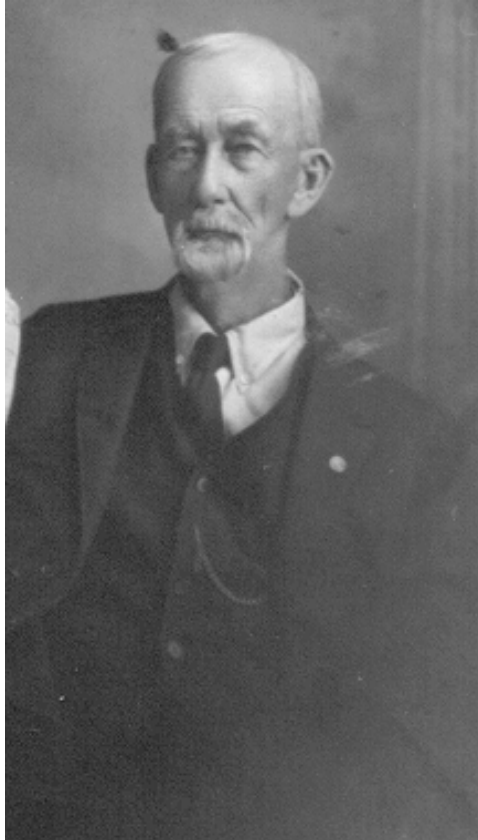


Biography of



Robert Campbell Ives
April 04, 1841 - March 30, 1925

By Nancy Ives Knab

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Early Life in Michigan

Robert Campbell Ives was born 4 Apr 1841 in Bellevue, Eaton County, Michigan to Harriet Newell Campbell and Ashley Elisha Ives. He was the third son. His older brothers were Charles and Erastus. In 1845 Robert's little sister Esther was born, but died sixteen days later. Then in 1846 a sister Emma was born.

Robert grew up on the rich wheat and cornfields of his father's farmstead in Eaton County, surrounded by aunts, uncles and cousins. His father's brother, Lewis Lyon Ives, was married to his mother's sister Catherine Campbell and lived on a neighboring farm. Grandfather Robert Campbell's farm was sandwiched in between the two Ives homesteads.

Three siblings of Harriet and Catherine lived nearby: Samuel Campbell and his wife Esther French farmed down the road; Martha Campbell and her husband Henry Judd lived in Eaton County; and Esther Campbell and her husband Denton Mott lived in an adjoining county. Elisha and Lewis's sister Abbey Ann Ives, and her husband Charles Hanchett, lived 16 miles away.

Farm life was difficult for women, men, and children alike. The work was hard, physical, back-breaking labor. Robert worked the fields with his father and two brothers, Charles and Erastus, while his mother and sister Emma ran the house. The survival of the Ives family depended on success of their crops and sustainable good health of each family member. Forever at the mercy of the weather, fires, insects, molds and other crop diseases, they were unable to predict the outcome of their labors while they themselves were at risk from infectious diseases such as diphtheria, dysentery, influenza, measles, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, typhus and smallpox, to name a few. Even puncturing the skin or breaking a limb could be life threatening due to untreatable infections and tetanus. Even among these trials and tribulations, the Ives family thrived.

During that time Indians were everywhere in Michigan and would enter the homes of the pioneers without knocking, startling the busy housewives with their cheerful "hello" which was pronounced, "ugh". Wild berries were found and wild game was abundant. Venison was bountiful and could easily substitute beef and mutton at the table. Bears lived in the vicinity. Packs of wolves could often be heard howling at night, but they were shy and very seldom seen and would not attack unless provoked.

Eaton County established a school system as early as 1839. Whether Robert attended a public school or was educated at home, he was able to read and write. Education was important to the family. Robert's father Ashley had attended public school in Portage County, Ohio, and Robert's paternal grandfather, Robert Campbell, had been educated at Dartmouth College.

By 1855 the Ives family had been in Eaton County for about 20 years. The town of Bellevue was bustling, and Robert's father Ashley boasted in a letter to his brother William that they lived on the handsomest street in Michigan. The Ives farm was doing well. The land was fertile and produced abundant crops of wheat and fruit. Farmers could expect \$1.60 to \$1.67 a bushel for their wheat, five shillings per bushel of corn, three shillings per bushel of oats, and 50 cents per bushel of potatoes.

Note: It seems odd that shillings were still in use in 1855!

Moving to Iowa

However idyllic the Michigan farmland was, in the late 1850s Ashley decided to sell his farmstead, and strike out for Henry County, Iowa, more than 400 miles away. Perhaps the farm in Michigan was used up due to lack of soil conservation measures. Or maybe the lure of cheap farmland in Iowa led Ashley to believe that he and his three young sons could build a house, break the fertile prairie and clear the timber to build a new farm. Maybe Ashley wanted a farm large enough that he could leave a sizeable spread to each of his four children. By now Ashley was in his 50s and may have wanted to prove he still had the strength and stamina to build a farm out of the virgin land. Was it a sense of adventure? We will probably never know why the decision was made. Maybe it was simply a pioneer spirit inherited from his father, James Ives, who left Connecticut for Portage County, Ohio in 1813, attracted by the lure of a better life someplace else.

A tragic event occurred on 27 Feb 1859 shortly before the family moved to Iowa, when Robert's brother Charles Ives died at age 21. He is buried in Riverside Cemetery in Bellevue near his sister Esther.

Saying goodbye to family and friends, and leaving the two graves behind, the Ives family set out for Henry County, Iowa.

Henry County had been part of the territory that the leader of the Sauk American Indian tribe, Black Hawk, had forfeited to the U.S. Government after the Black Hawk war of 1832. After that, Iowa was governed by Michigan Territory. The first grist mill was established in Henry County in 1835. Iowa was admitted as the 29th state in the Union in 1846. By 1860 when the Ives family moved there, most of Iowa was settled and farmed. The farmers in Henry County shipped their agricultural goods down either the plank road or the military road to Dubuque and then to the Mississippi River where the crops were loaded on boats bound for New Orleans, Louisiana.

Robert's family had settled into a farm in northernmost of Henry County, Iowa where they farmed with patient oxen, a sharp ax and a primitive hoe. Due to the lack of trees on the prairie, settlers experimented endlessly with substitute fencing materials. Some residents built stone fences; some constructed dirt

ridges; others dug ditches. The most successful fencing material was the Osage orange hedge. Only when barbed wire was invented in the 1870s were the farmers finally provided with satisfactory fencing material.

