

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

Herein printed first draft completely unedited. Typewritten pages read with copy.

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February 10th, 1945

To do the very best I can will be my effort and I sincerely hope it will please John P. Byrne.

My grandfather William Lyons was born in Dublin, Ireland--I don't know the year, but it must have been at the close of the eighteenth century. His family was in the whisky distillery business in Dublin. He left home when young and joined the British Army and continued in it, the rest of his active life. They were well educated, music and all the trimmings and so he was made regimental band master of the young Queen Victoria's crack regiment. The commanding officer was General Warrington and the general's daughter Anne, and Wm. Lyons fell in love and were married in spite of her family's objections. They never forgave her. Grandmother and grandfather lived happily together in spite of that and followed army life until he retired. They had eight children. William, Anne, Kate, Mary, George, James, Henry, and Joe. The oldest three were settled in New Orleans, La. before my grandfather and grandmother left England on their way to New Orleans. Of course on a sailing vessel, grandmother took sick and became unconscious and when they reached New Orleans she was taken to her daughter Anne's (Mrs. Boubett) home and she died there not knowing they had reached the new land. That was about 1852 and as he was at loose ends my grandfather came north and got land near Wexford. With him were his daughter Mary, sons George and James (my father). Father was about 18 yrs. old; he taught in the country schools and so did Uncle George. Aunt Mary married Charles La Trench. Later Uncle George was bookkeeper for the "Wood Lumber Co" Lansing and made a practice of rowing to Aunt Mary's to spend Sunday. One Saturday night in a sudden storm near Hoytman his boat capsized. He was lame and had a steel extension on his foot fastened by three buckles. When his body was recovered he had two of the buckles undone, the steel fixture was caught in some underbrush and so held him to die. Grandfather just didn't get over it and so they were both buried in Wexford. Then the Civil War came on--father was all for the south, so he went back to New Orleans and enlisted. He was a Lt. with Beauregard but came back north and on Nov. 26th, 1861 was married to Mother (Julia Farley). Father was born March 2nd, 1838. Mother was born Sept. 27th 1839. Aunt Mary died of pneumonia in 1862. Father of pneumonia in 1874 and so they rest in beautiful Wexford all four who came north full of life and bright visions of a new country. It was all so short. Grandfather and Uncle George died less than a year apart. The land that Grandfather owned was later the home of the Gilliams--the father, mother, sons Sam, Dave and Daughter Rose.

Patrick Farley Family

Patrick Farley my grandfather, was born in the county Cavin, Ireland, in 1809. He was a graduate of the University of Dublin. He married Anne Farley, same name, but no relation. They had three children born in Ireland. William, Julia, and Kate. Grandfather came to New York on business and liked it so well, that he never went back to Ireland. It was in the days of sailing vessels, and he didn't like to have his young family on the trip without a man's protection, so he had a younger brother come with them. Ma (Julia) was not quite five years old. They settled in or near Buffalo, N.Y. (Black Rock). Grandfather left Ireland in 1844. Two children were born in Black Rock and the oldest, a boy, William, died. My grandmother died when Ma was eleven years old. Ma, Kate, Anne and Peter with Grandpa

came to Iowa in 1855, by train to Galena and then on a Mississippi steam boat. The landing place was then in Columbus, quite a village then and even a hotel. Grandpa bought a farm in La Fayette Township and built a house--quite a nice frame house. Later the home of the Gorman family. He went to a private school in Lansing (Mr. Haven's) and boarded at Mr. Bays. They had a general store and I think their friendship was respect to the same part of Ireland where they were born. He was married from that home on the farm to James Lyons (my father) and Aunt Kate to Frank Duffy. Uncle Peter married Mary Doyle of the same neighborhood and made their home with Grandpa until the spring of 1872 then grandpa sold the home to Michael Keenan and the Farley and Duffy families went west via the covered wagon trail. They settled in O'Brien county near Sanborn. Grandpa died in 1874 and Uncle Peter Farley and Frank Duffy both died of pneumonia in the winter of 1878. Uncle Peter's wife married again and moved to Seattle Washington. Aunt Kate and her young family came back to Lansing. Grandpa Farley did not go west in the covered wagon. He stayed with us, and went on the train in May 1872. The big day, celebrating the first train into Lansing, was early in May, 1872 and he went via Dubuque and Sioux City RR and the last 50 miles by team.

The Callahans of near Wexford (written in 1867)

Among the early friendships made by the Lyons family were the Callahans. Mr. and Mrs. and seven in family. Mr. was Patrick and Mrs. Elisabeth. They had four sons and three daughters. Patrick, the oldest married Mary Erophy of near the "Oil Spring". Later he had a hotel in New Albin and lived there all their lives--good neighbors and respected by all. "Jim" married and settled on a farm (Sand Cove) about three miles S.W. of New Albin. He died in his early thirties. My father had been his grocerman. Anne married Mr. Bigar and settled on a farm near Kansas switch about four miles south of New Albin. lived all their lives and died there. Jenny (Mrs. Jake Schach) was next, then Jerome and Mike. They never married. Mike was killed by a falling tree in the Wis. Pine woods. Elisabeth Jarvis married and lived in northern Wis.

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

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

Brophy Family of Near Harris Ferry and "Oil Springs"

They were related to the Staffords and Billy Ryans. They came from near Boston. Mr. Brophy didn't live long in the new home. Mrs. was a very showy type and when Mr. died she talked (at the wake) of how she should have sent word to the Gov. of Mass. "Ma" and Kate Brophy were very good friends and so Ma had lots of inside funny stories. It was the days or nights rather of candle lights and Mrs. B. would have all bright and lovely if strangers were there and as soon as the company had gone all was out and they went to bed in the dark. She also had rag carpet in rolls and when they'd see company coming it was spread over the floor and rolled away when the company left. She had a family of six. Three sons and three daughters John, Tom, Jim, Mary (Mrs. Pat Callahan) Kate (Mrs. Toole) and Ella (Mrs. Nolan). Mr. Toole was an accountant and for years they lived here in Chicago, and Ma and Kate had many great visits of their young days. Mr. Toole died many years ago and Mrs. lived with her daughter (Mae) a widow, her home was a farm near Crystal Lake. Mrs. Toole died a couple of years before "Ma" and we all had one good visit. We sat on the side lines--Ma and Kate the center of the stage and how they talked of old times and their old beaux etc. and how we all enjoyed it. Mae (Mrs. Breen) has died since then and only one of the family left Sellie she is a retired teacher and when I saw her last very lovely.

The Ham Family

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

Mr. Ham married again a sister of all the Bohrer men. They were all of Swiss descent. This Ham family was Lucy (Mrs. Dan Guider) Rose (Mrs. Tom Burns) John, (married Ella Sullivan and went to Idaho--where they spent their 1890s) Mat, Dave, and Louis Henry, all good farmers, good people who were identified with all good movements in Lansing and LaFayette and well remembered by all.

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

John. Married a Kelly Taft had a family of five children. Joe, Mary, John, Clara, and Katie. Joe married Mary Ellen Ryan--she died in 1892 and left two babies. The daughter, Mary, grew up--married Mark Dunlevy she died in childbirth in Oct. 1918 the baby lived in Lansing and all was fine. He is now in the army across the ocean. "Harry" is a retired mail man and lives here in Chicago. Mary and Clara both joined the sisters in LaCross, Wis. and died many years ago. John married Mary Anne Mooney. He died about fifteen years ago had a large family one son a priest, Fr. Ray Bohrer. Katie the youngest married Tom Whalen, a son of Kerr Whalen--she too has passed on, was a sufferer many years from arthritis. Florence, and Victor Bohrer married sisters Ellen, Mary Anne, Murphy (sisters of Capt Pat Murphy) Dave never married. Jake married Bridget Cassidy. They had nine children six sons and three daughters.

