LAIRDS OF NORTH TAMA

A man living up by the "Ridge Road" in Tama County, Iowa, sent money back to Scotland in the sixties to pay the passage of a younger sister. It was only a few months until this blooming Scotch lassie was married. "Tell my friends", she wrote home to an aunt, "that I'm a laird's wife, noo."

It was not stretching the imagination of a new arrival to think of these farmers in the Wolf Creek valley as "lairds". The older men who came in the fifties and sixties went by the names of their homes in Scotland; in Tranquillity[1] there were farms called "Kilpatrick", "Renton", "Craigbrae", "Pinmore", "Drumgrier", "Dangart", "Boghead", and similar names.

These "lairds" of North Tama were neither crude nor sordid; in Scotland they had been farmers and the sons of farmers — men of position, who had plenty of servants, men for the fields, and girls for the kitchen and byre (dairy barn). These came from the several peasant families living on each farm; but no matter how many servants they had, the mistress always superintended the making of the butter and cheese. Her reputation and much of the family living depended upon the quality of these dairy products. These Scotch farmers had leisure for many of the refinements of life. One of the women who came to Iowa recalled that when she was a little girl in Scotland, her father and mother had tea together in their living room every afternoon.

[1] Life in the Scotch community in north Tama County centered around the Presbyterian Church known as Tranquillity and the community was also called Tranquillity. For an account of activities at the church see the articles in *The Palimpsest* for December, 1936.

The pioneer men and women of Tranquillity had been reared in an older, more leisurely, and more cultured way of life than that to which their Iowa descendants became accustomed. The following incidents contrast the two ways of living. In the winter of 1911, one of the daughters[2] of a Scotch family in Tama County was in Scotland with her husband, a minister attending lectures in the University of Glasgow. The couple spent the holidays at Pleasantfield, a farm near Ayr, visiting a cousin and his family, and the Iowa woman described the following incident.

At breakfast one morning, she said, while discussing the plans for the day, it was arranged that we were all to go over to Ayr as my cousin had a cow for the market. We supposed he would go in on foot leading his cow and we would bring him home; so when the time came for starting we looked for the cow. No cow was to be seen. Our cousin appeared all dressed up and rode with us in the gig. Arriving in Ayr, he took my husband off to the market. The plowman was there with the cow, having started hours before to lead her in. The Scotch farmer negotiated the sale but never touched the cow.

After returning from abroad, continued this Iowa woman, we were visiting at father's.[3] We were awakened one morning early by a commotion out in the street. A neighbor, who had then retired from the farm and was a well-to-do businessman with farms and town holdings, president of a bank, and a county supervisor, was driving two pigs he had fattened at his house in town, down to market. He had only his eight-year-old boy to help. Although he could have bought my Scotch cousin out ten times over, it never occurred to this man that driving his pigs to market was beneath his dignity.

[2] This was Jane Stevenson who married the Reverend Howard W. Johnston.

[3] William Stevenson was then living in Traer, having retired from the farm.

The older generation came to Iowa for the sake of their large families. It was only the eldest son who could "heir the tack" in Scotland; younger children had no chance. Besides the money to make first payments on their farms, these Scotch families brought with them their mahogany tables, gold watches and long beautifully wrought chains, brass candlesticks, sets of rare china, chests of linen and silver, black silk gowns, and exquisite Paisley shawls. Look through the old albums; note the dignity of carriage, the fine quality of the clothes and their good style, and the general air of elegance and well-being.

The privations and sacrifices of this Iowa life were hard to endure, especially for the older generation. Most of these men were past the age for hard work, even those in middle life had lived in a more leisurely atmosphere and were not used to such driving toil. They said of one man, "It didn't matter so much his working after he got the boys all out to the field."

The first generation always had time for "a crack wi' their friends" or an argument about foreordination. Although these Scotch farmers sacrificed their old-world comfort and friends to come to Iowa in order that their children might have the opportunities of this new land, the children had to work for these opportunities and work unceasingly. They were the men and women who with grinding toil subdued the prairies. No generation of men in Iowa will ever again win for themselves such holdings, but no generation will ever again work so hard. "He desna' work a' nicht", said "Uncle Mac" (Gilbert McMillan) of a neighbor, "when he gets through wi' his chores at twelve o'clock, he just leans up against a tree, takes a wee nap, an' then goes on again."

Most of these younger men made money so that they bought one eighty after another, moving in the little houses

of the first settlers for granaries, tool shops, and woodsheds. Big barns were built and houses so large that some of the rooms were never furnished. Things were done on a big scale.

Many of these Scotch settlers came from the same locality or from nearby places and were often related. How closely knit these Scotch immigrants were may be seen from the Wilson clan. Of the eleven children of James and Jane Lusk Wilson of Pinmore, Ayrshire, Scotland, eight came to Iowa, three remaining in Scotland. Three brothers — John, West, and Andrew — were among the Scotch who finally established themselves in Tama County. Four sisters were in the same group — Margaret (Mrs. Gilbert McDowall), Janet (Mrs. John Galt), Sarah (Mrs. Gilbert McMillan), and Christine (Mrs. Andrew Dodd). A fifth sister, Grace, (Mrs. Allen Wilson), lived in Cedar Rapids.

But the relationship was more widespread than this. John Wilson's first wife was Jean McCosh.[4] One of her brothers, Andrew, lived in Tama County; another, David McCosh, in Scott County. Mrs. Andrew McCosh was a sister of George (Geordie) Sloss.[5] In Scotland Jean Wilson was the wife of Thomas Sloss. Other families were almost equally connected.

The members of the Wilson clan were intelligent, industrious, shrewd, deeply religious, and honest. They had a strong family feeling and their busy lives were lightened by a keen sense of humor. Among those of the first generation, perhaps the most striking character was West Wilson.

THE SQUIRE

West Wilson was known as the Squire to everyone in

[4] James McCosh, a cousin of Jean McCosh Wilson, was President of Princeton from 1868 to 1888. John Wilson later married Jane Cope.

[5] Jean Wilson, one of the Wilson sisters who remained in Scotland, was married to Thomas Sloss. A daughter, Lizzie, married James Taylor in Iowa.

Tama County, a title which he acquired by reason of his personality rather than by office. It is true that he served for years as justice of the peace, but other men have filled the office without acquiring this dignified appellation. West Wilson looked and acted the part, satisfied all our ideas of a squire, and so the name clung to him. His grand manner was perfectly natural, full of pride, dignity, and courtesy. He was big, well proportioned, with regular features and dark eyes. In later years his shapely head was bald, his beard white, his upper lip shaven. A stranger would have picked him out at once as the handsomest man in the church. His home with its stately pines and strutting peacocks made an appropriate setting for this Iowa squire.

