

METAMORA ASSOCIATION FOR HISTORIC PRESERVATION

NEWSLETTER

DECEMBER 2020



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This month we'll travel back to Metamora's earliest roots. Board member and historian *extraordinaire* Lee has dug up the histories of then Hanover's founders. He has also discovered articles from the Metamora Herald and the Bloomington Pantagraph about Samuel Parke's daughter, Mary. Samuel who, you may recall, had a saw mill north of town and built – and ran for a few years – the Metamora House.

The Jacksonville Connection. In 1836 a group of eleven men from mostly the Jacksonville area organized the Hanover Company. The name Hanover comes from a town in New Hampshire where several of the partners came from after migrating from Kentucky. This group viewed Hanover as an opportunity to invest in land speculation. It was comprised of Dr. Warner of Bloomington, Rev. William Davenport (agent), Dennis Rockwell of Jacksonville, William Rockwell (buried in Oakwood), William Major (his mother was a Davenport), Jacob Cassell (son Robert came to Metamora in 1838 from Jacksonville, was a friend of Lincoln became postmaster, later studied law and became a partner with R.G. Ingersoll), John T. Jones, attorney D.P. Henderson, J.L. James, Joseph Taggert, and Isaac Israel. They owned around 12,000 acres in the area. Why this group focused on Hanover/Metamora is unclear.



William Davenport, pictured left, was the agent for the Hanover Company. Mr. Davenport was born in Kentucky and moved to Woodford County in 1835. Davenport studied law and was admitted to the bar. He had a "fine presence and fine oratorical powers." However, he had strong religious convictions and he became a "farmer preacher" and a charter member of the Board of Trustees of Eureka College. Born July 1797, died June 1869, buried in Nebraska City, Nebraska. (It is thought that Davenport School in Eureka is named after Mr. Davenport.)

The *Past and Present of Woodford County* written in 1878 talked about William Delph. In the 1830's, he built his home on the corner where Isch's Store (Eli's Coffee Shop today) stands. The house was later rolled next door to its current location next to the old Isch's store. Here's what the book said about Mr. Delph. "Like every other portion of this great and glorious County of ours, Woodford County can boast of some rather distinguished people, past and present. Of these we will mention William H. Delph, an old settler, who came to Illinois from Lexington, Kentucky, in 1830, and first located at Jacksonville. He had learned the trade of engineer in Kentucky, which vocation he followed after coming west, and was the first engineer to run a train of cars on an Illinois railroad – a road that extended from Jacksonville to Meredosia on the Illinois River, and was known as the 'Great Western Railroad.' He relates how, on a certain occasion, the train over took a man walking on the track, whom he recognized as a deaf mute living nearby, and without stopping

or checking up his train, he walked round on the 'deck' to the front of the engine, and putting out his hand, pushed the man out of the way. Mr. Delph, while living at Lexington, remembers very distinctly the visit of General La Fayette to that place, during his tour of the U.S. in 1825. He was made Postmaster at Metamora by Abraham Lincoln, as office he held until the inauguration of President Hayes." Mr. Delph was born in 1799 and died in March, 1883. He is buried in Oakwood Cemetery.

Samuel Slaymaker Parke. Samuel, aged 24, and his brother George came to Hanover in 1836 from Pennsylvania to "conquer the wilderness and establish civilization in the wilds of Illinois." Their first move was to build a saw mill and lumber yard one mile north of town in a place called "Theena's pasture" by J.C. Irving. In 1839 he married a school teacher from Jacksonville, Maria Kellogg whose mother was a Rockwell. They moved into a small cabin at the sawmill. Samuel became the postmaster in 1839 and mail was dropped off at the sawmill for a short time. He was also the first surveyor of Woodford County. Around 1843 he began building the Metamora House, which his family ran for several years.

Samuel and William Rockwell won the contract to build the Courthouse, but subbed it out to David Irving who built the Courthouse.

