William and Emma Jepperson. She married Thomas L. Neessen Dec., 1927, in Allison.

He died in July 1972, and a son, Merlin, died in July 1954.

Mrs. Neessen was employed with the Chamberlain Corp. for 31 years before her retirement in 1975. She was a member of Central Christian Church, the Central Christian Church Chalice Circle of Kings, Sons and Daughters and Chamberlain's retirement association.

She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Dale (Marjori Ann) Truax of Dalles, Ore.; three sons, Thomas F. of 2321 W. Third St., Cedar Falls, Heiko of Lebanon, Ore., and Floyd with the U.S. Army in Hawaii; one stepdaughter, Mrs. Vernon (Thelma) Groninga of Ackley; three sisters, Mrs. Evelyn Luck of 250 Clark Dr., Cedar Falls, Mrs. Genevieve Brocka of New Hartford, and Mrs. Rita Sullivan of Independence; two brothers, Willis Jepperson of Lewisville, Tex., and Floyd Jepperson of 530 Kirkwood St.; 16 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

There will be a 7:30 p.m. prayer service Thursday at the O'Keefe and Towne Funeral Home.

1910-1977

Evelyn Marie Overland

INDEPENDENCE — Services for Evelyn Marie Overland, 81, will be 10:30 a.m. Saturday at White Funeral Home, Independence; burial will be at 2:30 p.m. in Beaver Grove Cemetery, New Hartford; she died Tuesday (March 10) at the Community Nursing Home, Clarksville, after a long illness; survivors include her husband, Floyd; five daughters, Emma DeVries of Greene, Laura Catherwood of Quasqueton, Nina Carlin of Cerritos, Calif., Clara Duecker of Waterloo and Barbara Gott of Nuevo, Calif.; three sons, William Luck of Medbury, Ind., Harry Luck of New Hartford and Raymond Luck of Independence; 33 grandchildren; 43 great-grandchildren; seven stepgrandchildren; a brother, Willis Jetterson of Waterloo; two sisters, Genevieve Brocka of New Hartford and Rita Sullivan of Waterloo; two stepdaughters, Barbara Paull and Karen Frank, both of La Crescentia, Calif.; and two stepsons, Donald Overland of Clinton and Mark Overland of Salt Lake City; she was preceded in death by her first husband, Ernest Luck; two brothers; two sisters; and a great-granddaughter; friends may call at the funeral home after 7 p.m. today.

1906-1989

Rita L. Sullivan, 74, of Independence, formerly of Waterloo, died Friday, Aug. 30, at her home.

She was born June 24, 1917, near New Hartford, daughter of William L. and Emma H. Wils Jepperson. She was a 1925 graduate of West High School in Waterloo. She married John T. Sullivan on Nov. 26, 1938. He died March 2, 1976. She moved to Independence in 1984.

Survivors include a son, Daniel of Kieler, Wis.; four daughters, Frances Rosauer and Peggy Sullivan, both of Independence; Rita Ahrens of Silver Spring, Md., and Jean Huff of Gilbertville; 12 grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; a brother, Willis Jepperson of Cedar Falls and a sister, Genevieve Brocka of New Hartford; she was preceded in death by her husband, a brother, Floyd Jepperson; three sisters, Evelyn Luck Overland, Carrie Neesen and Marjorie Grimes.

Services will be 10:30 a.m. Monday at St. John Catholic Church, Independence, with entombment at Mount Olivet Mausoleum; friends may call after 8 a.m. today at Reiff Funeral Home, Independence, where the St. John Rosary Society will have a rosary at 3 p.m. and a parish vigil service at 7:30 p.m. today at the funeral home.

WATERLOO — Floyd "Butch" Neessen, 61, of Grundy Center, for-

merly of Waterloo, died Tuesday, July 18, at Grundy County Memorial Hospital, Grundy Center, of a heart attack.

He was born Feb. 24, 1939, in Waterloo, son of Thomas and Carrie Jepperson Neessen. He married Betty Lock-

hart on May 1, 1961, in Waterloo.

Mr. Neessen served in the U.S. Navy for two years, then in the U.S. Army for 23 years, retiring in 1979. He received a bachelor's degree in parks and recreation from the University of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls. He sold

real estate in Maryland and also worked as a mailman.

He was the former Iowa state commander of the Disabled

Survived by: his wife; a son, Edward Thomas of Cedar Falls; four daughters, Tamara Ann Smith, Sherry McGraw and Cindy Neessen, all of Waterloo, and Diane Neessen of Grundy Center; eight grandchildren; a brother, Thomas of Grundy Center; and a sister, Marjorie Truax of Albany, Ore.

Preceded in death by: a foster son, Jimmy; two brothers, Heiko and Merlin; and a sister, Thelma Groninga.

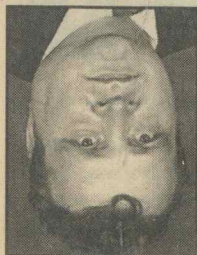
Services: 10:30 a.m. Monday at Central Christian Church, with burial in Gar-

den of Memories. Graveside military rites will be conducted by Becker-Chap-

man American Legion Post 138 and Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 1623. Friends may call from 4 to 8 p.m. Sunday at Kearns, Huisman-Schummacher

Chapel on Kimball, and for an hour before services Monday at the church.

Memorials: may be directed to the family.



Floyd Neessen

CEDAR FALLS — Thomas F. Neessen, 69, of Cedar Falls, died

Thursday, Aug. 9, at Windsor Nursing and Rehab Center of congestive heart failure.