The emigration of the Scotch "lairds" into north Tama County was largely due to the vision and initiative of West Wilson. He was the pioneer of the Wilson clan, the first to cross the Atlantic, embarking for Connecticut in May, 1846, with his young wife and six-weeks-old baby. They were eight weeks in the steerage of a sailing vessel.

In five years, John Wilson followed his brother to Norwich, Connecticut. Here West Wilson's commodious home was a haven for all the relatives and acquaintances from Scotland. It was divided so two families could live comfortably and with a certain degree of privacy until they found places of their own. Often the travellers came from shipboard with sickness in the family — measles, scarlet fever, and the like; in befriending them in their extremity, West and his wife[6] risked the lives of their own brood.

West Wilson operated a sawmill and was soon well established on a rented farm. He raised vegetables extensively and carried on a dairy business. Returning one day

[6] West Wilson was married three times. This wife, whom he had married in 1845, was Margaret Drynan before her marriage. His second wife was Barbara Kennedy whom he married in 1863, and his third choice was Margaret McDonald whom he married in 1895.

from Greenville where he peddled milk, he met James Wilson, then a half-grown boy, eldest son of his brother John. The lad was trudging along the dusty road with all his worldly possessions tied in a handkerchief. West stopped his team and inquired of this favorite nephew, "Whaur are ye for, Jim?"

"Oh, I'm off to find work. They don't need me at home", the lad replied.

"Have ye heard o' any place?"

"No, but I'll find something."

"Then get in wi' me. I'll gie ye a job in the sawmill till ye find something else." So James worked in his uncle's mill until he came with his family to Iowa where he found work in Klingaman's sawmill on the site of Traer.

But West Wilson wanted a farm of his own where land was cheap. He often talked about these new lands with his friend, John Connell, who lived in Norwich. The Connells were weavers, associated with William A. Buckingham (later Governor of Connecticut) in his ingrain carpet mills. Not being able to make a choice between the Waldon Ridge in Tennessee and the prairies of Iowa, the two men decided that Wilson was to go to Tennessee and Connell to Iowa, agreeing to communicate with each other the results of their explorations.

While crossing the Mississippi on the ferry at Dubuque, Connell fell in with Jonas Wood, later an outstanding man in north Tama County. According to the Tama County historian, Daniel Connell, Wood had an acquaintance with a doctor practicing at Vinton, Iowa. When they arrived at this "embryo city with only four cabins to house her citizens", the doctor, instead of taking these land-seekers in with open arms as was usual, informed them there was no vacant land in the vicinity of Vinton and suggested they go on to Big Creek (later known as Wolf Creek).

After the men had started, the doctor remarked to a friend, "I've just got rid of a nest of Whigs." It seems that the doctor, a Democrat, had come west with political aspirations. Vinton must not be settled by Whigs. Thus it was that Benton County lost the Scotch settlement that contributed so much to the upbuilding of north Tama County.

John Connell was so well pleased with the Wolf Creek region that he entered land without waiting to hear from West Wilson regarding his Tennessee trip. But Wilson found the land in Tennessee unattractive and returned to his home in Connecticut.

After reading Connell's letters with their glowing accounts of Iowa, West Wilson set out for Wolf Creek in 1854, accompanied by his brother, John Wilson, and by George Sloss. According to West Wilson's son, Henry, they started out from Marengo, Iowa, on foot following a winding wagon trail. West Wilson had a compass and wanted to go straight across. John Wilson was determined to hold to the beaten path. Sloss who had the deciding vote was something of a politician; he reasoned that John Wilson, being the older, should be the wiser of the two. For several hours they travelled on different paths but met again during the day.

Before night, they came to a few houses on the prairie; at one they applied for lodging. The woman of the house said she could not keep them as she was alone, but finally consented when a neighbor woman agreed to stay with her. She baked a johnny cake for supper and later churned a little batch of butter. It was white but tasted good on the johnny cake at breakfast. The woman told them about cooking dinner not long before for Stephen Klingaman,[7] a smart

[7] Stephen Klingaman was of German descent and came to Tama County with more than the usual amount of money. He was a successful businessman and one of the outstanding men of the community until he became involved in

businesslike man from Ohio who was also going on to Wolf Creek to look at land. Arriving at Buckingham, they put up with the John Connells the first night.

John and West Wilson and George Sloss soon decided that they too would come to Iowa and returned to Connecticut for their families. The arrival of the family of John Wilson in Tama County was typical of the coming of these Scotch families.

Daniel Connell was standing in the east door of his father's cabin in Buckingham late one November afternoon in 1855. It was snowing. Through the flakes and gathering gloom, he could discern a line of objects passing the sawmill, where Stephen Klingaman had established himself in July, and crossing the bridge over Wolf Creek. This procession was the John Wilson family on its way to Iowa.

Heading the caravan and driving two yoke of oxen was the eldest son, James, the future "Tama Jim". In like occupation followed Peter;[8] then came the father and a younger son, each driving a team of horses; mixed in the various loads were the mother, the younger children, and the household effects. In a few years the couple had two more children, fourteen in all.

They drove to Gilbert McMillan's, whose wife, Sarah, was a sister of the Wilson brothers. The large McMillan family lived in a cabin twelve feet square; to stow in a dozen or so more must have taxed the hostess's ability to manage. But John Wilson soon got his cabin built and was ready, a few months later, to take in West Wilson and his family. For the next ten years, there was a succession of families more or less related to the Wilsons. It was like a Scotch clan coming into north Tama County.

the lynching of the Bunker brothers. Following this incident Klingaman disappeared leaving his family and property behind.

[8] This was the Peter Wilson who wrote the Civil War letters printed in this and other numbers of THE IOWA JOURNAL OF HISTORY AND POLITICS.

The early settlers, indeed, all took their turn at entertaining newcomers. Several years after this, West Wilson was on the roof shingling his new house when he saw his brother-in-law's family, the Andrew Dodd's,[9] coming. He got down quickly and went to welcome them. West Wilson, Gilbert McMillan, John Wilson, and Gilbert McDowall each gave Dodd a cow so that he had four to commence farming with in the spring.

West Wilson entered a section of land in Crystal Township, just beyond where the church now stands, some four miles southwest of the village platted by John Connell and named Buckingham for his friend, William Alfred Buckingham, manufacturer, philanthropist, and distinguished war Governor of Connecticut.