In 1840 Samuel and Maria's first child was born and was named Mary. Around 70 years later at Old Settler's, Mary recalled her early years at the mill and the Metamora House. She fondly told the story about seeing Lincoln at the Metamora House.

Maria's brother, Price Kellogg moved to Metamora and is listed as a wagon maker. He's buried in Oakwood.

The Parkes (you may see it spelled "Park" in some places) moved to Bloomington. Brother George became the sheriff there. He is listed as a defendant in one of Abraham Lincoln's most famous cases which the Illinois Central Railroad vs McLean County and Parke where ICC was exempted from paying real estate taxes.

MRS. MARY PARKE EVANS TELLS OF DAY SHE SAT UPON LINCOLN'S KNEE

Widow of Major Rollo N. Evans, of Bloomington, Remembers That the Great Emancipator Told Her That She Was a Mighty Fine Little Girl—Her Father, Samuel Parke, Was Then Proprietor of a Hotel in Metamora, Where Lincoln Stopped When in That Vicinity—Mrs. Evans Recalls the Mexican and Civil War Periods and Remembers the Sorrowful Scenes Enacted When the Dead Soldiers Were Brought Home.



MRS. MARY P. EVANS.

Mary was a featured speaker at the August 19, 1915 Old Settlers celebration, recalling her youth in Metamora. Her speech is scanned below from the Metamora Herald verbatim

It was so interesting that we didn't want to leave out anything, so it's included in its entirety. Her command of the language is rich. Her memory is sharp. Her wonder at the advances from 1840 to 1915 are wonderful. The reader will come away with a feeling of just how great and significant the changes were as Illinois progressed from the "wild west" to automobiles and "oiled roads." Mary was 75 years old when she delivered her recollection.

The picture at the right was taken by the Bloomington Pantagraph. After finishing school in Metamora, Mary was sent to Bloomington to finish her education. The Parke family also relocated to Bloomington.

In the Pantagraph, Mrs. Evans states that a favorite pastime of the young men of the vicinity was a game of baseball at night, the ball being composed of candle wicking soaked in turpentine. It was then set on fire and when burning was knocked about with sticks.

As a small child, Mary watched the soldiers drilling before going to the Mexican War (1846-48). She also remembered the packing of barrels and crates of food and clothing to be shipped to Ireland for the relief of the famine-stricken people of the emerald isle.

Early Memor

Paper read at Woodford Co

By M

A short time since, at Eureka, before the Historical society of this county, I read a paper on "Early Memories of Woodford County," to which your president of the Old Settlers' association, Mr. McGuire, was a listener, and perhaps because of its local interest, more than any other reason, he most earnestly invited me to repeat at this meeting. I am here in response to a stranger, though not in a strange land, stirred with feelings of gratitude and pleasure that I am permitted to spend this day among you, and if I can offer anything to interest you, shall surely be well repaid.

To be upon this historic square, after years have gone by and time with relentless strides has wrought so many changes, affords a retrospect, though tempered with shadows and sorrow, is also redolent with many rays of sunshine and happiness—days never to be forgotten. But the playmates of my youth—where are they? Few echoing answers return, only recollections remain, brought out more vividly as I find myself upon the self same spot where was registered upon this capacious book of memory some of the incidents, events and experiences I will relate.

A few miles to the north of this, I first beheld the light of day, and in the vernacular and song of the present, we hear the expression, "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," but in the rapid transit advantages of the times it forms but a poor comparison to the time it has taken us in our journey since the "advent" just mentioned. In the native

