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Mar 1999

# Historical Society

## Of Pottawattamie County

March, 1999

### Society A Sponsor of Writing Contest

The Historical Society of Pottawattamie County co-sponsored with Iowa Western Community College in the Scholastic Writing Awards program this year. This is the second year that the Society has participated in the writing program. Iowa Western Community College has been the regional sponsor for eleven years of the Scholastic Art Awards program and the Scholastic writing awards for four years.

In the 1999 regional writing competition, sixteen schools in the Area Thirteen region participated. Nine jurors read and judged 258 pieces of writing.

The Historical Society presented an award to Stacy Goodman for her essay entitled "Grandpa". We also presented an award to Matt Schechinger for his poem entitled, "Harvesting, What a Thrill."

Both of these entries are included in this newsletter.

### March is Women's History Month

#### *Council Bluffs Pioneer Women Biographies*

Mrs. L.C. Arbuthnot, milliner, Council Bluffs, was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and lived there until her marriage. Her husband, George B. Arbuthnot, died in 1865. He was a cotton broker in the South, and lost his property in the rebellion. They had one boy- George W. Arbuthnot, aged twenty-two years, who is now in Omaha. Mrs. Arbuthnot employs twelve girls in her millinery and dressmaking establishment. She came to Council Bluffs in 1865, from New Orleans, where her husband formerly lived.

Amelia Burroughs, physician, Council Bluffs, was born in Wellington, Ohio, a few miles from Cleveland. From early childhood, she manifested a passion for the study of medicine and surgery. She was educated in Cleveland and graduated at the Homeopathic Hospital College in March,

(Continued page 4)

### *Opening Day Set for Squirrel Cage Jail*

Saturday, April 17 kicks off the season at the Society's Squirrel Cage Jail museum. Hours for the inaugural day will be from noon until 4 p.m.

A reminder to our Historical Society members that one of the benefits of your membership is that each season you can tour the squirrel cage jail free of charge and as often as you would like to! All you have to do is show your membership card!

Check out our historical displays and be sure to bring your out-of-town guests to visit us!

We would appreciate your consideration in donating items to be displayed. Bring the children and grandchildren and show them our history!



Pottawattamie  
County Trivia

Answer is on next page

The "Golden Spike" was placed in Utah in 1869. We have our monument of it, but where is the real spike today?



## Notes From The Jail...

### The Squirrel Cage Jail Needs You!

We are getting ready for 1999 tourist season and the old jail has many needs. Volunteers are needed for the following jobs:

- Tour Guides- donate a few hours, will train
- Jail Trustees- cleanup crew, 2 times a year
- Room Guard- Maintain a room of choice; cleaning, etc., once a month
- Jail Flower Guard- maintain flower beds, once a month
- Paint Guard- paint small objects
- Junior Guards- learn about the history of the jail

All of the above job descriptions only require a small amount of time to do; please volunteer and help our jail be the best that it can be!

Call Dennis Danielson at 325-10278 with any questions or if you want to be considered for any of the positions... or with any idea on how you personally can help.

### Trivia Answer: The Golden Spike

There were actually four ceremonial spikes used at Promontory for the May 10, 1869 festivities. The one typically thought to be "the" golden spike... a 14 oz. spike contributed by San Francisco businessman David Hewes... is housed at Stanford University. Stanford University was founded in 1885 by one of the four entrepreneurs responsible for the Central Pacific Railroad's transcontinental trek, Leland Stanford. The University is named after his son, Leland, Junior. One of the other ceremonial spikes can also be found at Stanford. Another of the spikes is at the Smithsonian in Washington, and the fourth spike is missing.

(Source: California State Railroad Museum, Sacramento; contributed by the editor)

### Ballad of the Squirrel Cage Jail

About a hundred years ago in Council Bluffs town,  
They had a county jail, but it burned down.  
So, they built a new Jailhouse and built it very well.  
Said, "This fine building should last us for quite a spell."

