

Pioneer Migration:
The Diary of Mary Alice Shutes
Part II

edited by **Glenda Riley**

This is the second part of a travel diary kept by thirteen-year-old Mary Alice Shutes in 1862 chronicling her family's migration from Wyandott County, Ohio to Carroll County, Iowa.

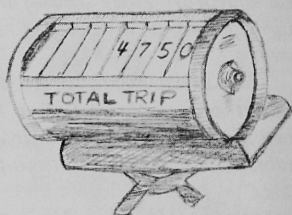
The Annals is publishing this diary through the courtesy of the author's nephew, LeRoy L. Shutes. The manuscript has been slightly revised stylistically to facilitate reading but remains as close as possible to the original account.

Monday, May 26,—Up early as usual. Some six miles on the way to Edwards Station along Kickapoo crick most of the time. Followed the trail several miles then went through Langdon. Crossed a crick then turned to the right and saw a sign "JUBILEE COLLEGE." We just kept going to Brimfield. Stopped to eat. Pa's indicator says fifteen miles. Rested only once. No cows. On we go for a couple of hours. Crossed French crick. Good roads. A couple of hours to Spoon River. Hills on both sides and real steep. We all got out and walked and for the first time used a tow rope on the wagon tongue, a wide breast strap on each of the saddle horses and a whiffle-tree arrangement. We had four horses which was a big help for sure and the wagon team needed the extra help. The hill was long as well as rather steep. It would been real rough doing it all by themselves, that is if they could have made it by themselves. Anyway they did not have to. The first real work the saddle horses had done so far from our viewpoint.

Here we are at Trenton, a small place. Stopped a short time and in about an hour are back by the railroad. Pa decided that with hills and all we better not try for Knoxville today. Made another fifteen miles. A couple of stops and we camped. Days are getting longer. If the horses could take it we might cover more miles. The roads are good compared to a few miles back. It has been decided that the horses are doing their best so we won't push them. Yet, when the end of the trip is close, maybe then. So here we go into the quilts.

* * *

Tuesday, May 27,—A good breakfast. Pa seemed extra happy and before we started the wheels turning again towards the west he said, "we are at least halfway to Ioway. Our indicator shows four hundred and seventy five miles. We surely have passed the halfway mark soon after



we left Peoria. I think Peoria is close to the middle of our journey." That made us all feel real good. We are on our way. In an hour we were in Knoxville which is the county seat of Knox county. We are stopping at the Court House for some advise on the best place to cross the Mississippi River. Pa had heard about the bad spring floods along the big river about the first of May but was told in Marion, Indiana that the river was dropping fast.

The sheriff at the Court House said, "the ferry camps in Rock Island. Its been badly flooded but its in use again. You can get over to Davenport all right. Then there are the Ioway roades no matter where you cross." Then he added, "while the roades at Drurey's landing and accross the river from Musca-

tine were badly flooded it is my opinion that the roads from Davenport west would be worse than from Muscatine because the Drury landing folks and Muscatine officials have been spending much time and money on their roads to keep the ferry folks at Davenport from getting more than their share of the ferry trade." He was really pulling for Muscatine so we don't know where we will cross the river yet. Found out we will not have to go through Galesburg. We are taking an angeling road toward the northwest. It saves miles besides.

Now crossing a railroad and on north to Henderson crick. Had a rest and a bite to eat. On we go to a sign at our left "New Henderson." Stopped at a store for something. Now on north. Another store. Crossed Pope crick and north into Windsor. Pa got some feed. Going west then north. Rather hilly. Charles came back. He had been scouting ahead looking for a good camping place. Here it is.

There is a man working close to where we are camping. Pa went over and talked to him about the Rock Island-Davenport ferry. He said, "its about twenty miles to the ferry. As to the Muscatine ferry over at Drurey's it is a good day's journey. There is a sort of town on this side, Pines Bluff. Its not a real town. I do not know if one ferry is better or not but the Rock Island one is a day's travel closer from the east so it is used the most."

Uncle Charley said, "Hiram, [Mary Alice's father] if we get going early and push things we can be on Ioway dirt for tomorrow night we will be getting some rest on both sides of the river." Pa said, "I think it would be pushing the horses too much but it makes little difference if we travel a little further on this side of the river." Uncle Chet then came up with, "I really prefer an extra day in Illinois and believe the Muscatine ferry the best place."

This plan is to go west early in the morning and get to Muscatine on this side of the river at Drurey's and camp for the night. How soon we will be on the ferry boat depends on how many are ahead of us. Anyway we will soon be on the same roads over in Ioway in any case. Pa seemed in favor of

Rock Island and Unkey for Muscatine. He was likely thinking about more big towns to go through the other way. While the men were deciding where to cross the river Charles was reading my diary of yesterday and argued that we camped on Mills crick not Edwards River last night. Well, we are not going back to find out so he wins.

Heard Ann [Mary Alice's stepmother] tell Pa, "I wonder why the Muscatine crossing seems to be the most reccomended over Rock Island and gets the most advertiseing." Pa commented, "even if Rock Island gets the most advertiseing I have about made up my mind to go by way of Muscatine. There's not really much difference. It will be the same on the time to get to Carroll County." Then he added, "as far as I am concerned I want the Mississippi River behind me." One fellow claimed the roads north from Muscatine were smoother but admitted he had never seem them.