"advent" just mentioned. In the native forest near Metamora my father, Sam S. Parke, settled in the year 1836, having left his home in Chester county, Pa., to seek his fortune in what was then called the "far west." He was a young man of twenty four years, full of energy and eminently qualified to be useful in the pioneer settlement into which he came, endowed with a spirit of helpfulness, cheerfulness and industry, together with a mechanical knowledge that would make him useful in such a community. I trust I may be pardoned for quoting from the "memorial" of a long time friend of his, who said: "It seems so strange that he can be dead. It was only yesterday that he stood along side of us, in all the glory of manliness and seemed destined for many years of labor and usefulness. For more than a quarter of a century we have been his intimate friends and have seen him in all his incomings and outgoing, our neighbor in deed as well as in name, alongside of us in winter as well as in summer, in days of gladness and times of death and sorrow, in days of darkness and gloom, in times of doubt and national despondency in days of sunshine and rejoicing, ever the same rugged, strong, steadfast, unflinching, manlike man. Intensely personal, he was at the same time broadminded and noted for his independence of thought and act. By many he was thought to be 'too square.' His love of truth and hatred of shams caused him to speak outright and with no uncertain sound. His hearers always knew just what he

outright and with no uncertain sound. His hearers always knew just what he meant. His early education, his rich lengthened, and full Masonic life and experience, with that widening and broadening of views gained, and alone to be gained by constant intercourse with the world at large, greatly broadened and widened his religious nature and sweetened no little his later days of life. The going out of such a life is a loss to his people and his neighbors. Let us embalm his memory in the uttermost corners of our hearts and learn from his example the rich value of a life devoted to truth and right and unselfishness."

Father crossed to the other side Feb. 2, 1884, leaving a devoted wife and six children to cherish his blessed memory. Since the above date the dear wife and mother, with one daughter, Mrs. Helen P. Burr, have joined the host on the other shore.

Soon after coming to the new land, my father built and operated a saw mill, just a short distance north and in the native forest, where much of the lumber used in the building of new houses, was sawed out of black walnut, oak and other varieties. It was at this location the first post office was established, called Partridge Point, then a part of Tazewell county, now within the boundary of Woodford county. In Mr. Moore's history of Woodford county he speaks of Mr. Davenport as first postmaster and of the removal of the office to Parke's mill. My father was probably his successor, for his commission bears the date of Oct. 12, 1839 and is

Woodford County Old Settlers' Picnic in

By MARY PARKE EVANS, of Bloomington.

signed by Amos Kendal, at that date the postmaster general. This with his commission of first surveyor of Woodford county, signed by Gov. Carlin, the seventh governor of Illinois, together with an old land warrant and other old papers, I turned over to the Historical society of this county at Eureka, believing they will be cared for and serve as a memorial of his services in the early history of Woodford county.

In Nov. 1839, my father was married to Miss L. Maria Kellogg, who with an elder sister, Marcia (who married Edwin Mathews, also a pioneer) were among the early teachers of this vicinity and boarded with "Uncle Dan and Aunt Betsy McCorkle," as verified by old letters in my possession, written to their mother, a widow and sister of Wm. Rockwell, who was identified in the locating of "Hanover," and whose widow, Mrs. Susan F. Rockwell, many of you knew personally, having so long lived among you, who is at this writing still living at Henry, Ill., advanced in years, but remarkable in many respects for her handiwork and industry.

The new home to which my mother was escorted was at the mill, built and furnished by my father, and the "retinue" following the wedding, from the old to the new home, was much in contrast with such events now. No stately promenade to the "wedding march" or "Oh Promise Me," or the joyous "good-byes" of a trip to Europe, but a merry load of friends on a wagon drawn by oxen, with the usual property of the maiden who was establishing a home all her own, a feather bed, some fancy quilts, etc. The furniture, chairs especially, I will remember, for they were long in use in the family. The seats were made of hickory bark, interlaced, and the frames painted blue. This old house has only recently succumbed to the ravages of time. In a visit a few years ago, I observed the ceilings were of black walnut, over which many coats of whitewash had been spread and the outside had never known any other paint than the dust and wrinkles of age.



The Old Metamora House

I have often heard my parents refer to the winter of 1839 as among the most pleasant of their experience. It was then Mr. and Mrs. Chas Rich came to the pioneer land from Vermont and could find no sheltering roof, until they could build on the prairie land. With a sevsre winter before them, nothing could be done, so my parents offered to share with them and some dividing partitions were made and the two families established a friendship that never faded. The kindly faces of those dear people I well remember, in periodical visits to their farm near here in years after.

visits to their farm near here in years after.

