

A LETTER ABOUT THE "OLD DAYS"

To Abbie Dillon Bleamaster,
Great grand daughter of Myron Grinnell,
Grand daughter of Ezra Grinnell,
Grand niece of J.B. Grinnell, the brother of Ezra.

From Harriet Grinnell Dunham,
Grand daughter of Walter Grinnell, the brother of Myron,
Daughter of Levi Grinnell.

The brothers Myron and Walter married sisters, so
their children were double cousins.

Grinnell, Iowa
1954

My dear Cousin:

On the anniversary of the founding of the town of Grinnell by my cousin and your great uncle in 1854, I shall write of things I remember and which have been told of the family and the early days. You always seem to enjoy my long letters and this bids fair to be the longest one I have ever written if I can put into it what I hope and plan.

Our great-grandfather Reuben with his wife Mable Martin moved from Connecticut to New Haven, Vermont in 1781. My family said they went on horseback, but Cousin J. B. says by ox-cart. They found the cabin which had been prepared had been burned by the Indians and little was left but a few iron pots. I have the frame of the looking glass carried on the journey and I have just given Grinnell the iron tongs made in such a way as to carry coals. He has a fireplace in the basement of the house he built this summer and they are in use after being here 96 years. We have the old family Bible printed in 1803 with records of our great-grandfather's family. All were born at New Haven but the oldest girl who was born at Salisbury, Conn., which must have meant a visit back to the old home in 1784.

I have the old geography printed in 1812 which belonged to Walter and Myron Grinnell. It was bound in calfskin and cost \$7.50. There is only one volume of the two there were originally. As you may imagine, most of the earth's surface is marked "Unknown" on the map.

Gone is the iron pan for heating sad irons. It hung in the cellar-way for many years until it rusted away. It was a deep pan something like a pancake griddle with an iron cover to sit in the fireplace. Gone also is the pie rack, to hold about ten pies one above the other. This was quite a handy thing to have in the days of brick ovens when the oven was heated only about once a week.

I still use the flatiron pan for frying doughnuts which is probably the one my grandmother was using when a man working in the field came in for a dose of soda. My grandmother said, "I'm sorry but I have just used the last

of my soda in these doughnuts." He replied, "That's all right, Mrs. Grinnell, half a dozen of those will do just as well," and went away happy.

I no longer have the candle molds and some other things they brought west. Now the Museum would like some of those things. I do have the mortar and pestle with which the spices were ground. It must be over 100 years old and is still uncracked or warped.

Mat Cronk always planned a trip to Vermont to see those New England farms but never went. She had a friend who went and reported the land very good, well laying land. There must have been some rocks judging by the ones that used to be on the steps at Cousin J.B.'s and are now at the cemetery marked "George and Dora" on the lot of Uncle George Grinnell.

The children of Reuben and Mable Grinnell were Eunice, Myron, (your great-grandfather), Walter (my grandfather), Heman, Reuben, Amanda, Anna; and I shall tell something I know about several of them.

My grandfather, Walter Grinnell, was born on December 25th, 1786, and died December 10th, 1843. He married Rebecca Hastings and their children were Levi, January 25, 1825; Martha, 1829; Mary, September 2, 1835; Jennie, January 25, 1837; George, April 14, 1843. My father was named for Levi Parsons, a preacher who went up into Vermont holding meetings, and very probably stayed with the Grinnell family. He later went as a missionary to Palestine. I have a book about him, his life, his work, and his death, published in 1824. Marian got this book at the Hamlin's when she looked over their books.

My father was about 18 when his father died, leaving him with all the responsibility of managing the farm and helping to raise his sisters and brother George. Martha was 14, Mary 8, Jennie 6, and George a baby. They had good times, lived near Vergennes where there was an academy. They went there for commencements and other programs, getting the college spirit. The schools of those times were very good in some ways. The teachers were often rough and strict, sometimes without much judgment in their treatment of the pupils. One got after my father and he ran around and around the stove yelling, "Murder." The sisters were sure Levi was being killed, but the teacher gave it up and never touched father that time.

Your great grandfather Myron died in 1831 with brain fever. J.B. was ten and your grandfather 6 years old. There was the third son, Freeman, whom Cousin J.B. mentions in his book. He died in 1841, and George who was a victim of a stubborn school teacher.

Walter's family and Myron's were very closely related since they had married sisters, Rebecca and Catherine Hastings. Myron's death leaving the boys so young made the family more helpful and concerned about the remaining cousins. What interested them was shared by all. A letter from my grandmother said that they were all looking forward to a visit from J.B. for they were very fond of him, and a jolly time was expected by all. They were a lively lot and had many good times together. Aunt Mary taught school and when J.B. was preaching in New York, she went down on a visit. Your grandfather was there, and 40 years afterward I heard them laugh over some of their experiences then. Cousin Julia would have been enjoying it all in her quiet way.

They were all well acquainted and no doubt the western move was being discussed amongst them. So they were ready when Horace Greeley said, "Go West, young man." I have a letter of father's written in 1855 asking about the prospects. He wanted a good place for his family with church and temperance conditions, and he must have been convinced that it was well to emigrate for they came to Grinnell in 1856.

By this time Uncle Reuben had died and left a little daughter to Levi who had settled up Reuben's affairs in New York State and taken his wife back to New Haven where she died in 1854. This child was 5 years old and a real pet for the family. The girls made her pretty clothes, with hand embroidery (none could be bought except some imported from France). She lived only a short time. She and Cousin J.B.'s oldest child Catherine were carried away by an epidemic in 1856. The family stayed at Cousin J.B.'s for some time. I do not know how so many could have stayed there, for it was very small at that time and so many visitors were coming and going.

Father wanted to build out here on the farm, but Cousin J.B. wanted to build up the town, and of course the sisters loved being in town close to whatever

was going on instead of out here on the prairie. So he built the house at the corner of 5th Avenue and Park Street known for so long as the "Lawrence House."

From that house the three sisters were married -- Jennie to Stanley Bartlett, Martha to Mr. Moore, and Mary to Edward Ruggles. These last two were partners in a store at Indian Town northwest of Montour. Later, Aunt Martha married Prescott Powers of Green Mountain. He used to walk from here to Montour or to Green Mountain. Once then they were going from Montour to Green Mountain in a wagon, some one had given them a bag of beans. When he got to Green Mountain there wasn't a bean left in the bag. He said, "I've planted the longest row of beans in the country."

Uncle Russell Knight's family lived at the house on Park Street while he was hauling Civil War soldiers to the train at Brooklyn, and from this house he went to the war. His tiny son Frank looked from the window at a little soldier with a big overcoat and said, "Overcoat, where are you going with that man?"

It was there that Aunt Martha made the chicken pie without a hole in the crust which almost killed them all, and Aunt Jennie made the pork cake without soda, which was a family joke for years. It was there Aunt Mary laundered a cap with hours of needle work on it, and, as she remarked "Isn't that perfectly beautiful?" it was caught by the candle flame and went up in smoke. It was from this house that Uncle George went to stay at Cousin J.B.'s to handle the money that came in for fine blooded stock-- cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep.

Aunt Martha liked pretty clothes and dressed a lot in black velvet. She had nice things. I have a pair of gold cuff buttons, a candle stick, a vase, and a book or two of hers. I was surprised once when I asked Mother which aunt she liked best, and she said "Martha," who was only a name to me. Mother said, "It seems like I knew her the best of any of them," which doesn't always mean liking a person more. They had good times in Grinnell. They were all young and anything did for an excuse to get together at the Sutherlands, Bartletts, Phelps, and Levi's.

The streets were muddy, sometimes straw was spread for walks. Aunt Mary sprained her knee in the park on her way to choir practice, and lay for several hours before anyone came along to rescue her.

Every social affair was centered in the church. Father led the choir for

years with his fine tenor voice. The family were all singers, except Cousin J.B.

Father brought his bride, Harriet Knight, of Bath, N.H., to that house on Park St. She was a niece of Mrs. Sutherland and had gone west some years before. She visited first at Chapin in the home of her brother Russell Knight. It took her five days to get from Brooklyn to Chapin on the stage. Sometimes it was possible to go only 12 miles a day with the passengers out helping in the sloughs. She came from Chapin to Grinnell to visit at the Sutherlands, and that is where she met my father.

