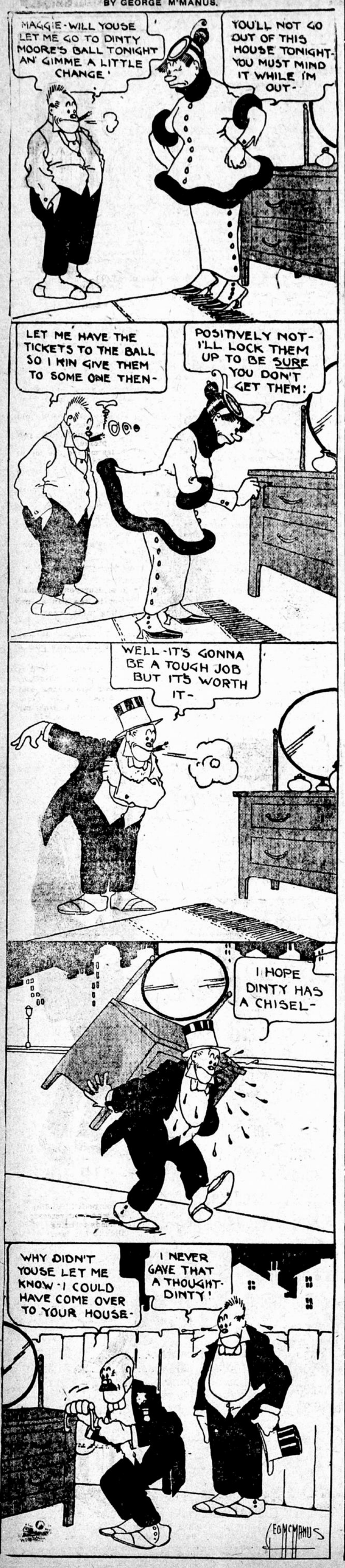
BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GEORGE M'MANUS.



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THEY OUT YIELD THE LATE VARIETIES IN EVERY TEST

That early oats excel the later variety, both as to yield and as to quality, is the conclusion arrived at as the result of experiments carried on by the extension department of Iowa State college and the Community Improvement association of New Providence.

All the varieties of earlier oats ripened earlier, yielded higher and tested better than the later varieties. There was a difference of 20¾ bushels between the yield per acre of the best of the early variety and the best yield of the late variety. The early kinds stood up well when cut, while the later varieties were badly lodged. The field on which these oats were sown was seeded to clover. When the crop was cut early there was an excellent stand of grass, but where the oats remained longer on the ground and were badly lodged there was a very poor stand of clover.

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For Sale

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Farm Property For Sale

FOR SALE—5 DUROC JERSEY FALL boars. Weight about 100 lbs. Two miles north of Douds. Elmer Park.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY DAYS IN SOUTHEASTERN IOWA

Mrs. Frank Thrall, regent of the D. A. R., Elizabeth Ross chapter, at the last meeting read a paper compiled by her mother, Mrs. George Fatherson, who resides near Mt. Sterling. Today The Courier is publishing the article in full, following a brief sketch of the writer's life.

Mrs. George Fatherson was the daughter of John and Matilda Phillips and was born in Alexandria, Ohio, May 13, 1835. In 1840 with her parents and other members of her family she came to the then territory of Iowa, near Mt. Sterling, where Mr. Phillips had purchased a farm. This trip from Ohio was made via canal boat, river boats, etc. to Keokuk and then overland consuming twenty-one days. Mr. Phillips had preceded his family to this farm and erected a home for them. Mrs. Fatherson says her recollection of early school days in Iowa was attending school in an immense log school house near her home. The desks in this building were wide board shelves all around the walls, supported by long pegs driven into the wells and the seats were benches made of hewn slabs. Later she was one of the pupils of Father Daniel Lane in Keosauqua. He was one of the famous Iowa band of Congregational ministers who came into Iowa from the east to teach and preach. Mrs. Fatherson was a pioneer teacher for many years, in the day when teachers boarded about with their pupils. She later taugh several terms (before and during the civil war) in northern Missouri and southern Iowa. Sympathy ran high and sometimes it was a problem to prevent war in the school room.

