

Dec 1989

MEMORIES  
of  
Irene Marchand Alig

Compiled by ELAINE K.

In 1951 Mom (Irene Marchand Alig) made a trip to Iowa to trace the Streb family. They all centered about 10-15 miles South of Iowa City in Riverside, Lone Tree, and Hills, and are buried at Riverside and as near as I can figure a Cemetery in the Country next to St. Stanislaus Church.

She described the St. Stanislaus Church as having a large mounted bell with the inscription "St. Stanislaus 1863". She wrote "I presume that was the year the bell was dedicated. The bell is rung by pulling on a long chain that is attached to a wheel at the side. It is locked in some manner, but I was determined to hear the sound of that bell. So I took hold of the chain and gave it a swack, and the tone of that bell to me was something beautiful - a tone that is rarely heard. It really tugs at your heart strings. I do not know the composition of the Bell - it could have been brass."

(Still more quote) " This is August 1951. They were getting ready to put a new fence around and two new gates were resting on the side of the church. The church on the inside seemed very crude to me; they have a statue of the Blessed Virgin on the altar and also some plain framed pictures of stations, a place for confession, and the bell at the altar steps that is usually rung at three principal parts of the Mass. It was really something to see. I am sure it did not miss being 100 years old. There was also a loft for the choir. The priest from Hills, Iowa takes care of this church and he says Mass here when there are five Sundays in a month or every fifth Sunday, and the church is filled. People who are from Hills, Ia. are buried here at this cemetery. There is a church at Hills, but I don't recall seeing it. The Church and some of the tombstones have been here many years." (End quote)

Mom's great grandmother, Marguerita Streb is buried there. She then went on to say that her great grandfather remarried and he and his wife were buried in the Riverside Cemetery. She did not say what their two names were.

She went on to say that her Grandfather Peter Streb went to school at St. Stanislaus. (Quoting again) "It was used as a school and also as a church. So you may know it is old -goes back many years. Uncle George (Streb, I presume) told me that when my mother (Ida) was quite small she and two boys sneaked into this church and played the organ." (end quote)

Her (Irene) Grandfather Peter Streb had four sisters and four brothers. One sister was Anna Beatch and live mostly in Saskatchewan Canada or as she said wheat country, so must have started out as farmers.

Eva Streb married Micael Waldschmidt, and their children were double cousins as Eva was a sister of her grandfather and Michael was a brother of her grandmother. She mentioned four children. Louis, who she knew very well, Leona who was living in Lone Tree, Ia. and

Norbert, the youngest who was a clerk in the Riverside Bank. She also mentioned three girls, who as near as I can figure out were daughters of a fourth brother, George.

There is a picture somewhere of these three girls who are (I'm quoting again) " Three of her daughters are our third cousins. All three are nuns, Marie the oldest taught in Council Bluffs two years; Laura is a missionary sister in Haiti and Edna is in California. These girls' Mother married George Waldschmidt a brother of Louis. She died when they were babies. George remarried, and had a large family. He died a number of years back - ate chicken, a small bone lodged in his throat."

Another sister of her Grandfather Streb's was Catherine, who never married and is buried at Riverside.

Elizabeth Dunn (the fourth sister) had "two sons, Martin, an engineer on the C & A between Bloomington and Chicago, and Bert who is a plumber in St. Paul, Minn." Elizabeth lived in Bloomington, IL and is buried there. She and Mrs. Martin Dunn attended Mom & Dad's wedding.

There was a brother Frank who had four daughters, for which there are no names, and two sons Jack and Bill Streb. Frank's wife died when Bill was born.

A brother Henry is buried at St. Stanislaus, was married and left a wife who later married a man named Henry Droll. Mom said she knew her when she was 80, that she was now deceased. She had given her a hanky with some lace she had tatted and Mom (Irene) still had it.

There was also a brother Martin who was a Sheriff in Colorado. "He went out to get a prisoner and later they found his team and buggy and he was found dead. It is not known how he met his death, but considering the wild and wooly West, one can imagine. His son was made Sheriff and he too was picked off." Martin is buried somewhere in Colorado.

Her Grandfather (Peter) Streb had a fourth brother, Conrad, and this is what she wrote. "Grandfather Streb had a farm in Riverside and Conrad talked him into going to Hastings, Nebraska and raise wheat. One good year and they would have been rich, but they had hail, grasshoppers, and fire. They farmed with oxen and everything went against them, so they returned in a covered wagon. Grandfather picked up typhoid and died after 13 days illness, leaving my Grandmother with 7 children. Conrad and family run a canning factory near the Ozarks in Missouri many years ago." End of quote) Mom thinks he is buried somewhere in Missouri.