My Mother was of Revolutionary stock, her grandfather having been in the war in the region of Lake Champlain. Her mother died when she was about two years old. Her mother was 36 years old when she died. Her father married again and he, too, died young at 39. Mother was raised by her uncle, Moses Knight, and his wife. They had three boys who died when young men,-- Wheelock, George, and Benjamin. It was a good Christian home, and Mother was a strong beautiful character, going about doing kind deeds and always helping anyone in trouble. She was never afraid of anything. She went into homes with scarlet fever and diptheria. She went night or day wherever she was needed in time of sickness or death. She cared for father devotedly in his last days and she complained very little of her afflictions or cares which were many. She was a devoted and true friend to relatives and neighbors. If she had any faults, I never knew them.

Father served in many ways in the township, Grinnell township then. He was Justice of the Peace and married a couple or two. I have an old Seth Thomas clock he got as a fee from one of them. He was school director for 14 years, and treasurer for the school board many years. He was loyal, honest, a good citizen, and a good Christian who believed in practising what he professed and expected others to do the same.

Mother's brother, Russell Knight, took men enlisting for the Civil War to Brooklyn, and he enlisted too and went to Mississippi. He died there at the age of 27.

Mother went several times to New Hampshire to visit relatives, and twice her mother came west to see her. That was before my sister Lutie and brother Walter died. All of grandmother's sons died, and mother, her adopted child, was the only one she had left.

The last time Mother went east was in 1885. I was seven and remember many things about that trip. We went through Canada, were in Montreal. In 1854[?] she went east with your grandfather and your mother and Lutie, a very small child. LUCY

J.B. Grinnell, the son of Myron Grinnell and Catherine Hastings Grinnell, was born in New Haven, Vermont on November 22, 1821. He was ten years old when his father died. He worked out and went to school, then began teaching at 16 years. He went to theological school and preached in various places. He preached the first sermon in Washington, D.C., against slavery. He had a pastorate in New York City when his voice failed and he was advised to "Go West, young man." He advertised in various New York papers for colonists wishing to help found a settlement for education, prohibition, religion, and anti-slavery. Many people responded, and in 1854, the town site was decided upon, the highest point between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. J.B. went to Iowa City and filed on 6000 acres of land. It must be remembered that he was now 32 years old. People seem to forget that and talk of "old J.B." The land was not worth much per acre but people were land poor. It was almost impossible to pay the taxes as commodities were very low in price. My father paid 25% interest to L.F. Parker. Anything shipped in came by team from Iowa City. They used to laugh about darning needles being so high priced at Scott's store. He said when they protested that it was the freight that made them so high. I have a letter of J.B.'s stating that he had paid father's taxes although his own were not paid.

For a long time every one who came stayed at the Long home on Broad St. at the site now marked by the D.A.R. Partitions were put up with blankets, quilts and carpets. I cannot imagine Cousin Julia living there in such conditions, but she did.

Cousin J.B. got lumber to build a house, but let Mr. Phelps have it, and waited for more. J.B.'s original house, later the north part, was small. The parlor was at the north, a hall with stairway, the dining room as we knew it, rather dark with black walnut woodwork, and French doors at the south the only windows, a bedroom over the parlor, and a dining room and library which

was a very narrow passageway between shelves of books, and a tiny kitchen.

Then the house was built over with that great parlor with a large bedroom above, the cupola, another hall with stairway curved this time with a niche, the tiny bedroom where you and I went to see Cousin J.B. when he was ill and Mary Grinnell Mears had invited us for dinner. Once the great candelabrum in the parlor fell when there was a house full of guests. One night when Henry Ward Beecher spoke in town there was a blizzard and 34 people spent the night there. Always there were people visiting or stopping over night when something was going on -- governors, ministers, congressmen, authors-- all were welcomed, black or white.

I was surprised to hear a speaker say that J.B. Grinnell knew little of the Bible. There were always family prayers with the servants or whatever visitors were in the house, and he had been brought up on Bible verses from a boy. He believed in being practical and applying them too, and he was witty and inspirational in his address.

Father Dunham went to the Civil War from Illinois. He was 39 years old, and the father of three children at that time. He was not at all suited to army life and was constantly ill. He contracted asthma which afflicted him all of his life. He used to stop in and talk to Cousin J.B. as they both were in such misery and distress.

Cousin J.B. used to sit out on the porch for perhaps three weeks at a time, not being able to lie down. He saw many people passing who stopped to talk with him as he sat there wrapped in his gray shawl. Later Mr. Newman was employed as nurse to care for him in his last illness.

What a great funeral it was with all the notables of town and state bringing their tributes of praise and appreciation. Then with the awful rutty, frozen roads the casket was carried by bearers all the way to the cemetery where he lies under a large stone from his beloved Vermont.

After Cousin J.B.'s death, Cousin Julia had the house built over again. The walls of the library and room above were set out to the west making two nice rooms, the little bedroom was enlarged by building out as far as the bay window on the south, and the kitchen was made very large with pantry and laundry room

on the north and wood shed to the east. Then, when the house was sold, the cupola was removed and the house made into four apartments and is still on Broad St. near the York Lumber Yard.

There was never any one else in the family like Cousin J.B. to do so many things and get other people to do so many things -- sheep raising, fancy stock, interest in schools, church, and college. He had a vision and a plan to carry out the vision. While others might hesitate, he was on his way -- impetuous, inspired, ready to do for any good cause that came to his attention.

Cousin Julia was more or less of an invalid for many years. She went away to health cures and came back with diets and medicines. She went to Battle Creek and learned about the use of graham, and she didn't use salt. She and Mrs. Charles Spencer adopted the wearing of bloomers. Cousin Julia's were a beautiful fine green material with a long blouse. Uncle George used to tell of one of the governors who was visiting there, liked the graham muffins, and said, "Please pass the grangers." Uncle George lived at Cousin J.B.'s for many years and served the guests whenever J.B. was away or too busy to always play the part of host.

So many people lived there at different times-- Mrs. Foote who was Cousin Julia's sister and her daughter Susan who married Henry Day and was the mother of Frank, Harry, Emily, and Nellie whom we knew so well when we were young. Miss Lombard, a cousin of Mrs. J.B., lived there 16 years, working and caring for the house and Cousin Julia. The Mears and Jones families through the summers -- and what a good time they had and how proud Cousin Julia was of them. The children were Helen and Eliot Mears, Grinnell, Chapin, Eliot, Elaine, Percival and Beatrice Jones. You know more of them now than I do.

When the college was moved here from Davenport there were great dinners, called corporation dinners, to which the public was invited. People came in from Rock Creek and all the surrounding country, and it was a big affair. Some of the people were pretty rough and demanded, "Cake -- we can have bread to home." It wasn't long before they were given up. But the town was very new when the 4th of July was celebrated. Bert, who came in 1877, says he can remember Cousin J.B. waving a letter and saying "This is the letter I had from

Horace Greeley advising me to go West and here I am." Horace Greeley came to visit in Grinnell and Father Dunham's farm was called "Greeley Ranch" for many years because he had talked of it as being a farm to raise 100 bushels to the acre.

The Hill brothers, whose father gave the first dollar for the college, came here to college. The first night "Jimmy" (James Hill) spent in Grinnell he stayed at father's house in town. He told me he bought it "for a Shrine" as he always remembered the morning prayers there that father led. He taught our school later and had 40 pupils. He was a good teacher and there was never a dull moment. Many of the students went out to teach to earn their tuition and expenses for the school year at college. He was quite excitable and his brother Gershom very calm. Mother used to tell that when the Hills lived at the college one night there was a terrible noise. Some one went down the hall dragging his trunk and hollering "Fire." Jimmy got excited and wanted to rush out, but Gershom reminded him that it was April first.

Poor Mr. Hill! He made so many plans that did not come to fulfillment. He planned to put up a commons for the boys of the college from 5th to 6th Ave. on the east side of Park St. Then the dormitories were built. He planned for a museum of old things and a building to house them. He had a great many of them stored in his house in Salem and it burned. Now the college owns most of that row of houses. The "Lawrence House" has been restored and is a typical New England house. All of those additions have been torn off and a beautiful little garden is at the east. Marian says that she helped plan landscaping for the house when she was taking horticulture under Dr. Conard at the college. What could be nicer than that for the grounds where her grandfather must have made the first plantings, for he was a good gardener.

