

SEED CORN



"Golden Prosperity" they did name us;
For size and quality we are famous.
We're a cross "Prosperity" and "Golden
Wend."

And for four years have stood the test

Planted late—first work in June,
harvest dry—yet gained the time.
Off a two bushel yield
On a thirteen acre field.

You may seed in Illinois
Or get corn from other bags.
But the others, also foreign,
Get poor corn and less weight.

A dime for a six ounce sample trial;
And if not satisfied we return to you.
The price of the sample you keep for a
month placing order for a larger sack.

This fair sample you may test.
Before more money you invest.
We're supplied with the "Morecorn" variety,
And per bushel two dollars and a quarter.

Address

Arthur J. Wenger

South English, Iowa

S.B. "Sol" Wenger was well known in South English and indeed, most of Iowa, for his development of "Golden Prosperity" seed corn and "Rosecomb Barred Rock" chickens. His resourceful mind is indicated by the poem in the accompanying picture, which was used for advertising.

One especially interesting creation was the lock on his chicken house door. Made of wood, there were holes into which to insert your fingers. By manipulating small levers, the latch could be operated. "Sol" seemed to be about the only one who could remember the right combination.

His seed corn business was developed during the days of open pollinated corn, but when hybrid seed came into use, he also worked with it, often doing his own detasseling in the fields.

Plymouth Rock chickens were a popular breed with the farmers and almost every farm had a flock. The Rocks were single-combed birds. Mr. Wenger noticed one of his chickens had a "rose" or double comb. Evidently a mutation, or "sport" as he called it. From this one bird he developed a strain that was 90% rose combed.

In addition to his seed corn building he set up a hatchery and did much custom hatching besides his own.

Later in life he built a molasses making plant. The mill for crushing the cane was powered by a steam engine and steam from the engine was piped into a long trough to boil or cook down the juice. It was a continuous process, fresh juice put in one end and the molasses drained out at the other end.

The Western Herald
March 18, 1880

We want and must have a Bank, a Mill, a Hotel, a Jewelry and Music Store, with teacher, and, in fact, this is the finest opening for all kinds of legitimate business.

Parties wishing to invest money in buildings for rent would do well, as houses are daily called for, but can't be supplied.

For particulars, address the Western Herald or J.F. White, South English.



S.B. Wenger gathered his seed corn and put it on racks to dry. He later built a seed house in South English, especially for handling seed corn.



The Wenger Seed House at the corner of Davis and Main Streets, in the background.



One unusual occupation carried on in South English was the raising of canary birds by Mrs. Gladys Sigafosse. She began by keeping them in her home and in 1946 built a special house, 14 feet by 20 feet which would hold as many as 300 birds at one time. Most of the birds were sold to a firm in Chicago.

In replying to questions about this activity we will quote from a letter:

"In thinking of my birds, I remember why I sold them when I did. I would get up early in the morning to get them boxed up, then walk down to the depot before 7 o'clock to catch the early

passenger train. Then they took the passenger train off and put a car on the freight train. Then they decided they would not pick up express that the freight could not handle. So no shipping birds out of South English. If you will remember, Alta, you took my birds to North English for me. Hip was sick at that time. North English took them for a while, but soon the only way they could be shipped was by air. Viva (Mrs. Lew Eick of Millersburg) shipped a few that way, but she soon quit too. . . . That was the fall of 1952. I enjoyed the birds although they were a lot of work.



This is Amos Weaver on a machine which he designed and constructed to cut the tops of the corn stalks above the ears after the ears matured. This practice was to insure the standing of the stalk until harvesting after the moisture content had lowered to a safe amount for storage. With the introduction of mechanical dryers, the development of the "Topper" was neglected.

This picture was taken in the Clark Wenger field near the west edge of South English.



Roderick Graham and Mahlon Cook.



This is the earliest picture of South English we have seen, is dated as 1882. The storefronts have board platforms and steps. J.C. Evans has a Meat Market and is Justice of the Peace. Trees are just started next to White's Emporium.



Looking south down Broadway from Ives street. The Dillaway House is at the left of the picture.



April 7th, 1917. The old school building is still standing and the Meat Market building has not

yet burned, at the east side of Powell's Store.



Looking west up Ives. No autos visible. Livery barn is at left of picture. The concrete block

building [now Powell's Store] had not been built. Probably about 1903.



The north side of Ives street probably around 1915.



Looking east down Ives. The Baptist Church was moved to its location in 1909. Still some board

no concrete block buildings. The aircraft was superimposed by a photographer displaying his art.



This winter scene might be of the early 1920's.



Looking north from the south end of Broadway St. Probably before 1912. The bandstand has not yet been enclosed.



The south side of Ives Street after 1909 and while the Livery

Barn and cottonwood tree were still standing.



The steel drums were in front of Wenger's garage. Gasoline was supplied in the drums before a

tank wagon delivered gas. A Mr. Hinkle hauled the drums into town.