On 6 Jul 1860, the second in the series of tragic events occurred when Robert's brother Erastus died at age 22, leaving a young widow Orvilla Spring and a 12-month old baby, Lucy E. Ives.

No one could have foreseen the death of the two young brothers in such a short span of time. Now only Robert was left to help his father on the farm.

Toiling in the wheat and corn fields was hard, but Robert still found time to court his sweetheart, Lucretia Adeline Eslinger.

The Civil War

Then the third in the series of tragic events came crashing down on the little family. The Civil War was sweeping across the nation, leaving a path of destruction and annihilation. Abraham Lincoln's original request for 75,000 soldiers was far short of what was needed to win the war. The original tour of duty was 90 days, which President Lincoln naively thought was time enough to crush the Confederates. The Union was still stinging from a Confederate victory on August 10, 1861 at the Battle of Wilson's Creek 12 miles south of Springfield, Missouri. This significant loss gave the Confederates control of southwestern Missouri and was pivotal in Abraham Lincoln's realization that he would lose the Union unless he committed more troops to the cause. The call went out for 300,000 more volunteers. Iowa responded, and the 19th Iowa was the first regiment in Iowa to honor the call. Company K, the company that Robert ultimately joined, was organized in Henry County as a part of the 19th Iowa.

Most young men were eager to sign up to defend the Union's honor, a feeling reflected in a stirring song written in 1862, "We Are Coming, Father Abraham:"

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM

Words by James Sloan Gibbons

Music L.O. Emerson

*We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore.
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear.
We dare not look behind us but steadfastly before.
We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 more!*

*CHORUS: We are coming, we are coming our Union to restore,
We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 more!*

If you look across the hilltops that meet the northern sky,

*Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour,
We are coming, father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!*

*If you look up all our valleys where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door,
We are coming, Father Abr'am, three hundred thousand more!*

*You have called us, and we're coming by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage group, to wrench the murderous blade;
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before,
We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 more!*

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S5PAcDnBemQ>

Company K the 19th Regiment of Iowa Infantry

Caught up in the furor sweeping the land, Robert and his friends were bursting with excitement and eager for action. When Captain Simeon F. Roderick came recruiting at the Ives farm, Robert enthusiastically enlisted along with his fiancé's brother, John O. Eslinger, and Erastus's brother-in-law William Spring.

Robert's father Ashley was stunned. Not only did he fear for Robert's safety, but the term of enlistment was for three long years. Ashley was now faced with 36 long months of doing the fall harvesting and spring planting without the help of three strong sons. Now it would just be him, his 50-year old wife and young daughter to toil on the farm. Not that the Ives family was the only one in this situation. Almost all of the young men in the county had marched off to war.

Robert began his three-year tour of duty on 13 Aug 1862 when he was 21 years old. He was enlisted by Simeon F. Roderick, of Company K the 19th Regiment of Iowa Infantry Volunteers at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Company K reported for duty in Keokuk, Iowa on 22 Aug 1862, a 45-mile walk from the Ives farm near Mount Pleasant. There were 82 enlisted men and 17 officers and one musician in Company K.

The hierarchy of Company K's officers was as follows:

Captain: Simeon F Roderick, Company K, 19th Iowa Infantry, 2nd Brigade, 3rd Division, Army of the Frontier

Major: Daniel Kent, 19th Iowa Infantry

Lieutenant Colonel: Samuel McFarland, 19th Iowa Infantry
Colonel: Benjamin Crabb, 19th Iowa Infantry
General: Francis J. Herron, 2nd & 3rd Division of the Army of the Frontier
General James G. Blunt: commander of the Army of the Frontier

From August 22 until September 4, Robert was stationed with Company K at Camp Lincoln in Keokuk, Iowa, where the men were issued clothing, new shoes, Enfield Rifles and other arms and equipment. On September 4 Company K joined with the other regiments of the 19th Iowa Infantry, and they all marched to the wharf in Keokuk to board the steamer "Theodore L. McGill". The levee was filled with friends and family to bid them farewell. The boat was crowded and it was almost impossible to find a place to sit. The weather was hot. The sun beat down on the tarred roof of canvas while the steam boiled below. It was very uncomfortable. Even so, the soldiers' hearts were lifted from rousing cheers along each side of the river. The "Theodore L. McGill" made its way down the Iowa River which flows into the Mississippi River to St. Louis.

September - Company K Arrives in Missouri

At 10 a.m. on September 5 the "Theodore L. McGill" docked in St. Louis, and the 19th Iowa disembarked and marched to Benton Barracks about five miles away. Benton Barracks was located on the outskirts of St. Louis and contained a mile of barracks, warehouses, cavalry stables, parade grounds, and a large military hospital. The entire compound could accommodate 30,000 soldiers, and the hospital itself could serve 2,000 to 3,000 patients.

Some of the men were not accustomed to being in the sun all day on the steam boat and could not make the march to Benton Barracks except by streetcar or by assistance of the chaplain or major who carried the knapsacks and guns on their horses.

Robert, John and William, and the other men of Company K, spent the next few days with the rest of the men who made up the 19th Iowa, now about 500 men strong. They practiced military maneuvers in preparation for their deployment to the Missouri Ozarks where they were being assigned to protect the Wire Road that ran from St. Louis, Missouri, to Fort Smith, Arkansas.

The Wire Road followed an old Native American route called the Great Osage Trail, and was used by the Butterfield Overland Mail. In the 1830s it had been part of the Trail of Tears when displaced Indians were forced down this road to be relocated. From Springfield the Wire Road ran southwest through Wilson's Creek and meandered through Christian and Stone counties, across the state line into Arkansas near Pea Ridge, through Fayetteville and ending at Fort Smith. The Union Army had strung the trail with telegraph wire across Missouri and into northwest Arkansas. The trail had become a military road used to transport supplies and military units from the large military depot in Springfield all the way

into Arkansas. Union Armies were posted along the Wire Road to protect Springfield from invading forces from the south.

On Sunday, September 7, the 19th Iowa had a respite from drills, meeting instead in the amphitheatre connected to the barracks where Chaplain Murphy gave a sermon from Galatians 6:7 (*Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*) Then Colonel Lusk from the 33rd Missouri was introduced and made excellent remarks.

On September 11 the 19th Iowa marched through a cold, driving rain to the train station in St. Louis where they boarded cattle cars on the Pacific Railroad train bound for Rolla, Missouri. The railroad had arrived in Rolla in 1860 but the outbreak of the war halted the westward expansion of the line, so the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad ended in Rolla.