Many of our trees, bushes and vines came from Cousin J.B.'s, sent to him through his connection with the Horticultural Society. Mother always had nice plants from there, too, as with Cousin Julia away there was no one to take an interest in them at home. Mother could always make them grow. Father liked to garden; grew wonderful 40 pound watermelons and many other vegetables. The melons that were so large were planted on an old stack bottom on June 27, 1885. One day some Indian bucks came riding in on their ponies and asked father if they could have a melon.

He told them they could if they could find a ripe one. They got one and broke it on the gate post, and rode away eating it. Trust any white boys to take just one melon!

The Indians knew us from seeing us at Montour where Uncle Edward Ruggles had a store and a good trade with the Indians. One day I came home from school and gathered around the kitchen stove were two or three squaws and several papooses. Mother was feeding them great slices of bread and sugar. The Indians often went by on their way to the Skunk River for fishing and hunting. Once at Montour I was behind the counter and an Indian asked Uncle, "How much for papoose?" We never thought of being afraid of them, but there are people today who won't go on the Lincoln Highway because of the Reservation.

I have an old account book begun by Reuben Grinnell and kept by my father in early Grinnell. It is chiefly interesting for the names of those early settlers and the bartering and trading that they did in oats, corn, wheat, and work-- Sutherland, R.W. Clark, Worthington, Ladd, Scott, Beaton, Fuller, Bartlett, J.B., George and Ezra Grinnell, Wright, Morrison, Whitcomb, Marsh, Howard, Harris.

What a man J.B. was! -- interested in so many things and good at all of them. Eliot Jones said at the laying of the stone in the park to mark the home of his grandfather that he might have been rich, but never cared for money for himself but for the various projects in which he was interested.

How well those children have done. Your clipping about Eliot! They were brought up to study. Richard believed in the English method and every day the children had their lessons with their mother. Eliot at ten said, when they were planning what they would do on the train going back after vacation, "You know we always have our Latin." They had the rule that as soon as there was a hole in the stocking it wasn't to be put on again, so Carrie put about a dozen pairs of long black stockings over her arm to mend, and collect her Latin pupils.

Do you remember the old iron deer that was in the south yard? I remember playing on it way back when the Rev. Sturtevant lived next door. When the hotel was built, the deer was put upstairs in the Grinnell block, then removed when the Poweshiek Bank was built, to the dump, I suppose.

The old Grinnell block on the corner of Broad and 4th Ave. was quite a building with three stories, the drug store and Savings Bank on the ground floor, offices

above including Dr. Clark's for a long time. Do you remember Mr. Lawrence and his shawl? What a smart family he had, and so afflicted. Your grandfather said he made that match and if the Lord would forgive him, he would never make another.

Up in the third story Aunt Dora Grinnell had her Industrial School for some time, and got her name in "Who's Who" for starting and maintaining it. She taught many girls to sew, but none so well as she could for she was a real artist at whatever she undertook. Mary Sutherland told me she thought Aunt Dora the prettiest girl who ever went to Grinnell.

I should have more to say of Mary Grinnell Mears -- you probably knew her better than I did. She certainly had charm, and she did many kind things. She worked for years as an organizer of P.T.A. and as a minister's wife. She thought every one was good for she met those who were and they responded to that attitude. Her father never saw anyone drunk in Grinnell. He had the modern idea that they were sick and he would lend a hand and a carriage to get them home. He wanted his town to be a heaven on earth, and did all he could to make it that way. He sometimes slipped a little and was over-generous, expecting others to have the same spirit whether they could afford it or not. I could give you an instance or two if we were just visiting. I think Mr. Payne really had too much in his book about one instance, if you remember. I don't know where he got his information, for mine at first hand is not like his.

It was at the time that J.B. was being criticized very severely in 1872 that father insisted on naming Jose for him. Well! the name wasn't a very pretty one, but Jose never disgraced it in any way. He was a good citizen, a kind son and brother and uncle. His language was rather violent at times, but it was about the only fault I know of his having.

You remember how Cousin J.B. looked -- short and plump. They used to tell about his standing on a table at the church to make some announcement, and Mrs. Marsh, who was very short, tried to put her rubbers in his pocket. Abruptly as usual, he wanted to know what was going on, and she said, "I looked for the tallest man in the room and thought you were Mr. Marsh."

He always liked to have a big gang on even a small job, perhaps four or five men on a load of hay even if they were in each other's way. He always had plenty of help for all his undertakings. He kept a fine team of horses and had a negro

driver, and help in the house was sometimes colored. I think the maids used to eat with the family while he was living, but not later. They came in after breakfast to family prayers, and then ate afterward in the dining room before clearing up.

Mr. Paine makes a big story of the sheep raising. It was good at first, but a poorer grade of sheep was brought in, and no shelter, and slough grass hay-- then an ice and sleet storm on their fine wool and they were gone. Wool in 1864 was bringing \$1.00 and more a pound. (Blankets and uniforms were needed for the soldiers.)

Mother didn't want father to go into the sheep business. She had experience with it in New Hampshire and she kept a few when they lived in town. They stayed in the belfry of the old college and came home one day dressed up in coats, hats and vests. The college students had taken them to chapel. But Cousin J.B. persuaded father to raise sheep.

Mr. Merritt used to laugh about the time Cousin J.B. came to his place. He was feeding his sheep on the ground. Cousin J.B. said, "My! My! this will never do. You must have bunks." So Mr. Merritt went down to see Cousin J.B.'s bunks before he should make his and found J.B.'s sheep eating off the ground just as his were.

Railroading! Cousin J.B. dashed up and down trying to get the C.R.I. & P. to come on with their road as planned, but it was in the sixties before it came. He went East many times and made many acquaintances who were to be valuable to him and the town later on when he went in '82 to raise money to rebuild the college after the cyclone. He had contracts to build the Iowa Central (now the M. & St.L.). A man on the train one time when I came from Marshalltown said about the Newburg Branch to State Center, "If it hadn't been for that old fool, J.B. Grinnell, that never would have been built." I suppose I told him off. It wasn't a bad idea then to open up all that fine farming country. It has been discarded now, as has the Montezuma Branch. There are very few passengers on the M. & St. L., but long trains of freight still are going up and down, with Diesel engines now, of course.

You do not remember the cyclone. I am not sure just when you came to Grinnell. Your grandmother Dillon was here in 1876, I know, for Edward Dunham came out from Illinois and roomed there before the family came in 1877. He came to go to college. I remember the cyclone very well although I wasn't very old. Father

came home from town bringing a milk tank and cans and stood talking of the peculiar brazen sky, and how he thought it would storm. We didn't go to bed as we usually did, but opened up a lounge and stayed in the kitchen. I guess it has never rained as hard since as it did that night. In the night some one came along on horseback and told us the town was blown away. The next morning we started for town. Jose led me along, for I didn't like any of it, and I went to Uncle Sutherland's to stay while the rest of the family were looking about and father and mother helping where they could. The Montour people came over -- didn't know whether they had any relatives left or not until they could come and see.

Arthur Child told me he went up to the campus and was taking pictures the next day when he saw Mr. Magoun and J.B. Grinnell coming. He was scared, for he thought they would condemn him for taking pictures on Sunday. Instead, J.B. encouraged him to take more for they were just what he would need to take East with him the next day when he went to raise funds for the town and college.

For years Mr. Chamberlain's house lay as it had fallen into the cellar south of where Mary Grinnell Mears Cottage now stands. It was there until the church at Worcestor, Mass., gave the money to build the cottage because they thought so much of Mr. Mears and Mary.

Then in 1889 there was the big fire that burned all the buildings but two in the block across from the park. Then we had "Oklahoma Row" of stores a great deal like the new Long Home, built along the west side of the park, until the town was built up better than before. Mr. McIntosh had his store in the old barb-wire factory about where the water works is now, and other stores opened up as soon as possible wherever they could find a place. I was still going to school out here in the country and went in after school, and Emily Day and I went down to see the sights. We must have been about eleven years old. I remember especially how the bank vault looked where the city offices are now. It couldn't be opened for days to see if the money was still all right but it was in better shape than later when all the money was given away.

My cousin Bert Bartlett, now of Waterloo, writes of the big fire of 1889-- "Our (his father Stanley Bartlett) meat market was across the street from the Park and a brick building in the middle of the block. We carried everything

that was movable except the safe. It fell into the basement and was covered by hot bricks. After about ten days the safe was pulled out and opened, and the contents were not even scorched. He had twelve or thirteen lard barrels each containing about thirty gallons of lard. They had handles at the top through which sticks were run and two men could carry the barrel across the street. J.B. had an enclosed shed which he let Dad have to set up the market again. Old Mr. Bradley had neglected to renew the insurance which expired on the day of the fire, although Dad had told him to be sure and renew it, so Dad lost the new cooler and some other stuff.

