

POMEROY COMM. SCHOOL
POMEROY, IOWA

Withdrawn

Stories of Iowa

Written and Narrated by

IRVING H. HART

Archivist and Historian

at the

IOWA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE *

Cedar Falls

Broadcast on every Wednesday afternoon at 2:45

over

STATION WOI — AMES

640 on Dial

Produced in the Radio Studios

of the

IOWA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE *

Cedar Falls

POMEROY COMM. SCHOOL

POMEROY, IOWA

*Reprinted from the 1953 edition. The Iowa State Teachers College has since been renamed The State College of Iowa.

Sep 2. 14, 1965 .50

IOWA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
CEDAR FALLS, IOWA

OFFICE OF THE ARCHIVIST

September 1, 1953

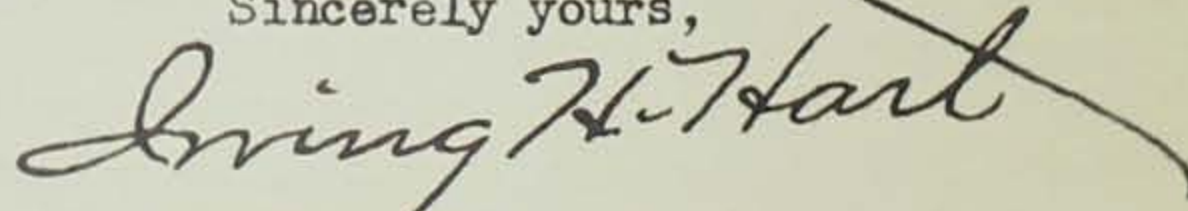
Dear Friends:-

So many of you -- school children, teachers and folks at home -- have written to express your appreciation of the "Stories of Iowa" which have been broadcast by the Iowa State Teachers College Radio Players during the past two years that we have been encouraged to put some of them into printed form in this booklet. We hope that in this way these stories may serve to stimulate further interest in the history of our state. Of course, we have told here only a very small part of the history of Iowa. If these stories make you want to know more about the men, women and events of Iowa's past, to fill in the many gaps between the stories, and most of all to discover interesting stories of your own communities, we shall feel fully repaid for the time and effort we have put into their preparation and presentation.

This has been a cooperative undertaking, and acknowledgement should be made of the great indebtedness of the writer to Herbert V. Hake, producer and director of the broadcasts; to Harald B. Holst and Jane Birkhead, whose dramatic interpretations of various characters have made the stories come to life; and to a number of others of our college family, who have so willingly given their time and efforts to help us tell these stories.

We should acknowledge, too, our indebtedness to many writers who have recorded the history of Iowa in part and as a whole. To list all of these would take much space. May it not be enough to say that every reasonable effort has been made to insure the historical accuracy of the stories as we have retold them? Pupils, teachers or others who are interested in receiving a bibliography of the sources of these stories may obtain such a list by writing to the Radio Office, Iowa State Teachers College, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Sincerely yours,



Irving H. Hart
College Archivist

I HOW THE LAND THAT IS IOWA CAME TO BE

History is usually recorded on the pages of printed books; but there is another kind of book, the Book of Nature, on whose pages we may read, if we have learned how to read them, stories of things that happened long, long ago -- so long that even the wisest of men can only guess how many years ago.

The Story of Limestone

If we want to know how long ago it was that the story of Iowa really began, we may be told to look around us until, for example, we find some limestone jutting out from the side of a cliff or from the bank of a stream. High above the roads leading into and out of Dubuque, we may see great ledges of limestone jutting out from steep cliffs. Here in Cedar Falls, we have to go only a few rods to a little creek, called Dry Run, to find native limestone, lying just where it was formed ages ago at the bottom of the sea.

"At the bottom of the sea?" you say. "Cedar Falls isn't at the bottom of the sea!"

No, it isn't now; but the wise men, who are called geologists, tell us that once upon a time, millions of years ago, what is now Cedar Falls and Black Hawk County and Iowa and much of what is now the Mississippi Valley was at the bottom of the sea. And down through the waters of that sea, bit by bit, fell the shells of small sea animals. These bits of shell were heaped together and packed down, year after year, over and over again, until they formed layers of limestone, sometimes many feet in thickness. In the early days, many buildings in Iowa were built from this native limestone, among them the Old Stone Capitol on the grounds of the State University at Iowa City. Deposits of limestone near Mason City and of gypsum near Fort Dodge, both used in the manufacture of cement, have ~~made~~ Iowa one of the leading producers of this important building material.

The pages of the Book of Nature which show us limestone and gypsum tell us what is probably one of the very oldest of Iowa history stories.

The Story of Coal

If you live in, or have visited, some parts of central or southern Iowa, you may have seen the great reddish-brown heaps of what is called "slag", which are found near coal mines. These are heaps of waste which has been discarded in the mining of coal. The layers of black coal lying beneath the surface tell us another story of Iowa's distant past.

From some unknown causes, this part of the earth's surface which is now Iowa was eventually lifted above the level of the sea. Then, for thousands of years, warm winds blew across this land and hot tropical sun beat upon it. Trees grew in abundance, grew old and died and fell into the swamps where the water kept them from decaying. They heaped themselves upon each other until they formed thick mats of vegetation. These layers of vegetable matter, in turn, came to be covered with rock and soil and were sunk beneath the sea, there to be pressed into layers of coal, such as are found near Albia, Oskaloosa and Des Moines. We do not know how or why these great changes came about. We know only, on the word of the geologists, that they did occur, and that so another chapter of Iowa's history in these ancient days was written in letters never to be erased from the pages of the Book of Nature.

Then, once more, this Iowaland was raised up above the waters, not all of a sudden, probably, but through a period of countless years. And once again the surface of this land came to be covered with vegetation.

The Story of the Glaciers

Ages passed, and there came another great change in what we call the climate of this region. Year by year, the temperature of what is now Iowa became colder

and colder. Snow fell both summer and winter, and immense drifts formed, heaping up higher and higher and packing down harder and harder, until they became solid ice. Then these ice layers began slowly to flow out from their centers far to the north of us.

Flow out? Do you mean to say that ice can flow?

Yes. Believe it or not, ice, like water, is a liquid, and it will flow very, very slowly from higher to lower ground and sometimes even up hill.

Up hill? Water won't flow up hill!

You're right. Water won't flow up hill, but both water and ice will go up hill, if they are forced to do so. But that is another story.

The first of these glaciers, as these masses of flowing ice are called (or at least the first of them that left its story plainly written on the Iowa Book of Nature) came down over all of Iowaland and extended south and west into what is now Missouri and Kansas. As the ice sheet (perhaps ten thousand feet thick) moved slowly out from its center, (We are told that it moved at the rate of about one mile in ten years.) it ground over the underlying rocks like an enormous plow or a gigantic "bull-dozer". Some of the rocks it crushed to a fine powder; other fragments it caught up and carried onward for hundreds of miles.

Then came another succession of unexplained changes in climate. Seasons of warmer temperatures caused the glaciers to melt back. These seasons were followed by colder ones and by new advances of the ice sheets.

Glacial Drift

In all, four great ice sheets invaded Iowa successively at intervals of from thirty to fifty thousand years. Each of them, except the first, covered a different portion of Iowaland. When they finally melted away, they left upon the surface an accumulation, called glacial drift, consisting of rock flour, sand, gravel and rocks, often several hundred feet in thickness.

Moraines

We may still see traces of their journeys in the material which they dropped as they retreated. If you are driving west on Highway Number 3 through Butler County, for example, you will come, just east of Hampton, to a low ridge, rising abruptly from the prairie plain. If you wanted to do so, you could turn to the left and trace this ridge south past Eldora and almost to Marhsalltown. This ridge is called a moraine. There are many of these moraines to be found in central and northern Iowa.

Boulders

Often, too, as you drive across these parts of Iowa, you see heaps of stones piled up along the fence rows or scattered here and there over the fields. These stones are called boulders. Some of them are of great size. There is an old church building on Walnut Street in Waterloo which is said to have been built from stone quarried from one single boulder. There is no native rock like that of these granite boulders to be found anywhere near these parts of Iowa. We are told that they were torn from ledges in the Canadian highlands and carried here by the glaciers.

Erosion

After the glaciers had finally left this region, (It is safe to estimate that this occurred only some twenty five thousand years ago.) the surface was, at first, very irregular, and there was no natural drainage. Gradually, as time went on, many of the lower places were filled with fine particles which eventually became clay or which hardened into shale or sandstone. The water from melting ice and snow, pushed out from these low places, began to lap over the surrounding barriers; then, first, little and, later, larger streams began to cut out valley pathways for themselves. Today, the relative age of the land surfaces in the different areas of Iowa may be determined by comparing the results of erosion, or the wearing away of the

land by the action of running water.

North East Iowa

What is probably the oldest part of Iowa today is that in the north east, sometimes called the "Switzerland of Iowa". Many of you have visited Backbone State Park on the borders of Clayton and Delaware Counties, and have seen how, here and in the immediately surrounding areas, erosion, continued over hundreds of thousands of years, has carved out an extremely rugged surface, with deep-cut gorges for its streams. The presence of traces of glacial drift, even on some of its higher points, shows that this area was once covered, at least lightly, by an ice sheet.

South Central Iowa

The next oldest section of Iowa is the south central part. Here the effects of erosion are so marked that, over most of this region, it would be hard to find even a forty-acre tract of fairly level land anywhere. You who have driven south on Highways 63, 65 or 69 have, no doubt, noticed how much more irregular the southern Iowa land surface is than it is farther north, and how even the main highways tend to be much more curved and winding than those in the younger parts of the state.

North Central Iowa

In that part of Iowa between Northwood and Cresco on the north and Marshalltown and Cedar Rapids on the south, you will see a land of rolling plains, with well-defined valleys, but with no very high hills or very low valleys. You will find many relatively large streams like the Cedar and innumerable small creeks. Neither here, nor in southern Iowa, do any natural lakes remain. Such of these as once existed have long ago been drained off by the streams. The effects of erosion are less noticeable in northern than in southern Iowa because the glaciers left northern Iowa many thousands of years later.

North West Iowa

If you keep your eyes on the pages of the Book of Nature as you drive west through Iowa along Highways 20, 3, or 18, you will see that the land to the west of Iowa Falls, and Hampton and Mason City looks very different from that to the east of these cities. You will see, for the most part, a monotonous stretch of level prairie, cut through by many artificial ditches constructed to drain off the water which formerly lay on the surface in sloughs and ponds. You will see many lakes: Clear Lake, Okoboji and Spirit Lakes, Storm Lake, and many smaller ones. You will cross only a few stream valleys, those of the Iowa and Des Moines Rivers being the most noticeable. These things, the geologists tell us, are evidence that this is a young land, from which the glaciers have retreated so recently that it has not yet had time to develop complete drainage systems.

Plant and Animal Life

The land surface at the end of the glacial eras was at first everywhere barren of any life. As the climate became more temperate, however, seeds were scattered by the winds and other agencies, and soon (as the geologists count time) it came to be covered with a carpet of vegetation — first grasses and then trees. The growth and decay of a long series of generations of plants contributed certain so-called organic elements to the soil. Animal life appeared. Earth worms and burrowing animals worked constantly through many centuries, pulverizing, mellowing and enriching the surface, until Iowa came to be covered with a mantle of one of the most fertile soils in the world.

These things which we may read from the Book of Nature tell us how the land that is now Iowa came to be. So the stage was built and made ready for the Indians, the discoverers, the explorers and the pioneers, with whose coming the human drama of Iowa history begins.

II

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN TO IOWA

To learn when and why the first white men came to Iowa we must go back to a time almost three hundred years ago and to the distant city of Quebec, when it was the capital of New France (now Canada); for it was the French who, by way of the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes and many smaller streams, first reached the upper part of the Mississippi Valley and the land that is now Iowa.

For more than a hundred years after Columbus discovered America, no European nation, except Spain, made any successful attempt to establish settlements in North America: although both England and France sent out explorers and laid claims to land on this continent. Soon after 1600, however, European settlements began rapidly to be planted here: The English at Jamestown in 1607, the French at Quebec in 1608, and the Dutch at New Amsterdam (New York) in 1609. The spread of English settlements all along the Atlantic coast eventually closed that part of the continent to the French; so, if they were to acquire additional land, they had no other way to go than westward from Quebec toward the Mississippi.

As the French explorers came in contact with Indians from the central valley, they were told of a great water to the westward, which they believed to be either what they called the "Sea of China" or a river leading to it. Finding a water route to this sea came to be an important motive for further exploration. French missionaries pushed westward to the very tip of Lake Superior, and here they heard of a stream, named Misi-sibi, from the Indian words for "great river". A young priest, named Jacques Marquette, came to this far western station in 1669. Here he met Indians who told him that their home was thirty days' journey distant on a great river nearly a league in width. (A league is about two and one-half miles.) They said that they were called Illinois, and invited Marquette to visit them. In hope of doing so, the young priest learned their language.

Marquette did not have long to wait. In 1672, the Count de Frontenac became Governor of New France, and he proceeded at once to organize an expedition to explore the region to the west of the Great Lakes. As one of its leaders, the Governor chose Louis Joliet, and, to represent the church, Father Marquette was selected to accompany him. These two spent the winter of 1672-73 at the head of Lake Michigan, preparing for their journey. In May, 1673, they set out to find the fabled land of gold called Quivira, and to carry the Gospel to the peoples along the river's banks. For guidance, they made a map of the regions to be explored, using all the information they could get from the Indians. For transportation, they obtained two large bark canoes, strong enough to withstand the hazards of the voyage and light enough to be carried overland between streams. For provisions, they laid in a supply of Indian corn and some smoked meats. To assist them on the journey, they selected five sturdy and experienced voyageurs, or boatmen.

Father Marquette kept a journal of the expedition, which he later used as the basis for a written report. This manuscript has been preserved and has been published; so we have the advantage of a complete account of this journey, written by a man who took part in it.

Following along the northern shores of Lake Michigan, the explorers entered Green Bay and ascended the Fox River, until they came to a village of the Folle Avoine or Wild Rice Indians. These natives attempted to discourage them from going further. They said that the great river was "full of horrible monsters, which devoured men and canoes together; that there was even a demon, who was heard from a great distance and who swallowed all who ventured to approach him." If they escaped the demon, they would perish in the heat of the country through which the river

flowed.

Against all these dangers, Father Marquette invoked the protection of the saints, and the expedition went on up the Fox River to a village of the Maskoutin or Fire Indians. Here they were provided with two guides to lead them to the portage between the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers. (A portage is the land between two streams over which canoes are carried.) After paddling almost a hundred miles down the Wisconsin, which these explorers called the "Meskousing", they arrived at its mouth on the 17th of June, just one month after their departure from the mission, and looked out upon the waters of the Mississippi, for which they had been seeking. Of their feelings on thus accomplishing the first object of their journey, Marquette says, "Here we are then on this so renowned river, (which) we entered with joy I cannot express."

The scene spread out before them, as the two canoes drifted slowly with the current out onto the Mississippi, was one of the most beautiful in all the great valley. Across the river to the west was a chain of high bluffs, which Marquette called "mountains"; to the south and east lay what this first observer called "beautiful lands". He and his comrades, the first white men to gaze upon the beauties of Iowaland, sat for a little while in their canoes, viewing it with wonder and joy; then they turned their way downstream.

To this great river, Father Marquette gave the name Riviere de la Conception, in honor of the Virgin Mary; but this name did not survive. The Indian name, Misi-sibi, became for all time Mississippi, "a name as fluent and majestic as the river's course through the heart of the great continent."

As the Frenchmen paddled their canoes south with the current of the river, they did see "monsters", but none so awful as the Fire Indians had predicted. One monstrous fish, Marquette says, "struck our canoe with such violence that I thought it was a great tree, about to break our canoe in pieces. On another occasion, we saw on the water a monster with the head of a tiger, a sharp nose, like that of a wild cat, with straight whiskers and erect ears; but we saw no other creatures of this sort." In all this part of their journey, they saw no human beings, "only deer, cattle, cranes and swans". The wild cattle were evidently buffaloes. The men killed one of these, "so large that three persons had difficulty in moving it". This probably gave the explorers a supply of fresh meat to supplement their previously limited diet.

They continued their journey southward for eight days; "but", as Marquette says, "as we knew not whither we were going, we kept well on our guard, making only a small fire on land toward evening to cook our meals, and after supper removing ourselves to anchor our canoes and pass the night on the river at some distance from the shore, and always posting one of the party as a sentinel, for fear of a surprise."

Finally, on the 25th of June, "we perceived on the water's edge", near the mouth of a stream entering the Mississippi from the west, "some tracks of men, and a narrow and somewhat beaten path. We stopped to examine it, and, thinking that it was a road which led to some village, we resolved to go and reconnoiter it." Leaving the canoes under the guard of the other men, with instructions not to allow themselves to be surprised, Marquette and Joliet together followed the narrow path, thus exposing themselves unarmed to the mercy of a barbarous and unknown people. After walking several miles, they discovered three villages on the bank of the river. In none of these villages was a human being in sight. Commending themselves to the protection of God, the two men went on, apparently still unseen, until they came so near the first village that they could hear men talking. Deciding that it was time to reveal themselves, they stopped and shouted. "On hearing the shout", Marquette continues, "the savages quickly issued from their cabins. Having probably

recognized us as Frenchmen, especially when they saw a black gown, or at least having no cause for distrust, they deputed four old men to come and speak to us. Two of these bore tobacco pipes, finely ornamented with feathers. They walked slowly toward us and raised their pipes toward the sun, without saying a word. Finally, when they had drawn near, they stopped to consider us attentively".

Marquette, using the Illinois language he had learned earlier, was the first to speak. He asked them who they were. They replied that they were Illinois, and, as a token of peace, they offered the white men their pipes to smoke. Then they invited the strangers to enter their village. The Frenchmen were led to a cabin, in the door of which stood an old man, who said to them, "How beautiful the sun is, O Frenchmen, when thou comest to visit us. All our village awaits thee, and thou shalt enter our cabins in peace." All around were a crowd of Indians, who "devoured us with their eyes, but preserved profound silence. From time to time, the old man addressed us in a low voice, saying, "How good it is, my brothers, that you should visit us."

After the Frenchmen and the elders among the Indians had exchanged the calumet, or peace-pipe, an invitation was extended from the chief of the tribe to visit his village for a council. Here, after Marquette had explained the purpose of their journey and had given the chief some presents, the chief said, "I thank thee, Black Gown, and thee, O Frenchman, for having taken so much trouble to visit us. Never has the earth been so beautiful, or the sun so bright as today; never has our river been so calm, or so clear of rocks, which your canoes have removed in passing; never has our tobacco tasted so good, or our corn appeared so fine, as we now see them. I beg you to have pity on me and on all my nation. It is thou who knowest the Great Spirit who has made us all. It is thou who speakest to Him and who hearest his word. Beg Him to give me life and health and to come and dwell with us, in order to make us know Him."

After another exchange of presents, the visitors were served a feast in four courses — Indian corn boiled and seasoned with fat, fish, dog meat, and last a piece of wild ox (buffalo) meat. The dog course, the Frenchmen politely declined. That night, Marquette and Joliet slept peacefully in the chief's cabin, and on the following morning they took leave of their host. The Frenchmen were conducted to their canoes on the Mississippi by the chief and nearly six hundred of his tribe, "who witnessed our embarkation, giving us every possible manifestation of the joy that our visit had caused them."

Had all the meetings of white men and Indians in the years to come been of the character of this first one in Iowa, many bloody chapters of our history would never have had to be written.

On Marquette's map, published with the Narrative, the place where the explorers met these Indians is located on the Iowa side of the Mississippi. The site of this first landing of white men in what is now Iowa has been fixed as near the mouth of the Iowa-Cedar River, in Louisa County.

The explorers went on down the Mississippi as far as the mouth of the Arkansas River, where, having decided that the great river they were following flowed into the Gulf of Mexico rather than into the China Sea, they turned back. On their return, they ascended the Illinois River, and thence by portage reached Lake Michigan and eventually their starting point. In 1674, Father Marquette returned as a missionary to the Illinois Indians along the shores of Lake Michigan, where he died in the following year. His memory is revered as that of one of the men who revealed to the world the wealth of the great Mississippi Valley, and one who gave his life to the cause of Christianizing the Indians. Iowa has commemorated his connection with its history by naming for him a village in Clayton County. He has been honored, too, by having his statue placed in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., as the repre-

sentative historical figure of the State of Wisconsin. In like manner, Joliet has been remembered by having a city in Illinois named for him. (We call it Joliet).

