

A Book about Mary Lyons Siewers of Lansing, Iowa

Compiled by Karl Siewers

Presented to Lansing: 1957

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The South Lansing Home of Mary Lyons Siewers: 1957



Mary Lyons, almost six years of age.



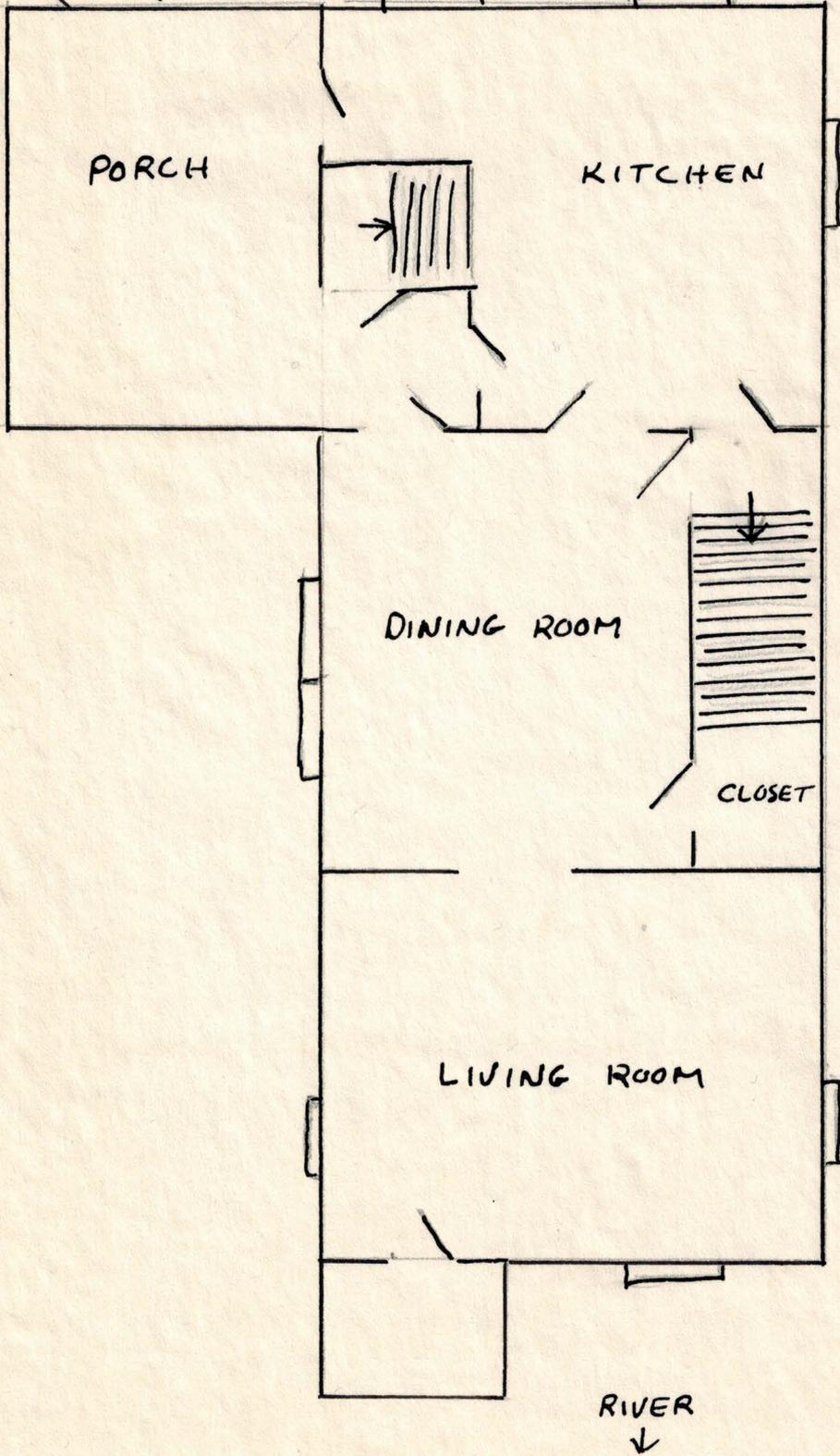
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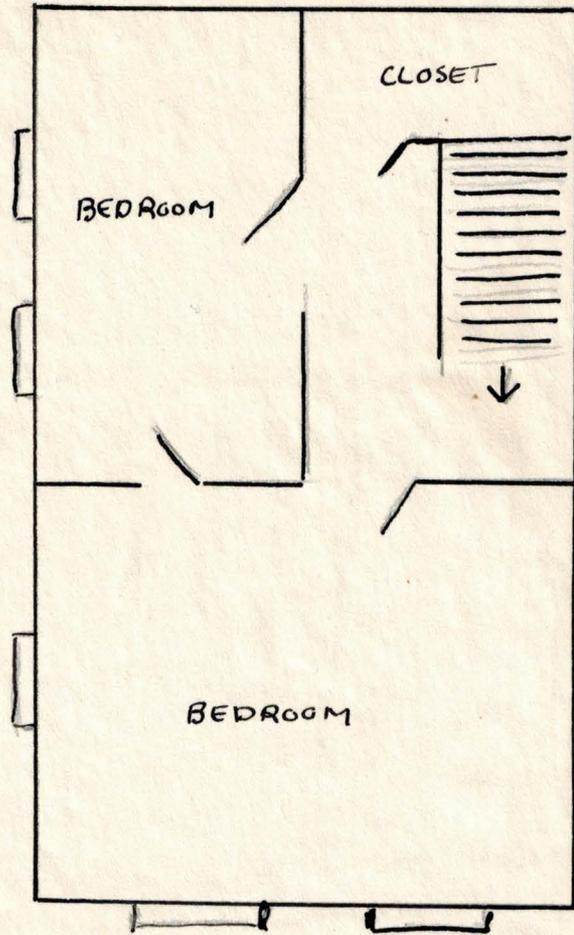
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Lyons House in South Lansing. Built by James Lyons (b. March 21, 1838; d. Jan. 26, 1874) and occupied by family from March 3, 1870 to May 1, 1892. Building was not actually sold by family until a number of years later. Railroad station of Lansing was also built by James Lyons.

↑
PATH TO
GUIDER'S



APPROXIMATION OF ORIGINAL PLAN OF LYONS HOUSE: 1ST FLOOR



APPROXIMATION OF ORIGINAL PLAN OF LYONS HOUSE: 2^d FLOOR



Chest of drawers with walnut top and front and maple sides. Mirror with walnut frame. Top drawer used by mother, bottom drawers by girls. Annie used the second drawer, Mary the third, and Kate the bottom drawer.



Walnut drop leaf table given by Patrick Farley (1809-1875) to his daughter Julia (b. September 27, 1839; d. March 18, 1926) on her marriage to James Lyons (November 24, 1861).

Organ Stool



Turkey Platter





Walnut Kitchen Table



Milk Glass Candle Holder



Bible



Brass cover of George Lyon's *Herbarium*.
Pages of book have mounted plants which were
collected at Lansing in 1891.

ass-

Order: Rosaceae.

Genus: Fragaria

Species: *F. virginiana*

Name: Wild Strawberry.

Locality: Low Ground.

Date: May 4th



Class:

Order: Rosaceae

Genus: *Dicentra*

Species: *D. cucullaria*

Name: Dutchman's breeches.

Locality: Shaded Ground.

Date: May 27th



ass=
der=Ranunculaceae
us=Aquilegia
us=A. Canadensis
me=Wild Columbine
ty=Exposed edges
W=May 20th



Page from Herbarium of George Lyons. Columbine
plant collected at Lansing on May 20, 1891.

Mary Lyons Siewers

(descriptions written by MLS)



"When I was nearly six years old and so dressed up. The dress white summer goods & the black and over dress of silk sister Annie had an outfit just the same--am sorry i can't produce her picture Uncle Wills, Kate Jim other old ones have disappeared"



"Taken in Aug 1881 in Dubuque--my first train trip & while there, my first to see a street car--one old horse did the work I wore a plain white lacy dress with a bunch of velvet pansies and a gold chain around my neck Taken when I was seventeen, and had finished my first term of teaching at LaFayette Center & I boarded with the James Curran family. It wasn't an easy school to start in over forty enrolled & several as old and a few older than I Didn't have a clock so I drew marks, and the window frame made marks and I figured the hrs.--On a rainy or cloudy day, Mrs Curran hung a white towel from an upstairs window, and we understood"

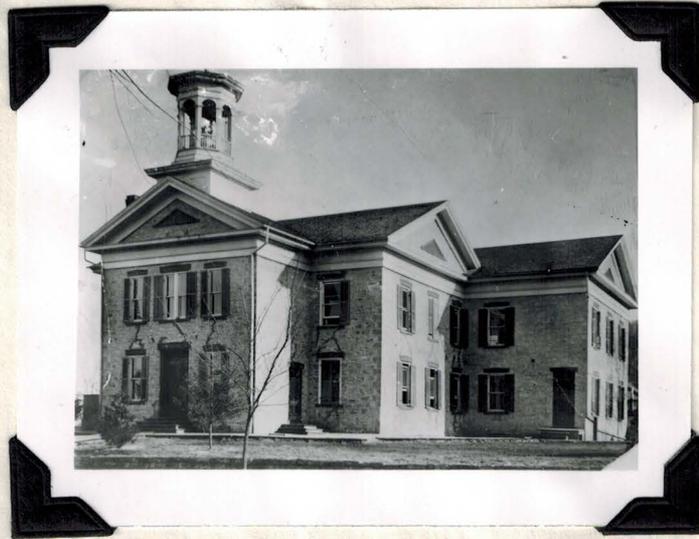


"Taken in 188__* by Dick McGarrity in Lansing Iowa A white dress with a lace scarf black"

*perhaps 1887



"When I taught near New Albin and boarded at John Hurleys. Seated left Mary Dougherty (hired girl) She held my fancy parasol. Mrs Hurley standing & I, to look intellectual held the book. I was then 22 Of all I used to know then, I can think of just two living there now--Charles Travis & Ed Bock In 1889 all pretty lawn dresses and our hats fancy straw a little tipped back like a bonnet--Mary Dougherty Mrs. John Hurley & I, taken in New Albin Iowa"



"The old school house where we spent our school days from 8th grade until we finished and years later I taught there--and so I have many dear memories of it. When I entered High School, teachers were Mr Hinchon Supt & Mary Att assist--both splendid instructors & I often find myself in proving grammar by Mr. H Mr. J. B. Knoepfpler another fine instructor, that I was fortunate enoughto work under his capable guidance. Mr Hinchon taught the first public school in Texas. Later he changed to newspaper work & published a weekly paper in Algona, Iowa."



"Taken in 1893 the dress camel hair goods. The hat, a lovely rose colored velvet, on the edge of the brim small black jet and two large plumes exact color of the velvet a "Gage Co" pattern. It was new when I went to visit in St Louis"



"Taken in 1893--Black crepe du chine dress trimmed with black satin and
very much the last word in style"



"Taken Jan 3rd 1897--Annie's dress black satin with a figured brocaded front, very pretty Sister Kate wore a black velvet with a large velvet collar. A lace flounce around the collar--My dress a garnet colored silk--Joan Russell standing a pretty black alpaca. Kate Russell a lovely black cloth trimmed with black bead trimming. Dear sister Annie, Kate Russell and dear sister Kate, back row. I an Joanna Russell living she is about 88 years old. Aunt Annie was only 62 when she went Grandma was 86 & six months Annie was a wonderful person, busy and doing for every one & great worker in church clubs--active for years in The Lady of Sorrows & her funeral mass was there She had many friends & all the children loved her--she was so good to care for them & to amuse them"

(in Traer, Iowa)

In 1901, Alfred Siewers, then in his early thirties, came to Traer. He was a tall, well dressed man with polished manners. His blonde hair showed beneath the bowler hat, and his light blue eyes looked out of a pink and white complexion. His walk was breezy and full of life.

