

Klock Connections

The Wicks Connection



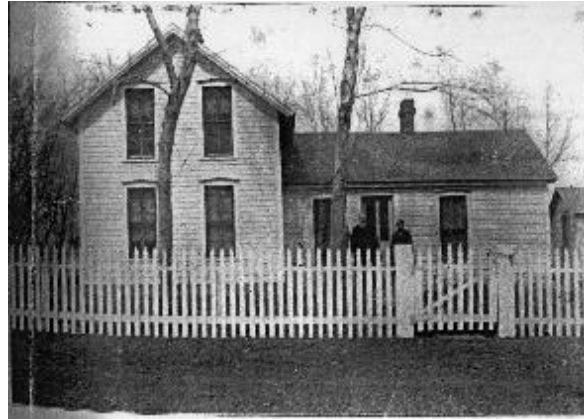
Benjamin Franklin Wicks was born December 14, 1825 in Jamestown, Chautauqua County, New York. He married Christiana Marie Klock December 25, 1853 in Frewsburg, New York, the daughter of John Beekman Klock (Jacob George, Johanguergh “Old George” and Hendrick Klock) and Margaret Klock. (Joseph G., George G., Johanguergh “Old George” and Hendrick Klock) Christiana was born March 31, 1830 in Chautauqua County, N.Y.

John B. and Margaret Klock were parents of 15 children, 8 daughters and 7 sons. Three of their children married into the Wicks family. Christiana Klock married Benjamin Franklin Wicks; Gleason Fillmore Klock married Laura J. Wicks; Mary Margaret Klock married Perle Wicks.

On August 1, 1854, B.F. Wicks and his wife, Christiana, with Clark Winans Sr. and his family left Sheffield, Illinois for Nebraska to homestead. They left Sheffield by ox team and wagon to Boone, Iowa. From there they went to Panora, Iowa. There they met Ambrose Richardson who suggested they try and settle in Crawford County, Iowa. Winans and Wicks investigated, but returned to their families without making a decision. Next day they arrived at a fork in the road. A stick was set up straight and whichever way it fell that was the way they would go. It fell towards Crawford County and two days later they arrived in Dunhams' Grove and the next day, September 1, 1854 they arrived in Mason's Grove which would one day become Deloit, Crawford Co., Iowa.

They settled on Government land in Crawford County. Mr. Wicks erected a log cabin, 16 ft. square, and on account of Indian troubles, had to attach the barn to the house. In 1861, B. F. Wicks returned to Bureau County, Illinois, but 8 months later came back to

Crawford County. His dwelling house on the 190-acre farm in Crawford County was 16 x 24 feet, and a barn was 32 x 32 feet, with a brick basement. In 1884, he came to Deloit, where he erected a 1-½ story house, 14 x 22 feet, which was surrounded by a beautiful lawn.



Home of B.F. Wicks, Deloit, Iowa

Christina and B. F. Wicks had 2 children: Carrie who married William McKim of Decatur County, Iowa, and Anna who was born September 11, 1860 and died November 21, 1877 at about 17 years old in Deloit, Crawford County, Iowa.

Carrie and William McKim had 6 children: Roy, Edna, Bernice, Bertie, (Burton) Ava, (May Eva) and Arthur.

B.F. Wicks was elected the first County Treasurer of Crawford County, and later was a candidate for County Clerk with Thomas Dobson, but they received the same number of votes, and after casting lots, the latter won. He was County Supervisor 2 years. Benjamin Franklin Wicks died June 03, 1912. Christiana died May 24, 1914.

Source: History of Crawford County, Iowa; Curtis Media Corporation, 1987; History of Crawford County, Iowa by F. W. Meyers. 2 vols. Chicago: S. J. Clarke Pub. Co., 1911; History of Crawford, Ida and Sac Counties, Iowa Lewis Publishing Co., 1893; (Internet) Family of Lin and Candace Wicks of Lake Cushman Hoosdport, Washington. Candy Wicks sent me the pictures for this article. We have e-mailed several times in the last few days. She is going to send me about 18 pages of genealogy and information she has compiled on the Klock and Wicks family.

