

# METAMORA ASSOCIATION FOR HISTORIC PRESERVATION

## NEWSLETTER

June 2020



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No virtual graduations for these students...!! See how many people you can recognize. A big "thank you" to Bob Remmert for sharing these old pics!



Pictured here are the remaining members from the Metamora Township High School Class of 1918, from left to right: Helen Durst Sluga, Stella Kern, Pearl Smith, Garma Kinhofer and Gladys Malone Bride. The five class members gathered for their 70th class reunion on Aug. 17 at Myers' Homestead.



The Metamora Township High School class of 1937 observed its 50th reunion June 27 at Myers' Homestead. Eight class members were present and several letters of regret were read. There were 14 graduates in 1937. Three class members are deceased. The evening was spent in fellowship and reminiscences of the past. Pictured here are (left to right, seated): Ruth Schierer Thomas, Howard Hodel, Emeline Schierer Kennel. Standing: Paul Gangloff, Mary Stickelmaier, Ken Willman, Grace Volz Cox and Melvin Weyeneth.



### MTHS class of 1924 holds 60th reunion

The class of 1924 of Metamora Township High School gathered for its 60th year reunion Friday evening, Aug. 10, at the Homestead Restaurant.

All the living members were present, including: Eileen Volz, Wenona, IL; Ezra Ahrens, San Diego, CA; George Sharick, Shipshewana, IN; Glenn Gundy, Washington, IL; Arthur Minger, John Meek, and Tillie Meister of Metamora.

Guests were Mrs. Glenn Gundy, Mrs. George Sharick, Mrs. Arthur Minger and Mrs. Della Parker.

The evening was pleasantly spent with a delicious meal, and in visiting, talking over old school incidents, and bringing each other up-to-date on present day activities.

It was commonly agreed that members should get together once a year when convenient and if out of town members were visiting in this area.

The Metamora Township High School Class of 1924 held their 60th year class reunion Aug. 10 at the Homestead in Metamora. Ironically all seven living class members [marked with \*] were present. Those attending were front L-R, Tillie Meister\*, Mrs.

Glenn Gundy, Eileen R. Volz\*, O. Della Parker, Libby Minger and Mabel Sharick. Back: John Meek\*, Glenn Gundy\*, Ezra Ahrens\*, Arthur Minger\* and George Sharick\*.



The Metamora Township High School Class of 1942 celebrated its 55th class reunion Saturday, June 21, in Metamora. Pictured above are class members, back row, left to right: Willard Bockler, Eugene Giehl, Emil Grob Jr., Generose Stickelmaier, Roger Bachman, Bertram Rohman, and Eugene Schertz. Front row, left to right: Anna Leman, Delphine Heaton, Evelyn Frantz, Ruth Hodel, Margaret Koetz and Rosemary Mischler.

## MTHS Class of 1946



Metamora Township High School Class of 1946 seated, left to right; Phyllis Boswell Mace, Lois Bengard Aldridge, Donna Gamble Marshall, Wilma Goetz Dooley, Mary Schaeer Hoyland, Phyllis Schierer Kerker, Shirley Kerker Williams and Arlene DuBois Schierer. Standing, left to right: Coach Allen Coon, Robert Schertz, Teresa Kiesewetter Grebner, Owen Aldridge, Roberta Elbert Harbers, Rosemary Giehl Huber, Rose Marie Kiesewetter Neff, Ray Ruder, Loretta Rohman Guy, Shirley Seckler Adams, Roland Seckler, Clifford Jenkins, Glenn Stehr, Jack Engel, Richard Broers, Mary Wernsman Miller, Luella Kiesewetter Shawhan, Thelma Patterson Schaeer, Lambert Nauman, Rosemary Kunkel Curless, Francis Bockler and Eugene Obery.

## 50th reunion held

On June 25, 10 members of the Class of 1938 convened at Myers' Homestead for their 50th class reunion.

The original class had 18 members.

Three members, Lois Schertz Byler, Bernice Grove Ehling and Harry Wernsman, are deceased.