At the railway station he sought out Bob Dickson, hotel clerk, and with the latter's hand cart and baggage they started for the Oxford hotel, Bob chatting away in his clipped Scottish tongue about the weather. Mr. Siewers had him point out the Sloan drug store as they went down the street. The drug store was for sale--the one with the big glass urns filled with red and green liquid that hung on the big chains in each window. We used to stop here on our way to school and buy our slate pencils and sponge. Mr. Sloan would take our penny and walk back to the counter while we stood reluctant to stop peering into the big glass case at the perfume, Trask's Magic Ointment, Lydia Pinkham's Compound, and Dr. Miles Pain Pills. Then Mr. Sloan would ask us if there was anything else we wanted. This always speeded us on our way.

After a long talk with Mr. Schoolie, the hotel proprietor, Mr. Siewers looked up the local banker, the editor, and also had a chat with the postmaster. After looking over the drug store and talking with Mr. Sloan he sauntered back to the hotel. By evening he had fully made up his mind. This was the kind of place he and his wife had dreamed about--a friendly little town, away from the hustle and bustle of the city--where the children would have space to play and grow up. Lying in his hotel bed looking up at the flowered wall paper, half awake, half asleep, he thought it all over and dreamed of the things he would do.

The following week the Siewers family came to Traer--Mrs. Siewers, Karl, and little Katherine. They looked the town over for a house, but there was none to be had. They stayed at the Oxford hotel for months. With small children this was a bit difficult, but the Schoolies and their two daughters were very helpful. Even if there were some hardships, they were offset by the good friends they had made.

II

When the house next to Boettcher's was vacant, the Siewers family moved from the hotel and stayed there that winter. They liked the neighborhood, and the children had such congenial little playmates. The Nauerth children ran in and out daily. There was Carl Boettcher, and friendly, lovable Marie, who sometimes read nursery rhymes to the children, making her brown eyes big and wide when she told about "Little Miss Muffet". Lifelong friendships were made on this street, and when spring rolled around and the O'Hern house on the hill was available, they hated to move so far away from these good folks.

It was a lovely spring that year. The lilacs at the back door were in bloom, and the perfume filled the kitchen each time the door was opened. Before the lilacs were entirely gone the apple blossoms at the east side of the house were out. Mrs. Siewers made frilly maybaskets for the children. Some of the older children had to accompany small Karl as he scampered from door to door hanging baskets on doorknobs.

These were busy but happy days for the family. Mrs. Siewers needed help with the housework and Jeanie LaMont came to live with them. It was in the O'Hern place that the son, Brandt, was born. Long hours at the store for Mr. Siewers left all the shopping for his wife. She could be seen most any day

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wearing swishing silks and beplumed hat going to town, or afternoons out to some party or tea. The siewers' loved to entertain, and because everyone seemed to like them, they were soon a part of a gay whirl of theatre parties, clubs, and dinners. They were interested in home talent plays at the opera house. Mr. Siewers employed a local young man to help in the drug store so he could be free to go out evenings when he wished.

There was usually a crowd in the drug store. The community liked the new owner. There was praise for the new soda fountain and the modern windows. Gone from the windows were the big glass urns with the red and green fluid. Fishermen coming back for the lakes dropped in to tell about their trip, and of the big fish they had caught. They laughed and joked as they drank root beer and sarsaparilla from the fountain.

III

On chilly spring mornings when rain lashed against the window panes, the children snuggled in bed until Mr. Siewers had built a warm fire in the big kitchen range. When it was nice and cozy, Karl and Katherine would come tripping out in their nightgowns to hover over the warm fire while they were dressed.

The grocer's wagon rolled up the streets, the horses flinging mud from their heels or kicking up dust from the road. Cal Ward, the city deliveryman, bounced off the wagon and took the groceries around to the back door where Jeanie LaMont took them into the kitchen. Bobby Lambert and Jay Porterfield went whistling down the path with fishpoles over their shoulders headed for Wolf creek. The Carlile girls went by each day from school, arms loaded with books. Carroll Stuart whittled out willow whistles for the neighborhood children, who went up and down the street tooting them. Across the way you could hear Lucy Wheeler's piano pupil drumming "The F wer Song". Minnie Adair went by wearing a wide-brim sailor, a tailored blouse and long gored skirt. She was coming home from the Star Clipper office, where she worked.

A fine new three-story brick building was being erected on Main Street. F. L. White had bought the old Harmon property at the east end of Main Street and was remodeling it for his home. Everyone said it would be comfortable and spacious when completed. Harold was busy getting his telegraph instruments installed in his new room. Glenn Taylor, Harry Mommer and Harold were able to send out code messages to each other. Their telegraph wire was strung on the electric light line poles. They practiced back and forth, much to the envy of some of the school boys who also dreamed of being telegraph operators when they grew up.

A new agent had come to the North Western depot and Mrs. Smith and little Beulah could be seen every afternoon going down to the depot to walk home with Mr. Smith. Everyone said Mrs. Smith was a beauty.

Mr. Siewers bought the property vacated by F. L. White and family. A large rambling house with an open porch that extended half way around the house, a wide lawn at the west side, and a barn for the horse and carriage at the rear of the lot. The house was one of the few in those days with steam heat, electric lights and a bathroom. These were indeed a real luxury for the family, and they were delighted with the new home. A heavy dray wagon with big iron rimmed wheels brought the Siewers furniture and started unloading it. A group of children gathered to see the new family in the neighborhood. The big shady elms cast long shadows on the green lawn before the drayman left, and the children scattered and left for home.

It was here I came to know the Siewerses best. I often went to their home with Jessie Robinson when she sat evenings with the children. I was always given a friendly welcome as ~~ix~~ I was ushered into the little reception room, and sat on the little satin-flowered settee waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Siewers to depart.

IV

After the children were in bed we sat in the big living room munching on dainties left us by Mrs. Siewers. Now and then we stole upstairs to look in on the sleeping children, and see that all was well. I would touch the lovely things on the big dresser and look at the big bottles of perfume. Jessie and I wandered around looking at the other rooms upstairs filled with admiration for the pretty things in Mrs. Siewers' room. We marveled at the bathroom, which to us was something out of another world.

Downstairs again we sat in the big leather rockers and peeped into the library on the east wing of the house. Here was the big potted fern, the long rows of sectional bookcases, interesting rows of fine books and easy chairs under electric lamps.

Jessie told me very confidentially she had heard the Siewers' discussing the rugs and the one in the living room had cost over a hundred dollars. To us that seemed a fabulous sum, and we looked closer at the drab green and grey rug with the small black figures interwoven into the background of the design. Rugs had just come into fashion. The big red rose carpets that were tacked down with carpet tacks around the mopboards and causing so much work and trouble at housecleaning time were on the way out. We looked in the small parlor at the front with its fancy lace battenburg curtains and velvet wool rug, and the spindle-legged furniture; then back to the living room to settle down and do our school problems for the next day. Here by the massive oak library table, with the light from a large lamp we worked and talked. From here you could look into the dining room with the big buffet loaded with precious cut glass, and see the table all set ready for breakfast. Mary Stueben helped in the Siewer Home. These were busy days. If it wasn't a birthday party, it was guests from out of town. And there were business trips out of town. Sometimes Mrs. Siewers went along. On these occasions some dependable woman was left in charge of the household.

In this house Alfred was born, and now Ann Pacenka came to take over the housekeeping duties. The children were growing up. Karl was so long-legged--no longer a little fellow. Katherine had put away the little ruffled poke bonnets and now wore a hat with streamers. Brandt was a cute little fellow, and so happy--forever riding a make-believe wild horse, back and forth on the porch (usually a broomstick) shouting whoa! and giddap! Alfred was the baby in little embroidered rompers, a sweet little fellow.

V

Little Katherine, then 4 years old, had a long trying spell of typhoid fever. Dr. Pinkerton said she could have ice cream, but there was no factory-made ice cream to be had in Traer at that time. When the good, generous Mrs. R. H. Moore heard of this, she immediately came to the rescue. The Moores had cows. There were also in the family willing hands and sympathetic hearts in times of trouble. Every day Katherine had ice cream. Neighborly thoughtfulness and kindness--almost unknown in the larger cities--seem never to have been lost by the folks in small towns and rural areas. May they never go out of style.

The Siewers family fit well into the pattern of life in the small town. ~~Mr.~~Mr. Siewers gave his time and best efforts unstintingly to the progress of town. When he was given a job of helping to get up a Fourth of July celebration all agreed no one could have done his part better.

They were very happy in Traer. There was hardly a Sunday they didn't have company. Sometimes it was country folks; sometimes town folks; sometimes guests from a distant city; or the children's little friends. Sometimes they all got in the family carriage and went to visit friends in the country, going early so as to attend the little country church. They always enjoyed a day in the country, and the children had such a grand time.

VI

John Currens, son of the Tranquility church pastor, had started a cafe in the new brick building. James and Aggie Fay were helping him. Everyone in town knew what a good cook Aggie was, so there was no question about the success of the new venture.

Denny Davis had just moved into the little cottage on the corner on Railroad street. That spring Zeke Nichols had moved to town. Mrs. Nichols scattered corn to the few chickens they had brought in with them after the sale. Her hair screwed up in a tight knot on top of her head, she tidied up the back yard. You could see her behind the picket fence putting rubbish in a barrel at the back of the lot.

Big spring clouds rolled across the sky--great dark monsters. A large homemade patch-quilt on the clothesline swirled and flapped in the breeze. Mrs. Nichols noticed the quilt was getting frayed at the edge, and took it off the line and into the house.

June of that year had been a rainy month. Iowa roads were a sea of mud. The Trager committee on the July Fourth celebration arrangements felt a bit low during the first week in July. Weather looked far from promising for farmers to get in to a celebration. It was still raining and when the Fourth rolled around it looked like the whole thing would be a flop.

Mr. Siewers arose early to wash and polish the horse he was to ride at the head of the parade. After it had been groomed, the horse felt so frisky it broke away, cavorting over the lawn, kicking heels high the air, and headed for the Bower garden patch. Here he rolled over and over the tender tomato plants, mashed down the lettuce and onions, dug great holes in the soft lawn. Finally he was caught, and Mr. Siewers was so disgusted he put the horse in the barn and hurried up the street to the store, his face very red. Mrs. Siewers went over to assure Mrs. Bower that the garden would be replaced. Then she went to the barn to look after the horse. She hurried back to the house and told her sister, Kate, to look after things, told the maid what to do in regard to the children, got a tub of water, brushes and cloths, and went to work on the horse. When the horse was polished again and ready for the parade, she dashed about getting cleaned up and ready to take the children up town.

VII

The doorbell rang, and Mrs. Siewers heard a tramping of many feet on the porch. The maid dashed upstairs and announced that the Indians Mr. Siewers had arranged for, to be in the parade, had arrived. "Tell them to go to the store," she said. But the Indians would not budge. This was where Mr. Siewers lived; he had sent for them. Here they would stay to await directions. A message was sent to Mr. Siewers at the store. The Indians had come; what was to be done with them? After much ado the braves were taken to the city hall. A tent was placed outside for their comfort, and they put on their war-paint for the parade.