The Squire, as West Wilson came to be called, was more than a farmer; he was a man of affairs in the county. After the railroad came through north Tama County, he left the direct management of his farm to his boys and hired men, built elevators in Traer and two other small towns, and embarked in the grain and commission business, being one of the first businessmen in Traer. Here he was always to be found in the dusty office of his elevator buying grain or telling his inimitable stories.

Squire Wilson was successful in his grain business and was quite well-to-do until he began buying and selling on the Board of Trade. In his old age, he lost his big farmstead with the strutting peacocks, the stately pines, the white house with the scroll work in the gables, the picket fence indented in front to make room for the hitching post which seemed to invite the passerby to tie up his team and go in for a chat. But the Squire was able to hold his Wolf Creek bottom land and build a little house near the bridge where he lived with his third wife, the lovely lady he mar-

[9] Andrew Dodd had married Christine Wilson.

ried in Chicago.[10] His three wives now lie beside him in Crystal cemetery. The Squire continued to run his elevator and his farm until he was almost eighty.

He had that wonderful quality of good cheer and optimism which bolstered him up through sorrows and hardships and made him, in spite of all shortcomings, so popular in all circles and his company so much sought after.

I remember one day when I was a student in Coe College, the president summoned the Squire's granddaughter, Westina Whannell, also in Coe, to his office to see her grandfather who was on his way home from Chicago. She took me with her. We went with fear and trembling. Perhaps not more than once or twice during a college course was the law-abiding student invited into the president's office, but here was the Squire sitting at ease, chatting about the latest doings in the wheat pit. No one ever saw him when he was not at home in any company. He had on a dark blue suit — it seems to me he always wore dark blue suits — and he looked very distinguished. The over-burdened college president forgot his troubles and laughed at the Squire's stories.

Although considered an ultra liberal in religion by his more orthodox relatives, the Squire was a man of peace in the church, never altercating, meddling, or holding an office. Despising hypocrisy and superstition, his religion was not manifested in forms and ceremonies.

Soon after the death of the Squire's first wife a neighbor told of being in Daniel Connell's store in Buckingham one cold December day when a little boy from a mover's camp came in crying with cold.

"Whaur are yer boots?", the Squire inquired.

"Oh, they're worn out an' father hasn't money to buy new ones."

[10] This was Margaret McDonald.

"Here, Dan!" called the Squire to Connell who was in the back of the store filling a three gallon jug with sorghum, "Let's see if ye hae onything that will fit this wee man."

"Think o' the Squire paying for a waif's boots", exclaimed the neighbor, "when he has nine motherless bairns at hame, an' they're all under thirteen."

"Did ye hear that Mistress Galt[11] has the baby noo?"

"Ay, the Squire'll ken it'll no be negleckit by his sister."

In later years, Daniel Connell wrote in his Tama County history: "West Wilson had a large heart; his right hand in ignorance of the activities of his left. In the days of his prosperity, the writer was the dispenser for Mr. Wilson of hundreds of dollars worth of goods to the worthy poor."

Through his scientific study and research, the Squire early became interested in the breeding of pure-blooded cattle.[12] In September, 1871, the Squire went to the State Fair at Cedar Rapids and bought "President", the first pedigreed shorthorn brought into Tama County, at least the first recorded in the herd book. "President" was a four-months-old bull calf weighing 400 pounds, red with a spot on one shoulder, another on the opposite flank. There was nothing fancy about his pedigree, for at that time the Bates, Booths, and Cruikshanks had not been heard of in Tama County.

The Squire's son, thirteen-year-old Henry, had charge of this animal. He was a proud boy. He fed and groomed "President" for the county fair the next fall, weighing him at Toledo, the first scales available. The animal weighed 990 pounds after that fifteen-mile walk. "President" won second place. As usual Andrew McCosh was one of the judges. Two years later the Squire bought four cows and

11 This was Janet Wilson Galt, an older sister of the Squire.

12 These Scotch settlers were all interested in cattle raising. Some, like West Wilson, turned their attention to breeding cattle. Others were more interested in feeding cattle for beef.

heifers in Illinois and started his pedigreed herd of shorthorns.

The Squire was also a great reader. His library contained volumes on the various sciences including astronomy and evolution, on philosophy, religion, atheism, and complete sets of novels by Scott, Dickens, and others. He was always interested in invention. His clear thinking granddaughter, Westina, relates that he would talk about the possibility of people flying through the air not in his day but in ours. He thought a great deal about the construction of a flying machine, much to the disgust of practical, hardworking sons-in-law who thought he was wasting his time at "foolish nonsense". He had in mind a picture of a machine to dig ditches. A machine digging ditches for water mains in Traer, about 1910, conformed very closely to the Squire's model.

The first melodeon in the Scotch settlement was bought by Squire Wilson in Buckingham about 1870 for his daughter Agnes, and he engaged a sister of Daniel Connell to give her ten lessons for $10.00. For her lessons Aggie, as she was called, usually walked the five miles into Buckingham.

Perhaps the old Squire lived in too early a day to follow the lead of his ambition and dreams but something of his genius for research, invention, and promotion was brought to a fruition in his nephew, West Dodd, in his son, Dalton, in his grandson, William Galloway;[13] something of his love for science and philosophy in his son, John, who practiced medicine in California; but most of all were his highest visions realized in his nephew, James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture under three Presidents.

The Secretary seldom came home without visiting the Squire. They were kindred spirits. It is hard to say which

[13] William Galloway was the son of John and Agnes Wilson Galloway.

received the greater enjoyment from these visits, James Wilson absorbed in nation-wide agricultural projects or his visionary uncle whose keen mind was always figuring out new things.

In the light of modern scientific research, discovery and invention, we can understand the Squire better. Blundering sometimes, carrying heavy burdens, stumbling over unseen obstacles, the Squire in his own way always carried a torch of progress. It might be but a flickering flame, still with his kindly heart and word of cheer he helped to light the way not only for his own clan but for the whole community.

UNCLE MAC OF FOUR MILE GROVE[14]

Another unforgettable character among the Scotch settlers was Gilbert McMillan who had married Sarah Wilson. Many were the stories told of the humor, drollery, and understanding of "Uncle Mac" as he was called by most of the second generation.