By the time the 19th Iowa arrived in Rolla at midnight, rain had permeated their gear, and it took some time to put up the wet tents. When morning broke on September 12, the division realized their provisions had not been unloaded from the rail cars and would not be for some hours. Robert and his friends and comrades were cold and hungry until the 20th Wisconsin, who had arrived in Rolla before them, invited them to breakfast.

On September 13 the regiment traveled on foot to Sigel Springs, named for Colonel Franz Sigel who fought under General Nathaniel Lyon at Wilson's Creek. There they prepared for the 125 mile march to Springfield, along with the 990 men of the 20th Wisconsin Infantry and the 1,000 men of the 94th Illinois.

When the three divisions arrived at the fort on a bluff in Waynesville, Company C out of Washington County, Iowa, added their ranks to the 19th Iowa Infantry. Company C was poorly funded and struggled to keep up.

On Sunday, September 14, there were no drills. A sermon was preached on the side of the hill at 4 p.m., and a dress parade was held for the first time. The 20th Wisconsin arrived in the evening and camped a short distance below the 19th Iowa, while the 94th Illinois camped a short distance above.

On September 19 the army was at camp on the Gasconade River where Robert and his friends soaked their blistered, aching feet in the cool water. They crossed the Gasconade by means of a rope ferry.

On September 20 they were on the move again, traveling 15 miles through clouds of thick dust stirred up by marching feet and movement of horses, wagons and equipment. It was hot, and there was no fresh water, only a stagnant pool with decayed carcasses of hogs and mules covered by thick green scum. Some soldiers were so thirsty they pushed aside the scum and drank. Others lay down by the pond and washed their hands and face but waited for the water to be boiled and strained before drinking.

The next day, after marching 22 miles, they stopped at Niangua Creek which flowed with clean water. The next stop was Mill Spring, also filled with clean water. Peaches were abundant nearby.

The division left Mill Spring and arrived in back in Springfield at 2 pm on September 22. For the past nine days they had marched in an exhausting circle in pursuit of an enemy that wasn't there. They camped near town by Fort No. 1 where they rested a few days and then were put to work on the fort.

Note: Fort No. 1 was located at the intersections of current day Kansas Expressway, Nettleton, Brower & Chestnut in Springfield.

Flour was issued as part of the rations and some of the soldiers found a woman to bake some little cakes for them. She charged them ten cents per dozen. The rest of Robert's stay in the Ozarks was spent between Springfield and Fayetteville, along the Wire Road.

Missouri had not succeeded from the Union, but many Missouri citizens were slave holders, and their sympathies were divided. The 19th Iowa found the Ozark countryside in ruins, a vast no man's land lying in the path of bushwhackers, Rebels and the Union Army. Only a few desperate, weary women were encountered and local men were absent from the countryside, either armed for the Union or the Confederacy, or operating as armed bandits. The remaining inhabitants were often the victims of armed depredations such as looting, plundering and arson.

Into this hostile territory, Robert and his regiment would spend the next 75 days, crossing back and forth along the Wire Road and other dusty wagon trails, searching for invading forces but encountering only slight skirmishes. Their stay was characterized by fatiguing monotony and punctuated by unfavorable weather and barely passable roads. They were on a constant chase of an elusive enemy.

The army was often short on rations. Even so, they were forbidden to raid the local farms for food. Sometimes the soldiers were lucky whenever one of the feral pigs that roamed the countryside stumbled into their camps. That was a cause for rejoicing, for the pigs were quickly slaughtered and roasted.

On Thursday, September 25, 1862, Robert was still at camp near Springfield Missouri with the 19th Iowa. The men spent the day mending, patching, washing and doing for themselves what they could not get others to do for them. They went into the woods to gather grapes, which were in abundant supply around Springfield.

On Friday, September 26, 1862, a prayer meeting was held in the evening, and the chaplain gave each man a testament and hymn book.

The 19th Iowa settled into a daily routine that consisted of:

4:30 a.m.	Reveille
5 a.m.	Roll call
6:30 a.m.	Breakfast
12-2 pm.	Company drill
2- 4 p.m.	Battalion Drill
5:30 p.m.	Supper
6:30 p.m.	Dress Parade
8:30 p.m.	Roll Call
9 p.m.	Tattoo (a military performance of music or display of armed forces)
9:45 p.m.	Taps

September in Iowa

As September came to a close, what remained of the Ives family in Henry County, Iowa, Ashley, Harriet and Emma, struggled to maintain their farm. The weather was turning crisp. The leaves on the trees had changed color and were starting to fall. The winter wheat had to be planted before December, and the Ives family was feeling the effects of Robert's absence. Each night, after an exhausting day, the three of them sat around the table, with heads bowed in supplication and hands folded in petition, praying for Robert's safety and for an early end to the war. They also prayed for themselves, for they had little time left to store enough provisions to last them through the long winter.

October

Now began a long, monotonous tour of duty that lasted through the end of November. Hundreds of young men marched along dusty trails from one place to another in long formations, pursuing an elusive enemy. Soldiers longing for action, for ANYTHING to happen, instead faced boredom and relentless hardships and deprivations. Robert wasn't a stranger to hunger, but at least on the farm he could hunt wild game or search for wild berries. Here with the 19th Iowa he had no recourse but to wait for the army to feed him, whenever supplies were available. The men often went without food and water.

On October 11 the 19th Iowa marched to Twin Springs (aka Camp Curtis, McCullough Springs, or Double Springs) on roads that had been muddied with four to five days of rain. At least the mud spared them from breathing the clouds of dust kicked up by marching feet. Once at Twin Springs they found two springs with enough water for their large army. Many of the houses there had been burned to the ground, and only the stone chimneys gave evidence of once thriving households. Twin Springs was near Wilson's Creek battleground, the second major battle of the civil war, and the scene of the death of General Nathaniel Lyon, the first Union general killed in combat. The 19th Iowa passed by the spot where General Lyon fell, marked by a heap of stones. As they passed by, Robert plucked a stone from the rocky hillside and added it to the pile.

From Twin Springs the army continued along the Wire Road over limestone hills covered with small rough stones, marching to Cassville, where Lieutenant Colonel Samuel McFarland joined the regiment. On October 16 at 8 p.m. the army was roused by a large fire in Cassville. The soldiers fell in, armed and equipped for battle, but there were no invaders, only a building on fire.