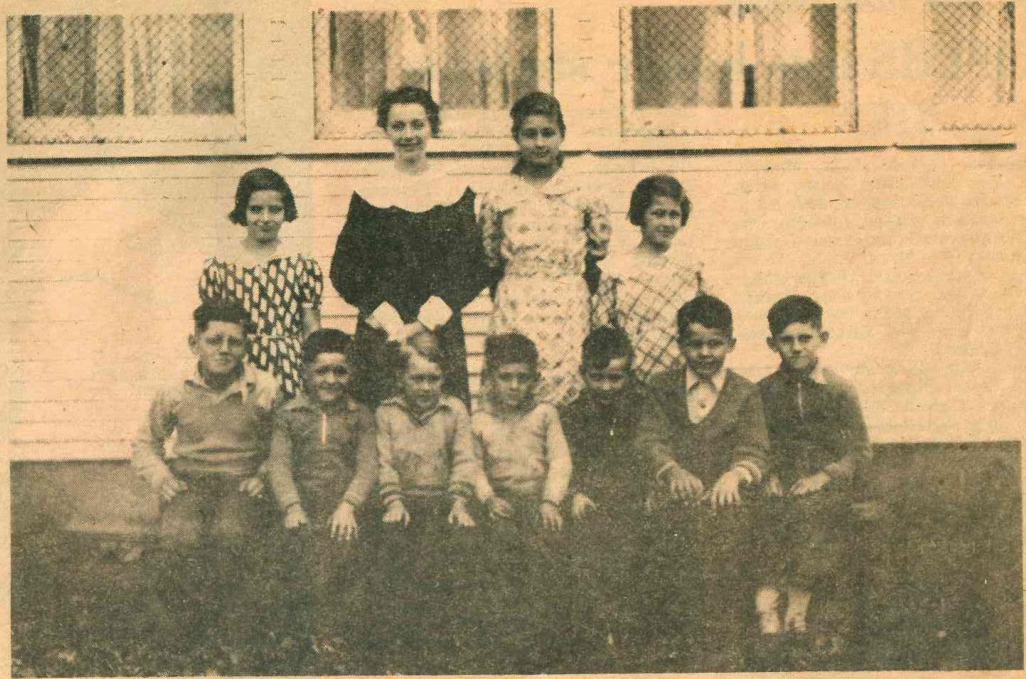
Those unable to attend were Mona Gegele Durst, Marjorie Minger Rose, Emma Belsley Schupp, Roene Stanley and Willard Schrock.



Pictured here from the class of 1938 are, front row: Joe Belsly, Berniece Eiben Murphy, Alice Kiesewetter Markeiwicz, Leroy Meisner, Annette Michael Meisner. Back row: Francis Ely, Stanley Schumacher, Ralph Risser, Lorine Schumacher Stoller, DePaul Grieser (Father Aubert, O.F.M.). The group recently held its 50th class reunion.

## Pictures from the past

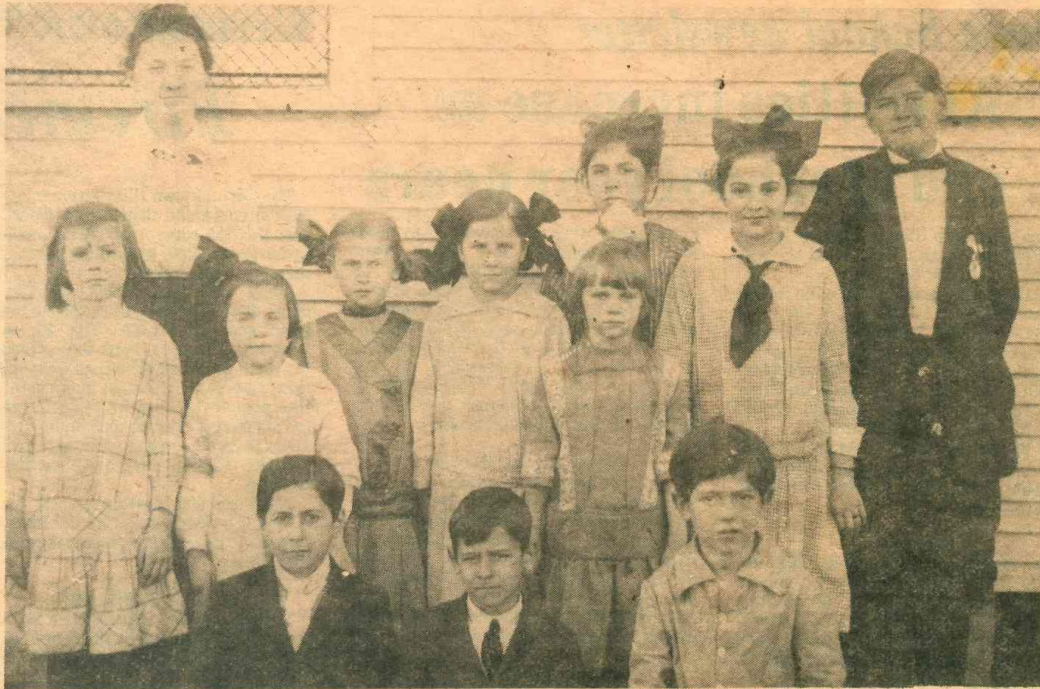
Mrs. Melba Stieglitz, who teaches second grade at Metamora Grade School, has been teaching for a good many years. Back in 1935, Mrs. Stieglitz and her pupils gathered at Lowell School for a class picture. Lowell was a one-room schoolhouse located one mile east of Metamora on Route 116. Pictured are, front row, L-R, Russell Schumacher, Lloyd Schumacher, Russell Bachman, Dale Schumacher, Paul Steider, Roger Neumann and John "Bill" Schumacher; back row, L-R, Evelyn Schumacher Franz, Melba Stieglitz (teacher), Minerva Bachman Reeb and Ruth Bachman Gross. The photograph was provided by Minerva Reeb.