One night Uncle Mac's horses got loose and went over to a neighboring farm. In the morning, the son brought them home. He had grown up in the hills and had the reputation of being a rough fellow. This morning he was in a towering rage and had made up his mind to give McMillan a terrible raking. Uncle Mac saw the broad-shouldered, dour-faced youth coming and went out to meet him; when within hailing distance he shouted, "Come awa! Come awa! I like ye, man, and ay did. I'll kill a sheep an' gie ye the half o't." The young man said to his father afterward, "I couldna' say a word."

The McMillan boys had just gone to the harvest field one morning and Uncle Mac was sharpening a sickle with wee Peter turning the grindstone. The lad liked to watch the

[14] Four Mile Grove was west of the present site of Traer, between Four Mile Creek and Wolf Creek.

water dripping regularly on to the sickle from the hole in the can fastened above the stone. Peter thought it quite an invention. Just then an old man living on a near-by hill came up with a sack wanting to borrow flour. He liked to live off other people. Uncle Mac said, "Gang awa in and ask Sarah."

But Aunt Sarah said, "We're kind o' low on flour. Maybe faither'll no want to gang to mill bein' in the midst o' harvest." With kindly solicitude on her round, comely face she added, "I've some middlings. I'll let ye hae some — they're real nice an' clean." Affronted, the man went away in high dudgeon. Aunt Sarah said to her husband, "I feel bad no to hae let the man hae the flour."

Uncle Mac went on to the end of his sickle, grinding every knife, then he straightened up and said, "Just gie him another day or twa and he'll be back for the middlin's." He was back the next day.

Gilbert McMillan was always joking, playing tricks on people. But one was played on him that people relish telling about even to this day. Being a good judge of stock, Uncle Mac was an expert in a trade. One winter he had a lot of hogs but no corn. His neighbor, the singing-school teacher, had a lot of corn but no hogs. He persuaded McMillan to let him have some shotes to feed on shares, fifty-fifty. The singing-school teacher drove the pigs home. Instead of keeping them until full grown and fat, he butchered one the next morning and, splitting it from the nose to the tip of its tail, brought one-half back to McMillan.

Everyone liked Uncle Mac. He met them with his optimism and good cheer, helped them over the hard places with his jokes and nonsense. He refused to see the hardships. No man had a kinder heart. "Lang may yer lum (chimney) reek!" he shouted to a man passing the grove. "It'll no reek lang", said the man. "I'm clean discouraged.

I lost that bay mare I just bought." "Hoots! Come awa, man! Come awa in an' we'll hae a guid crack (talk) by the fire." Another hour and the man was on his way with a new courage and plans for getting another horse.

"Ah, woman", McMillan said with a twinkle when he met a girl, just over, the first Sunday in church, "this is an awful country. The woods are full of wolves. Ye mauna gang oot after dark. Ye can do na courtin'."

They tell the story of how he left two boys, newly arrived from Scotland, down in a hollow holding a bag for snipes to run into. Uncle Mac and his friends were supposed to be rounding up the snipes. After awhile one of the youths became suspicious and said to the other, "Here, just haud the sack while I go an' see if they're comin' ". He went to the house where Uncle Mac was regaling the crowd with stories. The unsuspecting boy kept on holding the sack until he too realized that he was the victim of a joke.

But Gilbert McMillan was more than a prankster; his home was a social center to which all people went out of their way for a word with him, to have, as it were, their lives cheered up. One story illustrates this characteristic. A farmer living to the south had lost his wife. Being in sore trouble with the care of his little boy, the rush of harvest, threshing ahead, and no housekeeper, he came up to Uncle Mac's for some good cheer and advice.

McMillan looked quizzically at the eccentric man with his bearded face, cross eyes, and rough clothes; stroked his little chin whisker thoughtfully; walked back and forth several times, his hands clasped one in the other behind his back as was his wont. Then he stopped suddenly. "I ken a widow who would be just fine for ye. I'll tak' ye to see her."

"Yer a good friend, Mac. When will we go?"

"Right now."

"Oh, but I should go home an' dress up."

"No, there's fortune in the present", declared Uncle Mac who always acted on the impulse of the moment, never waiting to prepare for anything. He hitched a mule and a horse to the wagon, the hayrack still on it. His two hounds climbed in. He and the farmer drove off just as they were.

When they reached the widow's house, she was washing outside under the trees. She wiped the suds off her arms and shook hands with Uncle Mac; then he presented the lonesome widower, "This man has been, like yersel', unfortunate in losing his life partner. I've brought him over and introduced him and now ye can just talk the matter over between yersels. I'm goin' over to Youngs for dinner." He and Samuel Young were old friends.

Grandfather Young lived two miles north of the widow. The McMillans and Youngs had lived on neighboring farms in Scotland. When they were all gathered about the table, Uncle Mac told the story. "The widow was washing when we drove up. I told her the farmer wanted a wife, an' man! ye should hae seen the sapples [suds] flee. Ay, they'll mak' a match sure for he is after a worker."

Robert Young told of the Congregational circuit rider who lived at West Union.[15] He came from down along the river, I think it was Clinton. This good man had digestive troubles which nothing had helped so much as the dandelion bitters made by his wife. But his supply ran out. Not being able to find any dandelions around West Union, she sent back to Clinton for plants. She hired the son of a neighboring parishioner, eleven-year-old George Stoakes,[16] to plant and hoe the dandelions. Being an industrious lad, he tended them carefully. The next spring there was a

[15] This West Union was a small center a short distance east of Traer.

[16] A son of this George Stoakes later married Westina Whannell, the Squire's granddaughter.

goodly number of dandelions across the road in the William Sprole pasture. The next spring there were still more and we have had plenty of dandelions ever since. The men roared with laughter.

As Uncle Mac stirred his tea to dissolve the brown sugar in the bottom of the cup he turned to Robert and added, "I hae a' good story for ye, Bob. Last summer, two calves belonging to a neighbor kept botherin' and botherin'. I sent them hame but they came back. One day the auld man on the knowe who borrows and disna like to work very weel, came down. I said, 'I'll gie ye thae calves, man, if ye'll tak' them hame'. He thocht it must be a joke but to get it back on me said, 'All right, I'll just tak' them wi' me.' To his surprise I let him drive them off. It was an awful hot day. The calves ran every way. The auld man was near hame, clean tuckered out, sweatin' and wi' his hat off when he met my neighbor who shouted, 'Where are ye goin' wi' my calves?' 'Why, Mac gave these calves to me', the auld man rasped out in his high voice. 'Weel, they were no his ta give,' said my angry neighbor, 'I'll just tak' thae calves back wi' me.'