In 1867 she and George Fatherson were marred. Mr. Fatherson owned a farm adjoining the Phillips farm. Later they bought this farm and one adjoining it which is now registered as the Forest Grove farm in memory of the days when they were all one big forest. At this time some portions of this old forest is kept in good condition, and here on this old home farm Mrs. Fatherson has lived for seventy-five years. Mrs. Fatherson's recollections follow:

When I was a child of four years we came to Van Buren county, in 1840. The county was primitive and the buildings, fences, roads, etc. very crude. The homes mostly consisted of one room—or at most two room log cabins, with hand split boards for roofs, with heavy poles laid on top to hold the roof in place, split puncheon for floors, and happy was the family who could boast of one or two glass windows; instead most people had oiled cloth or oiled paper for windows. The fences were made of split rails, laid up in zig-zag way called snake fence or rail fence. The roads were mere paths or trails leading from one point to another by the most direct lines, or over land where nature afforded the least resistance in the way of hills, or streams to cross—this must be done by fording (driving through the water) or by crossing on a log with a rude hand rail along the side. If from any cause, as very high water, these ways of crossing were not practical, the people necessarily stayed, each on his own side of the stream, except in winter, when an ice bridge was available. Most of the heavy teaming and hauling was done at this time. Oxen were commonly used for heavy work.

At this time there were many Indians roaming over the broad prairies and camping along the streams, and their deep worn trails were much in evidence. It was their habit to pass from place to place in single file, no matter whether there were few or many of them. It is one of my most vivid memories of my childhood, seeing a colony of them moving over a trail that passed across my father's land. Sometimes from 50 to 100 of them, all moving with a uniform silent, rather stately movement that looked not like so many individuals, but like one long animated object, one living line. This way of moving from place to place, for ages perhaps, accounts for the deep paths or trails that in early days threaded the prairies of this and other counties. I remember one of these trails extending across part of Van Buren county, Iowa and Scotland county, Missouri, to my personal knowledge and that of my father's family, from near Stockport, leading in a southwesterly direction, crossing the Des Moines at a rocky shallow, a short distance below Keosauqua, thence to Memphis, Mo. This trail crossed a portion of my father's farm now known as the Fatherson or Forest Grove farm. Another trail crossed the river near Farmington, Iowa, leading from some—to me—unknown place east of that point, to Bloomfield and beyond, perhaps to the Missouri river. This trail led very nearly along the Waubonsie automobile trail. These trails had the appearance

MRS. GEORGE FATHERSON

of having been used for many, many years. The continual use had worn away the tough sod to a depth of several inches and a width of perhaps only one foot, over a length of many miles. Along these trails were camping places, where game was plentiful, or where nuts and berries or other supplies were easily obtained. In these camps great activity was evident, as the tribe men brought in game and fur animals. The women prepared the meat by a quick drying process called "gerting" for future use. They also cured the skins for the fur markets, at the Indian agency a few miles away, now called Agency City.

In thinking over events of that period when Indians were everywhere, I have no remembrance of any feeling of fear of their harming us in any way, or of ever seeing them in any way made reckless or dangerous by the use of firewater (whisky). They were perfectly harmless and free from treachery in this vicinity.