He was born Feb. 10, 1932, in Waterloo, son of Thomas and Carrie Jepperson Neessen.

Mr. Neessen was employed at Santa Claus Industries in Waterloo where he was vice president of glass produc-

tion. He then formed Artistic Production, Waterloo, and

in 1986 was instrumental in bringing the Home Shopping

Network to Waterloo. There he served as senior vice pres-

ident and general manager. Mr. Neessen then formed

companies Tom-Co Industries and Packaging Concepts

of America, both in Ackley, retiring in 1996.

Survived by: a special friend, Barbara Brcka of

Mason City; two sons, Tom of Tucson, Ariz., and Christopher of Tripoli.

Preceded in death by: a son, Michael; three brothers, Merlin, Heiko and

Floyd; a sister, Marjorie Truax; and a half sister, Thelma Groninga.

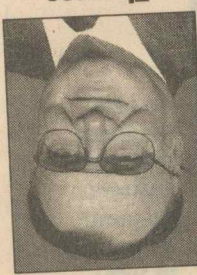
Services: 10:30 a.m. Monday at St. Patrick Catholic Church, with inurn-

ment in Fairview Cemetery. Friends may call for an hour before services

Monday at the church, where there will be a 9:45 a.m. rosary.

Memorials: may be directed to American Diabetes Association.

Richardson Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.



Thomas Neessen

Genevieve Brocka received word that Mrs. Dan Jepperson of Florida is in serious condition in a hospital there. She is the daughter-in-law of Willis Jepperson.

Judith Peterson Jepperson

Services for Judith Peterson Jepperson, 46, of Bradenton, Fla., for-

merly of Waterloo, will be Thursday

2 p.m. at Shannon Funeral Home

Westview Chapel in Bradenton with

burial in Skyway Memorial Gardens,

Palmetto, Fla.

She died of cardiac arrest Monday

(Sept. 21) in Bradenton.

She was born Aug. 28, 1941, in Sioux

City, daughter Martin and Laura

Peterson of Waterloo.

She was a sales representative at

Cloth World Fabrics in Bradenton.

Survivors include her husband,

Daniel; a daughter Cindy Peterson of

Bradenton; two stepdaughters, Rob-

yn Jepperson of Fort Worth, Texas,

and Kelly of Cincinnati; her parents

of Waterloo; and a brother, Leonard

Peterson of Fort Worth.

Memorials may be made to the

Valerie Tokajer Fund in care of Dan

Jepperson, P.O. Box 303, Palmetto,

Fla.

1987

Geraldine May Jepperson

Services for Geraldine May Jepperson, 60, of Lewisville, Tex., and formerly of Waterloo, will be 10 a.m. Tuesday at Falls Avenue Funeral Chapel with burial in Oak Hill Cemetery, New Hartford.

She died Saturday at 8:30 a.m. at Methodist Hospital in Dallas, Tex.

Friends may call after 8 a.m. Tuesday at the funeral home.

She was born March 10, 1918, in Belle Plaine, the daughter of George Daniel and Eva Juaneita Vandivier Rusk. She married Willis L. Jepperson Oct. 15, 1941, in Waterloo.

Surviving are her husband; her father, George Rusk of Belle Plaine; two sons, Daniel Jepperson of Suffolk, Va., and Steven Jepperson of Houston, Tex.; two daughters, Mrs. Chas Refshauge of Parkersburg, W. Va., and Mrs. Donald Chester of Richardson, Tex.; a brother, Dan Rusk of Cedar Rapids; and six grandchildren.



80TH BIRTHDAY OPEN HOUSE

Alma Christensen-Jepperson will celebrate her 80th birthday next Sunday with an open house from 2 to 4 p.m. at University Bible Fellowship, 14th and Main, Cedar Falls.

Alma Hassman was born June 13, 1915 near Parkersburg, Iowa. She married Chester Christensen in 1942; he died in 1965. She later married Willis Jepperson in 1982. She retired in 1978 after teaching school for 36 years - the last 20 years in Cedar Falls.

Hosting the event will be her two children and their spouses: Alan and Dolly Christensen and Dennis and Lori Huffman, as well as her six grandchildren.

Cards may be sent to her at:
Alma Jepperson
3616 Knoll Ridge Dr.
Cedar Falls, IA 50613

No invitations are being sent and the honoree requests no gifts.

Mrs. Leone E. Jepperson

Services for Mrs. Leone E. Jepperson, 63, of 530 Kirkwood Ave., will be 1 p.m. Tuesday at Falls Avenue Funeral Chapel, with burial in Oak Hill Cemetery in New Hartford.

She died at Allen Memorial Hospital Friday morning of cancer. *Jan 19, 1979*

She was born Jan. 24, 1915, in Waterloo, daughter of George and Ora Stokes Burbank. She married Floyd Jepperson June 28, 1937, in New Hartford.

Survivors include her husband; two daughters, Mrs. Esther Stewart of 711 Hanna Blvd. and Mrs. Eunice Jones of Orlando, Fla.; a brother, Earl of 2012 Park Drive, Cedar Falls; and eight grandchildren.

Friends may call at the funeral chapel after 1 p.m. Sunday.

Aug. 10 1973
Buried Aug 12

Floyd E. Jepperson

Services for Floyd E. Jepperson, 68, of 530 Kirkwood Ave., will be 1:30 p.m. Friday at Downing Avenue Gospel Chapel with burial in Oak Hill Cemetery, New Hartford.