France eventually lost in the struggle with England for the possession of the valleys of the two great rivers, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. And, so far as Iowa is concerned, except in the pages of history, little remains to show that the French were the first white men to come to Iowa.

III

THE WAR DANCE ON THE IOWA RIVER

NARRATOR This is a story of an Indian named Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kai-kiak, of whom I am sure you have all heard. No? Well, perhaps you know him better by his American name, Black Hawk. Black Hawk was a chief of the Sac Indians, whose long life was filled with exciting events; but no one of them was more important or had more influence upon what was to happen later than the War Dance on the Iowa River, in April, 1832.

MUSIC (Indian Music appropriate to mood)

NAR In his old age, Black Hawk dictated the story of his life. What follows is in large part taken from this story. As the story opens, the old chief is recalling his life in the village of Saukenuk, on the Rock River in Illinois. Outside is a murmur of voices and in the distance a chorus of Indian women, singing as they work in the fields.

BLACKHAWK (Old Man) The changes of many summers have brought old age upon me, and I cannot expect to survive many more moons. As I look out from the doorway of my lodge, I seem to see again the green fields of Saukenuk, and hear the voices of my people. We were happy there in Saukenuk, as our people had been for more than a hundred years — and we should have been yet, had it not been for the whitemen.

MUSIC Bridge

VOICE Chief Black Hawk, men come.

BLACK HAWK (Young Man) Who come, daughter?

VOICE Our brothers from St. Louis.

B. H. Bid them enter.

SOUND MEN ENTERING

B. H. Speak, Nahma. Did you obtain the release of our brother who lay in prison charged with killing the white man?

NAHMA We did, oh Black Hawk, — but —

B. H. I see by your face, Nahma, that all is not well.

NAHMA All not well. We obtained brother's release. Gates of prison opened. He ran joyfully toward us, and he was shot down dead.

B. H. Dead?

NAHMA Dead.

SOUND (From outside in the distance, a woman wailing.)

B. H. You had paid the money for his release?

NAHMA We paid no money, oh Chief. Great American Father asked only that we give him some land on both sides of the Great River. We had but to touch goose quill, and thing was done.

B. H. Land? How much land? Where?

NAHMA I hide face from you, oh Chief. We were so drunken with white man's fire-water that we do not remember, even if we were told.

B. H. (Old Man) We knew no more what this touching of the goose quill had meant, until years later I myself was caught in the same trap; but not because of firewater. Because we wanted to drive back the Americans who were trying to settle on our lands, my braves and I joined with the British and fought many battles by their side. Then the British and the Americans made peace, and we were required to make peace also. We went to St. Louis for that purpose. We met the American chiefs in council, smoked the peace pipe, and were asked to touch the goose quill to what I thought was an agreement to keep the peace. We returned to Saukemuk, where I found that in my absence Keokuk had been made a war chief, even though he had never killed an enemy. Keokuk came to see me.

B. H. (Young Man) Enter, Keokuk. What have you to say?

KEOKUK I come but now from the house of the trader, who has news from St. Louis that Black Hawk has betrayed his people; that he has agreed to sell to the White Father all this land of Saukemuk.

B. H. Sell Saukemuk! It is a lie! Land cannot be sold. Nothing can be sold but what can be carried away.

B. H. (Old Man) But it was true, as Keokuk said. The paper to which I touched the goose quill was a confirmation of the so-called treaty made by Nahma years before. By this, we had sold to the United States, for the promise of \$1,000 a year in goods, all our lands east of great River and part of those on the west. I leave it to the people of the United States whether the nature of this treaty was properly presented to us, or whether we received fair compensation for the lands sold. - - - The White tide swept on westward toward us. Our fertile fields caught the greedy eyes of the new comers. They demanded that we be required to move across the river at once. Finally the trader told us that the Great White Father had ordered the removal of me and my band. I called a council of the elders.

B. H. (Young Man) Brothers, I have called you together to consider this order to leave our village.

SOUND (Murmur of low voices — AH — AH — AH)

KEOKUK There is but one thing to do, brothers. It is the wish of the Great Father that we should move. Already I have sent men to select a new place for our village on the Iowa River. We must do this, since Black Hawk has consented to the sale of our land.

B. H. Keokuk knows that I never gave such consent, knowing that I did so.

KEOKUK But Black Hawk touched the goose quill.

B. H. Enough, Keokuk! Let there be no more friendship between us. I look upon a man who would abandon his village to strangers as a coward and no brave.

SOUND (Chorus of guttural shouts, both in agreement and in dissent.)

B. H. (Old Man) The men of our village were divided. Some followed Keokuk across the river; others stayed in Saukemuk with me. White men came in, built fences and planted crops in our fields. One took possession of one of my own lodges and began to sell whiskey to my people. With some of my young men, I went to his house, seized his whiskey barrel and poured out its contents. The settlers petitioned for protection against us, and many soldiers and hundreds of volunteers came. The chief of the soldiers gave us two days to cross the river, threatening force if we did not go. On the night of the second day, fearing a massacre of my people, I led them across the river in a terrible storm, and made a camp of misery, without shelter or food. The volunteers laid waste our fields and burned Saukemuk. - - - We built a new village on the Iowa. Here I sat in my lodge, brooding, - - hearing the women wailing for the loss of their corn and pumpkins, and the demands of my young men that I

lead them into war.

SOUND (Background — wailing of women — angry voices of men.)

B. H. (Old Man) I decided to lead my warriors across the river to rescue Saukenuk from the invaders, even if it meant war. Keokuk, with his smooth tongue, kept trying to persuade my band that I was wrong. I knew I must answer him. I led my band to his village, and set up a war post in the very front of his lodge. Then we danced the dance of war.

SOUND (War dance — drums — tomahawks striking post)

NAR One by one, Black Hawk and his men each drove his tomahawk into the post as a declaration of war. With war whoops and war songs, they all danced around the post until they became a maddened host. Keokuk's men, at first, looked on, as if uninterested; but as the excitement increased, one by one, they began to join the dance, to the dismay of their own chief. When the dance had reached its height, Black Hawk suddenly signalled for silence. He began to speak:

B. H. (Young Man) Men of the Sac Nation, I do not need to recall to you the wrongs we have suffered at the hands of the white men; not to remind you how they brought their cursed firewater to make wolves of our warriors; nor how they came with a multitude of horsemen and compelled us to flee for our lives across the Great River; nor how they burned down our ancient village and ran their plows through our graveyards. Will you, the descendants of these dead, stand idly by and suffer this sacrilege to continue? Have you lost your strength and courage and become squaws and papposes? The Great Spirit whispers in my ear, No! Then let us again be united as a nation, re-cross the Great River, re-kindle our watch-fires, and send forth the war whoop of the re-united Sacs. Our cousins will join us in avenging our wrongs. The British Father will send us, not only guns and ammunition, but soldiers to fight on our side. Then will the deadly arrow and the fatal tomahawk hurtle through the air at the hearts and heads of the pale-faced invaders.

SOUND (Wild excitement — Shouts — Drums)

NAR Keokuk had stood by, listening and watching his men desert him for his rival. He heard them calling him to lead them to war. He made his way to the post, but he did not strike it. He began to speak:

KEOKUK Brothers, I have heard you demand to be led forth upon the war path against the pale faces. Their cabins are as plenty as the trees of the forest, and their soldiers as the grass on the prairies. All we can hope for is to fight and fall, when fall we must, with our faces to the enemy. It is my duty, as your chief, to be your father in the paths of peace, and your leader in the paths of war. You have decided to follow the paths of war, and I will lead you forth upon these paths; but upon one condition: that we first put our wives and children, our aged and infirm, gently to sleep in that slumber that knows no waking this side the spirit land. For we go upon the long trail that has no turn. This sacrifice is demanded of us by the very love we bear those dear ones.

SOUND (Wailing of women)

NAR Although by this speech, Keokuk had won back, not only his own followers, but even some of Black Hawk's band, it had no effect upon the latter. The following morning, April 6, 1832, he led his band of four hundred warriors on

ponies, and three times that number of women, children and old men in canoes, across the Mississippi, and the Black Hawk War had begun. This war is one of the most tragic episodes in American Indian history. Black Hawk out-marched, out-maneuvered, and out-fought his white opponents; but he was hopelessly outnumbered — four hundred to ten thousand. The tragedy ended almost four months later far up in Wisconsin, where, as the remnants of the band with their women and children attempted to cross the Mississippi under a flag of truce, they were literally massacred by the white troops. Black Hawk himself with a few followers had been cut off from the rest of the band during this last battle and managed to escape up the river. Here, a few days later, he received news of the massacre and he then made his way to Prairie du Chien to become a prisoner of war. After spending some time in prison, Black Hawk was released and allowed to return to Iowa, where his friends helped him to build a home on the Des Moines River.

He died in October, 1838, and was given a simple Indian burial; but even in death he was not free from outrage. His grave was robbed by some white men, who intended to have the skeleton mounted for exhibition. His bones were finally recovered and placed in a building in Burlington, which was later burned to the ground. So, even the mortal remains of this great leader of his people, like his dreams for their happiness, ended in dust and ashes. Today a beautiful monument to Black Hawk, erected over sixty years after his death, stands on a high bluff overlooking his old home at Saukemuk.

As an indemnity for having permitted Black Hawk to make war upon the white men, the Sacs were required to cede their lands west of the Mississippi to the United States. This territory, known as the Black Hawk Purchase, was the first in what is now Iowa to be opened to settlement. The first name signed to this treaty was that of Keokuk, who with his band was ultimately removed to Kansas, where he died in obscurity, in 1848.

The War Dance on the Iowa was the turning point in Black Hawk's career, and it came to be one of the most important events leading to the establishment of Iowa.

IV

HOW IOWA BECAME A PART OF THE UNITED STATES

NARRATOR For ninety years after Marquette and Joliet first set foot on Iowa soil, the flag of France, with its yellow lilies on a white field, was the flag of all the lands on both sides of the Great River. Then, in a famous battle near Quebec, the French were defeated by the British and, in 1763, all of New France north and south of the Great Lakes and east of the Mississippi fell into British hands. The land west of the river was given by France to Spain, and the flag of Iowaland came to be the red and yellow banner of that nation. The British took over the French settlements in the great valley and established forts at various places in the new territory.

The Conquest of the Northwest Territory

On the night of the 4th of July, 1778, an armed band of one hundred fifty men crept silently up to surround the fortified village of Kaskaskia, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi in southern Illinois. This fort was the most distant outpost of the British in the territory between the Great Lakes and the Ohio River. The war between the new United States and England was raging along the Atlantic coast, but only rumors of it had thus far penetrated to the former French settlement at Kaskaskia. As the little army moved forward under cover of darkness, the sounds of distant music reached them, gradually becoming

more audible as they approached closer to the town.

SOUND DANCE MUSIC IN THE DISTANCE
 CLARK (In a low voice) Captain Harrod, do you hear music?
 HARROD Seems like I do, Colonel. Sounds like they're having themselves a dance.
 VOICE Colonel, we've found a gate on the river side of the fort plum wide open.
 CLARK Good! We'll investigate this.
 SOUND DANCE MUSIC LOUDER. VOICES AND LAUGHTER OF MEN AND WOMEN.

NAR Without opposition of any kind, Colonel Clark and his men entered the fort through the open gateway and approached the building which seemed to be the center of the festivities. So intent were the dancers upon their steps, and the spectators upon the dancers, that at first no one saw the tall grizzled figure of the Colonel, as he stepped within the doorway and stood leaning silently against its side. Suddenly the music and the chatter, all movement, all sound, ceased. All eyes turned toward the figure in the doorway. A quiet, but firm, voice broke the silence.

CLARK Dance on, ladies and gentlemen; but know that you dance now under the flag of Virginia, not that of England.

NAR A confused murmur of voices arose. A fiddler drew his bow discordantly across the strings. The first articulate voice to be heard was that of a beautifully-gowned young lady who, with the uniformed officer who had been her partner in the dance, was standing directly inside the doorway on the dance floor.

THERESA That man in the doorway, Capitan, who is he?

CLARK Your pardon, Mademoiselle, your officer friend cannot answer; for he does not know. Allow me to introduce myself. I am George Rogers Clark, Colonel of Virginia Rangers, by commission of His Excellency Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, at your service, Mademoiselle.

THERESA So, then you are the commandante of this army which, they tell us, is made up of the scum of the backwoods. We were warned that you were coming. Why you were not prevented, I do not know — prevented from sneaking up through the dark to attack defenceless people.

CLARK If you are defenceless, Mademoiselle, it is the fault of those who should have been your defenders. I see uniformed men on the dance floor here, but we found none at the gates or on the walls of the fort.

ROCHEBLAVE Sir, — if I do not mistake in honoring you with such a title — I am Captain Rocheblave, Commandant of His Britannic Majesty's garrison here. I have but to give the order and this farce is ended.

HARROD You'll have to yell like — Beg your pardon, lady — but there ain't no soldiers of yours left to obey no such order.

ROCHEBLAVE We shall see. (Shouting) Advance the Guard!

NAR A moment of absolute silence followed. Then ----

CLARK You see, Commandant? Captain Harrod spoke the truth.

THERESA This is a very impudent man, Commandante, . . . but a brave one.

CLARK Thank you, Mademoiselle, . . . or should it be Senorita?

ROCHE Your effrontery, sir, is unbearable. This lady is the Senorita Theresa de Leyba, sister of Don Fernando de Leyba, Governor of Spanish Louisiana. She is a visitor here. . . .

CLARK A thousands pardons, Senorita. (Raising his voice) You may set your mind at rest. None of the, as you call them, defenceless people will be harmed, if they keep to their homes until order is assured in the village. But your friend, the Commandant, and all his men are prisoners of war.

THERESA Muchas gracias, coronel. And now may I beg of you the courtesy of an escort for my duenna and me to our lodgings?

ROCHE Senorita, is it seemly that. . . .

THERESA Buenas noches, Commandante.

CLARK Captain Harrod, will you detail a squad for the Senorita's protection?

HARROD Detail? I'll do it myself. This is the kind of war I like.

MUSIC BRIDGE

NAR So, without the firing of a shot or any undue exercise of force, the British fort at Kaskaskia fell into the hands of Clark's Virginia Rangers, and the first step toward the conquest of the territory northwest of the Ohio River had been taken. There remained only one other fortified post in British hands south of Detroit, that at Vincennes on the Wabash River. This post was captured by Clark and his men a few months later, after an overland march of incredible hardship and a series of armed assaults. With the completion of this conquest, the westward frontier of the new American Republic was extended to the Mississippi, and its advance farther westward across the Great River was clearly foreshadowed. The conquest of the Northwest Territory, begun by the capture of Kaskaskia, may rightly be considered an event in the history of Iowa.

That there was brief romance between the young colonel of the ragged rebel militia and the daughter of old Spain is well established. But it ended, as it had begun, in a mutual exchange of glances that quickened the beat of two hearts. Clark was, as he himself says, "embarked upon an enterprise that would require my close attention and all of the skill I could muster in the service of my country." He met Theresa several times in later official visits to St. Louis; but after his departure for Vincennes he never saw her again. He never married. Theresa returned to Spain, and entered a convent, where she died more than forty years later.

The Purchase of Louisiana

We have learned how, in 1778, the land east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio had been won for the United States by George Rogers Clark, and that to many men of that day, it seemed only a matter of time until the frontier of this new republic would be pushed westward beyond the river barrier. This was particularly true, since the Spaniards did not want to allow the Americans to float their products down the river to sell them at St. Louis or New Orleans.

In the meantime, great changes had come about in France. A revolution had overthrown the old kingdom, and a new French Republic had taken its place. An ambitious young general, Napoleon Bonaparte, came to power in France, and he, by a secret treaty in 1801, induced the weak Spanish king to give Louisiana back to France. When this transfer became known, President Jefferson sent James Monroe to France to see if we could buy New Orleans, so that American traders might use this port. Napoleon was then engaged in a war with England and, realizing that he could not defend Louisiana, he offered to sell the whole of this region to the United States.

The price finally agreed upon was \$15,000,000. The treaty was ratified by the United States Senate in October, 1803, and the transfer of this vast area was completed in December. (More than 850,000 square miles were included in this purchase, and thus the cost was less than 3 cents per acre.) The news of these important events travelled slowly to the western wilds. In matter

of fact, when the American soldiers crossed the river to St. Louis to take possession of Louisiana in the spring of 1804, they found the Spanish flag still flying there. This was lowered and the Stars and Stripes took its place. Thereafter, all of Louisiana, including Iowaland, belonged to the United States.

MUSIC Bugle blowing "Taps"

NAR On an afternoon almost one hundred fifty years ago, a little party of soldiers of the United States Army turned away from the grave where they had just buried a comrade. The site was a tall bluff overlooking the Missouri River, a few miles south of where Sioux City stands today. The dead soldier had been a member of a party sent out by President Jefferson to explore the new land just acquired by the purchase of Louisiana. This undertaking is known as the Lewis and Clark expedition from its two leaders, Meriwether Lewis, lately the President's private secretary, and William Clark, a younger brother of George Rogers Clark, conqueror of the Northwest Territory.

Since no one knew definitely what either the western or the northern boundaries of the Louisiana Purchase were, nor whether the map-makers of that day were right or wrong in believing that everything west of the Missouri River was the Great American Desert, Jefferson sent Lewis and Clark to explore this river to its source, and thence to cross the mountains to the Pacific coast.

The men of the expedition moved slowly up the muddy Missouri, making camp at night at convenient places on either bank. At one place on the east side, they paused for a council with some Indians, and that place has ever since been called Council Bluffs.

When Sergeant Charles Floyd became ill with fever, they did what little they could for him; but on the 20th of August, 1804, he died. Above his grave, his comrades placed a cedar post with a board across it, on which they carved his name and the date of his death. Today, if you visit Sioux City, you may drive a few miles to the south to a place where you will see a tall monument erected to the memory of this soldier, who, so far as the records show, was the first white man to be buried in Iowa soil.

In this manner, by Clark's conquest of the Northwest Territory and Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana, what is now Iowa became a part of the United States.

V

JULIEN DUBUQUE AND THE MINES OF SPAIN

NARRATOR

If I should ask you to try to find the Mines of Spain on a map, where would you look? Europe? No. Spanish America? Well, not exactly—that is—not Spanish America as it is today. But Spanish America as it was almost two hundred years ago—yes. For, as we have already learned, Iowa was once a part of Spanish America, and the Mines of Spain, which have an important place in today's story, were in Iowaland.

The hero of our story was, if not the very first, at least among the very first of the white men actually to settle on land within what is now Iowa. His name is Julien Dubuque. Although we know that he was a real man, and know that he did live and work (or have other people work for him) here in Iowa, there are many stories told about him that either cannot be proved to be true, or that are disputed by some writers of history. Like many other real figures of history, Julien Dubuque has become a legend, and, in order to tell the story of his life, we shall have to

include some incidents which the dry-as-dust historians might reject.

The mines, later called the Mines of Spain, as we shall see, were very real. They were mines in which was found a quantity of lead ore, from which the pure lead could be obtained with comparatively little difficulty by the process of smelting, or melting out the lead by the application of intense heat. The deposits of lead in Iowa were found chiefly in the neighborhood of the present city of Dubuque, where they had been mined as early as 1690. In this year, a Frenchman named Nicholas Perrot received samples of lead ore from some Indians, and, soon after, he is said to have established a trading post in the region from which the samples came. What were at first called "Perrot's Mines" were located by the early makers of maps of the Mississippi Valley near what is now the eastern border of Iowa, but it is not clear whether his trading post was located on the west or on the east side of the Great River. (There were also lead mines in what is now northern Illinois, centering around Galena, which takes its name from a kind of lead ore.)