Such cannot be said, however, of the hordes of whites—made up of many shrewd native adventurers with a following of credulous admirers, and hordes of ignorant, hoodwinked foreigners of every land and nation and tribe and tongue, that literally poured westward over this region at the time and after the expulsion of the Mormons from Nauvoo, and other points in Illinois. Accustomed as we now are to the beautifully equipped railroad car, the carriage and buggies of late type and the thousands of elegant automobiles, the areoplanes, etc., that are used to convey us from place to place, it would be impossible for the young of this generation to conceive any idea of that heterogeneous mass of vehicles and teams that conveyed that seemingly unorganized, conglomerate mass of frenzied humanity across these so recently peaceful prairies. It was as if yesterday this accumulated group was living in and about Nauvoo, apparently in peace, but really over a very volcano, as would naturally be the case when we know that their means of support (at that time) was openly vaunted to be that "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the cattle on a thousand hills are his. We are the Lord's chosen people, and he has brought us into our own." This doctrine openly put into practice was a mistake, and was too much for those hard working sturdy Illinois, eastern Iowa and Missouri pioneers. So they too, organized and got busy to rid themselves of these people. History tells how they succeeded. But it perhaps remains only in the memory of a few pioneers scattered here and there along the westward path of that Mormon exodus. Their vehicles were of every type from a very few heavy carriages of the old type, to the prairie schooner, the farm wagon, the hastily made truck of two or four odd wheels, and even a sled or drag and wheelbarrow, the two latter hauled or pushed by human hands, as a rude baby carriage. The other vehicles were hauled by horses, mules, oxen, cows, and a few by goats and dogs. This is no fancy sketch. My recollection runs back distinctly and clearly to that time, and as the trail over which those infatuated people fled from their indignant pursuers, ran across a portion of my father's farm and for miles in sight of our home, the whole scene comes very vividly to my memory. I have seen at one time as many as two hundred or more of these nondescript vehicles, with their equally nonedescript teams and burdens, threading their way slowly westward in one long line, with much the general appearance of the long single file of the Indians of an earlier day, but causing much more uneasiness and alarm among the settlers. Then the camping time was dreadful. The whole colony seemed to be directed by a few bosses, who made themselves heard more by their vehement cursing and brutal fault finding, than by any attempt to help or show those poor people how to do what was expected of them.

I well remember the private car of Brigham Young, then one of the twelve apostles of Mormonism. This private car was a large spring wagon with a wide bed or platform surmounted and surrounded with a continuous padded seat, and other aristocratic accessories. This was drawn by six large mules, and in it rode the redoubtable Brigham and his numerous (wife)—about eight of them I believe, and (her) respective progeny.

The only consolation offered the settlers with regard to the depredations of these roving people, was that they did not stay long in one place, for the settlers saw to it that they had the constant idea impressed on them that they mus move on, and they did. So the country here was soon free of them. Wherever they camped—whether for a day or more, some of their zealous men would visit the near by homes in a—to them missionary spirit—to urge their doctrine upon the people, and they often became so insistent as to threaten vengeance if their arguments were repelled or treated lightly. I well remember of one stalwart foreigner standing in the door of my father's house after a heated argument with my mother. Wtih his arm lifted high over his head and his eyes gleaming with excitement and zeal, he exclaimed in a loud voice: "Madam, you may disregard and sneer at my talk now, but I shall live to come back with the chosen of God in great force, and then these rivers will run red with the blood of such stubborn gentiles as you. Mark my words Madam." Well he has not returned in force. There are numerous unmarked Mormon graves along this trail across the state, that no one but the almighty could locate now. For they, sturdy pioneers too, were subject to sickness and death, and for some this rough long journey was too hard.

After the Mormons came the gold seekers rush to California. The usual transportation for these was the prairie schooner or covered wagon. This move was in some ways like the Mormon movement but much better organized and better equipped, with less haphazard ways and fixtures. These companies, usually consisting of from ten to twenty-five teams, with from two to four men or older boys to each team. Few, almost no women and children. These men and older boys were a peaceable, jolly lot, full of life and high hopes of wealth at the end of that long tedious journey through wilderness and over mountain, a few to succeed in the ambition for getting gold, others to bitter disappointment and failure, while hundreds never reached the gold fields, and by sickness or starvation or massacre by Indians or treacherous foe, by drowning in swollen streams, by thrist in the deserts or in other ways were brought to fill unmarked graves on the plains, where no human can locate them, and no hope of identity until the final resurrection.