This was the time Mrs. Siewers' sister Kate drove Ed Powell's beautiful white horses hitched to a chariot in the Fourth of July parade. Ed walked ~~at~~ alongside the team lest the horses become frightened by the crowd and the music of the band, but Kate, whose auburn hair hung loose extending almost to her ankles, rode in the chariot and drove the horses, which were as steady as at any time in their daily routine.

The sun came out, and the sky was a bright blue--a nice day for the celebration despite the mud underneath. A big crowd lined the streets to see the parade. Farmers came from all over the county, and there were many folks

from surrounding towns. The parade was a real success--beautifully decorated floats, bright costumed clowns, bands, prancing horses, with colored crepe paper streamers flying from their halters. The Indians were a colorful sight, in their war paint and feathers and beaded jackets. Indian women in bright colored shawls marched along behind, and there was an Indian fife and drum unit, made up of young girls dressed in white.

A flat truck wagon drawn by four horses held a teeter-totter on which Leo and Carl Cohrt were seated, and a banner identifying the float as that of Cohrt's Clothing Store read in bold letters, "High in Quality--Low in Price".

VIII

At the Siewers home I had my first glimpse of Traer's "400" set--at the party held on "Shrove Tuesday" in 1905. There were 60 guests. Jessie and I were asked to serve as waitresses at the late lunch. We were thrilled as we tried on the Chinese red chintz dresses, spangled with little round tin discs. As we gazed into the long mirror at ourselves in the short full dresses (held out stiff by many starched petticoats) and our white stockings and shoes, we were well pleased by our looks.

Among the potted ferns and high palms in the library came the strains of soft music from the orchestra made up of Ern Franklin, Nadine and Kenneth Moore, who played during the entire evening while strange looking figures in masquerade costumes drifted from room to room. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Will Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Wood, Mrs. R.H. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Crabbe, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Pinkerton, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Carpenter, Josephine Milner, Mr. and Mrs. Asa Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Petersen, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Bower, Etta Bower, Dr. and Mrs. P. L. Parsons, Ed and Esther Cohrt, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Shortess, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Morison, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Kahler, Mr. and Mrs. Roma Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Greelis and Nan Ladd. These gay figures circulated about laughing and greeting each other, all apparently having a wonderful time. While we helped in the kitchen to get things ready for the feast which was to come later in the evening, we occasionally stole time to look in and watch the goings-on. We thought it better than a show, and felt we had a small part in it.

Mrs. Mae Parsons flitted about as a flower girl, looking lovely in her dainty dress, carrying her flower basket, as she asked everyone to buy her flowers. Josephine Milner, dressed as an old woman organ grinder (she got the organ from Tom Stoakes), sat near the door, an old shawl draped over her, grinding out tunes. She had a tin cup and many coins rattled into the cup during the evening. Mrs. Lyman Wood let herself in by the side door, carrying a big rug which she spread out under a palm in a corner and squatted on it the entire evening. Her hair in dark braids hung down over her shoulders. She carried a raffin outfit and **did weaving** while the curious guests looked on at the Indian maiden. Mrs. Allen Wilson was a lady from the Orient. How lovely she looked in the beautiful dress and proper accessories which had been brought from abroad by Aunt Flora Wilson. Allen Wilson was a big Indian chief, who wandered about in his blanket and feathers grunting "HH!" and occasionally doing a little dance for the guests, which caused great laughter.

There were Spanish ladies, Turks, nurses, Asa Ames was in army officer's uniform with a bright sword hanging from his belt. A Harry Lauder was singing snatches of Scotch songs. Southern belles, clowns and bespectacled prim-looking preachers, peasants, scrub ladies, all milled about together. There were so many fine costumes that when the time came to judge them, no one could single out the best. The judging was finally left to Dr. Pinkerton who was blindfolded. While the grand march was on he reached out and drew Lyman Wood from the long line of marchers to receive the prize--which was, of all things, a book on "How to Win at Poker". I am sure Mr. Wood never made any use of that

27.
book, but it certainly furnished plenty of laughter, and he probably never heard the last of it.

Jessie and I darted around with the plates of food like frightened rabbits, Mrs. Siewers trying to pilot us through the jovial crowd--these dignified people we knew in every day life. It seemed so easy looking on from the door of the kitchen, but now we didn't seem to be very helpful.

It was indeed a grand party, one that will be recalled by living folks who read these lines. Many of the people who were guests have passed on. Who can say they had not finished their mission Here? Through the long years, bound by ties of fond affection in memory, they still walk beside us, and with the passing years we recall the true and the best in them. Only a voice is heard in a crowd; the speaker shuffles on, and is gone, but in your memory lingers the song.



"In the frontyard* papa holding Brandt Norreh Lyons, my Kathryn and I, Anna Kittelsby, Aunt Grace and Dorothy."

*Traer, Iowa



"I, Brandt, Karl and papa Kathryn in front Brandt was the baby about two years old. My dress was a very lovely black crepe du chine--trimmed with a touch of pale blue satin--beautifully draped sleeves, lace and silk applique circled the shoulders, ending in hanging drapes in front combined with blue satin"



'Ma Aunt Kate Lyons & Kathryn in the back seat, Bradⁿt, Alfred, & I in front on the drive through the lawn*--Raap was a lovely looking horse black and a handsome mane and tail. He lived to be 28 yrs old--then we had him cared for in a farmer's pasture & later had him done away with. Violent grief when we learned of the finish"

*Traer, Iowa



"In 1908 with our much loved and enjoyed horse "Raap" all ready for a drive in the back seat Kathryn & Brandt--in front Alfred (the baby) and I. That was our daily pleasure driving around the country--when Aunt Grace & her girls or Aunt Annie & her boys we took our lunches with us and ate in the country. Karl was seldom in the pictures as he spent most of his time out of school helping in the drug store."



"The last picture I have had taken--It was in 1912 Viola and I were down town together & she was really the promoter of it & I was glad I had it taken--this is the one my children & some grandchildren will know me--maybe"



Snapshot taken about 1917.

Mary Lyons Siewers: Geographic Chronology

Mary Lyons Siewers--Geographic Chronology

October 30,

1864 to 3-1-1870
3-1-1870 to 5-1-1892*

1892 to 11-1895

11-1895 to 1897

1897 to 1898

1898 to 1899

1899

1899 to 1901

1901

1902

1902 to ?

19 ? to 1916

1916 to 1917

1917 to 1918

1918 to 1923?

1923? to 1936

1936 to 1937

1937 to spring 1945

spring 1945 to Aug. 1946

Aug., 1946 to Feb. 25, 1950

Feb. 25, 1950 to Mar. 1, 1950

Mar. 1, 1950 to June 17, 1950

Lafayette, Iowa

Lyons House, South Lansing (mother moved to
Dubuque 5-1-1892)

boarded in Lansing and vicinity; in particular with
Schach Family

Main Street; Dubuque, over Ruty Drug Store; Karl
born

1014 White St., 1st floor; Dubuque

Alta Vista, Ia.; upstairs over drugstore;

Norwegian speaking settlement

West Locust Street, Dubuque (1 month at mother's;
broke up housekeeping when Karl had
poliomyelitis); Kathryn born

Main Street, Forest City, Ia.

Oxford Hotel, Traer, Ia.

House next to Boettcher's, Traer, Ia.

O'Hern House, Traer, Ia.; Brandt born

bought house vacated by F. L. White family; Alfred
born

Chicago

Waterloo

3708 Colorado Ave., Chicago

315 Chicago Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

1st fl. west, Fulton Street entrance of building
at southeast corner of Fulton and Mason,
Chicago

Route 2, Hinsdale, Ill.

southwest room, 2d floor, 5811 Lake Street, Chicago

Route 2, Hinsdale, Ill.

Elmhurst Hospital

southeast room, second floor 5448 Washington
Blvd., Chicago

* Schools Taught At

** 1880 Lamb
1881 Russell
1882 Kerr Whalen
1883 Center Township
1884 New Albin
1884 to 1888 Old Court House
1888 to 1895 Lansing High

Lodgings

Curran House
Christie Duncan House
South Lansing
Reagen House
Hurley House
South Lansing
South Lansing and Schach's House

**years approximate

Notes Recorded by MLS at the Suggestion of John P. Byrne

Notes Recorded by Mary Lyons Siewers, at the Suggestion of John P. Byme

Written in 1947.

Families of Lansing and its two townships to the south: memoirs of Mary Lyons Siewers. Excerpted from the Book, Two Families from Neighboring Farms by Karl Siewers (available at Waukon, Iowa, Library)

James and Julia: Memoirs* of Daughter Mary (Begun February 10, 1945; recorded at suggestion of John P. Byrne, with introduction: "To do the very best I can will be my effort and I sincerely hope it will please John P. Byrne.")

My grandfather, William Lyons, was born in Dublin, Ireland--I don't know the year, but it must have been at the close of the eighteenth century. His family was in the whisky distillery business in Dublin. He left home when young and joined the British Army and continued it, in the rest of his active life.

They were well educated, music and all the trimmings and so he was made regimental band master of the young Queen Victoria's crack regiment. The commanding officer was General Warrington# and the general's daughter Anne, and Wm. Lyons fell in love and were married in spite of her family's objections. They never forgave her. Grandmother and grandfather lived happily together in spite of that and followed army life until he retired.

They had eight children. William, Anne, Kate, Mary, George, James, Henry and Joe. The oldest three were settled in New Orleans, La before my grandfather and grandmother left England on their way to New Orleans. Of course on a sailing vessel, grandmother took sick and became unconscious and when they reached New Orleans she was taken to her daughter Anne's (Mrs. Boubett) home and she died there not knowing they had reached the new land. That was about 1852 and as he was at loose ends my grandfather came north and got land near Wexford.

With him were his daughter Mary, sons George and James (my father). Father was about 18 yrs. old; he taught in the country schools and so did Uncle George. Aunt Mary married Charlo La Tronch. Later Uncle George was bookkeeper for the Wood Lumber Company Lansing and made a practice of rowing to Aunt Mary's to spend Sunday. One Saturday night in a sudden storm near Heytman his boat capsized. He was lame and had a steel extension on his boot fastened by three buckles. When his body was recovered he had two of the buckles undone, the steel fixture was caught in some underbrush and so held him to die. Grandfather just didn't get over it and so they were both buried in Wexford.

Then the Civil War came on--father was all for the south, so he went back to New Orleans and enlisted. He was a Lt, with Beauregard but came back north and on Nov. 24, 1861 was married to Mother (Julia Farley). Father was born March 2, 1838. Mother was born Sept. 27, 1839. Aunt Mary died of pneumonia in 1862. Father of pneumonia in 1874 and so they rest in beautiful Wexford all four who came north full of life and bright visions

of a new country. It was all so short. Grandfather and Uncle George died less than a year apart. The land that Grandfather owned was later the home of the Gilliards--the father, mother, sons Sam, Dave and Daughter Rose.

Patrick Farley Family

Patrick Farley my grandfather, was born in the county Cavin, Ireland, in 1809. He was a graduate of the University of Dublin##. He married Anne Farley, same name, but no relation. They had three children born in Ireland. William, Julia and Kate. Grandfather came to New York on business and liked so well, that he never went back to Ireland. It was in the days of sailing vessels, and he didn't like to have his young family on the trip without a man's protection, so he had a younger brother come with them. Ma (Julia) was not quite five years old. They settled in or near Buffalo, NY (Black Rock).

Grandfather had left Ireland in 1844. Two children were born in Black Rock and the oldest, a boy, William, died. My grandmother died when Ma was eleven years old. Ma, Kate, Anne and Peter with Grandpa came to Iowa in 1855, by train to Galena and then on a Mississippi steam boat. The landing place was then in Columbus, quite a village then and even a hotel. Grandpa bought a farm in LaFayette Township and built a house--quite a nice frame house. Later the home of the Gorman family.