A cottonwood tree crashed in the roof of Noffsinger's blacksmith shop. From left to right: Horace Clark, Billy Bell, Pete Stansbury, Harold Furman, Vaughn Bell and Ern Lane.

S.E. Herald, July 27, 1939

Mr. and Mrs. Giles Garrett are the parents of a baby girl born Thursday, July 20. She has been named Carol Dec. Leda Grove is caring for the young baby and mother.

S.E. Herald, Nov. 2, 1939

Frank Brower returned this week after spending about four weeks in the west on a cattle-buying trip.



Frank McLain followed his father in the dray business in South English. Freight was moved by horse and wagon from railroad

cars to merchant's stores. The other driver has not been identified.



This is how the town looked from the High School windows in the early 1920's.



The way the Lumber Yard looked when owned by the Home

Note free-roaming chickens foraging in the snow on the



These two views show the destruction caused by a powerful freak wind that toppled the sturdy cottonwood onto the

blacksmith shop. Men working on the tree have not been identified.



In later years Spivey moved the blacksmith shop from the

Noffsinger building to the lower floor of the Opera House.



SOME RECOLLECTIONS ABOUT THE OLD BLACKSMITH SHOP IN SOUTH ENGLISH

by Larry Spivey

My father and mother bought the Noffsinger blacksmith shop in the early 1920's. It was a long, low, wooden building located directly across the street from the present Powell hardware store.

We were living on a farm west of Iowa City at that time and

when harvest was over Dad came to South English and stayed in the Radebaugh Hotel during the week and would come home for the weekend, weather and roads permitting. In the spring we all moved to a house in the southeast part of town which became our permanent home.

Dad had experienced a stroke on the farm and could not stand the hot sun rays but could withstand the heat of the shop as long as the sun did not get to him.

The shop was quite modern because it had an overhead drive shaft with pulleys and belts running to the various machines. Whenever relatives would appear on Sundays we always made the trip to the shop to demonstrate the up to date setup.

Howard, Donald and I all took our turn at sharpening discs, picking up kindling from the woodworking machines and in general helping to keep the place picked up. We would have much

rather been on the baseball field east of the school house knocking out flies.

The center of all blacksmith shops was the coal forge with a blower operated with a hand crank. First would come a few wood shavings to start the fire. They would throw out white and gray smoke. Then as the coal was eased over the shavings black smoke would billow forth filling the whole area until a draft could be created up the chimney. Then the red coals would begin to appear and the shop was ready for the days work.

The forge was also the gossip or news center. Men would stand around talking and chewing tobacco. Of course when you have chewers you must have spitters also. I never recall having seen anyone ever miss the center of those red hot coals with a squirt of the brown fluid. The fire would protest with a sharp hiss and a spiral of steam. Whether it be Horseshoe, Spark Plug, Red Man or Beechnut the brown stains would usually appear at the corners of the mouth waiting to be brushed away. In case of a beard the stains became quite permanent. Horseshoeing was a full time winter job. I recall seeing 10 to 20 teams tied to every available hitching rack awaiting their turn to be shod, or reshod with "neverslip" or "calk" shoes. Men would eat at Radebaughs at noon or bring their own lunch.

Dad would leave the shop open at noon so the men could eat their lunch where it was warm.

Some horses were mean, others frightened and worst of all were the spoiled ones. They were not frightened nor would they mind. Dad said the worst kind were the ones that did not mind at home. Somehow I believe he carried that philosophy into our own home.

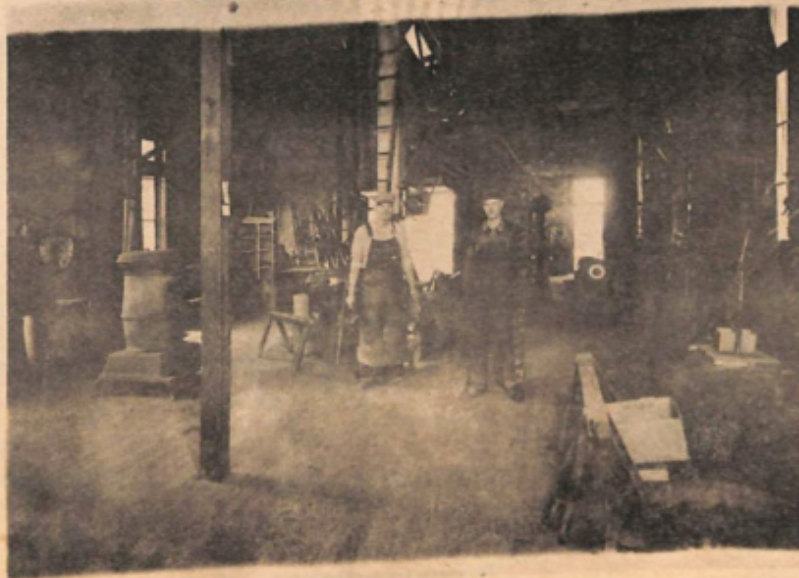
And, oh yes, the brown water jug. It was kept in a box about two feet square with a hole in the top big enough for the jug to fit in and the rest was sawdust. On hot days, one of us was usually around to take the jug up to the well by the bank and fill it with that good cold water. We would bring it back to the shop and offer some to all of the bystanders and Dad hoping that they would not take on too much fill. Invariably though, there was not enough left so we would make the second trip but no free drinks were offered this time. I think my sister Mildred probably carried a few jugs too as she would stop by the shop to say hello to Dad. As I recall I never saw Dad have anything but water in his little brown jug.