Klock Connections, Issue 66, January 2007

Note:

I received the packet of information from Candy Wicks. Included was the obituary of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Wicks and the Reminiscences of B. F. Wicks. I wanted to share this information so I am putting it on line under The Wicks Connection. Candy

Wicks and Carolyn van Leer research the Wicks line. If you have any information on the parents or descendants of the Benjamin Franklin Wicks, please contact them directly. candymjacobson@yahoo.com or candymjacobson@netscape.net

Benjamin F. Wicks 'parents were John and Abigail (Hartwell) Wicks. Abigail (Hartwell) Wicks, was born in New York, a daughter of Daniel Hartwell, who was a son of a Revolutionary soldier. John (A.or H.) and Abigail Wicks were the parents of 14 children, 8 sons and 6 daughters. John and Abigail both died in Bureau County, Illinois. John Wicks was a millwright by trade.

Obituary of Mrs. B.F. Wicks
(Christiana Marie Klock)
Denison Review
May 27, 1914

Death of Mrs. B.F. Wicks at Independence; Mo.,
Sunday Last,
Removes Old Time Settler

AMONG FIRST TEN FAMILIES

Mr. and Mrs. Wicks Built First Home Where Deloit Now Stands—Winters full of Hardships

Deloit, May 26—Special

It is with sadness that we note the death of Mrs. B.F. Wicks. A dispatch of Mrs. B.F. Wicks was received by J.L. Miller that Mrs. Wicks had passed away at 10 am Sunday evening at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm McKim at Independence, Mo., after about a three days' illness of pneumonia. Funeral services were held at the home Tuesday morning at 10:o'clock, it will be remembered that Mrs. Wicks and husband, who preceded her to the grave a few years ago, were among the early settlers here and resided here for many years. They have a host of friends who revere and hold in honorable remembrances their life here. The sympathy of all is extended to the bereaved family.

Mrs. Christiana Klock Wicks was a resident of Chautauqua county, New York and was married to B.F. Wicks Dec. 25, 1853. She with her husband moved to Sheffield, Ill., April 1, 1853. Mr. and Mrs. Wicks wishing a home of their own, and as the homestead land was all taken up near Sheffield, they concluded to go father west, and late in the year 1854, they purchased an ox team and wagon and started in the company of Clark Winans, Sr. headed for Nebraska or some other place in the West. When they reached Panora, in this state, they were told that the Boyer valley, in Crawford county, was one of the most fertile localities in the west and would be an exceptionally fine place for them to settle, Mr. Wicks and Mr. Winans left their families at Panora and started out on horseback across country to visit this Boyer valley land. They were so much impressed with the country they returned to Panora and their families. When the family reached Deloit or mason's Grove there were only ten families in the vicinity and there were not other settlers nearer than Buck Grove. The Wicks family purchased a claim belonging to Mr.

Calvin Horr and until the house was erected they lived with Levi Skinner family. The first winter in Crawford was full of hardships and after purchasing the claim, they had very little money with which to purchase clothing and provisions. Corn was selling for \$2.56 per bushel that winter, but the family was able to replenish the larder with fish, prairie chicken and deer. Their first home was a log house 16 feet square, which was made by Mr. Wicks from timber on his claim. In 1865 the family built the large and comfortable house and barn, which are still standing at Deloit. The family lived in the town of Deloit for twenty –six years. At the beginning of the civil war the Indians became quite troublesome and Mr. Wicks joined a posse of settlers and started off in pursuit of a band that had stolen four or five head of horses. They overtook the Indians somewhere near Maple Grove and engaged in a running fight with them, but the Indians managed to get away with the horses. In 1863-64, the Indians became still more troublesome and Mr. and Mrs. Wicks returned to Illinois for a visit until the scare was over. They remained there two years, returning in the spring of '65.