Now that brother of mine is arguing that this is our twentieth night. This traveling must be getting him. I told him to stop arguing and to stop reading my diary and that I had settled on Mills crick over Edwards River to please him and he would just have to settle that this is the twenty-first camp, which it is. He just grined like he always does when he knowes he is on the short end of his arguments. So we are rolling in for the night.

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Wednesday, May 28,—Ate early at a daylight breakfast. Pa remarked, "Charley wins. We will cross the river at Muscatine." So off we go to the west. Saw a sign which said "Pleasant Ridge" to the right. Just kept moveing to Edington. We have made fifteen miles. It is ten o'clock. Gave the horses a blow and had a bite to eat. No more eats untill the next town. Stopped for a short rest and typical camp meal. Was told it was not over ten miles to Drurey's Ferry Landing and that it was a good idea to get your name in the pot as soon as you get there for passage early in the morning. Soon on our

way. With the excitement of seeing the big river it seemed we were going slow but really makeing good time. Here we are. It is just five o'clock.

Pa had hurried ahead with my horse and I drove the surrey horse for the first time on the trip. Pa was waiting for us. He had a campsite arranged for and our name in the pot for crossing before noon. We are sure there are over a dozen ahead of us so the idea of the man's to get there the night before was a real good one and a good deal for us. Hiram is really pleased and so are the rest of us as we know we can cross tomorrow for sure.

Uncle Charley said, "we will have only two hundred miles to go when we get accross the Mississippi into Ioway." Hope he is right. So we are to spend our last night on Illinois soil and to-morrow we will really be at the begining of the end of the trip to the Promised Land out in Ioway, the Indian Country.

A man came over and talked to us. He remarked, "you should have been here several weeks ago. You would have seen the Mississippi rampaging on the worst of its floods that the old timers can remember. There were no crossings for quite a spell. Not just too much water but too much trash and big trees that would smash anything in their way."

Water is still high but not dangerous. Melting snow up north has caused it. It just warmed up too fast. Might have been nice to see the floods but not to have to wait for it to get safe to cross. Let's go to sleep so see you in the morning.

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Thursday, May 29,—No hurry as we have lots of time. Charles is disapointed that we would not have to be ferried over on a ferry boat that had horses for drive power or a horse-powered tread mill. Instead we are haveing to be ferried over on a steam-powered ferry. I like the steam power the best. Don't know why Charles was all set for horses for power.

Went down to the landing several times to see the boat

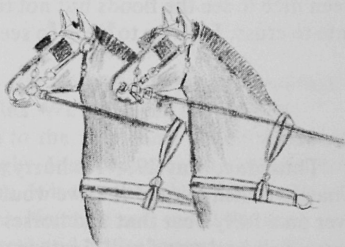
being loaded. The boat had a name on it. DE_____ some-
 or other.¹ I should have written it down but maybe someone
 else remembers it. Are a few houses here. The place is called
 Pines Bluff. Do not see any pine trees around.

The ferry was on the job as soon as it was light enough to
 see anything. There is lots of noise. Maybe that is what woke
 us up early. Might been the excitement of what we expected to
 happen. Pa told us to keep back and not get in the way of the
 men and wagons being loaded on the boat.

Things seemed to work out very well. About eleven o'clock
 Pa was told to have his outfit at a certain place by about one
 o'clock so our turn would be soon. It felt good to know you
 were being taken care of. Had all our stuff ready to move
 aboard. In fact, Charley said it was only twelve-thirty. The
 boat is over on the other side unloading. Then we hear the
 whistle toot-toot and the boat is backing out into the river.
 Quite a ways over there too.

It is only a little after one o'clock and they are pulling into
 the landing on our side. The ferry tied up to the landing
 platform and the big landing apron as Pa called it came down.
 They did not seem to have any return cargo. A man is walking
 down the gang plank. Charles insists that is what it is. Looks
 like an awful wide plank to me so it will be a loading platform
 to me.

A man talked to Pa
 and Uncle Charley.
 Now here we go. Drove
 to the loading plat-
 form. The horses were
 blindfolded so they
 would not get excited
 over seeing so much
 water or maybe so
 much churning of so
 much water by the



¹The ferry which carried the Shutes family across the river was probably the Decalion, a steam ferry in service on the Mississippi during the early 1860s.

paddle wheels of propellers. No one is allowed in the wagon or surrey or on the horses. We walked on board. The wagon and surrey wheels are blocked and the horses unhitched.

Pa and Charley are holding the bridles of the team and someone was holding the head of the surrey horse. Charles and me held our own horses' heads and talked to them. It is really exciting. Nothing like it before for us. Mother Ann has the real job sitting on a chair holding the baby and Howard. I kept hold of Archie's hand with one of mine and the nag with the other hand. Now the whistle screeches. The horses just throw up their heads. Their eyes being covered they can't see anything anyway so won't get scared very easily. Then we find out Charles' horse and my horse are tied extra to a post. They could not have moved very much anyway. Nothing happened anyway all the way over.

The big loading platform has been pulled up. Two more blasts and then puff-puff and chug-chug of the engines and we are on our way from the Illinois landing. We are crossing the Mississippi. Good-bye Illinois and here we come Ioway.