Mr. Jepperson died Tuesday at Allen Memorial Hospital.

He was born Jan. 6, 1915 on a farm near New Hartford, the son of William and Emma Wills Jepperson. He married Leone Burbank, June 1937 at New Hartford. She died in January 1979.

Mr. Jepperson was employed at Rath Packing Company in quality control and also worked for Lennox Photo Company as a route driver.

Survivors include a daughter, Eunice Jones of Orlando, Fla.; a brother, Willis Jepperson of 1221 Franklin St., Cedar Falls; three sisters, Evelyn Overland of Independence, Genivieve Brocka of New Hartford and Rita Sullivan of 225 Highland Blvd.; and six grandchildren.

Visitation will be from 2 to 9 p.m. Thursday at Kearns-Dykeman Chapel and Friday from 9 to 11:30 a.m. at the funeral chapel and one hour before service time at the Downing Avenue Gospel Chapel.

Memorials may be made to Campus Crusade for Christ, Arrowhead Springs, San Bernardino, Calif.

Willis L. Jepperson (1913-2003)

CEDAR FALLS — Willis L. Jepperson, 90, of Cedar Falls, died Sunday, Oct. 19, at Sartori Memorial Hospital.

He was born June 7, 1913, in Fairfield Township, son of William Larue and Emma Harris Wills Jepperson. He married Geraldine M. Rusk on Oct. 25, 1941, in Waterloo. She died May 1978. He then married Alma Hassman Christensen on Feb. 19, 1982, in Cedar Falls.

Mr. Jepperson was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II. He attended Iowa State Teachers College (UNI) and Northwestern Bible College, Minneapolis. He was employed at Rath Packing Co., Waterloo, for 24 years as a quality control foreman. He then worked at Armour Co. from 1966 until retiring in 1978, as the western and southwestern quality assurance manager.

Survivors include: his wife; two sons, Daniel (Janet) of Ultima, Fla., and Steven (Mary) of Spring, Texas; two daughters, Joan (Charles) Refshauge of Washington, W.Va., and Janet (James) Mullen of Highlands, N.C.; a stepson, Alan (Dolly) Christensen of Vienna, Mo.; a stepdaughter, Lori (Dennis) Huffman of Cedar Falls; eight grandchildren, six stepgrandchildren, two great-grandchildren and three stepgreat-grandchildren.

Preceded in death by: two brothers; and five sisters.

Services: 10 a.m. Thursday at Bethany Bible Chapel, Waterloo, with burial in Oak Hill Cemetery, New Hartford. Friends may call from 5 to 8 p.m. Wednesday at Richardson Funeral Home, and for an hour before services Thursday at the church.

Memorials: may be directed to the church, the Turkey Hill Ranch Bible Camp or Sandy Creek Bible Camp.



**Willis
Jepperson**

FAMILY GROUP No.		Husband's Full Name <i>David L. Jepperson</i>							
This Information Obtained From:		Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
		Birth							
		Chr'nd							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
		Places of Residence							
		Occupation				Church Affiliation		Military Rec.	
		Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.							
		His Father <i>Lawrence</i>				Mother's Maiden Name <i>Margaret Cowin</i>			
		Wife's Full Maiden Name <i>Flourance Hancy</i>							
		Wife's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
		Birth							
		Chr'nd							
		Death							
		Burial							
Compiler		Places of Residence							
Address		Occupation if other than Housewife				Church Affiliation			
City, State		Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.							
Date		Her Father				Mother's Maiden Name			
Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
1	<i>Laura Pearl</i> Full Name of Spouse* <i>L. Sells Mehmen</i>	Birth	18	Nov	1904				<i>Polt, Richa</i> <i>Dora Helen</i> <i>Carol Violet</i> <i>Lorraine</i>
2	<i>Nava Delight</i> Full Name of Spouse* <i>Herman Luck</i>	Birth	28	Aug	1906				<i>James</i> <i>Emmice</i> <i>Lavern Verna</i> <i>Marsion Dal</i>
3	<i>Ruth Myrel</i> Full Name of Spouse* <i>Raymond Luck</i>	Birth	17	Mar	1910				<i>Mary, Lois</i> <i>Blanky, Ill</i> <i>Clyde, Pauls</i> <i>Marlye</i>
4	<i>Ellis</i> Full Name of Spouse* <i>Judith Rogers</i>	Birth	22	May	1919				<i>Chris</i> <i>Jerry Lee</i> <i>Kathy</i>
5	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
6	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
7	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
8	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
9	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
10	Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							

—David L. Jepperson—

David L. Jepperson, 55 died Wednesday, October 26, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Herman Luck, after an illness extending over a period of years.

He was born on a farm south of New Hartford, son of Laurence and Margaret Corwin Jepperson. He married Miss Florence Haney and to this union was born three daughters and one son.

He is survived by the children Mrs. Ruth Luck, Shell Rock, Mrs. Laura Sells, Mrs. Wava Luck and Ellis Jepperson, all of New Hartford; three brothers; Will, Mountain Home, Ark.; Mark, Minnesota; Charles, New Hartford; three sisters, Mrs. Mabel Hersey, New Hartford; Mrs. Hazel Cachelin, Fort Calhoun, Nebr., and Mrs. Vernelia Christense, Chicago. Also 11 grandchildren. His wife died March 9, 1938.

Funeral services were held on Friday October 28 at the First Baptist church in charge of Chas. Martin of Dike and burial was in Oak Hill cemetery.