"The Park was piled full of things carried out by college students and others. As fast as one store was emptied, the workers went on to the next. Boiler Bros.' cellar remained full of stoves and other hardware for years. It was at the corner of Commercial and Main."

Visit in the Home of the Old and the New

E Z R A

Grinnell Genealogy

The Ezra Grinnell family --Ezra, son of Myron Grinnell, brother of Josiah B. Grinnell, was born in New Haven on Feb. 27, 1825.

He was married to Sarah Hermans in 1852. Two children --

Frank was killed in a railroad accident

Carrie Dillon, who is still living in 1954 at the age of 95.

Her children--

Amy Murphy

Abbie Bleamaster

Sydney Dillon

Arthur Dillon

Emma

Myrtle Fes (?) died with the flu in 1918

Mable died with the flu in 1918

He was married the second time to Carrie L. Yost in November, 1862.

Two children--

Minnie Barnes

Kate Lanphere

Ezra Grinnell was a conductor on the C.R.I. & P. Railroad, also on the Montezuma Branch, station agent in Chapin and Grinnell, express agent, musician, farmer. He was a friend of the Phelps family, stayed at their home when he first came to Grinnell.

Kate Grinnell married Harry Lanphere on Nov. 26, 1891; their children are Pauline Wood and Catherine Folker.

Minnie Grinnell married George Barnes. Their children are Eugene Barnes, Caspar Barnes and Harry Grinnell Barnes. Harry married Gould Lowery, and their children are Sally Cobb, Harriet Barnes, Harry G. Barnes. (Later Harry married a second time.)

Kate Lanphere died August 17, 1939. "Carrie Ezra", as we always called her, lived with the two daughters for years after Ezra's death, and died at the George Barnes home after the Lanpheres moved away. Do you remember Grandma Yost? She was a Seventh Day Adventist, a little wisp of a woman.

Ezra Grinnell's house was at the corner of St. and Ave.

It is a nice looking house and looks very much as it was years ago. So many of the houses where we used to go are moved away. Your grandmother's double house on Broad St. where the Assembly of God Church is now, the J.B. Grinnell house, the Sutherland house, the Deacon Bartlett house (moved to an acreage east on No.6 and later it burned), the Magoun house moved to Summer St. Uncle George and Aunt Dora moved from West St. to the house they built on Summer St. Uncle Stanley's house still looks about the same as it did. It used to be the last house in town on West St. south, but several houses have been built across from and below it. The Barnes house looks about the same as years ago. They had moved several times before they bought that. Once into the country south of town where your Aunt Minnie had a great plenty to do. How hard she worked for so many years! It took her awhile to get started but she made up for it. What a devoted wife and mother she was!

Do you know that even if you, Amy, and I were of so near the same age we do not belong to the same generation? Your grandfather and my father were born in 1825 just about a month apart. They came to Grinnell the same year in 1856 at 31 years of age. Your grandfather had married in 1852, but my father was not married until 1860. They all had such sorrows in losing their older children -- Father, Lutie and Walter, your grandfather, his wife and son Frank, and Cousin J.B., his daughter Catherine and son George. But your mother-- what a wonderful person she has been! With such a spirit and love of work. She said once that she was the oldest of them all and had lived the longest of them all. She didn't know then that she would still be here at nearly a hundred years. What she has seen in her life time in changes -- of transportation, lighting, and general house appliances.

Grinnell Genealogy -- Revolutionary War Service

Daniel Grinnell, born April 1729, enlisted as private in French and Indian War, April 14, 1758. Discharged Dec. 13, 1758. Capt. Word Co, 5.

Served as private in defense of Long Island Sound 1775.

(D.A.R. Lineage Book, Nat. Soc. 41943, Vol. 42)

His oldest son Daniel and Amasa (brothers of Reuben) also were soldiers in the Revolution. No record of service by Reuben. Their mother was the first wife and we do not know her name.

2d wife was Ann Chapman (daughter of Jedediah and Hester Kirtland Chapman). She was born March 21, 1731 in Westbrook and died at Greenfield May 20, 1814. There were nine children by this marriage.

Rev. Joel Grinnell studied up the family tree and had the coat of arms. He was a minister at Montour and is buried there. As he traveled from place to place he always looked for families named Grinnell. At one place he was told he wouldn't wish to claim the Grinnell in that town for he was coal black. He had probably gotten the name from his people, having belonged to some of the family who went South and were on the Southern side of the war.

Our neighbor Mrs. Kasson claimed to Father that she had figured out she was a 40th cousin through her son Frank's wife. Father told her he didn't know much about the family tree, only he had never heard of anyone hanging from its branches.

A man in this state made claim in the paper that he could trace his ancestry all the way back to Adam and Eve. I would not be good at drawing that tree, for I found myself unable to make a tree of our family. I should have taken a larger sheet of paper. I became confused and lost in the maze.

I don't think all these dates are correct. For instance, in Cousin J.B.'s book the Reuben and Mable Grinnell family went to Vermont in 1791 which must be a misprint for all the family were born in New Haven except the oldest daughter who was born in 1784. One historical sketch had Cousin J. B. born in Maine!

A transcript from H.M. Grinnell of Seattle, Washington, who visited Dr. Fordyce Grinnell of Pasadena and brought with him the original coat of arms of the Grinnell family as verified by Dr. Grinnell as correct as far as research had demonstrated.

On the death of Hetty Green the Howlands and Grinnells of the East Coast came in for a share in her estate, and in order to have a legal and complete lineage they employed an expert to do the work. He went back four generations back of Matthew Grinnell, American ancestor, the Huguenot who left his Catholic family because he had embraced the Reformed religion. The first American Grinnell, Matthew, was found at New Port, R.I., as early as 1638. A Frenchman of noble birth as shown by the history of Pierre Grinnell, born about 1480, which was published in Paris. This work compiled by M. De la R (?), Director of Heraldic and Biographical Institute of France, a member of many learned societies, forms a part of the authentic collection of genealogical histories of noble and titled families of France. The book contains copies of birth and marriage certificates, extracts from wills, deeds, to prove all the facts step by step.

According to this book the Grinnells originated in the Duchy of Burgoyne where its members have occupied positions of importance and where they were Lords of Pidmont (P) and La Grange Gourmond. Matthew was the only one to come to this country. The others remained and their descendants are still to be found in the Province of Burgoyne.

The coat of arms was granted for war service by the king when every large estate in France had a castle and feudal serfs for protection. The coat Grenelle is a shield with supporters, a squire's crest with one or two lions, a pineapple, and motto. (?)

De Grenelle

French records state that the family De Grenelle originated in the Duchy of Burgundy where it possessed important domain. The family was of Huguenot origin and removed from France to England during their religious persecutions. (History of New Bedford, Mass.)

Matthew, the American ancestor, is mentioned in Baird's "Huguenot Emigration to America."

Matthew Grinnell, American ancestor, was born in Macon, France in 1602, the second son of Jean Grnelle, Seigneur Pidmont. He landed in America at New Port, R.I., in 1630. His brothers Daniel and Thomas probably came with him, Thomas being recorded as a freeman of Providence Plantations in 1633.

Matthew Grinnell of east Greenwich, Freeman of Providence, R.I. May, 1635.

Matthew Grinnell of Jamestown voted as freeman, May 17th, 1658.
(Early records of Town of Portsmouth)

Matthew married Rose (?) before coming to America. He died in 1643 in Portsmouth. (Austin's Genealogical Dictionary of R.I.)

After his death his widow Rose married a second Anthony Paine in 1643. Following the death of Anthony Paine, in 1650 she married a third James Weeden. Rhode Island records show that she made a pre-nuptial agreement with Anthony Paine, by which she deeded to her three sons, Daniel, Thomas, and Matthew, two sheddar goats apiece and to her son Matthew a cow also which was to abide in the hands of Anthony Paine for three years and the milk to be his, but the increase was to belong to the three sons. It was also signed between them (Anthony Paine and Rose) that after their marriage upon the death of either, the property of the one deceased should go to the children of such person, Rose then having four children and Anthony Paine having three.