There is an interesting tradition, connected with these mines, to the effect that Iowa was directly involved in the battles of the American Revolution. After the capture of Kaskaskia by George Rogers Clark in 1778, the British at Prairie du Chien received information that lead was being mined and shipped down the river to the Americans. A British force, sent down stream to prevent this, seized the mines on the Iowa side of the river; but was unable to prevent the launching of a fleet of canoes laden with lead for delivery at St. Louis. The British followed this little fleet all the way down the river without being able to overtake it, and they even attempted an attack upon the Spanish capital at St. Louis. In beating off this attack, a French miner, who had for some time previously been located on the west side of the Mississippi in Iowaland, received wounds which caused his death. This man, Jean Marie Cardinal, has been called "the first and only Iowan who died for American Independence".

The British occupation of these mines was only temporary, and, after their withdrawal, the Indians resumed the mining of lead. The actual labor of mining was done by the squaws, who dug shallow trenches or pits in the hillsides and carried the ore in baskets to crude smelters where the lead was melted out. Indian women, too, had a part in the discovery of lead deposits. One of the most valuable of these mines was discovered by one whom the French called "the woman Peosta". This mine came to be one of the most productive of those worked by a band of Fox Indians, under the leadership of one whom they called "the Kettle Chief".

After the close of the Revolution in 1783, a young Frenchman, named Julien Dubuque, then twenty-one years old, came to Prairie du Chien from his home on the St. Lawrence River in Canada, and began making canoe voyages up and down the river to trade with the Indians. He seems to have won a place for himself in the village of the Kettle Chief, which was situated at the mouth of Catfish Creek, in the valley through which the Illinois Central Railroad now enters the city of Dubuque. These Fox Indians gave him the name, "Little Cloud", because he is said to have been dark and small. Dubuque found that lead was being produced here in paying quantities, and he made up his mind to gain control of these mines, if possible.

The Indians were, at first, not at all inclined to listen favorably to the proposition of this dark-eyed, pleasant-voiced stranger that they transfer the ownership of their mines to him; but somehow their objections were finally overcome. On September 22, 1788, the Kettle Chief and some of his band accompanied Dubuque to Prairie du Chien, where they made their marks on a piece of paper. ("Making their marks" means that the Indians, who could not write their names, merely made X's, while someone else wrote their signatures. This is like Black Hawk's "touching the goose quill.") By this Prairie du Chien paper, the Foxes gave to "Little Cloud" the right to work their mines as long as he should please. By it, they further

agreed (to quote from the paper itself) "to sell and abandon to him the contents of the mine discovered by the woman Peosta and a tract of land along the west side of the Mississippi, seven miles wide and twenty-one miles long.

Just why these Foxes should have made such an agreement without receiving any compensation whatsoever is one of the mysteries surrounding the legendary figure of Julien Dubuque. One story is that when the Kettle Chief refused to grant Dubuque's request, the latter threatened to burn up the Mississippi if the Indians persisted in their objections. A council to consider the matter further was called to meet on the bank of Catfish Creek one evening, and a big bonfire was built, around which the Indians gathered. Dubuque had meanwhile instructed some of his men to go up around a bend in the creek and dump a barrel of oil on the water. When again the Indians proved to be stubbornly opposed to his proposal, Julien seized a burning brand from the fire and hurled it out onto the stream. The terrified Indians saw the surface of the water burst into flame, and at once agreed to Dubuque's request. Immediately the Frenchman waved his arms and in a few minutes the fire on the water went out.

Another explanation given for Dubuque's remarkable success in this project is that it was due to the influence of the Indian maiden Peosta, whom he had taken as his wife. But whatever the explanation may be, there is no doubt that the agreement was actually made, and we are told that the Indians themselves helped Dubuque to trace out the boundaries of the land he was to receive.

For more than twenty years, Dubuque continued in possession of the land and the mines. He improved the methods of mining, built a smelter, constructed cabins for his men, cleared and cultivated land, and procured boats to carry the lead to market in St. Louis and to bring back goods for trade with the Indians. To make his claim to these mines doubly secure, in 1796, Dubuque obtained from Carondelet, the Spanish Governor of Louisiana, a confirmation of his Indian grant. In his application for this, he called his possessions the "Mines of Spain". Twice each year, Dubuque and his men took their great flatboats to and from St. Louis, floating down with only the necessity of steering to keep the boats in the channel, and poling back up stream very slowly and with great labor and difficulty. A Connecticut Yankee, named Peter Pond, who visited Prairie du Chien as early as 1773, wrote of having seen "Botes from New Orleans, navigated by thirtey-six men who row as maney oarse, cum to trad with the french & Indans."

The transfer of the ownership of Louisiana from Spain to France and then to the United States in 1803 made no difference in Dubuque's activities, and he continued to rule his domain as the feudal lords had done in Europe down to his day. Julien Dubuque died on the 24th of March, 1810, having retained the respect and friendship and loyalty of the Fox Indians to the last. When he died, they buried him with all the honors befitting a chief on a high bluff overlooking the Great River. On this site, in 1897, a circular tower of limestone was erected as a monument to this man, who was probably the first white settler in Iowa, and who was for many years the most important man on the upper Mississippi.

For reasons as obscure as those relating to many other of Julien Dubuque's acts, in 1804, he had sold a seven-sixteenths interest in his "Mines of Spain" to Auguste Chouteau, a wealthy French trader at St. Louis. After Dubuque's death, Chouteau and others tried to establish claims to the land and the mines over which Dubuque had exercised undisputed sway since 1788. A law-suit resulted, which dragged on and on for years and finally reached the United States Supreme Court. This court, the highest in our land, decided in 1853 that the paper which the Kettle Chief and his Fox followers had signed sixty-five years before had not given Dubuque ownership of the land, but only the right to mine the lead in the region. Any other decision by the Supreme Court would have been extremely embarrassing to the

many persons owning property at that time in and around the city of Dubuque; for the "heirs and assigns" (as the lawyers call them) of Chouteau and the other original creditors of the Dubuque estate claimed to have prior rights and title to all the one-hundred-fifty square miles of land which Julien Dubuque had always believed that he owned.

Some historians say that Julien Dubuque was never married; but when his original grave was opened for the temporary removal of the remains during the building of the permanent monument, it was discovered that a second body, believed to have been that of a woman, had been buried in the same grave. What woman, it may be asked, would have been thus buried, other than his wife? Father Hoffman, author of *Antique Dubuque*, says of this discovery, "Iowa will cling with honest, well-founded sentiment to the historic idyl of Julien Dubuque and Peosta of the Foxes." And another Iowa historian adds, "Why not? And why not be glad that once upon a time there lived in Iowa a man around whom legends linger in the aura of romance -- legends such as Homer might have sung in an epic or Tennyson have told around his mythical Table Round?"

VI

HOW IOWA BECAME AN ORGANIZED TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES THROUGH THE CONNIVANCE OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY

NARRATOR President Jefferson was determined to learn all that he could about the newly acquired land called Louisiana (which, we must not forget, included what is now Iowa), and so, in addition to the expedition of Lewis and Clark, he sent out a second group of men to explore this region. This expedition was under the command of a young Lieutenant named Zebulon Pike, who was instructed to go up the Mississippi River to its source, if possible, and to gain all the information he could about the country and the people along the river. Pike and his men started from St. Louis in August, 1805, and slowly poled their way in flatboats up the river. It took them twenty days to reach the mouth of the Des Moines River, and three or four days later they landed near the village of Saukenuk. Of this visit, Black Hawk says:

Lieutenant Pike gave us some presents, and said that our American father would treat us well. He presented us an American flag, which we hoisted. He then requested us to lower the British flag and give back our British medals. This we declined to do, as we wanted to have two fathers.

On his way up along the eastern border of Iowaland, Pike noted only three settlements of white men: those of Honore Tesson at what came to be Montrose, of Dubuque at the "Mines of Spain", and Basil Giard, where the city of McGregor (in Clayton County) now stands. It was Pike's opinion that the great prairies stretching out to the west of the river were incapable of cultivation, and should be left to the wandering savages. Pike and some of his men landed on the west side of the river and climbed the highest of the bluffs, which Marquette had called "mountains". This height is still called "Pike's Peak". (There is another "Pike's Peak" in Colorado, which was discovered by the same man on another exploring expedition. But that is another story.)

Although there were relatively few white people living north of the St. Louis District at this time, Congress felt that it was necessary to provide for the extension of the laws of the United States to this vast new area. Iowaland was under the government of Indiana Territory from 1804 to 1805; it was part of the Territory of Louisiana from 1805 to 1812; and of the Territory of Missouri from 1812 to 1821. Then, from 1821 to 1834 everything north of Missouri was

left without law or government. This period included the Black Hawk War and the so-called Black Hawk Purchase, as a result of which (as we have already learned) some of the lands west of the Mississippi were opened for settlement.

On the first day of June, 1833, the Indian title to the lands in the Black Hawk Purchase expired. This was a tract fifty miles wide, extending all the way from the Turkey River on the north to the Des Moines River on the south. At many places all along the Mississippi on the Illinois side, long lines of covered wagons and crowds of men on foot and on horseback stood waiting for permission to enter the promised land. When the signal was given, they crossed in ferry boats, or in row boats with their horses swimming beside them. On the western side, they fanned out in different directions, each man hurrying to find a location for a new home in the new land.

At first the prairie lands were ignored, and the settlers chose their sites along creeks and rivers, where there was timber from which to build their cabins and with which to keep themselves warm in winter. Soon people began to gather to form towns. The Indian villages of Puk-e-she-tuk and Ah-wi-pe-tuk became Keokuk and Montrose, and Burlington, Muscatine, Dubuque, and other towns came into being. A petition was drawn up and sent to Congress, asking for the organization of a territorial form of government for Iowaland. Congress, however, moved slowly, and more than a year passed before this area was attached to the Territory of Michigan in 1834.

Michigan was admitted as a state in 1836, and the Territory of Wisconsin was formed, including Iowaland. In this new territory, a man emerged as a leader to whom Iowa, as it is today, owes a debt of gratitude and appreciation. This man was George Wallace Jones, who had come from Missouri in 1827. He first came to notice as a General of Militia in the Black Hawk War, and later as a judge in Iowa County, in the extreme southwestern corner of what is now Wisconsin. Jones was elected as a Delegate to Congress from the new Territory, and it was in this capacity that he succeeded in securing on July 3, 1838, the passage of the act to create Iowa Territory. The story of how this act came to be passed is an interesting one. Jones has told about it in his Autobiography. Let us hear it in the words of some of the real actors in this little drama.

When Delegate Jones proposed to divide the Territory of Wisconsin and establish the Territory of Iowa, he found an able opponent in John C. Calhoun, Senator from the State of South Carolina, former Vice-President of the United States, and one of the most influential and powerful men in Congress. Calhoun is speaking. - -

CALHOUN George, I have the highest regard for you as a man; but I can never give my consent to the formation of this new territory, which in a few years is bound to become a powerful abolition state.

JONES Senator, there is not, so far as I know, a single abolitionist in the whole of the proposed Territory of Iowa. I myself am the owner of ten or twelve slaves, and I am as much opposed to abolition as you are. The people of this area come very largely from the South, and I am sure that they share my sentiments on this question.

CALHOUN I know, my son, that you are all right on this question; but wait until Ohio, New York and New England pour their population into that section, and you will see Iowa some day grow to be the strongest abolition state in the Union. I shall not live to see it, but you almost certainly will.

NAR In the end, John C. Calhoun proved to be a true prophet, as Iowa afterwards became the strongest Republican state in the country. Jones continues.

JONES In the winter of 1837, I made the acquaintance of Senator Calhoun's charming daughter. One night I escorted Miss Anna to a party given by Lewis F. Linn, the Senator from Missouri, who had been my devoted friend from infancy. (I had the honor later of naming a county in the new Territory for him.) As Anna and I waited at the door for the porter to call a carriage for us at the conclusion of the party, the young lady expressed her appreciation very graciously.

ANNA General, I do not know how I can ever return the compliments and favors you have shown me.

JONES On the contrary, my dear young lady, I am deeply in your debt; but you can, Miss Calhoun, do me a great service.

ANNA I shall be very happy to do so, if it is in my power.

JONES Tomorrow my bill to establish the Territory of Iowa is to be considered in the Senate. It has already passed the House. Your father, although my good friend, is opposed to the bill. Tomorrow morning, when he comes down to breakfast, will you put your lovely arms around him and ask him to vote for my bill? I know that you are his idol, and he surely cannot say no to so beautiful and accomplished a daughter.

ANNA I'll do my best, General, and I know I shall succeed, as my father never refuses me anything.

JONES Thank you, Miss Calhoun. I'll call on you tomorrow forenoon at about eleven o'clock to hear what your success may have been.

NAR The next forenoon, Jones called upon the young lady as he had promised.

JONES I am on tiptoe with expectation, Miss Anna, to learn what resulted from your interview with your father.

ANNA I cannot tell you, General, how deeply humiliated I am to have to tell you that I have failed. I made my plea, as you requested; but Father said that his constituents would never forgive him if he should consent to the passage of your bill to establish another abolition state. He really seemed to feel very badly at having to deny my plea.

JONES Thank you, Miss Calhoun. You have done all that you could — so far; but I have still another favor to ask of you.

ANNA What is it, sir?

JONES If you will agree, I'll go now and send our mutual friend, Mr. Clemson, who is one of your many admirers, to escort you to the Senate Chamber early this afternoon. I ask you to take a seat in the gallery on the Democratic side. When I send you my card, will you in turn send your card to your father, and take him into the Library and keep him there until I call for you?

ANNA General, I'll do my utmost to serve you. You may count on me.

NAR When the Senate convened for its afternoon session, Jones seated himself near his friend, Senator Clayton of Delaware, for whom also he named an Iowa County. He resumes his story

JONES As soon as I saw Miss Calhoun seated in the gallery, I called a page and told him to take my card to her. He went up with the card, and I saw him deliver it. Immediately thereafter I saw her leave the gallery, and a moment later I saw the same page approach her father. The Senator rose and left the Chamber. 'Now', I said to Senator Clayton, 'please call up my bill to establish

the Territory of Iowa.' He did so, and in a few minutes my bill was passed without debate. Iowa was a Territory. Then the Senate adjourned.

NAR Jones at once went to the Senate Library, where Anna and her father were.

JONES Good afternoon, Miss Anna, Senator. I am very happy to see you two apparently so pleasantly engaged in conversation.

CALHOUN General Jones, I begin to suspect something. What has been going on in the Senate in my absence?

JONES The Senate has adjourned, sir, and the bill to create Iowa Territory has been passed.

CALHOUN Anna, you have prevented my making a speech to oppose that bill, as I would have done, and successfully, as the time for the consideration of territorial bills had expired.

ANNA (Coyly) But, Father, I . . .) (Together)
JONES Senator, I . . .)

CALHOUN Enough, you two! I know when I'm beaten.

NAR And so, by the intervention and connivance of a beautiful Southern young lady, Iowa became an organized Territory of the United States. I might add that I wish I could say that Calhoun County here in Iowa was named for the charming Miss Anna rather than for her austere father; but I'm afraid the historians won't let us have it that way.

May I be pardoned if I add a personal note?

In my early boyhood, I lived for some years with an uncle, who was the Superintendent of a large Iowa stock farm belonging to a wealthy Dubuque lumberman. The owner and his friends and many stockmen came frequently to the farm, and we had a big brown book, called the Farm Register, in which these visitors were asked to write their names. I used to enjoy looking over this list of names, particularly after I was old enough to recall the writers. The very first name in the book, written with many flourishes, was: "Geo. W. Jones, Dubuque, Iowa, August 1st, 1871, 6½ P.M."

If I had depended only upon my own recollection, I would have told you that I had seen this man, whom some one described as "a tall, erect figure, fastidiously dressed, with an abundance of curling black hair, an engaging smile, and the manners of a Lord Chesterfield." But the signature is dated "1871". Now I wasn't born in 1871, nor for quite a few years afterward, and, unless he visited the farm later and did not put his name in the Register, I cannot claim a personal acquaintance with this man, who had been a member of the Guard of Honor for General Lafayette, when he revisited the United States in 1824, and who was a friend and political associate of Presidents Andrew Jackson and John Quincy Adams, and of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun, and who was responsible for the creation of the Territory of Iowa.

VII

HOW THE CAPITAL OF IOWA TERRITORY WAS LOCATED OR THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PHILIP CLARK

NARRATOR The new Territory of Iowa was created by act of Congress on July 3, 1838. We heard about this last week and of how a pretty young lady helped to make sure the passage of the bill for its creation. Today we are going to hear how the capital of the new Territory was located, and of what the midnight ride of Philip Clark had to do with its location.

Even while Iowa was still a part of Wisconsin, Burlington had been selected as the temporary capital of that Territory; and this city continued as the temporary capital of Iowa Territory from 1838 to 1841. Robert Lucas, Iowa's first Territorial Governor, in his first message to the legislature, recommended that (to quote his own language) "three disinterested men of known integrity and weight of character be appointed to select a place for the seat of government of the Territory". Everyone apparently agreed that a permanent capital should be selected, but the idea that the selection should be made by "disinterested men" was not so popular. A bill was introduced to continue Burlington as temporary capital for three years and to make Mount Pleasant the permanent capital thereafter. When this bill came up for discussion in the House of Representatives, twenty-six different motions were made to strike out "Mount Pleasant" and substitute some one of twenty-six other places. Among the locations suggested were: Black Hawk, Rochester, Napoleon, Rockingham, Parkhurst, Moscow (Iowa, not Russia), Fredonia, and Sippinamo.

You say you never heard of these towns? Well, neither had I until I read about them in a book. Few of these still find places on the Iowa map; but someone thought them important a hundred and thirteen years ago. Of course, there were other better known places suggested, such as Burlington, Davenport and Dubuque; but, with so many conflicting interests, it was impossible to reach agreement upon one place. A compromise was finally reached, by which three commissioners were to be chosen and instructed to locate the Seat of Government somewhere on unoccupied public land. The act read (in part):

"The (three) commissioners, or a majority of them, shall on the first day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine meet at the town of Napoleon, and proceed to locate the Seat of Government at the most eligible point within the present limits of Johnson County."

Johnson County, you know, (or do you?) is the county in which Iowa City is located, and Napoleon was a town on the east bank of the Iowa River about two miles south of the present campus of the State University of Iowa. Napoleon consisted of one house and a trading post, but it was a United States post office. The town of Napoleon, for all its grand name, is only a memory today.

The plan to select a location for the new capital on "unoccupied land" meant, of course, on land unoccupied by white men. For many years the land along the Iowa River had been the home of the Meskwaki Indians of the Sac and Fox nation (whose descendants you may still see on the reservation near Tama). Although the Meskwaki had agreed by treaties to give up these lands, they were reluctant to leave, and as late as 1838 there was still a band of perhaps a thousand of them camped along the river. Poweshiek was the chief of this band. After it had been decided to locate the new capital on their former lands, Poweshiek was called upon to speak at an informal celebration. Rising with dignity and pointing toward the west, he said:

POWESHIEK Soon I shall go to a new home and you will plant corn where my dead sleep. Our towns, the paths we have made, and the flowers we love will soon be yours. I have moved many times and seen the white man put his feet into the tracks of the Indian and make the earth into fields and gardens. I know that I must go away, and you will be so glad when I am gone that you will soon forget that the meat and the lodge-fire of the Indian have been forever free to the stranger, and that at all times he has asked for what he fought for -- the right to be free.

NAR But I'm getting ahead of my story. You should remember that the three commissioners, or a majority of them, were to meet at Napoleon on the first day of May, 1839. The three men elected by the legislature for this purpose were: Chauncey Swan, John Ronalds and Robert Ralston. We have still a copy of the proceedings of the commissioners, recorded in their Journal as follows:

May 1st, 1839. Chauncey Swan, one of the commissioners appointed . . . to locate the Seat of Government, . . . met at the town of Napoleon, in the county of Johnson, this day at 9 o'clock A.M. A quorum not being present, other commissioners were sent for. 11 o'clock P.M. John Ronalds, another one of the Commissioners appeared and was qualified, after which the board adjourned until tomorrow morning 10 o'clock.

Nothing very interesting about that, is there? But wait! Let's read between the lines. Chauncey Swan met at 9 o'clock. Met whom? Himself. Counted noses of commissioners. Only one nose. No quorum. "Other commissioners were sent for." How? By whom? 11 o'clock P.M. John Ronalds appeared. How did he get there? Why was he late? In the answers to some of these questions, we find the story of a young farmer boy who, by an act that to him was nothing out of the ordinary, wrote his name into Iowa history.