Rites for Seco. Crossing Victim Will Be Saturday

Funeral service will be Saturday at New Hartford, Ia., for Mrs. Florence Jepperson 59,



Florence Jepperson

who suffered fatal injuries Monday night when the car in which she was riding was hit by a thru Illinois Central freight train in Jesup, Ia. Services will be at 2 p. m. at the Methodist church with

Rev. Glen Bostron in charge. The body will be at Kearns Garden chapel until Saturday morning.

Mrs. Jepperson, whose home was at New Hartford, but who had been working near Clarks-ville, Ia., recently, died in St. Francis hospital, Waterloo, at 1:45 p. m. Wednesday.

Her companion, Edward Watson, 76, Clarks-ville, died early Tuesday and will be buried at that town Friday afternoon.

Daughter of Early Resident.

She was a daughter of John and Mary (Jones) Haney, Waverly, Ia., where she was born Jan. 16, 1879. The mother, who has been dead many years, was a member of a family of early residents of the New Hartford vicinity.

The father was killed about 46 years ago, when a safe he was moving at Waverly fell onto him; he was employed at Waverly by the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern railway.

Four Children Survive.

Surviving are three daughters, Mrs. Laura Sells, Mrs. Wava Luck and Mrs. Ruth Luck, and a son, Ellis Jepperson, and her husband, David Jepperson, from whom she had been separated for years, all residing at New Hartford; two brothers, George Haney, Clarks-ville, and Harry Haney, 502 Cottage street, and a sister, Mrs. Fred Klinger, Millerdale addition. An aunt, Mrs. Julia Haney, lives at 718 Hammond avenue.

Mrs. Jepperson made her home in New Hartford most of the time. She was employed as a house-keeper, and recently had been working in a Clarks-ville home.

Bn

1883

Dorcas (Dick) Lewis *Died July 13 1975*

NEW HARTFORD—Graveside services for Dorcas (Dick) Lewis, 81, of Omaha, Neb., a former New Hartford resident, who died Sunday in Omaha, will be 2 p.m. Thursday in Oakhill Cemetery; survivors include a son, Wayne of California; two daughters, Irene of Council Bluffs and Mildred of Omaha; a sister Irene of California; Kaiser-Corson Funeral Home in New Hartford in charge.

Burial July 17 1975

(COURIER NEWS SERVICE)
MRS. LAURA MENNENGA
NEW HARTFORD — Services

for Mrs. Laura Mennenga, 64, who died early Monday morning at St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital in Waverly of an apparent heart attack, will be at 1:30 p.m. Wednesday at the First Baptist Church; burial in Oak Hill Cemetery; survivors include one son, Richard Sells of Moline, Ill.; five daughters: Mrs. Paul (Vera) Van Longen, Mrs. Nelson (Violet) Grandon and Mrs. John (Helen) Rand Jr., all of New Hartford, and Mrs. Joe (Carol Jean) Gersema of Shell Rock, and Mrs. Oscar (Lorraine) Henze of Waterloo; one brother; two sisters; 23 grandchildren; and 12 great grandchildren; Kaiser - Corson Funeral Home in charge.

May 1-1974
MRS. RUTH M. LUCK

Mrs. Ruth M. Luck, 64, of New Hartford, Iowa, passed away early Friday morning, April 26, at Allen Memorial Hospital in Waterloo. Ruth was born on March 17, 1910, in Butler County, near Shell Rock, the daughter of David and Florence (Haney) Jepperson. She attended country schools and the New Hartford High School. On June 1, 1926, she was united in marriage with C. Raymond Luck in Cedar Falls. The couple lived and farmed all of their married life in the Shell Rock and New Hartford area. Ruth moved to her present home in New Hartford in 1969. She was a member of the New Hartford United Methodist Church, was a Charter Member and Past President of the New Hartford Senior Citizens and a member of the American Legion Auxiliary in New Hartford.

Ruth was preceded in death by her parents, her husband in 1957, four daughters in infancy, and a sister, Laura Mennenga in 1969. She is survived by a son, Clyde Luck of New Hartford; two daughters, Mrs. Jerry (RaeAnn)

Livingston of Center Point and Mrs. Andrew (Marlys) Hogenkamp of Shell Rock; Also by a sister, Mrs. Herman Luck of New Hartford, and a brother, Ellis Jepperson of New Hampton; and by six grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at 1:30 on Monday, April 29, from the United Methodist Church in New Hartford with Rev. Ora Reep and Rev. James Dotson officiating. Burial was in the Beaver Grove Cemetery in New Hartford. The Kaiser-Corson Funeral Home in charge of arrangements.

Ellis L. Jepperson, 58, of New Hampton died Wednesday, June 1, at Brainerd, Minn.

Funeral services for Mr. Jepperson were at 2 p.m. Saturday, June 4, from the Conway Funeral Chapel with the Rev. Floyd Jepperson officiating. Loren Narverson of Cedar Rapids was vocalist and music included "Old Rugged Cross" and "Just As I Am."

Interment was at the New Hampton Cemetery with Art Robrock, Herb Kammeyer, Glenn Grove, Lynn Chapin, August Buckendahl and Ted Leitch as casket bearers.

Ellis L. Jepperson was born May 22, 1919, at New

Hartford, the son of David and Florence (Haney) Jepperson. He was married to the former Judith Mae Rogers on June 8, 1940, at New Hartford. They had made their home in Chickasaw and Butler Counties since their marriage.