As time moved on the horseshoeing moved into the background and along came, lathe work, all kinds of welding and of course plow shares. Dad had the reputation of sharpening and shaping shares so they would have the right "suck" to make them go into the ground. Farmers came from many miles to have this work done.

In the late 1930's the Opera House came up for sale and Dad bought it and moved all equipment into the new roomy area. This was much more pleasant with high ceilings and big doors to accommodate the larger machines which were appearing on the scene.

However, the shop which made the greatest impression upon me was the small red one with the pleasant aroma of burnt oak as the hot tire rim would touch the wagon wheel while it was being "shrunk", the pungent smell of scorched hoof when touched with a hot shoe while being "fitted", and the machines, tools and animals and the men who supported it.

Most of all, you see, was the man who operated it. Dad was good blacksmith material—6 feet 1 inch tall, weighing 210# and enough Scotch Irish in him to temper a piece of steel even if it did not want to be tempered.



Probably taken sometime in the

Spivey and George Fitzsimmons working in the shop in the Opera

THE SOUTH ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE

by Sally Claypool

The following paper was written for Freshman English by Sally Claypool during the last school year. As it concerns one of the local landmarks, and as she has done considerable research, the editors hope it will be of interest to the readers of the Record.

Listed in the bibliography are: Edna Brock, Addie Horn, Edna McGowan, Alice Shelby and Lottie White.

With permission of the author the editor would like to take a small exception to the concluding paragraph. Especially at the present time, with Christmas lights outlining the noble arches of the Romanesque doorway and windows, the architecture of the grand old building is very much alive.

On the main street of South English stands an austere brick building. It has played a great part in the lives of many people. It may have brought tears, sorrow, or gladness to many hearts. Who knows? All that this younger generation knows is that at one time it was the greatest Opera House on the Rock Island Railroad between Muscatine and Montezuma. A research on this fine old building would not be complete without some report on the activities within its walls. So, let me take you back in time to approximately the year 1896.

The South English Odd Fellow Lodge had its beginning, or first year of meetings, above White's Store. This store stood next door to the bank, or where the old post office was located. After a few years the lodge grew to such proportions that the accommodations were not adequate. So in 1896 a site was chosen for the construction of a new building. This locality was to be on the west end of Ives Street, which was actually across the street from White's Store. This structure was built under the direction of the late Charles Moran who was one of the finest mason-bricklayers around. He built the chimneys and fireplaces in many of the fine old houses in the community of South English. Residents of the area agreed that the laying of brick in the Opera House was a piece of master workmanship and was something much talked about at that time.

The building, as was mentioned before, was considered the best Opera House for many miles around. It was far ahead of its time. For example, in the main room there was something new, a slanted floor. This was unique since all the community centers around had level floors. With this slanted floor even the people in the back of the room could see what was going on.

Another phenomenon of the Opera House was the scenery. There were three complete changes of setting: one, an outdoor scene and two for indoors. Of course these were used for many purposes: class plays, graduation class pictures, minstrel shows, and other events. There were roll curtains that were pulled up and down. These were not like ours today that slide back and forth. The curtains were made to match the three changes of scenery.

I couldn't leave the subject of description without mentioning the various rooms. There were a number of miscellaneous dressing rooms on the sides of the stage, and later some were added in the rear. Of course the lodge rooms were upstairs, and they too were out of the ordinary for the time. Along the full length of both sides of the main lodge rooms were narrow raised

chairs. Later these raised platforms were removed making more room on the main lodge floor. Besides the main lodge room there was a kitchen with enough dishes to serve two hundred or three hundred people. There were two small rooms off the main lodge room for Rebekah and Odd Fellow regalia. At first ingrain carpet covered the floor. When these wore out six 9 x 12 rugs were purchased.

The downstairs hall was used for many purposes. The medicine shows were prevalent. An early one in 1897 or 1898 was the Dr. Sykes Show. Three Indians, Bad Man, Buffalo Horn, and Charley White Horse, traveled with Dr. Sykes. They sold a very unusual type of medicine called Kick-a-poo Saqwah. Six bottles for five dollars cured everything from the common day cold to the old timers "rheumatiz." It was said that people carried bottles out by the arm-loads. Since the Indians could ride the wildest of horses, the farmers throughout the countryside were urged to bring in their wildest horses. While Dr. Sykes and his Indians were in South English, the Indians performed every afternoon, riding bucking horses. Dr. Sykes held free consultations while the Indians entertained. At night they sang and danced and Dr. Sykes sold some of his "cure for everything." This was the time when the small autograph book was much in style. Many folks brought their books for the Indians to sign. It might be hard to imagine, but some of the Indian's autographs were written in beautiful handwriting. A few of these old autograph books can still be found today. There were many minstrel shows with colored folks from the South. One of these groups stayed for a whole week, living and cooking in the back dressing rooms. One thing that interested the children of the town was watching these colored people gathering dandelion greens for their meals. Another time a fellow came that practiced hypnotism. He invited boys to come to the stage. After they were hypnotized they would turn summer-saults and to do all sorts of antics.