At this point in time the 19th Iowa had not yet seen any action, and the young soldiers were bored with drills and marching.

Then to punctuate the futility of their existence, on October 16 Colonel Benjamin Crabb gave an impassioned speech about some misunderstanding between himself and the War department or the Governor of Iowa, and he was not yet Colonel of the Iowa 19th Volunteer Infantry. Major Daniel Kent made a motion that a series of resolutions be signed by the commissioned officers to petition Governor Kirkwood that Colonel Crabb should be retained in the regiment. Captain Roderick, along with two other captains, was selected to draft the resolutions which being duly signed was by motion acted upon by the entire regiment who voted of course to retain Benjamin Crabb as Colonel. The young farm boys were bemused at what concerned their top military officers and wondered if this little drama was the only action they were going to see.

Once this affair was amicably settled, the men were ordered into line again. Colonel Crabb and his family then left, while the 19th Iowa continued on their monotonous way.

The 19th Iowa, the 94th Illinois and the 20th Wisconsin, over 2,000 men strong, marched together from Camp Sigel to Little Piney Camp ten miles east, fully armed and equipped with 40 rounds of cartridges in their boxes and one day's rations in their haversacks. The total weight they carried was about 50 pounds. Their assignment was to guard a Seesh (secession) property consisting of a dwelling, a little garden patch, and half a dozen chickens.

On October 17 they left Cassville and marched four miles to an old orchard where they camped for one night. The next morning they passed through Keytesville, Missouri, and by 3 p.m. crossed into Arkansas. Here they encountered the Missouri State Militia whose sympathies lay with the Confederates. After a tense delay they received word from General Herron to turn back for two miles, taking another road which had more hills than any they had previously encountered. After marching 38 miles they camped at Sugar Creek along the Wire Road, sleeping on their arms all night, and in a line.

The next day, October 18, the regiment fell in hastily, hearing sharp firing nearby, but it was only a picket detail discharging their arms on their return to camp.

While at Sugar Creek a party of Indians passed by on their way to General Blunt's Indian Home Guard, a volunteer regiment of Native American tribes that remained loyal to the Union. Some Indians were on foot, and some were on

horseback with babies swinging in baskets: men, women, children, enjoying life, blissfully unaware of what lay before them.

On Monday, October 20, provisions were brought in from the countryside to prepare for a feast. Suddenly an order was received to move out at once. Lamb, apples, potatoes and many other good things were only half cooked and discarded in order to strike tents and break camp.

That night they met up with the 11th Kansas Infantry in charge of a large provision train bound for the Western Army commanded by General Blunt. The combined army marched all through the night and the next day, stopping at 5 p.m. on the bank of the White River to cook supper. They had no hardtack (crackers or biscuits) so they mixed a small amount of flour with cold water and salt, kneading it into long rolls which they threaded around a stick and held it in the fire until it turned black. It was eaten with a morsel of fatty, old pork.

At dark they broke camp, stripped off their clothes which they held in a bundle over their heads, and crossed the White River. The water was about three feet deep, clear and cold. The stones on the bottom were sharp and felt like walking on needles. Once on the other side they went into an old field, built fires of the rails and dried out, because in spite of all the precautions their clothes were drenched. At 10 p.m. they were told they would stay there for a while, so they wrapped their blankets around them and tried to sleep, in spite of the cold and the hunger.

The morning of October 21 they marched to within ten miles of Bloomington where they loaded their guns, threw off their knapsacks and hurried into town to join the whole command in battle array awaiting the arrival of an enemy; but none appeared.

They marched five more miles to Cross Hollows where they put up camp. Cross Hollows was east of the Wire Road along the Monte Ne Branch, about 3.5 miles south of present day Rogers, Arkansas.

On Monday, October 22 the rations were running low, and the men had little or no breakfast, dinner or supper. The day was hot and the road was dusty, but the water from the little creek at Mill Springs was plentiful, and camp was made in a fine place where huge trees with branches offered cool shade.

On Tuesday, October 23, the men rested in the camp at Mill Springs. They were fatigued from their marching, and the hot weather and dusty roads had not done them any favors. Over the last four days they had marched 85 miles with their knapsacks and 40 rounds over a rough rocky road and were only 35 miles from their camp at Sugar Creek. The men aptly termed this march the "Grand Rounds."

While at Mill Springs, fine apples and peaches were brought in to camp from the surrounding area. Colonel Benjamin Crabb arrived in the afternoon, and dress parade was in the evening.

That night it snowed. While in camp at Cross Hollows, they performed picket duty. One night some rapid shots were heard and the regiment fell into line at once; however, the alarm was raised by a sentry of Company E who heard voices on the hill above the camp and shot at the intruders. The regiment had to stand in line at attention for a few hours, nodding from lack of sleep.

At 7 a.m. on Wednesday, October 24 they broke camp and marched 15 miles to Springfield, Missouri, arriving there at 3 pm. That night a guard was shot while spying on a dwelling near camp. This particular property belonged to a Confederate sympathizer whose slaves, mules, and horses had been confiscated by Lane's Brigade (composed of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Kansas Volunteers) several months before. The night crackled with murmurs of agitation and excitement.

The next move was to Pea Ridge, Arkansas, walking through suffocating dust that penetrated every pore. The dust was three or four inches deep and the wind blew like a gale, raising choking clouds. The men suffered severely from heat and dust and cursed the unpredictable mid-western weather.

All through the month of October, Robert marched with hundreds of men, stirring up dust and living under brutal conditions. His thoughts turned back to the Ives farm in Iowa, where the corn harvest was well underway. How he longed to wake in the morning and smell the clean, fresh air of the Iowa countryside instead of the rank stench of unwashed men covered in dust that surrounded him at a campsite. And he yearned to see his Pa, Ma, and sister, Emma. At least at home he would be productive working the land, while here on this trail he was miserable and suffering, and had done nothing but march back and forth across the Wire Road.

November

The month of November turned colder and brought more of the same monotonous routine. On November 5 they resumed their march, passing through a valley where Rebels occupied a barricade, and the regiment had to route the Rebels who fled southward. Once they cleared the Rebels out of the area, the regiment finally reached their old camp in the orchard near Cassville and stayed overnight, but struck tents quite early in the morning and moved on rapidly because they were very short on rations.

Monday, November 10 they struck tents and started in a north-east course, and after a march of about 20 miles camped on the James River.