On May 6, 1659, she was made executrix of her husband, Anthony Paine's will. He alludes to their former covenant.

On Oct. 27, 1649, she took receipt from Lot Strange and his wife, Alice, for legacy.

On March 18, 1650, she took receipt from John and Mary Tripp for legacy.

On December 1, 1673, Rose Weedan of Portsmouth, R.I., for maintenance for life and 60 pounds, sold Matthew Grinnell 53 acres of land in Portsmouth.

(Authority for above is Austin's Genealogical Dictionary of R.I.)

Children of Matthew and Rose Grinnell -- Matthew, Thomas, a daughter, Daniel.

Daniel Grinnell, third son of Matthew and rose, was born in 1630 in Portsmouth, R.I. He married Mary Wodell, daughter of William and Mary Wodell of Boston, Tiverton and Portsmouth. Mary Wodell was born in Boston in 1640. Daniel Grinnell was a ?

(Austin's Genealogical Dictionary of R.I.)

Daniel Grinnell was listed as a freeman in 1657.

On Nov. 24, 1656, he bought land from James Weeden, his stepfather, of 6 acres. 1667 jurymen. 1674 constable. 1676 grand jury.

On April 6, 1679 he sold 6 acres to Francis Brayton.

On Nov. 9, 1681 he sold 13 acres to Abraham Anthony.

On Dec. 31, 1683 he and his wife, Mary, sold Henry Brightman 25 acres for 124 pounds.

In Little Compton, R.I. in 1687.

On Jan. 20, 1658 he deeded his son Richard the south half of 13th lot in grand division.

On Jan. 6, 1694 he deeded his son Richard the same land his son had deeded him the year before.

Daniel Grinnell died in Portsmouth in 1703.

(Austin's Genealogical Dictionary)

Children of Daniel Grinnell and Mary Wodell all born in Portsmouth, R.I.

Daniel born 1668 -- married Lydia Peabody, grand daughter of John and Priscilla Alden.

Jonathan born 1670 -- married Abigail Ford

Richard born 1675 -- married Patience Emory

A Daughter not recorded

Daniel Grinnell born in Portsmouth in 1668, married Lydia Peabody, a grand daughter of Priscilla and John Alden. Her mother, Betty Alden, born 1623, married William Peabody. Lydia Peabody was born April 21, 1667.

Children of Daniel and Lydia Grinnell -- George, Mary, Priscilla, Ruth, Elizabeth, Lydia, Sarah, Jemima, Daniel.

George Grinnell married Mary Bull of Westbrook, Conn. Their children were William, Daniel born April 9, 1729, Mary, Ann, Phoebe, Rebecca.

Daniel Grinnell and first wife (name unknown) had these children -- Daniel, Amasa, Reuben, born in Salisbury, Conn. in 1755, Charlotte.

In 1758 Daniel married Ann Chapman and they had nine children.

Reuben Grinnell married Mable Martin, emigrated from Conn. to New Haven where he raised a family.

Eunice, 1784-1-25, Myron 1783-5-21, Walter 1786-12-25, Reuben 1795-10-8, Amanda 1797-9-18, Anna 1803-10-28, Heman 1789-11-2, Freeman ?

Myron Grinnell married Catherine Hastings. Their children -- George, Josiah Bushnell, Freeman, Ezra.

Josiah Bushnell Grinnell Born Jan. 21, 1821 at New Haven. Died March 31, 1891. Married Julia Ann Chapin of Springfield, Mass. in Feb. 1852.

She died in Dec., 1907. Their children --

Catherine and George died in 1856 or 7 or 8, Mary Grinnell Mears, Carrie Jones.

I don't know that you care for all of this genealogy but there seems to be quite a collection of it. Too bad we were not in Hettie Green's line. We could have used some of that inheritance. I have a picture of one of those Mrs. Grinnells and her yacht. She loves to fish and sails up and down deep sea fishing.

I know you have the coat of arms, but I have not. Mary Mears was to send it to me after she borrowed the old family Bible to prove the Mayflower line so she could join the John And Priscilla Alden Society, etc.

Interesting to see that Matthew and Rose had property and that she still had it at the age of 73. Sharp French woman to make such disposal of her property to her children.

This great Uncle Reuben of ours worked in a mill for 38 cents for a half day, 75 cents for a day. Your grandfather paid \$12.50 for five weeks board in October, 1859. Strange that through this old note book we know more of Reuben Grinnell, the son of Reuben and Mable Martin, than of the others of the family.

It would be interesting to know how Myron and Walter Grinnell met and courted those Hastings sisters. Cousin J.B.'s book says they were of Scottish descent, their father a soldier in the American Revolution. They seem to have lived in Barre, Mass. A picture of my grandmother shows her as a very fine looking woman, probably dark eyed. It was taken in Boston so she got around some -- well educated and very smart and no doubt your great-grandmother was the same. There used to be a little book about J.B.'s mother by him, an appreciation written after her death, but it is here no more.

Reuben Grinnell, Jr., the son of Reuben and Mable Martin, was born in New Haven on Oct. 6, 1795. In 1815 he married Louise (Loisa) Martin, and after her death in 1826, he married Deborah Duell in 1845. From an old notebook: He hired a horse and drove to Goshen, N.Y., where relatives probably lived as his grandfather Daniel had died there in 1801. He went to northern New York where he worked at a mill. The town was Clintonville (now Rogers) on the Au Sable River. Sometimes he worked on the dam, at very low wages. The mill must have been away from the town for he hired a horse to drive to Clintonville and to Keene at 25 cents a trip. On one trip of 58 miles he paid \$2.32 which would be 4 cents a mile, or if there 58 miles and return, 2 cents a mile.

He kept an account of his work days for which he got 75 cents a day and many days were part time. This was in 1850.

The things he bought were $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel of corn meal, salt, salertus, 1 lb. of clover seed, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. tea, 17 lbs. flour, and once a barrel of flour which must have cost him about two weeks wages. He bought some lumber and stove pipe (37 cents), and paint (12 cents), so he must have been building his house or making an addition, a little tobacco, usually $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. at a time, 18cents for a whole lb. Then on August 14, 1851, booties \$1.25; Oct. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards satnella \$2.41; one pair cloth shoes for daughter .44, some molasses and 2 lb. honey @ .12, 2 11/16 lbs. wool .42. Evidently their clothes were made from home-woven materials, aside from the money spent in 1847 for vesting, buttons, lining, etc.

These booties and shoes were for the little daughter Annette, born in 1851. Then a person can see by the writing that his health was failing and in 1853 he died.

His wife Deborah and little Annette went to New Haven, and there was talk of Aunt Debbie coming West with the family, but her health was poor and she died in 1855. Father went to Clintonville and settled his uncle's estate and when he came West he brought little Annette with him as he was her guardian. Father always thought her death was caused by eating too much of that pink flowered oxalis that grew wild on the prairie. She had her little apron gathered full of it and she said she was going to eat it all. But there was an epidemic at that time and Cousin J.B.'s daughter Catherine died, too. They were five years old. When I went to school I told the children they shouldn't eat oxalis because it had "sour casids in it", and did they laugh at me!

This place where great uncle Reuben lived is very near Saranac where not so many people go to be treated for tuberculosis.

Over in the next county is Malone where Mrs. Haskell came from to Grinnell. Her mother was Amanda Grinnell and she had married a man named Hall. Amanda Hall had died in 1827. Mr. Haskell had died and "Mandy", as we always called her, came West to live with various members of the family,

especially us. She had one son, Charlie, who stayed at Cousin J.B.'s and worked at the Express Office, and at Chapin. Cousin J.B. wanted him to go to college and would have paid his way, but Charlie couldn't settle down to anything. He painted some pictures, peculia things between glass. When the glass was separated, just nothing beautiful was left. Wherever he worked his mother was not satisfied and made him miserable until he changed to some other place. Mrs. Haskell died in 1885 at Cousin J.B.'s. Cousin Julia was away that year, and Cousin J.B. said that Mandy could be taken care of there although the housekeeper didn't like it much. Charlie was there and various members of the family care] for her -- Aunt Mary Ruggles and Julia from Montour, and Aunt Dora. It was the year Mother and I went East to New Hampshire. We got back before she died, and I remember very well the day of the funeral. We came home and Jose couldn't find his hat. Father cracked down on him about it and soon he couldn't find his boots and several other things we never saw again. Some one had helped himself while we were away.