"It was on in the winter that the auld man's son was down and I offered him a sled. He went hame and told his faither that I was an awfu' fine man for I was goin' to gie him a sled but the auld man said, 'Have nothin' to do wi' it. You don't know whose sled it is.' But it was my ain sled an' I was goin' to give it to the lad." Then, having finished the meal and ended the story, he rose and said, "Noo, Mistress Young, I'll bid ye good-bye. I'm thinkin' the farmer an' the widow will hae their sparkin' done and we maun be awa hame."

The couple had indeed progressed far in their courtship; with such an introduction as Uncle Mac had given them, there was little need for delay and the wedding was ar-

ranged to take place in two weeks. It proved to be a success. The widow and her two daughters had a good home. The farmer was satisfied, well cared for, and proud of the four children born to them. His wife had demonstrated her worth that day when she made the "sapples flee".

Uncle Mac had a knack for getting congenial people together. He understood human nature. The homesick settlers were all the better because of Uncle Mac in those first days. They had more appetite for their corn bread and the coffee made of middlings mixed with molasses and browned in the oven, when laughing over Uncle Mac's jokes. Even to this day the countryside is full of stories of his long remembered drollery.

THE DANGART

Gilbert McDowall, the husband of Margaret Wilson, was another unusual character. As we have seen, most of the first settlers named their farms in north Tama County after their former homes in Scotland. The men went by the names of their farms and Gilbert McDowall was called the Dangart. The name has persisted in the community to this day and many stories are told about the Dangart while most of the other farm names are forgotten.

Mr. McDowall was a strong man physically. At one time when his yoke of oxen got stuck in a snowbank with a small load of wheat on a sled, he took a four-bushel sack on his shoulder and carried it a quarter of a mile to lighten the load for the oxen. He had few educational advantages in his youth; but he was shrewd, possessed a goodly measure of assurance, native wit, common sense, and was not afraid to speak his mind in a forceful way. This made him a masterful man.

The McDowalls had a large family of aggressive, handsome, and thoroughly efficient children. The Dangart was

said to have "given the boys the gad occasionally" but they probably needed it.

West Wilson's house was in plain view of the McDowall farm. To protect his horses and cattle from the winter winds the Squire had a shed covered with hay, which he called the byre. One morning after a big snowstorm, the Dangart saw no byre, only a huge snowbank. The Squire later told how he got on top with his shovel — but where should he begin? He figured out where the door was likely to be but it took him all day shoveling to get it open. He took great satisfaction in the fact that he guessed just where the door was.

This snowstorm was followed by sleet the next day. The Squire got word of a large herd of deer in Four Mile Grove. All the able-bodied men of the community set out to get a supply of meat. This was a great opportunity and they got out all their available firearms. The Squire took the double-barreled rifle he had brought from Connecticut, giving his pistols to his nephews; the Dangart gave his single-barreled shot gun to his older boys and carried a pitchfork. The crowd joked him about going out to hunt deer with a pitchfork. They saw plenty of deer but the McDowall boys missed their aim. The Squire, being a big man, fell through the snow's crust before getting within proper range, and did not get out until the deer were gone. Later that afternoon he found the Dangart, his pitchfork through a deer's neck holding it down but unable to dispatch it. The Squire killed the animal. It had been a good hunt even though their only deer was captured by the Dangart with his pitchfork.

McDowall was an elder in the Tranquillity Presbyterian Church for many years. Like most of the others, he insisted "The Psalms of David are good enough for saint or sinner and we'll just sing them." But underneath the

rough masterful exterior was a kindly tolerance of human frailty. Once a church member was brought before the session on a charge of intoxication. He had fallen in the street at Toledo. The man was quite penitent and said to the elders, "Well, it is true. I really fell." McDowall immediately spoke up, "Well, we a' fell."

Nor was the Dangart lacking in humor. He went to a sale soon after coming to the States. A man from Minnesota, the wilds then, made the remark that a moose was as big as a cow. Now, moose is a Scotch word for mouse, so the Dangart inquired, "If a moose is as big as a coo, how big is a rat?"

The Dangart brought up his family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He even frowned upon Sabbath courting. Once a young man coming on such a mission — there were a number of attractive daughters — was met by the stern and masterful Dangart at the gate who said, "Gang awa' hame, boy, an' read yer Book (Bible)."

They kept the Sabbath very strictly in those Scotch homes. John Stevenson, though an easy going, good-natured man, put all newspapers away Saturday night; so that, aside from the Bibles, the children had nothing much to read but the commentaries. They were even reprimanded for whittling.

Even in later years, Edward Dodd[17] frowned upon the boys swimming in Wolf Creek on the Sabbath; but they always got permission to salt the cattle on this afternoon. The pastures took in the creek bottoms and the cattle were salted near the best swimming hole.

Twice daily these Scotch fathers gathered their households together for family worship. They read the chapter verse about, never omitting anything, not even a genealogy.

[17] Edward Dodd, a brother of Andrew Dodd, married Janet Wilson, eldest daughter of the Squire.

They tell us that the Dangart who read the books of the Bible straight through from beginning to end got into a long genealogy one morning when the wheat was ready to cut. They were reading laboriously, so-and-so begat so-and-so, nothing but begats. It all seemed useless this morning, so the Dangart interrupted the reading, "So-and-so begat so-and-so and so it continues to the foot of the page and a wee bit over. Let us pray." They all knelt down and the boys were soon out in the wheatfield.

But the Dangart was a sincere and consecrated man. According to an old lady who, years ago, worked in his home one summer after his own daughters were married, he always sought in his prayer at family worship to bring out the fact that everything in our lives showed the handiwork of the Lord; he seldom rose from his knees without quoting the Psalmist, "Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge."

Gilbert McDowall was the only one of the elder people who used snuff regularly. The boys mimicked his method of taking it and these fun-loving sons and nephews told the following humorous story. The Dangart found to his consternation one morning before worship that his snuffbox was empty. He called his family together and ordered them to begin reading, verse about, the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm.[18] Then he started out for Toledo, fifteen miles away, for his snuff. Returning just as they were reading the last verse, he took a pinch of snuff, put it in the hollow of his wrist, snuffed it up his nose, gave a resounding sneeze, and said, "Let us pray."

ANDREW McCOSH

Andrew McCosh, a brother of the first Mrs. John Wilson, was a philosopher, like his cousin, James McCosh, president

[18] The One Hundredth and Nineteenth Psalm has 176 verses, but the time required to read it aloud would hardly suffice for a thirty mile drive.

of Princeton for twenty years. This great metaphysician was brought up in the same Ayrshire Covenanter community as were the Tranquillity McCoshes. The pioneer farmer, Andrew McCosh, living on his farm along Wolf Creek, had the same mental qualities and nobility of character that characterized his distinguished relative; but he lacked the driving force that made his cousin president of Princeton, and a nephew, Secretary of Agriculture. His philosophy dealt with homely matters.