Besides these Minstrel and Medicine Shows many of the "up to date" silent movies were shown. Of course the projector was turned by a crank which might have taken longer, but the people then enjoyed the movies just as much as we do today. Everyone that came to the movie brought a stick of wood to put in the large pot-bellied stoves on either side of the room. As in any other place you had to pay to get in. The ticket office was at the right hand side of the huge lobby. The fee was approximately five cents for children and between ten and twenty cents for adults. Some of the silent movies that were shown included: "Hands Up," starring Ruth Roland, "Phantom Rider," starring May Murray, "The Storm," starring Lillian Gish.

Local talent played music for the sound effects. Harley Sigafosse played the violin, and Irene Flucky Hubbell played the piano. There are a few residents that recall some of the plays that were given. Some of these were "East Lynn" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They recall how little Eva was made to ascend into heaven in a cloud, and the scene of Elisa carrying her son, Little Harry, across the Ohio River on make-believe ice flows.

All the class plays were given in the Opera House until 1924 when the stage at the school house was enlarged. Many of these plays were classics. Three well-known plays were "Deacon Dubbs," "Strong Heart," an Indian play, and "Clarence," by

actress who played Violet in "Clarence" was our own Mrs. Bernice Rowe Harst.

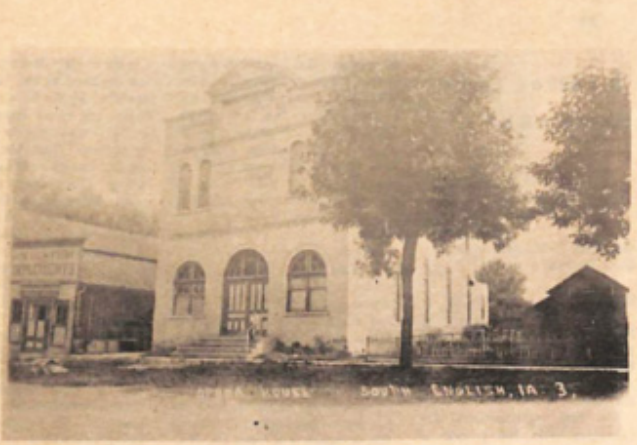
Another annual event was the high school commencement held here. The girls were all dressed up in their starched petticoats and their long fancy white dresses. The boys usually wore their one and only good suit. Baccalaureate was held in the church. The last commencement held in the Opera House was in 1924. The pictures of past graduating classes tell more clearly how beautiful were the outfits and fabulous decorations.

Many of the various lodges of the community used the Opera House for their meeting place. The Woodmen of America used this lodge room. A picture of these men in their regalia shows that they were an up-and-coming lodge. The big occasion for the Rebekahs, Odd Fellows, and their families was the Annual New Year's Supper. There was always a program upstairs

starting out with a Grand March. This was really something to see because these folks really knew how to march! There would be a big supper downstairs where long tables were set up for the people to be seated. There were often from two hundred to three hundred people at these suppers. One time the late Hon. Fred White, Representative to Congress and who later ran for Governor of Iowa, butchered a sheep for this occasion. Mrs. Margaret Harris, who had been reared in Wales and knew the art of cooking lamb and mutton, prepared the meat and it was pronounced delicious. When the Odd Fellows had their Grand Opening, they put on a full week of entertainment. The chief attraction was the Crow Sisters from What Cheer, Iowa. The Crow Sisters had a Dramatic Company and were a very famous act. When they were advertised a crowd would be sure to attend.

When the Odd Fellows disbanded, the building was sold. Later the lodge was sold to the Masonic and Eastern Star lodges. They held their meetings there until they too disbanded in 1963. The building still stands, but the downstairs has been entirely dismantled. It is now a blacksmith and repair shop under the direction of Wayne Lemley. The upstairs is used for meetings and parties.

Now we are back to the present. Time has taken us from 1896 to 1965. Yes, everyone must agree a lot of things have come and gone. All life has gone out of it. Its eyes are closed, no laughter comes from its mouth, and most of all its heart is broken. This fine two story brick building has played a big part in the historical and entertainment as well as the social life of South English. Let us not forget the events that have happened here, and let us keep them alive in our hearts, forever.



Built by the I.O.O.F. Lodge in 1896, the upper room served as a meeting place with a kitchen in the back room.



Margaret Harris who has become an accomplished portrait artist, allowed us to take a snapshot of some of her work. The lady is her mother-in-law, and the child is Ryan Paul Harris, her grandchild.