Mr. Jepperson is survived by his wife; a daughter, Kathy Marie Jepperson of New Hampton; a son, Chris David Jepperson of New Hampton; four grandsons; a sister, Mrs. Herman (Wava) Luck of New Hartford.

He was preceded in death by his parents; a daughter, Jerry Jolene; and two sisters, Mrs. Ruth Luck and Mrs. Laura Mennenga. 1977 (3)

Wava Luck, 80, of New Hartford, Iowa, died Friday evening, May 1, 1987, at the Windsor Care Center in Cedar Falls of complications of age.

Wava was born on August 28, 1906, on a farm near Shell Rock, Iowa, the daughter of David and Florence Haney Jepperson. She attended school in Shell Rock, Janesville, Winslow Junction and New Hartford. On November 1, 1924, she was united in marriage to Herman A. Luck in Cedar Falls, Iowa, and the couple made their home in New Hartford. In 1943 they moved to Waterloo where Wava worked for Swifts for a couple of years. The couple returned to New Hartford and Wava then worked for the New Hartford School System's lunch program in 1945 and 1946. Herman and Wava lived most of their married life in New Hartford and on April 27, 1987, they became residents of the Windsor Care Center in Cedar Falls. Wava enjoyed crochet, sewing and loved to cook.

She was a member of the First Baptist Church in New Hartford, and also a member of the American Legion Auxiliary in New Hartford.

Wava is survived by her husband, Herman A. Luck of the Windsor Care Center in Cedar Falls, her children, James Luck of Waterloo, Mrs. Leslie (Eunice) Christiansen, LaVern (Jack) Luck and Dale Luck, all of New Hartford, Mrs. Bennie (Verna) Burchard and Mrs. Marvin (Marian) Lindberg both of Cedar Falls, twenty two grandchildren and twenty six great grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her parents, two sisters, Laura Mennenga and Ruth Luck, one brother, Ellis Jepperson, and one great grandchild in infancy.

Golden Wedding Anniversary



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES JEPPELSON

1962

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jepperson of New Hartford will observe their 50th wedding anniversary a week from Sunday, Sept. 16, when open house will be held in their honor at the Odd Fellows temple, 2nd and Franklin street, from 2 to 5 p.m. Hosts and hostesses for the affair will be Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Strein and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Walbaum. Mr. Jepperson and the former Inez Lee were married Sept. 18, 1912 at the home of her parents the late Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Lee in Herman, Minn. They have lived in the New Hartford area all their married life. Their family includes Mrs. Strein and Mrs. Walbaum; four grandchildren, Charles and Eugene Strein and Janice Willhite (Mrs. Donald) and Donald Walbaum; and six great-grand children, Craig and Mary, children of the Charles Streins; Mark and Margo, children of the Eugene Streins; and Ryan and Kevin, sons of the Donald Walbaums.

1962

Mar 15 1968
CHARLES R. JEPPELSON
NEW HARTFORD — Services for Charles R. Jepperson, 78, who died at his home Wednesday afternoon of an apparent heart attack, will be 2 p. m. Saturday at the Kaiser-Cors Funeral Chapel in New Hartford where friends may call after noon Friday; burial in Oak Hill Cemetery; survived by his widow, Inez; 2 daughters: Mrs. Herman Walbaum of Cedar Falls and Mrs. Clifford Strein of Waterloo; and a sister, Mrs. Hazel Cashlin of Manly, Neb.

MRS. INEZ JEPPELSON
NEW HARTFORD — Services for Mrs. Inez Jepperson, 78, who died Tuesday morning at a Cedar Falls nursing home, will be at 2 p.m. Thursday at the Kaiser-Corson Funeral Chapel in New Hartford; burial in the Oak Hill Cemetery; survivors include two daughters, Mrs. Herman Walbaum of Cedar Falls and Mrs. Clifford Strein of Hudson; two brothers, Raymond Lee of California and Lester of Herman, Minn.; one sister, Mrs. Edward Dove of Des Moines; four grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren. 29

DEC 29 1939

Petitions for Annulment

Esther Wilson Jenkins vs. Merlin; married Oct. 7, 1939, Waterloo; plaintiff alleges July 10, 1938, marriage of defendant and Patricia Jolley still in force.

Annulment Asked on Bigamy Ground

Second "Wife" Says Jenkins Married to Another.

Annulment of an allegedly bigamous marriage was asked by Mrs. Esther Wilson Jenkins, 21, formerly of Parkersburg, Ia., in a petition filed by James S. Newman, Cedar Falls, in district court late Thursday.

Named defendant was Merlin Jenkins, 21, cost accountant for Wagner Manufacturing company, who Mrs. Jenkins alleges is still legally married to Mrs. Patricia Jolley Jenkins, 709 Tremont street, Cedar Falls.

The second wife stated in her petition that she and Jenkins were "in form" married in Waterloo last Oct. 7, but have never lived together as man and wife. She said she only recently learned Jenkins and Patricia Jolley were married July 10, 1938, and that there has been no divorce or annulment of that marriage.

Jenkins, formerly of New Hartford, Ia., now is living in a Cedar Falls tourist camp.

Divorce Petitions Filed

Ralph Reinard vs. Helen; married April 5, 1926, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania; separated Oct. 29, 1929; charge, desertion.

Patricia Jenkins vs. Merlin; married July 10, 1938; separated July 23, 1940; charge, cruelty; plaintiff asks custody of Judith Carol, 15 months, for alimony and child support money and for attachment.