My memories of the mill are limited and aided to some extent only by heart-to-heart talks of my parents in years long past. These are a few I faintly recall. A beautiful Sabbath day, when under the natural forest trees, seats having been arranged with lumber from the mill, services were held of a religious nature and listened to by those who came in wagons or on horseback from all the surrounding country. Congregational singing and the genuine fervor of old time religion prevailed. Sitting on my father's arms, awe-stricken, such an impress was made, that I have always regarded it as an introduction to love of Nature and Nature's God—a touch of druid worship in God's first temples. Other recollections may serve to enlighten those who have come upon the stage of action, as to what the pioneer found to subsist upon in those days so long gone. The various products of summer's sunshine in fruits and vegetables, so carefully "sealed up" by frugal housewives now, was then an unknown art, and to imagine the average energetic pioneer "short of rations" is a great mistake. Wild game was very plentiful and no law to prevent the use of rifle or shotgun at any season. I remember seeing large strings of prairie chickens, hams of venison, etc., hanging near the ceiling, where the heat from the wood fire furnished the curing process to develop the delicious chipped dried venison. Fish, fresh from

the streams, were also to be had easily. Golden rings of pumpkin, apples and corn were dried for winter use. These with the old-fashioned "pound for pound" preserves and wild grapes, packed in large stone jars with plenty of brown sugar, to be used for pies, and wild crabapples, which after a light frost were a delicacy that we know nothing of in these days of "Burbanked" varieties. Besides all these, bushels of both white and black walnuts, hickory nuts and hazel nuts in great quantities, to be had just for the gathering and enjoyed because of the conditions existing and perhaps from the fact of being earned by the "sweat of the brow."

Sometimes we really feel that where

earned by the "sweat of the brow." Sometimes we really feel that where "ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise." In those days the deadly microbe was an unknown quantity or enemy, now continually disturbing the mind with the terrible disease of fear and a mad rush to the hospital for every pain. Then nature furnished the remedy from her own garden and administered by some kindly disposed neighbor, with no previous course of training as nurse, and all went well. Who does not remember the good Mother Wilkerson, who administered many times in our family and was always held in most grateful remembrance, only one of the many kindly disposed residents of the new settlement.

In 1843 business seems to have called for our removal to Metamora, the new name proposed for the abandoned Hanover, and the year the old Metamora House of fame was built. Having heard the oft repeated retrospect by my parents regarding incidents connected with this old landmark, I have this to tell: The sitting of court brought many lawyers and others to town, and the accommodation being entirely inadequate, it became a question of how to accommodate these distinguished visitors. My father, always alert in emergencies, decided to establish himself as landlord and with the aid of some willing woman to assist my mother in the culinary part of the deal, they took temporary possession of the unfinished house. Floors were laid by placing boards upon the joists of the upper story and beds laid upon these, enough to accommodate all. A ladder was the means of reaching the abode of the sleepy and tired travelers. Among these was our beloved and immortal Lincoln, always a central figure and lodestone of attraction. It is told little sleep fell among the assembly and roars of laughter pealed forth now and again as the result of the story-telling propensity of Mr. Lincoln, much of which reached the ears of those domiciled on first floor. When morning dawned the first to descend the ladder

most ciled on first floor. When morning
was dawned, the first to descend the ladder
to was Mr Lincoln, who soon found his
and way to the kitchen where he remarked
they he "always liked to be and see the
With women cooking," at the same time
thing taking upon his knee the wonder-eyed
d to youngster, at that time much in evi-
par- dence and who is now proud to relate
lities the incident as told her by indulgent
ever parents. After the completion of the
ear Metamora House, among its first pro-
ical prietors, and perhaps its first, was a
ars Mr. and Mrs. Sims, whose children were
ted my playmates and whose exit from
rt- Metamora I well remember. I stood
ars upon a chair and shed tears while
ly wat^{ing} to see the last glimpse of the
en rec^{ords} of Jacksonville, and were lost
ts to sight ever after, only as memory
m serves to reach. Much has been said
i- and written about this historic old
to house, built by my father in 1843, and
n only recently torn down to give place to
e- the rapid advances of modern times.
r And who shall know the possibilities
g and the progression of the future, build-
ed upon such an historic site and aided
e by advanced ideas and wonderful in-
ventions, that were not even dreamed
of seventy-five years ago.

