

A COLLECTION OF MEMORIES FROM "OUR FAMILY HISTORY"

By Laura Maria Rosburg Kouba

My Dad, Wilhelm Fredrich Rosburg, came to America in 1855 when he was 19 years old, with his 17-year-old brother, Henry. They had an older brother, Christian, who had come over earlier and lived in Davenport, Iowa. They worked in Davenport awhile and then moved to Clayton County. Later at Clairemont, Fayette County, he met and was married to Maria Nieland on October 31, 1863 by the Rev. Stokfield.

My Mom, Maria Dorothea Nieland was 7 in 1854 when she came to America with her parents. She said that when the family came to the United States that Grandpa Nieland's brother went overboard from the ship. The Captain of the ship said that if another person lost a pail while dipping water, he'd 'halfto' pay. So he tied the rope around himself and it took him with it! They never saw anything of him after that. It took them 14 weeks to cross the Atlantic Ocean. Mary had very little schooling after coming to the United States. She worked for a Lutheran minister's family when she was a little older.

My Dad was drafted into the Union Army on October 5, 1864. (28 years old) He was a member of Company B, 13th Regiment of Iowa and was honorably discharged at Louisville, Kentucky on July 21, 1865. He served under General Sherman on the march from Atlanta to the sea! He had just started building a wagon maker shop in Girard, Clayton County, Iowa, when two men came to serve papers on him that he had been drafted to serve in the Civil War.

After the war. Grandpa and Grandma Nieland came to Benton County in a covered wagon. They bought and settled on a farm 2 miles North and 1-1/2 mile East of Luzerne, Iowa.

The oldest child of William and Mary Rosburg, Emma Wilhemine Lisetta, was born August 14, 1864 and died October 1865.

Mother was 40 years old when I was born on February 24, 1887. Mother was 47 years old when Esther Augusta was born on July 17, 1894. I was baptized April 8, 1887 (6 weeksold) at the St. Paul's Lutheran church in Luzerne by Rev. Philip Studt. His son, Martin, married my sister (Mary) Mayme.

Emil Sr. was baptized in 18 87 when he was 10 years old at the 'White School' South of Luzerne. Services were held there each Sunday by a travelling 'circuit rider' minister who served several churches.

My Dad's brother, Christian had general store in Keystone, Iowa. He moved his house from Luzerne to Keystone. (About 6 miles!) In Luzerne, it was located on the lot we built our stucco house. Later both brothers moved West. Christian to the state of Washington where he founded the town of Rosburg. (ERK: I think he selected this location to be in competition with the fur trading post at Astoria, Oregon which was just across the Columbia River from Rosburg.) Henry moved to Seattle, Washington, where he raised his family.

William Rosburg had a wagon maker shop in Luzerne from 1870 to 1900 when he retired (at age 64).

On December 12, 1911, William Rosburg, his 10 children, their spouses and grandchildren celebrated his 75th birthday, all coming home for the event. Chas. Rosburg and wife, Ella, from Iowa Falls, Iowa. Wm. F. Rosburg, wife and children from Elkton, South Dakota. The rest of the families were from in and around Luzerne. He just had the house wired for electricity so he had all the lights on from cellar to garret. A big day for all.

They also raised a girl, Lisetta Blumke. Her parents both died a few weeks apart of pneumonia. Mother said that they divided the children at the grave of her Mother. (Uncle Martin's folks took one also.) Others took one

or two. Lisetta married August Grimm and lived and died at Rutland, Iowa.

On October 31, 1913, William and Mary Rosburg celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary at their home in Luzerne, which they rebuilt in 1900, they had lived there 45 of the 50 years. All the children, son-in-laws, daughter-in-laws and most of the grandchildren were home for the big day. The children presented the Father with a gold-headed cane and the Mother with a gold wedding ring plus a set of Haviland china dishes. They started out in Clayton County, then in Blairstown for a short time, then moved North of Luzerne. In 1868, they finally came to Luzerne where they lived until Mother passed away on July 7, 1927.