It was a Mr. Brown's invention- he had features galore.  
From pie-shaped cells, to that one narrow, tricky door.  
The rotary cellblock was turned by water, or so they say-  
No one knows how to this very day.

With thick iron bars and a high steel cage,  
This new County Jail was a marvel of the age.  
Our Squirrel Cage Jailhouse bravely stood without fear,  
Holding those villains year after year.

By 1969, Jailhouse's life lay on the line,  
Those City Fathers cried, "Tear that Jailhouse down!  
We don't want that old building standing 'round!"

Jailhouse heard that awful sound.  
Mourned, "Don't I have a friend in town?"  
The Historical Society listened to its' fearful cry.  
Their answer was, We can't let that building be torn down  
and die.

We looked it over and it isn't all that bad-  
Why, it's the most unique building this town ever had."

City Fathers, we beg of you.  
We'll take care of this Jailhouse-  
We'll be its' Jailhouse crew.  
It's been here since 1885.  
We want that Jailhouse, we want it ALIVE!

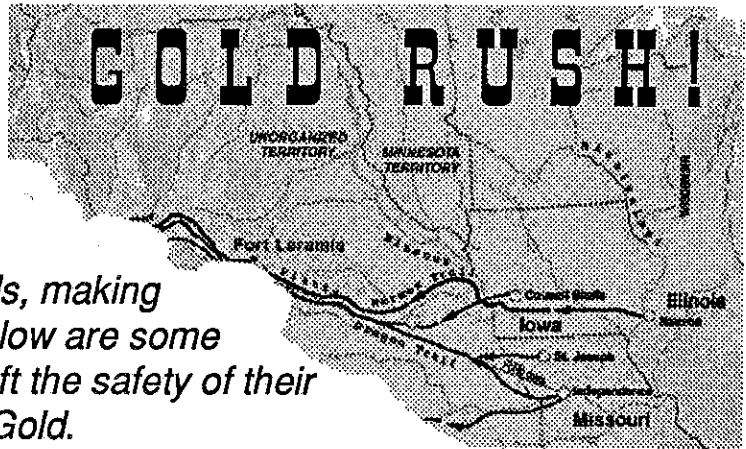
Well! There was quite a roar and an awful din.  
Through it all I believe that Jailhouse even managed to smile,  
And give a happy grin.  
Murmured politely in its' new neighbor's ear,  
"Didn't really want to be torn down, I like it here!"

Thus, those folks who fought with all their might,  
Preserved their Jailhouse and its' site.  
'Twas 1977 when all those dreams finally came true.  
This building now completely owned and protected by its'  
faithful Jailhouse crew.

Say, you could almost feel that Jailhouse rock,  
And it sang out with glee,  
"Those folks bought my building."  
You'll see, "I will stand strong and sturdy as can be,  
Standing proudly for those friends,  
Who stood up for me!"

By: Ida Nelson of Council Bluffs; Contributed by Dennis Danielson

Gold was discovered on January 24, 1848 in California but it was nearly a year for the news to reach the eastern United States and trigger the "Gold Rush of 1849."



Most of the routes of the 49'ers followed the Mormon or Oregon trails, making Council Bluffs a major trailhead. Below are some of the tales of the real people that left the safety of their homes for the lure of the California Gold.

Calvin Smith and his brothers Charles and Sidney, left sometime in May, 1850 for the California gold fields. Following is a most interesting letter written by "Hop" from Fort John, Calaveras County, California, to the family back home. In the original letter, every corner and margin was filled with writing as paper was a very precious item. The letter was folded and addressed cross-wise over the writing, and carried back to Iowa by someone he found going that direction. The blank spaces in the letter are for indecipherable words, or where there were holes in the paper.