We watched the bubbling and swirling water in the wake of the boat. Guess they are paddle wheels from the covers we can see. Nothing is happening on the way over. Well, here we are pulling into the Ioway side landing before we are ready to stop enjoying it. Is so exciting to cross the big river.

Almost as soon as the boat bumped the landing pier the big apron came down with a bump. The team was hitched to the covered wagon, the blocks knocked out from in front of the wheels, and the wagon moves off first up on Ioway soil. "Ioway dirt," said Uncle Charley. He grinned like a small boy with a new toy like a top.

The horse is hitched to the surrey, the blocks knocked out, and Pa drove off after the wagon. Then Charles and me followed with our nags but a man had hold of the other side of their bridles until we were up on Ioway soil, on Ioway dirt. They thought we could not handle them maybe. We are safe anyway. The blinders are taken off the horses after they were on shore.

We are assigned to a camping place back from the river a-ways so now we can get our things back together, have our eats, and be all set and ready to go to pull out for the west to Ioway and the Indian Country. What a relief to be on the west bank of the big river Mississippi.

Did not waste much time on eating and resting. Uncle Charley said, "not quite three o'clock. Let's get away from this dust and noise." So we are ready for Ioway—our future home—although its quite a-ways to the west yet, almost to the Missouri River.

We are off through town mostly north and west. Crossed the new railroad in about an hour then moved on. Stopped for a short rest. Weather is nice. Moved on up the road—I mean the trail. We are westerners now so its a trail. Crossed some cricks. We wanted to get to the ferry over the Cedar River before we camped for the night. Want to cross the river tonight if we can. This is not such a big river compared to the one we just crossed. And we have made it. Our rabbit foot is still working. The ferry man said, "get on the boat." We did and over we go.

The name was Tice's ferry. So here we are on the west bank of the Cedar River and are makeing camp. Tomorrow off for West Liberty and Ioway City where there is a bridge accross the Ioway River. So we eat our first meal in Ioway and are rolling into our quilts. So good-night.

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Friday, May 30,—Up early and had breakfast. Are ready to start the wheels rolling to the west although it is still a bit dark. When the sun makes enough light to see we will be going on our way. It was like our early days of the starting off of our covered wagon trip through Indiana. But now things have changed. The end is not so far away so we wanted to get going and get there. The Ferry boat man was up early too and was unloading the first emigrant as we pulled out of our camp. It was not quite four o'clock.

The trail angled to the north-west. In a little while, maybe

an hour or so, we crossed a soggy draw with a crick in the middle. It was not very long until we crossed the new railroad tracks. We stopped under a tree. It is real warm. We give the horses a breather. After stretching our legs we resaddled ourselves and moved on. Must have been an hour when we came to a town, West Liberty. In a little while we crossed to the other side of the railroad tracks. Came to another crick and watered the horses. We are moving into Johnson county. Chuck says, "eight o'clock, doing all right."

The trail angeles for awhile then turns west quite a spell then angeles north. Crossed a good-sized crick just south of where two cricks came together. Good place to water the horses and being close to eating time by our stomachs we ate and rested a bit. On our way. In a couple of hours we are at the railroad where it goes into Ioway City. We came to the Ioway River and crossed on a bridge. A man told us it was the Burlington street bridge.

After we had crossed, Pa, Ann, and Charley had a talk and decided we were to continue on several miles to a town named Coralsville. This is where we are to camp tonight. Mother Ann got into the covered wagon with the baby. Pa took the surrey and drove back accross the bridge and into town. He is to get hold of the men that he bought the Carroll County land from last fall. Mother Ann told us that their names are Agnew and Ford.

We arrived at the campsight and were all set up for the night when Pa showed up. He had found one of the men but I don't know which one. He is to be back at their office early in the morning, seven or earlier. We are told, "we are in the Mormon's town where they camped in 1856 and started their handcart trip to Utah from here." Pa had told us this too. He remarked that "we would follow about the same trails they did untill after we passed Des Moines."

Getting dark so we are rolling in. Be up before five o'clock for Pa's early trip into town for his meeting with those two men.

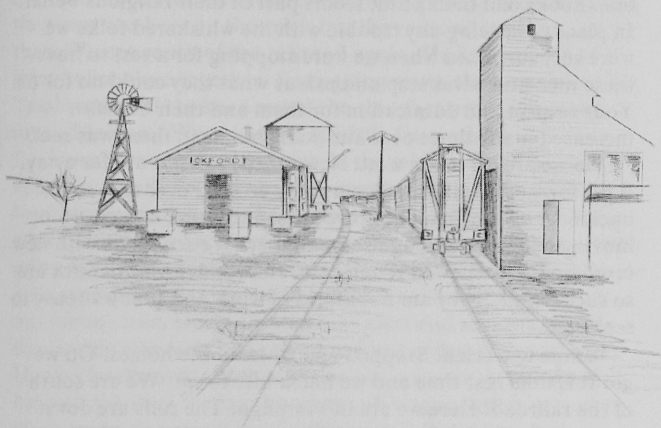
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Saturday, May 31,—End of May. Our third day in Ioway and our twenty-fifth day on the way from Ohio to the Indian Country out in Ioway. Sounds romantic, don't it? Had our breakfast early so Pa could meet with Agnew and Ford in town before seven o'clock as planned. Pa took my rideing horse. He said the surrey was a nuisance and took too much time.