Quite a crowd of pioneer settlers, as many as twenty-five or thirty perhaps, had gathered at Napoleon to see the capital commissioners and witness the locating of the seat of government for Iowa. The forenoon passed quietly, after Chauncey Swan had counted himself and found that he was only one; but there must have been some speculation and uneasiness as hours passed, and still only one commissioner was present.

FIRST MAN Hey, Swan, what 'd happen if them other commissioners don't git here?

SWAN The law is clear. A majority of them, are required to meet here on the first day of May. If we don't meet today, no capital will be located.

MAN An' if you don't meet, this here question of the capital 'll go back to the legislature, an' they'll have themselves another of them cat-an-dog fights.

SWAN That's just about what will happen.

NAR As the hour of noon approached, the little crowd became increasingly restless. Their spokesman again approached Swan, who was seated on a bench in front of the trading post.

MAN Who are these other commissioners, and why ain't they here?

SWAN I can answer your first question. They are John Ronalds and Robert Ralston. I don't know why they are not here.

MAN Where do they live?

SWAN Ralston lives down somewhere near Burlington. Ronalds lives on the east bank of the Iowa River, below where the Cedar flows into it, down in Louisa County.

MAN What time is it, Mister, by your turnip?

SWAN (Looking at his watch) Just about ten minutes of twelve, noon.

MAN It can't be more 'n thirty-five er forty miles to where this man Ronalds lives. A good man on a good horse could git there an' git him back before midnight. Who'll try it?

SECOND MAN Phil Clark kin do it. He's got the best horse in this part of the country.

VOICES (Shouting) Phil Clark! Come on, boy. Git goin'.

SWAN That's a good suggestion. It's the only thing that will save the day.

(As a young man steps forward) You are Philip Clark?

CLARK Yes, sir.

SWAN Will you make this ride and see if you can get John Ronalds back here by midnight?

CLARK A fellow can't do no more 'n try.

CROWD CHEERS

SOUND HORSE GALLOPING AWAY, HOOOF BEATS DYING IN THE DISTANCE.

NAR Perhaps that doesn't sound like much of a job to you of today, who are used to jumping into a car and making forty miles in forty minutes; but in Philip Clark's day, things were different. There were no roads, nothing but trails. None of the streams were bridged; all would have to be forded, including the Cedar. And no one knew just where John Ronalds lived. Clark could only keep the Iowa River on his right and follow its course to his destination.

Meanwhile, back at Napoleon, the crowd waited through the long hours of the afternoon; while Philip Clark was riding . . . riding . . . riding . . . Through the forests and up and down the steep hills, and galloping . . . galloping . . . galloping . . . over the prairie openings. The sun began to drop toward the western horizon. What if John Ronalds were sick? What if some disappointed rivals for the capital had bribed him to stay away? What if he had started and his horse had gone lame, or broken a leg, or - - - Darkness came. Chauncey Swan still sat on the bench in front of the post office, frequently consulting his watch by the light of a candle lantern, as the hours wore on.

Midnight approached. The hands of Swan's watch would soon meet at the figure 12. The last few minutes before twelve seemed endless. . . . Then from somewhere out in the darkness came the sound of galloping hoofs. (SOUND) Two men rode into the dim circle of light. (CHEERS) They were Philip Clark and John Ronalds. The capital of Iowa had been saved for Johnson County by the midnight ride of Philip Clark.

Chauncey Swan looked at his watch, and said:

SWAN There's still time enough before midnight for us to take the required oath. Ronalds, will you join me?

SWAN AND RONALDS TOGETHER We, Chauncey Swan and John Ronalds, do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God that we will, to the best of our skill and abilities, locate and establish the permanent seat of government. . . . (FADING)

NAR The commissioners, a quorum now being present, adjourned to meet the next day; when they proceeded several miles up stream to select the site of the future capital. You can see what they saw and what they decided was the most eligible site, if you stand on the west steps of the Old Capitol at Iowa City and look westward across the valley. You'll have to use your imagination enough to erase all the buildings of today from the picture, but that should not be too hard to do.

On this site, there was soon to rise a building, which still stands and is known today as The Old Stone Capitol. Of this historic building, now more than a century old, Benjamin F. Shambaugh says, in his book, The Old Stone Capitol Remembers, (which I hope you will read some time):

With the passing of the years, the Old Stone Capitol has come to be something more than a building, something more than stone and mortar

moulded into forms pleasing to the eye. Somehow through the alchemy of time it seems to have acquired a kind of spiritual personality that speaks to us of memories of by-gone days when our Commonwealth was young and our people were pioneers.

A great poet once wrote a great poem about "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere". The ride of Philip Clark was far less meaningful than Revere's; but it deserves to be remembered not only for its influence upon Iowa history but for the light it throws upon pioneer days and the resourcefulness of pioneer people.

VIII

HOW THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY OF IOWA WAS FIXED OR THE HONEY WAR

NARRATOR In pioneer days, before the government survey lines had been definitely fixed, there used to be many "line-fence" disputes between neighbors. Sometimes these disputes were settled in court; but sometimes they were the cause of neighborhood feuds and were settled by fist-fights or by little "shooting wars". Iowa and Missouri had such a dispute over the location of the line between them. This is known as the "Honey War".

If you will take one of the official highway maps of Iowa and place a ruler along the line marking our northern boundary, you will see that this line is straight. But if you put your ruler on the southern line, beginning at the lower left-hand corner, you will find that, while it starts out fairly straight, the farther it goes to the east the more it curves upward to the north. The north line is straight because it follows a parallel of latitude. The south line is not straight because a long time ago a surveyor made a mistake.

Away back in 1808, the United States acquired by treaty with the Osage Indians their lands in what is now northwestern Missouri. A few years later, two men, John C. Sullivan and Pierre Chouteau, were employed to survey these lands. (Pierre Chouteau was a relative of Auguste Chouteau, of whom we heard in the story about Julien Dubuque.) From a point one hundred miles north of where Kansas City now is, they ran a line, supposedly straight east, to the Des Moines River. Now the mathematical geographers tell us that the compass needle does not point straight toward the North Pole, but toward the Magnetic Pole, which (for this part of the country) is on a line several degrees west of the North Pole. Sullivan evidently failed to make the correction necessary because of this variation and, as a result, his line veered about four miles to the north. All this may not be any clearer to you than it was to me when I first read about it; but anyway the Sullivan line was not straight east and west. Nobody knew this at the time, and it wouldn't have made much difference if they had; for ideas about the geography of this region then were very hazy.

Even the Act of Congress admitting Missouri as a State, the famous "Missouri Compromise" of 1820, contains two inaccurate expressions as to the northern boundary of the new State, describing it as "the parallel of latitude passing through the rapids of the river Des Moines, making the line correspond with the Indian boundary line". Now no parallel of latitude can "correspond" with a line which is not straight, and the use of the term "rapids of the river Des Moines" serves only to add to the confusion. There are no real rapids in the lower course of this river. What were then called the "Des Moines Rapids"

were in the Mississippi River, near the mouth of the Des Moines.

As long as there were no settlers in the vicinity of this line, it made no difference where it ran; but by 1837 people had begun to move into northeastern Missouri and southeastern Iowa. Land speculators in St. Louis began to agitate for a resurvey of the line between Missouri and Iowa, and a man named Brown was employed to make a new survey. Taking the phrase "the rapids of the river Des Moines" as their guide, Brown and his party went up along this river until they came to a "riffle" in the Great Bend, near the site of the present town of Keosauqua. This, Brown decided, should be taken as the eastern end of the boundary line. It was actually nine miles north of the point where Sullivan had ended his survey. From this new point, Brown ran a line straight west — he really ran it straight west, making all due allowance for compass variation — and he came out on the Missouri River about thirteen miles north of the westward extension of the Sullivan line. The Missouri legislature immediately extended their state limits up to the Brown line, thus adding over 2600 square miles to their state and subtracting that much from Iowa. What is known as the "Honey War" followed.

Two specific events precipitated this crisis: the attempt by Missouri officials to collect taxes, and the cutting down by certain Missourians of three valuable "bee-trees"; both events occurring north of the Sullivan line. For Iowa, Governor Robert Lucas answered an appeal from the settlers by issuing a proclamation calling for resistance to any encroachment upon Iowa territory. Governor Boggs of Missouri issued a counter proclamation, pledging the maintenance of the honor and dignity of his state. Governor Lucas followed with another proclamation. Governor Boggs then ordered Missouri officers to enforce their laws in the disputed territory. Governor Lucas countered with a message to the Iowa Territorial Assembly in which he said that the dispute might "ultimately lead to the effusion of blood."

The bee-tree incident may call for a little explanation. Bee-trees were hollow trees in which swarms of wild bees had stored up quantities of honey. They were found in all wooded areas in this part of the country and were particularly valued by the pioneers as one (often the only) source of "sweetening". Sugar was almost unknown as an article of trade in the earliest days and sorghum cane and mills were equally rare. This attempted theft of the settlers' cherished honey capped the climax.

No doubt we could understand the situation better if we had been right there on the spot back in 1839. Let's pretend that we were.

SOUND DOGS BARKING. KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

HANK Lift the latch, Lissa, and see who's there.

LISSA (OPENS DOOR) Why, howdy, Mister Sandy. What're you doing way up here?

SANDY Howdy, Lissa. You ain't no more supriised at seeing me than I am at seein' you. What you doin' up here among these d--- eh-these---Yankees?

HANK I don't know who you are, Stranger; but my niece Lissa here seems to know you. You're welcome to come in. Won't you set and eat a bite?

SANDY Thank ya! I'll jist do that; but first I ought to tell ya who I am. . .

LISSA Let me do the interducing. Uncle Hank, this here's Sandy Gragory, Sheriff of Clark County, Missouri; and, Mister Sandy, this here's my uncle Hank Heffleman, Sheriff of Van Buren County, Iowa. Hope you two are glad to meet.

HANK Sheriff?)
SANDY Sheriff?) (TOGETHER)

HANK Beg your pardon, Mr. Sandy, for asking; but just what are you doing up here in Ioway?

SANDY Well, now, course, I don't reckon I'll admit I'm in Ioway! As Sheriff of Clark County, Missoura, I come up to look over the lay of the land before sendin' officers up here to collect our taxes.

HANK Stop right there, Sheriff! Your taxes! If any of your men get out of their reservation and come up here into Iowa trying to collect taxes, they'll stick their necks in nooses. Governor Lucas has - - -

SANDY Oh, I know all about your Governor's proclamations. Governor Boggs has iss'ed some proclamations too.

HANK Well, folks down here in southern Ioway - - -

SANDY Missoura, you mean!

HANK No! I mean Ioway! We folks ain't stirred up so much about them proclamations as we are about them bee-trees some of your folks done cut down on our side of the line.

SANDY Now hold on! I want you to understand them bee-trees was in Missoura.

HANK I don't understand no such thing!

LISSA Aw, you folks make me tired, arguing and arguing. Minds me of a song I just heard. Listen. (SINGS TO THE TUNE OF "YANKEE DOODLE")

Ye freemen of this happy land,
Which flows with milk and honey,
Arise! To arms! Your ponies mount!
Regard not blood or money!
Old Governor Lucas, tiger-like,
Is prowling round our borders;
But Governor Boggs is wide awake —
Just listen to his orders.

Three bee-trees stand about the line
Between our state and Lucas.
Be ready all these trees to fall,
And bring things to a focus.
We'll show old Lucas how to brag,
And seize our precious honey!
He also claims, I understand,
Of us three bits in money.

Now if the Governors want to fight,
Just let them meet in person.
When noble Boggs old Lucas flogs,
'Twill teach the scamp a lesson.
Then let the victor cut the trees,
And have three bits in money,
And wear a crown from town to town,
Anointed with pure honey.

SANDY That's fine, Lissa! I granny's! That's fine!

HANK Lissa, I'm shamed at you! Even if you are my own sister's girl and come from Missouri, you ought to - - -

LISSA Now, Uncle Hank, don't get all het up! Why don't you all just laugh it off and, like it says in the song, let the Governors fight it out?

HANK That's all right, if them Pu—, I mean, if them Missourians would just stay on their side of the line - - -

SANDY But we are on our side of the line. I am — right here and now!

LISSA I don't like arguments when there's vittles ready to put on the table. If Aunt Randy was here, she'd know how to stop you two. Uncle Hank, you asked

Mister Sandy to set and eat, didn't you?

HANK Yes, I did. Mr. Sandy, let's call off this rag-chewing and fill our mouths with something better than words. Sorry my woman is over taking care of a sick neighbor, but Lissa here has fixed up something I think you can eat.

SANDY Well, I'm shore happy to accept yore invite, and I'm shore Lissa's a good cook. I know her Ma is.

NAR And so an armistice was declared between the two sheriffs for the time being. A few days later, though, Sheriff Gragory came back across the line to attempt to collect taxes, was arrested by Sheriff Heffleman and sent under guard to the county seat. This arrest was the signal for immediate activity in Missouri. Three divisions of militia were ordered to Waterloo, the county seat of Clark County, just south of the border. Governor Lucas ordered out his militia. A "rabble in arms" assembled, armed with pitch forks, log-chains, and squirrel rifles. For twelve hundred men, they had four generals, nine staff officers, forty colonels and majors, and eighty-three captains and lieutenants. There was much straggling along the line of march and only about five hundred of the "army" actually reached the front line at Farmington, across the Des Moines River from Waterloo.

In the meantime, cooler-headed men on both sides were trying to find a peaceful solution. Commissions were sent north from Missouri and south from Iowa. They did not meet each other; but each commission found, when they reached the other side of the line, that the troops had been dismissed and sent home. So the "Honey War" ended without the firing of a hostile shot.

But the boundary dispute was as far from settlement as ever. It finally became evident that no agreement could be reached by the two contending parties. Attempts to settle the matter in Congress also failed. At length, some time after Iowa had become a State, Missouri agreed to have the question submitted to the United States Supreme Court. In 1851, this Court decided that the original Sullivan line was the true line dividing the two states. This then is how the southern boundary of Iowa was finally fixed.

The Court decision was very satisfactory to Sheriff Heffleman, who said:

HANK I'm sure glad the Soopreem Court decided that I live in Ioway. I'm a farmer and I never did want to farm in Missouri. That Missouri land ain't near so good as ours.

IX

THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN EARLY IOWA OR THE CASE OF RALPH, A COLORED MAN

NARRATOR We have already heard how Senator John C. Calhoun of South Carolina opposed the organization of the Territory of Iowa, because he believed that it would eventually become one of the strongest free states in the Union. He was right. From the time of its admission as a state in 1846, and even before, attention was centered upon this new member of the Union in connection with the great struggle between freedom and slavery, which was soon to plunge our country into a bloody civil war.

The soil of Iowa was dedicated to freedom from its very beginning. And although early Iowa was settled largely by people from the southern slave-holding states, it was settled by people who believed in human rights. To show that this is true, I want, today, to tell you the story of Ralph, a colored man. This story should help us to understand some of the things which were

involved, first, in the great debate and, later, in the great war over the question of human slavery.

Ralph was a colored man and he had been a slave belonging to a man named Montgomery, who lived in Missouri. If Ralph had any last name, it is not given in any of the accounts of the case which made him a figure in early Iowa history. Probably he had no other name; for slaves, like horses and dogs, usually had only one name. But Ralph, even though he was only a piece of property, was also a man, and he wanted to be a free man. Many other slaves had this same desire. They had learned that there were men and women up across the line, which separated the free from the slave states, who not only believed that slavery was wrong, but who were willing to help slaves who had run away from their masters to get far enough away from the land of slavery to be able to live in freedom. Through the border states, like Ohio and Indiana and Iowa, there were well established routes along which run-away slaves could receive not only protection, but food and shelter and transportation from one station to another of these "underground railways", as they were called.

Many men who hated slavery were willing to disobey the laws in order to help such fugitives to freedom. The Constitution of the United States, as adopted in 1789, provided that fugitive slaves should be delivered up to their former masters, and Congress had passed additional fugitive slave laws. Northern men who disobeyed these laws did so because they believed that there are laws higher than those in the Constitution and the Acts of Congress, laws which are founded upon human rights. These people believed with Thomas Jefferson, that "all men are created equal", and they believed too that negroes were men.

There are many tragic stories which can be told of the experiences of fugitive slaves and their Northern helpers. One such story may be found in a very famous book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin", which you may want to read sometime. But the story of Ralph is different; for Ralph was not a fugitive slave, even though he was treated as though he were one. Ralph did not run away from his master. He came to the free soil of Iowa from his former home in Missouri with his master's full consent.

Ralph's master, Montgomery, must have been somewhat different from many other slave owners; for when he found out that Ralph wanted to be free, he agreed to a plan whereby Ralph could earn his freedom. The young negro was allowed to make his way up the Mississippi to the neighborhood of Dubuque, where he began to work in the lead mines.

Let's hear his story as it might have been told by Ralph himself and others who were actors in this little drama of slavery or freedom.

Ralph was digging away one day in a hillside where he had staked out a claim, when he heard the sound of a lumber wagon approaching.

SOUND LUMBER WAGON RUMBLES TO A STOP

BUTTERWORTH (CALLING) Hello there, neighbor. Having any luck?

RALPH Not what you could call real luck, Mister Butterworth. I reckon most all the good claims has already been took up; but a white man over to Dubuque give me a piece of paper and told me it would let me work this claim. It cost me six bits. He told me there was lead here, but I ain't found much yet. It's all right for me to dig here, ain't it?

BUTTER It's all right with me, even though you're digging on my land.
 RALPH Your land, sir? That man done told me - - -
 BUTTER Have you got that paper you say this man gave you?
 RALPH Yes, sir. I got right over here in my brush shack. I'll get it, sir.

NAR Ralph was gone but a short time, and came back with a worn buck-skin wallet, from which he drew out two papers.

RALPH Here it is, sir. You can see for yourself what it is. I can't read, sir.

BUTTER (READING ALOUD) Know all men by these presents that in consideration of the sum of Seventy Five Cents, in hand paid, the receipt of which is hereby duly acknowledged, one Ralph, a free man of color, is hereby entitled to dig for lead in any place not previously pre-empted.

RALPH It's all right, ain't it, sir? The man done told me how to find this place. - - - You say this is your land, sir?

BUTTER Yes, it's my land, and this paper isn't worth anything. You've spent your six bits and your labor for nothing. (DISGUSTEDLY) What some scoundrels won't do for six bits!

RALPH It ain't no good, sir? But, sir, I got to find some place to get me some lead. I got to earn five hundred and fifty dollars.

BUTTER Five hundred and fifty dollars! That's a lot of money.

RALPH Yes, sir. I know it's a lot of money, but I got to get it. It's the price of my freedom.

BUTTER Your freedom? Aren't you a free man?

RALPH Well, sir, no, sir; but I'm on my way to be. I already got five dollars and fifty cents saved up.

BUTTER What is this about this five hundred and fifty dollars?

RALPH Here, sir. This other paper 'll answer that. (HANDS PAPER TO BUTTERWORTH)

NAR There was a brief pause while Butterworth read the second paper. Then —

RALPH That paper's all right, sir. I'm bound to know it is. My master, Mister Montgomery, he give it to me and he read it to me. It says that iffen I pay him five hundred and fifty dollars, he'll give me my free papers. It do say that, don't it, sir?

BUTTER Yes, that's what it says; but it says also that you must pay this amount within two years, and the date on it is more than a year ago.

RALPH Yes, sir. For a long time I just got work enough to keep me in vittles. I got to get the rest of it somehow soon, I know that.

BUTTER Now, Ralph, I'm willing to let you go on digging for lead on my land, and you can have what you find. But I can show you a better place to dig. I've started a couple of shafts and found some good ore. I'm no miner, though. I'd rather farm. Come with me and I'll show you a better place than this.

RALPH Thank you, sir! Thank you! I just got to get that five hundred and fifty dollars.

SOUND WAGON

NAR Ralph had better luck on his new location and was beginning to accumulate quite a bit of rich ore. Then one day Butterworth was unable to find Ralph when he called at the shack. He remembered that, earlier in the day, he had met and "passed the time of day" with a couple of rather rough-looking characters out on the road in front of his own place. They were driving a team hitched to a light wagon, and were headed toward where Ralph was working.