Ma went to a private school in Lansing (Mr. Ravens) and boarded at Mr. Bays. They had a general store and I think their friendship was respect to the same part of Ireland where they were born. Ma was married from that home on the farm to James Lyons (my father) and Aunt Kate to Frank Duffy. Uncle Peter married Mary Doyle of the same neighborhood and made their home with Grandpa until the spring of 1872 then grandpa sold the home to Michael Keenan and the Farley and Duffy families went west via the covered wagon trail. They settled in O'Brien county near Sanborn. Grandpa died in 1874 and Uncle Peter Farley and Frank Duffy both died of pneumonia in the winter of 1878. Uncle Peter's wife married again and moved to Seattle Washington. Aunt Kate and her young family came back to Lansing. Grandpa Farley did not go west in the covered wagon. He stayed with us, and went on the train in May 1872. The big day, celebrating the first train into Lansing, was early in May, 1872 and he went via Dubuque and Sioux City RR and the last 50 miles by team.

*Memoirs by Mary Lyons-Siewers. Edited by use of deletions; deletions indicated by ".....". Spellings, punctuations, sentence structure unchanged.

**In London, in the official British Army records, there is no listing of a "General Warrington" but there is a listing of an "Adjutant General Warrington", of the late 18th and early 19th century period. For the same time period, there are many "Anne Warrington" listings in the records of the Society of Genealogists in London. Once seen (but not found again) at the Chicago Newberry Library was a family chart including "Adjutant General Warrington" and his children--no Anne, but an entry given stating "other issue".

***No listing found at University of Dublin for a Patrick Farley, Possibly he attended without graduating.

The Callahans of near Wexford (written in 1947)

Among the early friendships made by the Lyons family were the Callahans. Mr. and Mrs. and seven in the family. Mr. was Patrick and Mrs. Elizabeth. They had four sons and three daughters. Patrick, the oldest, married Mary Brophy of near the "Oil Spring". Later he had a hotel in New Albin and lived there all of their lives--good neighbors and respected by all.

"Jim" married and settled on a farm (Sand Cove) about three miles s.w. of New Albin. He died in his early thirties. My father had been his groomsman. Anne married Mr. Edgar and settled on a farm near Keans Switch about four miles south of New Albin. Lived all their lives and died there.

Jenny (Mrs. Jake Schach) was next, then Jerome and Mike. They never married. Mike was killed by a falling tree in the Wis. Pine woods. Elizabeth Jarvis married and lived in northern Wis.

The Callahans were naturally gifted in music and so they and the Lyons had that in common. Jim played the "fiddle" and the father played the bagpipes. The mother lived to be nearly eighty nine years old. She died in Mrs. Schach's house and was buried in the old cemetery near New Albin. I was boarding at Schachs at the time. She was interesting to the last and could entertain us with her memories of early days near Wexford and Harpers Ferry.

Mrs. Schach's school friends when a child were the Heatlys, Doyles Floods. There were five children in the Schach family. The oldest Charles was drowned when he was about thirteen years old. Skating on the creek near the sawmill, the ice broke and he and another boy were drowned. The next was Mary, she still lives in Lansing one of the best there. Edith comes next, she lived in Minneapolis for years, her husband George Rait died about twelve years ago and since then she has lived in Lansing. Will passed away about two years ago. He had lived in Dubuque about twenty years. Elizabeth lived with him and now she is in Mercy Hospital and enjoys her position there. Mrs. Schach passed away about twenty-two years ago.

Brophy Family of Near Harpers Ferry and "Oil Spring"

They were related to the Staffords and Billy Ryans. They came from near Boston. Mr. Brophy didn't live long in the new home....."Ma" and Kate Brophy were very good and so Ma had lots ofstories. It was the days or nights rather of candle lights and Mrs. B would have all bright and lovely if strangers were there and as soon as the company had gone all was out and they went to bed in the dark. She also had rag carpet in rolls and when they'd see company coming it was spread over the floor and rolled away, when the company left. She had a family of six. Three sons and three daughters John, Tom, Jim, Mary (Mrs. Pat Callahan), Kate (Mrs. Toole) and Ella (Mrs. Nolan).

Mr. Toole was an accountant and for years they lived here in Chicago, and Ma and Kate had many great visits of their young days. Mr. Toole died many years ago and Mrs. lived with her daughter (Mae) a widow, her home was a farm near Crystal Lake. Mrs. Toole died a couple of years before "Ma" and we all had one good visit. We sat on the side lines--Ma and Kate, the center of the stage and how they talked of old times and their old beaux etc. and how we all enjoyed it. Mae (Mrs. Breen) has died since then and only one of the family left Sellie she is a retired teacher and when I saw her last very lovely.

The Hurm Family

The place where my father and mother settled at first--she always referred to as the "Brown House" it must have been close to Hurm's as Mat, a small boy delivered milk to them every day. My sister Annie was born in the "Brown House". Mr. Hurm had been married and his first wife was drowned. She was carrying the baby crossing a frozen creek. The ice gave way under her. She threw the baby as far as she could and it was saved. She was lost. That baby was Caroline Hurm and she married Kerr Whalen. A good woman who raised a large family and her hospitality was far reaching.

Mr. Hurm married again a sister of all the Bohrer men. They were all of Swiss descent. This Hurm family was Lucy (Mrs. Dan Guider), Rose (Mrs. Tom Burns), John (married Ella Sullivan and went to Idaho--where they spent their lives) Mat, Dave, and Louis Henry, all good farmers, good people who were identified with all good movements in Lansing and LaFayette and well remembered by all.

The Bohrer Family (Written in 1947: Joe Bohrer died in Chicago about six years ago.) Of Swiss descent.

John. Married a Kelly Taft had a family of five children. Joe, Mary, John, Clara and Katie. Joe married Mary Ellen Ryan--she died in 1892 and left two babies. The daughter, Mary, grew up and married Mark Dunlevy, she died in childbirth in Oct. 1918 the baby lived in Lansing and all was fine. He is now in the Army across the ocean. "Harry" is a retired mail man and lives here in Chicago.

Mary and Clara both joined the sisters in LaCrosse, Wis. and died many years ago. John married Mary Anne Mooney. He died about fifteen years ago and had a large family one son a priest, Fr. Ray Bohrer.

Katie the youngest married Tom Whalen, a son of Kerr Whalen--she too has passed on, was a sufferer many years from arthritis. Florence and Victor Bohrer married sisters Ellen, Mary Anne, Murphy (sisters of Capt. Pat Murphy) Dave never married. Jake married Bridget Cassidy. They had nine children six sons and three daughters.

The Florence Bohrers left LaFayette over sixty years ago, and settled in Nebraska. There were seven children in that family. Four boys and three

girls. Victor Bohrer went west over sixty years ago and nothing was heard from for some time and then his body was found on a prairie in Kansas. I think he was buried there. Six children in that family, four boys and two girls (Josie (Mrs. Brown), lives in California. Edna the youngest was killed by an auto. Of the Jake Bohrer family-- three sons and several grandchildren live here in Chicago--all a credit to the original generation.

Eva Duffy Bohrer, widow of Frank Bohrer, died here in Chicago April 11, 1945 and brought to Lansing for burial, beside her husband and two little boys. Her husband died 38 years ago of pneumonia. Three children survive. Mrs. Jerry Sires of Kalamazoo, Mich, Frank of Chicago, and daughter, Isabel.

Village of LaFayette

When my father and mother moved from the "Brown House" they went to LaFayette, a settlement on the banks of the Mississippi about three miles south of Lansing. My brother, Will, and I were born there. At that time there were about twenty homes there. Among them Paddy Brophy, Mick Brophy, John Tierney (a general store). A Smith family, Henry Joyce and my parents. There was no school house and so the kitchen in our place was used. Ma was the first teacher. Heck Conkey, Mike McAneny, Mattie and Eva Srong (Mrs. Metcalf), all of Columbus were among the pupils.

Paddy Brophy was a carpenter, Mick had a store and saloon (over the door he had a sign "Licensed to sell--Whisky, Beef and Beer". And of this pretty little village nothing is left--not a stone or foundation of any kind remains.

Ella Brophy Dempsey was born there and in the old house in the village, she and Pat Dempsey celebrated in the old time big wedding. Ma was there that was seventy years ago on the 26th of January. None of the Dempseys are living now.

Village of Columbus

I can mention the names of the ones who lived there in the many years gone by. The Hoverts, Judge Conkey, James McAneny, John Broderick and wife, Deremore, Debois, Henry Strong, Harvey Srong, Wagner family. The creek between South Lansing and Columbus went wild every June and caused plenty of trouble. Tommy Manning was drowned when he tried to force his horse to ford the big stream. Many walked the long railroad trestle and often near tragedy followed. Bessie Brady made a jump that belongs to local history there. She was crossing the trestle, heard a train coming, looked in all directions for help, and below she saw a flatboat made a good jump and landed safely.

Two Massinger children a boy Carter about 12 and sister Eliza about 14 yrs. old were drowned in that bottom overflow. They were in a small boat.

It overturned and both were lost. Another unsolved tragedy was the finding of John Collins bruised and dying on the Columbus dyke. He was taken to the home of Lucinda Wagner where he passed away without regaining consciousness and so, the unsolved mystery was passed along. On that road to Village Creek lived the Quinn family, Fred Hunt and Michael Hay. There were five daughters and one son (Gid) in the Quinn family. All have gone on many years ago. The Hays had no family of their own, but made a good home for two nieces, Nora and Annie. Annie married John Serene and they lived their full life in Lansing. In the last years Annie Serene made a good home for her uncle and so he was well repaid for his kindness to the orphan sisters. Nora married a photographer and lived in Rock Island later moved to Los Angeles where a daughter still lives her name was Maurine, and she was very beautiful.....

The Brady Family

The Brady farm wasn't far from Hurm's. The family there, was the father, mother, son James, daughters, Jane and Bessie. Several others lived in St. Louis, and would visit the farm. They were all very straight laced people. Mrs. Brady died about 1879 and then, all the "home" on the farm ended and Jim was left alone. He soon gave it up, sold the farm and went away to work at his trade (boiler maker). I met them again in St. Louis at Mrs. Murry's home (Bridget) she had the whole Brady sister and Jim a grand dinner and all in my honor. That was Dec., 1893. Jim Brady was one of the finest men that has a big place in my memory. I visited on the farm when I was nine years old. Jim, Jane and their mother. A brother, Mike, lived and died in New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Brady are buried in Wexford.

Jane and Bessie Brady were the outstanding style leaders of that time lovely clothes without being flashy the best of everything and they knew how to wear good clothes. "Sweet Memories"

Byrne Family (written by John P. Byrne)

Phillip Byrne was born in Greoghlon County Monahan Ireland in 1818, the son of Christopher Byrne and Anna Finnegan Byrne. He had a brother Michael who remained in Ireland and a sister Rose unmarried who also remained in Ireland and also sister Mary, who became Mrs. Whalen who died in Toronto Canada--and who became Mrs. _____ of San Francisco.

Tomalty
Connelly
McCabe

In 1850 he married Mary Smith the daughter of Harry Smith of Shercock County Covan Ireland. The story was that he took a load of produce to market and used the money to pay their passage to America and never went back to their father's home because Mary Smith's father objected to the match, he having selected a son of a man of means for his daughter instead of Phillip Byrne. Another version of the story insists that the young people were forgiven before they left for America.