Pa and Uncle Charley had been over to the black-smith horse-shoer last night. Unkey and Charles are to get the horses over to the shop early this morning to get their shoes reset or whatever is needed and to look the wagon over. Also the surrey, particulary the wheels, so there is plenty to do. My horse is to be taken over to have her shoes looked after as soon as Pa gets back from his town trip. Pa suprised us and was back right after noon time. He said, "things worked slicker than expected." He sounded well pleased with his business visit and with Agnew and Ford. He talked quite a while with Ann. Charles took my steed over to the black-smith to get fixed up and get the job on the other horses speeded up. Wondered by Pa always took Nancy and never Charles' nag so I asked him. He said, "Nancy just rides with less jolt."

It was decided that as soon as Charles was back with Nancy (named after my mother who died when I was five years old) we will move on. Pa is over at the shop. When the men came back we finished cooking dinner and ate in no hurry. We loaded up and are on our way toward Homestead which is the Mennonite or Amish settlement of several thousand members and over twenty thousand acres of land along the Ioway River—so Pa told us.

We are north of the new railroad that is only a year old. We are not far from the railroad tracks. The trail is good. Crossed some cricks. Came to a town, Tiffin, but not much there. Kept moving then stopped at a crick to water the horses and for a rest stop. On we go. Things sure look neat. Annother depot at Oxford. Forded a good crick. Not a bad place to camp so we are. Had not gone many miles but it was late to try



for the town of Homestead which is just ahead so we are rolling in for the night.

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Sunday, June 1,—A new month. Had breakfast and we are off to the west. Pa wondered if the Amish would object to us traveling through their town on Sunday as they are a very religious sect.²

Roads are very good. Things look about the same. The farms look well-kept. No farm houses as they live in towns. We are south of the railroad. Soon crossed over to the north side and then back again. Here we are in Homestead. It is early, maybe six o'clock, but there is lots of activity going on anyway. Pa said his counter showed over six hundred miles and he pointed to a sign "Des Moines 100 miles." Could Des Moines really be that close?

All the men here have beards who are old enough to raise

²Alice obviously had Amana people confused with the Amish. The latter were located not too far from there at Kalona, but according to the route taken by the Shutes family through Coralville, Tiffin, and Malcolm, it had to be the Amana people, or the Community of True Inspiration, that they visited in Homestead.

one. Looks odd to us but it seems part of their religious belief. In place of haveing any trouble with the whiskered folks we were very surprised when we were stopping for a rest to have these men and wives stop and ask us what they could do for us. Your respect and admiration for them and their beliefs increased many times over and your thanks to them was real.

So we are off to the west. New railroad grade not far away. Rails for work trains are down so we crossed over and came back over again. In an hour we passed through a town. Kept moving and went through some timber. We see fields with new crops and they showed much care. No wonder Mennonites are so successfull. They are not afraid of work and that was easy to see.

Came to a crick. Stopped and watered the horses. On we go. It is then rest time and we had a bite to eat. We are south of the railroad. Here we are in Marengo. The rails are down and are used by work trains. We moved on close to Big Bear crick then through lots of woods. Now out of the woods for a while then back in and accross a little crick and on and on. Rather hilly so we had to rest the horses more often. Now we are on a more level ground and country. Came to a town sight. Rails are down but are not too level. Now a town on the county line of Poweshick. A signpost says "Victor." We drove on accross a crick and kept going about an hour or so. Then timber and came to Little Bear crick again. We crossed and made camp. "A good days travel with so many hills," Pa said.

Is rather late for us to make camp. This was our longest Sunday travel but Pa is getting more anxious to get to Carroll County. So are the rest of us as well so into the quilts for tonite.

* * *

Monday, June 2,—Off early as usual. Crossed the new railroad. Rails are laid but not very level. On west a few miles. In an hour we turned in through a town. Not much here. Crossed back over the tracks. The men are working on leveling

the rails.³ We crossed Little Bear crick again. It sure looks like the town was here on the crick but the railroad is changing that. We are south of the railroad again. Had to cross the crick twice close together. Soon going south then turned west. Trail sure twists to keep out of the sloughy spots. Another town, Malcom. We are south of Little Bear crick.

Stumps most anyplace even in the middle of the road or rather the trail. Sometimes they are so close together there is hardly room to drive between them. In fact, this almost caused a fatal accident. Archie must have dropped off to sleep for when going between two stumps one of the front wheels of the wagon hit a stump and Archie rolled off the wagon seat. Thanks to our lucky stars Uncle Charley was alert and saw Archie hit the double trees and bounce off in front of one of the wheels. Uncle Charley said, "I thought he was a goner. I pulled so hard on the lines to stop the team and wagon that it brought the team back against the whiffle trees." But the wagon stopped and when Archie's shoulders hit the ground his head was almost under the wheel. The jar must have brought him wide-awake. He sat up a second in the clear before the horses straightened up and the wheels moved forward over the spot that Archie's head had just left. Am sure luck is with us.⁴

Pulled up a little ways to a good place to stop. Besides Charley was so shaken up with the near accident. Now Pa and the rest of us found out just what had almost happened. Had our noon meal while we all setteled down.