Butterworth became suspicious at once; so he hitched up his team and drove in to Dubuque. Here he hunted up the city marshal, and asked him - -

BUTTER Have you seen anything of a couple of men with a colored boy named Ralph?

MARSHAL Sure I have. They just left here a little while ago. They had that nigger all right, too. Got an order for his arrest as a fugitive slave. Said they were taking him back to Missouri

BUTTER Got that order from Judge Wilson, didn't they?

MARSHAL You're right, they did. What's your interest in this nigger?

BUTTER Nothing more than the interest of a man who wants to prevent a crime.

MARSHAL Crime? Arresting a run-away slave's no crime.

BUTTER I haven't got time to argue. Is the Judge in his office?

MARSHAL Yep. Don't know why you're getting so excited.

NAR But the Marshal was talking to himself. Butterworth had disappeared up a stairway leading to the Judge's office. He emerged a few minutes later with an order to the Marshal to find Ralph and bring him back for a trial of his case. Butterworth learned that the two men, with Ralph, had been seen driving southward toward Bellevue. Following rapidly on their trail, he and the Marshal caught up with the kidnappers before they had gone many miles. The prisoner was reluctantly surrendered to the Marshal, after he had shown them the Judge's order. The two men protested loudly and profanely at what they called this invasion of their rights, and at the possible loss of the one hundred dollars bounty, which they had expected to receive on their return to Missouri. Ralph was taken back to Dubuque and lodged in the city jail.

Here he remained until word of what had happened could be reported to Montgomery, and a reply could be received from him. Why, we shall never know, but Ralph's former master wrote requesting the employment of a lawyer to represent his interest in having Ralph returned to slavery. Butterworth saw to it that the negro too was represented by a competent attorney. "The case of Ralph, a Colored Man" (as it is named in the records) finally came before the Iowa Supreme Court. - - -The attorney for Montgomery is speaking.

FIRST LAWYER Gentlemen of the Court, on behalf of my client, Montgomery, I submit: first, that the defendant in this case is a person held to servitude under the laws of Missouri and of the United States; second, that he has left his legal master and is therefore a fugitive slave, subject to arrest and return to his master, under certain Acts of Congress and the Constitution of the United States, as cited in the brief in your hands. This case is simple, Your Honors. I ask therefore for an order of the Court returning this person to his owner without delay.

SECOND LAWYER Honorable Judges, in defense of this unfortunate man, against whom no true bill can be found other than that he has a dark skin, may I offer the following: This man Ralph is not a fugitive slave. He is here in Iowa with the full knowledge and consent of his former master. This fact is attested by this contract entered into between Ralph and Montgomery, his former owner, which I now offer as evidence. Even apart from his contract, Ralph is a free man; for he is a resident of Iowa, in which slavery was prohibited both by the Compromise of 1820 and by the Ordinance of 1787, which was extended over Iowa in 1834. I ask therefore for a ruling of the Court that Ralph is a free citizen of Iowa and for an order for his release from custody.

FIRST LAWYER In reply to and in rebuttal of the arguments advanced by the counsel for the defense, may I call the attention of the Court to these facts: The con-

tract submitted in evidence is not valid, since Ralph is not and never has been qualified under the law to enter into a contract of any kind. Further, even if the contract had been valid, its terms have not been fulfilled. The amount mentioned therein, five hundred and fifty dollars, has never been paid in whole or in part. With regard to the Compromise of 1820, its provisions, prohibiting slavery in the areas north and west of Missouri do not take effect without further legislation. There has been no such legislation, and therefore this act has no binding force in this case.

NAR Of course there was much more argument by the lawyers on both sides: but at length the decision of the Court was given. The Chief Justice said:

JUDGE It is the unanimous opinion of this Court

- 1) That when a slave goes with the consent of his master to become a resident of a free state, he cannot be regarded as a fugitive slave;
- 2) That the Act of 1820 is an entire and final prohibition of slavery, not requiring further legislation to carry it into effect;
- 3) That slave property cannot exist without slavery; the prohibition of the latter annihilates the former. The man who, after the Act of 1820, permitted his slave to become a resident of Iowa cannot exercise ownership over him in this Territory; and
- 4) That for the non-payment of the price of his freedom no man in this Territory can be reduced to slavery.

NAR So Ralph, by this decision of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Iowa, in 1839 became a free man.

There is a sequel to this story. Several years after the case had been decided, one of the judges found Ralph working in his garden. In reply to a question as to why he was there, Ralph said:

RALPH I ain't trying to pay you, Judge, for what you done for me; but I want to work for you at least one day every spring just to show you that I never forgets you.

X

HOW IOWA WAS COMMITTED TO FREEDOM OR THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN IOWA

NARRATOR As we have heard, it was the Democratic Party which brought Iowa into the Union in 1846. For the first eight years of our history as a state, members of this party held the governorship, the seats in Congress, and a majority of the seats in the state legislature. Throughout these years, the slavery question did not become a vital issue in Iowa politics. It did become the dominant issue in 1854. Our story today tells how, in this year, Iowa was finally committed to freedom under the leadership of a young man named James W. Grimes. Many things had happened, both in Iowa and in the country as a whole which account for this.

By 1854, the population of Iowa had increased to almost 400,000. These new-comers were largely from the north-central and eastern states, and they brought with them the traditions of freedom. Texas had been annexed and the Mexican War had been fought and won, as a result of which the vast area west and south of the Louisiana Purchase had been added to our national domain. Gold had been discovered in California, and thousands of men, mostly from the northern states, had poured into this region. The people of California had

organized and had asked for admission as a free state. This had alarmed the southern slave-holders, who saw the possibility under the terms of the Missouri Compromise, that the "balance of power" between free and slave states would be lost. A new political group, calling itself "Free-Soilers", had made its appearance in the North, made up of men who demanded that slavery should be prohibited in all the Territories and that no more slave states should be admitted.

With the hope of ending the great controversy, Henry Clay of Kentucky, a national leader of the Whig Party, in 1850 procured the passage of another compromise, by which California was admitted as a free state, and the South was favored by the enactment of a new and more strict fugitive slave law. But the great question of freedom or slavery in the area not yet organized as territories remained unsettled.

The United States Senators from Iowa at this time were Augustus Caesar Dodge and George Wallace Jones. (You will remember Senator Jones for the part he played in making Iowa a Territory.) Senator Dodge said in Congress in 1853:

DODGE Iowa is the only free state which has never favored the exclusion of slaves from the new territories. My colleague, Senator Jones, and I voted for every one of the compromise measures, including the fugitive slave law, being (with one exception) the only Senators from the entire non-slave-holding section of the nation who voted for them.

NAR Then, in 1853, Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois introduced a bill for the organization of two new Territories, Kansas and Nebraska, proposing to leave the question of slavery to be decided by the people who should settle in them. Since both of these Territories lay north of the Missouri Compromise line, this Kansas-Nebraska bill amounted to a repeal of that act. The plan was called "squatter sovereignty", because the settlers in such disputed areas were often called "squatters". The Douglas bill was supported by both the Iowa Senators. In the bitter debate over this issue, Senator Dodge said:

DODGE Those persons who oppose this measure are intolerant, proscriptive and bigoted. For myself, may I say that if any act of mine shall survive in history it will be my defense of squatter sovereignty.

NAR The Kansas-Nebraska bill, repealing the Missouri Compromise, was finally passed, and the shouts of its triumphant supporters echoed through the corridors of the Capitol and out onto the streets of Washington. Of this event, Senator Chase of Ohio said:

CHASE They celebrate a present victory; but the echoes they awake will never rest until slavery itself shall die.

NAR It was on the eve of this crisis that, in February, 1854, the Whigs of Iowa met in convention and nominated James W. Grimes as their candidate for Governor. A little later, the Iowa Free-Soil convention endorsed his candidacy. The conditions under which this campaign was carried on were very different from those of today. There was no radio, no TV. There were no "whistle-stops", and no rear platform speeches; for there was not then a single mile of railroad west of the Mississippi. Grimes entered upon the campaign with vigor. He toured the state in a two-horse buggy, which he drove himself. But he spoke in every important town from Burlington to Council Bluffs. Imagine, if you can, what this means. Thirty miles with team and buggy was a long day's drive;

yet the young Whig candidate covered the distance across Iowa in twelve days. The enthusiastic reception which Grimes encountered was keyed to the challenge of his message. In James W. Grimes, the people of Iowa — Whigs, Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, and liberal Democrats — found the leader for whom they had been calling.

Let's follow along in his company and listen in on some of his speeches. Picture in your mind the public square of an Iowa town, with torch-lights flaring, a band playing, a crowd cheering, and then becoming silent, earnestly intent upon the words of this dynamic young man.

SOUND BAND MUSIC CHEERING

NAR Let's join the crowd at Mount Pleasant.

SOUND MUSIC AND CHEERING DIE AWAY

GRIMES My fellow Iowans, I have accepted nomination as a candidate for the office of Governor. I have already published an Address to the People of Iowa, in which I have set forth my views on such questions as the revision of our state constitution, the election of judges, banks and banking, temperance, internal improvements, and the homestead bill. Those of you who wish to do so may read my statements on these and other issues.

But the most important of all questions is one which I wish to discuss with you face to face. It is the attempt to introduce slavery into the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. This is what Senator Douglas and his obedient followers, Senators Dodge and Jones, are endeavoring to accomplish through what is called "squatter sovereignty". This is nothing but an attempt to give political supremacy to the slave-holding states.

SOUND CHEERS BAND MUSIC UP THEN FADING

NAR In Oskaloosa.

GRIMES If there is one state in the Union more interested than another in the maintenance of the Missouri Compromise, it is the State of Iowa. With a free and enterprising population on our west, our state will be vastly benefitted. With a slave state on our western border, I see nothing but trouble and darkness for the future, with the bright anticipations of the greatness of Iowa blasted.

SOUND CHEERS AND MUSIC UP AND FADING

NAR To the Dutch colonists at Pella.

GRIMES Are you, who have come so far from your native land to find freedom, willing to have a new slave state adjoining our own? Shall unpaid, unwilling toil, inspired by no hope and impelled by no affection, drag its weary, indolent limbs over that state, hurrying the soil to barrenness, and leaving the wilderness a wilderness still? Or shall it be thrown open to hardy and adventurous freemen, such as you, to make it blossom and bear fruit, as you have made this land of yours?

SOUND CHEERS MUSIC AS ABOVE

NAR At Glenwood in Mills County.

GRIMES I am aware that for fearlessly expressing my opinions of the Nebraska question, I am denounced in some quarters as an Abolitionist.

NAR This was like calling a man a Communist today.

GRIMES I heed not this senseless charge. I shall not be deterred from expressing my opinion by this mad-dog cry. No imputations or false charges shall force me to be false to my convictions of duty and right. I will not surrender the right of private judgment on this or any other subject to avoid a false clamor or a wilful perversion of my sentiments.

SOUND CHEERS MUSIC AS ABOVE

NAR At Council Bluffs.

GRIMES Some of my acquaintances tell me that you people here are almost entirely Southern in your origins and your sympathies, and that here, therefore, I should not denounce the Nebraska infamy. My friends, the principles I maintained on the Mississippi, I maintain and express just as boldly on the Missouri River. With the blessing of God, I will war and war continually against the abandonment of a single foot of soil now consecrated to freedom. Whether elected or defeated — whether in office or out of office -- the Nebraska outrage shall receive no aid or comfort from me. These are my convictions. They have not been hastily acquired. They will not be hastily abandoned. Knowing them, you voters of the State of Iowa can determine whether they are such as you can sanction at the ballot box. The result is with you.

SOUND CHEERS MUSIC AS ABOVE

NAR In the election which followed, Grimes won a brilliant victory. The freedom-loving men of the entire North applauded him for having fought "the best battle for freedom yet fought", and he found himself, almost over night a national figure. He might have been elected United States Senator at once, but he declined, saying that he had been chosen Governor and he was satisfied to occupy that office for the four-year term for which he had been elected. In his inaugural address, Governor Grimes, as was expected, repeated his attack upon the Kansas-Nebraska Act. He said:

GRIMES All compromises with slavery are mere ropes of sand, to be broken by the first wave of passion or interest that may roll up from the South. The issue is between free labor, political equality, and manhood on the one hand, and slave labor, political degradation, and wrong on the other. It becomes the people of the free states to meet that issue resolutely, calmly, and with a sense of the momentous consequences that will flow from their decision. It becomes the State of Iowa — the only free child of the Missouri Compromise — to let the world know that she values the blessings which that compromise has secured her, and that she will never consent to the nationalization of slavery.

SOUND APPLAUSE

NAR Grimes had been elected Governor of Iowa as nominally a Whig; but he already had become convinced that, as a national party, the Whigs lacked the courage to deal with the vital issue of slavery. Within less than two years, he joined with a number of other citizens of Iowa to organize the Republican Party, thus making common cause with a similar party already formed, first, in Wisconsin and later in several other states. Four hundred delegates from thirty-

nine Iowa counties met in the Old Stone Capitol at Iowa City in February, 1856, and adopted a declaration of faith, including these words:

To maintain the Liberties of the People, the Sovereignty of the States, and the Perpetuity of the Union.

In such high purpose, the Republican Party in Iowa was born.

XI ICARIA AND THE LITTLE GARDENS

NARRATOR This is a story about Icaria and about some little gardens. Icaria is the name of a settlement made in Iowa almost a hundred years ago, and the little gardens had much to do with why there is no Icaria today. Icaria was near Corning in Adams County. It isn't shown on the map; so probably the best way to find where it was would be to drive to Corning and stop there at a filling station, and ask:

TOURIST Can you tell me how to get to Icaria?

ATTENDANT Icaria? Never heard of it. What is it, a town?

TOUR Well, it was a town. I don't know how much of it is left, but it 's supposed to be somewhere near here.

ATT Icaria? No. There 's no such town around here now. - - - Wait, here comes an old man who 's lived here ever since Heck was a pup. I 'll ask him. He's a little deaf. (SHOUTING) Hey, can you tell these folks where Icaria is?

OLD MAN Icaria? They ain't no such place. Not now, no more. Use to be though.

TOUR (SHOUTING) Can you tell us where it used to be?

OLD MAN (MUMBLING) Do' know why any one 'd want to find that place. Them Frenchmen! They 're all gone, 'cept them as is buried in the cemetery. They're still here. He! He!

TOUR (SHOUTING) Where is this cemetery?

OLD MAN You tell 'em son. You know where the old colony road runs. You tell 'em. (MUMBLING) Crazy Frenchmen! Good thing they 're all gone.

ATT Oh, you mean the old French colony? Why, yes, I know where that is - - or was. I 'd forgot it was called Icaria. You 'll have to drive east about three miles and then ask for a country school house - Prescott Number Eight. (SHOUTING TO OLD MAN) Prescott Number Eight school house. That 's where the old colony was, ain't it?

OLD MAN Yep. That 's it, but why - - -

ATT You can't miss it.

TOUR Thanks.

SOUND CAR DRIVING AWAY.

NAR The country school house is the only Icarian building still standing. Not far away is the old cemetery, where many of the original pioneers rest from their lives of labor. Other than these - school house and cemetery - there are left only the ruins of a few old log buildings. This is Icaria today. Ninety years ago, a visitor to this site would have found a village of a dozen log cabins grouped about a larger log building, used as a common dining room and assembly hall, and the whole surrounded by the sheds, yards and stacks of a prairie farm. Even then, the buildings had weathered to a dingy grey; but there was one touch of brilliant color to be seen in the flowers of the little gardens, which surrounded these otherwise drab dwellings. This was Icaria.

The name of the colony was taken from a book, written by a man named Etienne Cabet, called A Voyage to Icaria. This was a story of a happy land where the people had formed a vast partnership founded on the principle, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need". The author was a leader in the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 in France. Neither of these movements resulted to his satisfaction; and when he found that he and his followers were being persecuted, he resolved to found a real Icaria somewhere in the New World, where all property would be held in common and where each would work for all.

Let us hear a part of the story of Icaria, as it might have been told by a man who was one of the first of Cabet's followers to come to the new land, and who continued as a leader of the community almost to the end of its existence.

OLD MARCHAND I am Alexis Marchand. I was a law clerk in Paris when I first came to know and revere Etienne Cabet. I was a member of the advance guard of sixty-nine picked men who sailed from Havre in February, 1848, to found Icaria, as an example which all the world might follow. "Young men dream dreams", you know. - - - I still recall our leader's words, shouted to us from the wharf, as our ship drifted slowly out into the harbor.

CABET (CALLING) May the winds and the waves be propitious to you, soldiers of humanity.

OLD MAR Would that they had been so.

NAR Cabet had selected a site for the new colony in northeastern Texas, and had made contracts for the purchase of more than a million acres along the Red River, which was said to be navigable up to the future settlement. Marchand and his companions arrived at New Orleans late in March, where they learned that steamboat transportation was available up the Red River only as far as Shreveport, and that from there they would have to travel with oxtteams.

OLD MAR Our future home was still almost three hundred miles distant, over a trackless wilderness of plains and hills, prairies and forests, across undrained swamps and unbridged streams. We were unable to procure enough teams and wagons to transport all our goods; so a few of us with three teams started on. We were strangers in a strange land, unable to speak the language of the new country, and ignorant of almost everything necessary for such a journey. At one place on our weary way, where one of our wagons was mired down, a party of Texans rode up.

SOUND GALLOPING HORSES

TEXAN Strangers, what we-all want to know is, are you-all Democrats?

OLD MAR I understood only the word "democrats", and since democracy — the power and rule of the people — was the basis of our faith, I answered. (I spoke no English then.) Democate? Oui, Oui. Certainment. Democratie est le fondement d' Icaria.

TEXAN That 's good. We don't want no Whigs in Texas. Sence you-all 're Democrats, we 'll he'p you-all git that wagon out of the mud.

OLD MAR They did help us out of the swamp and on our way. It was only later that I learned that my reply had been misunderstood; but the fact that I had said we were Democrats gained for us kindly treatment from all Texans.

NAR When they reached their destination, they met with further disappointment. The promised million acres dwindled to a mere ten thousand, and this only on condition of their building a house on every half-section. This offer held good

only until July 1st. It was already June. After that they would have to pay one dollar for every acre. They could not do it.

They tried to do what the Texans called "break the prairie"; but the sod was so thick and matted that they broke only their plows. Then sickness, "the prairie fever", struck them, and the hot Texas sun beat down upon them until there was not a well man in the party. Four of the party died. No crops had been planted, and their provisions began to run low.

OLD MAR In September, we made the hard decision to give up. By different routes, in small squads, we straggled back to Shreveport. Five more of our comrades died on the way. Nothing in the history of Icaria is more doleful than this retreat. Our first beautiful dream had faded away.

NAR At New Orleans, they met other contingents, led by Cabet himself. After a wearying delay, the more hardy and adventurous of the group took passage up the Mississippi to Nauvoo, Illinois. Here a temporary settlement was made while members of the party searched for a new location. In Nauvoo, Cabet died, and quarrels and dissensions arose, which caused a number of the colonist to withdraw. The remainder of them came to found Icaria in Iowa in 1857. They had to go in debt for the 3,000 acres they purchased here, and the \$15,000 mortgage drew 10% interest. Fortunately they had acquired a flock of sheep, and when the Civil War broke out, the price of wool rose high enough so that they were able to pay for a thousand acres. The rest of the land went back to their creditors.

OLD MAR Gradually we law clerks and artisans and mechanics learned how to become farmers, but it was a long hard process. Our first years here in Iowa were years of patient, self-sacrificing struggle, devoted to the one object (as we still dreamed) of securing a solid foundation for the happy Icaria of the future.

NAR Marchand does not tell all that the Icarians had accomplished. Under his presidency, they bought back some of their former land; until the little group of sixty members had seventeen hundred acres, stocked with horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. They built a grist mill and a saw mill, and carpenter, blacksmith and shoe shops. They built the school house and accumulated a library of over a thousand French books. The railroad came, and with it a new era began. The Icarians found that they could not sell their products in competition with the cheaper goods shipped in from the outside. With the close of the Civil War, prices fell to a point where farmers everywhere suffered. To the pioneers of Icaria, this meant further disaster.

