County Representatives

Many of Iowa’s 99 counties have representatives to the Iowa Barn Foundation. Other counties still need representatives. The representatives promote the preservation of barns, organize the surveying of barns in their counties, encourage membership in the Iowa Barn Foundation, and help with fund raising. Working with members of the board from each of nine areas of the state, they will also help to oversee projects. We welcome volunteers for other counties.

Adams: Kathy West, (641) 335-2334
Allamakee: Marlene Fenstermenn (563) 382-3439
Appanoose: Willard Vanderlinden (641) 856-2152
Audubon: Paul Walther (712) 563-2779
Blackhawk: Keith Oltrogge (329) 984-5299
Boone: Jim Jordan (515) 432-2736
Bremer: Keith Oltrogge (319) 984-5292
Butler: Meinard Koop, (641) 983-2351
Cass: Gary and Pam Wolfe (712) 764-7778
Cerro Gordo: Dale and Judy Mills (641) 424-1197
Clayton: Michael McConnell (206) 517-4136; Brian Lamson, (703) 553-0553
Clinton: Robert Johnson (563) 677-2356
Crawford: Terry and Tammy Wicks (712) 653-4009
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Davis: Judy Combs (641) 664-3758; Sharon and Bill Hardt (515) 722-5224
Decatur: Jack Van Laar (641) 446-4723
Delaware: Richard Heffernen (563) 927-4684
Des Moines: Dale and Julie Bartelt (319) 594-8059
Dubuque: Rachel Schmuel (517) 531-5913
Emmet: Gail Mathine (712) 866-2200; David Kalved (712) 362-2011
Fayette: Vernon Oakland (563) 423-7122
Floyd: Joe and Joan Sebom (641) 228-2654
Franklin: Joe and Shirley Pitsor (641) 456-3994 and the Franklin County Historical Society
Greene: Mary and Larry Richards (555) 386-4750
 Grundy: Rebecca Engelking (641) 366-3150
Hardin: Ken Sterel (641) 847-3088
Humboldt: Kurt Weinert (515) 332-4467
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Jackson: Lori Evilsizer (563) 689-6447
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Jones: Roman Welzer (319) 465-4356
Kossuth: Evert Bredesder (515) 295-5787
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Madison: Dennis and Marylynn Schmidt (515) 462-4681
Mahaska: The Charles Oldham (641) 969-2472
Marion: Rob Vos (641) 628-8396
Marshall: William and Fran Stone (641) 753-8994; Charles and Eleanor Ward (641) 572-4714
Mills: Stan Allen (712) 822-7814
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Page: Dave Williams (712) 826-8832
Palo Alto: Kate Johnson (712) 848-3455
Plymouth: Ron and Kathy Klemme (712) 552-2613
Polk: Terry Ferguson (712) 845-4073
Pottawattamie: Kathy Whitson (712) 566-2600; Jim Amend (712) 328-0774
Poweshiek: Eugene and Deloris Lang (641) 236-4779
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Scott: Joyce Lund Mears (563) 289-3314
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Tama: Roy Lidtke (319) 929-5572
Van Buren: Darlene and David McQuoid (319) 397-2340
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Woodbury: Winston and Sheryl Belfrage (712) 943-5184
Worth: Richard Stafford (641) 845-2299
Wright: Mel Sampson (515) 448-5016

State Representatives:
California: Linda Duttenhaver, Redondo Beach
Around the World and Back to Iowa

By Judy Sessions

After working for twenty years in Europe for the Department of Defense Overseas Schools, we were looking for a good place to retire. We were both principals of large schools serving Armed Forces and American embassy students in Wiesbaden, Germany.

My roots are in western Iowa where my mother's family (Hathaway) settled in Monona County in 1855, and my father's family (a Scottish seafaring Maule) arrived in adjoining Harrison County in 1851. I grew up on the family farm north of Turin, graduating from Onawa High School, and received undergraduate and graduate degrees from the University of Iowa.

Larry's ancestors were pioneers in the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming where he was born in the town of Byron named for his great-grandfather. We met while working in Special Education in Wyoming and went overseas in 1984. We returned to Iowa for a year's sabbatical to attend Iowa State in 1990. Our dissertations were completed by e-mail, express mail, and phone from Europe. We both completed Ph.D. degrees in education administration in 1995.

So, how did we happen to return to Iowa to retire? My family is a close one, and after missing so many family events while overseas, it was time to reconnect, though we visited every summer and some family members found their way to Europe. The stress of being responsible for the security of so many American students under High Threat military conditions overseas made us long for the peaceful hills and valleys of Iowa.

We were ready to leave Europe's dense living conditions and traffic congestion. We felt the love of travel, sports, concerts, museums and golf could easily be met in Iowa or by occasional motor home jaunts. Friends made overseas would still be ac-

The barber's wife happened to be a real-estate agent, and within 24 hours, showed us the landmark "model farm" that would be up for auction at the end of September.

We both remembered admiring this farm with its large white buildings and green roofs. The unique farm buildings had been well-maintained. The house, although not new, had been recently modernized with the addition of a new kitchen, two-level sunroom area and three-car garage. The landscaping of the four acres reminded us of a park.

After visiting the local bank, we returned to work in Europe and eagerly awaited the auction day. My father and brothers attended the auction and made the winning bid for the home site on our behalf. Upon retirement in September, 2004, we moved into our new home between Onawa and Blencoe.

Nearly all the local people we have met since moving in have known the "model farm" for years; many attended the auction. Most knew some of the history of the farm. My father was born and raised approximately three miles from the site.

Some of the former four-legged residents of the farm included llamas, a bear, and a planned white-horse troop. Legends abound that the bear used to visit Blencoe on occasion.

A search at the local courthouse gave the property title history back to 1895.

continued on next page
A visit with a family, who lived at the farm for over 20 years, gave us additional history.

The farm buildings were constructed in 1936 by James McIntyre who used plans provided by the Iowa State University Midwest Plan Service. The plans indicate the buildings are constructed in a Gothic style. The two barns are connected, which is not a typical design. The corncrib and hog building are built in the same style. The heavy construction, beautiful laminated rafters, wooden siding, and cedar shingles are enduring features. The corncrib has an elevator and an elaborate corn conveyance system. Over the years, the farm buildings were used for raising shorthorn cattle and purebred Hampshire hogs.

About the only drawback noted, after living here a year, is the iron water, a common problem in the Missouri Valley. It has now been successfully treated. It has also been necessary to adjust to being “flatlanders” after growing up with more mountainous or hilly surroundings. We have been employed as substitute teachers in the local West Monona School District. This work has helped us adjust to retirement and fulfill our wish to continue working with students.

Many neighbors ask us what we plan to do with the buildings since our only livestock now consists of three Sugar Glider pets. It is apparent that the “model farm” has been a point of interest and pride in Monona County for a number of years. There is need for new paint and minor structural and roof repair. We don’t mind painting, but the height of part of the barns and roof will require professional equipment and manpower for restoration. With children in college and reduced retirement income that make budgeting a necessity, we may not be able to complete all the work immediately. We do, however, plan to see the necessary improvements in order to preserve the structural integrity and beauty for now and for the next generations to enjoy.

We believe that the move to Iowa was a great decision. We are thankful every day for the chance to live within miles of extended family and enjoy the comfortable, stress-reduced, high quality of life found in Iowa.

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A Barn and Hay, Men and Boys, and the Grace of God

By Matt Smith

Matt Smith and his wife, Judy, raise corn and soybeans on their farm in Marshall County.