California, September 22, 1850

Consumnes River- 40 miles from Sacramento

Dear friends,

I take my pen in hand to write to you to let you know that you are not forgotten. No never will I forget that home or place where I could get my Shirts washed or my supper cooked or pantaloons mended and that to in the greatest stile but now I suppose that you want to know what kind of a time we had or whether we saw the Elephent or not and what kind of health we have had well our helth hs been verry sick with the \_\_\_\_\_ feaver O I forgot myself we stopt at the Johnston ranch and sould out our team and wagon, for our cattle we got sixty dollars a yoke and eighty Dollars for our wagon and then N and S (Charles Newell and Sidney) put for the city and left me to recruit they said and recruit I did after laying around here to or three days. I took the Damn Ague, Shook me like smahs think says I this will no to have the Ague in California So I took a good dose of bucks knockum stiffes and 4 doses of quinine and I did knockum stiff, hit him a senter pop Well we had a long trip a four monther and saw no Elephent larger than a yearlings calf We had some tolerable ruff rodees especially the nevada mountains was sum The Eddyville boys all got throu safe as well as ourselves blacks boys lost five head of cattle and morgan lost five head H. Benedict lost three yoke. Walters and Crosson lost one of the Plahan cattle and at the sink of the humbolt we left our davy ox on the deasert We left on ohter ox that is some for a place Charley gave out on the deasert N brought two buckets of water for him and got him through We unhitched six miles from the Carson river and drove our cattle too water Charley gave out before we got across. Sid wants to write in this litter so will give back for him Sid got a letter this So good by for this time. I will write again soon... C.H.S. (Calvin Hopkin Smith)

The above letter was submitted by Historical Society member, Don Smith. Calvin Hopkin and his brother-in-law Sidney Smith left Eddyville, Iowa for the California Gold Mines in May 1850. They probably used the Mormon Trail and quite possibly came through Don's back yard as the Trail came through Pottawattamie County at that location. Thank-you to Don for sharing this interesting Gold Rusher information with us.

("Gold Rush!", continued next page)

*From the journal of 49er Andrew M. Orvis:*

Leave Wisconsin home on march 12, 1849. Cross Missouri River May 27 at Council Bluffs. To Fort Laramie, South Pass June 28, Salty Lake City July 9, and Humbolt-Carson route to California mines. At "Council Bluffs" Orvis and two companions sold their wagon, bought horses "rigged to pack," and joined a company of 52 men. At Elkhorn Ferry accidentally shot himself in hip, but the ball miraculously worked itself out. At South Pass, a man died from "the Pluridy... he came here for his health, he was consumptive". Orvis left behind by his company at Bear River Ferry and made rest of journey solo, aided by a faithful pack horse, an iron constitution, and a refusal to die. On the desert, I laid down to kick the bucket, but I thought of home and it gave me a little more grit and would get up and stagger along. I was so thirsty my tongue and lips cracked and bled."

*From Platte River Road Narratives by Merrill Mattes; contributed by Darlene Vergamini.*

## **GOLD RUSH FEVER TAKES OVER NEXT SOCIETY MEETING**

Join Cathy Danielson and Darlene Vergamini as they present

*Iowa and Council Bluffs During the  
Gold Rush*

Sunday, April 16, 2 p.m. at Community  
Hall, 205 South Main Street  
Council Bluffs.

*("Pioneer Women Biographies", continued from  
page 1)*

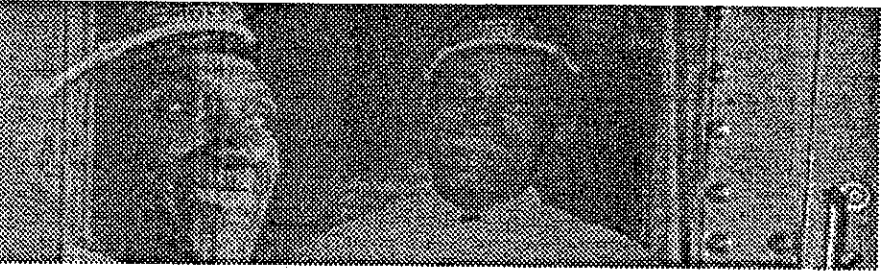
1881. She was Dispensary Physician at the Woman's Dispensary connected with the college. She has a large and steadily increasing practice in Council Bluffs. She was married, in 1873, at Cleveland, Ohio, and has one child- Willie.