On my 25th birthday (Feb 24, 1912) Mother, Father, brothers and sisters gave me a surprise and came in the evening to our house on 'Main Street' to celebrate my birthday.

Esther was married to Arthur Welterlen of Edgewood at the Harry Hartung home in Van Horne on Sept. 12, 1917. This was just before Arthur was called into service in World War I.

On New Year's Day 1928, we celebrated our 20th wedding anniversary. Marcella was 8 years old.

On Thursday, March 21, 1929 Emil Rosburg Kouba Jr. was born in Luzerne.

Aunt Rose and Uncle Charles Van Deusen celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary at their home in Van Horn on January 24, 1934. The next year on the same day we buried Uncle Charles. (January 24, 1935.)

We had many family gatherings at the folks house and among their children on Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's and special days.

Two of Emil Kouba Sr's brothers died very young. Joseph was killed accidentally with a shotgun and Karl Paul died with the measles. Five other infant children died and were buried in Bohemia (Europe) before they emigrated.

Emil Kouba, our Dad was lost off a load of merchandise while moving from one farm South of Luzerne to another. He was about a year old and when they got to the new place, the man on the wagon noticed that he was missing, so they went back. They found him playing in the snow. He had fallen off the load and was not missed for awhile! Peter Kouba (Dad's Dad) was a hotel operator in Velka Lhota, Moravia, which is now Czechoslovakia. He and his wife, Frances Loyka came to America in 1870. He was 37 and she was 35 years old.

The following are some memories Leora Sauerteig had of my Mom, Laura Kouba...ERK

In later years when Mom was living in Luzerne by herself after Dad died, almost every week Leora would take her and Meta Buch, a former grade school classmate of hers, to Belle Plaine on grocery shopping expeditions. They would sit in the back seat and reminisce on the 4-mile journey there and back while Leora drove them like a chauffeur. Each of them would independently go through the store and then meet again back at Leora's car. One time though, Laura and Meta got back before Leora did, so they got in what they thought was her car. It turned out to belong to an older gentleman, who was quite surprised to find them there. You can imagine the snickers and giggles that erupted when they realized what they had done, and exited his car very much in a hurry!

Another time Mom noticed that they were parked on Main street in front of a millinery shop and although she wanted to buy a new hat she was too tired to go in to buy it. Leora offered to go in and bring several out, along with a hand mirror. She found one she liked, so she sent Leora back in the shop with the mirror, the rest of the hats, and a check to pay for the one she selected. Leora said that was quite an unusual shopping spree for her.

(From HISTORY by Jim Thoma)

one of the many poems that she wrote. "Early to bed and early to rize, till you make enough money to do other-wise." She was an avid record and scrapbook keeper. Many of these scrapbooks contain poetry that she wrote throughout her life. She kept record books or journals for almost every day of her life. She kept her sense and mind up until the day of her death. In fact, she finished writing checks on her way to the hospital."

(The following is a poem she told us Christmas 1961. - Emil Jr.)

I'd like to read to you a poem written by my brother,
who has just graduated with high honors from the county jail.
and it reads as follows:

He stood at the bar of justice,
Sober, but with a jag.
He chewed upon a toothpick.
While his lawyers chewed the rag.

They placed on his shoulders many a crime.
So many his back was bent.
For they say he robbed the cheese works.
And stole out every scent.

Silence! yelled the grey-haired judge.
The court yelled silence too.
And everyone yelled silence.
Until silence filled the place.
Then somebody woke the jury up.
With a good hard slap on the face.

"Is he guilty or not?", the judge he cried.
'Guilty!', the foreman said'.
And the verdict was that he be hung Three times, until he's dead.

"Oh mercy. Oh mercy!", the prisoner cried.
"See, I'm on my knees".
And a voice cried out, "Vouch, he is innocent!" And in rolled a case of
cheese.

So never run down limburger.
Just stop and consider please.
You never may know when your life may be saved. By a poor little piece of
cheese!