It was a beautiful clear-blue-sky—“hay-makin’” kind of day, about the middle of June, 1946.

The barn was a large 74 x 60-foot cattle barn with the mow going to the ground in the center and livestock on the sides and in the shed across the rear. There was a concrete feeding floor to one side where the fattening steers were fed. The barn was set at the center of a flat farmyard among two corn cribs, a machine shed, and large farmhouse, which was to the front near the road.

It was the Shipton farms where my father worked. The hay was ready; Jim Wilson was there with his Case baler and three racks that were to be pulled to receive the bales as they were baled.

The crew was larger than usual since they wanted to keep up with Jim’s baler so he wouldn’t drop the bales on the ground. There was R.E., the elder Shipton, who was recently home from World War II. Bill served his country as a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy Air Corps as a flight instructor. He was athletic and a guy who was always a special friend to my brothers and me. My oldest brother, Ken, had the job of operating the tractor pulling the rope, which ran through a series of pulleys through the barn and up to the track that carried the hay back into the mow.

The set up was like this: The hay rack with the load of bales, about four layers high, was parked close to the front of the barn under the large hay mow door. The hay rope came out through a door behind the rack to the front of the barn. A large loop at the end of the rope was passed under the rear axle of the tractor and placed over a bracket on the axle for the pull.

The thing that was different that day was the tractor being used on the rope. It was Harry Svendsen’s 1939 John Deere B that he brought because the Shipton’s “was at another farm miles away.” My brother, Ken, was experienced at this task of “driving the fork,” but he had always used a Farmall with a foot-operated clutch. Today he was getting the hang of this poppin’ Johnny with a hand-operated clutch and was doing a good job of backing up on the hard cinder drive toward the crib while watching the hay rise from the load to the track in the peak of the barn, then down the track as the carrier rolled into the gaping mouth of the mow. Ken would intently watch and listen for Dad to yell “trip it” from the inside the mow and stop! At that point, Bill, on the load, would jerk the trip rope, the bales would drop, and he would pull the fork out with that same rope. As the tractor was driven forward to the barn, the fork would descend from above, and Bill would untangle and set the fork again for the next pull. It would take more than several pulls to unload a load eight at a time.

I was there watching, and, at eight years-old, was too small to mow bales with Dad but wanted to help with this exciting day of hay making. When my brother drove the tractor back toward the barn after the hay was tripped, the slack rope loop would slide off the axle bracket and fall to the ground. I would run and grab the hay rope and drag it to the waiting
tractor, re-hooking the loop for the next pull. This happened about three times and, all of a sudden, I had a “bright idea.”

At the same time, Bill also had an idea. He stuck the fork to pull up 12 bales at one time in an effort to keep up with Jim’s baler. I never knew this part of the story. Bill said that, when the weight of the 12 heavy bales of tough hay went down the track, the brackets holding the track broke. He told me this many years later when we were remembering that day.

The reason I never knew about that was because something else happened at the same time.

On the very first pull of the 12 bales on the fork, I imagine my brother, Ken, was occupied watching this bigger group of bales going up, probably wondering if they would fit through the door opening. At this time, when the hay was still rising above the rack, I impulsively ran toward the slowly backing tractor in order to jump on the drawbar, grab the seat, and ride on the tractor to hold that loop on the bracket for the return to the barn.

My idea was not good. What happened next, I’ll never forget. It’s as vivid as if it happened yesterday. My mount on the backing tractor was not successful. My foot slipped off the narrow drawbar, and I fell on the cinder drive, under the right rear wheel. Ken saw me fall and instinctively tried to stop the John Deere B tractor. Used to a Farmall and the foot clutch, he pushed the left pedal, which was the left brake, putting power to the right rear wheel that was crossing up my back and over the side of my head. The wheel sort of spun on me, and the imbedded cinders in the tire, cut a tread pattern in my skin across my back and side of my face. It remained for two weeks.

It was strange that I felt no pressure or pain from the one-ton wheel. I remember raising my head to watch the front wheels cross over my legs. Again, there was no pain. Ken got the tractor stopped after the 12 bales went into the barn and down the track. I got up and saw Bill step off the top of the load of hay 10 feet to the ground. He said he had to catch me as I was running around. He hovered for Dad to come down from the hay mow. Everything stopped!

Bill had a new mint green Desoto. Dad and Bill took me in the Desoto to pick up Mom for the 10-mile trip to the hospital. I recall feeling okay and watching over the back of the front seat at the speedometer as Bill drove down the gravel roads to Marshalltown—sometimes at 90 miles per hour.

At the hospital, I was x-rayed from one end to the other, but no broken bones were found. After being examined, we went home, and I was never sore. I had no discomfort. Only the tread pattern on my back and face reminded me of that unusual afternoon when someone was watching over me.

One day my special friend, Bill, stopped at my farm when he was still able to drive. He told me things I never knew about that day 53 years earlier. He said he loaded the bales behind the Case baler at Jim Wilson’s farm for three days. Jim would bring the racks, and the Shipton hay could be made without picking up bales from the ground.

Well, you already know the plan went haywire! Bill said, “That was the worst day of my life.” The track hanger broke under his 12-bale idea, and I got run over by the tractor due to my “bright idea,” and when all stopped, Jim dropped the whole field on the ground.

Bill and I visited about it a bit, and he said, “That day really wasn’t bad because you didn’t get hurt.”

We both agreed it was a miracle. Of course, maybe it was because Harry Swendsen said he had soft water in the tires as ballast. I believe it was truly a miracle since I had experienced several broken bones previously from minor falls.

The barn burned to the ground years ago. Bill has gone on to Glory, but God remains and he’s still watching over me. I’m everlastingly grateful.

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**A Little Barn Story**

*Doris Natvig of Jesup, Iowa sent this little gem of history about their handsome barn.*

Our 50 x 100-foot barn was built by Joseph Roth. He was born in Germany and migrated to America at the age of 14 on a sailing ship. The trip took nine months.

He landed in New York in 1858, starved, and with strangers.

For a year he worked on a dairy farm in New York. Then he moved to Chicago where he painted and decorated the first Pullman sleeper. He tried to enlist in the Civil War at the age of 17 but was refused because he wasn’t yet an American citizen.

In 1865, at the age of 21, he traveled west to Jesup, where he homesteaded. And, at 25 years, he married Margaret Reuland in Independence, Iowa, a 10-mile walk. Joseph and Margaret had nine children.

The story handed down about the barn says that it took three years for the limestone foundation to be built and two more years to finish the top of the barn. The posts came from Dubuque, 80 miles away, by oxen. The barn is all pegged. A stone cemented into the foundation says: 1858.

In the late 1950s, a twister hit the barn throwing the doors into the corn field. Irons were made by Vern Lodage, Jesup blacksmith, to pull the barn back into shape. Hay and straw, filling the barn, may have saved it.
Ogden Barn:
Historic, Legendary, and Anonymous
by Jacqueline Andre Schmeal

Once upon a time people from all over the world journeyed to a handsome farm on a dusty gravel road near Ogden, Iowa. They came to visit a world-renowned Belgium-bred draft horse named Farceur.

Farceur was the pride of Charles Grant Good, a Pilot Mound, Iowa native, who paid $47,000 to William Crownover of Hudson, Iowa, for the horse at a “dispersal” sale in 1917. Crownover had bought the two-year-old horse in Belgium.

The horse brought international fame to “C.G. Good & Sons” and distinction to Ogden. Ogden became known, throughout the world, for its Belgians.