Just on the corner west of the hotel

of seventy-five years ago.
Just on the corner west of the hotel
just mentioned, and facing this square,
was our home all the remaining years
of our residence in Metamora, and
many are the old pictures I have photo-
graphed upon my memory, as seen from
this location. In those days not a single
shrub or tree grew where now flourish
these stately, luxurient trees, whose
grateful shadows and inviting atmos-
phere lures me to linger and dream of
the contrasts. Is there anyone present
who can recall a Fourth of July county
celebration, about the year 1844 or '45,
when the citizens joined with helpfu
hands and patriotic enthusiasm to make
it a memorable event? I well remem
ber the long table extending east and
west, covered with an artificial bowe
of huge branches of trees cut from near

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by forest and brought in loads and placed upon a framework erected over the tables to afford shade from the beaming rays of the sun. From all over the county came the pioneers with well-filled baskets and generously placed them on the table for the benefit of all. Such a display of good things, heaped up in measure, wild game, great cakes and delicious pies, all making an indelible impression upon my youthful mind—and Oh! the thirst, constantly possessing me for a drink of ice water from barrels conveniently near, because of the novelty, having never before indulged such luxury. The Declaration of Independence was read, a social time followed and finally the dispersing of the multitude.

From this same vantage ground I have watched a ball game, once a favorite, played at night. A ball of candle-wicking soaked in turpentine, was lighted and tossed from contending sides with sticks, and the meteoric display was very beautiful to young eyes. My mother's brothers, Price and William Kellogg, the Blakeslys, Reeders, Cassells, Bartons, Rays, Delphs. Pages and many others were among the participants.

The drilling preparatory to the Mexican war was done on this historic

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cipants.
The drilling preparatory to the Mexican war was done on this historic ground, and many are the names recorded in the history of Woodford county who were volunteers in this war of long ago. I remember the gathering and packing of huge boxes and barrels of potatoes and clothing to be sent to the suffering in Ireland caused by a potato famine, when our parents industriously assisted in the work and hastened these supplies on the way. Such were the pioneer people of this county, whose great energy and generous hearts have made it blossom, a garden spot we are justly proud to claim as our birthright and among its old settlers a parentage worthy to be remembered by memorials better than words can command.
My advent into school life was just over there and probably the first building for that purpose erected in Metamora. It was a small frame building mounted on blocks under which the wind whistled at will. In the center of the room an old fashioned stove into which long sticks of wood were fed which the "big boys" were required to cut. Around the stove were long backless benches, upon which the smaller pupils were seated, and I can well remember holding my book before my face, not for study, but to protect my face from the scorching heat from the red-hot stove. Mr. Babcock was the teacher. Upon the increasing demand

red-hot stove. Mr. Babcock was the teacher. Upon the increasing demands of the time, a brick schoolhouse was erected, a two story pretentious building, and here too I was an attendant under the tutelage of a Mr. Hutchenson. Our family having moved to Tazewell county, I was placed under the motherly care of Mrs. S. J. Cross, and the many kindly offices of this dear woman remain with me, and I have none but pleasant memories connected with my stay under their roof and visits to her beautiful flower garden adjoining the home. Just over there, the old court house, built in 1844 and for which the contract was let to Samuel S. Parke and William Rockwell and sublet to David Irving. It was there my first daguerreotype was taken by a traveling company