OLD MAR Twenty years passed. By that time, we had hoped that our realization of a beautiful ideal would have transformed the face of the whole civilized world; but the world had forgotten our existence. Perhaps a generation spent in the struggle for the bare means of subsistence, haunted ever by the spectre of debt, had made us lose some of the glowing ideals of our youth, had made us cautious and conservative. Anyway, our young folks thought so. My own son became a leader of the young party. The crisis came over a matter that may seem trivial. We quarreled over "the little gardens". My son rose one day in the Assembly and said:

YOUNG MARCHAND Mr. President, for a long time, isolation, privation and absorbing

labor, and perhaps also the effects of old age, have almost made us forget the moral mission of Icaria. For our leaders, the age of generous ideals is gone. The recollections of an unfortunate past has inspired exaggerated fears for the future, has forced us as a community into inaction. But the fire of the cause of humanity has still smouldered under the ashes of the years. The spirit of youth has blown these sparks into fire. We, sons of the pioneers, impatient with this inaction, demand a return to the principles and practices upon which Icaria was founded.

OLD MAR Young man, you present your case with well-chosen words; but you speak in generalities. Can you be specific and cite departures from these principles and practices which we all revere?

YOUNG MAR I can. I need only cite the matter of the little gardens.

NAR It should be explained that, almost from the beginning, the privilege had been granted each family of the community to use a narrow strip of ground around each house for a flower garden or for cultivation in any way that seemed good to the occupants in their hours of leisure. Marchand replied to his son:

OLD MAR Youth, as usual, ignores the past, which is not always a hindrance to progress.

YOUNG MAR You, sir, as President of this community, cannot deny that, with your full knowledge and consent and that of the Council of Elders, certain families have been allowed the use of land, which belongs to all of us in common, for the growing of mere flowers which add nothing to the common store; and, what is far worse, for the raising of fruits and vegetables, which they have presumed to convert to their own uses. Can you deny this, sir?

OLD MAR My lad, had you been born, as your elders were, amid the flowery fields of sunny France, you too might desire to recreate some of these lost beauties.

YOUNG MAR We admit, sir, that the growing of flowers is but a minor offense. We might shut our eyes to this violation of principle. But what about the grapes, just now ripening on the vines in these little gardens? We propose, sir, in accordance with the principle, "All for each and each for all", that these grapes be confiscated and sold and the proceeds placed in the common fund.

OLD MAR Do you present this proposal for formal action by this Assembly?

YOUNG MAR We do, sir.

OLD MAR Very well. As many as favor the confiscation of the grapes from the little gardens will raise the right hands. Mr. Secretary, will you count the votes.

--- As many as are opposed ---

NAR The proposition to confiscate the grapes from the little gardens was defeated by a vote of 19 to 13. This incident, trifling as it may seem, led to the final downfall of the Icarian community. The young progressives insisted on an immediate division of the property. The one village became two; but neither was strong enough to stand alone. Young Icaria was later moved to California, where it survived only a short time. Old Icaria lasted on the Iowa site for some years; but new disagreements arose, and lawsuits were instituted over a new demand for division of the land. The property was placed in the hands of a receiver. In 1895, the Colony was dissolved by the Court. What remained of the land was distributed, as private property, among twenty-one persons. The Icarian dream was ended.

Icaria was not the only community which was founded in Iowa on the principle that all men should share equally in labor and the products of that labor.

Next week we shall hear the story of another community so founded, whose history is a much more happy one than that of Icaria. And we shall learn what it was that this other community had, which Icaria lacked, something which, in all probability, may account for the difference in their outcomes.

XII

AMANA

THE COMMUNITY OF TRUE INSPIRATION

NARRATOR The Icarian community, whose story we have already heard, was not the only settlement made in Iowa by groups of people from Europe who were seeking for freedom of thought and action. Our story today is about another and quite different group of people, who came from Germany and established here in Iowa a type of community life which has lasted, with certain essential changes, for almost a hundred years. These people settled some twenty miles northwest of Iowa City. Here, in one of the garden spots of Iowa, lie seven villages, all but one of which have in part the same name. They are Amana, Middle Amana, West Amana, East Amana, High Amana, South Amana, and Homestead. I am sure that many of you have visited one or more of these; for they are, and have been for many years, centers of interest for the travelling public. The word Amana has come to mean much more than that of a dot on the map. It means Amana blankets, Amana refrigerators, Amana furniture, and Amana bread; all of which, along with other commercial products, enjoy a widespread distribution. Clearly, the Amana Colonies have made a place for themselves in the modern economic world; but it would be quite unfair to allow this feature of their life to be the sole basis of our understanding of this community. We should know too that the word Amana means "True Faith", that Amana "was born of religious enthusiasm, disciplined by persecution, and has ever remained primarily a Church."

The Community of True Inspiration, as it was called, originated in Germany almost two hundred and fifty years ago. In spite of their relatively small number and in the face of constant persecution, the members held fast to their faith. Then, in the 1820's, came a Great Awakening under the leadership of Christian Metz, as a result of which, many recruits were added to their number. This caused the persecution to be increased. The situation had become almost intolerable, when a community assembly was called to meet at the home of Christian Metz.

METZ Brethren of the True Inspiration, we are gathered here under God's guidance to consider the conditions with which we are surrounded, and to decide what may be done by us to preserve our faith and our very existence. It may be that I exaggerate the seriousness of our situation. May we hear from others. Brother Kampf - - -

KAMPF Brethren, it would be impossible to exaggerate. Members of our Community have been fined, pilloried, imprisoned, and stripped of their possessions. They have been flogged and beaten, and the cruel mob has yelled their approval when the streets were reddened with our blood. There is neither safety nor hope in such a land.

METZ Brother Nagel - - -

NAGEL Such trials as Brother Kampf mentions are serious, but these are merely physical. We are subjected to attacks upon our very beliefs. We are refused the right to maintain our own schools; our children are required to attend the state schools and there take religious instruction contrary to our faith; we are required to pay taxes for the support of the state church and the state

schools; our children are required to be baptised in an alien faith; and we men are required to perform military duty and take oaths in the courts of law, both of which are forbidden to us by the Holy Bible. I agree with Brother Kampf in saying that there is no hope for us in such a land.

KAMPF We must remember also how increasingly difficult it is becoming for us to support ourselves here. Not only are unjust taxes levied upon us, but rents of lands for cultivation have become so high that we cannot possibly meet them, and in addition, we are being overborne by numbers of the weary and heavy-laden, who have come to us to find a peace and protection which we cannot give them. For them, as for us, there is no hope.

METZ Brethren of the Faith, let us not despair. Does not God still live? Will he not inspire His followers now as He has done in the past? God has not changed. Just as He revealed hidden things to His people in the olden time, so He will lead His people today by the words of His inspiration. The Lord has made me His chosen instrument to reveal His will to you.

I proceed in mysterious ways, says thy God, and my foot is seldom seen openly. I found My dwelling in the depths and My paths lead through the great waters. I prepare for Me a place in the wilderness and establish for Me a dwelling where there is none. Your goal shall lead you towards the West to the land which is still open to you and your faith. I am with you and shall lead you over the sea. Hold me, call upon Me through your prayer when storm or temptation arise.

NAR To the True Inspirationists, this was a command for them to make for themselves a new home in the new world across the great waters of the Atlantic. A committee was appointed, which found a site near Buffalo, in the State of New York. Here, in 1842, they established a community, called Ebenezer, on a tract which had been purchased from the Seneca Indians. But their troubles were not ended. The Indians refused to give up all the land they had sold and troubled the colonists with their thieving and their threats. At the same time, the expansion of the City of Buffalo was bringing in worldly influences and attractions for the young people. In this crisis, Christian Metz again revealed to them the will of God.

METZ The Lord has spoken to me, saying:

It is My desire that this Community become a more complete and pure sacrifice to Me. That you may have no intercourse with worldly-minded men and that you be not tempted and led away, you shall direct your eyes toward a more distant goal in the West, and there found a new home.

NAR Another committee was selected which, after first investigating a site in Kansas, finally chose a new home in Iowa. Here 18,000 acres were purchased, including farm and forest land and quarries of stone and deposits of clay for bricks, from which their new houses could be built. For this new home, Metz chose the name Amana, taken from the Song of Solomon. A constitution had been adopted by which all property was to be held in common, in accordance with the will of God, as Christian Metz interpreted it:

METZ Hear the will of the Lord, as exemplified in His early Church and set forth in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles:

All that believed were together and had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all as every man had need.

NAR And so it was done. Six villages were established, in each of which large dining rooms were built, with kitchens adjoining, where all the members of the Community assembled for their meals. Each family was assigned its own house, around which the love for the beautiful found expression in the cultivation of gardens, aglow with old-fashioned flowers. Work in the community kitchens was distributed among the women, and the men were assigned duties in the fields or in the trades according to their abilities. All income was placed in a common fund and all expenses were met from this fund. The combined settlements were incorporated under the laws of Iowa in 1859, and the corporation took the name, The Amana Society.

For the most part, their relations with their neighbors were peaceful; but later one hostile outlander brought suit in the courts for the dissolution of the Society, on the ground that its form of organization was contrary to public policy. The decision of the Iowa Supreme Court in this case was reported to the Council of Elders:

ELDER Brethren, hear what the Judges of the Supreme Court have said.

A religious society, seeking to effectuate its ideals of religious belief through the common ownership and management of the property of its members, will not be dissolved, so long as its enterprises are conducted simply to meet the needs of its members. They have a right to believe in community property as a religious doctrine and to organize to live in accordance with that doctrine; hence any employment devoted to their support will only be accomplishing the purpose of the Society's existence.

Brethren, the Lord has permitted this thing to happen for the purpose of strengthening the faith of the Community, as well as to establish, once for all, our legal right to our way of life. Let us rejoice with the Lord over His having guided these judges to this decision.

NAR The Civil War came, and the Community once more faced the problem of military service, particularly after a draft act was passed. They solved this by following a practice, at that time permitted by law, of hiring substitutes at the rate of \$300 each. This they did, they said, in order to show their patriotic attitude as citizens and supporters of the Union.

One other duty of citizens of a democratic republic the Amana colonists avoided — that of voting for candidates for political offices. They participated in elections only to the extent of choosing their own township and school district officers. With regard to state and national politics, the Great Council in 1868 laid down the principle which they and their associates should follow:

ELDER Party spirit in politics fosters contention and engenders hatred and strife. We, as believers, should pray for the welfare of the land and at the time of an election, should implore, with regard to any party, that the Lord might direct the results according to His will and for the best interest of the country; but we should not engage in party strife or participate in the fight of the election.

NAR The railroads came to Iowa, and a line (now the Rock Island) was built across the southern part of the Amana land. In order to obtain a shipping point for their products and at the same time prevent undue contact with unbelievers, the Community bought up the whole town of Homestead on the new railroad. Perhaps the coming of the railroad was a symbol — a sign that no community can

isolate itself completely from its neighbors. With it came increasing evidences of the benefits of free enterprise in the world outside the valley. As the young people grew to maturity, they came to feel the need for a change in the organization of the Society.

This problem was thoughtfully and prayerfully considered for a long time. At length, in 1932, a plan for the reorganization of the Community, involving a separation of their religious and their economic activities, was adopted by a vote of three to one, all members participating in making the decision. New articles of incorporation were agreed to for The Amana Church Society and the Amana Society, the latter being a capitalistic joint stock company. Under this new plan, the Amana Colonies have continued to operate to the present time.

In her book, AMANA THAT IS, Bertha Shambaugh says:

BERTHA S. Lengthening shadows fade as the sun drops in the west; and memories grow dim as the ripening grasses wave year after year over the graves of the forefathers. A new day has arisen.

But there is a time of silence when the new order yields to the old. It is a time when the field machinery is under cover; when the grinding millstones and the whirling spindles of the woolen mills are still; when AMANA THAT IS sleeps. And while AMANA THAT IS sleeps, AMANA THAT WAS awakes — awakes in the Church of Christian Metz, the Church of sacred memories of Ebenezer and of pioneer Iowa. Young and old, in the costumes of two hundred years ago, enter the church, where the elders and the congregation kneel in prayer. Here, for one transcendent hour, the old people, who seem to have only a vague understanding of the new Amana, are once more happy in the quiet mansions of the spirit. In their minds and hearts, the world of facts and things, with its wheels and cogs and levers, its dynamos and wireless, its stock markets and economic evils, its wealth of technique and spiritual poverty, seem not to exist.

NAR Do I need to ask why Amana succeeded while Icaria failed? Icaria was founded on a philosophy; Amana was founded on a faith. There was nothing in the philosophy of Icaria which would conquer the selfishness which is too often the controlling passion of the human heart. The religion of Amana did this to a degree almost unmatched in our day.

Will the note of the Spiritual Amen ring in the hearts of the workers of the Amana of tomorrow? Or will it die in the hum and whirl of new activities and worldly interests?

The answer is ordained only in the hidden counsels of God.

REFERENCE Shambaugh, Bertha — Amana That Was and Amana That Is

XIII

CHRISTMAS AT RIMACOURT

NARRATOR Our story today tells how some Iowa soldiers brought Christmas to the boys and girls of a little village in France during a war which America was fighting with the hope of bringing peace to all the world.

The time is December, 1917. The place is Rimacourt, a picturesque French village, with rows of low stone houses where the people clumped around in wooden shoes which they called sabots; where they baked their bread in big doughnut-shaped loaves; where they talked very rapidly in a language that at first meant very little to the strangers in uniform.

FRENCH WOMAN Vous avais, nous amis.

SOLDIER Sammies? Sure, that 's us. Uncle Sam's boys.

NAR The French woman had said, "You are our friends". The welcome was evident from her voice and manner; but the words were given a new meaning, and "Sammies" became the common name for American soldiers in France.

The boys in Khaki uniform were the Iowa members of the 168th Infantry Regiment in the 42nd or Rainbow Division of the American Expeditionary Force, the A.E.F. They had crossed the Atlantic, successfully avoiding U-boat attack, had landed at Liverpool, and had crossed England, the English Channel, and half of France, and now were quartered in a little group of villages around Rimacourt. Here they were to receive their final training before taking their places in the front lines facing the German enemies of France and the free world.

Let's join a group of these soldiers who are seated in a cozy little cafe in mid-December.

SMITH (STAMPING SNOW OFF HIS SHOES) Ugh! This is better. Move over, you. Give me a chance at some real heat. This summer uniform ain't made for this climate.

RYAN Sure an' it ain't. But we got overcoats an' extra blankets.

SMITH Well, we sure need 'em. That hay-mow where our squad 's billeted is well ventilated, to say the least. Of course we don't have a stove, and if we did, where 'd we get wood for it?

RYAN Mebbe this cold spell won't last. I heard one of the officers say this was the coldest winter they ever had here.

SMITH Yeah, and we had to be here in it! Even the soldiers at Valley Forge had fires, it said in my history book.

RYAN Well, we got some things they didn't have at Valley Forge.

SMITH What, for instance?

RYAN We got shoes.

SMITH Shoes, yes — summer shoes. When we going to get them trench boots they been talking about?

RYAN Stop yer belly-achin', soldier. We got it good. D'ju see that other outfit trampin' through here in the snow yesterday? Some of them didn't even have summer shoes — just burlap bags wrapped around their feet. Mebbe you didn't know it, Smith, but you 're in the army now.

SMITH Sure, Corporal, I know I'm in the army. That 's just why I'm — — —

COHEN Gentlemen, may I interrupt this aimless discussion. We can't do anything about shoes or heated barracks; but there's another thing we can do something about. Our squad's been talking it over and they asked me to see Chaplain Robb about it. He 's for it and he says the other officers are too.

SMITH He's for what?

RYAN Yes, what is the big secret? What is it that you an' Chaplain Robb an' the other officers are for?

SMITH What's it all about?

COHEN Have you thought about Christmas coming?

SMITH Christmas! Merry Christmas! Ha! (WITH A SARDONIC INFLECTION)

RYAN An' I say — Merry Christmas! Ha! Ha! (WITH ENTHUSIASM) Go on, Cohen.

SMITH Yeah, we might as well hear about it.

COHEN Have you thought about these kids here in Rimacourt? Christmas don't mean much to them — hasn't for four years. Their dads and big brothers are all in service. They have hardly enough to live on — and happiness — real happiness — is something they either never felt, or have forgotten.

SMITH Say -- I never thought about that!

RYAN Sol, I think I see what you're driving at, an' I'm for it. An' I says to myself, Pat Ryan, I says, ye old blatherskite, take shame to your Catholic self for lettin' a Hebrew be a better Christian than you are.

SMITH Careful now, Ryan!

COHEN If it 's the Christmas spirit you mean, I take that as I'm sure you mean it.

SMITH But you got any plans?

RYAN Attaboy, Smith. Here's a good chance for us to forget our own troubles.

SMITH That's what I was a-thinkin'!

COHEN Chaplain Robb has collected quite a bit of money from the officers, and he's going to scour the whole area for candy and presents.

SMITH Officers! Huh! How about us men? This going to be an officers' Christmas?

COHEN Not at all. Chaplain Robb's appointed a committee of enlisted men to receive contributions too. He put me on it.

SMITH Good! Here 's twelve dollars I won last night in a Black Jack game. I'll convert it to a good cause.

RYAN You couldn't do better. Some of them was my dollars.

SMITH They're mine to give now!

COHEN The committee planned first to have the celebration out of doors in front of the church; but last night's air-raid came too close for comfort. The old priest has consented to let us use the church itself.

SMITH Well! Good for him!

RYAN Anything else I can do, except supplement my contribution via Smith here with the few simoleons I have still in my pocket?

SMITH You can go out and squeeze some dough out of the other guys.

COHEN And the Supply Officer 's got some pop-corn, and it 's got to be popped and some of it strung for decorations. And for you men of the Headquarters Company, Smith, there's the wiring of the tree and the lighting. There's going to be plenty to do for everybody that wants to help.

SMITH Y' know -- I got a kid brother and a little sister back on the farm in Iowa. Bet they 'd like to have a hand in this. My part, whatever it is, 'll be for them too.

NAR One major problem connected with the celebration seemed at first difficult of solution -- that of finding a Christmas tree. What remained of forests in this part of France were strictly reserved and protected by law. Except by permission of a private owner of forest land, no tree of any kind could be cut for any purpose. There was, not far from Rimacourt, an old chateau built on a hill-top, which was surrounded by a growth of magnificent pines; but its mistress, the Countess d'Ulmo, was reported to be the counterpart of the bad old witch of the fairy tales. A few careless soldiers had wandered into the woods around the chateau in search of fuel and had brought down upon the heads of the entire regiment a stern reprimand from Army Headquarters at Chaumont, issued in the name of Major General "Black Jack" Pershing himself. But since there were no trees available anywhere else, the officers at Rimacourt decided to draw lots to see which of them should have to approach the "terrible" Countess with a request for a Christmas tree from her "parc". Captain Walter Nead of the Headquarters Company drew the undesired assignment.

The Captain's knowledge of French was extremely limited, so he took along with him one of the young French lieutenants, who were attached to the regiment as instructors, to interpret for him. (In matter of fact, my knowledge of the French language is even more limited than was the Captain's, and I suspect that most of you are in the same boat. So most of the time when people in this story are speaking French, we'll just translate what they say into American as we go along.)

SOUND HEAVY KNOCKING. DOOR OPENING.

NAR An old servant woman opened the door. The Lieutenant said (in French)

LIEUT How do you do? This is Captain Walter Nead of the Army of the United States of America, and I am Lieutenant Philippe Parnasse of the Army of France. We request you to present our compliments to your mistress, the Countess, and beg her the favor of an interview on a matter of great importance.

NAR The servant allowed the two officers to enter the hallway and departed to inform the countess of their arrival and their mission. A few moments later, the mistress of the chateau entered, talking volubly.

COUNTESS So? To what, pray, may I attribute the effrontery of this intrusion upon my privacy?

LIEUT The Captain, Madame the Countess, has a favor to request of you.

COUNTESS A favor? Of me? What favor?

CAPT Pardon, Madame, I have but little French, and that little very bad French. We have come, Madame, to ask your permission for us to cut down one of your pine trees for - - -

COUNTESS Cut down one of my pine trees! Indeed! What next? I have heard of your American — what do you call it? — cheek. I have visited your country, and I know your language better than you do mine. You have your answer. It is — NO!

CAPT But Madam - - -

COUNTESS He calls me "Madam", as if I were but one such as he.