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

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

Village of LaFayette

When my father and mother moved from the "Brown House" they went to LaFayette, a settlement on the banks of the Mississippi about three miles south of Lansing. My brother Will and I were born there. At that time there were about twenty homes there. Among them Paddy Brophy, Mick Brophy, John Tierney (a general store), A Smith family, Henry Joyce and my parents. There was no school house and so the kitchen in our place was used. Ma was the first teacher. Neck Conkey, Mike McAneny, Mattie and Eva Strong (Mrs. Metcalf) all of Columbus were among the pupils. Paddy Brophy was a carpenter. Mick had a store and saloon (over the door he had a sign "Licensed to sell--Whisky, Beef and Beer". And of this pretty little village nothing is left--not a stone or foundation of any kind remains. Ella Brophy Dempsey was born there and in the same old house in the village, she and Pat Dempsey celebrated in the old time big wedding. Ma was there that was seventy years ago the 26th of Jan. None of the Dempseys are living now.

Village of Columbus

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

Two Massier children a boy Carter about 12 and sister Eliza about 14 yrs. old were drowned in that bottom overflow. They were in a small boat. It overturned, and both were lost. Another unsolved tragedy was the finding of John Collins bruised and dying on the Columbus dyke. He was taken to the home of Lucinda Wagner where he passed away without regaining consciousness and so, the unsolved mystery was passed along. On that road to Village Creek lived the Quinn family, Fred Hunt and Michael Hay. There were five daughters and one son (Gid) in the Quinn family. All have gone on many years ago. The Hays had no family of their own, but made a good home for two nieces, Nora and Annie. Annie married John Serene and they lived their full life in Lansing. In the last years Annie Serene made a good home for her uncle and so he was well repaid for his kindness to the orphan sisters. Nora married a photographer and lived in Rock Island later moved to Los Angeles where a daughter still lives her name was Maurine, and she was very beautiful.

On that road lived Fred Hunt. He is identified with nothing in my memory- just a wild looking rough and ready. I never knew of any one else in that family.

The Brady Family

The Brady farm wasn't far from Mum's. The family there, was the father, mother, son James, daughters, Jane and Bessie. Several others lived in St. Louis, and would visit the farm. They were all very straight laced people. Mrs. Brady died about 1879 and then, all the "home" on the farm ended and "Jim" was left alone. He soon gave it up, sold the farm and went away to work at his trade (boiler maker). I met them again in St. Louis at Mrs. Murry's home (Bridget) she had the whole Brady sister and Jim a grand dinner and all in my honor, that was Dec., 1895. Jim Brady was one of the finest men that has a big place in my memory. I visited on the farm when I was nine years old. Jim, Jane, and their mother. A brother, Mike, lived and died in New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Brady are buried in Wexford.

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

Byrne Family (written by John P. Byrne)

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

Tomalty
Connolly
McCabe

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

Another version of the story insists that the young people were forgiven before they left for America.

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

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

Phillip Byrne received rather a good education in the National School in Ireland-- was particularly adept in mathematics. He served as Justice of the Peace in Lafayette Twp and Township clerk there for many years--

From 1866 to 1868 he served on the Board of County supervisors from Lafayette Twp.

He died in 1894. People said he was a very gentle kind man well thought of in his community as a man of his word.

His wife, Mary, was a hard working woman who had the aggressiveness that her husband lacked--she died in 1910.

Both are buried in Wexford.

Columbus

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

The Brophy Family

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

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

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

Mick lived and died in LaFayette had no family.

Tom had two sons, Tom and Pat and one daughter Mrs. Mary Hinchon Tom Jr. was killed by a falling tree in the pine woods.

Mrs. Nancy Tracy was married in Ireland--her first family was Tom and Mrs. Con Donahue later she married John Butterfield--Bridget was the only child of the Sutterfield family.

Kitty Brophy first married Whalen had two sons and two daughters.

Kerr and Tom Whalen--Mrs. Mag Hatchford and Mrs. Mary Randolph, Keenan, Gorman.

Mrs. Mary Brophy O'Meara Condon Keenan--one son, Tom O'Meara, one daughter, Ella Condon and four Keenan children, Kate Molly, Jack and Will. I am quite sure that Molly is the only one of that generation living--also Pat Brophy, he lives somewhere down in the Ozarks, Mo. (Pat Brophy died in 1916)

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

We called it "Around the Point"

The road on the north side of the creek and there were many homes some on the hillside and many on the creek side--a large building came first, a tannery, owned and run by Mr. Cutting. The first home on the hillside road was a Mrs. Blackmore an English woman and we children steered clear of her. There were Heddens, Haroldsons, Hansen, Julius Nelson family on the hillside and among others across the road the Massikers--Mr and had a lime kiln in one of the ravines on the north side of the road--then comes Mr and Mrs Michael Daley. Mrs was a sister of the Healy Men Michael Tom also Mrs. Sullivan half sister of John and Con Hinchon and Mrs. McGrough. The Daleys had a large "Hop Yard" on the hillside and every autumn it was the scene of a grand picking time--mostly done by women and children--took our lunches and was a real picnic. Mike and Tom Healy and Jeff Sullivan cut down the pebes and placed them across our boxes (good big double boxes) and picked full for a quarter and no one short rated Mrs. Daley.

Along the Road

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

South Lansing

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

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

The old flour mill owned by Washburn Co. and run by Ed Ruth he was a quiet sturdy man was a widower and with two children, a boy and a girl. About 1879 or 80 a big scandal struck Lansing a really band of thieves--stole from warehouses etc. and the tannery was looted also the flour mill and while everyone knew the thing was run by John Wagner. He had a good draying business with keys to every warehouse etc. He employed Dick Haney and came out free--Mr Ruth was never seen again and about thirty years ago--a skeleton was found under the old foundation of the old flour mill and old timers felt sure it was Ed Ruth, and that he had been done away with by the gang. Levi Horne and James Lynch were made the goats and sent to the pen but were soon pardoned--Maggie Rohan was coached by Dick Haney, just what to say

and when she told him the facts he said "you are to answer my questions just so and so and it was all honorable and poor Mr. Horne and Lynch got the rap and Mr. Wagner went free. He left Lansing then--the atmosphere not so good

The Old Walk Between South and North Lansing

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

In most of these on the second floors were offices of Lawyers--L. E. Fellows, Sam Kinne, Watt, and Camp all identified with the original good old Lansing. The corner was called the Concert Hall Bk and the corner was "Bryant and Thorpe" shoe store a very lovely one--all of this block was destroyed by the fire in 18____ Mr. Bryant located on a farm near Jankon--Mr. Thorpe died and now I'll tell you of his grief stricken widow--she first collected his life insurance and a little later sued Fred Schieh, John and Bryan Tully and Albert Gilbertson for damages. She claimed he died of drunkenness and so, she bled them for quite a sum.

Shiek and Gilbertson left Lansing for Minneapolis and LaCrosse--the Tullys stuck it out and survived. Mrs. Thorpe was a daughter of R. P. Spencer a hardware merchant of Lansing's early days. Mr. Spencer was a brother of "Spencer" of the original wholesale firm here "Hibbard, Bartlett and Spencer". Mrs. Thorpe's backer in all this dirty work was "Cap Bascomb". He was always active in minding the other fellow's business and was a very bad actor, morally and every way.

Christy and James Dungan

On a beautiful little plateau above Heytman's were three farms--Christy Dungan, Pat Conway and John Garrity--The John Garrity place of my time had been the home of James Dungan, the house a very nice one had been built by him and he and his family had moved to Hametsburg Iowa. He had been prosperous and his wife a very illiterate woman was very proud of him. Her number work did not go beyond the twenties. In telling a neighbor of the sale of a cow, she said that "Jaim" had gotten twinty tin dollars for it.