Mom (Irene) went on to say "My Mother (Ida - who she called Maw, as I recall) the eldest was 13 and Uncle George the youngest was two years old. Grandma was unable to hang on to the farm, so life was anything but pleasant all the way around. Although everyone helped her and she was getting along. After Grandfather died at the age of 37 years, our Grandmother lived in the St. Stanislaus parish house that was intended for the Church."

(Still quoting) "Grandma's brother. John Waldschmidt, a bachelor, coaxed her to come to Illinois and keep house for him, and of course made his letter sound as if honey and milk was plentiful in Illinois. She was one year with her brother, John, and then there was trouble on account of the children. So the family got scattered here and there." End quote)

Of course, most of us remember Uncle George and Uncle Charlie, who lived as bachelors in Metamora. I almost forgot about Uncle Mike who also lived with them. Aunt Sophia must have married another brother. The rest of this history will need to be filled in by someone that knows more than I. Mom (Irene) did say she didn't know if there were even more brothers and sisters of her Grandfather Peter Streb.

ENTER MICHAEL MARCHAND - born in Reiding? France May 23, 1861

Michael Marchand received his Citizenship papers in Livingston County (Pontiac) on December 3, 1887 from Presiding Judge R.R. Wallace. His sponsors were Peter Meyer and Joseph Klein, and he had been in the United States for at least five years and in Illinois at least one year. He agreed to renounce all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state and sovereignty whatever and particularly to William Emperor of Germany. The paper was signed by Alvin Wait, County Clerk.

Michael Marchand married Ida K. Streb on October 27, 1891 and they had Irene (Alig), Hyacinth, Desire, Arvilla (Cler), Thrasilla (Koch), Hilda (Koch), both Koch's were brothers, Elsie (Agatha Waldschmidt), and Gerald.

Michael Marchand was a farmer and then a mason, and was doing well in Metamora until he died June 3, 1917 from pneumonia and left Ida a widow when Irene was 15 years of age.

Following are excerpts from some letters written to Irene during World War I. These were written only one year after Michael Marchand died. Were they drafted into the military or did they volunteer to help keep food on the table?

From Uncle Desire written June 9, 1918 all sent to Irene (Dear Sister)

I just got back from church. We had church outside. This is the first time I have been to church for two or three Sundays. As soon as we get out of quarantine (influenza, I would guess) we can go to the Yamca (YMCA, I think) for church. We have about five days and then we will be out of quarantine and can go where we feel like. We will go to town then. We had an awful rain the other day, water ran through our tents. They will move us to better barrick about Thursday.

The weather is surley nice here nice sun shine. It is pretty cool here at night. We have drilling everyday. I am getting to like it pretty good. We are off everyday at three o'clock, Saturday afternoon and Sunday all day. We have pretty good eats



some days and some days not so good. Last Sunday we had potatoes, lettuce, radishes, onions, ice cream and cake. You asked me what became of my suit. I can tell you better when I come home some time. We were rushed to death at Jefferson Barricks that everything went to H. I am feeling pretty good now, have a little trouble with my stomach wance in awhile. Lucas Hicks came to see me last night. He said he seen our names in the paper and started to look us up. We have been here about ten days and seems funny we did not run across each other before this. He looks the same as always but braced himself up some. We got another shot in the arm yesturday. My arm don't harley heart any atall. I wish you would send me some smoking. It seems like it is a hard job to get any here. Tell Maw I said she should not kill herself aworking. Hyacinth is a feeling pretty good. We see each other pretty neared everyday. I washed my clothes all yesterday. We have a kind of a poor sistem to wash our clothes, but they dry fast here for the sun is so hot. Did Frank Walden ever say wether he got a check from the insurance company or not. If he did not send me the address of the insurance company and I will write and tell them what I think about them.

I wish we had the Metamora paper to look at wance in a while, but I guess it will cost to much to send it to us. My address is 302 Cavalry Troop K Douglas, Arizona. The name of the camp is Harry J. Jones. Excuse poor writing. Tell Georald I said hello to him.

From Desire on July 2, 1918 - 302 Cavalry Troop K, Douglas, Ariz.

I thought I would write and let you know that I received your check and two boxes. I was surley tickled to death to get them. I surley didnt think you knowed it was my birthday. I surley thought about it. I guess you thought I had a lot of nerve to tell you to send me that check right a way. We have not had pay day here yet. Maybe some time this week.