CAPT Pardon, Countess - - -

COUNTESS (BEGINNING TO SOFTEN) That is better, Captain.

LIEUT If you could but know, Madame the Countess, for what the Captain wishes the tree - - -

COUNTESS The Captain can speak for himself. I rather like his bad French.

CAPT Merci, Madame the Countess.

COUNTESS Ah, much better.

CAPT Since you understand our American language, Madame the Countess, you will know that the word merci has another meaning for us. I not only thank you, but I beg permission to give you the reasons for our request.

COUNTESS (MUSING) It is a long, long time since a handsome young stranger in a strange uniform has come to me to beseech a favor - - a long, long time -- You have my permission to proceed, Captain.

CAPT We are planning, Countess, a Christmas celebration for the children of Rimacourt, with candy and presents and music and lights, and we want a Christmas tree from your park. May we have it, Countess? For the children?

COUNTESS For the children? A tree? -- -- Noel -- -- Poor little children - - Noel is for them but a memory - - and a hope - - -

CAPT Yes, Countess?

COUNTESS A hope - - Oh, you Americans have a heart too?

LIEUT Madame the Countess asks - - -

CAPT I understand. Yes, Countess, we Americans want your children to share the joys of a happy Noel with our's. Do we get the tree, Countess?

COUNTESS You do, Captain. You do.

CAPT Merci, Madame the Countess.

NAR The mayor of Rimacourt gave his enthusiastic support to the entire project

and authorized the old town crier to spread the news.

SOUND ROLLING OF DRUM

CRIER (CALLING) Listen, all. (DRUM) On the eve of Noel at the Church (DRUM)
A celebration for all the children (DRUM) Candy and presents from the American
soldiers (DRUM) A tree contributed by Madame the Countess (DRUM) Music!
Lights! Come all! (DRUM) On the eve of Noel (DRUM) (GRADUALLY FADING AWAY
IN THE DISTANCE)

NAR Christmas eve came, and with it hordes of children. The Mayor had estimated that some two hundred children would come, but the news had spread to surrounding villages, and more than twice that number appeared, crowding around the church doors, waiting for them to be opened.

SOUND CHATTER OF CHILDREN

NAR All the regimental band came marching down the street playing a stirring march.

SOUND BAND MUSIC APPROACHING

NAR The cure opened the old church doors. (CREAKING DOOR) All that could crowded in.

SOUND CHILDRENS' CHATTER WITH BACKGROUND OF BAND MUSIC

NAR Inside the church, with its dingy white walls, its stiff-back pews, and its flagstone floor worn into hollows by the feet of generations of worshippers, the eager children saw a marvel — a great tree reaching almost to the ceiling, ablaze with lights, adorned with strings of pop-corn, and with its lower limbs and trunk hanging full and surrounded with toys and bags of nuts and candy. And two Santa Clauses! Chaplain Robb had pressed Corporal Pat Ryan and Private Sol Cohen into service in these capacities.

The old cure rose and led a brief service of devotion, after which the children joined in singing the age-old hymn Adeste Fideles.

SONG ADESTE FIDELES BY CHILDRENS' VOICES

NAR Then the real fun began.

SOUND CHATTER AND SHOUTS OF CHILDREN

NAR One by one the boys and girls filed past the twin Santa Clauses to receive their gifts.

SANTA RYAN Ho! Ho! Ho! Why, it's Pierre.

PIERRE Qui, c'est Pierre.

SANTA RYAN Here's a horn and some candy for you.

PIERRE Merci, Pere Noel!

SANTA COHEN And Antoinette.

ANTOINETTE Qui, c'est bien moi!

SANTA COHEN A little doll and candy for you.

ANTOINETTE Merci, bon Pere Noel!

CHILDREN (SUCCESSIVELY) Merci! - - - Merci! - - - Merci! - - -
 SOUND THROUGHOUT THE ABOVE CHATTER AND SHOUTS, AD LIB BY SANTAS

NAR Fortunately Chaplain Robb had anticipated the overflow crowd, and in his flivver he had gathered up and brought back to Rimacourt enough toys and sweets to give each child a share.

When all had received their gifts, the good old cure rose to express the thanks of his community. His halting words were hard to understand, as he tried to speak in American; but his shining eyes and his happy smile made clear what he meant, even when he closed in his own language, saying:

CURE Que le Bon Dieu vous benisse!

NAR May the Good Lord bless you

CURE Et que la lumiere de sa face resplendisse sur vous

NAR And make His face to shine upon you

CURE Et vous donne la paix!

NAR And give you Peace

MUSIC ORGAN

NAR To the happy chatter now was added the tooting of horns and the blowing of whistles (APPROPRIATE BACKGROUND SOUNDS) as the children reluctantly, and only at the firm persuasion of their mothers, made their way out into the crisp night air, with a farewell greeting from Santa Claus:

SANTA RYAN Merry Christmas to all.
 SANTA COHEN And to all a Good Night.

NAR Outside they found the ground covered with a fresh coating of soft white snow. Someone shouted:

CHILD'S VOICE Chantous "Noel"!

NAR And the entire group broke into this Christmas hymn.

MUSIC MIXED CHORUS SINGING "THE FIRST NOEL"

NAR As the song came to a close, the band struck up "The Marseillaise".

MUSIC BAND PLAYING "THE MARSEILLAISE"

NAR To the stirring strains of this, the French national air, four hundred happy children trudged homeward, to dream of forests of fairy trees, bushels of toys, mountains of candy, and thousands of smiling American soldiers - -

CHILDREN'S VOICES Nous amis! Nous amis!
 SOUND BAND MUSIC FADING TO SILENCE

NAR I'm sure you all will be glad to know that on Christmas Day, our soldier boys had a real turkey dinner, with nuts and figs and apples for dessert, and we know that they enjoyed this all the more because of the memory of the joy they had brought to the children of Rimacourt.

XIV
FACES TO THE WEST
A STORY OF THE MORMONS IN IOWA

NARRATOR I noticed just the other day that a new bridge has been built over the Missouri River near Council Bluffs. It is called the Mormon Pioneer Memorial Bridge. If we were to visit Council Bluffs, we might find out why this name was chosen; for there on the north side of Eayliss Park in the heart of the city is a large boulder bearing two bronze tablets commemorating the site of a Mormon camp, maintained here from 1846 to 1852 as a base of supplies for the constant stream of persons of this faith who with their faces to the West were pushing across the Great Plains toward their new Zion in Utah. Elsewhere in Iowa there are other memorials to the Mormons: a tall limestone shaft on top of a high bluff overlooking the valley of the Grand River several miles west of Lorimer in Union County; another bronze tablet at one side of Highway No. 6 in Coralville, near Iowa City; and scattered across southern Iowa; place names, such as Pleasant Plain, Paradise, Garden Grove, and Mount Pisgah, which we are told were first given to these spots by the Mormons more than a hundred years ago. Plainly these people have left their marks upon Iowa. A part of their story seems worth re-telling as an example of sacrifices made and hardships endured in defense of religious faith. For Mormonism was, and is a religion.

On the evening of June 27, 1844, a little group of Mormon leaders was gathered in a room in the city of Nauvoo, Illinois, in an atmosphere of tense expectancy. Their Prophet, Joseph Smith, was a prisoner of their enemies.

KIMBALL Brethren, there is nothing we can do but wait -- hope.
RIGDON And pray.
KIMBALL Yes, Brother Rigdon, -- and pray that our Prophet may not be led as a lamb to the slaughter.
RIGDON Amen!
KIMBALL But what will we do if worst comes to worst and we no longer have our Prophet to guide us?
RIGDON God will continue to reveal his will to us. . Already there is one appointed of God to hold the keys of authority when the Prophet Joseph has been called to his reward.
KIMBALL Yes. I'm sure we all wish Brother Brigham Young was here. He would know what to do.
RIGDON I was not speaking of Brother Young. In due time I will reveal the name --
KIMBALL Listen!
SOUND RAPIDLY APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.
KIMBALL You come with word from our Prophet?
HYDE (BREATHLESSLY) I come with word of our Prophet. He is dead.
VOICES DEAD! HOW? TELL US!
HYDE The Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum have been murdered in cold blood by the mob.
VOICES MURDERED! DEAD! IT IS UNBELIEVABLE!

RIGDON Brethren, tragic as this event is, it is not unbelievable. I foresaw it when under the Prophet's orders the hostile newspaper in Nauvoo was destroyed. I said then that - - -

KIMBALL This is no time for I-told-you-so's. Oh, if Brother Brigham was here.

YOUNG I am here.

KIMBALL Thank the Lord! Have you heard - - -

YOUNG I have heard that our Prophet is dead. This is a dark hour for us. The powers of evil seem to have triumphed and the spirit of murder is abroad in the land. It is a time for wisdom and for caution.

RIGDON No! It is a time for action! I had preferred a more opportune time to tell you this; but I am forced to do so now. God has chosen me to be the guardian of his people, with power to organize armies for the destruction of our enemies.

YOUNG Stop! As I look around me I see present a majority of the Twelve Apostles. In this crisis, I call upon you to declare that the government of our Church is vested in the Twelve, until through the spirit of true revelation a new President is chosen.

RIGDON I have such a revelation.

YOUNG Silence! Brethren, do you agree to my proposition?

VOICES WE DO. WE DO.

NAR Joseph Smith, who is still believed by the Mormons to have been divinely inspired, had begun his preaching in New York State. From there he had gone with a steadily increasing number of converts, first to Ohio, then to Missouri, and then to Illinois. These moves had all been compelled by the active hostility of their neighbors. During their first five years in Illinois they had prospered and had built the large and beautiful city of Nauvoo. In the fall of 1845, the Twelve took action to meet on emergency. They had elected Brigham as their President, and under his efficient leadership they prepared to face the future.

YOUNG Brethren, our situation is becoming increasingly critical. I have in my hand a circular addressed to all militia captains in this and neighboring counties inviting them and their companies to a "wolf hunt". It is being privately announced that the wolves to be hunted are the Mormons. In addition, the Governor of Illinois has ordered militia from other parts of the state into our county and has declared martial law. We are surrounded by relentless enemies. Although our people have offered no resistance, already mobs are burning houses and destroying crops in our outlying settlements. They are pressing closer every day.

KIMBALL What should we do?

YOUNG And that is not all. I have just received a demand that we all leave Nauvoo at once. To this I propose the following reply. Secretary Kimball will read it.

KIMBALL (READING) To the Governor and all other authorities and people of Illinois: We agree to leave Illinois as soon next spring as there is enough grass on the prairies to sustain our cattle on the march; but on condition that, in order to supply means for such a journey, you furnish us cash, goods, groceries, oxen, beef-cattle, sheep, and wagons in exchange for our properties. We in turn agree to preserve the peace, provided we are freed from molestation.

YOUNG This by order of the Council, if you so order. Do you so order?

VOICES WE DO. WE DO.

NAR But the plundering and outrage continued. Nauvoo became an armed camp

and workshop combined. President Young with a small party was ferried across the Mississippi on February 15, 1846 to lay out the route of the journey and to discover an ultimate haven of refuge. Immediately afterward, the thermometer dropped to below zero and the river was frozen solid from bank to bank. The departure of their leader and the continued attacks of their enemies spread panic among the people of Nauvoo. Thousands of refugees crossed on the ice at once and made camp in the snow on the Iowa side. Many came almost destitute. By March first, 5000 were shivering under the meager cover of tents and wagons. The temperature fell, and rain and sleet added to their sufferings.

SOUND WIND AND RAIN
WOMAN God have mercy on us. How can we live through weather like this?
OLD MAN Hold you tongue, woman! The Prophet warned us we must know privation.
URIAH I'm cold, Mother.
WOMAN Crawl under your blanket, Uriah, and go to sleep.
URIAH I can't go to sleep, Mother. The blankets are all wet.
WOMAN Why did you lay them on the ground?
URIAH The rain was beating through the cover into the wagon too.
WOMAN What can a mother do? No shelter even for her child.
OLD MAN Cease complaining, woman. Zion will rise from the earth and all this will be forgotten.
WOMAN Zion had better hurry then or it will rise too late. (RAIN UP) If only we could be dry! If only - - -
OLD MAN If only - - If only - - Have faith, woman! Have faith!
WOMAN Have faith? You are too old to have anything else. But we - - we are young. Why should we have to die for a Zion we may never see? Why can't we build a home here?
OLD MAN You are not a fit wife for an Apostle. I shall speak to my son.
WOMAN Speak on! And tell him, when you find him, to have some concern for his son.
URIAH I'm shaking with cold, Mother.
OLD MAN Tell the boy to get some exercise.
WOMAN Uriah, go to those people over there and ask if they can lend us a dry blanket.
URIAH Yes, Mother. - - - My legs - - (FADING) My legs - - I can hardly move - -
OLD MAN Do you expect them to have a dry blanket. They have only a leaky shelter of branches.
WOMAN You said he needed exercise.
OLD MAN He does. - - He's coming back now.
WOMAN Look! He's stumbling! He - - He can hardly walk!
OLD MAN Have faith! God will help him.
WOMAN He's fallen! (OFF MIKE) He can't get up! Uriah!
URIAH Mother - - - Mother! My legs - - I can't walk.
WOMAN Here, I'll help you back to our wagon. (ON MIKE AGAIN) Now! Put your head on my lap, son. I'll wrap my shawl around you.
OLD MAN The boy will be all right.
WOMAN Uriah, soon we will leave this place.
URIAH (VERY WEAK) I'll like that, Mother.
WOMAN We'll go to a place of sunshine.
URIAH (WHISPER) Yes.
WOMAN We'll have a house, and sit by the fire and never be cold again.
URIAH (WITH LABORED BREATHING) Mother - - - I - - - I - - - I - - - oh-h-h-
WOMAN Uriah! (SOBBING) Uriah!

OLD MAN Here comes his father.

HYDE (APPROACHING) Good news! We are about to continue our journey. Tell Uriah to get up, Martha. He must help. -- Did you hear me, Martha?

WOMAN (DULLY) I heard.

HYDE Then tell Uriah to get up.

WOMAN I shall never tell him anything -- again.

NAR The forlorn caravan struggled on through the mud and slush; but the worst part of the journey through Iowa was soon over. The weather gradually moderated and, most important of all, order was brought to the straggling host by their great leader, Brigham Young.

SOUND BUGLE CALL "ATTENTION"

YOUNG Attention, Camps of Israel! I propose to move on westward. Let none follow me but those who will obey the commandments of the Lord. I have sent "pioneers" on ahead to seek out the best roads, build bridges, and construct ferry boats. Let each group of fifty of you choose a captain and two commissaries to procure and distribute supplies. Hear and obey these officers, if you would reach the new Zion where you may live in peace and comfort.

NAR So now in orderly progression the seemingly endless caravan moved on. In the latter part of April they reached the site of their first permanent camp, which they named "Garden Grove". Here a council was called.

SOUND BUGLE CALL "ATTENTION"

KIMBALL Brethren, volunteers are called for to engage in labor as follows: 100 men to split rails, 48 men to build houses, 12 to dig wells, and the rest to plow the ground and plant grain to be harvested by those who follow us. Let each man report to his captain for duty.

NAR Almost as if by magic a town arose on the prairie and more than 700 acres were broken and planted and surrounded by rail fences. The whole camp buzzed like a swarm of bees with everyone busy. After the toils of the day were over, music and dancing helped them forget their sufferings and look with bright hopes to the future.

SOUND BAND PLAYING OLD-TIME DANCE MUSIC. LAUGHTER. SHOUTING.

NAR After three weeks, the main caravan moved on to the second permanent camp at Mount Pisgah. Here the procedure followed at Garden Grove was repeated. By mid-June they reached the Missouri River. This third permanent camp, first called Kaneshville, later became Council Bluffs. The Mormon trek across the Great Plains has no direct bearing upon Iowa history. Their march across Iowa continued at intervals for ten years, culminating in that of the Handcart Brigade in 1856, whose encampment at Coralville is commemorated by a marker. These later emigrants crossed Iowa and the plains to the west carrying their goods, supplies and tents on handcarts drawn and pushed by the men, women and children themselves. Many of them suffered severely on the way and the death toll among their number was unusually high. Eventually the people of the new faith reached the valleys surrounding Great Salt Lake in Utah where they founded communities which have continued and prospered to the present day.

It is to the Handcart Pioneers that tribute is paid in the Mormon Museum at Salt Lake by a group statue in bronze, and the words:

Nor gold nor glory their exalted quest,
 Who won for East the wide unconquered West.
 They toiled o'er frozen crest, o'er parching plain,
 Eternal wealth in higher worlds to gain.
 Forever in remembrance let them be,
 Who gave their all for truth and liberty.

XV

THE SPIRIT LAKE MASSACRE
 A PIONEER GIRL'S STORY

NARRATOR Pioneer Iowa was relatively free from the Indian warfare which characterized almost all the rest of the western frontier. There was one tragic exception in the Spirit Lake Massacre in March, 1857. Let us hear this story told by Abbie Gardner, at that time a fourteen-year-old girl, who was one of two survivors of a massacre which took the lives of forty men, women and children.

ABBIE It was in the summer of 1853 that my father decided to leave his home in New York State for the Far West. Father, Mother, my older sister Eliza, my little brother and I made the journey in wagons drawn by two teams of horses. On our way through Ohio, we were joined by my oldest sister Mary and her young husband Harvey Luce and their baby boy. For us children, it was all like a holiday excursion. None of us knew what lay ahead.

NAR The westward journey was interrupted for more than a year while the men worked on the grading of a new railroad through northern Ohio and Indiana; but they finally reached the Mississippi in the fall of 1854.

ABBIE We crossed the "Father of Waters" and entered Iowa at Davenport. As we advanced to the northwest, we came to the valley of the Red Cedar River, which we forded at Janesville. By the time we had reached the little village of Shell Rock, the chilly winds of late October had warned us of the approach of winter, and we decided to remain here until spring, while Father went on a prospecting tour.

NAR The families were again on the move in March of 1855, following the Shell Rock valley north to where Nora Springs now is, thence west to Mason City — one store and two or three log cabins — and from there to Clear Lake, where Mr. Gardner had selected a farm site.

ABBIE In this first summer we saw our first Indian war party, a band of painted Sioux who made themselves so obnoxious with their demands for food and gifts and with threats of violence that some twenty-five of the men armed themselves and forced the Indians to leave. I remember hearing the men laugh over what they called the "Grindstone War", because at one settler's place an Indian had upset and broken a grindstone while engaged in catching a chicken. The men laughed, but the women and children were terrified. When a few days later the rumor came that 5000 Sioux warriors were coming our way, a sudden panic seized almost everyone. Abandoning everything that could not be hastily thrown into wagons, we all drove like mad back to the Shell Rock River, where a fortified camp was made.

NAR This panic spread far to the east of Clear Lake, even to Black Hawk County.

There is today on the main street of the village of Janesville a marker recording the site of a fort built there for the protection of the settlers during this Indian scare.

ABBIE After three weeks with no further dire news, Father and another man started back for Clear Lake. We awaited their return anxiously. When they returned, they brought the cheering news not only that they had not seen a single Indian but that they had found our vacated homes just as we had left them. The first thing I did when we got back to our place about dark was to run to the shed to look for an old hen and her brood of chickens which had been my especial pets. The old hen was gone, but the chickens were all nestled together in their accustomed corner. This happy outcome after all our fears gave us a sense of security which in the end proved to be disastrously false.

NAR Rowland Gardner had in him the spirit of the typical frontiersman. Cerro Gordo County was beginning to get too crowded; so the next year he sold his Clear Lake farm, bought several yoke of oxen and a number of cows and young cattle, and with the two families made his way to the vicinity of Spirit Lake.

ABBIE It was the middle of July when we reached the beautiful lakes, which we learned later were called by the Indians "Minne-Waukon", or Spirit Lake, and "Okoboji", or Place of Rest. Father and Harvey selected a location on the south side of West Okoboji, where we pitched the tents which sheltered our two families until our one log house was completed. It was too late for the planting, so the men, after finishing the cabin, built sheds for the cattle, broke sod for next year's crops, and cut and stacked the wild prairie hay. We were not left alone for long in this new Eldorado. By the first of November, six other families were snugly housed in log cabins within a few miles of us: the Mattocks, the Grangers, the Howes, the Nobles, the Thatchers, and the Marbles -- names which are burned upon my memory.