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Dungan had saved a weekly story paper for years "The N.Y. Ledger". I found it all in order and she had the dates straight, so it was easy to read. She gladly let me have them and so after school each evening I started my story--that is 88 years ago and still I remember so well--the title of the story "Only a girl's heart" and the name of the heroine, "Gertrude Hadden the ferry man's daughter" and of course her lover was a nobleman, however, I never finished the story. One evening when I got home from school--I looked for the story papers, all in vain--I then asked Mrs. D what she had done with them and she knew nothing about them. So she turned to Granny and asked her if she knew where they were and then came them answer "Troth and I burned them". So you see I never finished my story and Granny won out for no pleasure was allowed there. Mrs. Dungan said "Mother why did you?" and the answer was "Troth I don't believe in such wasting of time". In later years I figured that "Troth" meant "In truth".

Squire (Bill) Sullivan and M. Rielly

Neighbors in the Russell district, and as often happened a dispute about whose cows got into Bill's cornfield he finally sued Mr. Rielly--claimed his cows were the guilty ones. The suit was tried in the old city hall and you may rest assured drew quite a crowd of trouble "fans" on both sides. The presiding justice--turned to Mr. S--and asked if he had a lawyer to conduct his claim etc. Bill arose and addressed the court "Your honor I am familiar with the law and able to handle my case". and so Mr. R. was put on the stand--"His cows had been well taken care of in a pasture and the bars closed. The question are you sure and how? Mr. R "Well the bars and corn field are "overrite" me sure and I would be sure to see them. Bill arose and claimed his right to question Mr. R. Bill--Mr R.--Maybe in Ireland you said "overrite" but we are in America and the proper word is "firminst". The "fans" were delighted. Mr. Rielly won. Bill was far from popular. Court adjourned Bill paid the costs and learned a lesson but didn't improve him.

James Dungan and Peter Jonas

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

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

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

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

Lafayette Township Comfort Stations

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

Comfort Stations

At that time I am quite sure of only four. One at the old Kuehlich place, one at John Lembs, and one at the Philip Byrne and one at Grandpa Earley's old home.

I learned many amazing facts in that school--the real ignorance of the homes of the children. The Larry Keenans, Donkans, Tom Whelans, Jerry Kelly, Antony Donland and many others. To talk of it, color might mean anything and so I had lessons on many simple things. Maybe some of them stuck.

Tim Russell Family "A Complex Family"

I think he and his family came to Lafayette about 1860. He had just married a widow--she had three children two daughters and a son, younger. Their names were Walsh and had come from Michigan--it didn't last long, for Tim was notoriously cross and cruel so the three children ran away. People were kind to them all along the way and they finally reached Grand Rapids and were all right among friends--The boy passed away. The girls got along all right, married and lived their full lives there. Tim and wife had one child (Annie) Mrs. died shortly after and Tim married the widow Keenan--She had two children Mary and Larry. Keenan and Tim one, Annie Russell as time went along the stork left seven more--Kate, Joanna, John, Tim Jr, Dave, Nellie (Mrs. O-sidy) and Tom and they never knew a real home, for old Tim was such a devil no one ever went there. He never even went to church, as he had had a fight with Fr. Hannan, Tim finally passed out and then the family started to live. Annie would say "poor father he must have had a deep sorrow in early life". That was about 1881. We were all amused with her pretending. She had spent two years in Grand Rapids, with her sisters--came back when Tim died. Thought she could tell everyone how to act and how to live--very modern. Went back to teach a country school and finally married a farmer from near New Albin and went to Nebraska to live on a farm. (Mike Noonan)

The rest of the family lived on, on the old place, had company, fixed a wash bench, a bucket of water, with a dipper, a wash basin in it and an oil cloth pinned on the wall divided and a newtooth brush for each member of the family. One morning Joanna came down in time to see "Andy McGloughlin" making his toilet fixing his mustache with her toothbrush--you can see what followed no one felt safe to use any of the supply and so Andy had his choice of seven. His outfit was on a lean on

the back of the kitchen. Mrs., Joanna, Tim Jr. Dave, and Tom went to N.Da. in 1892. Kate married and died in Marion Iowa. Nellie married Dick Cassidy and died several years ago and Dick too has gone. Just two are left--Tom and Joan and she is mentally gone.

Sam Kinney (lawyer)

Mr. and Mrs. Kinney came in the early times from New York--both of them college educated and cultured people--had three children Libby, Charles and Sam Jr. Libby graduated from one of the best known schools on the Hudson and came back to Lansing and found her parents on the down hill road from a toe popular life--they were in demand in social doings he was a state senator and very much welcome throughout the state. And became fond of the drink and were indulged every where. Charles died when about twelve years old of pneumonia. Mr. went first, and Mrs. lingered on both victims of softening of the brain. Libby stood by through it all and cared for them--Sam Jr finished high school in Lansing--then came to Chicago and was doing nicely, when he too went of pneumonia. Libbie married Lou Pape--had a sad life. Had one daughter, who survived her and now all buried in the Lansing cemetery--peace to their ashes. They were of the very best, but too gay.

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

Dick Haney

The hotel was owned by Dudley D. Dee and he had a very beautiful daughter--"Roxey" and Dick Haney had inside running when a young minister (Rev. Rogers) was called to have charge of the Congregational Church--He was very popular and dared to admire "Roxey" A "Fair" or "Bazaar" was in the offing and so Dick H-- proposed a contest for winning a gold headed cane by the most popular young man. He put Rev. Rogers and "Nigger Doc" as the best candidates--Dick worked hard for his man "Doc" and of course won the cane for his side. The nice young minister was of course crushed and soon resigned from the church and left town. Dick and Roxie were married and finally located in Pierri S.Da. He prospered and finally made judges of the supreme court. So honor, and honesty doesn't always come out on top.

Mr. Watt a Lawyer

Each year when Jack Frost finished his work on the good Mississippi and a solid ice cover over all, A road was marked across the frozen river--south east just below the old flour mill, then through the islands, to the foothills of Wisconsin joining the road to Ferryville all told about eleven miles. Marcy Mew walked it and so Mr. Watt and Mr. Steelsmith walked to Ferryville made the trip alright and in the afternoon started back, when in the island part, a sudden violent blizzard

came up and so blinded the men that they lost their way and became separated. Early next morning Mr. Steelsmith reached Lansing and told the news--a searching party went out and later they found the frozen body of Mr. Watt--another road across the river to De Sota a distance of about five miles was often the gay sleighride, party ending in a dance hall in De Sota--good old times--The promoters of these parties were usually Mary Healy and Maggie Haw.

Conways of Iowa Township

Mr. and Mrs. Neal Conway and family two daughters and three sons Mary (Mrs. Ryder) married and lived in W.Da. When quite an old woman she was murdered in her home and it went into the unsolved crimes. Ellen, then John, Dan and James. John edited a paper in Kansas. He was a full fledged scamp. Dan an all right farmer and Jim a lawyer lived all his life in Lansing. A good man and a good citizen. his wife was Nellie McCafferty they had one son--He was an invalid from childhood, but had all the comforts and luxuries of life. His parents both died and he was left with quite some money--He had a wild time for a few years, went wild with auto driving was finally killed in his own car and so ended the Jim Conway family. The old lady was a lovely looking woman and didn't know A from B but when she died her son John wrote her obituary said she was so well educated etc. and was as familiar with the works of Keats and Shelley as with the Irish bards of old. She spent much time on her front step--smoking/clay pipe.

McCafferty of the Four Mile House

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

James and George Metcalf families

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

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

Later he sold to the Dunlevy Brothers and it was merged into the Allamakee Journal. George Metcalf had a family of three sons and one daughter. The daughter Mina lives in Boston. as a girl and woman I always loved her. George Jr. still lives in Lansing. Herbert and Walter died suddenly in Des Moines. Mina, Herbert, and George Jr. had been pupils of mine in the old court house.