Irving. It was there my first daguerreotype was taken by a traveling company of artists, who developed the old-style polished plate and allowed a curious child to watch the process of making ready. And so on ad libitum I might relate "memories" of the long ago. Few stop to think of the contrast in almost everything and just to set the young people thinking and remind ourselves of the age of progress in which we live, I will mention just a few transportation methods of 75 years ago. Then few railroads crossed and recrossed our broad prairies. Stage coach by land and canal boat along some of the waterways for long journeys, were the only means of transportation, and after days of travel and the best of luck might reach a neighboring state, much fatigued but happy to have accomplished so much. Now but few hours elapse until we cross the continent, going from our very doors in palatial cars, in unbroken travel night and day, refreshed and delighted with our journey and the grand panorama spread out to our view. Communication by mail, the only means

and communication
grand panorama spread out to our view. Communication by mail, the only means of the long ago between those near and dear, was limited to long periods. Then a large sheet of paper was used and crossed in red ink by other members when all blank space had been filled except the space for address which was folded to form an envelope and for which the sum of 25 cents was required from Uncle Sam or his agent, the postmaster from the recipient. Now the telegraph brings the news of all the world to our door at trifling cost and in a remarkably short space of time, and by telephone we converse at long distances and hear the familiar voice of those

near and yet so far away. Then no R. F. D.'s or parcel post to deliver daily in our own private box on the premises, but a lone horseman with saddle bags containing mail reached certain depositories perhaps once in a week, leaving mail for all those living within miles of that post and to be called for as the convenience of the people might afford. Then no luxuriant cushioned electric motor car, flying with speed like the wind, conveyed the pioneers to church, to market or for pleasure and "Mother Shipton's Prophecy" was a fantasy of the brain—a dream not to be believed. The fortunate possessor of a farm wagon, without springs or seats, placed the high-backed, splint-bottomed chairs for the grown-ups, umbrellas to ward off sun or rain, with straw in the bed of the wagon for the children and this jolted over the roads, full of "chuck-holes" and "wash-outs," where now are the "hard roads" with oiled surface that makes travel rapid and easy. In the long ago nearly every woman was the possessor of a side saddle and many trips were made on horseback as necessity or pleasure required.

ages pleasure required.
arti- The amusement afforded the es
settler were quite varied. Sing
exi- schools held at the homes, where I b
oric seen my father pinch the tuning f
re- between his teeth, placing it upon
ord hard surface, after which the pro
var "pitch" was secured and such melo
ng as 'I'll Hang My Old Harp On the V
els low Tree," "Off to the Wars Agai
to "Last Rose of Summer," "Roll On
a ver Moon," "The Watcher" or selecti
is- from the "Carmina Sacra" were r
ad dered without fantastic tremolos, but
y. sweet and harmonious tones that lin
is in memory still. Besides these musi
r- entertainments, were quilting bees, c
r- huskings, barn raisings, with c
s fashioned "spend the day" parties, wh
s occasionally for those of an investig
d ing turn of mind, a look into "mesm
a ism" was held, and I can just remem
when a brother mesmerized his sis
t and the difficulty he experienced in
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dozens of other fads and fancies were
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men and women?