One day James Wilbur (Will) Wilson, son of "Tama Jim", was planting potatoes with a newly-broken colt. It was a hard job to keep the four-year-old in the furrow. Andrew McCosh came out from the "wee hoose" and crossed the plowed field on his way to the farm of his son, Jack. He squinted down the uneven rows. Young Wilson much provoked over his tussle with the colt said, "I can't get this plaguy horse to go straight. He wants to go home all the time." "Ah, weel", the old man finally replied, "there'll be mair tatties grow in crooked rows than in straight ones."

Andrew McCosh provided for his family's needs; aside from this he had no desire for accumulating money, acquiring material benefits, or installing modern conveniences. He would have nothing to do with mattresses and springs even in his later years when all the neighbors were buying them; the tick of straw, refilled every year after the threshing, sufficed for him.

He chose to take time to enjoy what he had. On most farms the first houses built were soon made into back kitchens or granaries — not Andrew McCosh's. He built only a small lean-to at the back of his, but there was more enjoyment of life in this little house where the latch string was always out than in the more pretentious homes about him. Indeed it was in the "wee hoose" that the most charming

and kindly hospitality of the community was dispensed. There were no grand parties. People just stopped in as they went by. Uncle Andrew and Aunt Lizzie[19] always had time to receive them.

Peter McEwen and his aristocratic Scotch bride of a few months were going home from Traer one afternoon. The dentist had pulled two teeth for Mrs. McEwen. "Let's take a little time off to rest", said Peter, "and go in and see Mrs. McCosh."

"Oh, I'm glad to see ye, Peter!", exclaimed Mrs. McCosh. "I've been wantin' ye to bring yer braw wife over." She put some cobs in the stove and whisked the kettle on. "Yer no goin' on til ye hae a cup o' tea." After the tea was brewed this understanding hostess inquired, "And hoo air ye gettin' on wi' yer bread bakin'?" It was always difficult for the Scotch women, used to scones and oatcakes, to master the Yankee art of bread-baking.

"My bread is sweet and guid to taste but it's no light enough", said the Scotch bride. "Oh, ye have it all right except that ye maun let it raise longer in the pans afore bakin' it", and Aunt Lizzie explained the process at length. The young wife went on her way cheered by the friendly interest and counsel as well as the cup of tea.

No one ever came away from the "wee hoose" without a cup of tea. Once when I was attending high school in Traer, I remember riding out to Tranquillity one Saturday morning with the Methodist minister who was to preach at one of the services. I was to meet father and go home for the week-end. It was early. The minister went into the manse, and I slipped over to see Mrs. McCosh.

She took me right into the kitchen. In a twinkling I had a cup of tea. There was a plate of cookies. All this for a high school girl. No one had ever before made a cup of tea

[19] Elizabeth (Lizzie) Sloss married Andrew McCosh.

just for me. It was a chilly November day and I can feel even now the warmth and cheer of that little lean-to kitchen with the strips of clean rag carpet, the geraniums and fuchsias in the sunny windows, the purring cat, the steaming tea kettle, the smiling white-haired woman talking away so entertainingly as she swatted a belated fly and finished scouring her white-handled knives with the powdered brick.

Auntie McCosh won the hearts of all the boys. Henry Wilson[20] who once herded cattle not far away said, "There was sure to be a generous supply of fine cookies when a hungry boy came to her door." In later years, Will Wilson[21] who lived on the other side said, "There was always a cookie or a scone in the jar for me."

Andrew McCosh and his wife were well suited to each other; though as they walked across to church they seemed an ill-matched couple — this tall, gaunt, big shouldered, patriarchal man in his Sabbath blacks, slow moving, deep thinking, philosophic, and the dainty little lady by his side in her gray shawl, alert and versatile like her brother, Geordie Sloss, with lots of grit, a ready tongue, and able to hold her own in any company.

Mrs. McCosh was always about where there was trouble, sitting up with the sick in the wee sma' hours, closing the eyes of the dead, tempting the bereft with bowls of broth or cups of tea. Uncle Andrew was like his wife "an ever present help". When a family of five children were all sick with diphtheria in 1877, Uncle Andrew was the only person who went to their door offering help. Others were afraid of this scourge that was wiping out whole families.

Andrew McCosh would have made a good doctor for he had an aptitude for medicine and considerable scientific

[20] Henry L. Wilson was one of West Wilson's sons.

[21] James Wilson married Esther Wilbur and Will Wilson (James Wilbur) was one of their children.

knowledge picked up through experience and reading. One day the minister's son was brought to the manse across the way with a great ragged wound in his leg. The boy had hired to a neighboring farmer and had fallen through a thatched roof onto a barbed wire fence. There were no antiseptics, not even a general knowledge of them, but Andrew McCosh promptly washed out the cut, laid the boy on the table, heated a poker, cauterized the wound, and sewed it up. It healed without infection.

When the same lad seemed too much interested in Mr. McCosh's pipe and tobacco, the old man was just as prompt and severe in his treatment. Filling the pipe, he handed it to the boy to smoke his fill. He was deathly sick and well cured for years of any fondness for tobacco.

Mr. McCosh was the only veterinarian anywhere near. He doctored all the sick horses and cattle in the community for years, laboring to get medicine down the throats of sick animals by means of long necked bottles, poulticing and sweating them, leaving his work, sitting up nights, walking or riding weary miles in all kinds of weather; but he never took a cent of money for his help. Andrew McCosh was considered an expert judge of stock, cattle especially. Years before he raised pedigreed cattle himself, he served as judge at county and district fairs.

He was good at figuring out difficult mathematical problems and he gave much time to the simple accounts of the church, serving most of his life as treasurer. He read a great deal, took time to ponder over what he read, and digested events of the day. Having a big outlook and broad sympathies, he weighed all issues, saw all sides, and rendered an unbiased opinion. This freedom from prejudice made him the adviser, judge, and peacemaker of the community. He was instrumental in settling many a case out of court but he charged no fees.

He always knew how to give people the help or inspiration they needed. A young grandniece was growing tall but stoop shouldered. Uncle McCosh stopped her one day as she was coming down the church walk and said, "Stand up! Haud up yer heid and never be ashamed o' yer height."