On November 11 they moved on to Ozark on the Finley River where they joined with Lieutenant Colonel James Totten's division. A heavy rain fell, followed by a

heavy frost. Here in the valley of the Finley lay two divisions of the Union Army: General Herron's Division and Totten's 2nd Division. The city of tents was miles long, and the hum and bustle peculiar to camp presented a lively panorama.

On November 14 they moved camp to White Oak Springs. They stayed at White Oak Springs until November 18 when they struck tents and marched through driving rain for three or four days. On this trip some forty or fifty sick men were sent back to Ozark in charge of the assistant surgeon. One man perished on the road.

Traveling for days over rocky ridges, they saw nothing but stone cropping out of the hills from top to bottom. The fields were surrounded by stone fences, and heaps of stone were all over the fields. Robert and his friends, John O. Eslinger and William Spring, joked that stone was the principal product of this hard country.

November 22 they moved six miles to Twin Springs, where fresh water and food were available. The time passed almost pleasantly, with battalion drill a few times.

December

On December 3 General Herron received a telegraph from General Blunt, commander of the Army of the Frontier, requesting reinforcements. General Blunt had led his army deep into Arkansas and was being harassed by the Army of the Trans-Mississippi, a major Confederate army of over 11,000 men. General Herron's orders were to move his men to Prairie Grove, Arkansas, 10 miles west of Fayetteville, Arkansas, and come to Bunt's rescue.

Robert and his friends perked up at this information. Finally something was going to happen!

All the sick and injured were left behind and afterward sent to Springfield. The regiment started at 3 p.m., carrying knapsacks and 40 rounds. They marched fifteen miles to Crane Creek. The next day they traveled thirty-five miles to Cassville. On December 5 they marched 30 miles, stopping at Sugar Creek. They were up and away early the morning of the 6th, halting only long enough to cook supper in a cornfield seven miles from Fayetteville.

When they arrived in Fayetteville, Lieutenant Colonel Samuel McFarland, commander of the regiment, gave a stirring speech to prepare the men for combat. He rallied them to stand in the front lines and die rather than give an inch. The men were moved by McFarland's words and ready to follow him into battle. He was speaking to himself as much as to his men, for he, along with much of the regiment, lay down his life at Prairie Grove for the cause of the Union.

That night Robert, William and John lay around fires in the streets of Fayetteville, and tired as they were, admired the pleasant little town that looked so still and quiet with an army slumbering in its streets.

Up to this point the 19th Iowa had seen very little action; a stand-off with the Missouri State Militia just over the Arkansas line from Cassville, Missouri, and a skirmish with some Rebels at a barricade near Pea Ridge, Arkansas. Most of their time had been spent in long wearisome marches and tedious drills in camp. They were eager for something to disrupt the monotony, any kind of action to break the boredom.

The Battle of Prairie Grove, Arkansas

In one of the more amazing feats of the Civil War, the 19th Iowa walked 110 miles in three days to get to the battle of Prairie Grove. The young farm boys were not accustomed to wearing shoes, and their new government issued boots made blisters on their feet. At this point, most of the young soldiers preferred to walk barefoot on the cold road, carrying their shoes across the butt of their rifles or tied to their knapsacks. They reached Prairie Grove after dark and waded across the Illinois River in freezing water that was waist deep. The young soldiers were hungry, for there had not been time to eat during this forced march. They dropped exhausted on the other side and slept. In the morning their clothes were frozen to their bodies. They slept as if they would never wake, while the shells from the batteries in the early morning burst over their unheeding heads.

On December 7, 1862, the battle started around 10 a.m. when the Federal Army fired 24 rifled cannons and the Confederates ran up the hill and hid behind the Borden house.



The Borden House on the Prairie Grove Battlefield

The Federals, thinking the Confederates were fleeing, sent the 20th Wisconsin up the hill after them, with the 19th Iowa following ten minutes later and to the left. No one realized the Confederates had regrouped and were waiting in ambush.

When the 20th Wisconsin got to the top of the hill, a Confederate battery caught the regiment by surprise and opened fire, but the 20th Wisconsin was able to capture the six guns. Charging ahead, the 20th Wisconsin next engaged in close combat and encountered tremendous cross-fire. In 20 minutes almost half of the men of the 20th Wisconsin were lost. The strong Wisconsins, who had befriended Robert and the 19th Iowa in Rolla, were now in tatters, fleeing for their lives down the hill.

Going to the aid of their sister company, the 19th Iowa made it to the apple orchard next to the Borden house at the top of the hill when the right half of the Confederate brigade, close to 1,700 men, rose up, surrounded them and opened fire. The 500 soldiers of the 19th Iowa had no chance to hold. Their only choice was to retreat or die in place. After firing seven rounds in three minutes, only 70 of the 500 were able to flee in panic back down the hill, pursued by the Rebels. Four-hundred and thirty members of the 19th Iowa were either dead, dying, wounded, or missing. It took the Confederate brigade only ten minutes to annihilate the once proud 19th Iowa.

Wounded in Action

The last thing Robert saw when he marched up the hill with his regiment was Lieutenant Colonel Samuel McFarland being shot dead, along with his horse. The young flag boy fell, and the regimental flag of the 19th Iowa crashed to the ground. Then a confederate bullet found Robert and everything went black.



Flag of the 19th Iowa

When Robert regained consciousness on the hill near the Borden house, a doctor dressed in the grey uniform of the Confederates was kneeling over him, tending to his wounds. The impact of the bullet that hit Robert shattered his left jaw, seared through his mouth, and exited on the right side tearing out teeth and bone. The doctor couldn't do anything about Robert's broken jaw, but he needed to stop the flow of blood with whatever means he had available to him. He separated a bullet from the cartridge, poured the gunpowder directly into Roberts gaping wound, then lit the gunpowder on fire to cauterize the wound. Mercifully, Robert blacked out.

Robert lay on the hill for hours while the battle raged around him. The battle line moved up and down the hill all day long, and doctors walked behind the line as it

moved, treating the wounded regardless of whether they were Federal or Confederate.

Darkness ended the conflict, and night with its chilling air hovered over the bloody scene. Survivors worked far into the night removing the wounded from the field with stretchers and ambulances. In the orchard where the 19th Iowa charged, the dead and wounded lay so thick it was difficult to walk. Most of the wounded were left on the battlefield through the long night. A full moon shed its cold light down upon stark, wide-open glassy eyes gazing upwards.