They arrived in New York in 1850 and settled near Buffalo in a community called Black Rock where several children were born and a couple were buried. They came to Iowa via Chicago and the railroad to Galena thence up the River to Allamakee county Iowa in 1856 locating on land in Lafayette Township 2 miles from Village Creek-- They had 8 children who grew to maturity as follows

Kate--Coleman
Margaret--Sister Christopher
Ann--M Guider
Ellen--Hand
Mary--unmarried
Lucina-- W Guider
Ben--M. Ryan
John--M. Whalen

Phillip Byrne received rather a good education in the National School in Ireland--was particularly adept in mathematics. He served as Justice of the Peace in Lafayette Twp and Township clerk there for many years-- from 1866 to 1868 he served on the Board of County supervisors from Lafayette Twp. He died in 1894. People said he was a very gentle kind man well thought of in his community as a man of his word. His wife, Mary, was a hard working woman who had the aggressiveness that her husband lacked-- she died in 1910. Both are buried in Wexford.

Columbus

Way back when--Columbus was quite a busy place--near the west end was a saw mill right on the creek. I have no idea of the original owners or operators but later it was owned and run by the "Lytle Brothers" John and Charles. They had quite a lumber yard just south of our home--lumber shingles and lathe all from their mill. And near the sidewalk a small office, very nicely furnished, was John's office and lounge. He was a real swell the last word in style, carried a cane and sported a large diamond ring. We youngsters admired him very much --he married Cera Battles. Charles married Alice Haney (Aunt of the Hemingway girls). The mill was done when the creek was too shallow to run the logs to it. Another industry was a lime kiln and brick works--that was in a ravine, off the road at the foot of Kerr Whalen's hill. The owner of that was a man named Kline. So you see that Columbus did its part in early times.

The Brophy Family

The first generation came from Kentucky, earlier all came from Ireland. John, Paddy, Mick and Tom. Mrs. Nancy Tracy Butterfield, Mrs. Mary O'Meara, Condon, Harlan, Mrs. Kitty Whalen Neelan.

John farmed in Lafayette Township and was the first of the brothers to die. Betty was his wife--they had a large family--Tom, Joe, John, Pat, and Mike. Margaret, Kate and Mary Ellen.

Paddy was married twice--Mrs. Kate Rohan and brother Tom were of the first, Ella Dempsey the only other child. Paddy was a carpenter and lived in LaFayette and later in Columbus.

Mick lived and died in Lafayette had no family. Tom had two sons, Tom and Pat and one daughter Mrs. Mary Hinchon. Tom Jr. was killed by a falling tree in the pine woods.

Mrs. Nancy Tracy was married in Ireland--her first family was Tom and Mrs. Con Donahue, later she married John Butterfield--Bridget was the only child of the Butterfield family. Kitty Brophy first married Whalen had two sons and two daughters. Kerr and Tom Whalen--Mrs. Mag Ratchford and Mrs. Mary Randolph, Keenan, Gorman.

Mrs. Mary Brophy O'Meara Condon Heelan--one son, Tom O'Meara, one daughter, Ella Condon and four Heaeen children. Kate, Molly, Jack and Will. I am quite sure that Molly is the only one that generation living--also Pat Brophy, he lives somewhere down in the Ozarks, Mo (Pat Barophy died in 1944.)

Of the Kitty Nealan family--Kerr and Tom Whalen were among the best of LaFayette farmers. Mrs. Gorman first married Randolph had two daughters Kate and Mary. And when Mr. R- died, she married Michael Keenan had one son--Mr. Keenan had a large family quite grown up. They were an ideal family all good friends. After Mr. K-- died, she married John Gorman and again she was a good mother and took care of a large family.

We called it "Around the Point"

The road on the north side of the creek and there were many homes some on the hillside and many on the creek side-- a large building came first, a tannery, owned and run by Mr. Cutting. The first home on the hillside road was a Mrs. Blackmore an English woman and we children steered clear of her.

There were Heddnas, Haroldons, Hansen, Julius Nelson family on the hillside and among others across the road the Massikers-- Mr had a lime kiln in one of the ravines on the north side of the road--then comes Mr and Mrs Michael Daley, Mrs was a sister of the Healy men Michael and Tom also Mrs. Sullivan half sister of John and Con Hinchon and Mrs. McGrough. The Laleys had a large "Hop Yard" on the hillside and every autumn it was the scene of a grand picking time-- mostly done by women and children--took our lunches and it was a real picnic. Mike and Tom Healy and Jeff Sullivan cut down the poles and placed them across our boxes (good big double boxes) and picked full for a quarter and no one short rated Mrs. Daley.

Along the Road

Came Charles Wagners. He had a berry farm and so, each season we were employed there, further on lived the Holmes family and the Mathis. On the hillside the home of Pete Lang, a gay road house in the long ago, then in good home of the Brownells long forgotten "Lord Pope". The Bartholds a blacksmith shop run by Mr. Spinner also a wagon shop--The Spinner family all lived in Village Creek then--there were two general stores and three flour mills McNamee, Doehler, and Deremore. The three Caver families were all well to do and respected in the community. Also the Dan Brennans. Then the McCarthy family. My dear friend Alice, a sister Laura and brothers Asa, Aaron and Osa all full of fun and Mrs. a dear, little, old lady who enjoyed it all and the old woolen mill was busy in those days. Mr. McCarthy had been killed in the mills before my time there--He was caught in some bitting and no one heard him in time and so he died from injuries and now there is so little left of "Village Creek". Just pleasant memories.

South Lansing

Just near the dyke was a large tannery owned by Mr. Cutting, then the flour mill owned by the Washburn Co. and run by Ed Ruth.

Across the street lived Mrs. Morrisy and son Frank and next a saloon run by Joe Hawe and Dennis Cullen. Then the lumber yard and our old home--back of our place, the Jesse Rose and the Cowan homes and a little to the north the home of Dr. Ranney--back of that were the homes of the Gamme's, Pete Banks and Freeland and across the ravine the old Paquette home there George Bryant the Whitney homes, Ed Coy, James and George Metcalf and the old Schorbert place. What was later the mill office of John Robson, was the Crard home (Helen Mixpeople) across that street were Vol Shaw, D.L. Shaw and the Wood families--D. L. and Loyd had a dry good store and Vol and the Wood families were in the saw mill business, my Uncle George Lyons was their bookkeeper.

The old flour mill owned by Washburn Co. and run by Ed Ruth. He was a quiet sturdy man was a widower with two children, a boy and a girl. About 1879 or 80, a big scandal struck Lansing, a really band of thieves-- stole from warehouses, etc. and the tannery was looted also the flour mill..... While everyone knew the thing was run by John Wagner, he had a good draying business with keys to every warehouse etc. Mr. Ruth was never seen again and about thirty years ago--a skeleton was found under the old foundation of the old flour mill and old timers felt sure it was Ed Ruth, and that he had been done away with by the gang. Levi Horne and James Lynch were made the goats and sent to the pen but were soon pardoned-- Maggie Rohan was coached by Dick Haney, just what to say. When she told him the facts he said "you are to answer my questions just so and so and it was all honorable and poor Mr. Horns and Lynch got the rap and Mr. Wagner went free. He left Lansing then--the atmosphere not so good.

The Old Walk Between South and North Lansing

And then Denny Rohan's blacksmith shop was a busy place in the old days. Then Hartbauer's next the old Union House run by the Drehers. Then we go west on the south side of Main St--first a livery stable then E. A. Blum. grocers and crockery next Dr. Ranney's drug store, on the ncorner the post office (2ndSt) and then a general store on the corner the post office (2d st) and then a general store by "Purdy and Sons", next the bank, and then Mrs. Kahler's store, John and Bryan Tully saloon McBay's general store. A saloon by Pete and Joe Wuest and Urmesbach. Then John Schinsel, boarding place also Mrs. Wuest kept boarders too. Then a barber shop a shoe store.

In most of these on the second floors were offices of Lawyers-- L. E. Fellows, Sam Kinne, Watt and Camp all identified with the original good old Lansing. The corner was called the Concert Hall Blk and the corner was "Bryant and Thorpe" shoe store a very lovely one--all of this block was destroyed by the fire in 18??. Mr. Bryant located on a farm near Waukon-- Mr. Thorpe died. Mrs. Thorpe was a daughter of R. P. Spencer a hardware merchant of Lansing's early days. Mr. Spencer was a brother of Spencer of the original wholesale firm here "Hibbard, Bartlett and Spencer".

The old house on the corner, finally became the Van Emberg place. Across the street

Books, Rohen & Hart

Main St, south side

Third St, a harness shop then John Farrell's (Coyles later) hotel.. Next Schach and Kennedy meat market, a general store and then Bookfinger and Boechemier wagon factory and blacksmith shop. On the corner the Kerndt department store by the old firm, the original Kerndt Brothers, natives of Germany and good business men and the best of citizens...

Further along were homes well set back in lovely yards of many flowers. The first was the Fuiks home, next Charlie Berglers, on the next corner the Old Farmer Home, across the street, the old John D Cole home, then down to the dear old stone school house. Mr. Coles was one of the best educated men of that time. His wife died, he had five daughters and one son.

Christy and James Dungan

On a beautiful little plateau above Heytman's were three farms--Christy Dungan, Pat Conway and John Garrity. The John Garrity place of my time had been the home of James Dungan, the house a very nice one had been built by him and he and his family had moved to Emmetsburg Iowa. He had been prosperous....

I was seventeen when I taught there and I boarded at Christy Dungsans. By climbing a rail fence and walking across a pasture shortened my walk considerably and so I did. John Garrity's pasture. Having taken the liberty a couple of times, Mr. Garrity met me and this is about what took place. By Mr. G-- "See here little girrul, see here, niver lit me catch you on my propirty agin for whin the fince needs fixing I'll not call on you to do the wörk." Needless to say, I never passed again.

Pat Conway was a jolly little Irishman with a fringe of red whiskers from ear to ear, making a circle between chin and neck. He drove to town in a lumber wagon and as I remember, stood up in the wagon box and usually danced a little jig. Of course it was on his way out of town and he sang and was happy.

Heytman's was a flag station on the CM&SP road there lived in a little log house "Peg Leg Powers" and his wife "Meg". I sometimes waited there for the train to Lansing and found plenty to amuse me. "Meg" had about ten hens all had names. They perched upon the flour barrel or the kitchen table or chairs and "Meggie" called them each hen by name. I was young then and so I got a big thrill from it all.

Christy Dungan lived in the most beautiful place--the view from up and down the wonderful Mississippi covered many miles. The bluff was high and a slide where wood was run down to the foot of the hill--In those days steamboats landed there and left empty barges to be filled and towed away the loaded one. Wood was the fuel used then.

Mr. and Mrs. Dungan and her mother comprised the family. Granny was of the firm belief that no one enjoy themselves...Life should be work, deprived of all amusement and be sure and pray plenty.

Mrs. Dungan and saved a weekly story paper for years, "The N.Y. Ledger". I found it all in order and she had the dates straight, so it was easy to read. She gladly let me have them and so after school each evening I started my story--that is 63 years ago and still I remember so well--the title of the story "Only a girl's heart" and the name of the heroine, "Gertrude Haddon the ferry man's daughter" and of course her lover was a nobleman, however, I never finished the story. One evening when I got home school, I looked for the story papers, all in vain-- I then asked Mrs. D what she had done with them and she knew nothing about them. So she turned to Granny and asked her if she knew where they were and then came the answer. "Troth and I burned them." So you see I never finished my story.... and Granny won out for no pleasure was allowed there. Mrs. Dungan said, "Mother, why did you?" and the answer was "Troth and I don't believe in such wasting of time." In later years, I figured that "Troth" meant "In Truth".