The railroad is just accross the crick. Watched it a little while. The rails are laid down too. It is a work train and the men are leveling the tracks but we have to get going on west again. In a couple of hours we turned north a mile or so then west again. Crossed several cricks then a bigger crick. Stopped for a rest and watered the horses. Trail is better. Real warm.

³This stop was probably near the Westfield stage stop in Jasper County near the Powesheik County line. Rock Island Railroad maps from that time indicate some rails laid in the area. They were, however, used for construction and emergency service rather than regular passenger and freight service which developed later in the 1860s.

⁴Archie did not suffer permanent injury from his accident. Years later he married and became the father of LeRoy L. Shutes, the donor of this manuscript.

We are on the main State Road from Ioway City to Des Moines. We must have got off the trail when we got mixed up with the stumps. Charley might have dozed off and the team wandered onto the wrong trail. Who knows?

Pa is sure there is a stage stop soon somewhere. He remembers from last year's Ioway trip because this part was by stage. We crossed a crick and decided to make camp. Not as many hills as yesterday so it was easier on the team. Had supper and a nice campfire. No one said a word about Archie's near accident. Pa said, "Grinnell can't be so far away."

Charles is going to take his night watch, his first in Ioway, so the rest of us are rolling in. What a day.

* * *

Tuesday, June 3,—Up early. In an hour came to a crossroad and a sign "Grinnell" with an arrow pointing towards the north. Crossed a crick. Here are some buildings. Pa thought they looked a bit familiar. He thought it was last year's Stage Coach stop but was not real sure. He said, "I saw so many new things for the first time with just a look." Pa stated, "it is only a little over a hundred miles from here to Carroll County. We have gone over seven hundred miles in twenty-eight days. They are behind us, not ahead of us."

We are in Jasper County. Picked up some supplies and then on we go through some woods to winding road. Turned north-west and crossed a new row of survey stakes where there has been some grading for the new railroad tracks. Drove along a crick then turned west and crossed it. Kept going and crossed several more cricks. Now a town. "A town a-borning," Pa said. It was Kellogg on the new railroad survey. Through some heavy timber then we watered the horses and had a little to eat. Is real warm.

Early afternoon into Newton. Went on west and crossed the Skunk River. Not so small. It looked bigger than a crick. On we go and we are in Colfax. Stopped at a store and was

told, "a mile or so on west is Squaw crick and a good camping place." They acted as if, or so it seemed to us, that they were afraid we might camp here. We did not think they were very friendly as most folks are. They get tired of emigrants too maybe although emigrants are good cash customers.

Crossed a crick. There is a vacant log house close. Pa and Charley went over to look at it. The inside had been used to store grain in. The sky is covered with rainy looking clouds. Uncle Charley had commented on there being quite a few vacant log houses we had passed. Pa thought we better stick to the covered wagon and our rabbit foot luck but the rest of us stuck with Uncle Charley. Pa lost as we thought sleeping in a log cabin house would be fine.

Pa, Ann, and the baby stuck to the covered wagon. Pa said, "I don't need any practice sleeping in a log cabin. I was born in one back in Ohio." Swept it out real good and brought in our bedding. Let it rain. We were in for a big suprise. A pair of Skunks had decided on a home under the slab floor. When they heard our noise above they decided to come out and see what was going on. Ann was sitting in the surrey and spied them first. She called to Pa, "see the striped kitties." He looked and called to us, "come out quick. There are polecats arround." We looked and then moved fast. The kitties just looked. Luckey for us they did and were not between us and the covered wagon. We made it and decided no more vacant log cabins for us. For once Uncle Charley had nothing much to say except, "never smelled a thing. They must have just moved in."



There was a house close by. Likely it was the owner of the log cabin we had decided not to bed down in. Pa went to the house and asked if we could have permission to park off the

State Road just in their barnyard and if it rained if the men could use the barn to sleep in. Of course we were not turned down. The woman said Ann and the baby could have a bed in the house. It was nice of her but Pa said that "he, Ann, and the baby would sleep in the wagon and the rest of us in the barn where there was plenty of hay for a soft bed." It onley showered a little after all.

What an experience. Pa told the man about trying the log house and how the skunks gave us a scare. He got a big laugh out of it and said, "there are so many skunks in this county that is why the Skunk River is named that and it has not changed much in skunk population in twenty years."

So we had a night in the barn for some of us. Even the horses were inside. These folks not only fed our horses but refused any pay. The lady came out and said, "don't you dare leave untill you have had breakfast with us. Not so long ago we were pioneers traveling just as you are now." Nice to expect flapjacks and bacon we told them. The man remarked, "just trying to repay some of the nice things that were done for us."

We know where we will eat in the morning. So night. Pleasant dreams.

* * *

Wednesday, June 4,—Four weeks ago we were just leaving on the beginning of this trip. Now about a week or so to go.

We are up early but so are the folks in the house. The lady came out and almost demanded we come in and tidy up. "We know how you feel, not presentable. We came here in the early forty's by covered wagon and you are eating breakfast with us. Don't you remember?" and she laughed. Of course we had buckwheat cakes, fresh side pork and coffee. You could eat your fill with no smokey taste. Words are no good in cases like this. We did not get away so early. Pa told them we were headed for Carroll County and had been out and arranged for the farm last fall.