The Godfrey Family

Had been our neighbors and friends as far back as my memory runs. Mr. G-- was from New England and had many of the old Puritan practices. He was very interesting and when we were young we spent many evenings with them. Mr G-- made us a ougigi board and he was great at tipping the table and playing spirit sapping. He told us of life in N. England when they were young and the country teacher "boarded around". A young man named Hughes was very clever and put different ones into trances. Mr. G had a sister that was the best medium--Hughes was finally sent out of the country

and went to France. He was finally exiled from there and just recently I've read of him and I failed to keep the article--He died an exile many years ago. Mrs G was a baptist and so a few times we had the river ceremony--We children loved it plenty of noise --we gathered at the river in front of the old Van Emberg crossing and how we did sing
Sweet memories

Jesse Rose and family

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

The Howard Family (Written in 1947)

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

Tim Madden

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

South Lansing

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

The old "court house" became the public school. (my first school) entered there in 1870 my first teacher was Frankie Shaw (Mrs George Markley) Teachers before that were two Miss Wolcotts and Perry Darling. Later and ones that I remember, were Mary Ann McGarrity, (Mrs McGovern) Kate McGarrity (Mrs Daugherty) Sis Kelleher, (Mrs Thornton Dr's wife) Emma Jackson, Alice Duffy of Waukon--all loved by us all. Later sister Annie and I taught in the old well loved "court house". An open space in front where we played. Lumber piles, where we played "House", south of our play ground, on the street, was Mr Levi Horne's saloon--an orderly and respectable place and on the north border, Mr Bequetts saloon and grocery. He was the last word in "within the law" was a frenchman. couldn't read or write

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

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

Next the Charles Gadsby home, then Mrs. Martha Ruth Buschnell a sister of James Ruth long time postmaster and off the street next the "Gard" home. later, the office of John Robson, lumberman and the seat in Lansing history of the first "flush toilet" and I feel sure that $\frac{1}{2}$ of the population called within a few days, to see how it would be to push the button

Our nearest neighbor just south of us John Degan a G.A.R. next the old scandinavian hotel, in the back yard a large barn. Boarding feed etc. a farmers refuge. We often watched loads of hay being forked into the left. there was a weighing place

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

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

Continued from "The Old Walk between N. & S. Lansing" p. 8

The old house on the corner finally became the Van Buren place across the street
Bocks, Rehen & hart
Main St--south side

Third St--a harness shop then John Farrell's (Coyle's later) hotel--next Schach and Kennedy meat market, a general store and then "Bockfinger, and Boeckemier" wagon factory and blacksmith shop--on the corner the Kerndt dept store by the old firm, the original Kerndt Bros, natives of Germany and good business men and the best of citizens--

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

Later he answered a matrimonial call and married a spinster from Milwaukee She made it known that no one must call upon her there and so she lost no time in building a new home The home now Charles Kerndt was at that time the last word. She had her cards printed, at one corner the day of the week "at home" The two Maggie and Belle left home-- Tom the boy went, and for ever after made his home on the islands with the Winnebago indians Mary stayed for a little while and everyone knew how abused she was. Blanche fared little better--but Gertie was the favored one and so fared well. Mary was my age and friend in our high school days. about seventeen years ago she committed suicide. Gertie and Blanche live in Cal. Blanche is a teacher and reader of Christian Science in Long Beach.

Maggie (Mrs. McNearney) lived to be 92 and she wrote me the most wonderful letters to the last She has three grandsons--officers in the U.S. Army one a West Pointer. Belle, her sister died long ago Maggie and Belle were Catholic--so was

Along the Street

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

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

North Lansing

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

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

In the old days were several churches of different denominations--Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist and now just one federated church, still a norwegian lutheran and a german presbyterian stays on East of Keiths --first the Pope store

James Bush

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

John Cooney

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

John Lamb and James Curran (Written in 1946)

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

you could hear all through the house Mrs Lamb, Mr L, and Mr Curran were born in Ireland Mr C-- claimed he was born the "year of the big wind"

Guider families and Pat Ryan

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

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

Dan Michael and James Guider

Dan Guider was married twice his first family--Will, James, Mary Ellen, Annie Marie, and Mike his wife died when Mike was a baby and he married Lucy Hurn--they were a grand couple. Their hospitality was well known and enjoyed by many--Kate Tully is the oldest of the family and lives in Chicago--her husband died several years ago. Mick Guider died very early and left two daughters and one son. Mollie, Maggie, and Patay all passed away years ago-- James Guider family--Mrs was Bridget Madden. They had seven children--Frank, John Kate, Gertrude, Margaret, Joe, and George. The sons are all living and well to do all live in Minneapolis--Kate and Gertrude have gone these many years all good people and good neighbors

Mullarkey families

In the long ago two families Owen and Ed were the heads of the families and each had a large family. The Ned children were pupils of mine when I taught in the little school in the german settlement--The Stibers, Roggensachs, Luths, Wurths Mullarkeys and Howards--The Ned Mullarkey and they were fine people Mr and Mrs were big hearted and would share with their friends.--When they came to settle in Lafayette a bride and groom they walked all the way from Gamavilla and carried their clothes in the the old fashioned carpet bags--their wealth small but their hopes and spirits high --The Owen Mullarkey was older and I don't remember them so well

Mr and Mrs John Broderick

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

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

The Orphans Deserted Candler the Real Name

Mr Candler's wife died of "Yellow fever" in New Orleans and he married again. there was three children, two young girls and a little boy about three years old. They came to Wexford and took possession of a log cabin there near the Heatley home. No one knew when, but Mr and Mrs left and the three children were alone. After some days, Will Heatley, a young boy heard cries in the cottage went in and saw the poor children. So he told his folks and the news spread. The neighbors took charge. The little boy died. Nothing was ever heard of the pair who fled and Mr Owen Sullivan of Paint Rock took the two girls. A neighbor (Mr Degan) helped and so they had a home. Later Anne, the older married John Degan (no relation of the good neighbor) they were our neighbors. Ellen worked in Prairie DuChien and so they lived to be quite old. Mr and Mrs D are buried in Lansing.

John Mobley

Belonged to a prosperous family of Dubuque--He lived in Lansing as long as I remember and was a just a nonentity. He was township assessor all the years I think until he was ready to pass out--His love was booze and during the inland saloon era, poor man was rescued several times from a watery grave in the grand old Mississippi. There was a family of two daughters and I think four sons. All right but no over ambitious. Anne was the oldest and a school teacher many years, in Lansing and later in McGregor. I saw her eight years ago at the last "Home Coming" she told us, she was very hard up and lived in an "Old Peoples" home. Was indeed a sad relic of better days. Too bad so much hard luck happens along. Mattie died many years ago and I don't know how the brothers fared.

Hirshkin

An old German couple as I remember--had five daughters one of them lived in Algona. Is the others--Mrs Kennedy whose husband was a partner of Jake Schach in the meat later sold his partnership to Mr Schach and the Kennedy family moved to Algona. Mrs Wuest, wife of Peter who, with Joe Urnesbach ran a saloon on Main Street known as Pete and Joe's place. Mrs Urnesbach was a sister and Mrs Moritz Kerndt made up the five. After the big fire the saloon was not rebuilt and the Wuests went to Sioux Falls and started a cigar factory-- Mr Urnesbach built again but did not resume business. Mrs U-- did a little notion business and magazines. She sold the place to George Metcalf Sr and it is still a newsstand with new proprietors. Ed Urnesbach lives alone in a cozy cottage on West Main St. The only member of the family left.

The Holmes family

"Mr" was Oliver Wendal Holmes of the authors family--came from the east and settled on a farm near Village Creek. he was of puritan stock--but married an Irish catholic girl (Miss Trainor) they had a family of four sons and three daughters-- Mrs brought all up in her religion--Mr passed away first and he was buried on a strip just touching the catholic cemetery and Mrs buried at the edge. Devillo is the only member living Edward Julson is a grandson his mother was Minnie Holmes. Eva Holmes was Mrs Clark, died very young left a good husband, who cared for his young children in his best way. They were their home in Lansing.