A Letter From Homer Seerley

Iowa State Normal School
H.H. Seerley, President
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Sept. 28, 1905

Mrs. Alice Heald Mendenhall
South English, Iowa

Dear Friend:

I wish I could come to the Old Settlers' Day at South English and see the friends of my boyhood but official business will not permit me to be absent at that time.

My first recollections are connected with the people of South English. I recall as vividly as yesterday the afternoon in October 1854 that my family arrived at Rodman's Tavern and I was told that the tiresome journey was ended and that this was to be our new home. South English was not then surveyed and the post office was not in the town as now situated. It was commonly called "Rodman's Point" as it was upon the stage line from Oskaloosa to Iowa City. I remember the little store at the cross roads where the town finally was located, and the man who kept that store and was the chief musician in the sense that he had an old snare drum and was quite an expert in beating time upon it.

There was also a small sawmill that John Wallace owned and which was the source of lumber out of which the settlers built their little houses. We had part of one room at Rodman's Tavern, a building of logs with an old stick chimney and fireplace, and

it was in this room that my father's family wintered until he could get his logs sawed and his house built on the farm to be opened near the present town. Two of Hugh Rodman's daughters slept in this room and had rights there that made it inconvenient but that was the best that could be done and it was generous to the newcomer to even grant him a place to winter.

During the extremely cold winter that followed, it was almost impossible to keep warm and comfortable in this old log house, and the young children particularly were sufferers. I had several severe attacks of croup during the winter, one of the attacks being so severe that my life was almost taken. It was on this occasion that I met Dr. N.C. Miller who had recently come to be a resident, and, child as I was I was much impressed with the kindness and care I received at his hands.

During these early days George Huxford and W.N. Gore were among the first men I knew well. They were young vigorous fellows ready to go to work in a new country. The first religious services that I attended were held at Moses Hall's. Here was the community Sunday School and here Father F.Q. Matthews preached the gospel without fear - a favor, without money - or price, as his services were freely given and very helpful to all. The settlers were noted for their good moral tone. They were as a clan God fearing and law abiding men and women. In fact, South English in all the days that I knew it was a good place for a boy and a girl to make a home since the environment was clean, everybody industrious, and the atmosphere very helpful.

In these early days my reading was confined to the 100 books furnished by the Sunday School Union, and to my father's little library. I was only six years of age when I first knew South English and did not have much outlook. There was no school for me the first year, and the lessons I had were what my mother required as I daily read to her out of Goodrich's Third Reader, and spelled a lesson out of the Elementary Spelling Book whose blue back and quaint type and quaint definitions were my first relative to the English language and literature. I saw the first school house built. It was entirely constructed of lumber procured from the local sawmills, its weatherboarding being oak and its shingles oak. Its plastering was very simple and plain, yet it was a 'palace' in those days, the largest room in the community, and served not only as a school, but also for all sorts of religious services, some kind of service being maintained every week. It was here that I met my first Iowa teacher, Manessa Flory, and began formal attendance upon school exercises in the new state. My next teacher was Ellen Vroman, whose work is still notable in my memory. No tribute that I can give could pay the compliment that I think she deserves. She was a noble, helpful teacher, wielding a blessed influence and doing a notable work that all who knew her would concede. It is possible that my judgment may not be reliable from the child's standpoint, but this experience makes me realize the importance of such a teacher's service.

The cordiality and social welcome of those early days was wonderful. The settler's home

was open to the traveler and the 'new comer' with a 'glad-to-see-you' spirit that has long since passed away. The brotherliness and nonsectarian relations of the people were the kind that made communities one, while the youth and the health and strength of the majority of the people gave vigor and cooperation that was beautiful and blessed.

Then there were the debating societies, the old lyceum organizations, the spelling schools, and the various social meetings that were open to all. There was no classification of society in those days. Everybody was wanted and encouraged to come and become factors and helpers, and the benefits in maintaining such a town was remarkable.

The day that the mail came in was a sort of general get-together to visit and find out what was going on in the world, to get their letters and newspapers and have a general good time in learning how the different families were prospering. This gave a chance to compare notes on farming, stock raising, and all the matters of common interest, and great advantage was taken of those opportunities. The Singing Schools that John Wallace conducted were notable for their influence and for their educational value. The 'buck-wheat' note was the system used but the singing and the interest were as effective as any results of later efforts.

In recalling these things I am impressed with the character and the industry of the citizen of those early beginnings, with the intelligence and the sobriety of those who began the foundations, with the sagacity and the

reliability of the men and women who had little of this world's goods, but were full of courage, and ready to overcome all difficulties. In those days Iowa City was regarded as the place to sell produce and buy supplies, though it was still necessary to go to Muscatine to get pine lumber, James McCafferty going through with teams with a force of men to bring out the material to build the first real hotel—a great undertaking in those days from the common man's standpoint. Amos Fluckey was the blacksmith; Lyman Hall and T.Q. Matthews the shoemakers, everybody his own builder and carpenter.