Good treasured the horse so much that he built a small (20 x 28-foot) barn, containing two spacious stalls for the horse and its companion, Jupiter, next to the large white farm house where he lived with his family. The horse became such a celebrated sire that its offspring dominated show rings throughout the country; Good wanted the horse near him for protection.

On Christmas Eve, 1921, Farceur became mysteriously ill. When the veterinarian arrived, it was too late. Farceur died in his barn. Good’s dream died with him.

Stories passed down at family reunions said Good was so devastated that he cried and cried for days. He pulled himself together enough to order Farceur buried in his barn—a European custom. Stories say 10 men worked several days digging a hole large enough to bury the horse standing up. For years, one of these men recalled that he had to “push, push, push” on the dead horse, but he couldn’t remember why.

The stallion died, but its name lived on with its descendants. At the National Belgian Show in 1934, Good received 18 blue ribbons for Farceur bred horses. Even today owners of Belgians see the Farceur name on pedigrees.

Today the farmstead is startlingly still. The renown of the farm that used to be a horseman’s destination point has been lost. The path to the front door of the large house has faded into the grass. The 19th century general farm barn remains, graying; the blacksmith shop is weak but standing. The large horse barn is gone. Farceur’s Barn, as it came to be known a long time ago, remains sheltered by trees, anonymous.

Watching over Farceur’s Barn and carrying within the farm’s stories—experienced and heard through the years—is Deloris Good, Grant’s granddaughter, who at 77 remembers when, not long ago, she still “sowed the oats and hay and walked the beans” until 10 at night as she had done throughout her life. She grew up on the farm, and for her it is synonymous with hard work.

Wearyness shows in her labored walk. Her classic unlined face complements a plain-speaking intelligence. She has always lived on the farm and understands the renown of Farceur and his legend even though the horse died before Deloris was born.

For many years, her family lived in the house with her grandfather and grandmother. She described her grandfather as a “king pin” who always wore a “business suit.” “He kept everybody a-goin.’

He liked to be waited on.” While he was “not around,” her grandmother, Alice, did the farm work, “helped with everything... worked like a horse.”

So did her father, Lester, Grant’s son. “He had a hard life. He had to get up and clean the barn and feed the horses until he could go to school. Everything had to be in shape to show the horses. Grant treated Lester like a groom. He worked awfully hard. The load kept falling to him.”

Even at a young age, Deloris was aware that Grant had financial difficulties. She knew her father, Lester, was never paid for his work on the farm ever. “I did see Lester and dad argue,” she recalled. “They would quarrel over money. Grant seemed to hold the upper hand.”

“He (Grant) had a good hand on the pocketbook. Others would have things, and we didn’t. He spent on horses and things for himself—autos, travel, Europe.”

Whether her grandfather was home or away, there was a regular throng of visitors at the farm. It was up to Deloris, her sister, Dora, and brother, Regis to show the horses. “Buyers and old customers wanted to talk—to see Jupiter and the other horses.

Championship horse is buried in his sweet barn.
I got to meet people,” she said. “When we’d take some to the horse sale, someone had to go along and someone had to help in the ring,” she recalled. “Buyers and old customers wanted to talk.”

As she sat on the side of the house facing Farceur’s barn, it was evident that she missed the activity and excitement of showing the horses. That was the highlight of her life. She and her brother and sister walked two miles into Ogden to school. She showed horses in 4-H often winning ribbons at the State Fair. But, there was no time for sports.

Just feeding the help kept Deloris busy helping her mother and grandmother. There was always a threshers’ table. And, there were helping hired men and blacksmiths.

Regis and Dora married. Deloris’ mother depended on her to be there with her.

In a lonely way, Deloris remembered, “My mother said, ‘I can’t have you running around. You don’t have anything to worry about. You have your brother and sister.’ She didn’t want me to have boyfriends.”

Deloris attended Des Moines Area Community College. She also did work at the Boone Historical Society where she has gifted papers on her family.

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Farm Wildlife As We Once Knew It

By Steve Lekwa, Director, Story County Conservation

Farm buildings and farm wildlife both derive their character from the farms they occupy. A modern row-crop farm may have a few metal sided pole buildings, rather sterile structures designed to shelter equipment. They may serve their specialized purpose just fine, but, like the large specialized farms they occupy, they often don’t have much to offer native wildlife.

Almost any old barn tells a very different story. The loft above may still smell of old hay once used to feed livestock that inhabited the various stalls below. Some had stanchions to hold dairy cows that came in from grass pastures twice a day to be milked. Dairy barns usually had an attached silo to hold chopped silage for the cows, too. Wooden corn cribs often stood nearby to help dry and hold ear corn that came from fields that might have been larger than 40 acres, but usually weren’t.

The old wooden buildings tell their stories of multiple uses on small diversified farms where four or more crops and several kinds of livestock were raised each year. A typical farm in the late 1800’s through the 1950’s would have grown corn, oats, maybe some wheat, and hay. Other crops like buckwheat and sorghum were fairly common, too. Soybeans didn’t appear until near the end of that era. There would also have been grass (sometimes still native) pastures. The various crop fields and pastures were separated by fairly wide fence rows that grew lush with tall grasses and sometimes weeds and brush, perfect habitat for a wide variety of songbirds and bobwhite quail.

The diversity of crops meant that the land supported a diversity of habitat types with edges that, in turn, supported diverse wildlife. Today’s corn and bean farmers may have to set aside special areas that are managed specifically for wildlife if they are to have much wildlife at all, while wildlife was a natural byproduct of farming in the past. Grassland songbirds like bobolinks and meadowlarks readily adapted to hay meadows that replaced the native prairies and sedge meadows. Jack rabbits loved hay fields, too, and it wasn’t unusual to see half a dozen or more running down the road in front of the car on evening rides in the 1950’s. Small mammals of many kinds thrived in such habitat, and carnivores, like foxes and badgers, found life among the small farms quite agreeable compared to making a living on the vast prairies of old. Their plentiful numbers provided a secondary source of income for some farmers who harvested their pelts during the winter.

Prairie chickens actually increased in number as small farms added nutritious grains to their diet. They, too, provided supplemental income after the crops were in. They were trapped and shot by the literal wagon load and shipped by rail to eastern markets. They might have survived even that kind of pressure if large blocks of grassland had survived. Their numbers peaked before 1900, however, and they were virtually gone by 1950. An alien import, called the Chinese ringnecked pheasant, found small diverse farms just perfect and increased even as the native prairie chickens disappeared. They still provide outstanding sport hunting today in areas where favorable options in the federal farm program provide habitat to support them.

Hay fields and grassy fence rows are all but gone, relics of a time when cows, horses, hogs, and sheep wandered pastures and harvested fields. Vast, fenceless, nearly weed-free expanses of corn and soybeans have replaced the small fields and pastures of old. Scattered here and there among them, often forgotten and forlorn with no modern uses, stand the last of the old wooden barns and cribs. They remind us of a time when the songs of meadowlarks and bobolinks were taken for granted as part of any summer morning; a time when plentiful wild game lived on every “old home place,” and large families worked small diversified farms.
For months, Lori Evilsizer, Jackson County representative to the Iowa Barn Foundation, and Lavonne House searched for and researched some of the beautiful and historic barns in Jackson County. Lori, who lives on the lovely farm in Spragueville, where she grew up, is mother of two and works at the Jackson County Hospital. Lavonne (Happy), mother of two sons, lives in Sabula. She took the photographs of the barns for this feature.