Wicks, Mr. B. F. (1823 - 1912)

Denison Review 6-12-1912

Death of Mr. B. F. Wicks, One of the Very First Settlers of Crawford County

Crawford county pioneers are fast passing away. Although gone but not forgotten, the memories of bygone days of pleasant friendships still linger and it is with sorrow that we join in sympathizing with relatives and friends for our old friend and respected neighbor, B. F. Wicks, one of the first pioneers of Crawford county, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. J. McKim in Independence, Missouri, June 3, 1912.

At the time of his death he was in his 89th year, having been born in Chautauqua county, N. Y., Dec. 12th, 1823. In 1853 he married Miss Christiana Klock in their home county and the following year they started for the far west. They took up government land in what is now known as Crawford county and retained the original homestead until 1907, when they moved to Missouri. At various times in his long residence in Crawford county, he held the office of justice of the peace, supervisor, recorder and treasurer. In 1866 he and his wife united with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and have ever been active members of that church, he holding the office of an elder to many years. His last sickness was of severe but short duration.

He leaves to mourn his departure his aged wife, for nearly sixty years his companion, one daughter, Mrs. W. J. McKim, six grandchildren and five great-grandchildren, together with a host of friends to remember his long and honored life. He was laid to rest at Independence, Mo.

His reminiscences were published in the 1911 History of Crawford County. They can be found under his name on our Biographies page in the Database.

Submitted by **Melba McDowell**

CHAPTER X
REMINISCENCES OF B.F. WICKS.

“From west and east to the bounteous feast
The clan came trooping in.”

It is recorded that in the first county election there was a tie vote for district clerk between Thomas Dobson and B.F. Wicks, and that the tie was decided by drawing lots. We may rest assured that the contest was a friendly one and that there were no hard feelings as to which should occupy the magnificent position, paying less than fifty dollars a year. Just as Mr. Dobson was representative of the emigration that came to us from the west, Mr. Wicks was representative of the on-coming settlers from the east. How they met and mingled, how prejudices were broken down and how they became one great, happy family, is a pleasant story and filled with food for thought for all of us. It is pleasant to note that Mr. Wicks still lives with his good wife, enjoying peace and plenty, in honorable retirement after many strenuous years. Although he now lives at Independence, Missouri, his kindly face is well known to all of us, and we are glad indeed to include here his reminiscences as to his coming to the county, and the illuminating pictures that he gives us of the mode of life, the hardships, and the pleasures of the days of first settlement. By request Mr. Wicks has contributed his reminiscences, as follows:

I was born December 14, 1823, in Chautauqua county, New York, and lived there until I was married to Miss Christiana Klock, December 25, 1852. The next year we concluded to leave home and kindred and go west, which we did, landing in Sheffield, Illinois, April 1, 1853.

We lived in Illinois one year, but as we wished a home of our own and the homestead land was all taken up in this country, we concluded to go farther west. I bought an ox team and a wagon, and August 1, 1854, we packed and started, in company with Clark Winans, Sr., and family, headed for Nebraska or some other place in the west. We traveled until we reached a town called Panora, in Iowa, where we stopped to rest ourselves and teams. At this place we met a man named Ambrose Richardson, who had just come from the Boyer valley in Crawford county. He inquired where we were going and we told him to Nebraska. He spoke very highly of Crawford county and advised us to turn and go there. After he had gone we concluded that each of us men would take a horse and go over and see the country of which he had spoken. This we did, and we looked up and down the valley and found it to be a fine country. We then returned to our families, but we did not decide definitely as to our course. The next morning we hitched up, all ready to start. I was in the lead, so I hallooed back to Winans, “Which Way?” He shouted back and told me to take a stick and go to the forks of the road and to stand the stick up straight and to let it fall as it would and we would go the way it fell. It fell toward the Boyer valley. I then went back to my team, took my whip, and said, “Gee!” for the road turned to the right. It took two days to reach Dunham’s Grove, and the next day we drove into Mason’s Grove, September 1, 1854. We drove down through the grove to where Benjamin Dobson lived, and there we camped. Dobson, with help of his neighbors, had built a dam across the Boyer river near Deloit, and was putting in a saw mill and also a small pair of burrs to grind corn meal. The next morning some of the settlers came to our camp to get acquainted and to assist us in getting located.