Mrs. E.J. Harding, physician, Council Bluffs, is a daughter of Dr. M.S. Barnwell, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and graduated at the Electropathic Institute of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and her fame extends over the whole United States, she having practiced very successfully in St. Louis, San Francisco, Salt Lake and other large cities. She came to Council Bluffs in 1878 and established the Thermo Electric bath rooms. These medical baths are very effective and are very popular. She has invented several appliances and supporters for invalid ladies. She has at present three patents from the United States Government. Her great study has been to invent appliances for the relief of her own sex. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio; was married in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1867. She is a medical Electrician and Gynecologist.

Mrs. H.J. Hilton, physician, Council Bluffs. Came to Council Bluffs in September, 1880. She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and raised and educated there. She graduated at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1872. Her mother lives in Chicago, Illinois, at the advanced age of eighty years, but looks not over sixty years, and is very fine looking. Mrs. Hilton has graduated both in medicine and surgery; she has three children- E. Harold, who is a graduate of the literary department at Ann Arbor, and is now in Washington, D.C., in the signal service department; and two daughters, who reside here with her. Mrs. Hilton belongs to a very old Eastern family, being descended from the Childs of New York, on her mother's side, and from the Tifts of New York on her father's side. Her father, Hezekiah Tift, was one of the very first settlers of Cleveland, Ohio, there being only a log hotel at that place when he first settled there. Her mother, who is still living at Chicago, spends considerable of her time among her children. One of her daughters is Mrs. F.J. Osborne, wife of the well-known merchant of this city.

*(Source: History of Pottawattamie County 1882/1883)  
(Contributed by: Cathy Danielson)*

## Saga of the Pullman Porter



Railroading has an unusual number of "firsts," making it difficult to target a single invention, event, or date as the beginning of American railroads. The earliest mention of an American-built, steam-propelled carriage was in 1804, developed by a Philadelphian, Oliver Evans. The Mohawk & Hudson Line boasted that in 1826, theirs was the first chartered American railroad. However, in 1825 Colonel John Steven's steam-power, rack-rail engine with wooden cogged wheels was the first machine to carry passengers on wooden cogged tracks in the United States. John B. Jarvis's first use of the steam locomotive in the Western Hemisphere made passenger travel faster and more comfortable and opened the way for the Baltimore and Ohio, the first American chartered passenger line.

As eastern railroads expanded westward toward the Mississippi River, the demand for better overnight accommodations increased. On September 1, 1859, a new chapter in railroad history began when George Mortimer Pullman's first sleeping car made its debut run between Bloomington, Illinois, and Chicago.

The original Pullman car was described as a "primitive thing," but shortly after the Civil War, George Pullman developed a sleep-

ing car that was unrivaled in design and service. Giving each traveler pampered treatment- making him feel special- was the Pullman hallmark. But George Pullman didn't give the personalized service for which his name became synonymous. Thousands of porters helped make the legendary Pullman service a reality.

Beginning in 1867, Pullman staffed his earliest cars with the former genteel servants of the Plantation South. His decision to hire ex-slaves set a business precedent and for nearly a century all Pullman porters were black. These emancipated slaves repaid Pullman with loyalty and dedicated service. Grateful for the opportunity to stand proudly beside other working people, the early porters worked willingly and joyfully, graciously receiving passengers, carrying their luggage, making up the berths, serving beverages and food, keeping the guests happy- and all with a smile. These men did their jobs so well they became known as the "Ambassadors of Hospitality."

