THE UNION CAMPGROUND

Disbursements None

October 6, 2005

Balance June 1, 2005 $3,708.94

Balance, Oct. 6, 2005 $4,463.94

Respectfully submitted,  
Pansy Harvey, Treasurer

UNION CAMPGROUND  
CEMETERY ASSOCIATION  
TREASURERS REPORT

Total Receipts

Please Join Us In  
Celebrating the  
80th Birthday 
of  
Jean Rayl  
Sunday, November 13, 2005  
2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. 

Central Christian Church  
1475 N. Washington  
Springfield, MO 

The honor of your presence 
would be the most 
meaningful gift.

UNION CAMPGROUND  
CEMETARY ASSOCIATION  
TREASURERS REPORT

October 6, 2005

Balance June 1, 2005 $3,708.94

Receipts:  
Dues $520.00  
Sign Rent 150.00  
Donation 85.00

Total Receipts 755.00

Total Receipts & Bal. $4,463.94

Disbursements None

Balance, Oct. 6, 2005 $4,463.94

Respectfully submitted,  
Pansy Harvey, Treasurer

A MOMENT IN HISTORY

THE JEFFRIES FAMILY

The Jeffries family migrated from Virginia to Greene County, Tennessee, where they stayed for a short time before coming to Greene County, Missouri. The exact date is unknown, although William W. Jeffries purchased an acreage as early as April 1840.

On 17 August 1848 in Greene County, Missouri, William W. married Elmira Elizabeth Messicks. The Messicks had previously been acquainted with the Jeffries in Tennessee and some of their family accompanied the Jeffries to Missouri.

Tax records and other documents reveal the Jeffries, along with 17 slaves, worked a farm located southeast of Union Campground Cemetery. Originally, William had acquired 40 acres on 6 April 1840 in Township 30, Range 20, Section 21. Later, he purchased 56.86 acres in Township 29, Range 20, Section 6 on 12 January 1851. The 1904 Plat Book of Greene of Greene County has William W. Jeffries owning property in Township 29, Range 21, Sections 2, 3. Corn was the largest crop (paying taxes at one time on more than 300 bushels), but they also harvested grains and other produce, raised beef cattle, cows for milking, and harvested honey from 3 beehives.

All their children were born in Greene County, Missouri. The census of 1870 lists: William age 45, Elmira age 40, Virginia 19, Laura 12, Mary 9, Robert 4, Sarah 2, Nathaniel 4/12, William 20, Anna 20, George 23 and Matilda Messicks 20. The Greene County 1880 census: William age 54, Elmira A. 50, Robert L. 14, Mary S. 19, Sara E. 12, Nathaniel 10, Emma F 8 and J.A 2.

Family genealogy also records the births of John Thomas (died at age 4) and an infant son born in 1864 (death the same day). Note: Beatrice Taylor of Springfield, Missouri, a descendant of William and Elmira, states that two infants of the family are buried in Union Campground Cemetery. Only three tombstones belonging to the Jeffries family have been found: William W. Jeffries
B: 30 Oct. 1825  
D: 7 Oct. 1896  
Masonic Symbol

Elmira E.A. Jeffries
B: 7 May 1830  
D: 9 July 1902  
Age 72

Joseph A. Jeffries
B: 20 Apr. 1878  
D: 5 June 1907 (stone toppled into grave of Mary A. Looney)

A newspaper account of Elmira’s death appeared in the Springfield Missouri Republican 10 July 1902:  
“Mrs. Elmira E.A. Jeffries, Widow of the late W. W. Jeffries, died at 1 o’clock yesterday morning at her home, six miles northeast of the city. She was 72 years of age. The funeral will take place at Union Camp burying ground.”

The Republican Newspaper, 6 June 1907, gives an account of Joseph’s death, saying he was shot and killed with burial to be in Union Cemetery.  
Prepared by:  
Cynthia Jeffries Davison, Great, Great, Great granddaughter of William and Elmira Jeffries.

Happy 80th Birthday to Jean Rayl  
Pansy Harvey
Harvest
by
Vera K. Chandler

Persimmons and sassafras perfume the early fall air. Walnuts and hickory nuts are falling fast.

Fall has always been a favorite season for farmers; the grain bins stocked full for winter feed with some oats and wheat saved back for spring planting.

Have you ever wondered how those farms around Union Campground managed before the threshing machine was invented? Manpower could handle the cutting and binding the bundles for the shocks in the field. The shockers were quick to holler should the one tripping out the bundles from the binder machine lose count (seven for each shock, I think it was to be).

Neighbors would appear with mattress-sized straw ticks to be filled from the leftover straw.

Not to forget the empty corn crib to be filled. No fancy corn picking machines in those days. Yes, it was a long haul from those grains of corn the old-time corn planter dropped in the ground to these big ears of yellow corn. If the planter skipped, and no sprout came up, it had to be replanted. All over the field the replanter walked.