We found ten families in and around Mason's Grove, the families of Benjamin Dobson, Thomas Dobson, Jesse Mason, Levi Skinner, Alonzo R. Hunt, Noah V. Johnson, George J. Johnson, Calvin Horr, Franklin Prentice and Ambrose Richardson. There were no other settlers nearer than Buck Grove, about twelve or fourteen miles distant, although down the Boyer valley at the west end of the county there were quite a goodly number who had located up and down the valley.

In looking about for a location Mr. Mason showed us a claim of eighty acres that he had taken up. He had built a log house and had about ten acres broken. This claim just suited Clark Winans, for he had a large family and was getting late to make hay. He therefore, bought the claim and improvements and moved in. At the same time I was looking for a location. Mr. Calvin Horr told me he had two claims and that he would let me have one, so I looked them over and found that they were good claims and he allowed me to take my choice, which I did.

I next looked for a place where I could live until I could cut my hay and build a house for myself. Levi Skinner said that he had a good large house and that I would welcome to move in with him until I got my house up. His claim and mine joined and I gladly accepted the offer and moved in. I then commenced cutting my hay. Grass was green and fresh, as there had been frost. It was a remarkable fall and winter, as warm as October most of the time and the ground hardly froze all winter, although we had a few light snows and a few cold days. By this time our provisions had given out and our money was about gone, so we had to depend upon my labor for bread and meat. I went to Jesse Mason, who had made quite a good start and raised quite a crop of corn that year. He told me that he had sold much of his corn but that he had saved enough so that he thought he could let me have what I wanted, or at least that he would divide with me and take work in payment. Corn was two dollars and a half a bushel, but Mason sold it much cheaper to settlers. I was not much afraid of starving, however, for the streams were full of fish, there were plenty of prairie chickens, deer could be found almost any where and in the timber there were quail, occasionally a wild turkey and a few wild hogs in the groves down the river. November 1st, I commenced to cut logs for my home. After I worked a few days Skinner proposed that we go hunting the next day, as he wished to look at the country up the Otter creek. I had no gun, but he said he would let me have one and would find the ammunition. And help me on my house when we got back enough to make up for lost time. The next morning we went up Otter creek, about three miles and found some very nice country. We saw some deer, but they were too far off to shoot. We also found a dead buffalo. Undoubtedly some hunter had given him his death wound but he had managed to get away from his pursuer and afterward was forced to lie down and die. The animal had probably been dead a week or more. We knocked off one of his horns and brought it home with us and I fastened it in my barn as a harness peg, and on that peg I hung my harness for fifty years.

Jesse Mason was the first person with whom I became acquainted. He was a father to the new settlers, not only to them, but to all the emigrants who, with their families, came through looking for homes. Many times he took them into his home, fed them and their teams, and sent them on their way rejoicing. He lived on the most traveled road and he had more opportunity for doing good, but I found all of the settlers kindly and ready to help in time of need.

One day, toward the last of January, 1855, there came a light snow, two or three inches deep, a good tracking snow. Jesse Mason was out that day and killed, I think four or five deer. He came to me, asking me to take my oxen and sled and follow his track, load the deer on my sled, and bring them in in the morning. I hitched up and started and met him all ready for the trip. We followed his track and, while he branched off to kill more deer, I kept on the trail and loaded those animals which he had killed the day before. While I was doing this he came to me and told me he had killed two or three more. We loaded them all, seven in number, I think, and started for home.

I got my house finished about the 15th of January, and moved into it at once.

We enjoyed life in those days. The settlers would usually get together on Sundays, for we would not work on that day. The men would pitch horse shoes and shoot at a mark, and the women would get up a dinner that could not be beaten, I doubt, even in this enlightened age of the world. There was plenty of meat, both wild and tame, eggs, milk butter, honey, and wild fruit. The women often met and had a quilting bee and sometimes we met at a neighbor's house in the evening and had a dance, with Ben F. Dobson as fiddler, if I remember rightly. Once in a great while a Methodist preacher would come, probably from Council Bluffs, and preach for us a few times. Later Uncle John McIntosh, of Galland's Grove, an elder of the Latter Day Saints church, came to Mason's Grove and held meetings near Mason's home. After the meeting Mason would ask all the congregation to go to his house and take dinner, and all who went were well fed on hot biscuit, honey, good coffee, etc.