T.Q. Matthews the preacher, Manessa Flory and Ellen Vroman, the teachers, Thomas Seerley an active representative of social, political and educational importance, and many others contributed all that they had to make life successful and prosperity possible. I have always been proud that I spent my boyhood at South English, that my interests were for many years united with the people of that community, that I had a chance to know a people who sought only the good and despised the bad, and the present generation can do no better than to commend the virtues and exalt the character of those times.

Give my kindest regards and best and most cordial salutation to all who are present at your annual reunion and who remember me as a former citizen.

Yours truly,
Homer H. Seerley



Best, Best, Best Grandmother Page

The South English that Jane Polge knew was dirt streets and hitching posts. Her home was about a half mile north of town. She often used a little wagon to take her groceries home. She would entertain her young friends by playing the guitar and singing. Her favorite song was "Over the Hill to the Poor."

Probably taken sometime in the

No 47.

Sweet By and By.

S. TILANORE BENNETT. JES. P. WEBSTER, ly. det.

1 There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it -
2 We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - dious song of the
3 To our home - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our tri - bute of

- far, For the Fa - ther waits a - ver the war, To pre - pare us a
blest, And our spir - its shall see - ren no more, Not a sigh for the
prize, For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the lit - tle things that

CHORUS.

dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall
blow - ing of rest.
hal - low our days. In the sweet by - and - by,

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. In the sweet by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and - by,

- by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

These shaped notes came into use about the fifteenth century and represented a transition working in the shape of the

graphic signs over the words of a song, used by the Greeks in the eighth century, to our modern notation.



John and Mag Coffman in a 1912 Oakland.



People and automobile have not been identified.



Geldie Miller is riding in this Saxon roadster owned by Howard White in 1919.



Gladys Sigafosse driving an early Ford.



Cha Huber and daughter



John Wenger built a garage of concrete blocks and became a dealer in autos. He later sold to J.W. Sloan.



George Sauer who worked at Sloan's garage is driving a Buick across the river bridge. The license says 1913.



Jim Radebaugh is at the wheel of this car with a 1912 license. Levoy Safourek is cranking the engine.



Rose Garrett in a 1915 Ford



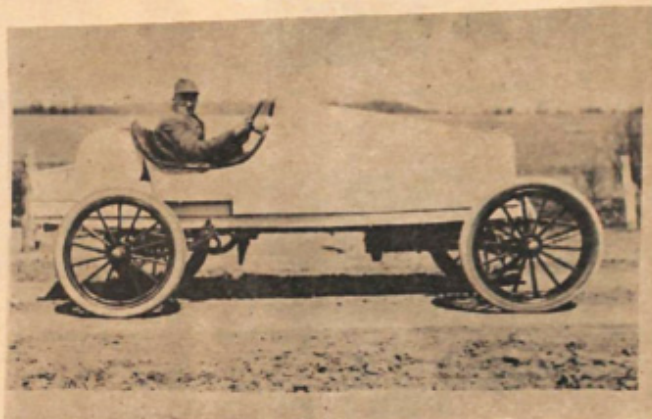
North English Record
June 9, 1960---

George A. "Hip" Sigafosse of South English is mighty proud of his 1934 Ford. He drives the 26-year-old car all the time. He is pictured here with the car when he was in North English the other day. "Hip" says he put a new motor in the car and "she runs like a dream." This was the second model of the V-8 ever put out by Ford, and he has no idea how many actual miles are on this car, as he got it long after it came from the factory.

Mr. Sigafosse began mechanical work in a small building at his grandparents home. He later worked as a mechanic in Sloan's garage. In 1919 he moved with his family to Möllersburg where he followed that trade. He returned to South English in 1926 and was in the garage business until retiring in the middle 1950's.



Gladys Sigafosse in a 1915 Metz.
The "Yellow Jacket."



Guy Stansbury in the Metz after streamlining.



George Saner and Guy Stansbury
in an Auburn, on a muddy road
which today is Highway 149 just
west of Lonnie Miller's.



A Pullman owned by Hip
Sigafosse. George Sigafosse is
standing on the running board.



Otha Huber's 1928 Essex.



Autos soon replaced the horses
and buggies at the hitching posts.

L. J. Powells Honored

L.J. Powell, of South English, was the honored guest at a banquet given him for his 50 years of being in business in South English.

The event was sponsored by the Industrial Business Men's Club and their wives. Mr. Powell had been in continuous hardware and funeral business in South English for 50 years.

Approximately 65 persons were in attendance, including Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Powell, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Powell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John Powell, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Culp. The tables were tastefully arranged in gold and white colors with floral centerpieces.

Waitresses were Dixie Spivey, Patricia Garrett, Bonnie Robinson, Patty Lensley and Ann Chittick, who served the three course dinner.

Norman Walk served as toastmaster for the evening. The invocation was given by Wayne Edmundson. Others participating in the programs were a review of the Powells starting in business in South English, on through the years to the present time, read by Mrs. Goldie White.

