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Eloquent Tribute To Basil Maxwell Talbott

9-30-1927

(From The Brooklyn Chronicle).
 Basil Maxwell Talbott, one of the honored pioneers of Poweshiek county, Iowa, was born in Holmes county, Ohio, on the 23rd of October, 1843, and was but a lad of two years when he came to Iowa with his parents, John J. and Mary (Maxwell) Talbott. It was in the fall of 1845 that they came west, and on the 7th of April, 1846, located in what is now Poweshiek county, but this was two years before the county was organized. The father secured a tract of land on section 13, in the eastern part of what later became Bear Creek township, and there erected a log house which he conducted as the Talbott tavern, and one mile east of the present site of Brooklyn and was the first stage stop west of Marengo. This district at that time was all a barren waste, covered with native grasses and inhabited only by Indians and buffaloes. The claim of Mr. Talbott was staked out before the land had been surveyed by the government. John J. Talbott's death occurred in Bear Creek township, on the 20th of February, 1849, and he was survived by his wife and fourteen children.

Here Basil Maxwell Talbott was reared and he had not yet reached his nineteenth year when, on the 14th of August, 1862, he responded to the country's call for aid and enlisted for service in the Civil War. On the 10th of October following, he was mustered into Company H, Twenty-eighth Iowa Volunteer Infantry, known as "Brooklyn Sharpshooters," with the rank of eighth corporal, and on November 1st was transported to Helena, Arkansas. From there his company marched to Oakland, Mississippi, under General Harvey, to reinforce General Grant, and in January, 1863, he participated in the the White River expedition. On

the 29th of March of that year, his company began the march toward Vicksburg, arriving at Port Gibson on the 30th of April. On the following day, May 1, occurred the battle of Port Gibson at Thompson Hill, in which Mr. Talbott participated, and he was also present at the engagement at Elward's Station on the 13th of May. He took part in the battle of Champion's Hill on the 16th, after which he marched with his company to the Big Black river and thence to the rear of Vicksburg. At the siege of that city his company was a part of General McClernand's corps, which led the van of Grant's army, and during the siege occupied a position in the center of the left wing of the army. On the 15th of June, 1863, during the engagement at Vicksburg, he was wounded in the left breast and arm, and being thus incapacitated for further duty at the front, served as guard at the Rock Island arsenal and prison until the close of the war. He received his honorable discharge on the 7th of November, 1864. After returning to civil pursuits he established a land office in 1866, engaged in surveying. In 1869 he entered into a business partnership with D. R. Sterling, which relation continued until the death of Mr. Sterling in 1910, and during that period they engaged, at different times, in the land, drug, book, lumber and banking business. In April, 1873, they established lumber yards and in 1872 organized the Sterling and Talbott Private Bank, which, in 1885, became the First National Bank. He was postmaster of Brooklyn from 1870 until 1873, and in 1874 was elected to the office of mayor of the city. He belongs to the Methodist church and fraternally is connected with the Masons and Odd Fellows.

Basil M. Talbott was married at Brooklyn, on the 12th of May, 1866, to Miss Sarah J. Ashton, and unto them have been born nine children, namely, Albert B., Charles D., Edwin H., Effie E., Lena A., and Ada, Frederick, Jennie and William, all four of whom passed away in infancy.

by a quartette composed of Mrs. C. B. Reed, Mrs. E. W. Jones, Tom Roberts and Leo Shuler.

Pallbearers were Hugh Lang, Herbert Brannian, E. W. Jones, I. J. Ormiston, R. J. Breckenridge and Edward Brenimann. Burial was made in the I. O. O. F. cemetery and the American Legion and I. O. O. F. had charge of the final rites.

Editor's Note—The above obituary is the same as was used at the funeral services held in Los Angeles, Calif. It might be of interest to many readers to learn that Rev. C. V. Cowan, a former minister of the Brooklyn Methodist Church, had charge of the service held in California.

which opens Thursday at the Strand Theatre.

"Mockery" affords the master of makeup a thrilling new characterization, that of a strange, brooding

Mr. Talbott began spending his winters in California in 1883 and in 1909 he built the present home and has resided there permanently since.

He passed away Sunday, September 4th, 1927, at 10:00 a. m., at the age of 3 years, 10 months and 12 days.

He leaves to mourn his loss three sons, Albert Basil, Charles David, and Edwin Hatton, two daughters, Effie Emyline Coon, and Lena Elizabeth Shifflett; four grandchildren, George Albert Talbott, Faith Gretchen Gordon, Basil Talbott Shifflett and Laura Judd Fisher; two great-grandchildren, Emylou Gordon and Barbara Fisher, and one sister, Elizabeth Smith.

His wife preceded him in death, having died September 7, 1921, at the age of 73 years, 11 months and 15 days. Mr. Talbott has been a member of the Grace Methodist Church and the Odd Fellows of Brooklyn, Iowa, for over fifty years.

He loved his children with a love that knew no limit, and the sweetest inheritance to their memory is the thought that he never planted a pain in their hearts. A braver and kinder soul never touched this earth, nor was a cleaner mind ever implanted in human clay. He was universally beloved, a kind husband, a loving and indulgent father, a good neighbor and friend, and a Christian gentleman.

He who "doeth all things well" has a place for such as he, for has he not said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Always my counsellor, always my friend,

Always with patience his help would be lend,

Always at hand when life's problems I met,

Throughout all the world my best friend yet,

Always consistent, understanding my mould,

'Midst all my sorrows as true as gold.

Always the first to wish me luck,

Always the first to praise my pluck,

Always at hand whether rain or shine.

The same old sport, this Daddy of mine.

Old age overtook him, and soon under the sod

Will lay his body, but he's nearer to God.

I shall never forget him as long as I live.

He asked of me nothing, but always did give.

He's the greatest hero his son ever had,

My dear old loving, kind old Dad. Funeral services were held from the Methodist Church Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The large crowd in attendance bore evidence of the great friendliness of the deceased. Rev. W. J. Fowler had charge of the services and the music was rendered