The winter of 1856-57 was a very hard one. Snow fell three feet deep and stayed all winter. Several were badly frozen, being caught in what was known as the Big Storm. Our oldest daughter was born that winter.

At first we got our mail and provisions from Council Bluffs. Usually someone would go and bring the mail and things for the rest of the neighbor's. I think it was in the spring of 1855 that our first election was held at Mason Grove. This was a township election; there being but one township for the entire county, and that was Milford. At the election Alonzo R. Hunt was elected Justice of the piece, Calvin Horr, constable, Thomas Dobson school director and was elected assessor. I have to assess the whole county, where there was no one to assess. Further, I had to travel on foot as I had no horse of my own, and the neighbor's horses were all busy. It took me about a week to take the first assessment in Crawford County. In the fall of 1855 I was elected treasurer and recorder for the county. When I entered upon my duties there were conveniences for doing the work and no office provided. I had to do the work at home and I kept the county funds in a tin box under a loose board of the floor for safe keeping, for I had no lock on my house. At the time, I was very busy splitting rails for fence a piece of land that I broke. I got my wife to do some recording and I managed to receive the taxes. I keep on splitting rails. Morris McHenry was at this time teaching school in Mason's Grove, and I got him to come and write for me on Saturdays and at odd spells, thus we got along first rate. I think Ed Howorth was the only who paid taxes in the county. He also had the first deed recorded. I issued the first receipt for taxes in the county and also recorded the first deed. In the spring of 1856, I had fenced my ten acres for breaking and was ready for plowing, but I had no team. One day H. C. Laub came to my house to buy corn. I had raised the year before. It was what was called sod corn and was very good. Laub said he would do my plowing and take corn as payment, so we struck a bargain and he went to work. I

think he was to have two bushels per day; corn was worth two dollars a bushel. From this time nothing unusual happened, excepting that the country filled up rapidly with settlers, until about the commencement of the rebellion.

About this time the Indians became quite troublesome. One night they stole, I think, either four or five horses. The neighbors turned out the next morning and overtook them somewhere about Maple Grove and had a running fight with them, but the Indians got away with the horses. In 1862 I bought a span of horses, built an addition to my house, built a stable snug against the house, and had a door between the house and the stable, so that if I heard a strange noise at night I could be ready for a fight. In 1863-64 the Indians massacre in Minnesota and my wife became somewhat alarmed for her own and our children's safety. For this reason we returned to Illinois for a visit until the scare was over. We stayed about two years, returning in the spring of 1865. This year I was elected justice of peace, an office which I held for six years. In the same year I was elected as one of the county supervisors.

When we came there were no doctors in Crawford county, but some of the women were quite skillful in the use of such roots and herbs as grew in the groves and were excellent at nursing, having learned by experience and were obliged to depend upon their own resources in times of sickness, but the community in general was quite healthy. There was some ague and a few cases of typhoid fever. I believe that John Dunham, of Dunham's Grove, died of fever the first year of my residence in Crawford county. The first Doctor who came to Mason's Grove was a Dr. Huston. He did not stay long but moved to some other locality. While he was there, however, he was at one time very useful to my one family, being the means of saving the life of our infant child, who was very sick. After home remedies failed, I started in the night after this doctor and had to go through a considerable woods. I had gotten but a little way when I saw a large panther feeding on the carcass of some animal. I went back and got the pitch fork for protection, as I had no gun, but when I returned the panther had gone and I saw no more of him. We had several kinds of wild animals which might be considered dangerous, such as the large gray timber wolves, prairie wolves, panthers, lynx, wild cats, wild hogs, and worst of all, the rattle snakes, of which there were many. My wife being watchful for the safety of her children kept a sharp lookout for snakes, which would often creep into the door yard, and once she found an ugly rattler coiled up in the playhouse she had fixed up under the trees for the little girl. There were several cases of snake bite, but none died from the effects. The next year after coming to Crawford, I started one morning early to help Mr. A.R. Hunt on his farm, about three quarters of a mile from my place; it is the place long since known as the "Michael Ainsworth place." When about half way there I looked up the hill on my right and saw a herd of five elk. They soon ran out of sight but I noticed how the male elk, with horns fully seven feet across, would tip his head sidewise when passing between the trees. That was the only time I saw elk in Crawford.