July 25, 1940

First Bride of Two-Wife Groom Sues for Divorce

The marital woes of Merlin Jenkins, 21-year-old Cedar Falls cost accountant, entered another chapter Thursday morning, when Mrs. Patricia Jolley Jenkins filed a divorce petition, alleging cruel and inhuman treatment.

Last February, Mrs. Esther Wilson Jenkins, former Parkersburg, Ia., girl was granted an annulment here on her allegation that Jenkins already was married to the Cedar Falls girl.

In her petition, Patricia Jenkins asks custody of their 15-months-old daughter, Judith Carol, and for alimony. She places their marriage date at July 10, 1938, their separation at July 23, 1940. Jenkins and the Parkersburg girl were married in Waterloo last Oct. 7.

Sunday, August 17, 1986

ATHS

Leora 'Bobbie' Jenkins

CEDAR FALLS — Services for Leora "Bobbie" Jenkins, 87, of 1607 Washington St., will be 1:30 p.m. Monday at First United Methodist Church, with burial in Cedar Valley Memorial Gardens Cemetery.

She died early Saturday (Aug. 16) at Mercy Hospital, Janesville, Wis., where she was visiting relatives.

She was born Sept. 12, 1898, in Richland Center, Wis., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Smethurst. She married Harold E. Jenkins Sept. 20, 1916, at Thompson. He died Oct. 8, 1971.

Survivors include a daughter, Ardis Whitney of Forsyth, Mo.; seven grandchildren; 18 great-grandchildren; and a great-great-grandchild. She was preceded in death by a son, Merlin.

Friends may call from 2 to 9 p.m. today and 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. Monday, both at Dahl-Van Hove-Schoof Funeral Home, and for an hour before services at the church.

A Man Shot.

J. E. Jimmerson Shoots Dan Calahan with probable Fatal Results.

Calahan Still Alive, But Small Chances for Recovery.

Jimmerson Under Arrest and his preliminary Trial will be held Monday.

Our little city was startled last Tuesday just after the dinner hour by the report that J. E. Jimmerson, the restaurant man, had shot Dan Calahan. As near as a reporter of the ECLIPSE was able to glean the facts it seems that Calahan was drunk, having come in on the train from Waterloo, and after visiting several stores and acting in an abusive manner to several citizens made his way into Jimmerson's restaurant and told "Uncle Zeke" that he had learned how to kill a man with one blow of his fist. According to several parties who were in the restaurant at the time Calahan entered and remained there for a few minutes, both the parties were seemingly on good terms, laughing and talking, Calahan all the time manifesting a desire to hit some one. At this time all the parties in the building at the time Calahan entered left and all that followed after that is simply a matter of opinion and the statement of the two parties. Some of those who had left the building had scarcely crossed the street when they heard a shot fired and turning round saw Jimmerson pushing Calahan out of the door and holding a smoking revolver in his hand. A crowd soon gathered and when someone asked Jimmerson what the matter was, he replied "I've shot him, and if he comes in here again I'll shoot him again." Calahan was removed to the Hoffman House and Dr's. Wick and Childs called. They examined the wound and found that the ball had entered the left breast.



Silver Anniversary ¹⁹⁸⁷

Duane and Carole Joblinske of Rt. 6, Cedar Falls, will celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary Saturday, May 16, 1987 with an Open House beginning at 8:00 p.m. in their home.

Mr. Joblinske and Carole Mohler were married May 19,

1962 at St. Joseph Church in Waterloo.

Hosting the event will be their children: Nick of Cedar Falls, Theo and Amy both at home.

No invitations are being sent and the couple requests no gifts.

Joblinske/25 ^{May 10 1987}

CEDAR FALLS — Duane and Carole Joblinske, Route 6, will celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary Saturday with an open house at 8 p.m. in their home.

Mr. Joblinske and Carole Mohler were married May 19, 1962, at St. Joseph's Church in Waterloo.

Hosting the event will be their children: Nick of Cedar Falls, and Theo and Amy, both at home.

No invitations are being sent, and the couple requests no gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Joblinske



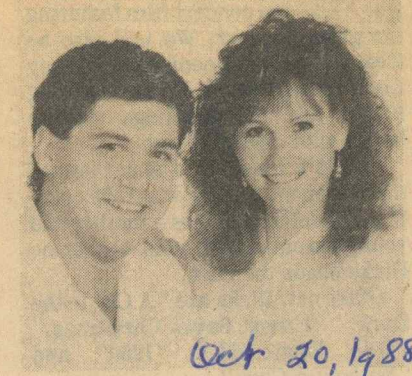
Renner-Joblinske

CEDAR FALLS — Announcement is being made of the approaching marriage of Dawn Renner and Nick Joblinske.

Parents of the couple are Leslie and Marlene Acheson of 3715 Carlton Drive, and Duane and Carol Joblinske of Route 6.

The bride-elect is employed by Alpine Ski and Patio, and the groom is employed at Black Hawk Engineering.

A Saturday wedding is being planned for 4 p.m. at Nazareth Lutheran Church.



Nick Joblinske,
Dawn Renner



Renner - Joblinske Wedding

CEDAR FALLS- Announcement is being made of the Saturday, October 22, 1988 wedding of Dawn Marie Renner and Nicholas Duane Joblinske.

Parents of the couple are Pat and Marlene Acheson, and Duane and Carol Joblinske of New Hartford.

Vows were exchanged at 4:00 p.m. at Nazareth Lutheran Church with Rev. Robert Ericson officiating.