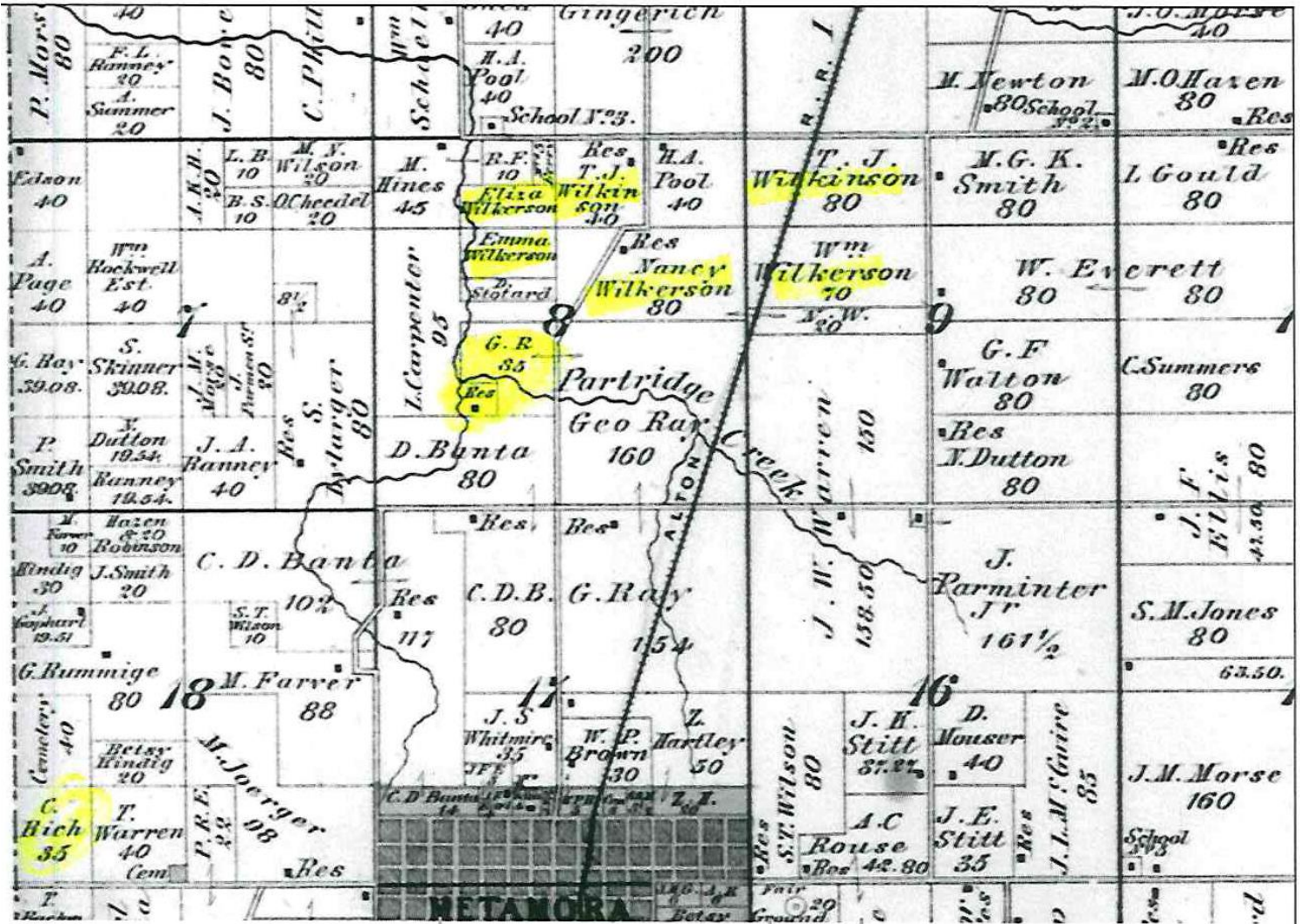
The Old Court House, erected in 1844

something wrong, and after which this man, well known among the residents here, declared he would never attempt it again. These are only a few of many kinds of entertainment indulged in by the pioneers, when the "movies," "two-step" and "tango", "chautauqua" and dozens of other fads and fancies were unknown—and who shall say, which had the better time or produced sturdier men and women?