Gaunitz family

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

Capt Bascom family

He was of the Civil War Won his way by work and Merit was always called Cap Bascom Had a wife that tried hard to keep him in the right path but Cap frequently jumped the fence Was also a muddler--managed the Mrs Thorpe damage suits against the saloon keepers for the death of her husband from drink. Also got John Serene into the liquor mess whereby Dr. Hatchway was involved. He and John Serene had the sympathy and respect of the town and Bascom the contempt of everyone. He kept on his way to the end. Had two daughters Image Bascom Fowler Abert and Adah Fuller a granddaughter A daughter Ada Bascom Corne All very charming and had many friends Mrs Albert is now about 92 years old Mrs Corne passed away several years ago and if living would be only 76 now both daughters were very good looking

The Thomas Family

Mr Thomas first wife died and he had two children George and Mattie George was brilliant and full of fun but never very well he died young Mattie married Dr. Green of Dubuque, of the best practice and lived there most of the years until he retired Mrs died about six years ago a daughter Lois lives in Urbana. I know them all years ago. Dr Green was our doctor in Dubuque and Mrs a teacher in Lansing high school--the second family of Thomas Adah, Frank, Ben and Anne. Frank was drowned in an accident in the island sloughs. He and the minister were helpless when their boat turned over. Adah (Mrs L. Elmandorf) passed away recently in Cal Our good friends Ben and wife, on the six of Oct celebrated their golden wedding. I was not able to go but I've rec'd two good reports from Fanny and a sister Anne Thomas Taylor lives in Waukon

The Kemble Family

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

Moss and John Verdon

Settled first near Oil Spring south of Wexford --a real settlement of french people --Martelles, Cotas, Verdons, La Tronche, and others all very french and some of them of indian mixture--The two Verdons married Mary and Magdelene Martelle and later moved to Columbus--we knew them well and liked them Moss was killed by an accident in the saw mill (all at his family's expense) no accident insurance in those days

LaPoints and Goebels

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

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

Nelson family

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

The Whitney family

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

Schierholz

A very sedate german had a grocery store on the south side of Main at next to the Thomas Bank He was not an example of social life--was too pleased with himself and we could say a real swell head was successful in business and in some investments in Chicago Mrs was Mattie Shaw and a fine woman after he died--her nieces and nephews the Markley family went through all she had and it had been a lovely home--she died poor but well loved.

BrockhausenNielander and Brockhausen

An old and solid company, a general store, and had lovely homes N-- on Centre St, and B-- on River st, both with most beautiful flower gardens the wives were sisters and they were sisters of Schierholz and like him were very much swell head and couldn't much more than grant. Nielanders had three daughters and one son (Harry) he lives in Spring Valley Minn and is a very fine man he married Elsie, a daughter of Robert Hufschmidt Mrs N--had had plenty of money from her family in

Bates "Lansing House"

Joe Bates proprietor of the old hotel "The Lansing House" the family--Mr and Mrs Mr Bates' mother--Carl his brother, Joe Jr a son and a daughter Lily. It was a good hotel and they loved good horses. always well groomed an open carriage and Joe Jr made quite a show in it.

There were two bawdy houses just outside of town one just south of Columbus near the turn as you drove up Kerr Whalen's hill and the other around the point on the road to Village Creek. Near the old hop yard-- Joe Jr delighted in getting the good people excited by taking the gay ladies in turn for a drive--all fashionably dressed--He also led a gang of young toughs and called themselves the "dirty six" made a lot of noise and were after all quite harmless they left Lansing and settled in Decorah

Were in a livery business I never heard how Joe Jr turned out

Mrs Irvin (the notorious)

She had two sons lived on second st on the east side in the block, south of the Cooper home She roamed about at night following and trying to find something to

**Pictures of Lyons Family of
New Orleans, La.
and
Lansing, Iowa**

Anne Warrington Lyons my
 grandmother - her father was
 General Warrington & she married
 James W Lyons, in opposition
 to her family's wishes - They never
 forgave her. James Lyons was a
 lieutenant in the British army and
 was regimental band master of Queen Victoria's
 They raised ^{eight} a large family and
 lived in army quarters all their
 married life - grandmother and
 grandfather planned to come to
 U.S. as soon as he retired from the
 army - Several of their family had
 located in New Orleans & so they
 set out on their long journey the
 old slow sailing vessel - grandmother
 died & when they reached the

grandmother died in
 Anne Boiebat
 this picture was taken after
 death.



Grandfather

father

Aunt Mary

George

visited

later

was bookkeeper

Lanning

was good musician

was wife for while

Substantially

Aunt Mary: a sudden storm -
his boat, a skiff capsized & he
was drowned. He was furnished

with a credit metal instrument from

below his shoe, it was found

in the woods fastened by a nail

to bushes - it was his

own work, they were not on a

boat - it was his

own work - it was his

own work - it was his

own work - it was his

own work - it was his

own work - it was his

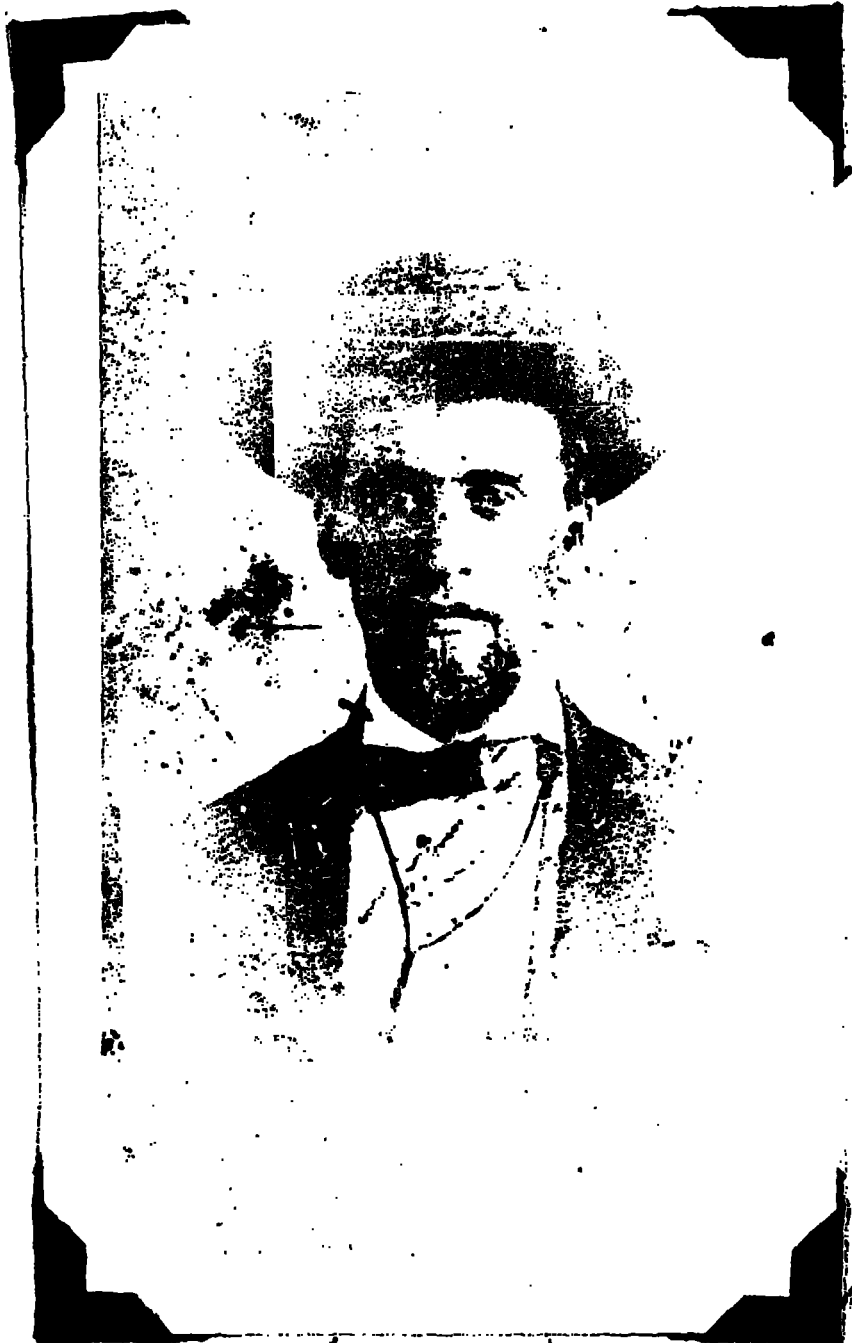
didn't

Mary

married

within

a month



Father: James Lyons



Mother: Julia Farley Lyons



My dear mother
I received your letter
of the 10th and was
glad to hear from
you. I am well and
hope these few lines
will find you the same.
I have not much news
to write at present.
I am your affectionate
son
John



Uncle Henry Lyons came north on
 a visit after the "Civil War". He had
 spent the full time in the army,
 enlisted in the Union Army and
 his sister Anne, Mrs. Doubet through the
 British ambassador had him taken
 out and almost immediately he
 re-enlisted under the name of
 Henry Frost & served all through
 the war. He visit our family at
 the close of it. I was an infant
 & he was my "god father". Ma
 said, he learned to love himself
 on his way to the church. (He is fond)
 He was born in England in 1811.