Nightfall did not end the horror. Feral razorback pigs, hungry and crazed by the smell of blood, began arriving at the battlefield. These savage animals weighed anywhere from 110 to 400 pounds. While the soldiers had welcomed any pig that strayed into their campsite as fresh meat, these marauding pigs who moved to the battlefield came to feast on the dead and dying soldiers. That night sympathetic Confederates grouped the wounded Union soldiers inside primitive barricades of wood and stone, and provided them with firearms to protect themselves against the feral pigs. The long night stretched into a living nightmare with the sounds of the dying, an occasional gunshot, and the grunting noises of the pigs as they foraged for food.

It was the next day before many of the wounded could be tended to and removed from the battlefield. The poor roads and the threat of guerrillas made evacuations extremely difficult. At first every house for miles around was used as a hospital.

When Robert regained consciousness, he was in a room in a house being tended by some kind women. He tried to ask about his friends, but his injuries were so severe he could not speak. When he was awake, the women would pour a trickle of water and a thin, watery mush down his throat to keep him alive.

Fayetteville

As soon as they could be evacuated, Robert and the other wounded soldiers were moved by buckboard to Fayetteville, Arkansas, which became the main treatment center for the hundreds of young soldiers wounded at Prairie Grove. Robert did not know it, but his friend William Spring had also been moved to Fayetteville, where, unfortunately, William succumbed to his wounds and died there on Dec 30, 1862.

The hospital in Fayetteville was not prepared for the onslaught of wounded men. It was necessary for the Sanitary Commission agents in Springfield to dispatch two ambulances and stockpiles of medical supplies to Fayetteville immediately. Within ten days the Sanitary Commission sent additional supplies to Fayetteville to keep up with the demand.

Robert contracted jaundice while being treated in Fayetteville and was moved to Springfield, Missouri General Hospital (probably General Herron's Brigade Hospital) on February 7, 1862. Thirteen days later, Confederate troops burned

and looted much of Fayetteville destroying the arsenal in the Van Horne school building rather than letting any materials fall into the hands of Union forces. But Robert was not there to witness the destruction of Fayetteville. He was safe in Springfield.

Discharge

Finally, on February 26, 1863, Robert was discharged from Springfield Hospital. At the time of his discharge, he was recorded to be 5 feet 10 ½ inches high, light complexion, gray eyes, light hair, and a farmer by occupation. He could now add “missing part of face” to his physical description.

The surgeon at Springfield wrote this in Robert’s discharge papers: *I certify that I have carefully examined the said Robert C. Ives of Captain S.F. Roderick Company, and find him incapable of performing the duties of a soldier because of a gunshot wound of the face. Bullet passed through the mouth entered left side shattering lower maxilla. Two teeth emerged right side, assuming teeth and some bone masticated. Speech difficult. Deformity considerable. Present disability one-half.*

John O. Eslinger and what remained of the Iowa 19th was long gone, marching off to other battles, first in Van Buren, Arkansas and on to Vicksburg; Texas; Pensacola, Florida; and Mobile. It was mustered out at Mobile on July 10, 1865, and was disbanded at Davenport on the 1st of August.

Robert was now alone in Springfield, Missouri, almost 400 miles from home. The roads around Springfield were severely rutted and without bridges. Guerrillas still roamed the surrounding countryside. Robert was on his own to find his way home. If he had money, he could have gone home by stagecoach. Or he could have walked to Rolla, Missouri and taken the Pacific Railroad to Springfield and then on to St. Louis, and from there booking a steamboat to Keokuk, Iowa, much the same way as he arrived in the Ozarks. But he was a poor farmer and didn't have money, so he probably walked home, avoiding Confederates, bushwhackers, and the armed and dangerous bandits traveling along the old buffalo trails. Travel was especially challenging for Robert because speech was very difficult, and he could not chew his food. The only way he could take nourishment was in liquid form. In excruciating pain, and unable to communicate very well, he had a very difficult trek ahead of him.

After the War

Robert did make it home by spring, into the welcoming arms of his joyous family and fiancé. It was then that he learned with sorrow of William Spring’s death. The little piece of good news was that the Eslingers had heard from John and he was still alive.

Robert didn’t have the luxury of resting from his injuries and his long journey home, for there was spring planting to do. Life resumed the pace set before the

war, and Robert again worked the fields, slowly regaining his strength as he toiled in the fresh air and sunshine. His goatee covered the gristly scars on his chin and made him presentable.

On 31 Aug 1863, in a move that seemed almost as if Robert's father Ashley knew he was dying, Ashley and his wife Harriet sold 40 acres of their farmland to their son Robert for \$700; and then Ashley sold to Harriet 40 acres for \$700. Was this to protect the land from estate taxes or probate?

Eight months after Robert returned home from the war, his father, Ashley Elisha Ives, died. Perhaps the shock of losing his two oldest sons in such a short period of time and seeing the third son return from the war maimed was too much for him to bear. Or perhaps he had a stroke or a heart attack. Maybe a contagious disease felled Robert's older brothers Charles and Erastus, and finally his father Ashley. At any rate, Robert was now the head of the family.

The administrator of Ashley's estate submitted the following list of personal property to the county judge of Henry County:

- one cooking stove
- one set chairs
- three beds & bedding
- one two-horse harrow
- one double shovel plow
- one log chain
- one cow
- one breakfast table
- one safe
- two three-year old steers

Robert married his sweetheart, Lucretia Adeline Eslinger on 11 Jan 1864. This is their wedding photo:



Their daughter Laura was born the same year. She was followed by four brothers: Frank, Ashley, Asa, and Robert Bruce.

The Ives family sold the rest of Ashley Elisha Ives' estate in 1866, grantors being Harriet N. Ives, Robert C. Ives, Emma E. Ives and Lucretia Ives. The probate file was closed 28 Sep 1866.

By 1870 Sister Emma had married, and so had Robert's mother Harriet. In 1875 Robert sold his land in Henry County and moved his family to Page County, Iowa. That same year Robert's great-uncle Elisha Ashley of Mitford, Chittenden, Vermont, died intestate. Half of Elisha Ashley's estate went to his wife and the other half was split equally among his siblings, which included Robert's grandmother, Anna Ashley Ives. Since Anna was deceased, her share was divided among her remaining heirs. Since her son, Ashley Elisha Ives, was also deceased, his share was divided equally (\$98.04 each) to Robert Ives and his sister, Emma E. Dow, and Lucy E. Ives, daughter of Erastus Ives. This money would be worth around \$2,000 in 2014 and would have helped the family immensely.