DeFries Barn (below): On this historic 1856 farmstead, owned by Jack and Doris Dyas, is a 60 x 85-foot pegged barn built in 1885, from “home-sawed” pine. The inside beams are 8 x 10 inches and made of mortise and tenon construction. Originally the barn was used for livestock and loose hay. Awarded a grant in 2005 from the Iowa Barn Foundation, the barn’s restoration is nearly complete. The beautiful cut limestone home and carpenter shop are listed on the National Register of Historic Places. (Located at 17929 232nd Ave, Maquoketa, just northwest of Andrew off Co. Hwy, Y61.)

Straub Barn (above): This grand red board and batten barn is actually two barns in one! Built in the 1880s, the north barn still includes the horse stalls, wooden hay track, hayfork and pulleys. The south cow barn was built in 1895 by Herman Straub for $900; in 1911 a “state of the art” milking parlor was installed. Manufactured by the Louden Machinery Company, Fairfield, it has 16 steel milking stanchions, automatic cow waterers, manure bucket, and track and carrier. In Herman’s “spare time”, he hand mixed cement and poured and formed each individual fence post surrounding this well-kept farm. (Now owned by Joe and Laurie Brandenburg at 4263 300th Ave., Maquoketa.)

Gehlen Barn (below): The picturesque Luxembourg village of St. Donatus, Iowa is home to one of the oldest barns in Iowa. It was built around 1839 by early settler, Peter Gehlen. This glorious three-story limestone barn was built to house both animals and family just as the barns in Luxembourg had been until recently. Here the animals lived on the first floor, while grain, seed, and feed were kept in the lofts. The family lived on the second and third floors. The barn is currently under restoration and has a distinguished place on the National Register of Historic Places. (Main Street, St. Donatus.)

Koos Barn (below): Wanda Koos and family restored this classic old barn in 2004. The red 36x 56-foot barn dates to 1929. Ordered through the Sears and Roebuck catalog, the barn was a building kit, crated and shipped by rail. It arrived via the old Bellevue-Cascade Narrow Gauge Railroad at the Lamotte Depot and was then hauled by horse and wagon to the farm. Used as a milking barn, the total cost of the barn kit was $850! (Located at 28333 250th Ave., Lamotte.)
Dyas Barn (below): This dramatic barn is one of the only six-sided barns remaining in Iowa. Ingenious by design, this general purpose building is 50 feet in diameter, with horizontal sawed wood siding over the dimension plank lumber frame. The interior is arranged in a circular fashion with pie-shaped stalls and feed bunks placed around a central wood stove silo. The barn is on the National Register of Historic Places. (Owned and restored by Karen Dunne, the barn is south of Bellevue, off Hwy. 52.)

Portz Barn (below): This landmark red barn was built in 1938 by Elmer Portz and five other men. Some of the lumber for the 46 x 60-foot barn came from recycling wooden forms that were used in construction of the concrete dam on the Mississippi River at Bellevue. These “stringers” are narrow wooden support beams that were built under the second floor loft. In May of 1939, while doing the evening milking chores, a sudden storm came up. Lightning struck the barn and the cow Elmer was milking. Margaret Portz was knocked to the floor and severely burned on her face and chest but survived! Lightning rods were added to the roof shortly thereafter. This special barn, restored in 1999, is the focal point in the painting entitled, “Evening On The Farm”, created by and noted artist, Patrick Costello of Maquoketa. (The barn is located at 12811 Hwy 62 south of Andrew.)

Taplin Barn (above): On this Century Farm are two barns built by Thomas James Taplin. The milking barn was built in 1895 and the barn, shown here, in 1923. It had 12 milking stanchions and today houses a hog operation. In the hayloft of this well maintained barn is a basketball court that has been an enjoyment of the family for years. Owned by Taplins’ grandson, James Taplin (5432 550th Ave., Sabula, near Sterling Corners.)

Stromeyer Barn (below): This historic gray and white barn was built in 1902 of native cottonwood trees that were floated down the Maquoketa River by Wm. F.H. Stromeyer and his two brothers, Henry and Otto. Inside, are 12 wooden milking stanchions. Natural timbers support a portion of the hay loft. A “lean-to” was removed on the south side in 1950 and replaced by a 20 foot extension. The exterior includes shiplap siding, hay hoods at both ends, 40 doors and 96 windowpanes! Wm. Stromeyer’s great-granddaughter, Lori Evilsizer and family received the Award of Distinction in 2004. This beloved Century Farm was first featured on the 2005 All-State Barn Tour. The Reed Pioneer Cemetery can be seen from the barn. (Located at 37647 Iron Bridge Road, near Spragueville.)
Anecdotes on Iowa Agriculture from Statehood through the Great Depression

By Richard Boyce

Richard Boyce, Nevada, Iowa, native and a retired federal judge living in San Francisco, is the author of "A Hometown Remembered," a book about Nevada and environs in the early years of the 20th century. He is indebted to "American Dreamer," a biography of Henry A. Wallace by John Culver and John Hyde, for factual support in preparing this article.

"IOWA SPELTS AGRICULTURE, AND AGRICULTURE IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD SPELTS CORN. THIS IS THE HEART OF AGRARIAN AMERICA."

—John Gunther, Inside USA

Of early Iowa, historian Johan Smertenko wrote: "The first settlers found a land which waited but the turn of a plow to uncover golden riches. Their reports of the strike sped eastward...Thus, for thirty years after the first permanent settlement, all roads west seemed to lead to Iowa."

Indeed, the state’s bountiful soil attracted settlers in land-rush swarms in the first decades following Iowa’s 1846 admission to the Union. The state’s population multiplied eightfold from 1850 to 1880, surpassing the national increase-rate by an astounding four-to-one. And, but for a want of land, the influx doubtless would have continued indefinitely. By century’s end, however, with few acres yet unclaimed, it had waned to a trickle.

The grand expectations of those finding a niche in the land were more than fulfilled. Iowa author Phil Stong enthused, only a trifle hyperbolically: "The gold mines and diamond mines of the world are cheap and trivial compared to the produce that Iowa breeds out of its land every year."

Already prosperous, Iowa farmers profited handsomely from the heightened demand for foodstuffs and fodder arising from America’s 1917 entry into the conflict to become known as World War I. The price of corn that year zoomed to $2.10 per bushel—riple that of just two years before. Beef and pork experienced similar escalations. In the words of one observer, this was "the golden age of American agriculture, and the Midwest was a blessed place to be."

Iowa’s abundance of automobiles perhaps reflected its wartime prosperity most visibly. It boasted the highest per capita car ownership of any state in the Union—one for every seven of its citizens. And "boasted" is the word for it. A Story County paper, the Nevada Representative, exulted in September 1917:

"[T]he growth of the automobile industry is a mark of prosperity....[T]he increasing number of owners of these labor and time saving machines is an indication of the wealth of the community....On Saturday night, by actual count...there were parkes...in the business section...290 machines of all makes, colors, kinds and descriptions. The aggregate value of this array....and the money being spent for their upkeep...is an indication of the richness of our citizens in this and the surrounding territory."

In the war’s aftermath, and despite the ebbing of wartime economic adrenaline, the extant bullishness persisted for a time. Prime central Iowa farmland soared to over $600 per acre in 1919, prompting the Nevada Representative to exclaim that "the high prices paid almost took the breath of some people."

The carry-over optimism was not to last. After years of assumed immunity to hard times, the 1920s visited upon Iowa’s farmers, and their counterparts nationwide, what has been called "one of the great calamities in the annals of agriculture." The bushel price of Iowa corn plunged from $1.38 in 1919 to 67 cents in 1920, then to 42 cents in 1921. National farm income meanwhile plummeted by nearly half. As concerns agriculture, the term "Roaring Twenties" was a rip-roaring misnomer!