After these events had become things of the past the great upheaval of the civil war came over our fair land. I was then grown to womanhood, (a pioneer teacher) and our home was on the geographical border between the north and south, so that many things occurred very near our home that made that war very real to us. I had three brothers and two cousins all enlist within a very short time. One brother was killed in his first battle—four months after enlistment. The battle of Prairie Grove in Arkansas. The memory of those days is so vivid in my mind that it is hard to line up events in order. This battle was fought in November, but the general turmoil put the mail service into such uncertainty that no authentic news reached us until Christmas day. That Christmas day! How it stands out—a terrible thunder storm, sharp lightning, wind, rain and some hail, was passing over when a messenger came to the door and left an official message—"Killed on the field of Prairie Grove, Joshua T. Phillips"—my oldest brother. Our father and mother were then living, and the wife of this brother and his two small children were with us to share in that shock. His death was followed in about six weeks by that of his wife and baby, and in a few days by my mother's death. The message of death on that battlefield came not only to our home but to five other homes in our neighborhood.

The unsettled state of the country was followed by many raids, by gangs called "bushwhackers"—in search of arms or valuables and clothing and supplies, and woe to a good horse that was sighted by the gangs. They seldom got over into Iowa, so the people along the Missouri side felt pretty safe if their goods could be stored in the care of friends in Iowa. And for two or three years of the war, father's premises had in care at all times large quantities of miscellaneous goods, sometimes of considerable value. I remember at one time the inventory was ten head of horses, four fine saddles, sixteen watches, three dozen silver spoons, one wallet containing money—we did not know the amount—a large roll of greenbacks, a roll of fine blankets, silk dresses(they meant something in those days), several overcoats, some jewelry and other things too numerous to mention, and one time a very much scared and terrified darkey was in hiding on the farm. One funny incident of his hiding there comes to my mind. He was down in an interior field with a team attending to some work, when he saw several horsemen—hunters—riding in the driveway to the house. He immediately left his team and ran to an immense hedge fence and crawled into the densest part of it. After some hours my father missed him and saw his team standing in the field, and went to investigate. When he heard a cautious weak voice saying "Mr. Phillips! Mr. Phillips! Is they done gone?" And there was Abe fast in his hiding place. Father got him out. He said: "I tho't they sure come fo' me."

Events of these times come to my mind too overwhelmingly numerous to try to record. I may make the attempt again, to write out a few more remembered things.

Editha R. Fatherson.

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Hours—9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 6 p. m.
Ennis Office Bldg., Ottumwa, Iowa.

ELDON

The masquerade skate at Mulvaney's roller skating rink Thursday evening was quite a success. There being a good many masked skaters. Miss Majorie Kerr and Arthur Johnson were the winners for being best masked. After 9:30 the masks were taken off and they had a moonlight skate. Miss Marie Mulvaney furnished the music on the piano. There was a large crowd of spectators.

Mr. and Mrs. William Aubry returned home Thursday night from a few days' visit in Ottumwa and Chicago with relatives.

Mrs. R. D. Crow is doing supply work at the high school in the absence of Miss Ruth Toothacher who has resigned.

Mrs. J. Walter Matlock went to Fairfield to visit her mother, Mrs. Florence Gaeher, and rest up from her recent illness.

Miss Florence Woods is in the hospital at Iowa City for medical treatment.

Mrs. F. Kephart and daughter Helen are able to be out again after their recent illness.

Mrs. Tom Scauce and son Earl left last evening for an extended visit near Enid, Okla.

R. D. Crow was in Selma on business Friday.

Jalin Moore is reported to be improving in health.

Miss Josephine Sheffer is on the sick list, and Mrs. Ida Spencer is working in her place at Snakenburg's store.