Seventy years later, the gratitude had worn thin. The new generation of free-born, more informed porters was not satisfied with the Pullman company's long hours, low wages, and unfair company policies.

(continued page 7)

### The Sleeping Car Porter

Fatigued eyes; wrinkled, gnarled hands shine dull shoes;  
seats darkly empty-  
passive passengers in their slumberous berths.  
Shifting winds jolt the frigid train,  
dim lanterns sway...

Defying pain the old porter presses  
passengers' clothes with satisfying creases;  
in another car a young porter's  
curved arms are burdened with unshined shoes.

Winds increase- train rocks  
forward blindly against forces  
in the black night... metal wheels  
cry  
against the resistance-

"Nighttime seems to never end,"  
the young porter complained;  
the old porter continued working... waiting  
for the tentative gray of morning-  
from separate windows they  
viewed the blue promise rise,  
spirits replenished by distant  
yellow... (Michele Harnden, 1988)

(From "A Long Hard Journey:  
The Story of the Pullman  
Porter"; contributed by Marcia  
Hastings)

# Creative Writing Award Winners

*Stacey Goodman; Grade 8*

*Lewis Central Middle School*

*Ms. Colleen Wallenberg, Teacher*

From my perch upon his bow-legged knees and with my trusty book in my lap, I saw his head slowly nod and his eyelids gently shut over his bright, brown eyes. I had succeeded in my mission for the day. I had put my grandfather to sleep with my reading. It was time for the finale.

"Grandpa, you asleep?" I hollered.

"Nope, just resting my eyes," he would always say with an impish grin.

At age 7, my grandpa was my reading buddy and the times that I read to him were some of my best childhood memories.

I second grade I was placed in Chapter I reading program because I was having trouble learning how to read. My grandpa also had problems learning to read; therefore, he truly knew what a struggle reading had become for me. I could see from the look on his weathered face that he applauded every small triumph that I made in my reading. Everyday he would sit and have me read to him. Because of his patience and understanding, I am now the person I am today.

Patience is not the only virtue my grandfather possess. A storyteller by nature is how I would describe him. I feel that every time I ride in the car with him, I have just listened to an hour-long program on the Discovery Channel. His 68 years of life experiences have proven to be more educational and interesting than anything I've ever read in a textbook. My grandfather takes great pride in how he has seen our city grown and change. The way he describes history makes one feel like he or she were there, too. I especially like hearing his stories of what life was like when he was a young boy living in the Depression and his life during World War II.

Once you have met him, you feel like you have known him all your life. No one is a stranger to my grandfather.

*(Continued page 8)*

*Matthew Schechinger; Grade 11*

*Harlan Community High School*

*Mrs. Gale Strickland, Teacher*

I started the tractor, turning the key.  
And pushed the throttle forward with my knee.  
I depressed the clutch all the way down  
And shifted the gears making a grinding sound.  
I rolled down the hill out the lane  
And thought I would never do this again.  
I coasted down the slope with the tractor in D4.  
I nudged the gas to give it some more.  
I waved to the neighbor my good friend Steve  
In his old red Fort getting ready to leave.  
I was in full bore, going fast,  
T'was when I heard the torque, sounded like a blast.

Crossing counties waving to Earl,  
"Hi, how you doing." I waved with a swirl.  
Now up the big hill I sat there poutin',  
But I knew Big John could climb the mountain.  
Wow, this place has flowers as I look to the right  
But to my surprise there was no one in sight.  
Past Phill's pig place about the ground  
T'was doing chores in the hogshed I found.  
Around the curve I'd been slowing  
But when past I kept on going.  
I had to turn left and shift to D2  
I gave it some throttle and man I flew!  
Back to normal, D4 I was  
Crossing the bridge like a car does.  
See the new tractors, wagons there three  
I noticed the new combine I wanted to see!  
To another turn and another until I hit the dirt  
road  
Waving to Mr. Renze unloading two loads.  
The road was bumpy making me jump,  
Slow down says the tractor we'll get there  
before he dumps.  
Wow, there's Millers, little Alan too  
Look at their wagon- must be new.  
As I grabbed the CB with one hand  
I saw dad in the combine working the land.  
"Do you copy, let me know  
I have to talk to you to where to go!"  
"Up here, I'm full to the flat,  
Do you read, come on, hurry up Matt!"  
I turned in the field keeping it in fourth gear