Move to Rooks County, Kansas

On April 9, 1879, Robert, Lucretia and their children, and Lucretia's sister Elizabeth and her husband Phillip Newman and their two children, moved in two covered wagons to Rooks County, Kansas, where land under the Homestead Act of 1862 was available.

The Homestead Act of 1862 granted adult heads of families 160 acres of surveyed public land for a minimal filing fee. Claimants were required to live on the homestead for 5 years and “improve” the plot by building a dwelling and cultivating the land. After the requirements of the Homestead Act were met, the original filer was entitled to the property, free and clear, except for a small registration fee.

On May 23, 1879, Robert filed for homestead claim #10947 in Woodston, Rooks, Kansas, 160 acres located at SW4-23-6-17. The filing fee was eighteen dollars.

To receive a clear title to this 160 acres of land, the family had to live on it continuously for five years, build a frame house of specific proportions, and cultivate a specific number of acres. Even with the free land provided by the Homestead Act, comparatively few laborers and farmers could afford to build a farm or acquire the necessary tools, seed, and livestock, but Robert had his small inheritance from his great-uncle to help him with the needed expenses. The Ives family moved onto the property on April 10 and lived in a dugout until the house could be built.

Over the next 9 years, 7 months, and 19 days, the following improvements were made:

- frame house 16x26
- barn 14x20 frame
- 85 acres cultivated
- 80 acres in corn, wheat, or rye
- 40 acres fenced
- outhouses
- pens
- sheds

Once Robert met the requirements of the Homestead Act, the final step was to advertise in the local newspaper the intent to close on the deed. Robert ran the obligatory advertisement for six consecutive weeks without being challenged, and the certificate of deed was issued on 13 Jul 1888. At that time, the farm was valued at \$945.

In addition to the wheat, corn, and rye, the Ives family planted plum trees which eventually produced big, juicy plums. They preserved the plums in a brine for cooking later. Even the neighbors knew they would be offered plums whenever they went to visit the Ives homestead. When a neighbor woman and her son

came to visit, she told her son, "You'll make yourself sick eating those plums!" He said, "Ma, that's what I came for, and I'm going to eat all I can eat!"

Pension

Congress enacted a law to provide a pension to any Union veteran of the Civil War who served for at least ninety days, was honorably discharged, and suffered from a disability, even if not war-related. The gruesome injuries Robert received at the battle of Prairie Grove certainly qualified him for this pension, but even in the 1880s the government required reams of paperwork before any action could take place. The veteran needed to acquire affidavits from three sources: comrades-in-arms who were with him when he became injured or sick, his physicians who would describe the nature and cause of his medical problems; or family members, friends, neighbors, co-workers, and employers. Persons who knew him before the war could testify that he had been "a sound man" able to do a full day's work, who was now sickly, weak, and able to only do one-fourth or one-half of a day's work since the war. They could describe the man's symptoms, complaints, and demeanor as known to them. The pension office might send a letter of inquiry to the town's postmaster, a greatly trusted federal employee since he handled the government's money. The postmaster might be asked his opinion on the reputation, character, and truthfulness of the claimant or some other person providing testimony on a claim. He might be asked his opinion of the validity of the claim itself. The pension office would also send requests for information about the claimant's war record to the War Department's offices of the Adjutant General or Surgeon General. Was the soldier at a particular place on a particular date? Did the records indicate he was wounded or suffered an injury? Was there a hospital record? Sometimes the pension office would ask if the records showed whether the claimant's comrades who testified on his behalf were at the place on the date he alleged injury or disease occurred. Following these guidelines, Robert began the tedious work of filing for a pension.

On April 28, 1883, Robert filed Pension claim No. 28433, a Proof of Disability, state of Kansas, County of Rooks. In it was an affidavit from J.W. Osborne who stated: *Robert was a private in Company K, 19th Regiment, Iowa Volunteers, that he (J.W. Osborne) was personally acquainted with Robert Ives from the Spring of 1879 to the present time (1883) and that he knows that Robert Ives was incapacitated for the performance of manual labor during all of the time each and every year of this period by reason of effects of a gunshot wound in the face. J.W. Osborne further stated that he knows these facts to be true because he lived within one-half mile of said Ives during all this time and being well and intimately acquainted with him and seeing him nearly every day. J.W. Osborne stated he knew for a fact that for the last two years Robert suffered with a running sore at lower right corner of his mouth that appeared to discharge pus continuously and is very annoying and troublesome. J.W. Osborne stated that Robert Ives was compelled to live on liquid food and soft food all of this time and was troubled with a constant diarrhea caused by an imperfect mastication of his food. Robert Ives is weak and poor, and unable to perform any work due to the*

result of a gunshot wound to the face and jaw, and the disability is greater than that resulting from the loss of a leg or an arm.

Robert was granted a government pension of \$12 a month. With that he could buy salt and other items that weren't affordable to other farmers.

On March 18, 1889, when Robert was 47 years old, his wife Lucretia died on the farm in Woodston. Robert buried her in the cemetery in Stockton, Kansas.

Towards the end of 1889, Robert was having a conversation with his 20-year old son, Ashley. "I know you've been seeing Widow Dickson," Ashley said with a smile "Now how would you know that?" asked Robert. Ashley replied "Because whenever I drive the Indian ponies to town, they try to turn in at Widow Dickson's place!"

Robert married Widow Dickson, whose maiden name was Sarah Amanda Edwards, on February 20, 1890.