Squire (Bill) Sullivan and M. Rielly

Neighbors in the Russell district, and as often happened, a dispute about whose cows got into Bill's cornfield he finally sued Mr. Rielly-- claimed his cows were the guilty ones. The suit was tried in the old city hall and you may rest assured drew quite a crowd of trouble "fans" on both sides. The presiding justice turned to Mr. S-- and asked if he had a lawyer to conduct his claim, etc. Bill arose and addressed the court, "Your honor I am familiar with the law and able to handle my case." and so Mr. R. was put on the stand--"His cows had been well taken care of in a pasture and the bars closed." The question are you sure and how? Mr. R "Well the barn

and corn fields are "override" me dure and I would be sure to see them." Bill arose and claimed his right to question Mr. R. Bill-- "Mr. R. Maybe in Ireland you said "override" but we are in America and the proper word is "firninst"." The "fans" were delighted. Mr. Rielly won. Bill was far from popular. Court adjourned. Bill paid the costs and learned a lesson but didn't improve him.

James Dungan and Peter Jones

They were prosperous LaFayette farmers, and about 1870 moved to farms near Emmetsburg Iowa and continued to prosper. Aunt Kate Duffy knew them in the new homes. Both women indulged in new black silk dresses were very careful of them.

Going into any room they dusted the chair before sitting on it, and then lifted the dress and sat in the petticoat, no gamble.

Peter didn't like his wife's baking etc. and so bought a trunk with key and bought bread and his choice foods, also tea and locked them in his trunk-- let Elizabeth suit herself. So many funny stories of some of them, and all true.

Peter and Elizabeth were married in Ireland, came to St. Louis and were employed in one household--Elizabeth house maid and Peter coachman--he considered himself above her and would not allow her to recognize him. So one day the mistress found the bride crying and got the truth, Peter was given just one choice.

LaFayette Township Comfort Stations

Among the farmers, on their home ground were no "service" or rather "comfort" stations. And of course, the first insight of such places came to the child on going to school--back of each school house were two nice little houses one for the boys and one for the girls. I learned my first lesson in the Russell school--I was only seventeen years old, and the situation quite a delicate one. A six year old Danny Gavin made it very evident by his use of the playground that I should act and so I kept little Danny after school and took him out to the boys' house and thought I made it clear to him--the next Saturday, Old Dan came to town and stopped in front of our house and called "Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Lyons". Ma came in answer and this was the last word for me. "Mrs. Lyons I want to tell you that little girl of yours is too damn smart, she tried to get my little Danny to p--- in the cistern-- all my finesse lost and poor "Ma" so shamed for all the neighbors heard "Old Dan".

Comfort Stations

At that time, I am quite sure of only four. One at the old Froelich place, one at John Lambs, one at the Phillip Byrne and one at Grandpa Farley's old home.

Tim Russell Family (A Complex Family)

I think he and his family came to LaFayette about 1840. He had just married a widow--she had three children two daughters and a son, younger. Their names were Walsch and had come from Michigan. Tim and his wife had one child (Annie). Mrs. died shortly after and Tim married the widow Keenan--She had two children Mary and Larry Keenan and Tim one. Annie Russell as time went along the stork left seven more-- Kate, Joanna, John, Tim Jr., Dave, Nellie (Mrs. Cassidy) and Tom. Tim finally passed about 1881. Annie began to teach a country school and finally married a farmer from near New Albin and went to Nebraska to live on a farm (Mike Noonan). The rest of the family lived on, on the old place, had company, fixed a wash bench, a bucket of water, with a dipper, a wash basin it in and an oil cloth pinned on the wall divided and a new tooth brush for each member of the family.

One morning Joanna came down in time to see "Andy McGloughlin" making his toilet fixing his mustache with her toothbrush-- you can see what followed no one felt safe to use any of the supply and so Andy had his choice of seven. This outfit was on a lean on the back of the kitchen. Mrs., Joanna, Tim Jr., Dave, and Tom went to N. Da in 1892. ? married and died in Marion Iowa. Nellie married Dick Cassidy and died several years ago and Dick too has gone. Just two are left-- Tom and Joanna.

Sam Kinney (lawyer)

Mr. and Mrs. Kinney came in the early times from New York-- both of them college educated and cultured people-- had three children Libby, Charles and Sam Jr. Libby graduated from one of the best known schools on the Hudson and came back to Lansing and her parents....in demand in social doings he was a state senator and very much welcome throughout the state....

Capt. Hemingway

A captain in the Civil War when it was over he returned and had with him a young Negro called by everyone "Nigger Doc". Capt. Hemmingway married Martha Haney. Had four daughters and one son--One daughter died about ten years ago the remaining three Fanny, Busie and Martha live in the old home on north River street, much of the land along there belonged to the old Haney men, acquired by them directly from the Indians--The only son Sam lives near Cedar Falls, Iowa. Capt. Hemmingway was elected mayor of Lansing and the big job was the putting in of the artesian well. The deep excavation down Main st. and Capt. Hemmingway was in the bottom when it caved in and he was crushed and died. He was well liked by everyone and of course was a war hero. That was in 1876. "Nigger Doc" longed for his own

people and so later located in Dubuque. Many from Lansing have seen him there. Always honest and respected. His name was Daniel Rober.

Dick Haney

The hotel was owned by Dudley D. Dee and he had a very beautiful daughter - "Roxey". Dick and Rosie were married and finally located in Peirre, S. Da. He prospered and finally made judge of the supreme court....

Mr. Watt (a lawyer)

Each year when Jack Frost finished his work on the good Mississippi and a solid ice cover over all, a road was marked across the frozen river-- southeast just below the old flour mill, then through the islands, to the foothills of Wisconsin joining the road to Ferryville all told about eleven miles. Mary Mew walked it and so Mr. Watt and Mr. Steelsmith walked to Ferryville made the trip alright and in the afternoon started back, when in the island part, a sudden violent blizzard came up and so blinded the men that they lost their way and became separated. Early next morning Mr. Steelsmith reached Lansing and told the news--a searching party went out and later they found the frozen body of Mr. Watt--another road across the river to De Soto a distance of about five miles was often the gay sleighride, party ending in a dance hall in De Soto--good old times-- The promoters of these parties were usually Mary Healy and Maggie Haw.

Conways of Iowa Township

Mr. and Mrs. Neal Conway and family two daughters and three sons. Mary (Mrs. Ryder) married and lived in N. Da. When quite an old woman she was murdered in her home and it went into the unsolved crimes...Ellen, then John, Dan and James. John edited a paper in Kansas....Dan an all right farmer and Jim a lawyer lived all his life in Lansing. A good man and a good citizen. His wife was Nellie McCafferty and they had one son...

McCafferty of the Four Mile House

Four miles west of Lansing "The Four Mile House". Home of the McCafferty family and an old time tavern, a popular place and of good standing. Mr. and Mrs. Mc one son, Antone, four daughters Eunice (Mrs. Billy Flemming) Mary a nun spent her life in the convent in LaCrosse, Rose who lived all her life in Lansing, she and Antone lived for years in the old "Farmers Home" on Main St. Nellie the youngest married Jim Conway and died young-- she and her husband were of the best people.

James and George Metcalf Families

James and family settled in Lansing in 1866 came from Ohio-- he bought the old "Lansing Mirror" and published it for years--later moved to Washington D.C. where he filled an important position in the US mail dept-- had three sons and one daughter.

George Metcalf, his mother, and a brother John came to Lansing in May 1872, just before the R.R. entered Lansing-- They had to leave the train at Columbus and come the last span on a ferry boat--he was a very interesting person to visit with and had a wonderful memory and loved to tell of the old days. He published the "Mirror" after James went east. Later he sold to the Dunlevy Brothers and it was merged into the Allamakee Journal.

George Metcalf had a family of three sons and one daughter. The daughter Edna lives in Boston, as a girl and woman I always loved her. George Jr. still lives in Lansing. Herbert and Walter died suddenly in Des Moines. Edna, Herbert and George Jr. had been pupils of mine in the old court house.

The Godfrey Family

Had been our neighbors and friends as far back as my memory runs. Mr. G-- was from New England and had many of the old Puritan practices. He was very interesting and when we were young we spent many evenings with them. Mr. G-- made us a ouigi board and he was great at tipping the table and playing spirit sapping. He told us of life in N England when they were young and the country teacher "boarded around". A young man named Hughes was very clever and put different ones into trances. Mr. G had a sister that was the best medium--Hughes was finally sent out of the country and went to France. He was finally exiled from there and just recently I've read of him and I failed to keep the article-- He died in exile many years ago. Mrs. G was a baptist and so a few times we had the river ceremony-- We children loved it plenty of noise--we gathered at the river in front of the old Van Emborg crossing and how we did sing. Sweet memories

Jesse Rose and Family

Lived in the house that later was the home of the James Guider family, our good neighbors. Well Jessie and Jane jogged along together until past middle life and then Jesse fell in love and wanted a divorce. Jane gave it to him, as she wanted to see him happy. Sometime previous Jesse had suffered an almost fatal attack of double hiccoughs. Jane was then his wife and all conceded that it was her care and nursing that saved him. So now on this second attack, he didn't have Jane. The doctors gave up and Jesse called for Jane to come to him and Jane answered the call and Jesse recovered and Jane went about her business. The Rose family was of several branches, all finally moved to Wis east of DeSota.

The Howard Family (written in 1947)

Mr. Mrs. Tim, Bridget, Tom, Mike, Mary Ann, Nellie and Johnnie. They were the most progressive of the farmers in LaFayette Township. Tim was drowned when he tried to save young Jimmie Fuiks, both were lost. Tim was lost by the little boy clinging to him. The Howards were of the finest, in appearance and manners and honor. Mrs. was very proud of her appearance and dressed well ahead of LaFayette woman's styles.

Tim Madden

Was old fashioned, he never drove a team of horses, came to town regularly walking along beside his yoke of oxen with his whip in hand and the old gee haw. We, as children, loved to see him come. He and wife and one daughter made the family. Mrs. Guider (James) was the only child, she was our good neighbor for many years. The best hearted and kindest of woman and made the most wonderfully good bread. Seven children in the family, four boys and three girls. All the boys are alive and live in Minneapolis. Just Margaret, of the girls is left.

South Lansing

About the center of it was the old court house. In the early days of Allamakee Co. Lansing was the county seat and the court house built in S. Lansing; some years later the politicians of Waukon, made a night raid on the court house and stole all books, etc. and ever after, Waukon was the county seat and owing to its central location in the county, it really was the more practical place.

The old "court house" became the public school. (my first school) entered there in 1870 and my first teacher was Frankie Shaw (Mrs. George Markley). Teachers before that were two Miss Wolcotts and Perry Darling. Later and ones that I remember were Mary Ann McGarrity (Mrs. McGovern); Kate McGarrity (Mrs. Daugherty); Sis Kelleher (Mrs. Thornton Dr's wife); Emma Jackson, Alice Duffy of Waukon, all loved by us all.

Later sister Annie and I taught in the old well-loved "court house". An open space in front where we played. Lumber piles, where we played "House", south of our playground on the street, was Mr. Levi Horne's saloon, an orderly and respectable place and on the north border, Mr. Bequette's saloon and grocery. He was the last word "within the law" was a frenchman, couldn't read or write.

When a bill of goods was delivered to him, he would call some school child and read over and check the list with him, I often was honored, and my reward would often be a basket of apples or something good, all pleasant memories of Mr. Bequette.

Next house was Mrs. Murphy, had a record as having been married seven times, all perfectly legal. Murphy died and all six followed by divorce.