One day I was going down through some heavy timber toward Dobson's mill, near Deloit, and met a young man dragging along an animal he had just shot. He did not know what it was, but I did as soon as I examined it. It was a lynx. I had seen them in the woods of York state. This one was as large as a good sized dog. A peculiar mark to tell them by is a tassel on each ear. They are nearly as dangerous as a panther.

The neighbors had a great laugh on me at one time when I went out hunting for deer with a neighbor and a borrowed gun. He was a hunter and knew the habits of deer. He

said it they were shot at or scared in the valley, they would take for the hills, or if in the hill lands, would run for the lowlands. I went on the ridge while my neighbor went along the valley. I soon heard him shoot and pretty soon saw a drove of deer coming up the hill. I dropped down in the tall grass so they could not see me until they were near enough for me to shoot, but when I looked up they were almost on to me and I jumped up, left my gun on ground, and instinctively threw up my hands. I was not afraid of them, but I did not want to be run over. We got no deer at that time. At another time I was out with Levi Skinner, and about half a mile from my house we passed a brush patch and his dog became very excited at something in the brush, but did not dare to go in. Skinner thought it must be a bear, or something very bad, if his dog did not dare to attack it. It turned out to be a very large and vicious looking wild boar, with long, wicked looking tusks. I heard that the way there came to be wild hogs in the grove, was from Dunham's herd of hogs, which he turned out in his grove and some of them had wandered away several years before and become wild.

I made the statement that when I moved to Mason's Grove there were not settlers nearer than Buck Grove. I forgot Mr. Dunham, who lived in the grove named after him, which was about six miles from Mason's Grove. He had lived there several years, most of his children were married and lived near him. He owned considerable land and kept a great deal of stock. He broke his land with a plow that would look queer nowadays. It was very large and heavy and was lifted about by a lever. It had wheels attached in front and was drawn by from eight to ten yoke of cattle. He could turn over a lot of ground in a day.

At first there was an abundance of wild fruit, such as grapes, cherries, strawberries, raspberries and gooseberries and several kind of plums, some of which were choice. The wild fruit lasted pretty well until orchards were planted and there were apples and other tame fruits growing. The best of the wild fruit, along with the native grass, disappeared as the county became settled. In the spring of 1865 or '66 I planted the first orchard and vineyard in my locality. The winter before, a young man by the name of Joseph Woodruff boarded with me and taught the district school. We talked over the possibilities of fruit raising and concluded, in the spring, to go to Des Moines and get fruit trees to plant. I took my team and wagon, as that was before the railroad when through our county, and brought home apple trees, grapevines and a few strawberry plants. I had good luck with my fruit and, in time raised an abundance for many years. Some of the trees and vines I planted that spring can still be seen on the old farm.

The prairie fires were a source of great danger to the early settlers. The grass and other vegetation grew rank and in the fall of the year fires would sweep across the country and destroy fences, crops, hay stacks, etc., unless the farmer was prepared for it by having burnt around his field. Which was quite a task. Many times I have, in company with neighbors, fought these prairie fires to keep them from destroying our homes and property. Even our lives were in danger at times. Levi Skinner was badly burned. Sometimes in the night, my wife or I would see a fire coming in the distance and we knew that our wheat stacks, or our hay would be destroyed unless something was done at once. We would go out and begin to "back fire" as we called it. This was done by starting a fire in the dry grass along the fence and whipping it out the side next to the fence, letting from the fence out. If the prairie fire which was usually driven by a strong wind, was not too near the back would have burnt a wide enough space to prevent the