So we are on our way headed for Carroll County. Cricks and hills. Crossed a crick,—on a new bridge and stopped for our

noon meal. It was the old smokey kind we are used too but good any way. Short rest and on we go. We are in Polk County. Another crick. Roads are not so bad, considering. Stopped for camp on Four Mile crick. Sky is clear so we are thankfull for that. The counter showed under sixty miles the last two days but that's not so bad. We remember the striped kitties and the inside breakfast. Pa said, "it is less than fifteen miles to Des Moines, the Ioway Capitol." We did not see much of it but some of us will later.

We will cross the Des Moines River tomorrow on a new bridge and our last big stream to cross. I am sleeping in the covered wagon tonight. Just don't feel too good. Camp life is getting me maybe?

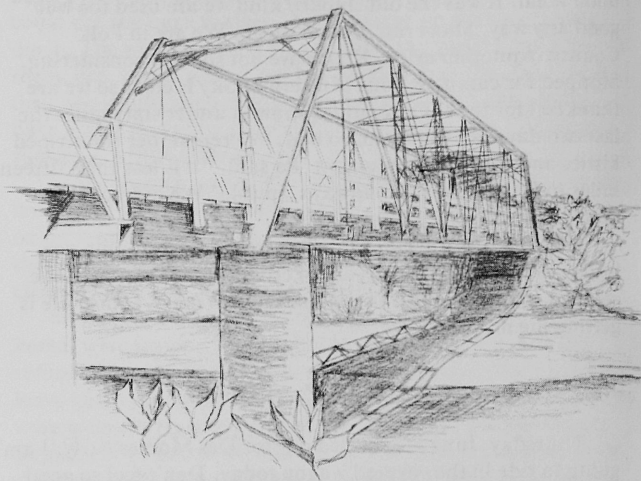
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Thursday, June 5,—Pulled out for Des Moines early. I am going to ride in the covered wagon today. Don't feel so good yet but better. Must been two hours or so we crossed the river on the big bridge which looked new. Pa is driveing the team and Uncle Charley is rideing my horse, the first time for any length of time.

Did not see very much in this part of the new Capitol City. It looked like it was not very grown up. We followed what we were told was the old Mormon trail of 1856 for quite a while. It is the northbound mail and stage routes. Then we turned north along Walnut crick I believe it was for quite a while. Then we are in Dallas County stopping for a rest and something to eat. Watered the horses from our wagon supply for the third time on the trip. Moved on for several hours. Weather is warm but nice. In fact it feels just about right and so do I.

Here we are in the town of Adel. Crossed the north Racoon River on a bridge. This will be the same river that our new home—the log house is on. Pa said, "the cabin is too close to the 'coon,' but that is where the spring is at."

Told that we were still on the old Mormon trail for some



time yet. Crossed Panther crick and turned north. After an hour or so we made camp on the west bank then the road turns west. Anyway, while I did not see much I feel that the saddle is for me tomorrow. The counter showed thirty miles today. Not so bad. Pa remarked, "some of us will be back and see Des Moines soon." Night, rolling in.

* * *

Friday, June 6,—Left Panther crick after an early breakfast. Four hours later we saw the Greenville Post Office then Mosquito crick. Crossed and watered the horses. We've gone fifteen miles. Not so long and we are in Guthrie County. Here is Ross crick. Watered the nags, rested a bit, then on into Panora. Camped on Middle Coon River south-west of town. Guess it is not much over twenty miles today.

This is a good place to rest. The horses are doing all right. Uncle Chet said, "especially after so long a trip—over seven

hundred miles from Hiram's figures and more to go." This is our fifth week.

Is early yet so Charles and me walk down to the river to fish. Uncle Chet showed up as he said, "to help carry the load of fish we were going to hook." Big joke. Anyway we fooled him and ourselves because we caught some real nice ones. The drawback is to clean the messy things. Back to camp and fish for supper.

* * *

Saturday, June 7,—We are up early eating breakfast. Sun up high and bright. Its almost four-thirty. We're not late except for Sunday's, for forced rests, for repairs or some needed attention for the horses, or for rain. Been lucky so far. Few rainy days with lost time. Does not look like rain today. Pa said he hoped to be in Carrollton soon so Sunday would be at our own log house.

But now we must spend another day at Panora because one horse on the covered wagon had a bad shoe. Nothing to do but wait our turn. Horse-shoer had work ahead of us. Our turn came and we are in. Is well after dinner before our horse has his shoes reset. Hiram decided there was no reason to move tonight as we are all ready set here. So we are here for the night. Pa suggested more fishing so to have fish for dinner tomorrow.

Is a good day's travel to Carrollton so no Sunday rest. We will be up and going with the sun. Pa haveing been to Carrollton last year knows where to camp unless a lot of changing since then. So we are unsaddled for the night. See you in the morning.