Next was the Charles Gadsby home, then Mrs. Martha Ruth Buschnell, a sister of James Ruth, long time postmaster and off the street next, the Coard home, later, the office of John Robson, lumberman and the seat in Lansing history of the first "flush toilet" and I feel sure that 1/4 of the population called within a few days to see how it would be to push the button.

Our nearest neighbor, just north of us, John Degnan a G.A.R. Next the old Scandinavian hotel, to the back yard a large barn. Boarding families, a farmers refuge. We often watched loads of hay being forked into the loft. There was a weighing place.

In front of the barn one day a German farmer had his load weighed, then drove to the unloading place, the load tipped over and when the hay came down with it was the old woman. She was hidden in the load, a big woman nearly 200 pounds. That made a page in the "Police Gazette", a very highly pictured paper, published in N. Y. The old couple's name was Hupp.

The next owner of the old hotel was Mrs. Monroe. Her daughter, Mrs. L. Bels(?) eloped with Pete Banks (our neighbor). Banks had a wife and three little girls. Mrs. Bels(?) had a husband and (Supt E... and a small boy, Loren he married Lottie Barthold). The eloping pair finally settled in California. In later years, Loren visited his mother. He said she had been happy and Loren had no hard feelings. He admired her.

Along the Street

The old Kinney boarding house one son, he spent some time in college which made him quite outstanding and good for little, then near the end of the street the Haas Brewery, in those days, a very lovely resort. A variety of birds in cages, squirrels, etc. and lovely plants, palms and flowers. Tables where people sat around and enjoyed their beer. That was all lost during the first prohibition about 1881 and it never came back.

On the north side of Main St all were homes until you reached the Reith Hardware. The old Methodist church still stands and on the corner, Tom Bakewell's home, it was lovely in the long ago--built and the home of G. W. Hayes, a grain buyer, later he moved to Waukon--for some years it was run down, then bought and lived in by Hrs. Hensler and family. She moved to LaCrosse and the house went bad again until Tom Bakewell bought it. I understand it is now for sale.

North Lansing

At that time, a small shabby frame church on the street back of the Catholic buildings now so lovely and up to date, was all so poor and heavily in debt. Fr. Haxmier arrived and he was only twenty-three years old but full of energy and a good business man.

In a very short time, the old debts were cleared and by degrees he built all the fine buildings now owned by the church and he always worked hard.

In the old days were several churches of different denominations-- Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist and now just one federated church still a Norwegian Lutheran and a German Presbyterian stays on East of Reiths--first the Pape store.

James Ruth

A Captain in the Civil War, his folks were early settlers. One of his sisters was Maria, Mrs. Robert Angell; and the other, Mrs. Bushnell. He had no brothers, was a good citizen and respected by all was postmaster for several years and later when politics made a change he was immediately elected to a county office. He was married and had two sons, Walter and Jamie. Walter died in young manhood and later Jamie moved to Cal and I am quite sure he has passed on. Mr. and Mrs. both moved and spent their last days in Cal or really came back and are buried in Lansing. They were of the best people. Later on, Mr. Ruth was in the clothing business in partnership with Herman Bosch.

John Cooney

Lived near Wexford, Mrs. Cooney was a sister of Mrs. John Bohrer, Sr. The Cooney's had no family, but Mr was busy keeping track of all the neighbors and people living or coming into LaFayette Township. John made it his business to find our all about them. He usually did his travels on horseback and if possible, he drove right into your house. Nothing sensitive about him and a new priest was well advertised by him in a short time. He was a harmless man, but not a very helpful one. Just a busybody or gossip.

John Lamb and James Curran (Written in 1946)

It was way back when Mr. Lamb settled in LaFayette Centre, built quite a nice house, barns and a comfort station. The comfort station caused much fun in the community and Mr. Lamb was referred to as the "Tony Man". He passed away and Mrs. Lamb and brother, James Curran, continued living there and farming it and now two of Mr. Curran's sons, Jack and Will, live there. Mr. Curran married Anne Guider and they raised a family of ten children, eight of them still living. Mr. Curran was a very religious man and when he prayed, it was quite a noisy petition, groans and pounding his breast, you could hear all through the house. Mrs. Lamb, Mr. Lamb and Mr. Curran were born in Ireland. Mr. C claimed he was born the "year of the big wind".

Guider Families and Pat Ryans

The older generation consisted of four brothers and two sisters: John, Dan Michael and James. Sisters were Mrs. Pat Ryan and Paul Feeley. The Feeley family left LaFayette many years ago. Pat Ryan and wife spent their lives on the old homestead and the farm was always a prosperous one. It is now owned by a grand-daughter and her husband. The Ryans had six sons and two daughters, all thrifty and honorable people and all died quite young: Nick, Mike, John W., Pat, Ed, and Dan; daughters Mary Ellen and Margaret (Mrs. Ben Byrne) her husband died in 1918. A baby girl died in infancy and a son, Joe, in 1925. Mrs. Byrne died the same year and five children survive and all live in, or near, Chicago. Mary Ellen Ryan (Mrs. Joe Bohrer) died in 1892 and left two young children, Mayme and Harry. Mayme (Mrs. Mark Dunlevy) died in October 1918 and left an infant baby boy, Tommy. He is now in the Army service and Harry Bohrer lives in Chicago.

John Guider and family lived near John Lamb. The children: Michael, W. M. (Bill), Mrs. Annie Curran and Maggie. A young son, John, died of spinal meningitis and Maggie was left with eyesight forever gone. Michael married Annie Byrne and lived on the old home place, later moved to Lansing and died there. had two daughters, Margretta and Mayme. All left Lansing many years ago and for a time lived in Montrose, S. D. W.M. (Bill) married Lucina Byrne and have lived all the years in Lansing. Married May 15, 1888 and in May 1938 we enjoyed helping celebrate their "Golden Wedding". They are both quite well and still enjoy their home and friends. "Maggie" lived to be nearly 80 and the good fortune to be well cared for in the home with Bill and Lucina--Margretta and Mayme had a sister, Lucina, she passed away long ago and left one young daughter and husband. Lived in S. D.

Dan Michael and James Guider

Dan Guider was married twice. His first family, Will, James, Mary Ellen, Annie Marie, and Mike. His wife died when Mike was a baby and he married Lucy Hurm, they were a grand couple. Their hospitality was well known and enjoyed by many. Kate Tully is the oldest of the family and lives in Chicago, her husband died several years ago.

Mick Guider died very early and left two daughters and one son: Mollie, Maggie and Patsy. All passed away years ago.

James Guider family, Mrs. was Bridget Madden. They had seven children: Frank, John, Kate, Gertrude, Margaret, Joe and George. The sons are all living and well to do and all live in Minneapolis. Kate and Gertrude have gone these many years. All good people and good neighbors.

Mullarkey Families

In the long ago, two families Owen and Ed were the heads of the families and each had a large family. The Ned children were pupils of mine when I taught in the little school in the German settlement: The Stibers, Roggensachs, Luths, Wurths, Mullarkeys and Howards. The Ned Mullarkey and they were fine people. Mr. and Mrs. Mullarkey were big hearted and would

share with their friends. When they came to settle in LaFayette a bride and groom, they walked all the way from Garnavilla and carried their clothes in the old fashioned carpet bags. Their wealth small but their hopes and spirits high. The Owen Mullarkey family was older and I don't remember them so well.

Mr. and Mrs. John Broderick

Of Columbus, their home was near the old saw mill and they cultivated a large garden and I am quite sure did a market garden business.

They had a small, light wagon and one horse and made daily trips to town. Always tended to business their "once a week" was celebrated every Saturday night; and when ready to go home, we were amused at the weekly argument. They would drive a short distance and then "whoa" The horse stopped and both climbed out to settle the driving qualities of either one thought the other not fit. Then they climbed up and in and after a short drive the performance was repeated. It was a tame affair and they always made the home base. Later they moved to LaCrosse and passed away there.

The Orphans Deserted, Candler the Real Name

Mr. Candler's wife died of Yellow Fever in New Orleans and he married again. There were three children, two young girls and a little boy about three years old. They came to Wexford and took possession of a log cabin there near the Heatley home. No one knew when, but Mr. and Mrs. left and the three children were alone.

After some days, Will Heatly, a young boy heard cries in the cottage, went in and saw the poor children. So he told his folks and the news spread. The neighbors took charge. The little boy died. Nothing was ever heard of the pair who fled and Mr. Owen Sullivan of Paint Rock took the two girls. A neighbor (Mr. Degnan) helped and so they had a home. Later Anne, the older, married John Degnan (no relation of the good neighbor) they were our neighbors. Ellen worked in Prairie DuChien and so they lived to be quite old. Mr. and Mrs. D are buried in Lansing.

John Mobley

Belonged to a prosperous family of Dubuque. He was township assessor....There was a family of two daughters and I think four sons....Anne was the oldest and a school teacher many years, in Lansing and later in McGregor....Mattie died many years ago and I don't know how the brothers fared.

Nimrakers

An old German couple, as I remember, had five daughters, one of them lived in Algona, Ia. The others: Mrs. Kennedy whose husband was a partner of Jake Schach in the meat and later sold his partnership to Mr. Schach and the Kennedy family moved to Algona. Mrs. Wuest, wife of Peter who, with Joe Urmsbach ran a saloon on Main Street known as Pete and Joe's Place. Mrs. Urmsbach was a sister and Mrs. Moritz Kerndt made up the five.

After the big fire, the saloon was not rebuilt and the Wuests went to Sioux Falls and started a cigar factory. Mr. Urmsback built again but did not resume business. Mrs. Urmsback did a little notion business and magazines. She sold the place to George Metcalf, Sr. and it is still a newstand with new proprietors. Em Urmsback lives alone in a cozy cottage on west Main St. The only member of the family left.

The Holmes Family

Mr. was Oliver Wendel Holmes of the authors family, came from the east and settled on a farm near Village Creek. He was of puritan stock, but married an Irish Catholic girl, Miss Trainon. They had a family of four sons and three daughters. Mrs. brought all up in her religion. Mr. passed away first and he was buried on a strip just touching the catholic cemetery and Mrs. buried at the edge. Deville is the only member living. Edward Julson is a grandson, his mother was Minne Holmes. Eva Holmes was Mrs. Clark, died very young, left a good husband, who cared for his young family in his best way. They made their home in Waukon.

The Gaunitz Family

The old home was near "Thompsons Corner". Prosperous farmers, Herman married Mary Jackson and came to Lansing and went into the grocery business and was a success accommodating had a big business in the boat business, made the boat calls at any time, day or night. Later his brother, Ferd, joined him his wife was Anne Barthold. Two sons, Earnest and Harold, still live in Lansing. Will Gaunitz stayed on the farm, married a Steiber girl, good German farmers. I used to know all of them and all of the many Steibers. Herman Gaunitz was great, he came to our place and helped "Ma" make sauerkraut. When Ferd came into the business, Nettie Conkey and I made sure to call on him and buy candy, he'd get all confused and Nettie and I reaped the benefit. Herman's daughter, Gertie, Mrs. Metcalf, lives in Des Moines and Hermir in St. Paul.

Captain Bascom Family

He was of the Civil War. Won his way by work and Merit and was always called Captain Bascom. Had a wife....Had two daughters, Image Bascom Fowler, Abert and Adah Fuller a granddaughter. A daughter, Ada Bascom Corne. All very charming and had many friends. Mrs. Albert is now about 92 years old. Mrs. Corne passed away several years ago and if living would be only 74 now. Both daughters were very good looking.