## Pictures from the past

Josephine Eichhorn DuBois submitted the above picture of the 1905 class of Hickory Point School. Hickory Point was located on a site west of Metamora on Highway 116. Pictured are front, L-R, Albert Schneider, Elsie Greiner Zimmerman, Clara

Schneider Schaidle, Edna Gingerich Danner (deceased), Mary Ioeiger Upheil (deceased), Erna Ioeiger Schmidt and Isidor Grebner; second row, L-R, Hilarius Grebner, name unknown, Margaret Herring Sutter, Fred Herring (deceased), teacher Nannie Brown, Jerome Schneider (deceased), Josephine Eichhorn DuBois, name unknown and Pauline Grebner Theobald.



The above picture of the old Lowell School once located east of Metamora was taken in the year 1914-1915. The photograph was loaned for publication by Mae Klein Wagner. Pictured, are front, L-R, Arthur Minger, Arthur Leman and John Klein

(deceased); Second row, L-R, Mae Klein Wagner, Mildred Minger Nash, Lois Leman, Ada Smith, Vera Klein Ioerger and Viola Minger Meyer; and third row, L-R, Clara Leman and Jessie Leman. Miss Emile Theena, left rear, was the teacher.



### *Pictures from the past*

Pictured here is the Oak Hill School class of 1912. The photograph was provided by Herman Rohman of Metamora. Pictured (first names not known in some instances) are front,

L-R, Medearis, Celia Eckstein Schwenk, Elmer Eckstein, Medearis, Glen McDermott, Celia Theobald Kiesewetter, Walter Wagner (deceased), Charles McDermott (deceased) and Faith Tyler; second row, L-R, Lawrence Eckstein (deceased), Gertrude Schupp (deceased), Herman Rohman, Silas Tyler, Josephine Theobald, Faye McDermott (deceased) and Medearis; and third row, L-R, Bessie Bonner (teacher), Marie Sahn, Charles Tyler, Lillian McDermott Abel and Paul Tyler.

### Contact Us

Questions, ideas - Love to hear from you

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# Lincoln, as Prof. Radford of Eureka Knew Him

Woodford county Illinois, was organized in 1841. Its population was almost wholly agricultural. Its first county seat was Versailles, a village of a dozen houses, out upon a sparsely settled prairie. The first session of the circuit court was held in 1842, in a farm house extemporized for the purpose. Probably the little group of lawyers in attendance averaged as much gray hair to the per capita as any ever assembled anywhere. The presiding judge was Sidney Breese, afterwards Chief Justice of Illinois. Among those from Bloomington was David Davis, later United States Senator from Illinois, and Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Among those from Springfield was Abraham Lincoln, then thirty-three years old. My father-in-law to be, Capt. W. S. Magarity, was in attendance, as the first sheriff of the county. It was a warm afternoon during the session a case was called in which Lincoln was interested. He was not in the room. Judge Breese said, "Mr. Sheriff, call Mr. Lincoln into court. The sheriff found Mr. Lincoln out in the crazy yard, in his shirt-sleeves, picking horseshoes with some farmers who were in attendance. He told me that he was wanted in court. Lincoln dropped his horseshoes and went in, without stopping to put on his coat. It was found that not all the parties were ready for trial, and an order for continuance was granted, whereupon Mr. Lincoln went out and reexamined his quilt-patching with unobtrusive zeal.