Charlie said to me that he was all alone in the world now his mother was gone, but I said, "You've still got us," which wasn't too bad at seven. Charlie went to Chicago and got a job. In 1886 he used to send great rolls of Chicago pepers and I read every word about the anarchists. I didn't sleep very well at night so I was given valerian, but I could see all those awful pictures in my dreams. Mother said she didn't know I was reading those papers, that she wasn't. Supervised reading! There was a nice column every day by Eugene Field. There I met the "Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat" and other poems suited to my years. The child of today wouldn't read all that. Comic books perhaps.

It was many years afterward that I learned that a Grinnell was one of the lawyers, and many more years before I knew that Judge Tyler, an uncle of my husband, was shot over this affair.

Charlie Haskell died in 1892 and is buried here in Grinnell. His Mother's monument is near Cousin J.B.'s. Charlie was an architect and drew plans for several buildings here in town. When we opened up the Haskell trunks that had been stored here, there was the volume of Shakespeare that Cousin J.B. speaks of in his book as being gone from his library. So that is where I read many of the plays I remember so well.

There were other books from Cousin J.B.'s. Frederick Douglass' "Up from Slavery," John G. Gough's autobiography of his temperance crusade. And when Aunt Dora died many more that she had after Cousin Julia's death. They were not in very good shape when we got them as they had been stored in an attic, and they were not worth much only as Aunt Dora used to say, "A book has cost a great deal, to write and to print and should be treated with respect." Some of Aunt Dora's books are the Godey Magazines with their beautiful steel engravings. Her mother, Mrs. Hitchcock, was a great reader. She liked history, so there are many solid tomes. I remember when she stayed with us in '88 that she read the autobiography of U.S. Grant in two volumes. I shocked her by telling her that I thought Father was a Democrat. "Traitors to our country!" She was still Civil War conscious, while I knew little about that. It seems unbelievable when I read it now. I have been reading "Vermont Tradition" by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Very interesting while I am writing up about our family in those early days.

I have been surprised when some one said, "I suppose the town was pretty well settled up by 1856 when your father came." I should have said, "How and by whom?" For there was much work to be done. Land was bought in Jasper County where there was timber & a mill (run by horse power) built to cut lumber for fences and buildings. These were oaks and all finishing lumber was brought from Muscatine or Iowa City. Horses were scarce and oxen were used for plowing. Daniel Hayes told me that when he came to Grinnell the campus was planted to corn with apple trees growing amongst the corn.

There were about twelve or fifteen houses in 1856. When father build our house out here, it was the first house on the prairie. There were no roads, people just drove wherever they wanted to go. We had a barn built of that native lumber and fences with posts with holes cut in them to hold the timbers put in like bars. All these had to be cut and hauled from Jasper County. There was a barn on the lot in town which Jimmy Hill wished to preserve. It was about to fall down, one die gone, and I sent word to him that "Some things were better kept in memory than any other way." So it is gone as are the old band stand in the park, the fountain put up in memory of Dr. Clark, and the Congregational Church.

I should pay a tribute to the church. It was a beautiful building and we

all loved it. Cousin J.B. expected it to stand 250 years, and if the architect had been a western man acquainted with mud it might have endured, but he only knew of a building on rocks. So it was like the house in the Bible built upon the sand. There were great and good people who attended the church, great speakers, singers, lecturers, preachers, commencement days, social and entertainment through many years. There are many people to remember and love it still.

Cousin J.B. got the Iowa Central going and had Chapin and Hampton laid out along the route. A family of Grinnells lived at Hampton. They were related in some way. I don't know how. I met the daughters Julia and Henrietta at Cousin Julia's and a son's wife, too. I think her husband was Henry Grinnell.

Cousin J.B. had a way of calling any Grinnell "Cousin" and I have had several people contact me about the genealogy thinking they were first cousins of J.B.'s, and, I suppose, not liking it very well when their lists and mine do not join. One woman spoke of "the missing link." I think it is because we do not know the names of the children of Ann Chapman Grinnell. She was the second wife of Daniel. My records say we do not care about the names of their nine children, but I should like to have them. Then no doubt some of the lists I have would mesh. I have had inquiries from Texas, Nebraska, and Michigan. Prof. Almy's ancestors branched off just after the Lydia Peabody Grinnell marriage. I think they lived in Rhode Island. His mother was a Grinnell.

I can think of no better stories to tell to illustrate the visiting and friendliness of the family and how ready they were for fun and amusement than your own stories. Aunt Jennie always loved to go places, to church and to affairs at the church, although they lived in the last house in town on West Street. Uncle Stanley Bartlett always had a horse or two and for years was one of the starters at the Grinnell Fair for the racing. For some time he was in partnership with his uncles Jonathan and Dudley Child in the horse business. So there was usually a way for Aunt Jennie to get about socially. She loved good food, and this story is so like what she would do if company came. Grandma Dillon went down to Aunt Jennie's one afternoon, was invited to stay for supper, so Aunt Jennie started to make a cake. As she was mixing up the sugar and butter to a cream, Grandma Dillon in the doorway across the room told some funny story, her false teeth flew out and across the room into the cake! What a laugh there was then.

Once when Aunt Mary Ruggles was over from Montour making the rounds of the relatives as she always did when she came, Aunt Jennie and Aunt Mary were at Grandma Dillon's for tea. Grandma had no cake on hand so she blew up a paper bag and put it in the silver cake dish covered with a linen napkin. Then when the proper time came, she asked the company if they would have some of the Puff-it. Aunt Mary was a little cautious and politely refused, but Aunt Jennie said she would like some of it. So there was another big laugh.

Your grandmother was just like our own people to us and we enjoyed her wit and consulted her in times of trouble, and she comforted my tears and sent me on my way with good advice. Do you remember how she used to have us speak our "pieces" on Sundays and encouraged us to learn better ones? And the Sabbath was really kept in her strict way. I have seen her walk out of church when the sermon was not to the ideas of theology in which she had been trained. She must have had troubles that we did not know about, but she certainly never showed that side. She was thrifty and looked ahead as many of those New England and New York people did in that day to manage their affairs.

Out in the country, our neighbors at an early day were the Merritts who were our near and good friends, the Jerry Browns with five sons, the Kassons who sent two sons through college. Mr. Kasson was a retired minister and their son Frank was a minister in the East who started the Christian Endeavor Society. They were cultured and well read people but my main remembrance of Mrs. Kasson was that she was afraid. Afraid to have enough fire to be warm, afraid so she double locked the back door for fear of thieves. She kept her money in the Bible from which she doled out a few cents to Joe, her son, who rode to town every day on a high black horse to get a pound of beefsteak and a loaf of bread. Round steak in those days was ten cents a pound. Mrs. Kasson went away to live in Des Moines with her son Le Baron who was a lawyer there, and the Denings came to live at the corner. When they moved away the merritts lived at the corner for 16 years.

There were the Furburs, Parsons, Knebel families, and the Dunhams came in 1877. There were the Newton Cessnas and the Blackwells and John Iverson, the DeCamps and Hannays. At the house across the road -- first the Thompsons, then Powers, Child-esters, and the Beldens for about 40 years. The Utleys, Penrose, Gordons, Gross,

and in the old days, the Bixby, Wire, Neeley, Champion families. The Wires had the first steamⁿthresher. It could run the threshing machine but had to have horses to haul it on the road.

What changes in farming from the old days! Father used to go and pick corn and put it in piles and go out with the team and pick it up, or he and Uncle Sutherland would pick a row on each side of the wagon, leaving a down row for Jose to pick, much to his disgust. Now with a picker it takes no time at all, and the combines gather the grain, and the hay balers the hay and straw. I doubt whether there is more leisure for men take on more and more to do.

The many changes in farming began in the thirties -- tractors, combines, all things made bigger to match the increasing power. Soybeans were added to the list of crops. Seed corn had been gathered and tested by the farmer -- now grown and processed in great plants. Great quantities of corn are put under government seal in bins on farms and in towns. The stock is hauled in great trucks instead of being driven or hauled in wagons. The pioneer of 1854 would not believe it possible if he could see the farm of today. In another 50 or 100 years how far may be our progress if we get away from war and rumors of war.

For entertainment in the old days there was the aid society, the Northeast Debating Society, and play parties -- charades, Prince of Paris lost his hat, Ruth and Jacob -- and a good time was enjoyed by all. Later came crokinole, caroms, halma, ping-pong. Now cards, movies, radio, TV, but then we made our own amusement.