A couple with several girls had adopted a little boy. The child was sick all the first winter and the mother devoted herself to this ill-nourished baby. One Sunday after service, while she was putting on the baby's wraps by the stove, Mr. McCosh came up and said with a kindly smile as he looked down at the baby, "The wee man is doin' better I see. Weel, I'm sure o' one thing, ye'll hae one bright star in yer heavenly crown."

MILLER AND SERMON TASTER

"That was nae sermon", said Geordie Sloss one Sabbath as he untied his yellow ponies after church. The pulpit had been filled by a candidate. "A man might better bide at hame an' read Talmage's sermon than listen ta ony one wi' sae little in his heid." "Ay", agreed Andrew McCosh, "yon man had nae thochts worth mentionin', I'll aloo."

Tranquillity read widely and pondered deeply. When new men were candidating in this small church, the older ministers of the synod warned them to put their meatiest sermons in their grips, leaving all their flowery ones at home. Well they knew that these country men and women would give the new minister a hearing that was unhurried, honest, and critical from start to finish; that they would not only be sure to get all the good and bad points but to sense the lack of points as well.

To please Tranquillity, a minister had to be orthodox; but most of the people wanted their minister to be broad minded — in fact he might be as broad minded as he chose, provided he was sound in his doctrine. The people were

especially critical of pretension and superficiality. They were all sermon tasters and none of them slow in passing judgment; but some, like George Sloss, were especially keen and well versed in theology. He was regarded as an expert in sizing up the minister's sermon.

George Sloss had bought the Klingaman mill from W. W. Leekin, an ambitious and aristocratic miller whom Uncle Mac nicknamed "Lord Leekin". I remember being there with father and seeing Mr. Sloss and his genial son, Andrew, in their dusty white suits and visored caps. When Elder John Wilson, the Dangart, or Uncle Mac appeared with a grist, Geordie was ready for them.

Being a great reader, Geordie was well posted and could put up a good argument on his side of any question. At one time he was full of the theories of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, the progressive Scotch preacher who held that the seven days in creation were not days of twenty-four hours but cycles. The study of geology was just new and Chalmers maintained that the story of the rocks proved his theory. Mr. Sloss believed Chalmers was right, but many of the other men held that it was blasphemy to question the literal interpretation of the Bible.

It is said that the older Tranquillity men sometimes spent half a day at a time arguing about religious questions and that they were usually trying to persuade George Sloss out of some radical idea. This progressive man served as a mental stimulus to the more conservative and satisfied people of the church.

Sloss was ever of an open mind. One Sunday Dr. Samuel Conybeare, the Tranquillity minister, preached on missions and said we might all be where the heathen are if Paul had gone east instead of west. A neighbor woman later recalled that Sloss was walking that day and after the service got in their sled to ride to the corner. He said, "I've never be-

lieved in foreign missions but I was converted today." After this he always gave generously to this work.

Sloss was also ready to investigate and try out new suggestions outside of religion. One day Dalton Wilson[22] was planning to dig a well and he went up to borrow Geordie's auger with a long shank. "Whar will ye dig the well?", Geordie inquired. "I'm not very sure of the right place", replied Dalton.

Geordie's face lighted with an inspiration. "Young man", he said, "did you never hear of taking a forked hazel stick an' huntin' for water — witching for water it's called. Let's try it."

So Dalton cut the hazel stick and Geordie left his haycocks and went over to the Squire's. They walked slowly round and round in the pasture holding the magic witching stick. "Don't ye see it pointing doon?", Geordie said at length. Although of an inventive and imaginative turn, Dalton was no adept in witchery and he replied, "No, I can't see it pointing anywhere at all." And Sloss was convinced that the hazel stick lacked power to witch water.

There is no better illustration of the breadth of Geordie's sympathy and vision than the phrase he so often used in his prayer, "Surely to goodness, Lord, the road is broad enough for us all."

George Sloss had a kind heart and a ready hand to help a neighbor. When the Squire's first wife died (leaving a new-born babe and eight young children), the relatives were thrown into consternation for no coffin was to be had. To these people brought up in an older civilization and used to the refinements of life, this was an unthinkable predicament. Sloss was a trained mechanic so he set to work with some rough walnut boards young James Wilson had sawed at the Klingaman mill. There was a beautiful coffin.

[22] Dalton Wilson was a son of West Wilson.

George Sloss was one of the best read men in the community. A woman whose reputation was founded on her bonnets, her scoured kitchen, and her jams and jellies, rather than her knowledge of Latin, was visiting one day at his home. He was discoursing about the greatness of Julius Caesar, and how his ideas of road building and his military tactics were quite modern. The good lady was overawed. She said afterward, "When I came awa' I thocht I kent nathin'."

Henry Wilson recalled that Sloss took a great interest in church work. "When we had no minister, he would talk to the congregation at Sunday school. I did not attend regularly as my job was herding the cattle; but I remember Mr. Sloss on one occasion, giving a talk on, 'The Narrow Road'. I was only eleven and cannot remember the points in his sermon except that he was easily followed. I considered at the time he did very well — in fact much better than many preachers I had listened to."

Mr. Sloss was a good talker, better than most of the men in the church. He was versatile and quick to think on his feet. Before the annual business meeting there was always a feeling of uneasiness that Geordie might have some new schemes or original ideas to propose. So great was the general desire for peace that the thought of the least altercation worried the more timid members and George Sloss liked controversial subjects.

One Sabbath a short business meeting was held after the morning service. Elder James Taylor was stuttering and hesitating in his usual fashion. "Ay, ay, just so" — hemming, hawing, trying to say something. The people were getting on edge. They wanted to go home to their good dinners and the matter in hand was trivial. Sloss could stand it no longer. He jumped up and said, "If ye hae onything to say, spit it oot."

ROBERT YOUNG GETS A START IN THE NEW LAND

The Stevenson family first located in Ontario where they were later joined by the eldest son of a Scotch family, Robert Young,[23] who had also come out to reconnoiter for his family. Not satisfied with Canada, her timbered country, and long winters, he wrote home to Ayrshire: "I believe Tama county, Iowa, where Gilbert McMillan has gone, is about the best place that can be found, as there are government lands to be had, fine prairies, and a good climate."

So in the spring Robert Young, wiser in this than the Stevensons, moved on to Tama County, arriving just after Stephen Klingaman's disappearance. People were still talking about the affair. A letter to his parents in Scotland, written from Buckingham and dated September 19, 1860, gave them the following information:

"The Scotch people in Tama county are mostly living in hastily put up houses, intending to build new ones as soon as they can. They cannot grow as much here as in Scotland; this year which is far above the average, wheat will run from 15–30 bushels an acre; Indian corn, 40 bushels.