We are going to have two big water mellowns tonight. One of the boys went to get them I guess. We got our Rifels Monday. We are curring horses today for the first time. I don't know how soon we will get our horses, but they are on the road acoming.

Tell Maw I said she should not kill herself aworking. Tell Georald I send him a kiss.

From Desire - July 20, 1918

We were down town Friday night and got our horses. We did not get back till the next morning at four o'clock. I have not had very much sleep for the last night or two.

Put neared all of the boys got poisoned here. They had some kind of oil on the ropes. It surley fixed me up. I got it all over my face and hands. It surley burn like hell. My face is going to peal all off. I was over to the doctors about three or four times and had some medicine put on it. But it did not do me a darn bit of good. Was over to the doctor this morning and was treated again.

They are surley working us now getting our place filled up for our horses. I got some of the rags you sent Hyacinth. We are having base ball here every Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Our team has won every game so far. We have to go to ever one we dont get no time for no nothing.

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From Desire on Nov. 24, 1918      National War Work Council  
   ARMY AND NAVY  
   Young Men's Christian Association  
   Camp Kearny, California

Will try and answer your letters which I received this week. I received your box of pop corn and my watch this morning. The pop corn sure was good was just as nice when it got here as if it had just come out of the oven.

Well all that interests us now is to know how soon we will get to go home. All we talk about now is to go home. It seems like we can harley weight till they muster us out. I sure would like to be home for Christmas but dont know how soon we will get out of here.

I got an order from headquarters this morning and it said that Uncle Sam was going to let us have all our under clothes and stockings to keep so that will be pretty nice. The flu has started to break out here again that sure beats the dickens. They had 75 cases again and I am afraid they will quarantine the camp till after pay day. I and Hyacinth are figuring on going to town and get us a deason pair of shoes.

While I think about it I want to ask you how many inlotments have you got since I have been in the army. I and Hyacinth are still well. Sure was glad to here that the kids were all well again. Pvt. Desire S. Marchand 29 Trench Mortor Batt Camp Kerny Calif. Hoping to be home soon with yous all. Write soon.

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Letter from Hyacinth Marchand - July 16, 1920 - Claflin, Kansas

Dear Sister: I received your letter Wed. and the pictures. This is Fri. and had a big rain last night so can not thresh today. We started to thresh Wed. the wheat is good here this year. Tues night had a big wind storm and blew off a lot of the stack tops. I do not know how long I will be out here maybe until the bundles are threshed unless they want me to help on stack threshing. I would like to make the potato and sugar beet harvest in Colorado. It is not so very far from here to Colorado.

I am still working for Mr. Reichubers brother-in-law (H. Huslig) South of here. They are nice people, feel at home here. They always do my washing.

This must be still the wild West where they travel in covered wagons like Ma used to say they did. See a lot of families travel in covered wagons here with little stove in some of them maybe they haul all their earthly posessions in one or two wagons for

all I know and have one or two extra horses and a 3½ wheeled buggy tied on behind and a water bucket and lantern tied under the wagon.

I hear some coyotes most every night, lot of Jack rabbits and cotton tails out here, plenty of snakes and grasshoppers. The hoppers nearly ate the cork off my water jug the other day and there was only water in it. Lot of wild doves here too.

Well Mr. Reichuber is going to come after me this morning yet and have me and Frank Heininger help him fix his stacks that the wind blew off, so will have to get ready to go to work soon. That is all right. I want all the long green I can get.

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Metamora Herald Article - no date-

CPL. GERALD MARCHAND ARRIVES HOME FROM PACIFIC LAST SUNDAY.

Cp. Gerald Marchand, who served with the 708th Amphibious Tank Battalion and was in four major operations and three invasions on islands in the Pacific, reached home last Sunday after receiving his discharge at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. Gerald was last stationed at Leyte for 40 days, leaving there on Nov. 14, one of 4,000 eager home-bound soldiers aboard the USS Admiral U. Rodman. He landed at San Francisco November 27.

He entered service April 1, 1942 and after more than 20 months of training left for overseas in the Pacific on Dec. 24, 1943. His Battalion was based in the Hawaiian Islands and operated from there for a year. Three invasions in which he took part later were in the Marshalls (Islands), Saipan and Ie Shima and later Oku Shima, Okinawa and the Philippines. He was in the Phillipines twice, first for a preparation for the Ie Shima assault, and later for a period of almost three months, then to Leyte. Though he was in plenty of dangerous spots Gerald was never injured, in which he considers himself very fortunate.