*(Continued page 7)*

## From '99 to '99

The following appeared in the January 31, 1999 "Omaha World Herald" comparing 1899 to 1999. Marcia Hastings was kind enough to pass them on to me for inclusion here in the event you missed them.

### *Rails to Arenas*

The Omaha, Council Bluffs and Suburban Railway pushed its 1899 plan to build a passenger line to Lake Manawa, Iowa, where another company planned to construct an 8,000 seat auditorium.

Omaha planners are considering a streetcar line along 10th Street, including stops at a planned convention center that would include a new 18,000-seat arena.

### *Arriving by Rail*

More than 1,800 people from Nebraska's "Queen City" - Hastings - and other towns spent a weekend in 1899 at the Greater American Exposition in Omaha, arriving in three excursion trains over the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railway.

On September 22-27, 1999, Omaha's River City Roundup will be paired with the Ak-Sar-Ben 4-H Livestock Exhibition and the Ak-Sar-Ben Rodeo. Among special visitors will be more than 500 trail riders who will arrive by horseback from points in Nebraska and western Iowa. The Union Pacific ran special excursion trains from North Platte to Omaha for the first River City Roundups but later discontinued them.

### *Bank Buildings*

Council Bluffs Savings Bank purchased the Baldwin Block at Broadway and Pearl in the Bluffs for \$25,000, considered an "exceedingly low" price in 1899. John N. Baldwin built the structure eight years earlier for about \$40,000, borrowing money from Penn Mutual Insurance Company of Philadelphia, and it was occupied by the savings bank. An ensuing financial panic and depreciation of property values resulting in a foreclosure and ownership by the insurance company until the bank purchase.

First National Bank of Omaha will begin construction this year of its 40-story headquarters office at 16th and Dodge Streets, a structure estimated to cost \$200

million. At 638 feet tall, it will be the tallest building in Nebraska or Iowa and is due to be occupied in 2002.

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### *("Harvesting", continued from page 6)*

But it was too bumpy I couldn't steer.

I drove through the stubbles

My wheels bounced liked bobbles.

"Dad, swing the auger out, out and around"

I sped up to shoot and unloading was bound.

I stopped with a halt pushing the brake.

"Slow down, don't break it, the wagon for Pete's Sake!"

The beans bounced on the gravities steel,

I put it in park the vibration I could feel.

"Take it to Woodbine, don't be late.

And hurry up, the Elevator closes at eight!"

I got in my Deere getting ready to go.

However, I have to be careful and drive so slow.

So I was on my journey headed for the city.

Not knowing I would do this tomorrow- I had no pity!

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### *("Porters", continued from page 5)*

Their smiles changed to pleas in the beginning, then shouts of protests. Unable to get the powerful Pullman Company to negotiate in good faith, the porters united under the leadership of A. Philip Randolph, and in 1925, against all odds, they formed the first black union: the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. It was also the first union admitted to the American Federation of Labor (AFL) as a full member, and the first black union to negotiate a contract with a major corporation.

The porters' struggle for recognition and fair treatment is a classic David-and-Goliath story. A handful of black workers squared off against one of American history's corporate megagiants and won. When the battle was over and the mighty Pullman Company was forced to recognize the Brotherhood, one of the Pullman executives asked, "How did you do it? We never thought you had a chance." The answer can be found in the remarkable story of the Pullman porters, their environment, their work, their play, and their long, hard journey to victory.

## Customs and Traditions of St. Patrick's Day

The person who was to become St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, was born in Wales about AD 385. His given name was Maewyn, and he almost didn't get the job of bishop of Ireland because he lacked the required scholarship.