* * *

Sunday, June 8,—Up extra early. Why the rush? Anyway breakfast is over and we are off for the north. Last leg before the County Seat. Crossed a crick and headed for the river. Has good gravel bottom to ford. Road wanders west then south

then west. Wonder why? Then north through some timber. Crossed the "Coon" on a bridge or at least that is what we thought. Unkey says, "it just likes to look like one." Anyway it kept us out of the water. Moffit's Grove then a rest. On through timber. Crossed a crick and watered the horses. Then to Willow crick. Saw a sign "Dodge Post Office" and soon are there. Kept moveing through some timber and settlements. Turned towards the river and had to ford.

North a bit and we are in Carroll County at last. A rest stop then go up along the river to some log buildings. A sign said "NILES" We stopped and talked to the man. He said "it was six or seven miles to Carrollton and we better camp." It was not late but would be when we hit the County Seat. Pa decided to camp although he did not like to give up the idea of being there tonight.

Niles, beleive it was, told the men he was trying to get a dam built and a mill on the river and hoped the Supervisors would help finance it as a public necessity. He must have quite a parsel of land here. So we are here for the night. Tomorrow Carrollton for sure.

* * *

Monday, June 9,—Off as soon as we could see the so-called roads. Niles advised going west and north to cross the river on the Galloway bridge. He said "there were more hills if we went on the other side of the river." So we kept moveing. Here we are in Carrollton about three hours after sun up.

Pa located about the same spot for camping that he looked over last year when he was here. So while we arranged for camping Pa went over to what they called the Court House and found the Judge or whatever he was called. He did not have the time available to finish up or legal matters today so Pa has to go back at seven o'clock in the morning. So Charles, me, and Uncle Charley looked over the town which is the new Court House being built.

Unkey had to enjoy another joke. He asked a man, "just where is Carrollton or Carrollton City?" The man, looking surprised or pretended to be, said, "you are right in the middle of it, the coming metropolis, of not only Carroll County but this part of the State of Iowa." I wondered if Unkey thanked him for this information. So here we are all back in camp. Pa is rather disgusted after all the hurrying to get here and have to wait until tomorrow.

What a relief to get Archie and Howard into their quilts. They just were everywhere they were not supposed to be. So Charles and me go under the covered wagon for last night before the log cabin or so we hope.

* * *

Tuesday, June 10—Up but not so early as the date with the Judge is not until after seven o'clock at his office. Pa told Charles and me that we and him and Mother Ann were to go to the Judge's office today. He told us that last night. Pa said, "some of the money left to your mother from her father's estate was now Charles and mine and was being used to pay a share of the farm costs and now we would be landowners."

Well, here we are at the man's office. The papers are ready to sign. Some have all ready been signed and fixed up. Things are sure slow. What a surprise when Pa pulled a canvas sack from somewhere. It must have been in his shirt. He counted out one thousand dollars in gold to pay for the land and some more to pay the Judge for legal fees. So Mother Ann, Charles, and me have our names on the deed. About noon Pa went back after he had dinner to get some more papers. Something about an abstract he called it. He was back to camp late afternoon.

I kept the kids while the adults went buying supplies so they would not have to come back to Carrollton very soon as it is eighteen miles each way. Uncle Charley pretended to be insulted that he had to be kid-keeper some of the time when the rest of us had to go the Court House. Where Pa kept his sack of gold all the way from Ohio is a mystery to some of



us except Mother Ann who tells no secrets. She just gave a big smile when we asked her.

Lake City up in Calhoun County will be the closest town six or seven miles north of our farm. So likely we'll go more often to Lake City than here. It is a County Seat too. Being rather late to start for our log cabin home we decided we better stay here and pull out early in the morning. So our last camping night before we will be at our future home for a long time. We thought last night would be our last camp.

* * *

Wednesday, June 11,—We are up early. All are anxious to get to our log cabin home on the new farm up on the "Coon" which we hope will be home for most of us for a long time. Our wheels have bent the grass towards the west for quite a spell. Not that our wheels were the first and neither will they be the last to cause the grass to lean towards the west.

We have found out that the man Uncle Charley had kidded about Carrollton was one of our near neighbors. Of course he knew who we were so the joke is really on Uncle Chet after all. So we are off early. Pa had been over this route last year so knows how to go. They are really trails or little more than wheel tracks from one high spot to another. This prairie grass has never seen a plow. It is State Road No. 4 from the map and is marked. It wanders from one high spot to another to keep out of the sloughs. It was not surveyed that way of course.

In a couple of hours we turned off to the left and north again. We are on State Road No. 11 which is worse than No. 4 if that could be.⁵ The ruts are deeper if nothing else. In two hours we crossed Buck Run crick. Soon another crick then here we are at the "North RaCoon (coon) to cross over a nice looking gravel-bottomed ford. But how soft it may be out in the middle we will soon find out. Pa took my horse and went across first. Then Uncle Charley drove the carriage with Mother Ann and the baby. He let them out and came back and picked up Archie and Howard. I guess they were afraid they might fall out of the covered wagon into the river.

Uncle Charley rode Nancy back to our side and told me to follow him after the covered wagon on Nancy. Charles had a rope on his saddle and they gave me one. He said, "if the wagon gets stuck in the river ford we were both to use the hooks on one end of the ropes by hooking them into the iron ring on the other end of the tongue." He would get out of the wagon and see we got hooked in the tongue loop all right. He would get his knees wet but that would be fine. Then we should get back into the wagon. Hiram would be on the north bank and tell us what to do." But nothing happened. The team pulled right through and across the river without stopping with the covered wagon. Really Charles and me wanted to see some excitement.