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





went Kate Farley & Jeffery
 Taken in 1872 just before
 they went west, by covered
 wagon route. Went to O. B. B.
 county. Went with her husband
 uncle Frank, and twin babies
 Uncle Frank died of pneumonia
 and I & Jeffery were left with
 the children. Later all the family
 is now in Northampton & I have
 been to California. The daughter
 who is first, when she was
 married and still lives in
 the west as far as I know
 my daughter, Charles was
 married to...

**Chronologically Arranged Pictures
of Mary Lyons Siewers**



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



Taken in Aug 1881 in Dubuque--my first train trip and while there, my first to see a street car--one old horse did the work

I wore a plain white lacy dress with a bunch of velvet pansies and a gold chain around my neck

Taken when I was seventeen, and had finished my first term of teaching at LaFayette Center and I boarded with the James Curran Family. It wasn't an easy school to start in

over forty enrolled and several as old and a few older than I

Didn't have a clock so I drew marks, and window frame made marks and I figured the hours.--On a rainy or cloudy day, Mrs. Curran hung a white towel from an upstairs window, and we understood.

34



Taken in 1881 by Dick McGarrity in Lansing, Iowa. A white dress with lace scarf black



When I taught near New Albin and boarded at John Hurley's. seated left Mary Dougherty (hired girl) She held my fancy parasol. Mrs. Hurly standing and I, to look intellectual held the book. I was then 22 Of all I used to know then, I can think of just two living there now--Charles Travis and Ed Bock

In 1889 all pretty lawn dresses and our hats fancy straw a little tip back like a bonnet -- Mary Daugherty Mrs John Hurley and I, taken in New Albin Iowa



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



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

25



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



Annie's

Taken Jan 3rd 1897 /dress black satin with a figured beaded front
very pretty

Sister Kate wore a black velvet with a large velvet collar. A
lace flounce around the collar

My dress a garnet colored silk

Joan Russell standing a pretty black alpaca

Kate Russell a lovely black cloth trimmed with a bead trimming

Dear sister Annie, Kate Russell and dear sister Kate, back row, I and
Joanna Russell she lives in N.D. and is the only Russell living
she is about 88 years old. Aunt Annie was only 62 when she went
Grandma was 86 and six months Annie was a wonderful person, busy and
doing for everyone and great worker in church clubs--active for years
in The Lady of Sorrows and her funeral mass was there. She had many
friends and all the children loved her she was so good to care for
them and to amuse them

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

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

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

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

II

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

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

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

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

There was usually a crowd of people in the community hall. The new owner. There was a big glass window and the museum windows. Some men coming back from the lakes dropped in to tell about their trip, and of the big fish they had caught. They laughed and joked as they drank beer and sarsaparilla from the fountain.

III

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

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

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

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

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

It was here I came to know the Siewerses best. I often went to their home with Jessie Robinson when she sat evenings with the children. I was always given a friendly welcome as if I was ushered into a parlor. I sat on the little satin-covered settee with the children.

IV

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

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

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

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

V

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

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

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



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

from surrounding towns. The parade was a real success--beautifully decorated floats, bright costumed clowns, bands, prancing horses, with colored crepe paper streamers flying from their halteres. The Indians were a colorful sight, in their war paint and feathers and beaded jackets. Indian women wore bright colored shawls made of long wool, and there was an Indian drum and drum unit, made up of two large drums.

A flat truck carrying a baby carriage, a baby-sitter, and a baby, was a tester-totter on wheels. The sign on the truck was "Cohrt's Clothing Store" and "Quality--Low in Price".

VIII

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

46



In the front yard Papa holding Brandt
Norreh Lyons, next Kathryn and I, Anna Kittelsby, Aunt Grace and Dorothy

47



I, Brandt, Karl and Papa
Kathryn in front

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

48



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



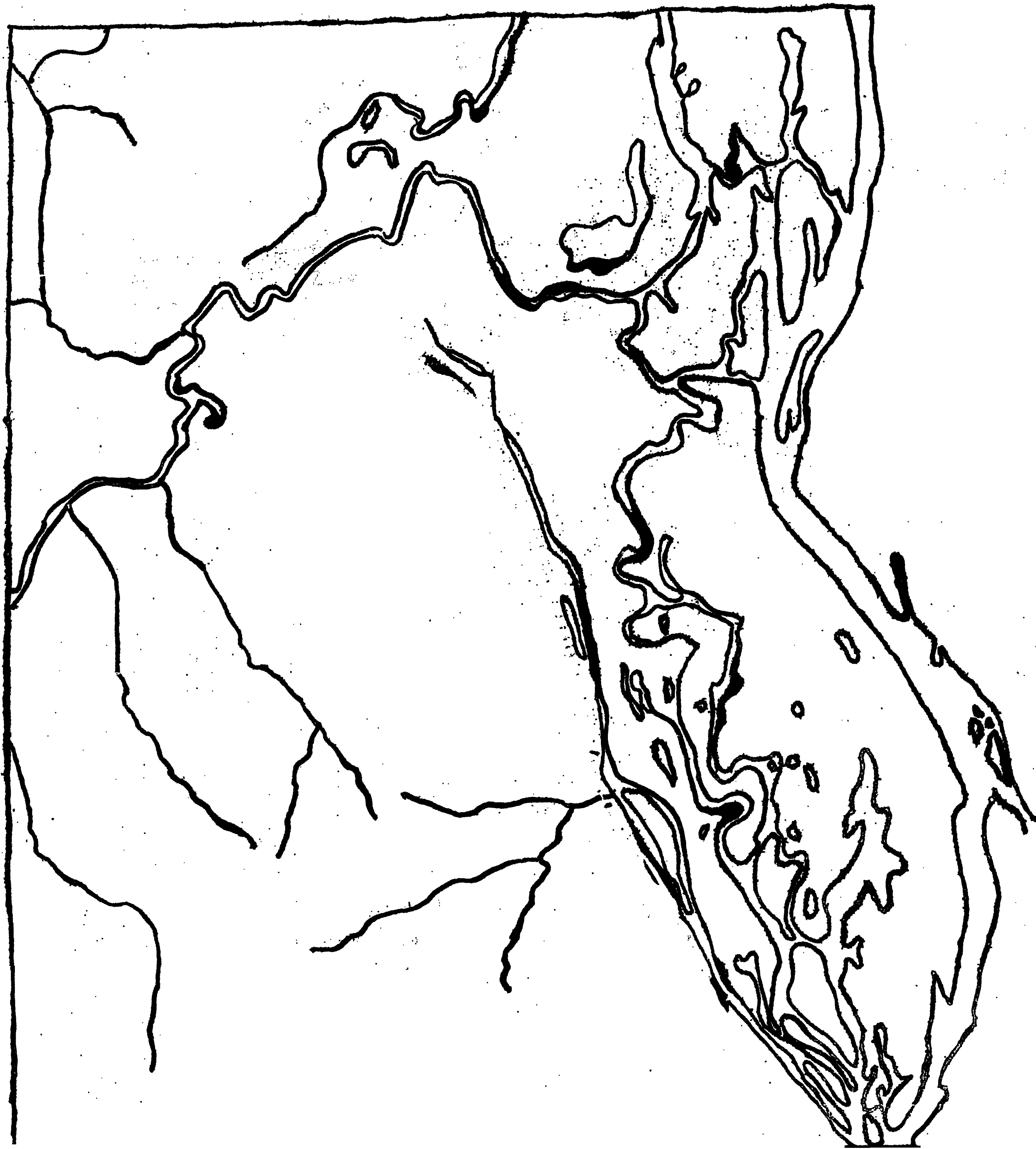
In 1908 with our much loved and enjoyed horse "raap" all ready for a drive in the back seat Kathryn and Brandt-- in front Alfred (the baby) and I. That was our daily pleasure driving around the country--when Aunt Grace and her girls or Aunt Annie and her boys we took our lunches with us and ate in the country

Karl was seldom in the pictures as he spent most of his time out of school helping in the drug store.