The Thomas Family

Mr. Thomas first wife died and he had two children, George and Mattie. George was brilliant and full of fun, but never very well. He died young. Mattie married Dr. Green of Dubuque, of the best practice and lived there most of the years until he retired. Mrs. died about six years ago, a daughter, Lois, lives in Urbana. I knew them all years ago. Dr. Green was our doctor in Dubuque and Mrs. a teacher in Lansing High School.

The second family of Thomas: Adah, Frank, Ben and Anne. Frank was drowned in an accident in the island sloughs. He and the minister were helpless when their boat turned over. Adah (Mrs. L. Elmandorf) passed away recently in Cal. Our good friends, Ben and wife, on the six of Oct, celebrated their golden wedding. I was not able to go but I've received two good reports from Fanny and a sister, Anne Thomas Taylor who lives in Waukon.

The Kemble Family

The first owner of the store was George Kemble, he had no family. John joined him here in the early days, married Miss Morgan, had a family of five children: Fanny, John, Will, Emma and Ralph. Mrs. Kemble died long ago. Mr. lived to be over ninety, died in Ralph's home in Minneapolis and was buried in beautiful "Oak Hill" in Lansing. All the children are living. Fanny, Mrs. B. F. Thomas, and husband, Ben, have lived here about 20 years (Chicago).

Mose and John Verdon

Settled first near Oil Spring, south of Wexford. A real settlement of French people: Martelles, Cotas, Verdons, LaTronche and others all very French and some of them of Indian mixture. The two Verdons married Mary and Magdalena Martelle and later moved to Columbus. We knew them well and liked them. Mose was killed by an accident in the saw mill (all at his family's expense), no accident insurance in those days.

LaPoints and Goebels

Mrs. LaPoint was a sister of the LaTronche men and claimed to be a "quarter breed". All these French were very fond of "pa", he spoke their language. After he passed away, they often came to see us. They all called "Ma", Mrs. Jim.

Mrs. Goebel was a daughter of Mrs. La Point. Her father had passed away and Mrs. married La Point. There were five La Point children: Esther, Lizzie, Josephine, Charles and Platoon, all gone ahead. They lived across from the mill office. Mr. La Point lived to be more than a hundred years old.

Nelson Family

Came to Lansing from a farm. Mr. Julius Nelson was the head of the family and a good citizen and was always interested and helpful with the south Lansing school. Fought for our rights in keeping the school in the old court house. The family consisted of John, Uriah, Julius, Will and Bert, the three last named were pupils of mine and I'll always remember Julius as the best in intellectual arithmetic of any one I ever had charge of. He was fine but not all aggressive, consequently, was never heard from. Uriah has two sons in California, one a lawyer and the other a doctor. Have been consulted by the Whitneys and Nettie Silberberg and they speak highly of them.

The Whitney Family

Our friends and neighbors and always our good companion, went through eight grades in school together--Nellie (Mrs. Merritt) then Grant, Alice, the youngest (Mrs. James Gerber) she passed away nearly a year ago, and so ended a long, long and pleasant friendship. We met at all the old time "Home Comings" and were as happy to be together as in the old days of the old "Court House" school days. Mr. Whitney was a carpenter and contractor and lived in Galena, Ill. When Civil War started, enlisted and went to Fort Sheridan. Was there employed in the construction of barracks and officer's quarters. He was a captain and they had all been neighbors and friends of the Grant family in Galena and Mrs. Whitney always felt the wonderful distinction.

Schierholz

....had a grocery store on the south side of Main next to the Thomas Bank....Mrs. was Mattie Shaw and a fine woman....

Brockhausen, Nielanders and Brockhausen

An old and solid company, a general store, and had lovely homes Nielanders on Centre St and Brockhausen on River St. both with most beautiful flower gardens and the wives were sisters and they were sisters of Schierholz....Nielanders had three daughters and one son, Harry. Harry lives in Spring Valley, Minn and is a very fine man. He married Else, a daughter of Robert Hufschmidt....

Bates, Lansing House

Joe Bates, proprietor of the old hotel "The Lansing House". The family-- Mr and Mrs. Bates, Mr. Bates' mother, Carl, his brother, Joe Jr. a son and

a daughter, Lily. It was a good hotel and they loved good horses, always well groomed, an open carriage and Joe Jr. made quite a show in it.

....two boudy houses

Just outside of town, one just south of Columbus near the turn as you drove up Kerr Whalen's hill and the other, around the point on the road to Village Creek. Near the old hop yard, one young man delighted in getting the good people excited by taking the gay ladies in turn for a drive, all flashily dressed. He also led a gang of young toughs and called themselves the "dirty six" and made a lot of noise and were after all, quite harmless.

Mrs. Irvin

She and two sons lived on second st on the east side in the block, south of the Cooper home....

Early Members of the Lyons and Farley Families

(descriptions written by MLS)



"Anne Warrington Lyons my grandmother--her father was General Warrington & she married James W Lyons, in opposition to her family's wishes--they never forgave her. James Lyons was a lieutenant in the British army and was regimental band master of Queen Victoria's crack regiment. They raised a large family and lived in army quarters all their married life--grandmother and grandfather planned to come to U.S. as soon as he retired from the army--Several of their family had located in New Orleans & as they set out on their long journey the old slow sailing vessel--grandmother took sick & when they reached N.O. she was unconscious and died in the home of her daughter Anne Boubet. As you see this picture was taken after her death."

"Grandfather, father, Aunt Mary and Uncle George rented for a time in the country* Pa and Uncle George taught country school and later Uncle George was book keeper for the "Wood Lumber Co" in Lansing. They were all fond of, and good musicians which made them popular and life was gay for awhile--then one Saturday night as Uncle George was on his way to spend the weekend at Aunt Mary's a sudden storm--his boat, a skiff capsized & he was drowned. He was burdened with a crude metal extension frame under his shoe. He was lame the fixture was fastened by 3 straps and buckles--When his body was found, two were undone and the third held him to die. Grandfather didn't long survive--Aunt Mary was married to Charlo LaTronche. She died while young of lung fever."

*outside Lansing



Julia Farley Lyons

born: County Cavan, Ireland
September 27, 1839

died: Oak Park, Illinois
March 18, 1926

(picture taken in Dubuque, Iowa, about 1900)



James Lyons

born: County Tipperary, Ireland
March 21, 1838

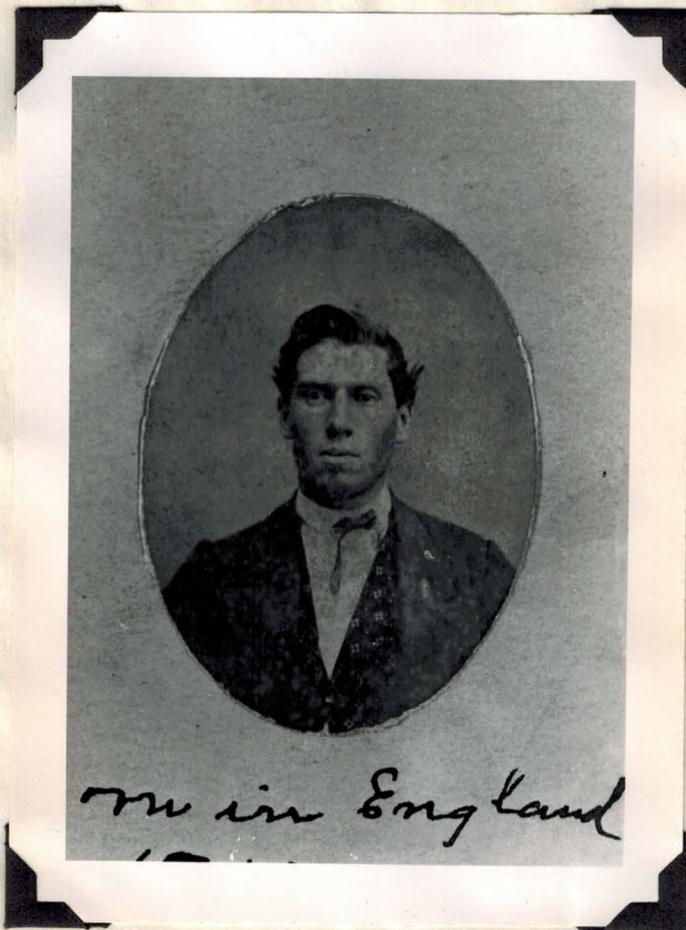
died: South Lansing, Iowa
January 26, 1874



"Aunt Anne Lyons (Mrs Boubet) of New Orleans, a society woman and very domineering. She and uncle Joe came north on a visit. he was about 15 years old & had all the country boys lined up as followers of Huckleberry Finn--The country side was glad to see them leave. That was shortly before the "Civil War" The day of Pa's funeral the children got hold of several pictures and scratched them. They were the old fashioned daguerreotype"



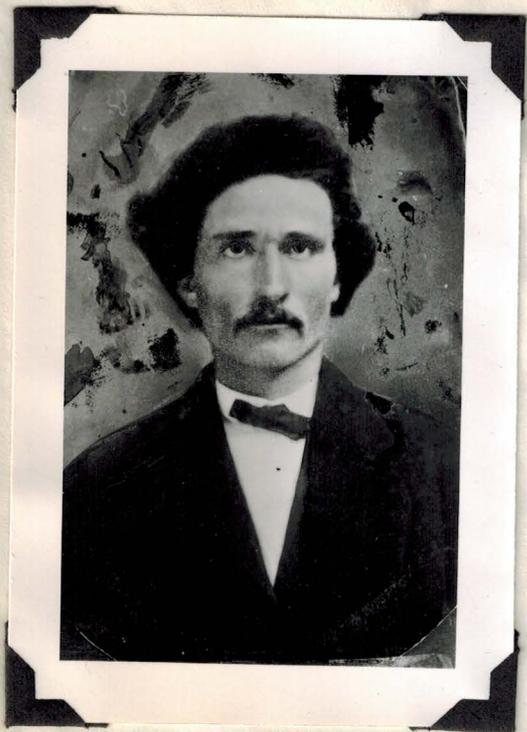
"Aunt Kate Lyons (Mrs Fulford) lived in New Orleans never saw the north lived her last years in Cuba & died there--Uncle William was the oldest of the Lyons family and a successful architect in New O was married and had a large family"



"Uncle Henry Lyons came north on a visit after the "Civil War". he had spent the full time in the army enlisted in the union army and his sister Anne, Mrs Boubet through the British ambassador had him taken out and almost immediately he reenlisted under the name of Henry Frost & served all through the war--He visited our family at the close of it. I was an infant & he was my "god father". Ma said, he learned to bless himself on his way to the church (Wexford) He was born in England in 1840"



"Uncle Joe and Aunt Mollie he was the youngest of the Lyons family & made his home with Aunt Anne & They made a visit to the Wexford country & the neighbors all were up in arms over his leadership of the country boys and made them follow the pattern of Hickleberry Finn--all were glad to see them leave. She had a colored maid with her & on leaving persuaded Aunt Mary to leave her husband but later she (Aunt Mary) returned to him & died a few years later of lung fever"



"Uncle Peter Farley* "Ma's" only brother & he went with the rest of her family by covered wagon for the west in 1872 and that was the last of them. I was 7 years old but I remember all so well--He died a few years later of pneumonia"

** married Mary Doyle, sister to Jim Doyle of Lansing*



"Aunt Kate Farley Duffy taken in 1872 just before they went west, by covered wagon route. Went to O'Brien county. Aunt Kate & husband Uncle Frank, and twin babies Uncle Frank died of pneumonia in 1878 & she was left with five children, later lost her home & went to Montrose, S D & later back to Lansing."