oncoming flames from jumping over. Once my wife and I were down by the river fishing and saw a fire coming from the other side, but we thought it would go no further than the river. We started for home, but the fire jumped the river and came near catching us before we could get out of the grass and to a place of safety. Our early experiences my wife stood by me, shoulder to shoulder. She was determined to succeed and make good. She left many relatives and friends together with the comforts of a good home in the east, to take up life on the frontier, and she did her share in making us a home of our own, which in time we made very comfortable. She was, however, very much afraid of Indians. I sometimes had to be away from home the entire day at my work, and often she would then take her sewing and the baby, with a pillow and a blanket, and spend the day out in the grove. Indians frequently passed through but they were for the most part friendly, asking for something to eat or, as was often the case, stopping to inquire the way to the Indian trail, which was not far from our house and which led to Council Bluffs, or Kaneville, where there was an Indian settlement. One day while my wife alone in the house, busy with her work, she looked up and saw an Indian standing at the door. She was too frightened to speak, but he held out his hand and said "How!" She then knew that he meant no harm and gave him the directions which he asked. After he left the house she went out to see if he had gone, as directed. She could see several Indians with ponies and they all rode off together. Probably one cause of her great fear was the experience of her grandparents and parents, who were settlers of the Mohawk valley in New York when the Indians were making war on the whites and she had often heard the thrilling stories of those times.

There was some cause for alarm, for as early as 1857 or '58 I remember being at a house in what was called "Burnt Woods," afterwards "Purdy's Grove," where a number of settlers had gathered for protection if the Indians should come with hostile intent. Among those who were there I recall a Mrs. Todd, afterward Mrs. Marshall. She, like the rest of the women, was quite excited and had a large knife in her hand and told what she would do if the Indians came. But she had no chance to show what she would do, for the Indians did not come. Though we heard of their depredations in other places and it caused some fear in our neighborhood.

My first home in Crawford county was a log house sixteen feet square. I hewed the logs and put them together, as log houses are usually built. I also split up logs and made a pretty good floor and made a fire place of sod in one end. We also had two small windows and a door, which we fastened with a wooden latch. The string was always outside and many times we had a cheerfully company of friends gather around that old fire place on winter evenings; people who, like ourselves, had known better surroundings but were struggling to gain a foothold in a new country. Those are good days to remember. It was not long before Benjamin Dobson had his mill running and a little later Esau McKim built a saw mill, so we could bring logs to their mills and have them sawed into boards. Soon I had an addition put on my log house, which made it much more convenient. In 1866 I built the large and comfortable house and barn which still remain. I got nearly all the material for my buildings from my own timber and had it sawed at my own mills, but for the pine finishings, doors, windows and such things, I had to go to Boone, as there were no lumber yards in Denison. In the year 1882 I moved from my farm to the village of Deloit, which is one mile north. I resided there twenty-six years. On my return

from Illinois, in 1865, I bought back a buggy, which, I believe, was the first one owned in or around Mason's Grove.

Although we were in the wilds of a new country where news of what the world was doing was very scarce, we still took an interest in the affairs of the nation. Some one or two in the community took newspapers, which I think were published at Council Bluffs, and so we kept in touch with the political events of the times. We celebrated the Fourth of July, for the first time, in the year 1857, at Deloit, which was the first town of the county to be laid out, and we celebrated almost every year from that time on. We held several such gatherings in the grove east of Deloit. At our celebrations we had a few patriotic speeches and three cheers for the flag, and sometimes we had a little fife and drum music. E.S. Plimpton played the fife; I played the snare drum, but I had forgotten who beat the bass drum—perhaps we had none at that time. Our dinners on those occasions were what was called a "free dinner." We had a long table set, and on this all our eatables were placed and every one was invited to come and dine. This custom of a free dinner we kept up for several years.