Uncle David Sutherland came to Grinnell in 1854. He was born in 1810 in Bath, N.H., where his father was a minister. There have been many Davids in different generations. He was a little older than most of the early settlers, being 44 before he came. For 38 years he lived on the corner where the Post Office is now, dying in 1892 at the age of 82 years. I remember that when he was 80 years old, his children gave him 80 dollars in gold and a set of the Waverley novels.

Father used to get a horse or ^{team} from him and take wheat to Indian town to be ground. Indian town was on the Iowa River beyond Montour. It must have been a two day trip. Indian town was moved out over night when Montour was established on the Northwestern Railroad. It was first called Orford and changed to Montour as the name was too much like Oxford. Aunt Mary Ruggles used to joke the Grinnells

about the railroad being so long in coming here as they had one before we did. But Montour never grew into as large a town as Grinnell. Now the Lincoln Highway is going north of Montour leaving it a deserted village.

David Sutherland and his wife came to Grinnell in 1854. Mrs. Sutherland was my mother's aunt. Her maiden name was Maria Bartlett and it was her sister Elizabeth who was my grandmother. These Bartletts were probably second cousins to Deacon Bartlett, anyway there was quite a close connection.

When I was a child, the corner where the Post Office now stands was a little farm. Uncle Sutherland raised chickens, funny top knotted creatures; there were grape vines, berry bushes, currants, flowering shrubs -- mock orange, lilacs, roses, snowballs, and in front of the house a smoke bush. There were flower bed full of annuals every year -- portulacca, verbenas, pansies, and petunias. There was a shop, for Uncle was handy with tools, and a barn and a cow. In those days boys took the town cows out to the pasture every morning, and brought them back at night to be milked. The pasture was out by Sanders' Pond where the golf links are now.

Auntie Sutherland was a little New England character transplanted to the West. The house was typically New England with a parlor which was opened only for special occasions. I used to follow Uncle around and I was very fond of him. He had a sweet disposition and cares slipped easily off his shoulders. Auntie was of a different disposition and the affairs of the town were her concern although seldom settled as she thought best.

We always made our headquarters there when we went in town. I remember one time when Mother and I went in to Commencement. I got a earache and we went to Auntie Sutherland's for medicine for it. Was it imagination or too much oratory? Poor Mother had worked so hard to get to the exercises! Once there was what they called a Brown Supper at the church. Auntie had made a perfectly wonderful chicken pie in a big pan. She asked me to carry it over to the church and warned me not to tip it. I had on a beautiful wool dress (about the prettiest I ever had), and when we got to the church it had rich chicken gravy trimmings. In those days there was no dry cleaning and my beautiful dress was never so nice again.

The Sutherland family were Eliza and Mary who attended Iowa College, and David. Eliza married Case Schyler and for years lived in Dakota where every year the crops

looked fine in the early summer to be dried out later with a complete crop failure. Uncle Sutherland used to send them money to tide them over to another year of futile effort. After Mr. Schyler's death, Eliza came back to Grinnell with her four children, Frank, David, George, and Mary. She was afflicted with asthma and went south to Lake Charles, Louisiana with her brother David Sutherland, his wife Maymie Carmichael Sutherland, and David C. of Montezuma who was a very small boy at that time.

After David's father died, the Schylers and Maymie had an apartment there. Later Mrs. Schyler and George and Mary, her youngest children, went to California, as did her sister Mrs. Kelsey, where she lived to be very old. David Schyler married Jessie Harriman and had one son Clare. He and his sister Mary died many years ago.

Mary Sutherland married Charles Kelsey. He went away to the Civil War and lived only a few years after coming home. Mrs. Kelsey used to live on West St. where later Rev. Vittum lived for so many years. The two Kelsey children were Carl and Elizabeth. Carl was much interested in birds and had a collection of nests and eggs. He was custodian for the Museum at the college for some time. He went East and taught for years at colleges in the East. He died recently at the age of 81. Elizabeth taught for a great many years in Le Mars, Grinnell, and Oakland, California. Her pupils still remember her and speak of what a lovely person she was. Mrs. Kelsey said she went through college twice, once by herself and later with Elizabeth. She read all her daughter's lessons to her as she had poor eyesight. Mrs. Kelsey was a little bird of a woman, a wren. She did a great deal of work in the church and missionary societies.

George Sutherland married Clara Morris, a sister of Joe Morris, a tailor. They lived in Beatrice, Nebraska for Years. They came back to Grinnell and George was in a store "Sutherland and Law." Years before that he had been in partnership with Sam Howe in groceries and a clothing business. When they came back to Grinnell they lived at the Sutherland home, and the parlor was changed and open every day. Clara painted and had beautiful pictures and china that she had painted. Their only child was an invalid. He was Roy Sutherland and lived to be about 25 years old. I was very fond of George who seemed to me to be much like his father whom I had always loved.

I never knew David -- I can remember seeing him only once. He like to work with

tools and made Jose a trivoler board, a marble game with many hundreds of pins for the marbles to roll among to goals of varied denominations. We enjoyed it very much. His wife worked at the glove factory for years after they came back to Grinnell. After Mrs. Schyler sold her house, Maymie bought the house on the avenue south of where you lived, the square house between the Cass house on Broad St. and the Marsh house on Park St.

Uncle Sutherland had been married earlier to a Miss Hibbard. Their children were Wallace Sutherland, who died early, and Hibbard Sutherland, the father of Mrs. Wyckoff and Marjorie and Roy Sutherland. They lived in Gilman. I remember very well "Bird" visiting at Auntie Sutherland's when I was there. I think she was going to college in Des Moines as I remember her.

Uncle Sutherland was a brother of Mrs. Morrison. Mr. Morrison had come to Grinnell and had a tannery out near the gate to the cemetery. He started his factory in the homes in Grinnell. His wife and daughter I remember being at Auntie Sutherland's with their basket of gloves, and Mrs. Kelsey and Auntie got out theirs, and they sat and sewed and visited. This was one of the ways the ladies had of making maney. Earlier they had knitted socks which were sold at Preston's store. A good knitter made quite a bit of money before the socks began to be made by machinery.

As the years went by, different members of the Sutherland family lived in the house. Eliza when she came back from Dakota, George and his wife and Roy, and then the Kelseys.

One night after Uncle died in 1892, Auntie came out with us to stay over night, and that was the night the Broad St. Hotel burned. The neighbors were ready to move out all of Auntie's possessions if necessary, but the wind was in the east so her house was saved. We, of course, didn't know anything about all this until next day. Mother thought it was fortunate Auntie was out here away from it all.

After Auntie's death, the family sold the place to Hostetter who put up a shed on the whole lot for what we would call a parking lot, but for horses and horse-drawn vehicles. Later J.W. Norris bought these sheds and they were moved when the lot was bought for the Post Office. The house had been moved away - first to southwest Grinnell where David Sutherland says it was next door to his grandfather

Carmichael's house which had also been moved. Then one day I saw the Sutherland house on its way to north Grinnell. It was standing at the corner of 6th and West. I climbed up and looked in the window and there it all was, the little hall with stairs, the parlor, bed room, and kitchen as I remembered it. All finished in black walnut. In the kitchen Uncle as made a wood box which opened from the outside so he could fill it up without tracking in dirt, and there were other handy things he had made. Someday I hope to locate the house again. It would be a nice place for the Museum if not too far from the center of town. Auntie used to think it wasn't as good as she had back in New Hampshire, but the women of the town envied her because she had a parlor she could close up.

And so a procession of individuals and groups of people make up a parade, a pageant of the early days of Grinnell. From the Founding Fathers, the college with its Faculty, and visiting celebrities, down through the years they appear as on a stage.

The beloved doctors from the day of Dr. Holyoke, the Harris family, Dr. E.W. Clark, Dr. Evans, Dr. Lewis, father and son, Dr. Bliss, Dr. Sherman, Dr. Somers, Dr. Talbott, Dr. Parish, Dr. Howell,- all served through many years and well.

And the lawyers, Mr. Harris and Mr. Lyman, who also served their church in many capacities.

And the storekeepers, Mr. Snow and Mr. James at the old Grange Store, Mr. Stone, the McMurrays, Mr. Johnson the druggist, Mr. McIntosh, the Prestons, Col. Cooper in the bank, Mr. Lawrence. I see them all and many more whom I should name and honor.