Attending the bride as Matron of Honor was Lynn Kimble of Cedar Falls. Bridesmaids were Gwen Geerdes, Karen Ryan, Traci Harken and Brenda Bohr, all of Cedar Falls.

Junior Bridesmaid was Jessica Fike of Waterloo, niece of the bride.

The groom chose Robin Roberts of Cedar Falls as Bestman.

Groomsmen were Rich Erickson of Waterloo, Ken Elsberry of Waterloo, Mark Moschel of Cedar Falls and Drew Holmes of Cedar Rapids.

Guests were seated by Ty Kimble of Cedar Falls, Jim Droste of Waterloo, Karl Krebs of Cedar Falls and Terry Hogelucht of Ames.

Ringbearers were the bride's sons, Christopher and Nicholas Renner.

The bride is a manager and buyer for Alpine Ski and Patio in Cedar Falls, and the groom is employed at Black Hawk Engineering also in Cedar Falls.

The parents of the groom hosted a rehearsal dinner, Friday, October 21st at the White Goose restaurant with 40 guests attending.

On October 12, a Miscellaneous shower was hosted by Kathy and Barb Joblinske and was attended by

Aunts, cousins, and nieces.

A Bachelor party hosted by Robin Roberts was October 15th. Forty-five guests attended.

On October 18, a Miscellaneous shower was given by Nancy Bravard of New Hartford and co-hosted by Colleen Perry of Cedar Falls.

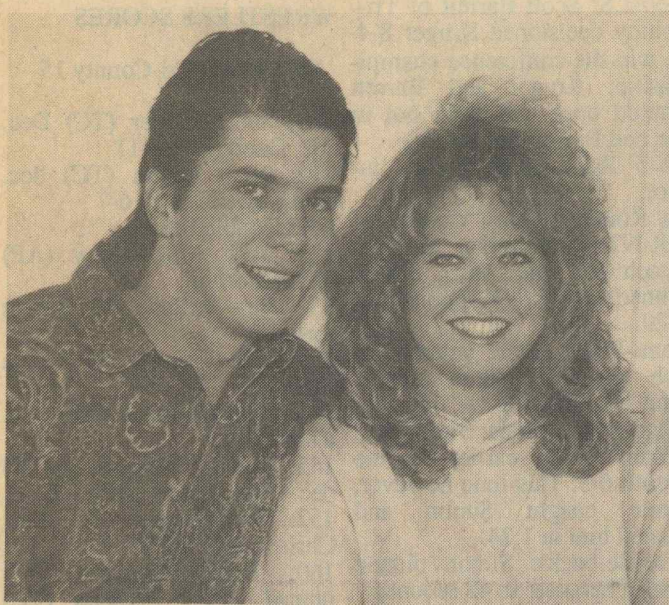
On October 20th a Bachelorette Party and shower was hosted by Traci Harken. All of the brides' attendants were present.



Miss New Hartford 1989

June 28, 1989

Amy Joblinske was crowned Miss New Hartford in a ceremony held Friday evening. She is the daughter of Duane and Carole Joblinske. The first runner-up was Anita Gerholdt, left, daughter of Jim and Marilyn Gerholdt. The second runner-up was Ann Nicklaus, right, daughter of Justin and Karen Nicklaus.



Engagement

Announcement is being made of the engagement and approaching marriage of Theo Joblinske and T.J. Eden, both of Cedar Falls.

Parents of the couple are Duane and Carol Joblinske of Cedar Falls, and Dale and Carol Eden of Janesville.

The bride-elect is the Chief Statistical Coordinator/Supervisor at Futures World News, division of Oster Communications in Cedar Falls and her fiancé is a supervisor at Ultra Bath in Waterloo.

A February 27 wedding is planned at Christ Lutheran Church in Waterloo.

Births

Allen Memorial Hospital

JOBLINSKE, Theo and T.J. EDEN, New Hartford, boy (Aug. 24). (correction)

Covenant Medical Center

GAMERDINGER, Julie, of Dunkerton, boy (Aug. 27).

BRUNS, Dale and Christine, of Stout, girl (Aug. 27).

ARENDS, Lynn and Deanna, of Ackley, girl (Aug. 27).

VAN ARSDALE, Stacey and Gail, of Waterloo, boy (Aug. 27).

VERSLUIS, Bill and Angie, of Independence, boy (Aug. 27).

Adoption

PHILLIPS, Luanne and Dan, of Evansdale, boy (adoption final Aug. 27).

Jury Notice

Black Hawk County July-August jury panels C, D, E and F are to call 291 466 between 4:30 p.m. Monday and 8 a.m. Tuesday to see if they are needed. Other panelists need not call.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1992

births

Allen Memorial Hospital

RANDALL, Melissa, and CONRAD, Michael, of Independence, boy (Oct. 23).

LEFEVERE, Mark and April, of Parkersburg, boy (Oct. 24).

TORNBERG, Greg and Kim, of 315 1/2 Franklin St., Cedar Falls, boy (Oct. 24).

JOBLINSKE, Amy, and DAVIS, James, of 340 S. Hackett Road, boy (Oct. 24).

HOLMBERG, Todd and Julie, of 6832 Boggs Road, boy (Oct. 25).

GREGG, Michael and Kristine, of Ackley, boy (Oct. 25).



GREG BROWN/Courier staff photographer

UNI teaching student Carole Joblinski, at right, having trouble with her reading assignment. encourages 7-year-old Jamekia Washington, who's

Summer program pleases kids, educators

By GWENNE CULPEPPER
Courier Staff Writer

When the bell rings at the end of the regular school day, these kids usually bolt from the classroom, thoroughly relieved to be finished and not necessarily looking forward to returning.