Mrs. Rufus Cummins of Moravia is visiting at the Joe Hunnell home.

Wilbur Miller is on the sick list this week.

Everett Cummins of Manly arrived in the city Friday.

The tea given by the ladies of the Alice Weist Friday afternoon proved to be quite a success, there being Methodist church at the home of Mrs. forty-two members present.

SELECTING DATE FOR ENCAMPMENT

Marshalltown, Jan. 15. — Selecting a date for the annual encampment of the G. A. R. of Iowa was on the program at a meeting of officials of that organization and the women's relief corps here. G. A. Newman of Des Moines, assistant adjutant general of the G. A. R. was among the officers present.

Besides setting the date for the encampment, the meeting was to receive reports on arrangements for convention halls.

NAIL FLIES BACK AND HITS MAN'S EYE

Maquoketa, Jan. 15. — Alex Arteberry, while working on the Chris Werner farm, west of here, suffered a painful injury while attempting to drive a nail. The nail flew back and struck Arteberry in the left eye, cutting the member badly.

Drs. L. L. Riggs and F. J. Swift attended Arteberry and it is believed the sight may be saved.

CORN AND "CHARACTER."

Iowa City, Jan. 15. — A strange lawsuit was instituted here when Mrs. Anna M. Lewis sued Lester Means for $2,036.48. She demanded the $36.84, because her husband shucked 921 bushels of corn for the defendant and transferred the account to her — but asked the $2,000 because of an alleged tale which she avers Means circulated concerning her.

BOOTLEGGER BEFORE JUDGE ANDERSON

Chariton, Jan. 15. — Several cases of bootlegging have occupied the attention of the court the past few days. George Mason Jr. was acquitted of the charge, but Gust Arando, alias "Frenchy," indicted under the name of John Doe, was found guilty. Judge Anderson has not pronounced sentence as yet. Sylvester Drake yesterday plead guilty to the same charge and was assessed a fine of $200 and costs.

Toco Aitken, charged with assault to inflict great bodily injury, withdrew his original plea of not guilty, and entered a plea of guilty. He was fined $300 and costs. Court will probably be dismissed this evening for the term as Judge Anderson expects to go to Ottumwa to hold court in the place of Judge Hunter, who has gone south for his health.

MRS. HERMAN BARTY WAS 75 YEARS OLD

Sigourney, Jan. 15.—On Thursday afternoon occurred the funeral of Mrs. Herman Bartz, who died at her home in east Sigourney, Tuesday evening. Mrs. Bartz was past 72 years of age and leaves surviving besides her husband, two sons, Herman Bartz, Jr., and William Bartz, both of Moline, Ill., and two daughters, Mrs. J. F. Brannen and Mrs. W. H. Pennington, both of Sigourney. Funeral services were held at the German Evangelical church, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Rosenfelt. Interment was made in Pleasant Grove cemetery, to which place the remains were followed by a large concourse of loving friends.

PHARMACISTS TO MEET.

Iowa City, Jan. 15. — The University of Iowa extension division will conduct a short course in pharmacy here, Jan. 18 and 19. President T. H. Macbride will deliver the address of welcome. Among the contributors to the programs will be F. Junkerman, Cedar Rapids; Secretary H. E. Eaton, Iowa state board of pharmacy; and Professors F. J. Wulling, University of Minnesota; L. E. Sayre, University of Kansas; Edward Kremers, University of Wisconsin, and L. E. Fisher, Hannabil, Mo. A social session will be the Phi Delta Chi (pharmacy fraternity) smoker, the night of Jan. 18, following the evening program.

AGAINST GAMBLING.

Iowa City, Jan. 15. — County Attorney Wilson opened a crusade against alleged gambling in Iowa City cigar stores. He caused the arrest of four leading mrechants. All were released on bail. Indictments and fines, probably without jail sentences, seem sure to follow, Mr. Wilson says.