Remarks were made by Howard Spivey, Howard Rapping and Hamill Robison, Jr. Responses of appreciation were made by Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Powell, Sr., and members of their families.

A walnut plaque, with a gold plate with the inscription engraved on it "Honoring L.J. Powell, who has completed 50 years as a local businessman." This plaque was presented him by the South English businessmen. Norman Walk made the presentation. Mrs. Powell was presented a white orchid corsage.

The meeting adjourned by all singing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

On February 3, 1911, "L.J. Powell and Company" opened for business in a building located on the dirt streets of South English. Fifty years later, last Friday evening, a group of about sixty people representing the Businessmen's Club, met in a comfortable, modern dining room of the school house, to give testimony at a dinner honoring Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Powell for the years of service they have given the community. Exemplifying the progress through this era, where once the teams and wagons stood at the chain hitching racks, automobiles rolled in to parking places from the paved highway.

During the course of the evening much history was relived as neighbors and old associates recalled past events. The climax of the evening was the presentation of a beautiful engraved plaque, a gift from the Businessmen's Club to Mr. and Mrs. Powell. They also received letters and flowers from other organizations and distant friends.

Three of the Powell's children were present to help share the honor: Mr. and Mrs. John Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Powell Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Culp. The other daughter, Mrs. Russell Sheaffer, lives in Angola, Ind.

Fifty years of service to a community is unusual, so to solve the secret of that success we must go back past fifty years to find the motive.

In August, 1909, Ida Hertzler, a qualified school teacher of Concord, Tennessee, came to Iowa to be with her brother, Truman Hertzler. She was

teaching successively at the Holsworth school north of Harper; the Van Aiken and Washington schools south of South English. Many of her former students in the community will attest to her ability as an educator.

"L.J." as he allows his friends to call him, at this time was employed in the offices of a manufacturing firm in South Bend, Indiana. After two and a half years of that work he became dissatisfied and planned to go to the West coast. Although born in Ohio he grew up in Tennessee where he knew Ida and Truman Hertzler and Perry Blosser. Urged by his sister, he decided to come to South English. He arrived April 30, 1910. He was employed by Wilford Cook, at first as a farm hand and then as a helper at pump repair. The following February he and Cook formed a partnership that started Mr. Powell on a business career that has grown consistently through the years.

Ida Hertzler and L.J. were married on June 29, 1911.

The original business of pump repair and hardware was in the second building west of Robert's Grocery corner. Buying out his partner in a few years he moved to the larger building on the corner. In 1919 Mr. Powell purchased the Dave Coffman Furniture and Undertaking business and moved to the present location of the Powell store. He was assisted for several years by his brother Walter. In 1922 he became a licensed undertaker. In 1946, his son, Lewis, a practicing mortician in Goshen, Indiana, came to assist his father. The business has expanded into an enterprise that requires the assistance of the entire family, with Funeral Homes or Furniture stores in South English, Keswick, Wellman, Keota and North English. The hearse first used was horse-drawn. His first motor vehicle was a Sayers and Scovell purchased for \$350. They now operate two hearses and three ambulances. Mr. and Mrs. O.A. Brubaker manage the South English store and Mrs. Richard Culp the South English Funeral Home. Mrs. Russell Byers is in charge of the Keswick store. Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Powell moved to Wellman in 1946 after purchasing the business there. The Lewis Powell Jr., family have lived in Keota since purchasing the Funeral Home there in 1955. John Powell does much of the ambulance driving.

Unassuming and conscientious, the Powells begin their second half-century of business and service with the same confidence that helped them live up to their motto: "Our purpose is to serve efficiently, thoughtfully and sympathetically."

There was a period of time in the history of our community when the farmers processed much of their produce before selling it. Butter making was one of these activities, and many farm housewives became adept at this means of turning their excess cream into trading value for household expenses. Most of such butter was dumped into tubs and shipped to larger population centers. Some butter-makers used fancy molds which made attractive pound packages.

Mrs. Edith Shanfelt Norris once told us that when she was clerking at White's Store as a young girl she was instructed that when Jane Harris brought in butter it was to be set back to be



L.J. Powell entered the hardware business in 1911 at the corner of Ives and Broadway

streets. In the picture, standing in the aisle, is Homer A.B. Grove.



The businessmen of South English honored Mr. and Mrs.

L.J. Powell for 50 years of service in 1961.