This was the second time we had used the loops on the wagon tongue. We had used it at the hill west of the Spoon River back in Illinois. Any streams we had forded before never needed help and this one did not either as it had a good solid gravel bottom at the ford. Here we are across and loaded for the last leg. We turned east along the north bank of the river and crossed a small stream. Hiram and Ann in the sully had hurried on ahead. Pa wanted Ann to be the first to see our new home.

There is the sully. Now we see the log house and all the

⁵An 1861 Carroll County map, possibly the same one Hiram used, shows marked State Roads. He carried several maps which he had carefully acquired before the trip. Hiram, an Ohio Wesleyan student in 1854-55 and a student of history, was known for his methodical accuracy as well as his desire to understand the larger meaning of his endeavors.

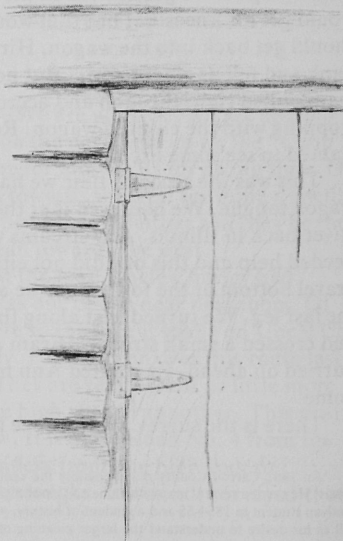
log farm buildings. The house don't look very big for four adults and three kids. We just stopped and looked. After thirty-six days on the move here we are. Was it really true and our travels over with for a spell.

Pa was the first to break the silence. "Well, here we are. We better get busy. We have to eat and will sleep here tonight with no one to bother us." Then he pointed to the spring bubbling away as it had likely done for centuries. It was not so far away. Then Hiram said, "we will have to camp tonight as we have been doing. Might be a couple of nights yet." Anyway we have our log house and no striped kitties.

We walked over to the cabin door. Mother Ann was at the door when Pa pushed it open. The floor was dirt. It does not look much like home right now but no one said a word. The permanent spring was one thing that sold Pa on the farm. We know it will be a few days in getting things cleaned-up so we can move in to the house. The spring water is real cold and tastes fine with a little iron.

You could see that some of the cracks between the logs had been just recently worked on. We know the neighbors must have done this. Inside the cabin some of the worst cracks have been re-chinked and there was new iron hinges on the door. Pa said, "I know the old hinges were leather—what was left of them. I brought new iron hinges but we can use them someplace else. We just won't tell them."

We just prepared



camp and started supper. No fooling with the house tonight. It was not very long until a neighbor from the west came over. Pa had met him last fall. His name was Martman Salsbury and it was through him that Pa had arranged for some wheat planting and also for some corn if we did not make it by June first. He said "all been done, but not much sod busted yet."

We were reminded not to forget there were neighbors and to do some hollering if they were needed. As he left Ann said, "well, that is really repayment for some of the things we tried to do for others. Anyway we like to feel like we are at home even if there is a lot to do." Pa said, "we will get a slab floor in that building just as soon as we can find the slabs." Then he said to me, "I will figure up what the counter machine says tomorrow and we will know how many miles we have traveled."

There was a pile of hay that looked like it had not been there very long. Likely the neighbors' doings. In fact we are sure of it. We spread some of the hay out and put our quilts on it and it was really a soft bed. Hiram, Ann, and the three kids will sleep in the covered wagon. Supper is over and we are at home.

Uncle Charley is camp watching tonight just in case he is needed. He is to get Charles up if he needs him. We have a nice campfire going to keep wild animals away—mostly the small kind. They won't come very close to the fire. Nearest neighbor is nearly half a mile away.

Anyway we have a lot of weary miles behind us. Glad to have done it but would not care to do it over again or very soon anyway. Will try to write a few words about the house tomorrow when I have the time. Don't expect too much. We will all be busy as bees for a long time. See you in the morning.

* * *

Thursday, June 12,—Was a busy day. We cleaned out the inside of the cabin. The men measured the inside for the slab floor. They are to go over to Oxenford's mill in a few days so

we will have to use it as it is for a few days. Heard the men say the house was twenty-four by sixteen feet. There is a pull-up ladder inside. Charles, Archie, and Howard will sleep up there.

Ann says "we will build a lean-to for me to sleep in since there are three of us besides the baby to sleep downstairs and we will be crowded." Uncle Charley will sleep in the covered wagon. I asked Pa about the miles. He said, "just say over eight hundred miles and thirty-six days. I will figure it out later."⁶ So all for now. It was a nice trip.

So we will call this the end of the trip to Ioway. Bye for good. ALICE

⁶Alice never recorded the final mileage. It was later recorded in an account written by Hiram which was unfortunately either lost or destroyed. The mile counter hung in the Shutes' cabin for several years but was destroyed by fire in 1872 when an uncontrolled prairie fire jumped the "Coon" River. The family moved to a farm in Sheridan Township, Carroll County. The local cemetery eventually became the final resting place for Hiram, Ann, Charles, and three other children.

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