The root cause of this malaise, which endured until superseded a decade later by the even harsher cruelties of the Great Depression, was chronic over-production—or, perhaps more accurately, diminishing demand. This supply-demand mismatch stemmed in part from export shrinkage as European agriculture recovered from the war. It also derived, ironically, from the automobile’s quickening displacement of the horse as the principal non-rail means of transport—as noted above, a circumstance hailed during the war as "an indication of the wealth of the community." The roughly two million motor vehicles on America’s roads in 1915 metastasized to eight million by 1920, and to over 23 million by 1929—nary a one of which, unlike the horses they supplanted, was fueled by grain. (As always, technological change, however desirable, brings dislocation, with the magnitude of the dislocation tending...
to correspond with that of the change.

In a parallel development, mechanization came to the farm. The tractor and the combine harvester compounded the supply-demand dilemma by coupling more efficient, motorized means of production with a lessened need for grain-consuming draft animals. And, making matters even worse, many farmers resorted to the time-honored antidote, faced with impaired income, of aggressively increasing production.

Neither of America’s presidents during this cheerless time, Warren Harding nor Calvin Coolidge, could be persuaded that the farmers’ plight was a proper concern of the federal government. The resolutely conservative Coolidge vetoed farm-relief bills in both 1927 and ’28, citing reservations about their constitutionality, expense, and administrative feasibility—and incidentally rebuking bill proponents for seeking to aid one sector of the economy while ignoring “the community at large.” The agricultural community, needless to say, was livid. As one source put it, “The long struggle for farm relief was in shambles.”

The Great Depression, triggered by the stock market crash of October 1929 and lasting beyond the ’30s, added grievous injury to the existing insult. At the Depression’s nadir, in 1932-33, 16 million workers—one-third of the country’s labor pool—were without jobs, and unemployment lingered at 20 percent or more for several years. Iowa farm income fell a disastrous two-thirds between the Depression’s onset and 1932. Corn, which had commanded 81 cents per bushel in 1929, dropped to 50 cents in 1930, and eventually to a dime. It became so devalued that farmers heated their homes with it rather than market it. Foreclosures abounded.

Seething with frustration, Iowa farmers organized, undertook concerted protests, engaged in civil disobedience. Governor Clyde Herring declared martial law in 1933 after a mob abducted a judge from his Le Mars courtroom, drove him to a country crossroads, ripped off his pants, and threatened him with mutilation and strangling—all while demanding assurances that he would desist from further foreclosure orders. Had not a Le Mars newsman bravely interceded, he might well have been killed. The abductors instead placed a grease-filled hubcap on his head and loaded his pants with gravel before leaving him, dazed and exposed, in a roadside ditch.

Coolidge’s presidential successor and philosophical soul mate, Iowa-born Herbert Hoover, had the misfortune of presiding when the crash occurred, and for another three-plus years. Not that the misfortune was his alone; constrained by unyielding conservatism, including a conviction that governmental meddling with the dynamics of supply and demand would smack of dreaded Marxism, the Hoover administration addressed the tsunami of despair with a singular—and what many saw as unfeeling—want of imagination.

In contrast, Franklin Roosevelt’s 1932 presidential campaign pledged a “New Deal” for beleaguered America; a radical reordering of the nation’s economy. That pledge, in parlay with the campaign’s upbeat theme song, “Happy Days Are Here Again,” excited long-dormant optimism. FDR’s landslide rout of Hoover in that year’s election thus was a foregone conclusion. He carried even the staunchly Republican Iowa, which ‘til then had backed a Democrat only once since statehood.

Roosevelt was true to his New Deal pledge. Within a scant one hundred days of his 1933 inauguration, buoyed by the overwhelming electoral mandate, abetted by a compliant Congress, he attacked the nation’s economic ills with an array of enactments, resolutions, and other initiatives—the famous “alphabet soup”—that were unprecedented in number, scope, and governmental reach. Of particular import to the farming community was the Agricultural Adjustment Act (AAA), the brainchild of Roosevelt’s secretary of agriculture, Henry Wallace, the erstwhile editor of Des Moines-based Wallace’s Farmer. The AAA was designed to increase farm income through a system of federally subsidized production controls, the controls to be orchestrated by the Department of Agriculture. The Act thus invested in Wallace an agronomist and agricultural economist of vast talent and energy, perhaps greater power than ever before reposed in a cabinet officer.

Never lacking the courage of his convictions, Henry Wallace exercised that power in all its amplitude—and, so doing, revolutionized for all time the relationship between the federal government and America’s farmers. Among the more audacious of his early actions, he ordered the more than a million acres of cotton plowed under in August 1933, and six million pigs slaughtered that September. The Department of Agriculture thus compensates the affected farmers for their losses. (It also distributed a resulting 100 million pounds of pork and pork by-products to the needy.) The government also bought 16 million bushels of wheat, minimizing a surplus in that regard, and paid farmers to leave their fields idle. In the AAA’s first year, these and kindred measures resulted in a 30 percent increase in national farm income. Happy days, while not here again, loomed tantalizingly on the horizon.

Mother Nature, however, had other ideas. The aborning hope was crushed in 1934 by the onset of the Dust Bowl drought, which stunted production far beyond the goals embodied in Henry Wallace’s well-laid plan. Optimism revived in 1935 with the drought in recess, only to be dashed again, in 1936, by a double-dose of misfortune: a Supreme Court ruling that the AAA was unconstitutional, and the drought’s malevolent return. Without the poutrice of federal subsidy, with production decimated once more, the nation’s farmers faced economic ruin en masse.

The adverse Supreme Court ruling was not unexpected; the Court had given clear forewarning only months earlier by striking down another of the New Deal’s bellwether enactments, the National Recovery Act. Forewarned is forearmed, as the saying goes, and Henry Wallace had alternative legislation at the ready. Known as the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act, it became law with stunning rapidity the month after the Court’s ruling, and ultimately survived constitutional challenge. Its key feature was the provision of financial reward for those replacing soil-depleting crops—corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco—with grass and legumes, so-called “green manure,” the idea being to replenish the soil while serving the larger purpose of curtailing production.

Although recovery was faltering, thwarted by a recalcitrant Supreme Court and Dust Bowl travail, Roosevelt won emphatic reelection in 1936, carrying all but Maine and Vermont. The promised happy days remained elusive, however, The 1937 return of crop-friendly weather begot
bumper yields, but that only added to and prolonged the agony by sabotaging prices. As a production-limiting mechanism, the Soil Conservation Act was overmatched.

By then, after several years of acute supply-side vicissitudes, each devastating in its own way, the time was ripe for the most innovative yet of Henry Wallace’s ideas—the “ever-normal granary.” Premised on the certainty at times of either over- or underproduction, its objective, in Wallace’s words, “was to carry over the surplus from the fat years to the lean years, thus benefiting the producer in the years of overproduction and very low prices and helping the consumer in years when supplies otherwise would be short and the prices high.” He had gleaned the idea from the texts of Confucius and the Old Testament, and had long since touted it in Wallace’s Farmer.