It may seem strange to us, in these days when some judges require attorneys to appear before them in full dress, and exhibit a tendency to describe the color of their neckties and the manner in which they shall part their hair, that in those days of the wild and lawless times of the pioneer convention, Lincoln received no rebuke for venturing to address the court in his shirt-sleeves and with soiled hands. When we consider how magically curious caps and gowns enhance the learning of university dons; how wonderfully serene and sanctified the clerical in the pulpit and sanctity of preachers; how much royal and lunar costumes add to the wit and humor and sweeten the humor of clowns; how powdered wigs and crumpled robes increase the wisdom and dignity of judges—when we consider all this, we wonder as to that little band of pioneer attorneys might have attained had they only enjoyed the help of the historical accessories as are now at hand.

In 1844 the county seat was removed to Metamora and Versailles became a village of some two hundred inhabitants, and Versailles gradually faded from the map. But the industrious hands of strenuous lawyers, including Abraham Lincoln, made their way thence a year to the new capital, through execrable roads and all kinds of weather, in a region that never had anything dependable enough to be called a highway. For the accommodation of those who must attend the sessions of the court, Metamora provided two "bar-rooms." These were two story frame buildings, capable of seating some twenty guests each. In each was a "bar-room," some six feet square, heated by a box-shaped wood stove. It was a general bar-room, with an abundant and cheap supply of various liquors for the refreshment of the participants and allies. Such was the custom of the times.

About the year 1845 my father was summoned to attend the December term of the court, as a grand juror. Living some ten miles away, the inclement weather and long journey compelled him to remain at Metamora a week or more. When he returned home he had much to say about one of the lawyers who made such an impression on him that he rarely, only casually, forgot the name of the others. He declared him to be "one of the most interesting and remarkable characters he had ever met." "Every evening," he said, "after court was adjourned, all the guests of both taverns would gather in the bar-room of the one at which Lincoln was putting up, to enjoy the lively conversation of which he was the life and leader, with his narrative and illustrations. These were other participants in the conversation who, later, made no mean impression upon their fellow-men, but the one man whose magnetic, fascinating personality dominated every gathering of these sturdy home-builders was Lincoln—not the Lincoln clothed with the prestige of the vanguard of the mightiest former confederator of the United States Senate, not the Lincoln wearing the soft raiment of the White House; but the Lincoln adorned with the brilliant jewel of the Gettysburg address; for such a one did not then exist, but just the man Lincoln. It must have been the effect of the same old force which, a few years later constrained me, as a restless, idgery boy to sit two hours on the wheel of a farm wagon while Lincoln, addressing the multitude from the box of the vehicle, I can hardly say that I listened to him. I can recall nothing of what was said, but I can yet remember and revive the feeling of fascination inspired by the eloquence of a great magnetic personality.

"What prodigious men effects!" The outpouring of an exhaustless store of keener, more, the emanations of a more powerful will. There are persons of intense personality, but these are simply social phenomena, the outpouring of a social nature, and in fact the effect is made to find

unusual for him to speak, dear, his feet together, soot, it over his shoulder, track the floor, his hands bagged another and carry the two horns, sometimes through several miles. He was very large, tall, and to return from the crime having three deer slung from his shoulders. In pursuit of his game he would frequently swim the Sangamon, build his life and powder worn about in one hand; sometimes when there was flooding ice in the current. He would go about his work and about his business trips, in the coldest weather, wearing over his gun and always open at the collar and breast, only a light, unbuttoned blouse. He never used gloves or mittens, and his headgear was always a soft slouch hat. I saw him thus accoutred ride into Mine Point, on a January morning in 1809, when the mercury was below zero. He was then an old man and a strong, wiry man who had been waiting through his long white beard as he faced it during the four mile ride from his home; yet he dismounted from his horse and galloped about his errands with no signs of discomfort. His neighbors testify that he was one of the best riders in Taylorville (his county-seat) thus routed, and carrying his ox and his bare hands, facing a north wind in zero weather, through the twenty mile ride to his home.