Far from being a saint, until he was 16, he considered himself a pagan. At that age, he was sold into slavery by a group of Irish Marauders that raided his village. During his captivity, he became closer to God.

He escaped from slavery after six years and went to Gaul where he studied in the monastery under St. Germain, bishop of Auxerre for a period of twelve years. During his training he became aware that his calling was to convert the pagans to Christianity.

His wishes were to return to Ireland, to convert the pagans that had overrun the county. But his superiors instead appointed St. Palladius. But two years later, Palladius transferred to Scotland. Patrick, having adopted that Christian name earlier, was then appointed as second bishop to Ireland.

Patrick was quite successful at winning converts, and this fact upset the Celtic Druids. Patrick was arrested several times, but escaped each time. He traveled throughout Ireland, establishing monasteries across the country. He also set up schools and churches which would aid him in his conversion of the Irish country to Christianity.

The mission in Ireland lasted for thirty years. After that time, Patrick retired to County Down. He died on March 17 in AD 461. That day has been commemorated as St. Patrick's Day ever since.

Much Irish folklore surrounds St. Patrick's Day. Not much of it is actually substantiated.

Some of this lore includes the belief that Patrick raised people from the dead. He also is said to have given a sermon from a hilltop that drove all the snakes from Ireland. Though originally a Catholic holiday day, St. Patrick's day has evolved into more of a secular holiday.

One traditional icon of the day is the shamrock. And this stems from a more bone fide Irish take that tells how Patrick used the three-leafed shamrock to explain the Trinity. He used in his sermons to represent how the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit could all exist as separate elements of the same entity. His followers adopted the custom of wearing a shamrock on his feast day.

The St. Patrick's Day custom came to American in 1737. The was the first year St. Patrick's Day was publicly celebrated in the country, in Boston.



*("Grandpa", continued from page 6)*

He has no problem talking to anyone and loves to share stories about his family, friends, and current events. I am always amazed at how outgoing he is. He doesn't seem to have an ounce of shyness in his entire body. I feel he has captured the essence of living life to its fullest.

Although he is a man of small stature, he has a huge heart. My grandfather would give up anything he had to make another person's life more worthwhile. He is constantly volunteering his time and energy to other activities. He can be seen with a dish towel wrapped around his shoulder as he dips his hands in the hot soapy water while he washed dishes for church. One can hear him comment as he reaches for another dish, "Guess I'll go pearl diving now."

All these elements combine to help make the extraordinary guy I call Grandpa. Maybe that's why many of my friends also view him as their grandpa, too.



## Child Managed Covered Wagon and Oxen

My great-grandmother lived to be 107. She still had her won beautiful white teeth- she cleaned them with baking soda- and read the finest print without glasses. Her hair was darker than her daughter's at age 65 (Her daughter died at 75, and my mother died at 73.)

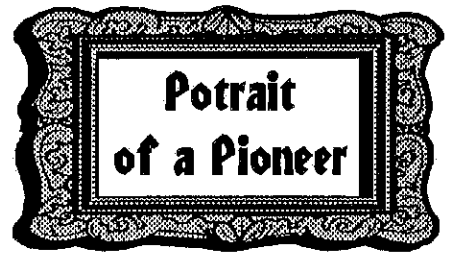
Great-grandmother, at age 90, planted her own garden, canned her own vegetables, did all her own housework, and never wanted anyone to help her do anything. Oh, I forgot, she milked her won cow, too. Besides that, she walked eight blocks every day to the post office in town and back home. Sometimes she picked up a few groceries to bring home, although she didn't need much, as she had about everything.

She raised four children; Great-grandpa helped deliver them. All were healthy children- they never needed a doctor. She used herbs for medicine. How my grandmother hated the taste of some of the teas,

but she said they cured whatever she had.