When the Civil war broke out three of the very first settlers were among those who went from Crawford county to fight for the Union. Their names were Franklin Prentice, Alonzo R. Hunt, and Joseph Skinner. The last two named died in the service of their country. I have lived to see great changes in Crawford county, where once I could tell the names of all the people. At first they settled in and around the groves; later the prairie land was taken. Land, that once was homesteaded and preempted for one dollar and a quarter per acre, is now worth one hundred dollars an acre, or more. The few roads in those days usually followed the ridges to avoid the sloughs and low places. There were no bridges and the streams had to be forded. Our means of travel were usually by ox team, or on foot, for but few owned horses. Now we have horses and instead of the slow pace of the ox team, the automobile is seen speeding swiftly along all over the country. Once we got our mail at Council Bluffs—now it is delivered daily at our doors, besides which we have the telephone, which is in most of the homes throughout the country. Log schoolhouses were built first and we used for religious services, or other kinds of public meetings. Now the country is wealthy, covered with beautiful and well improved farms, has many prosperous towns and the best of schools and churches everywhere. Crawford is indeed one of the best counties in the state, and Iowa the best state in the Union.

History of Crawford County, Iowa

By F. W. Meyers. 2 vols. Chicago: S. J. Clarke Pub. Co., 1911.

Additional Information.

B. F. Wicks, one of the pioneers of Crawford County, was born near Jamestown, Chautauqua County, New York, December 14, 1825, a son of John Wicks, a native of Genesee, New York. The latter was a son of John Wicks, a Revolutionary soldier, and of French descent.

B. F. Wicks, the 7th of 8 brothers, was reared and educated in his native county, and in early life was engaged in surveying for a time. At the age of 22 years, he moved to

Bureau County, Illinois, and was a resident of that county before the railroad was built. B. F. Wicks' mother, Abigail (Hartwell) Wicks, was born in New York, a daughter of Daniel Hartwell, who was a son of a Revolutionary soldier. John and Abigail Wicks were the parents of 14 children, 8 sons and 6 daughters. John and Abigail both died in Bureau County, Illinois. The father was a millwright by trade.

In 1854, he came with ox teams to western Iowa, remained at Boone, Iowa, several days, and then settled on Government land in Crawford County. Mr. Wicks erected a log cabin, 16 ft. square, and on account of Indian troubles, had to attach the barn to the house.

He was elected the first County Treasurer of Crawford County, and later was a candidate for County Clerk with Thomas Dobson, but they received the same number of votes, and after casting lots, the latter won. He was County Supervisor 2 years.

In 1861, B. F. Wicks returned to Bureau County, Illinois, but 8 months later came again to Crawford County. His dwelling house on the 190-acre farm in Crawford County was 16 x 24 feet, and a barn was 32 x 32 feet, with a brick basement.

In 1884, he came to Deloit, where he erected a 1-½ story house, 14 x 22 feet, which was surrounded by a beautiful lawn.

Mr. Wicks was married in Chautauqua County, New York, in 1853 to Christina Klock, who was born and reared in that county. Christina was the daughter of John B. and Margaret Klock (both deceased in Bureau County, Illinois) who were parents of 15 children, 8 daughters and 7 sons.

Christina and B. F. Wicks had 2 children: Carrie, wife of William McKim of Decatur County, Iowa, and Anna who died when she was about 17. Carrie and William McKim had 6 children: Roy, Edna, Bernice, Bertie, Ava, and Arthur.

On August 1, 1854, Clark Winans Sr. and family and B.F. Wicks and wife left Sheffield, Illinois for Nebraska to homestead. They came by ox team and wagon to Boone, Iowa. From there they went to Panora, Iowa. There they met Ambrose Richardson who suggested they try and settle in Crawford County, Iowa. Winans and Wicks investigated, but returned to their families without making a decision. Next day they arrived at a fork in the road. A stick was set up straight and whichever way it fell that was the way they would go. It fell towards Crawford County and two days later they arrived in Dunhams' Grove and the next day, September 1, 1854 they arrived in Mason's Grove which would one day become Deloit, Crawford Co., Iowa.

Burial; Mound Grove Cemetery, 1818 N River Blvd., Independence, MO