A new Agricultural Adjustment Act, fashioned by Wallace and incorporating this concept, was enacted in 1938. It gave farmers the option of selling their surpluses to the government at a “target price” exceeding production costs, with the government then holding the surpluses for resale in times of scarcity. As intended, an immediate result was a pronounced dampening of the supply and price vagaries that had so bedeviled the preceding few years. Side benefits accrued, as well: With the coming of World War II, the accumulated stores allayed domestic anxiety over the sufficiency of the nation’s food supply while enabling America to alleviate shortages suffered by Britain and other of the Allies.

As the new AAA gained traction, agricultural recovery seemed finally, decidedly, on track. National farm income rose to $66 billion in 1939—less than the $79 billion of the last pre-Depression year, but more than double the abysmal 1933 figure of $39 billion. The war, by dramatically increasing the demand for agricultural products and virtually eliminating unemployment, of course accelerated, and some insist was essential to, the attainment of complete recovery.

The wartime agricultural prosperity was fortified, as well, by the widespread adoption of hybrid seed corn, another of Henry Wallace’s progeny. By 1943, 99 percent of Iowa corn was of the hybrid variety, a vastly improved product in both quality and output. Hybridization also fed the economy, if modestly, by providing legions of Corn Belt youth with two or three weeks of detasseling employment each summer.

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Ruth Roghair, of Alton, Iowa moved to Sye’s farm as a young bride. She had never lived on a farm. She remembered the first morning. “After breakfast, we went out to the barn together. I'd put ground feed in front of the stanchions while Sye got the cows into the barn from the yard.” She started right in helping to milk the cows.

She recalled carrying buckets of milk across the yard to the summer kitchen where the separator was located. “Thanks to a patient mother-in-law, she taught me how to take apart, wash, and reassemble the separator. Does anybody remember how you had to unscrew the top band of the enclosed discs with a wrench, transfer the separator bowl discs to holder, and wash between them?

“When the baby came along, she went out to the barn with us. She was placed in an old buggy with cheese cloth over the top to keep flies away.

“After morning coffee, we went back to the barn to scrape manure off cement and clean gutters into manure carrier bucket.”

The Roghairs still work together on the beautiful farmstead, which even has the original summer kitchen built in 1911. “We’re still baling permanent grass pastures together but sending it up the elevator to the hay loft. We bale small squares...”

The 1916 barn has always been a center of the Roghairs’ life, and last year they did a major restoration on it. They had it professionally power washed, primed, and painted. Both plates of the east side and sills on the north side of the barn were replaced. Siding, windows, and a 12-foot cupola were restored. Siding seams and door and window frames were caulked. Doors were replaced.

The lovely barn still has stanchions, original grain room, four horse stalls with mangers, sliding doors where bedding was thrown into the horse stalls, original air ventilation system, and manure carrier rail with bucket.
Spring Tour and Picnic to Feature Historic Landmark Farm

One of Iowa’s landmark farms, known as the Cook farm, will be among the historic sights on the Iowa Barn Foundation’s spring tour Saturday, June 10 and Sunday, June 11, 2006. The Cook farm, south of Charles City, Iowa will be the site of the spring picnic Sunday noon.

Owners of the farm, Michael and Rochelle Barrigan, are opening the limestone barn and house to viewers during the two-day tour. The history of this unique farmstead goes back to 1850 when a log cabin was built on the property. The John O’Hair family bought the land in 1856 and built the cube-shaped, threestory section of the barn in 1856, along with a humble two-room stone house. As often happened, the livestock had more glamorous quarters than the owners.

A couple of owners later, in 1870, A.W. Cook from Illinois, bought the farm. He started with 30 acres and owned 600 when he died in 1887. The farm became known as the Cook Farm, as he made the farm prosperous raising cattle, grain, and Percheron horses. In 1872, he traveled to France, bought 12 stallions and four mares, and brought them to Iowa. It is believed that the first Percheron horse born in the United States was born on the farm. The farm is on the National Register of Historic Places.

The barn is located 2.5 miles south of Charles City on Highway 218.

The Sunday noon picnic at the farm will be catered by Lynch Barbecue, of Waucoma, Iowa. The barbecue will feature pork sandwiches, barbecued chicken breasts, spicy baked beans, deviled egg potato salad, coleslaw, strawberry short cake and lemonade. The price is $10 per person (less for children).

Please make reservations by June 1 by sending a check for $10 per person to the Iowa Barn Foundation, c/o Roxanne Mehlisch, 17590, 730th Avenue, Zeving, 50278.

Other historic farms on tour include:

The 40 x 60-foot Schmidt barn, built in 1858 near Floyd, has heavy frame timbers salvaged from the first bridge over the Cedar River at Floyd. It has original hickory pole rafters. The barn, built by Jesse Edwards, is described in “Barns of the USA” by Wilson Wells. (The barn is at Highways 18 and T 44 south of Floyd.)

The barn and house on the farm where Carrie Chapman Catt grew up will be open. The 10-acre site is owned by the 19th Amendment Society. The recently-restored house, built in 1866, will be also open. The barn was built in the early 1900’s. (The barn is at 2375 Timber Avenue, which is about seven miles east of Charles City.)

In the general area is one of Iowa’s historic barns that sits on a picturesque bank of the Upper Iowa River in old Lime Springs, Iowa on the Minnesota border. The barn was a summer home at the turn-of-the-century for W.C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railroad and a major player in American railroads. Brown was born in Norway, New York, but grew up in Vernon Springs, Iowa. Later, while living in Lime Springs, Brown met and married Ella Hewett, a native of the town. Brown began his railroad career in engines. He bought the farm to accommodate his prize livestock. There is even a separate building connected by an overhead rail for manure storage. The barn is owned by Rita Jones of Lime Springs. (The barn is one mile north of Lime Springs and then a couple of blocks east.)

Next to the Brown-Jones farm is the picturesque Lidike Mill which dates to 1857 and was originally used to grind buckwheat flour. The mill, on the Upper Iowa River, was added onto through the years and eventually produced electricity, then ground feed. Also on view will be the Lidike house and barn to the west of the mill. The barn was built between 1850 and 1870 by D.W. Davis, father-in-law of H.C. Lidtke for whom the National Historic Site is named.

In the side of the barn, a worker at the mill carved an image of the original mill stream bridge that collapsed when a steam tractor and threshing machine tried to cross it. The barn and mill are located in an area called “old town”—a ghost town created when the entire town was moved south when the railroad bypassed the town.
Iowa, Iowa agriculture, and Iowa barns lost a dear friend at the end of the year when Hugh Sidey, a native of Greenfield, Iowa and one of the most distinguished American journalists, died suddenly while on vacation in Paris. Hugh, long-time White House correspondent for Time Magazine and friend to many presidents, was also a friend to the Iowa Barn Foundation. From the foundation’s early days, he would call to inquire about the progress and to offer stories for our magazine. He was pleased that we published “From Hugh Sidey’s Archives: Summer of 1950 in Adair County.” (Fall, 2005). He thought of us while digging through drawers of old photos.

Drive by the historic horse barns at the corner of Pammel and Stange Roads on the Iowa State University Campus. The distinguished barns, designed by Proudfoot, Bird and Sours, renowned Des Moines architects, have new paint and roof shingles. Some $150,000 has been committed to the restoration project by the College of Agriculture. The barns symbolize the beginnings of the revered first Land Grant College. They are also being used for modern day agriculture. “Our equine program is growing, and we see greater expansion over the next few years,” said Maynard Hogberg, chair of the Department of Animal Science. Horses are housed year-round in the barns and the paddocks near the barns.