For years Grinnell was known as "Saints' Rest" as so many retired ministers made Grinnell their home. They were Mr. Brainerd, L.F. Parker, Prof. Edison, Mr. Everest, Mr. T.O. Douglas, Mr. Warren Little, J.B. Grinnell, Mr. Magoun, Mr. George White, Mr. Robbins, son of a member of the Iowa Band. They were all noted persons and to them should be added the names of many beautiful Christian women who served town and churches in many ways. True saints that should be remembered. Now there is the Mayflower Home to shelter and care for some of the retired ministers and their wives in their declining years. Truly again, "Saints' Rest."

I have been brought up on these episodes and stories of the past, but perhaps I am still, as 25 years ago, "not an old settler."

Fifty years ago there was quite a celebration. Aunt Mary Ruggles and Aunt Jennie Bartlett were here, and Mr. Merritt. Mr. Merritt had a wonderful time. He loved Grinnell and had lived here so many years. But at night he had a terrible nightmare which awakened every one in the house. A big laugh was had by all of us after we got over the shock of such sounds and such an awakening.

There was a long program. The Governor of the state was here, and Mary Grinnell Mears. Helen Mears sang. Mrs. Bradley spoke for the college women. Mr. Vittum spoke, and when he rose to the occasion, there was no one like him. He was inspired.

And for the seventy fifth celebration, there was the pageant, "Pioneers of Progress" with elaborate settings, eight episodes, ten scenes, and a grand finale, and wonderful music. Also there was the opening of the airport with Gary Cooper as guest.

This year there was a pageant of early days by the school children at Ward Field, with music by the High School Band, Grade School Choruses, a College group, and solos, and a wonderful story. There has been a melodrama which was very good indeed. And there are to be many more things to come -- a special newspaper, a pamphlet of the history of Grinnell, and special exhibits.

A Long Home replica has been built between the Stewart Library and the Congregational Church which will be used to greet and register the guests, and to exhibit many articles belonging to the Museum. There are to be exhibits in the store windows, and already there is a window full of old time photographs which has proven to be of much interest.

"Come ye back to old Grinnell."

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Indexed October 1993
 Elizabeth H. Ernst

notes by Marian Dunham on Letter to Abbie Dillon Bleamaster by
Harriett Grinnell Dunham

Bleamaster, Abbie Dillon, born May 14, 1880, married Jan. 1, 1909 to Wilford C. Bleamaster. Abbie was the daughter of Arthur Dillon and Cornie Hermans Grinnell. Cornie was the daughter of Ezra Hoyt Grinnell (brother of Josiah B. Grinnell) and Sarah Hermans Grinnell. Cornie's half sisters were Minnie Grinnell Barnes and Kate Grinnell Lanphere. Her half brother, Frank, died in a R.R. accident.

Cornie b. April 23, 1858, married Arthur Dillon in 1877, died May 14, 1955, is buried in Levi Grinnell lot at Hazelwood Cemetery, Grinnell. Besides Abbie, her children were Emma Keith, Sydney Dillon, Arthur Dillon, Amy Grinnell Murphy, and two daughters who died in the flu epidemic WWI. Sydney Dillon lived in Des Moines, had a daughter Marilyn. Arthur lived (I think) in Rock Island, Amy in Council Bluffs. One of Amy's sons William Grinnell Murphy (now dead) graduated from Grinnell College.

Abbie as a young person lived in Grinnell with her grandmother, Mrs. Dillon. Later she worked at the Child Art Rooms on Broad Street. Blea (Mr. Bleamaster) graduated from Grinnell and was a football coach. He was crippled in a car accident and afterward made his living as a salesman. They lived at Corvallis, Oregon.

Dunham, Harriett Grinnell, born January 21, 1878, married June 7, 1907 to Egbert Harold Dunham b. 10/28/1867 & d. 3/14/1957. Harriett died 11/5/1960. Their children: Harold Grinnell Dunham b. 9/23/08; John Russell Dunham b. 3/28/12, d. 3/14/44; Marian Elizabeth Dunham b. 2/10/1919.

Harriett was the daughter of Levi Parsons Grinnell and Harriet Knight Grinnell. Levi b. 1/25/1825, m. 2/8/1862, d. 10/31/1888. Levi was a double first cousin of Josiah Bushnell Grinnell and Ezra Hoyt Grinnell. He came to Grinnell in 1856, bringing three sisters and a brother. Their parents were Walter and Rebecca Hastings Grinnell. Martha (Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Prescott Powers) Mary (Mrs. Edward Ruggles) Sarah Jane (Jennie) Mrs. Stanley Bartlett George Pulaski b. 4/14/1846, d. 12/25/1924 m. Cleodora Climena Hitchcock 4/2/1884. (Aunt Dora) b. 1858, d. 7/25/1934. They lived on Summer Street in Grinnell.

Grinnell, Josiah Bushnell II, brother of Harriett, son of Levi and Harriet. b. 5/21/1872. d. 4/16/1952. Uncle Joe lived all of his life on the family farm north of town on Penrose Street. He graduated from Grinnell College in 1894 and was an outstanding football and track star. In the letter to Abbie he is called Jose. Harriett also lived all of her life on the family farm which was purchased from J.B. Grinnell on Feb. 11, 1857. Maple trees there were planted before 1860 and the back part of the house was added in 1876.

Two other children of Levi and Harriett were George Walter and Lucy Rebecca (Lutie). Lutie died 1870 from typhoid and Walter in 1878 from accident injuries.

Ruggles, Mary Grinnell and Edward Ruggles
 Julia Ann (Mrs. James Roach) Julia b. 1/25/1864 d. 1/15/1939
 James b. 10/6/1963 d. 1933
 Douglass, Calla lived at Tama
 John, Dorothy, Dick, Don
 Bucknam, Hazel
 Roach, Lloyd (another railroad casualty)
 Harlan, Mildred (Mrs. Raymond Harlan) m. 4/6/23
 Norma and Beverly
 Cronk, Martha (Mat) Mrs. James William Cronk)
 Mat b. 1/16/1871, m. 10/8/91, d. 4/6/1949
 lived at Montour
 Edward Ruggles Cronk, m. May ?
 small town banker - son Edward, daughter Caroline
 Gordon Cronk (in lumber business at Brooklyn, m. Eloida Manatt)
 WWI navy marksmanship trainer - two daughters
 Mamie (Mrs. Frank Ward) died young

Bartlett, Sarah Jane (Jennie) and Stanley Bartlett
 Elbert (Bert) b. 2/10/1870, m. to Anna (Flo) Spain, d. 12/12/1962
 George, Gladys, Branson, Mildred (Mrs. Paul Nissley), Lynn

Haskell, Charlie b. 2/18/1854, d. 3/23/1891

Barnes, Harry Grinnell b. 12/20/01 d. 6/21/1955

Mears, Helen Grinnell b. 7/7/1885 , d. 12/28/1913
 daughter of Mary Grinnell Mears and David Otis Mears
 a fine singer, diabetic

.....
 mentioned in letter, not related to Grinnell family.

Dunham, Edward older brother of Egbert. Edward came to Grinnell in 1876 to attend college. His parents and younger siblings came the next year from Neponset, Illinois. Parents were Cornelius Lansing Dunham, Sr. (Civil War veteran) and Mary Buswell Dunham. Their farm on the south edge of Chester Township was bought from her brother, Henry Buswell. Edward and Hannah Mann were the parents of Mary Florence Dunham Hannay Buck who is still living (1994) at the age of 104 in the Mayflower Home Health Center.

.....
 Sutherland, Maria Bartlett (Mrs. David)
 Maria Sutherland was called Auntie Sutherland by Harriett G. Dunham. She was a sister of Elizabeth Bartlett Knight, Harriett's grandmother. (The apple-wood bureau in M. Dunham's living room belonged to Elizabeth.) Maria was born at Bath, N.H. in 1817, married David in 1841, came to Grinnell in 1855, lived on the corner where the post office now is. She died 12/15/1893. She had two daughters, two sons, and a step-son. There have been many generations of David Sutherlands. When Harriet Knight first came to Iowa, she visited her brother, Russell Knight, in Chapin, then came to Grinnell to visit this aunt. It was then that she met Levi Grinnell. Many of the early settlers of Grinnell came from Bath, N.H. and vicinity.