50

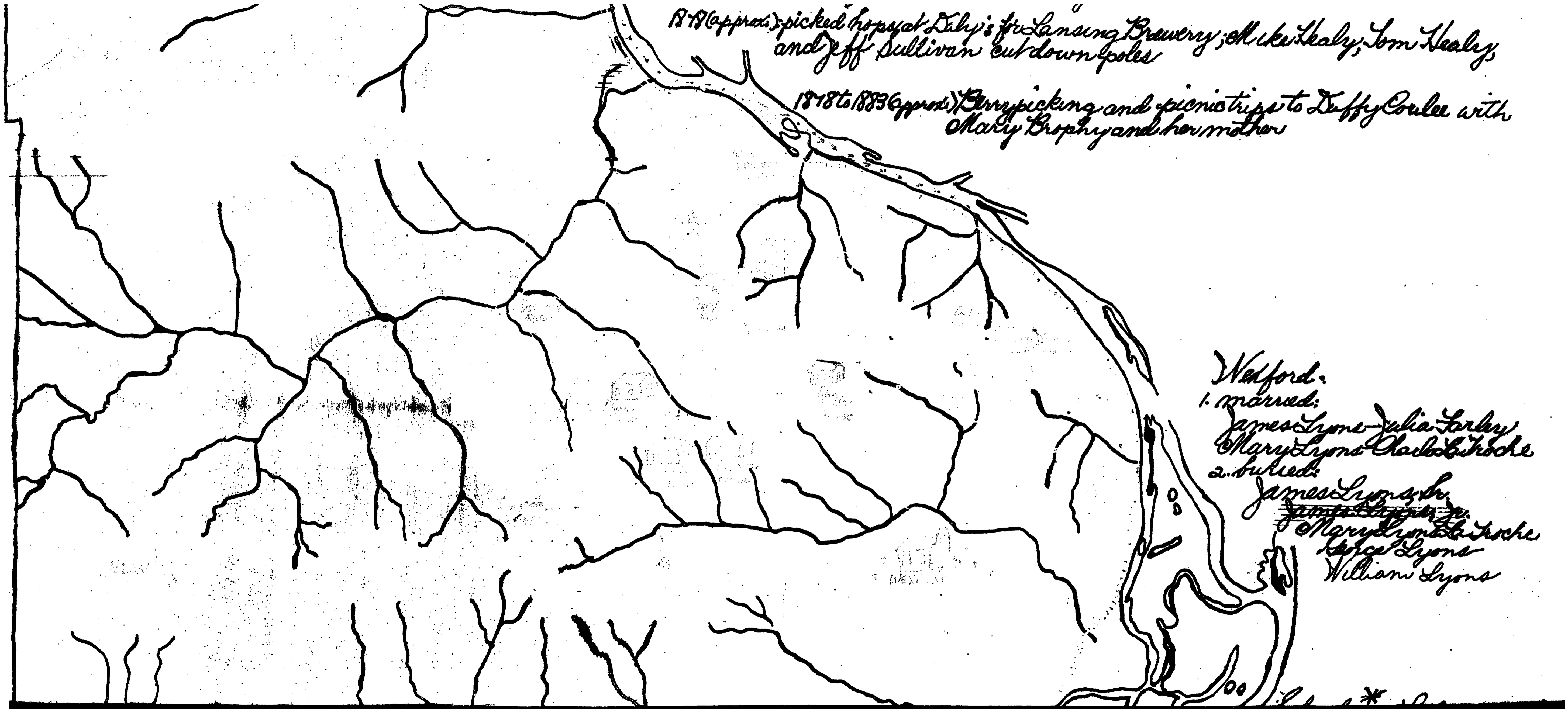


The last picture I have had taken--It was in 1912
Viola and I were down town together and she was
really the promoter of it and I was glad I had it
taken--this is the one my children and some grandchildren
will know me--maybe



Mary Lyons in the Lansing Area 1864 to 187⁵

- October, 1864, to March, 1864: lived in ~~Brown House~~, Lafayette
March, 1864, to May, 1872: lived in White House, South Lansing
May, 1872, to 1873: boarded at Schach House
1870 to 1880: grade school in Old Court House, high school at Lansing
1872 or 1873: stayed first time away from home at Brady House
1875 to 1876 (approx.): many visits to Brady farm; went mushroom hunting,
with Granny Brady
2. many visits to John Guder House; visited with Blind
Maggie, who played mouth organ; Bill and Michael were home
3. many visits to friend, Luisa Trodick, whose sister
tucked the little girls at night in between two feather ticks
Midsummer 1875: party at Dan Guder House; Bill Guder was dressed in a
bear skin; Mary cared for brother George; party in honor
of Amanda Mrs. Jim Curran who had been married
seven months; Nick Ryan & Little Willie Guder played bear ale
1878 (approx.): visits to Burr House