Proudfoot was a nationally recognized architect who designed buildings in the West before concentrating on Iowa. Kansans are very proud of the County Courthouse in Wichita, which he designed. The horse barn was built of clay tile. The gambrel style roof has upturned eaves. (Editor’s note: The Farm House Museum on campus has a National Register plaque. Wouldn’t it be appropriate to have one for the horse barn?)

John Haskins, a resident of Muscatine, Iowa, always had nostalgia for the landmark barn on the Muscatine County Farm. The barn, built in the early 1920s, after another barn burned, was home to many Holsteins through the years—loved by the home’s residents. Hearing that the barn was going to be bulldozed, John put his organizational skills to work. With the help of Anton Vanieck, Muscatine County representative to the Iowa Barn Foundation, he and others highlighted the historic value of the barn and its plight to Muscatine residents. The Muscatine
Journal even conducted a poll asking for opinions: bulldoze the barn or keep it. So many folks attended John’s meetings concerning the barn, that extra chairs had to be set up. Foundations and civic groups came forward offering funds. The demolition crew was dismissed. John, a widower who operates big equipment for pipelines, is a hero in Muscatine County.

The annual all-state barn tour in September, 2005 featuring barns that have been restored with Iowa Barn Foundation matching grants or given an award of distinction, brought visitors into the state from around the country. Gladys McBurney, who restored her historic family barn near Humboldt, was ready when a bus of 50 arrived at 7:30 a.m. the morning of the tour. She was smiling even though it has been a difficult year with illness and the death of her husband. “It’s hard to move on sometimes,” she said. “But that is what I’m doing.”

It’s never too early to teach young folks to appreciate and value barns. Andrea Zeimet, teacher at the Colo-NESCO Middle School, took 13 of her students to visit two historic Story County barns. At the Handsaker barn in Fernald, Iowa, Sue Handsaker, took the group through the large square barn the family recently restored with the help of an Iowa Barn Foundation matching grant. Sue told the students that the barn was part of the family. The barn, now an Iowa landmark, is in the process of getting on the National Register.

At the historic Mehlsch barn, south of Zearing, Iowa, Gary Mehlsch took time out from harvesting to serve up barbecued sandwiches to the group; Roxanne set up displays highlighting the barn’s history. Mary Noe, of Laurel, Iowa, gave a little talk on lightning rods—old and new.

Lisa Robinson wrote, “I realize now that barns are a part of our history and need to be taken care of. The few that have the chance, should be restored, and shared as you have done, to keep the memory of what barns used to be alive. This is important so we can share the hope that barns will always be in our future.”

Jessie Henry, eighth grader wrote a poem:

Stand.
The wind rushes through me,
I am made out of a tree,
Animals cuddle inside,
By the rules I must abide,
I am old and new,
People love all the stuff I do,
But my purpose is changing fast,
I will be here from first and last.

Ruby Woodbury, 84, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, reports that her old ceramic barn is the “biggest bird house in the country. I welcome the barn swallows on March 19 (our anniversary—except husband, Donald, died March 4, 2003), and they congregate there in the fall to leave. I saw a great horned owl perched in the hay mow window not long ago. Worked a year with an artist from Des Moines to get barn, silo, house, yard, rural mailbox, rocks, etc. just right for our tombstone in Glenwood Cemetery, Goldfield.”

Gordon Nelson, of Forest City, Iowa, keeps his barn meticulous near Joice. The barn was built in 1932. The lower portion is double-walled clay tile inside and brick outside. The original horse and cow stanchions remain. House, machine shed, double corncrib, and hog house remain on the farm.

So many Main Streets are being restored that Iowa is going to look like a series of movie sets. The quaint Quaker town of New Providence, Iowa has restored—and consequently revived—their Main Street complete with old-fashioned looking street lamps. The project has brought everyone in the community together to the point that breakfasts on Main Street sort of happened spontaneously. Marlene and Tom McDonald, owners of the historic New Providence Hardware, offer the space for breakfast on Monday mornings.
Grant Guidelines

The Iowa Barn Foundation is dedicated to preserving Iowa barns through raising money and giving grants, thus making the entire country aware of barn preservation and the rural heritage of the United States. The foundation has limited funds controlled by its fund raising and, therefore, must carefully select grant recipients.

Grants are given to private property owners. Priority will be given to owners whose major employment is in the production of food and fiber in the area of the barn to be restored.

There are two grant categories. Category A is for barns, which upon completion of the restoration, are eligible for listing on the National Historic Register. Grant category B is for all other barns 50 years and older. In making grants, the board will give priority to grant category A applications.

Grant A: Was the barn built before 1870? Is it large (over 40 x 60-foot)? Was it built with stonewalls? Is it unusual shape? Was it where a first new breed of livestock was introduced or where an important event happened?

Grant B: This incorporates barns not as historic as those in the A category, but the barn must be important to the landscape and community. Many will be eligible for the National Register upon completion of work. Most of these will be rehabilitation grants—smaller grants for foundation, sealing, new roofs, siding, etc.

Considerations include visibility of the barn from public roads and adjoining property uses that may enhance or detract from historic preservation. The barn must be used for agriculture.

The barn must be restored using the same material as when the barn was originally built or at the time of the last major remodeling. The only exception is for roofs. The board will give priority to roofs using the original type of material but will consider other types of roofing in the interest of: 1) cost; 2) exigency of the moment to provide preservation of the structure; and 3) consideration of preference of the property owners. Metal, plastic, masonry, and other materials cannot be used for siding, windows, trim, or other purpose unless such material was originally used. Grants are not made for interior restoration of the barn unless it supports the exterior.

To receive a grant form, please send $5 and a $25 membership to the Iowa Barn Foundation if you are not a current member. Send to: Sherry Gribble, 3109 155th Street, Ft. Atkinson, Iowa 52114, or to Mary Richards, 2201 R Avenue, Jamaica, Iowa 50128. For questions: call Sherry Gribble (866)-575 8483, Sherry.Gribble@vgm.com, or Mary Richards at (515) 386-4750, mrichards@netins.net.

All-State Barn Tour Scheduled

The Iowa Barn Foundation’s annual all-state barn tour is planned for Saturday, September 23 and Sunday, September 24, 2006 from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Barns restored with Iowa Barn Foundation matching grants will be on tour. Also on tour will be barns that have received awards of distinction. Property owners who have received awards of distinction, have restored their barns on their own according to the foundation’s guidelines.

For information on the tour:
www.iowabarnfoundation.org

Hagis-McBroom barn on Highway 169 was restored with all Iowa Barn Foundation matching grant and will be on the September all-state barn tour.
IOWA BARN FOUNDATION MEMBERSHIP