Her family was Pennsylvania Dutch. She lived in Pennsylvania, until at the tender age of 8, Great-grandmother and her father and mother- my great-great-grandmother and great-great-grandfather- left in a covered wagon pulled by a team of oxen and headed for the Midwest to a town in Iowa called Kainsville. (It is now known as Council Bluffs.) They left the two other children with relatives until they were settled. Some of the relatives joined them later.

After a short time during their journey, Great-great-grandfather had a heart attack and was placed in the back of the wagon. So Great-great-grandmother drove until she, too, felt too ill to drive, as she was pregnant. She told Great-grandmother she would have to drive, even though she was only 8. After a time, she also helped her mother



deliver her little brother. She had to do it, because there was no one else. Years later, when she told us children about it, she said she didn't know how she did it.

Finally, after many weeks, they reached Kainsville, and she told us some men were standing in front of a story when she pulled into town. one of then said, "What in the devil is that baby doin' drivin' them oxen? Why I can't handle 'em myself, sometimes!"

My great-grandmother asked the men if someone could find a doctor for her father. They did and he recovered. They stayed in Kainsville.

*(From "Capper's", January 13, 1998; contributed by Mrs. Ted Hanusa)*

March 1855	G.W. Henderson first settler in Neola Township
March 1882	Fire in Macedonia destroyed most of New Macedonia
March 1868	Col. Babbitt wants capital of U.S. in Council Bluffs
March 1, 1860	Adelaide Clough married Henry Rishton in York Township
March 1, 1943	Processed food rationing starts in Council Bluffs
March 2, 1807	Congress made slave importation into the U.S. illegal
March 3, 1860	John B. Beers died in Pottawattamie County
March 4, 1826	First railroad in U.S. was chartered as the Granite Railway in Quincy, MA
March 4, 1789	The Constitution of the United States when into effect
March 6, 1950	Silly Putty was invented
March 10, 1874	Huntington & Sons sold potatoes for \$1 for 10 bushels
March 16, 1883	Christian Home Orphanage was incorporated
March 18, 1850	American Express was founded
March 19, 1874	Crescent City almost closed due to muddy streets
March 21, 1891	A Hatfield married a McCoy, ending a long feud in West Virginia
March 23, 1912	The Dixie Cup was invented
March 23, 1913	Council Bluffs and Omaha hit by tornado
March 25, 1888	Ed Canfield, jail escapee, recaptured
March 26, 1953	Dr. Jonas Salk announced a new vaccine to immunize people against polio
March 30, 1880	Dr. P.J. Montgomery arrived to open an office in Council Bluffs
March 31 1980	Last day of operation for the Rock Island Railroad

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**Historical Society of Pottawattamie  
County Officers and Board Members**

President- Darlene Vergamini  
Vice president- Cathy Danielson  
Treasurer- Joyce Glessman  
Secretary- Robert Hastings

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Dr. James Knott  
Ken Millford  
John McLellan  
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**Committee Chairmen-**

Jail- Dennis Danielson  
Depot- Marcia Hastings  
Genealogical Committee- Alice Bontz

Newsletter Editor- Dr. Richard Warner

*The Historical Society of Pottawattamie County is dedicated to the preservation of books, letters, sites, records, artifacts and buildings of historical significance in the county. The Society operates and is restoring the Historic Squirrel Cage Jail, Rock Island Depot, involved in the efforts to create a local museum, and is active in promoting historical and genealogical research.*

*Requests for information about Society projects, membership, and volunteer work are welcomed. Write the Historical Society of Pottawattamie County, Post Office Box 2, Council Bluffs, IA, 51502.*

*The Historical Society of Pottawattamie County Member Newsletter is printed eleven times a year and mailed to all members. The membership mailing list is maintained by the Society Secretary, Robert Hastings. Please direct any address corrections to Mr. Hastings at 322-0612 or to the Society post office box listed above.*

# Historical Society

Of Pottawattamie County

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