On April 27, 1891, Robert gave his own affidavit in a petition for an increase in his pension: *I am the claimant in this application for increase of pension. I am and have been for several years unable to take care of myself on account of being unable to even dress or undress myself. I am not even get to or from my bed, cannot either dress or undress myself. I cannot walk, can only move myself about a little by aid of a crutch and a cane and even then I have to have some person to help steady me. I ask that my case made special as I have no means of support for myself and family except this pension now allowed me, and I am constantly dependent on the care and assistance of another to assist me even from my bed to a chair.*

On October 14, 1892, two of Robert's neighbors, I.N. Ester and Thomas T. Evans, provided the following affidavit: *That they are both near neighbors to are well and intimately acquainted with Robert C. Ives and have seen him almost daily for the past two years, or more than. They know his physical condition from their own personal observations that he is almost entirely helpless all the time and often extremely so, is a great deal of the time confined to his bed and when at his very best is only able to move about a little by use of crutch and cane. He cannot dress or undress himself but is in constant need of assistance from another. That it is an impossibility for him to go to town, in fact to go away from his farm at all. He constantly suffers great pain from a wound in his jaw. Has fainting or spells often and is constantly under his doctor's care and is in fact completely helpless.*

On April 22, 1893, Robert's family physician, W.A. Leigh, gave this affidavit: *Being the family physician of the applicant for a number of years placed me in a positive position to gain the knowledge of which I speak. The applicant suffers from a gunshot wound of the lower jaw which has been thoroughly described in former affidavits and also by the examining board at this place in a decidedly*

correct manner. I have this day made a thorough examination of the wound and again reiterate former statement. On examination of stomach and bowels I find ___fanitis and great tenderness over the entire surface with almost unbearable tenderness in pit of stomach. On digital and specula examination of rectum I find considerable proctitis and also 3 internal hemorrhaged tumors one inch in diameter. I find liver hypertrophied to 1/3 extent. On examination of heart to find an weakened and irregular impulse, seeming to miss about every 10th to 12th beat. It is my very best opinion the heart is hypertrophied to 1/3 extent. On auscultation and ___ of lungs I find increased bronchial respiration of both lungs. All these disabilities have greatly increased and intensified within the time of three years, when I examined him last. The extreme associated condition due to these disabilities renders him absolutely dependent upon another person for comfort.

On May 4, 1893, W.B. Callender, another attending physician, provided this affidavit: I have been the attending physician of claimant during the past two years or more and personally know the following facts. He is subject to subacute attacks of neuralgia pleurisy and rheumatism. Each and all of which often become very severe. He suffers pain at all times and often it becomes most excruciating. He uses a crutch or cane at all times and cannot walk even about his house without one or the other. His chronic diarrhea is debilitating. His heart's action is abnormally slow, weak and irregular. ___ spells which thereafter immediate death being due to improper action of heart use of frequent occurrence. His is not safe beyond the immediate care and attention of some member of his household at any time. His kidneys give him trouble and in fact none of the viscera perform the function properly. He has been confined to his house 4/5 of the time during the past year and 1/2 the time to his bed. He is a physical wreck. I personally know that he positively requires more care and attention than most patients – confined to bed by far the larger portion of the time and the remaining part of the time requires some constant care.

Could these problems to his internal organs (kidneys, stomach, bowels) have been the result of lead poisoning from having his wounds cauterized at the Battle of Prairie Grove?

On December 27, 1894, the Department of the Interior; Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D.C., respectfully referred to the Chief of the Record and Pension Office, War Department, a request for a full military and medical history (all records relating to diseases, wounds, or injuries) incurred by Robert while in the service.

Finally, on January 20, 1898, the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D.C. sent a detailed questionnaire to Robert at his home in Wamego, Kansas, and Robert filled out the form and returned it on January 31, 1898. The transcription follows:

Will you kindly answer, at your earliest convenience, the questions enumerated below? The information is requested for future use, and it may be of great value to your family.

No. 1. Are you a married man? If so, please state your wife's full name and her maiden name:

Answer: Yes. Wife Sarah Amanda Ives, maiden name Sarah Amanda Edwards

No. 2. When, where and by whom were you married?

Answer: February 20, 1880 at Woodston, Rooks County, Kansas by Rev. Grimes

No. 3. What record of marriage exists?

Answer: Marriage Certificate

No. 4. Were you previously married? If so, please state the name of your former wife and the date and place of her death or divorce.

Answer: Yes. Lucretia A. Ives, died in Rooks County, Kansas, March 18, 1889.

No. 5. Have you any children living? If so, please state their names and the dates of their birth.

Answer: Yes.

Laura J. Ives, November 19, 1864

Frank O. Ives, February 12, 1866

Ashley J. Ives, February 9, 1869

Asa A. Ives, February 15, 1873

Robert B. Ives, January 31, 1877

City Marshall of Wamego, Kansas

Sometime around 1898, Robert sold the homestead in Woodston to a man named Oscar Fry. He and Sarah moved to Wamego, Kansas where Robert was the city marshal from 1902 to 1909.

In Creta Hilgers' estate is a letter dated Nov 1 1905, that Robert C. Ives wrote to his son Asa Ives:

"One night rode all night until three thirty in the morning and got my man. Got home at noon. Took the train in one hour and went to Silver Lake and got one. Found him in a joint. Started with him and the whole gang made for me, but I was looking for that and drew my gun on them and told them the first man that made a slide towards me I would kill and kept them back until I got him on the train. He was bound over to court in the sum of one thousand dollars. I took him

to the county jail and then I had a crazy man for seven days. He came very near getting me one night but was too quick for him. Had to keep the shackles on him. He ruined three cells in the jail. Cost me 15 dollars to repair the jail. Get him off my hands on Friday and by night had another case on hand. Got shed of it last night. I have traveled over three hundred miles in the last month, once to K.C., MO, twice to Topeka. Served twenty-two papers.

How has Robert got? Is he any better? How much corn will you have? How much did you sow and how does the wheat? Look did you get your kitchen built? Tell the children that I would like to see them. Now this is all of you and I want you to write me soon. Will close for this time and will try and do better.

From your father.

R.C. Ives

To all"

When Robert retired from police work, he and Sarah moved to Topeka where they lived with Sarah's daughter Mary Patterson, a school teacher, in a house near the state capital.



Robert and Sarah at their home on 1223 Garfield, Topeka, Kansas

Robert's daughter Laurie also lived in Topeka. She and her husband Harry Barrett ran a restaurant there. Harry wanted Laurie to sell that place so he could get the money. She refused, so Harry took some money out of the cash register and said he was going shopping for a pair of pants. That was the last anyone saw of Harry. Laurie went crying to her dad who said, "Well, you've been wanting to get rid of him. Why are you bawling about it?"

Robert Campbell was an ordinary man. He was a poor dirt farmer most of his life. He lived during a time when the nation was in turmoil, and he did his part to help preserve the Union. Left maimed from a Confederate bullet, he managed to live a rich and interesting life. He was in his 50s when he accepted a job of city marshal in a rough frontier town. He was well-loved by his wife, five children, and many grandchildren. In spite of the health problems he suffered his whole life from the wounds he received in the Civil War, he lived to five days short of his 84th birthday. He died March 30, 1925 and is buried in Mt. Hope Cemetery in Topeka, Kansas.

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