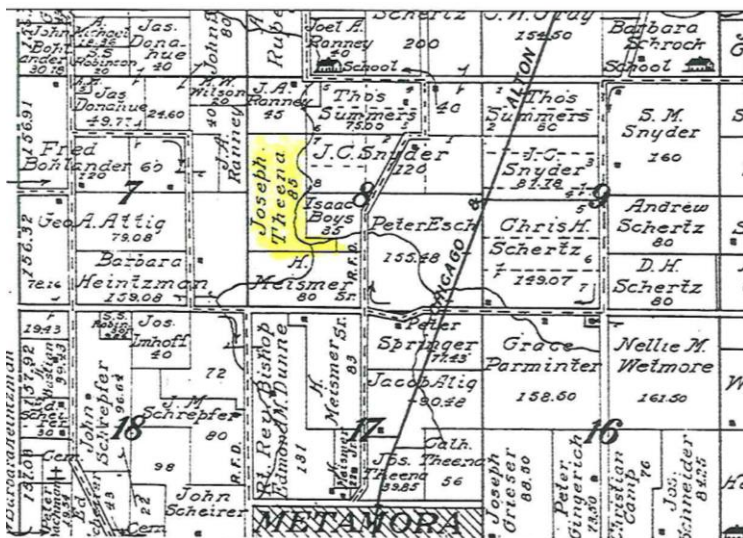
men and women?

Few are now left to tell the story from actual experience and these memories are reminders of time long gone and of sturdy ancestors whose memories should be kept green; whose descendants should be proud to cherish for their cheerful, enduring and unselfish lives when conditions were vastly different from those surrounding the lives of the present generation. A general interest in work of this kind is steadily increasing and some of us living now on crowded time are growing enthusiastic and urging that not a moment be lost. These old settlers' picnics will no doubt continue from time to time as they roll on, but the story of the past, as related from actual experience, or perhaps by some real descendant, will soon furnish no representative whose memories reach back to the date of settlement of Woodford county, and so would not be well to gather all available knowledge from old manuscripts, letters, pictures, farming implements, spinning wheels and looms, in fact anything pertaining to the early settler, as means to establish the methods in use and the indomitable energy of those whose ancestors were factors in the building. To preserve these a historical society is valuable and the accumulation of these relics is a mighty factor in making history that shall interest and benefit coming generations—as well as prove a monument to which they can point with pride.

1873 Plat Map



1. In the lower left-hand corner is a plat owned by C. Rich. This may be the Charles Rich that stayed with the Parkes after moving to Metamora.
2. Site of the mill? In the middle of the page, slightly below and to the left of "8" is a residence on Partridge Creek where the creek turns from east-west to north. We know the steam saw mill needed water power and the Parkes lived in a cabin at the mill which was about a mile or so north of town. In her 1915 Old Settlers address, Mary commented that the home had recently been torn down. It appears there was an old road leading to the residence that no longer exists.
3. Mary talks about Mother Wilkerson who had remedies for the sick. There are five plats designated "Wilkerson" in the immediate vicinity.



1912 Plat Map (left)

J.C. Irving, son of Courthouse contractor David Irving, wrote about the Courthouse in the August 26, 1921 Herald that "Samuel S. Parke was operating a steam saw mill one mile north of the village in what is now known as the Theena pasture and the lumber of the building was sawed there."

This 1912 plat map shows Theena's property would have been where the saw mill was located, approximately where Partridge Creek turns north.

Mary also commented that the house had recently been torn down. This 1912 plat doesn't show a house at the location.

Redbird Girls Basketball Team Helps at the Stevenson House. The 2020-21 Metamora High School girls basketball showed they have more talent than just on the basketball court! As a community project, in October the ladies volunteered to help do some cleaning and maintenance of the grounds at the Stevenson House, home of the Metamora Association for Historic Preservation. The ladies did an amazing job! They had a lot of fun and polished off a large number of donuts! If the team is as good at BB as cleaning, look out Mid Illini!! Good luck ladies. Thanks so much, girls... super job!!





BEAT 'EM, BIRDS!!

Contact Us

Questions, ideas - Love to hear from you

Laure Adams, President, 369-2353 or jrfarmer@mtco.com; Dave Pohlman, Vice President 369-3290; pohlman46@yahoo.com 367-4426; Jim Efaw, Secretary, 367-6099 or jimefaw-mahp@eggroll.com; Jack Weddle, Treasurer, 645-0963, jweddle@mtco.com; Board members: Lee Summer, 367-4059, 635-0259, lsummer@mtco.com Mary Curry, 367-2185, curry@mtco.com; Rick Lotz, 648-2010, lots@mtco.com