But after classes at the Martin Luther King Jr. Center, they hang around and ask, "Can we stay longer?"

The center is hosting a six-week summer-school program for at-risk intermediate youths and has found, according to its directors, a good deal of success. A good portion of it is due to University of Northern Iowa students studying diagnostic teaching of reading and language arts and working one-on-one with intermediate youths. The UNI students also conduct testing and make diagnoses of the youths' abilities.

Parents will be supplied a written report of their child's strengths and weaknesses. The report can be forwarded to teachers, as well.

Thirty-three students are enrolled in the summer-school program.

Mary Spencer, Mickey Cassidy and Ernest Middleton are teachers with the program, and co-directors are Dorothy Turner and Margaret-Mary Sulentic. UNI students are under the direction of Dr. Deb Tidwell.

The alternative curriculum focuses on behavior modification, reading, writing, computer literacy, and basic math facts and applications. The youths participating in the program,

explains Sulentic, have typically experienced failure in the traditional school setting.

"There's nothing wrong with these kids," she says. "There's nothing wrong with their brains or their mouths. They've just had some difficulty mastering language and social skills."

Hopefully, she says, the summer school activities will stimulate self-esteem, self-worth and a rekindling of the desire to learn.

"Without it, some of the kids would probably be retained," Sulentic says. "Some would go on (to the next grade), but not with nearly as many strategies for dealing with school."

"I know a lot of these kids personally (from being a teacher), and I know how important it is for them to get assistance and have a positive experience with school."

Although things are rolling along swimmingly now, the start was slow.

"At first," says Tidwell, "they were nervous about having us here. After a couple days, we got a strong, very positive response."

So positive that many of the students have negotiated to get an extra 10 or 15 minutes with their UNI partners.

At the same time the UNI teaching students are learning things. Most important, says Cassidy, they're getting a feel for a diverse classroom.

"People can only bring to the classroom what they've experienced," she says. "For most of us, that's a middle of the road student

who recognizes authority and does what he or she is told.

"But that's not what you come into contact with in the real classroom. So the more diversity, the better."

Further, she points out, a lot of the UNI students decided to study teaching because they liked school. "Now they need to see (people) who haven't had such a good experience with school."

The MLK Center received a \$4,600 grant from the Waterloo Civic Foundation to defray costs of the summer school.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

Feb. 6 - 1997

"Once upon a time there was a place called Sam-sam-sa-mara, where the animals and the people lived and worked together like they didn't know they weren't supposed to. There was a little boy in Sam-sam-sa-mara named Sam..."

— From **"Sam and the Tigers,"** by Julius Lester, illustrated by Jerry Pinkney

New wave of books introduces multicultural theme to kids

By **ANNE PHILLIPS**

Courier Staff Writer

Years ago, the tale of "Little Black Sambo" was pulled from book shelves across America, its story roundly criticized for its racial stereotypes.

Today, perhaps a reflection of how far children's literature has come, two distinguished African American artists have reintroduced an innovative version of the tale to new generations of readers.

But perhaps what is most notable about "Sam and the Tigers," by author Julius Lester and illustrator Jerry Pinkney is that it's not alone.

Literature for children that features different cultures and the diversity of American society appears to be enjoying a renaissance of sorts, with titles by artists like Julius Lester and Jerry Pinkney filling the shelves of bookstores and libraries, along with works by authors Valerie Fournoy, Walter Dean Myer, Faith Ringgold, and illustrators Floyd Cooper, Brian Pinkney and the University of Northern Iowa-educated Jan Spivey Gilchrist.

While experts vary on the definition of "multicultural," most agree that there needs to be a wide representation of diverse characters and cultures in children's literature.

"Books can make a difference in dispelling prejudice and building community, not with role models and literal recipes, not with messages about the human family, but with enthralling stories that make us imagine the lives of others," writes Hazel Rochman, author of "Against Borders:



KEN RITCHIE / Courier Staff Photographer

Working with a theme of trains, Waterloo Public Library staff member Carole Joblinske shares a book with preschoolers at the library's Wednesday morning story time.

Promoting Books for a Multicultural World."

"A good story lets you know people as individuals in all their peculiarity and con-

flicts, and once you see someone as a person — flawed, complex, striving — then you've reached beyond the stereotype," Rochman says.

At the UNI Library, youth collections librarian Lucille Lettow says there appears to be a blossoming of African American authors and illustrators but "there is certainly room for a lot more."

There is a definite need for multicultural books that represent Hispanic and Native Americans in situations not related to folklore or folk tales of their cultures, she says.

Lettow also stresses that it is perhaps more important for small school districts and small-town libraries to bolster their collections of multicultural literature than it is for larger, more diverse, districts.

In Waterloo, Lynne Miller, youth services librarian at the Waterloo Public Library, says patrons frequently request books with multicultural themes and characters.

The library is also working to increase its share of Spanish language books, Miller said.

At University Book & Supply, book buyer Gretchen Behm says there has also been an increase in the availability of multicultural games, learning materials and related teacher resource materials.

The Delta Sigma Theta sorority will host a multicultural book fair Saturday in conjunction with the ongoing celebration of Black History Month, but its members believe books that represent a diverse society need to be available at all times to children and adults of all races and backgrounds.

"We have Black History Month, and we have ethnic weeks, but this kind of information needs to be year-round," says sorority member Kathy Peters.