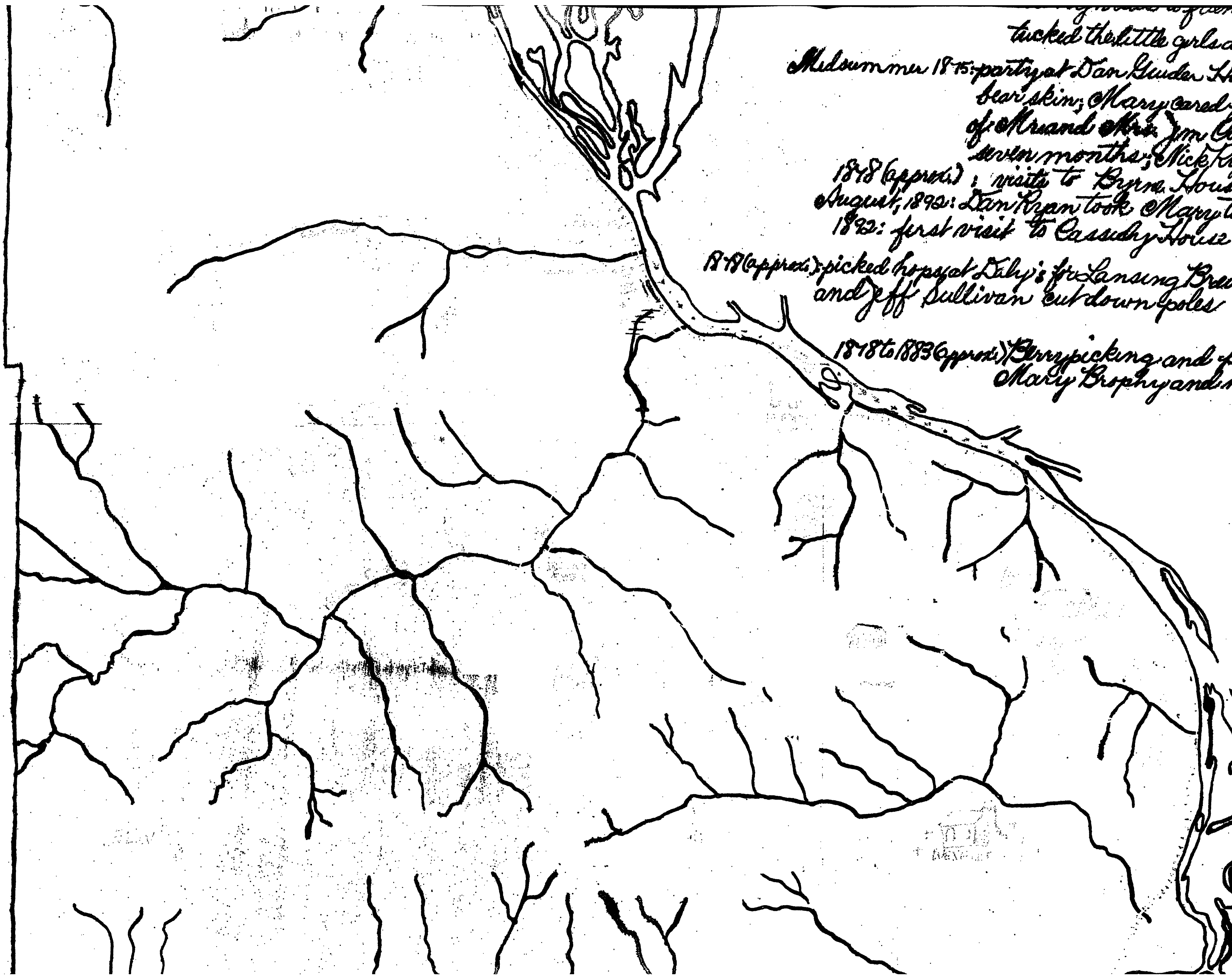


1878 (approx.) picked hops at Dely's for Lansing Brewery; Mike Healy, Tom Healy,
and Jeff Sullivan cut down poles

1878 to 1883 (approx.) berry picking and picnic trips to Duffy Coulee with
Mary Brophy and her mother

Welford:
1. married:
James Lyons Julia Farley
Mary Lyons Charles Roche
2. buried:
James Lyons Sr.
~~James Lyons Jr.~~
Mary Lyons Roche
George Lyons
William Lyons

1878 * 1883



tucked the little girls at night in between two feather ticks
 Midsummer 1875: party at Dan Guder House; Bill Guder was dressed in a
 bear skin; Mary cared for brother George; party in honor
 of Mr and Mrs Jim Curran who had been married
 seven months; Nick Ryan & Little Willie Guder played karate
 1878 (approx): visits to Byrne House
 August, 1892: Dan Ryan took Mary to Pat Ryan house for Sunday dinner
 1892: first visit to Cassidy House
 1878 (approx): picked hops at Lily's for Lansing Brewery; Mike Healy, Tom Healy,
 and Jeff Sullivan cut down poles
 1878 to 1883 (approx): berry picking and picnic trips to Duffy Coulee with
 Mary Brophy and her mother

Welford:
 1. married:
 James Lyons Julia Farley
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 2. buried:
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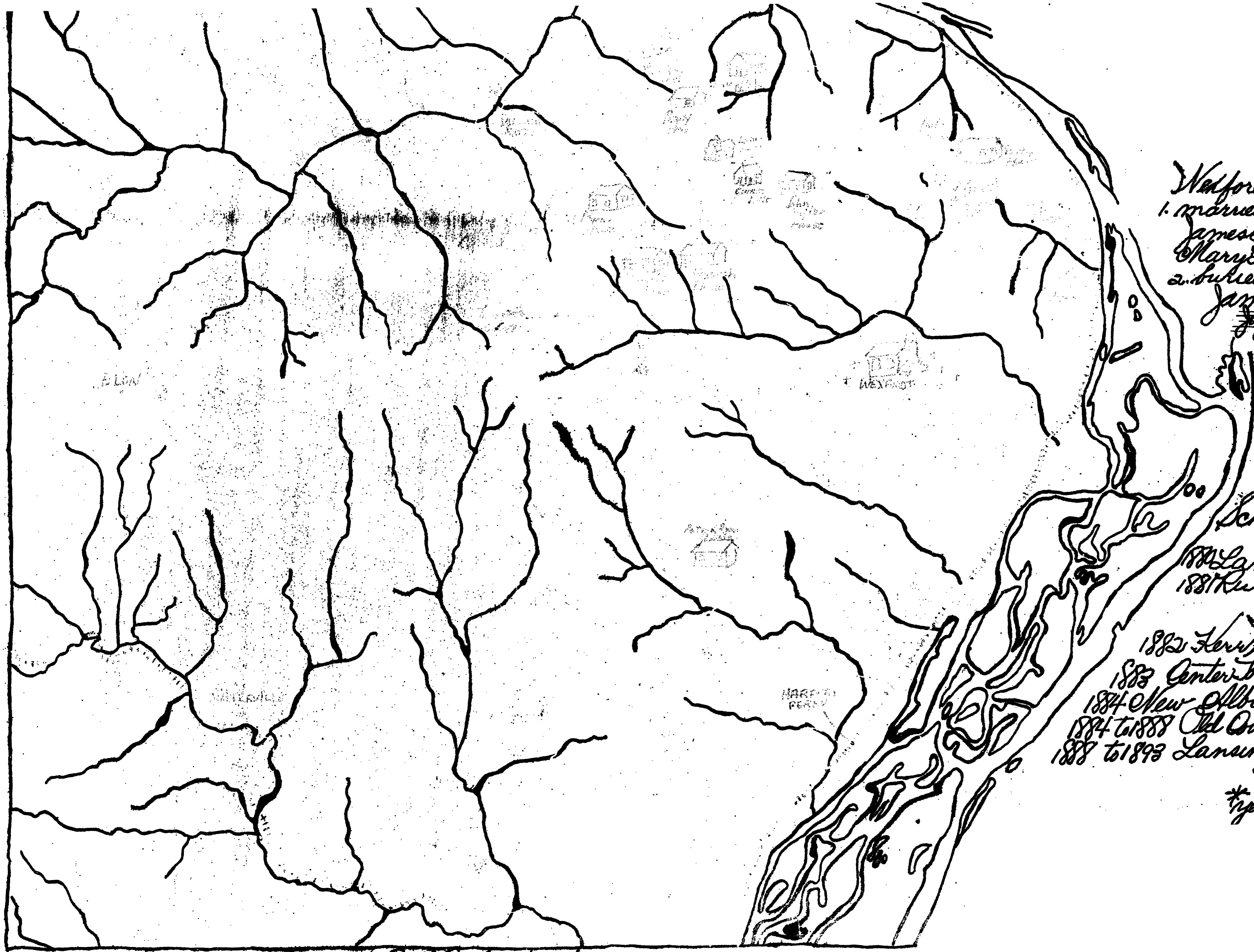


1848 (approx): visits to Byrne House
 August, 1892: Dan Ryan took Mary to Pat Ryan house for Sunday dinner
 1892: first visit to Cassidy House

1878 (approx): picked hops at Daly's for Lansing Brewery; Mike Healy, Tom Healy, and Jeff Sullivan cut down poles

1818 to 1836 (approx): Berry picking and picnic trips to Duffy Coulee with Mary Brophy and her mother

Welford:
 1. married:
 James Lyons Julia Farley
 Mary Lyons Charles Roche
 2. buried:
 James Lyons Sr.
 James Lyons Jr.
 Mary Lyons Roche
 George Lyons
 William Lyons



Wexford:
 1. married:
 James Lyons Julia Farley
 Mary Lyons Charles Schock
 2. buried:
 James Lyons Sr.
~~James Lyons Jr.~~
 Mary Lyons Schock
 George Lyons
 William Lyons

Schools* Lodgings
 1880 Lamb Curran House
 1881 Russell Christie Lincoln House
 1882 Ferri Whalen So. Lansing
 1883 Center Township Reagen's Sch.
 1884 New Albin Hurley House
 1884 to 1888 Old Court House So. Lansing
 1888 to 1893 Lansing High So. Lansing

*years approximate

Some roads not put on map.