He was as sure of his conditions and as upright in all his dealings as Lincoln himself, but he was an uncompromising Democrat, while Lincoln was an ardent Whig—all the time of their intimacy. Early in 1891 Lincoln left Springfield for Washington City, no one knowing but all dreading, what might befall him by the way. All Springfield and the country along his railway, caught that day to bid him farewell. As he stood in a little open space near the entrance to his railway coach to make the farewell talk which all have read, a commotion in the dense crowd drew his attention to a general figure pushing its way toward him. Lincoln grasped the outstretched hand, and for the moment they were "Abe" and "Jim." Even the uncompromising Democrat raised his giant arm aloft and cried, "Abe, you are going down to Washington to be President. I have just one thing to ask of you—Do right!" I will if I know what it is, said Lincoln and then, "I believe you," rang out and rang down the curtain upon this little dramatic scene.

That was it! It made Lincoln the man of the hour; the providentially preserved savior of the Union—all, even his political opponents, believed that he would "do right" it was not that he was regarded as the most learned of lawyers, or the wisest of statesmen, or the greatest of orators, but that he had been all that, and have failed to measure up to the need. But how could he fail when all Democrats as well as Republicans, believed that he intended to "do right?" Millions of political adversaries were speedily converted to "Uncle Jim's" cause, and his political faith and it was the gospel of salvation for our imperiled country.

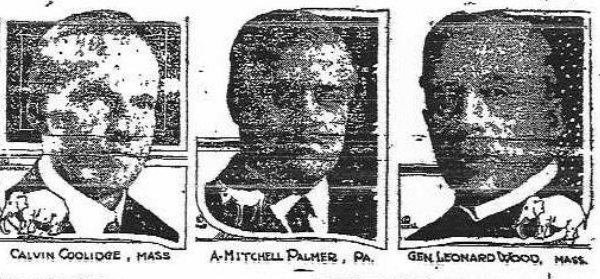
One bright, buoyant April morning the news came to us at Springfield that Richmond had fallen, that Lee had surrendered and that the war was over. Breakfast went unattended. Stores and shops and offices and school houses were deserted and the people, delicious with joy, gathered about the old Capitol Square, singing, shouting, laughing, embracing with hysterical abandon. There was neither high nor low, neither rich nor poor, neither saint nor sinner, neither Democrat nor Republican. They were all in the ecstasy of exultation. The flag-filled air was constantly stirred with song and laughter, with the shrilling sife and drum, with the rumbling of brass bands, with whole choruses of bells and the booming of cannon. An all-compelling orgy of exultation.

Only a few such days of delight and then the sudden nauclage—"We never were assassinated last night!"

The news of the assassination of Lincoln was met with a grief and joy to be proud, grief, from the moment of his death, as if near the borders of unrelieved grief that we got blinding glimpses of his radiant face in the glory and sere of Gethsemane. All communications were thus swept to and fro between members of the household, as if there was never such another manifestation of community psychosis; never such another day, in any city, of the utter abandonment of business and pleasure, of interest in the ordinarily interesting things of life. The people silently perched and huddled about the old State House Square to shield themselves from the storm of grief that struck at the shield themselves from the blizzard.

When Lincoln was splitting rails and hunting and fishing along the Sangamon, he had for a boon companion in his work and recreation one of the most remarkable of the pioneers of Illinois. I know this man well, have several times been entertained at his primitive dwelling, and have given a brief sketch (which may seem to be extravagant, but not so) which may serve to show why there was such strong attachment between these sturdy, honest, self-wooded men. James Saunders ("Uncle Jim") to the whole countryside) was the first white settler along the Sangamon in the region in which he and Lincoln grew up. Their friendship, it is said, came from the mountains of Tennessee and was of the same stock from which sprang Alvin York, the celebrated hero of the late world war. He was six feet four, tall, Lincoln's height, but of a much broader chest and heavier frame, and of a strength and endurance, it was not

# WHO'LL BE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT?



CALVIN COOLIDGE, MASS.



A. MITCHELL PALMER, PA.



GEN. LEONARD WOOD, MASS.



WARREN G. HARDING, OHIO.



GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK, NEB.



HIRAM JOHNSON, CALIF.



GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING, NEB.



WM. C. MCKADDO, NEW YORK.



WM. S. KENYON, IOWA.



EDWARD J. EDWARDS, N. I.



HERBERT HOOVER, CALIF.



JAMES M. COX, OHIO.



HILEY POINDEEXTER, WASH.



JOSEPHUS DANIELS, S. C.



WM. J. BRYAN, NEB.

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## Melamora Garage

Daily Thought: Never anger, make good guard for itself.—Shakespeare.