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Short article in Metamora Herald - probably late '40's or early '50's

(Genevieve and I (Elaine) were in charge of running the house while Mom worked and she and I tangled many times. I'm not sure how long she worked at Dorsey's job, but it seemed like a long time.)

"Dorsey McLaughlin, machine operator in the Herald office has been off duty this wiik because of an infected left hand, the infection resulting from a severe burn in the palm of the hand last week. Mrs. Theodore Alig, the former Miss Irene Marchand, who was machine operator in The Herald office some years ago, has kindly given her assistance in getting out this issue of The Herald, and after a few hour's practice was able to operate the machine with the same facility as years ago. Wednesday evening Mr. McLaughlin was taken to St. Francis hospital and submitted to a major operation for another ailment that has been troubling him for some time.

IRENE MARCHAND IS BRIDE OF THEO. ALIG

St. Mary's was the scene of a pretty wedding Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock when two well known and highly esteemed young people, Miss Irene Marchand, daughter of Mrs. Ida K. Marchand of Metamora, and Theodore Alig, son of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Alig of Washington, were united at nuptial high mass in the presence of a large assembly of relatives and admiring friends.

The fair May day, perfumed by the blossoms of budding summer, lent charm no less pleasing than the beautiful scene enacted within the church as the wedding party entered to the strains of a march, Mrs. Ruth Wagner presiding at the organ, and took places before the altar. Rev. Father Caesar, the pastor, officiated and celebrated the nuptial high mass. Rev. Father J. H. Fennen, pastor at Washington, occupied a place in the sanctuary and Rev. Father Kerrins of Peoria was among the guests attending.

The bride was a picture of loveliness in a soft white gown fashioned with a tight fitting bodice of satin crepe and silk lace, and skirt in bouffant style hanging gracefully in uneven hem line. An embroidered pattern veil was fitted with a coronet of pearls and rhinestones. She carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses.

Miss Elsie Marchand, sister of the bride, was maid of honor and charmingly pretty in a gown of pink taffeta. Her arm bouquet was of pinks and carnations. The bridesmaids were Miss Leona Alig, of Washington, sister of the groom, and Miss Helen Noonon of Peoria, intimate friend of the bride, Miss Alig wearing a maize colored taffeta gown and Miss Noonon's gown being of Nile green taffeta. Both wore corsages of sweet peas. Irene Waldschmidt, ring bearer and Waverly Koch, flower girl were daintily dressed in pink crepe de Chene, trimmed with ruffles. The groom wore the conventional dark blue serge. Prosper Alig, cousin of the groom, and Gerald Marchand, brother of the bride were grooms-men, both wearing dark suits.

During the recital of the marriage service and accompanying the singing of the mass by the choir, violin music was furnished by a friend of the young people, and as an offertory, Miss Helen Volz sang Ave Maria.

A reception and wedding dinner followed the service, at the home of the bride's mother. Besides the wedding party and local relatives were present Rev. Father Caesar of Metamora, Rev. Father Fennen and Mr. and Mrs. John M. Alig of Washington, Rev. Father Kerrins, Miss Sadie Burke, Mrs. Maggie Klein, Mrs. Leander Waldschmidt and daughters, Loretta and Irene, and son Lawrence, of Peoria; Mrs. E. W. Dunn and Mrs. Martin Dunn of Bloomington; Mrs. Thrasilla Koch and children of Benson.



The color scheme in the home was pink and white, the dining room and table being decorated in crepe paper and carnations, while the table centerpiece was a large angel food cake.

The bride and groom have departed on a two weeks honeymoon, visiting at different points in Iowa. On their return they will take up their residence in this vicinity, the groom being engaged in farming.

Both young people enjoy the high regard of all in the community, having grown to maturity here, the groom moving to Washington a few years ago with his parents, and since having been engaged in farming in Kansas and in this vicinity. He is a model young man. Mrs. Alig, after finishing her schooling was a valued employe in the office of The Metamora Herald for a number of years and here proved her worth. She has recently been employed in Peoria. No more deserving couple have begun life together. They have the best wishes of all.

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Letter from St. Mary's Church, Metamora, Illinois

November 25, 1966

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Theodore Alig, Sr., and Family,

At long last we have received the invoice for the new Baptismal Font which you have donated to your church. The total cost was \$280.25.

Again our congregation and the Fathers are very pleased with this useful and attractive addition to the furnishings of our church, and it will give evidence of your generosity for many years to come.

There is no hurry at all. However, we are enclosing a self-addressed envelope for your convenience.

Sincerely and thankfully,

(signed) Fr. Raphael L. Clouse, OFM