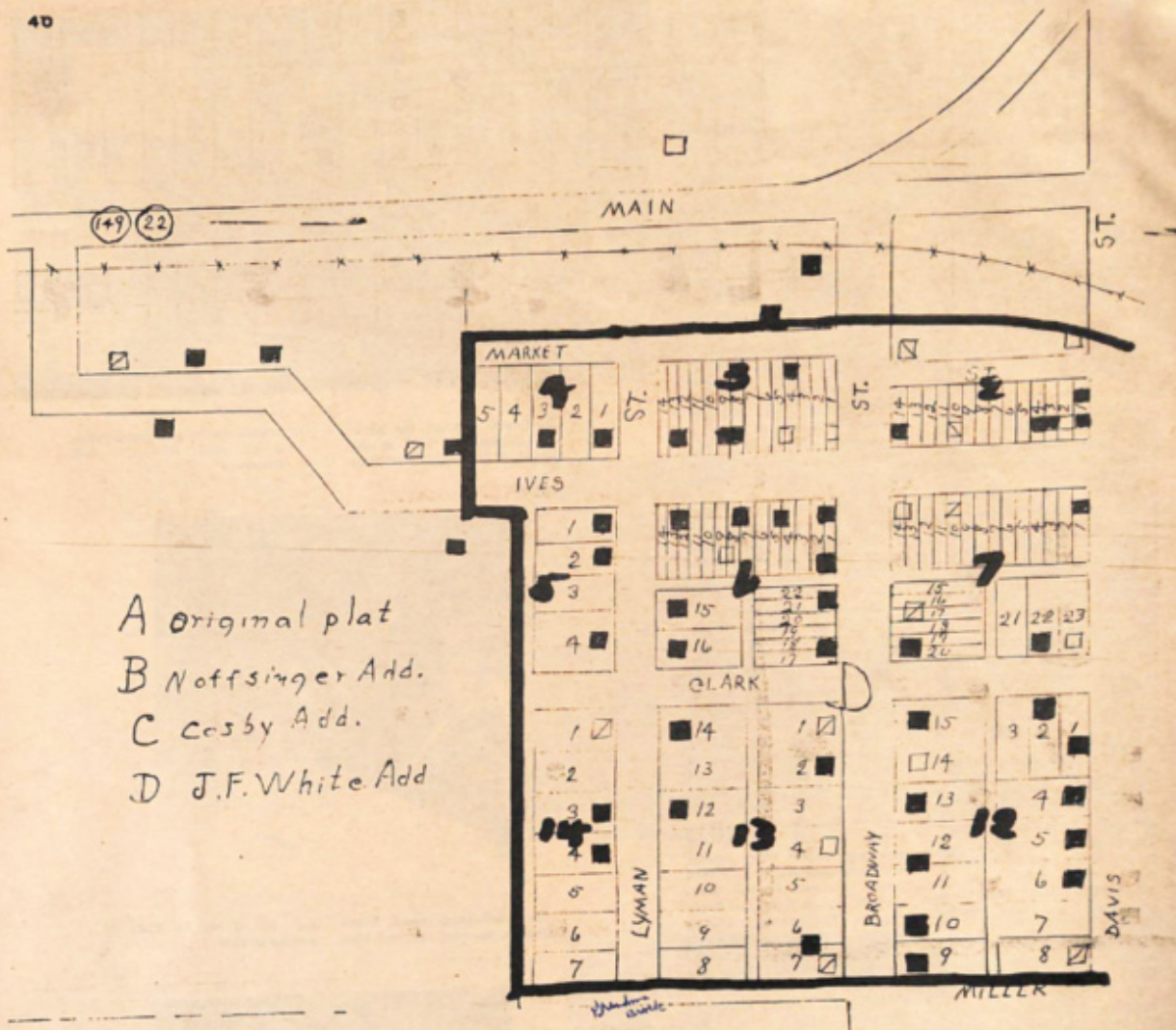


John and Gertrude Powell look over the operation of the hardware store after L.J.'s retirement.



Handling bottled gas has been

business for a number of years.



This is a copy of the South English town plat that was used when gas lines were being placed.

July 14, 1938 - SETS UP HONEY-EXTRACTING APPARATUS

Virgil Weaver of Neosho, Missouri, has moved into the Horn and Clark building where he has set up his apparatus for extracting and straining honey. Mr. Weaver was originally from near Sioux City, Iowa, but finding the winters too severe for

profitably keeping his bees, he has made his winter headquarters in Missouri. Starting out in the spring of the year, he follows the honey flow north, the rainfall determining the choice of territory. Mr. Weaver has about 900 colonies of bees, requiring nine truck loads to move from one location to another. At the present he has them located at

different places around Parnell.

The strained honey is sealed in 5-gallon cans and the first two car loads will be shipped to Kansas City. Mr. Weaver expects to run out about 4000 pounds of honey daily. The honey being taken off now is from alsike, white clover and sweet clover and is very clear and white. The honey flow is

expected to last until the first of August depending upon rainfall.

Dec. 1, 1938 - The Mobilgas Station, formerly the D-X station, has been taken over by Stanley Cox who will operate it, handling Mobiloil Products. J.H. and K.W. Hotchkiss are repainting the building.

S.E. Herald, August 3, 1939

The Farmer's Grain and Lumber Company have covered their grain elevator building with sheet metal. This is the tallest building in town and was erected in 1915. The new bright color draws attention. F.E. Hawkins of Des Moines is doing the work.



Othene Walk, daughter Beverly, Beryl Huber and Jane Tenkle stand by a bed of irises on the roadside.