In a good crop year, those corn stalks grew tall. A team of horses pulled a wagon through the corn fields when the ears were just right for picking. A farm hand on each side of the wagon could easily handle two rows. That left the so-called “down row” the wagon had knocked over for some unfortunate to get those ears on the wagon. When I arrived on the scene after World War II, they would cheer me on, saying it was “good exercise.”

Then the silo must be filled to the brim. One corn field was saved for this. It was amazing to watch those experienced corn cutters with two foot knives rhythmically slashing the fodder from just above the ground. Next, the loaded wagons headed for the chopper, placed just so, to blow all that through the chute attached to the top of the tall silo—good winter cow feed.

Now, in those old, scarce money days, it was loose hay for the barn loft we managed, rather than bales.

With a good season, although two cuttings were already stored and the third might have to be stacked, it was better to keep it all under roof, if possible.

For this operation it was my job to watch for the first wagon to crest the hill from the bottom land. The big hay fork picked up a great mouthful and a team pulled it to the other end of the hay loft and emptied it. After this step, the fork must be pulled back manually on its ropes for another mouthful.

This was all hard work and low pay! Many neighbors swapped work to get it done. The benefit of those long days was a good noon dinner (and sometimes supper, too), rather than coming back to finish the next day.

The Village Smithy

The village blacksmith often practiced his trade under less than desirable conditions. Perhaps a crude log structure served as his place of business. Here, iron shoes were made for animals plus a large assortment of agricultural items: latches, chains, axe blades, plows, shovels, scythes, sickles, hoes and lanterns for barns. In addition, he created household necessities such as pots, candleholders, hooks and door hinges.

To accomplish his many tasks, a blacksmith required an open hearth, raised from the floor, called a forge. The forge was made from bricks because bricks could withstand intense heat. The forge contained a fire which created the heat. As the blacksmith worked the hot iron he could change its shape by pounding it with a hammer. At night he took care to not let the fire die down. The next morning he would stoke the coals and blow air on them.

In order to have a strong surface to pound the iron and form it into various tools and utensils, the blacksmith used an anvil. It was a heavy iron block, weighing as much as several hundred pounds. It was essential that the block would not easily move, so it was set in the deep hole to prevent this from happening. To cool down a piece of iron, the blacksmith would plunge the object into water several times to give it strength. Sometimes he would become so specialized in a certain area, he earned the title of gunsmith or locksmith.

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For a number of years, the Valley Water Mill community had a blacksmith by the name of Joe Trout. He lived up the hill from the lake, and his blacksmith shop was at the rear of his house in a shed-like building. He also had a caretaker responsibilities around the lake and dam, faithfully performing duties assigned to him. From all reports, he was friendly, dedicated and well-respected.

Prepared by:
Jean Rayl

Resource material:
The Blacksmith
by: Bobbie Kalman
Crabtree Publishing Company
Published 2002

DUES
Just a reminder that it is time to pay dues. By supporting your Association, you make it possible to print and mail the newsletter and to maintain the cemetery. Make checks payable to Mrs. Pansy Harvey, 3822 E. State Hwy AA, Springfield, MO 65803. Dues are $15.00 for a single person or $25.00 for any two persons. The check should be made to: Union Campground Cemetery Association.
Greetings from the President:

It's hard to believe that Fall harvest time is already upon us! This year has really flown by, and it's time to reflect a little on what has gone on this year for the association. We've seen access to the cemetery improved greatly with the addition of the woodchip covered trail to the cemetery from Valley Watermill Road. The next phase of improvements will be mostly within the boundary of the cemetery, with fallen trees to be cut up/removed, brush to be cleared, stones to be straightened or (in some cases) stood back up, etc.... What at first seems to be a formidable array of tasks, we will be able to accomplish, one step at a time. One bit of encouragement for the project is the offer of a Missouri State University professor to bring a class of students out for a work day at the cemetery in early April. We also plan to hire some of the work done, and along with our own continued volunteerism (which has been the backbone of the success of our group thus far) we will see much improvement in the year to come. If you can help, even with the loan a few tools when the students come to help, I am sure 2006 will be a good year for us also. We hope to see you at our next meeting, which will be upon us quick as a wink, I suspect. Once again, thinking of how time flies, just ask two of the hard working board members of the association, Jean Rayl and Pansy Harvey, about how time flies. Both recently turned eighty, and while perhaps not the oldest members of our association, perhaps two of the “spunkiest”?! Congratulations, ladies, on reaching that milestone! And congratulations, and thank you, to the rest of the board and all of our members, on a great year. God bless you, and keep you! Robb

Mark your calendar for the 2006 Annual Meeting on the first Saturday in June 2006
June 3, 2006