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Floyd Trautman Memorial
Twin County Diary Inc. (John Roethlis, pres.), Kalona
Vandenbush Arnes, Debb and Daniel, Waterloo
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Florence Albright, Osun
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Frank and LaDonna Allen, Ames
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George Archabald, Barb, Wn., Mo.
Kenneth and Janice Augustine, Ames
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Jim and Janice Andresen, Algona
Don Baker, St. Paul
Roger and Angie Baker, Cedar Rapids
Clair and Ann Balfour, Dallas Center
Dyke and Nena Bence, Decorah
Michael and Rochelle Barran, Santa Cruz, Ca.
Dale and Julie Bartlett, Medford
Edwin Bartline II, Marshalltown
Penelope Battaglino, Grinnell
Marion Beatty, Decorah
Virginia Becket, Plainfield
Barbara and Duane Bechtle, Gladbrook
Lorraine and Don Bench, Stuart
Dale & Joyce Bennett, Spencer
Gary and Diane Bennett, Litmer
Patricia Black, Ankeny
Dean Blaisdell, Council Bluffs
Jeremy Bleicher, Council Bluffs
Ruth Booth, Ames
Gordon and Peggy Bonzer, Nashua
Gordon and Peggy Bonzer Barn Repair, Nashua
Bill Bostick, St. Thomas, Virginia Islands
Put Borup, Wellman, in memory of her sister, Grace Berry
Richard Boyce, San Francisco
Karen Bradley, Cedar Rapids
Bob Brammer, Des Moines
Norma Bretha, Marshalltown
Keith and Phyllis Bridgen, Clio
Keith and Barbara Briggs, Grinnell
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David Brustkern, Des Moines
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Fagene Buckmiller
Goldie Buchner, Albuquerque, N.M.
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Robert and Darlene Bursch, Brooklyn Park, Mn.
William and Barbara Buss, Iowa City
Judith Carton, Marshalltown
Dolores Carlson, Storm Lake
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Jay and Marion Crisp, LaPorte City
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William Cummings, Kansas City, Mo.
Arnold and Jo Ellen Cutkon, Columbus Junction
Anthony G. Day, Sacramento, Ca.
Steven Melander-Dayton, Santa Fe, N.M.
J. Mark and Kay Dereck, Pella
E. Sue Dering, Wichita, Ks.
Sallie and Darrell DeRos, Leighton
Gertrude Dieken, Newton, Pa.
Michael & Brenda Doering, Hubbard
Arthur and Norma Doenecke, Eagle Grove
James and Jacqueline Dolen, Ballwin, Mo.
John Dresser, Marshalltown
James and Jeannette Duff, Boone
Teresa and James Durbin, Emmerson
Colleen Durham, Spillville
Dwight Hughes Nursery, Cedar Rapids
Charles and Sharon Eckles, Marshalltown
Dorothy M. Ekstrom, Laurens
Carole Ann Elden, Iowa City
Lori Elistove, Spangler
Melbourne O. Felder, Decorah
Galen and Jo Ann Finley, Messe, Az.
Mary Carol and Jack Fish, Marshalltown
Mary Killean Fitz, Lake Worth, Fl.
Davis and Eunice Folkerts, Knoxville
Jam and Clare Frevert, Nebraska
Norman Frye, Davenport
Daniel Galvin, Sioux City
Scott Garber, Marshalltown
Buford and Bernice Garner, Des Moines
Sherwin Garre, Winterset
Elizabeth Garst, Coon Rapids
Michael Garvin and Bonnie Winslow-Garvin, North Liberty
Gateway Foundation, San Diego, Ca.
Ray and Marian Gerdes, Marshalltown
Steve Gerdes, Houston, Tx.
Carolyn and BrianGeshke, New Hampton
John Godby, Earlham
Kay Graham, Columbus, Oh.
Grenoule Post of American Legion
Jean Marie Hall, Elkader
Robert Halkman, Maquoketa
Nola Hanson, Mingo
Tony Harkins, Cumming
Karen and Jay Harmen, Ames
Robert and Ann Harvey, Ames
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Rod Hassler, Marshalltown
Mary Hays, Des Moines
David Hedget, Houston, Tx.
Dennis and Linda Heffan, Harlan
Mrs. George Hegstrom, Ames
John and Ann Hemminger, Dexter
Edna Heilman, Madison, Indiana
John Helmers Family, Greenville, S.C.
Roger and Joel Ann Heinrichs, Dundee
Russell Helms, Madrid, Iowa
Alma and Karen Hermanson, Story City
Max Henryson, Iowa City
Carl and Marjory Herz, Ames
Tom and Joyce Herzog, Ames
Lance Hester, Davenport
Janette and Robert Hildebrand, Ames
Michael and Nancy Hines, Davenport
Donald and Helen Hodges, League City, Tx.
Joe Holland, Iowa City
Chris and Beth Homester Family, Sioux City, in memory of other Homester
John and Mary Honkomp, Ashton
Jean and John Hornberger, Manning
Robert F. Horak, Jr., and Teresa Horak, Cedar Rapids
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(Marco Pietri, M. Pietri), Kansas City, Mo.
Tom and Elane Lawler, Parkersburg
Joanne Leek, Eugene, Or.
Robert and Alice Lehnheiser, Cedar Falls
Kevan and Patricia Lenfli, Atalissa
Joseph Lengeling
Ted Lemoeker, Dexter
Ruth Liddy (in honor of her 97th birthday, Joanne Lede)
Richard and Marjorie Lind, Ames
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(for Mr. and Mrs. James Balloun, Atlanta, in honor of June 30th birthday)
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John and Jessie Young, Clinton
Linda Zintz, Centerville
Carl Zimmerman, Corning

Due to space limitations, we list only those who have donated $100 or more.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Telephone</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paul Crockett</td>
<td>Minneapolis, Minnesota (Britt)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Mills Dunea</td>
<td>Chicago, Illinois (Des Moines)</td>
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<td>Don Geiger</td>
<td>West Des Moines, Iowa</td>
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<td>Russell Helms</td>
<td>Madrid, Iowa</td>
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<tr>
<td>W.A. Krause</td>
<td>West Des Moines, Iowa</td>
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<tr>
<td>Eugene Lang</td>
<td>Grinnell, Iowa</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tom Lawler</td>
<td>Parkersburg, Iowa</td>
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<td>Joe Lyon</td>
<td>Toledo, Iowa</td>
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<tr>
<td>Robert (Bill) Sackett</td>
<td>Milford, Iowa</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jacqueline Andre Schmeal</td>
<td>Houston, Texas (Ames)</td>
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<td>Joyce Lund Mears</td>
<td>LeClaire, Iowa</td>
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<td>Maggie O'Rourke</td>
<td>Earlham, Iowa</td>
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<td>Craig Pfantz</td>
<td>State Center, Iowa</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paul Ramsey</td>
<td>Newport Beach, California (Des Moines)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joe Whitty</td>
<td>Bettendorf, Iowa</td>
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<td>Carl Zurborg</td>
<td>Davenport, Iowa</td>
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Iowa’s countryside is being uplifted as property owners rehabilitate their barns. We hope you will be a part of this all-volunteer effort.

__$10,000  _$5000  _$2500  _$1000  _$500  _$100  _$25  _Other

So that all of our funds can go into barn rehabilitation, we do not send out reminders. The semi-annual magazine is the reminder. All of our donations go into barn restoration. With this issue, labels include donation information. If you donated in 2003, it will be indicated by “03”. If you have donated for multiple years, that will be indicated as “02-03-0”. The magazines are expensive to publish. If you have not donated, this could be your last issue.

You can also help the Iowa Barn Foundation by volunteering. We need grant writers, helpers with all-state barn tours, the State Fair, and fund-raisers. Maybe you have skill that would help this effort.

If you would like more information, please call Jacqueline Schmeal at (505) 988-5917 or e-mail: jschmeal@earthlink.net

Please make checks payable to Iowa Barn Foundation and send: c/o Community Bank, Box 436, Nevada Iowa 50201.

If we have incorrect address information or if you’d like to add friends to our mailing list, please notify Ann Harvey, 2002 Cessna, Ames, 50014 (515) 292-9104; ach2002@aol.com

The Iowa Barn Foundation is an Iowa non-profit corporation with tax-exempt status under paragraph 501 (c) 3 of the Internal Revenue Code of 1986.

Visit us on the web at [www.iowabarnfoundation.org](http://www.iowabarnfoundation.org)
c/o Community Bank
Box 436
Nevada, Iowa 50201