"The land I want to buy is in a fine and heartsome place. I'm sure you will like it. Buckingham village is in full view. This has only ten houses but will rise fast when the railroad comes.

"I have been working for George Sloss but I think I'll begin plowing land with my oxen on shares. We give the owner one-third of the crop. I'll plow as much as I can this way besides all my own land. All winter I'll get wood out of the timber for fencing; but I can do nothing at putting this up until the frost goes out of the ground. Fencing is the worst job we have in the west on account of the timber being so scarce and hard to split.

"In the spring, I will have enough and more than I can

[23] An uncle of the writer.

do to get the crop in the ground. I am worst off for implements. They are awful dear here. I wish brother Matthew had been here to make me some harrows, but I will get them some way. I would like you to be out so father and Matthew could help me fence before the wheat would be that far up that the cattle would eat it, which would be about the middle of May.

"George Sloss built a schoolhouse and was to receive the money March 1st, but someway he can't get it and therefore I haven't wages from him. I want a horse badly."

In a letter dated March 19, 1861, Robert wrote:

"I am glad to hear that you have decided to come out to the prairies. You need not be afraid of the secession movement. I have the papers you sent. You seem to take the affair far worse on your side of the Atlantic. The western people treat the matter pretty cooly. The thing will blow over in a little while. The people here hate slavery as badly as they do in Britain. It is evident that they can't get along in the same union, the fire eaters of the South and the people of the North.

"We have had terrible snows but I wrought away in the timber, broke the roads through the snowdrifts and got the logs all hauled out on the prairie. We will be ready to fence when you come.

"I have an old log house taken for you. It may present a dismal appearance but houses are scarce, one can live in any kind of house here in the summer. It is at the edge of the timber, within half a mile of Buckingham. Your nearest neighbor will be James Wilson[24] and Flora, his sister, who is keeping house for him. They have a new house right beside the log cabin.

[24] James Wilson had left the Klingaman mill when the owner disappeared and had started a farm just east of Tranquillity Church. Peter's land lay just south of this and it was comparatively easy for the two brothers to pool their farms when Peter went to war.

"This place is going ahead dull times and all. There is a railroad within eighteen miles[25] with a prospect of it coming right through here. You must bear in mind that there were only two white men in Tama County at the census of 1850. Now there is a fairly large county town[26] with two newspapers. This is a fine country but there is a good deal of hard work for the emigrants until they get things fixed; then they can live like kings.

"But I must speak of your passage. It is far easier and cheaper to start at Glasgow than Liverpool and there are not so many rogues. Pack your things in as small compass as possible. Your common Delf[27] plates will do for the sea and some jugs to hold tea. You will need a wash basin and two pitchers to hold water for a drink at night, one for males and one for females. On the ship I came on we were as well supplied with good fresh water as we had been at the Loch of Lig. Pack your blankets in a sack. Your bed ticks will do firstrate for hammocks; just leave a little chaff in them so they will fold up and they will be better than mattresses. You will likely get plenty of provisions on the boat but you will not like the tea. You will be as well to bring a little and some kind of teapot. You can get scalding water from the cook if you speak him fair. Take some oat cakes too but it is hardly worth preparing a great deal for all the time you will be on the sea.[28] You will need more provisions coming through the country as it is awful dear stopping in hotels.

"I do not know how I will get down to Cedar Rapids for

[25] Both Tama and Waterloo had railroads as early as 1861. There was also a railroad to Cedar Rapids and the Youngs came by that road.

[26] This apparently referred to Toledo which was founded as the county seat of Tama County in 1853.

[27] An earlier spelling of Delft.

[28] The Young family came by steamboat, making a quicker trip than the family of John Stevenson who came in a sailing vessel.

you as I will not have the crop fenced. I can get some boy to herd those days I am away but the worst trouble is I will not know exactly when you will be there. You will have to write and tell me the day the ship leaves Glasgow and I will try to calculate just when you will be at the Rapids. You need not write at New York as you will very likely be at the Rapids long before the letter reaches me. The post only comes to Buckingham once a week.

"You must try and start about the first of May. Now as to money; you will see how much you have after the sale. Calculate to bring at least one hundred pounds. Less might do but the more the better. The man I bought the land from has to get $240 August 1."

Then Robert wrote at the top of the page:

"I forgot to speak about passing the doctor. You had all better go together; if there was anything said you could appear to walk as well as possible while passing." The mother had suffered an injury to her knee joint in getting out of a coach a few years before and had to use crutches. They got past the medical inspector all right, however.

Robert Young and Gilbert McMillan were to bring loads of grain to market in Cedar Rapids and take them to Tama County but were delayed by spring freshets and no one appeared to greet them. Rather than keep his large family at a hotel, Mr. Young hired a man with a team and wagon. The chests filled the wagon; the crippled mother and a little girl rode with the driver; the others walked. The first night they stayed with a family at Parker's grove — in those days they did not need to put out the sign, "Tourists Accommodated". The next day, somewhere south of Vinton, they spied two teams of oxen, the drivers walking. As they came nearer, they recognized Robert and Mr. McMillan. Uncle Mac threw his hat into the air and hoorayed for "Bonnie Scotland".

When they reached the old log cabin opposite the new house where James Wilson lived, Flora had raised an American flag on the porch and cooked a fine dinner for the weary travelers.

As we have seen, Robert, who never considered whether or not he was tired, had put in a big crop. He was counting on his brother Matthew's help to get up the fences before the grain was high enough for the cattle to eat. Matthew, just out of the cabinet maker's shop in Kilmarnock, began this rough pioneer work with a keen zest, but a cold and then pneumonia developed, and five weeks after he arrived they buried him in Buckingham cemetery. He had left his sweetheart in Scotland and was going back for her later. He had come to Iowa with high hopes; there was opportunity and much work for men with his training. Before fifteen months the Youngs had buried three of their ten children on this hillside, pneumonia, drowning, typhoid — deaths all more or less the result of pioneer conditions. The new life was hard.

Many of the older men and women were homesick for the life in Scotland. One prominent man would sit for hours with his head in his hands that first winter and say, "Oh, why did I come to this country?" His sister was no better, even though she had her large family. According to Secretary Wilson, John Glenn likened these first settlers to the Israelites and said, "We are here but the Lord brought us through fire and water."

JANETTE STEVENSON MURRAY

CEDAR RAPIDS IOWA