NAR The winter of 1856-57 was one never to be forgotten by the pioneers of Iowa for its bitter cold, deep snow and violent storms; but there was shelter, even some degree of comfort, in these frontier cabins.

ABBIE With inexpressible sadness, I now recall our humble but happy home. There was no floor but the ground; but this had been leveled off and covered with prairie hay, over which Mother had spread a rag carpet brought all the way from York State. We had a big iron cook stove and plenty of split wood and warm clothing and bedding, so we did not suffer from the cold. During the long afternoons, my sister Mary often read aloud to us from one of our books.

NAR I wish Abbie had told us what books they had.

ABBIE Or sometimes Father helped me with my arithmetic, while my little six-year-old brother sat at the table trying to form letters in a copy book written for him by my sister Eliza. (Eliza was not with us. She had gone up into Minnesota in October to take care of a mother and baby and had been unable to return because of the deep snow.) While we were thus busied, Mother sat in her rocking chair crocheting or making some garment.

NAR This was the peaceful prelude to one of the most cruel and barbarous massacres ever recorded on the bloody pages of history. In February, Harvey

Luce and Mr. Thatcher started for Waterloo with an ox-team to obtain supplies and provisions. On their return, they got only as far as the Des Moines River below Emmetsburg, where it became necessary to stop until the weary oxen could recuperate. Thatcher stayed with the team (thus escaping the massacre) and Luce came back to rejoin his family.

ABBIE Now that Harvey had returned, Father at once began preparations for a trip to Fort Dodge. We all rose early on March 8th so that he might get a good start. The sun never shone brighter than it did on that ill-fated morning. We had just seated ourselves at the breakfast table, when the door was opened (APPROPRIATE SOUND) and first one and then others of a band of Indians crowded into our cabin.

CHIEF Ugh! Indian friend. Want food.

GARDNER All right. We haven't got much for a crowd like this, but what there is you're welcome to.

ABBIE The Chief — Ink-pa-du-ta—was about six feet tall, strongly built, and his face deeply pitted with small-pox, giving him an especially revolting appearance. After our scanty store of food had been freely divided among them all, the Chief became insolent and overbearing.

CHIEF Indian want powder — bullets — gun-caps.

GARDNER Well, here's a few caps.

ABBIE As Father started to hand them to the Chief, the latter snatched the whole box from his hand. At the same time — — —

LUCE No, you don't! That's my powder horn.

SOUND STRUGGLE

LUCE Now, get out of here all of you or I'll kill this fellow with his own gun!

SOUND SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS. ANGRY GROWLS. DOOR SLAMMED SHUT.

ABBIE Harvey had twisted a gun from the hands of one of the band and driven them out of the cabin. Looking out of the window, I saw the Indians slowly withdrawing toward the timber. I called out — —

YOUNG ABBIE The Indians are going away, but here come Dr. Harriott and Mr. Snyder.

GARDNER I know. They're bringing over some letters for me to take to Fort Dodge.

I'll go out and tell them I can't go and leave you at the mercy of these savages.

YOUNG ABBIE Don't go out, Father.

GARDNER I don't think there's any danger right now.

LUCE I'll take a gun and keep an eye out to the rear.

SOUND DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

ABBIE Father told our two neighbors what had happened and that he was not going to Fort Dodge. They made light of the whole matter and went back to their cabins. We saw or heard nothing more of the Indians until about noon when we became aware that they had let down the rails around the shed and were driving our cattle into the woods. Harvey would have rushed out to prevent this, but Father restrained him.

GARDNER It's no use, Harvey. They're twenty to one and they're well armed. But there's something else we've got to do — warn the folks over on the other side of the lake.

LUCE I'll go. You stay here and take care of the families.

ABBIE My sister threw her arms around her husband's neck and begged him not to go; but he insisted, promising to be careful and to return as soon as he could. We never saw him again. Later we heard the sound of gun fire from the direction he had taken. Hours later, just before sundown, when he could stand the suspense no longer, Father unbarred the door, (SOUND) and stepped outside. He

returned instantly. (SOUND)

GARDNER The Indians are coming again. We are doomed, but while they are killing us, I'll kill a few of them.

ABBIE But Mother protested. Poor soul, she had not lost faith in these savages and still hoped they would appreciate kindness and spare our lives.

SOUND POUNDING ON DOOR WITH GUN BUTTS

CHIEF Open! Indian want more food.

GARDNER We have no more food.

CHIEF Indian want squaw make food.

ABBIE At Mother's insistence, Father unbarred the door (SOUND) and still listening to her plea he turned toward the flour barrel.

SOUND SHOT. WOMEN'S SCREAMS. STRUGGLES AND GROANS.

ABBIE When the Indians entered the cabin and during the awful scenes that followed, I was sitting on a chair holding my sister's baby, with her little boy on one side of me and my little brother on the other clinging to me in terror. One by one, the monsters tore them from me and carried them out of doors. All this time I sat there speechless and tearless. One of the band seized me roughly by the arm and I begged him to kill me too. I was forced out into the yard, where in the dim twilight I took my last look at the bodies of my father, mother, sister, brother and my sister's little ones. Terror stricken and with mingled grief and loathing, I was dragged by hands still wet with the blood of my dear ones into the gloom of the forest and the darkness of night.

NAR Abbie was taken by her captors to their camp, where, over the blood-stained snow, with blackened faces and with wild yells, the Sioux danced the scalp dance, circling round the camp fire to the rhythmic sound of drums and rattles.

SOUND WAR DANCE

ABBIE Amid such fearful scenes, I spent that long sleepless night. What I felt can never be imagined except by those who have suffered like pangs and had them burned into their souls by a like experience.

NAR Abbie was taken by her captors northwestward across the corner of Minnesota and far into Dakota. With her, also captives, were three older women. Mrs. Thatcher, utterly unable to withstand the hardships of the hurried march, was murdered while trying to ford a stream. Early in May, Mrs. Marble was ransomed by two Sioux of another band, and she eventually made her way back to civilization. A month later, Mrs. Noble was killed by a son of Ink-pa-du-ta for refusing to obey an order. Abbie Gardner was left alone among her inhuman captors.

ABBIE On the morning of May 30, there came into the tepee where the "white squaw" was on exhibition three Indians dressed in coats and white shirts with starched bosoms. I dared not even hope that their coming meant anything good for me; but day after day I saw these "white shirts" sitting in council with Ink-pa-du-ta and his men. I was told lie after lie about the purpose of these councils, each lie detailing a more brutal method by which I was to be killed. We were now in the country of the Yankton tribe, and one day one of their squaws told me that I was to be taken to the land where there were many whites and no Sioux. I did not know what to believe.

NAR At length however the councils ended and Abbie was turned over to the "white shirts" for the price of 2 horses, 12 blankets, 2 kegs of powder, 20

pounds of tobacco, 22 yards of blue squaw cloth, and $37\frac{1}{2}$ yards of calico. She was taken for seven days of continuous foot-travel to an Indian agency; thence by team and lumber wagon to Fort Ridgely, and finally to the Minnesota River, where she took a steamboat to St. Paul. Here, this simple little pioneer girl was welcomed by the Governor of the State, her rescuers were duly compensated, and she was sent, again by steamboat, down the Mississippi to Dubuque. From Dubuque, Abbie came west by wagon to Hampton, where she was reunited with her sister Eliza, the only other survivor of her family.

Today a tall marble shaft marks the scene of this tragedy. The original Gardner cabin has been preserved as a memorial and near it is a stone bench with this inscription:

Abigail Gardner Sharp, Orphaned and Enslaved by the Hostile Sioux,
She Lived to Embrace in Christian Benevolence the American Indian and
All Mankind.

Note Abbie Gardner lived until 1921. In 1885, she published The History of the Spirit Lake Massacre, from which this story has, for the most part, been taken. The story is also told briefly in Iowa, a Guide to the Hawkeye State.

XVI

IOWANS AT HARPER'S FERRY A STORY OF THE JOHN BROWN RAID

NARRATOR When I was a small boy, I used often to hear songs of the Civil War sung in our home or at patriotic gatherings. Among them was this one:

MUSIC "JOHN BROWN'S BODY" (One verse)

NAR "John Brown"---"His soul goes marching on"---I heard these words sung over and over many times before I learned that there really had been a man named John Brown, or before I understood what was meant by "His soul goes marching on". It was still longer before I came to know that John Brown had anything to do with Iowa. This is a story of two Iowa boys who were involved in the tragedy at Harper's Ferry.

Springdale is a quiet little village in Cedar County. Its one street (now a bit of State Highway No. 1) is bordered with old frame houses shaded by the overhanging branches of tall trees. Around it, gently rolling fields, covered in season with bountiful crops, stretch away to the horizon. Springdale and its surroundings suggest to the leisurely visitor (if there are any such now-a-days) peace and plenty. And if one had time to meet some of the older people in its pleasant homes, he might still hear the Quaker forms of speech. For Springdale was established as a Quaker settlement more than one hundred years ago. A strange setting this for even a minor part in a drama of blood and violence.

To this village on an evening in 1856, a gaunt, fiery-eyed old man came, riding on a mule. He stopped in front of one of the larger houses, dismounted, and addressed a man who was standing by a gate.

BROWN Sir, are you John Painter?

PAINTER I am - - - and you?

BROWN I am John Brown.

PAINTER John Brown of Kansas?

BROWN The same. - - You were named to me by James Townsend.

PAINTER Friend, put thy animal in the stable yonder and come into the house.
Thee is welcome.

NAR Brown's stay at Springdale this first time was brief. Its purpose, as revealed later, was that of finding a safe and relatively secluded place for gathering and organizing a force with which he hoped to carry out a plan, as yet secret. He came again to the village in the spring of 1857, this time accompanied by a group of young men for whom quarters were found on a near-by farm. The leader himself was received again into the home of John Painter. Naturally, the arrival of such a party, led by a man whose name was already known throughout the whole country, had aroused interest and curiosity, even in such a humble home as that of the Quaker widow, Ann Coppoc.

MOTHER Thy brother is late, Barclay. Do thee know where he is?

BARCLAY Yes, Mother, I heard him say he was going out to the Maxon Farm to see those men who have come with John Brown.

MOTHER John Brown! I like him not. He is a man of blood. I fear his coming will bring sorrow to us.

BARCLAY Let this not trouble thee, Mother. The comings and goings of John Brown have naught to do with us.

MOTHER Yet, Barclay, my heart is heavy. I know not why. (STAMPING OF FEET OUTSIDE) I hear they brother coming.

SOUND OPENING AND CLOSING OF DOOR

MOTHER Welcome, Edwin. I am just laying the supper.

EDWIN Um-m-m! Thy supper smells good.

NAR Seated at the table with her sons, Mrs. Coppoc reverted to the matter which was so unaccountably troubling her.

MOTHER Barclay says thee went out to the Maxon farm.

EDWIN Yes, Mother.

MOTHER And did thee see this John Brown?

EDWIN Yes, Mother. I - - I wish I could tell thee of him.

MOTHER Why can thee not?

EDWIN For lack of words, Mother. John Brown is such as the Lord's apostles were.

MOTHER (SHOCKED) Edwin!

EDWIN Yes, Mother, I mean it. He is a man with a great purpose, and the courage and the power to accomplish it. He is such a leader as - - -

MOTHER Say it not, my son! Say it not! Oh, if but thy father might be here to counsel us.

EDWIN Father hated slavery.

MOTHER Thy father hated slavery, yes. But he hated war too.

BARCLAY Mother, thee are disturbed unduly. John Brown means naught to us.

EDWIN Had thee too seen him, Brother, thee might not be so certain of this.

MOTHER (SADLY) I knew it! I knew it!

EDWIN Pardon me, Mother. I mean not to pain thee. Let us forget John Brown and enjoy this good supper.

NAR But John Brown was not so easily to be put out of the life of Springdale. All through the winter days he and his men drilled and exercised. The long evenings they passed in the hospitable homes or at the school house, where questions of national policy — chiefly those relating to slavery — were discussed. Here those present, including the Coppoc boys, heard John Brown say:

BROWN The prospects of our cause are growing brighter and brighter. Through the dark gloom of the future, I can see the dawning of Freedom. I can hear the swelling anthem of Liberty rising from millions who have cast aside their shackles. But ere that day arrives, I fear we shall hear the crash of battle and see the red gleaming of the cannon's lightning.

PAINTER But, Friend, thee and thy handful of men cannot cope with the whole South.

BROWN I tell you once again that I am an especial instrument in the hands of God for the destruction of slavery. I am not a man of blood, but when God sends me on a errand, I do not wait for my enemies to choose the battle-ground. I know they want me dead or alive. I have no idea of being taken, and intend (if God will) to go back with irons in rather than upon my hands. And, after all, even a dead man may serve his cause, if living ones climb over him to scale the enemies' wall.

NAR In the spring of 1858, Brown and his men moved on eastward. He came once more to Springdale a year later with an armed band protecting the march of a number of negro men, women and children whom they had taken by force from their masters in Missouri. One slave owner had been killed in this raid, and a reward had been offered for the capture of Brown, dead or alive. One Sheriff, into whose hands this order had come, said:

SHERIFF Dead or alive, eh? Well, if I capture John Brown, it'll be dead - - and I'll be the one that's dead.

NAR The Coppoc boys remained at home until midsummer of 1859; but their mother noted a new restlessness and evidences of strain, even in her younger son. Then one day - - (KNOCKING)

MOTHER (GOING TO DOOR AND OPENING IT) Why, Friend Painter, come in.

PAINTER God be with thee, Sister. I would speak with thy boys. Are they at home?

MOTHER They are. Will thee come in?

PAINTER I would prefer - - -

EDWIN Come in, Friend Painter. If thy message is what we are expecting, Mother will have to be told.

MOTHER Told what, Edwin?

EDWIN Do you have a message from our friends in Ohio?

PAINTER I do. They invite you to visit them as soon as possible.

MOTHER What friends in Ohio? Thee have no friends in Ohio.

EDWIN Thee may tell them, Friend Painter, that we will come at once.

MOTHER No! Edwin - - - and Barclay - - thee too?

BARCLAY Yes, Mother.

MOTHER Ohio! Thee cannot deceive me. I know thee are going to join John Brown.

EDWIN We do not wish to deceive thee, Mother; but we cannot tell more.

PAINTER I will deliver thy message, Edwin. May God be with you all.

SOUND DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

MOTHER How can I bear it? My two sons! (FIERCELY) When thee get halters around thy necks, then thee will think of me!

EDWIN (TOGETHER) Mother!

BARCLAY

NAR July passed, and August, and September, with no word of the Coppoc boys or of John Brown. Then, on the 18th of October, a thrill of horror shot through the village at the news of a telegraphic report that Brown with some twenty

followers had seized the U. S. Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Va.: that the little party had been overcome by U. S. Marines; and that some were killed and the rest prisoners. At length it was learned that Edwin Coppoc was among the prisoners who with John Brown were brought to trial for treason and murder. Of Barclay Coppoc, there was no word.

One day, weeks later, John Painter came again to the Coppoc home.

PAINTER Mistress Ann, I have brought thee a letter from the post office. It is from thy son Edwin. I know for I have one, too.

MOTHER I thank thee, Friend. Thee knows I have had no word from him - - or his brother.

NAR Mrs. Coppoc took the letter, broke the seal, unfolded it and gazed at it fixedly for a moment.

MOTHER My eyes grow dim - - too dim to let me read. It is not tears. I have no tears - - only resignation to God's will. Will thee read the letter to me, Friend?

PAINTER Surely, I will. (TAKES LETTER. READS)

Dear Mother: You doubtless know by now that our enterprise has failed, and that some of us are dead, some prisoners, and some escaped. I have no word of Barclay. He is believed to have escaped. I think I would have heard if he had been killed or captured. We are treated well, and some of the people send in a pie now and then; but it is not from home. I wish I had some of thy sweetcakes. I hope thee will not reflect on me for what I have done. My conscience tells me I am not at fault. My love to you. - - - Your son, Edwin.

MOTHER I thank thee, Friend Painter. - - And thy letter?

PAINTER It would but pain thee more deeply.

MOTHER I would hear it.

PAINTER As you will. (READS)

I have heard my sentence passed. My doom is sealed. But a few brief days between me and Eternity. At the end of these days I shall stand upon the scaffold and look my last at earthly scenes. But that scaffold has little dread for me, for I honestly believe I am innocent of any crime.

MOTHER Again I thank thee, Friend.

NAR On the night after Edwin's execution, there was a hurried knocking at the door of the Coppoc home. (KNOCKING. DOOR OPENS)

BARCLAY Mother - - - I - - -

MOTHER My son! (DOOR CLOSSES)

NAR Barclay Coppoc, thin, haggard, and exhausted with his two months' flight through the mountains of Pennsylvania and across a thousand intervening miles, had reached his home. His Quaker friends resolved to protect him at any cost, and an armed guard was maintained day and night. The news of his arrival could not be kept secret however. When word of a demand for his return to Virginia for trial became public in Des Moines, a mounted messenger was hired to take the news to Springdale. (GALLOPING HOOFS) The horseman galloped up the single street of the village and found himself confronted by the spectacle of men in Quaker garb with muskets in their hands. Coming to a stop, he called out:

MESSENGER I have a message for John Painter.

PAINTER I am he. Give me thy message. (READS)

There is an application from the Governor of Virginia for young Coppoc. Governor Kirkwood will be compelled to surrender him. If he is in your neighborhood, tell him to make his escape to Canada at once. (SIGNED) A Friend.

Thank thee, sir, and our unknown friend, for this warning.

NAR But before Barclay could begin his further flight, the official papers reached the Sheriff of Cedar County. (SOUND WAGON DRIVING UP AND STOPPING) At Springdale, he too encountered a group of armed Quakers. He shouted:

SHERIFF Friends, I have here an order for the arrest and return of one Barclay Coppoc, who has been indicted by the Grand Jury of Jefferson County, Virginia. If he is here, will any of you point him out to me? (MUFFLED CROWD NOISE)

PAINTER We do not see him, Sheriff.

SHERIFF If I had a proper warrant, I could search your houses for this person. Since I do not, I can only make reply that I have found no such one within the limits of Cedar County. Good day to you, Friends. (WAGON DRIVING AWAY)

NAR Soon thereafter Barclay succeeded in making his way to Canada, where he remained until public interest in his case had died away. So ends the Iowa part of the John Brown story.

John Brown himself died believing that he had failed utterly in his attempt to destroy slavery. Just before he went to the gallows, he said:

BROWN Men cannot imprison, or chain, or hang the soul. I die joyfully in behalf of millions who, we are told, have no rights that this great and glorious, this Christian republic is bound to respect. I am content to die for God's eternal truth and for suffering humanity. You may dispose of me very easily, but the slavery question is still to be settled. The end of that is not yet.

NAR "His soul went marching on" -- on and on, until, through seas of blood, it led the way to freedom for the negroes of America.

MUSIC BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

XVII

A SUPREME GENIUS OF MERCY OR THE STORY OF ANNIE WITTENMYER

NARRATOR The Civil War, which has been foreshadowed in our stories about Ralph, the colored man, and Governor Grimes, and John Brown, finally became a tragic in 1861. Thereafter, for four long years, our people were arrayed against each other on a thousand fields of battle, stretching from the Susquehanna to the Rio Grande. In this great conflict, Iowa took its part and bore its share of the cost in blood and dollars.

Our story today is about an Iowa woman, through whose personal efforts, conditions in the army hospitals were greatly improved. In 1862, this woman was visiting a hospital in Missouri. As she was passing through one of the wards, she overheard an attendant talking to a patient . . .

ATTENDANT Here's your breakfast, soldier, and have it et by the time I get back.

I got more people to take care of.

TURNER Now wait! I can't eat that. It makes me sick just to look at it.

ATTEN Whatsa matter? Ain't you hungry?

TURNER Sure I'm hungry! I haven't had anything decent to eat for two days.

But I can't eat this stuff.

ATTEN You better eat it, or you'll go hungry a couple more days.

TURNER Can't you bring me something else?

ATTEN That's all there is. I give you what we got. It's this or nothing.

TURNER Take it away. I can't eat it.

ANNIE (COMING ON MIKE) Let me see that food. - - - Davie! Davie, my little brother! Davie, are you wounded?

TURNER Annie! I never was so glad to see anyone in my life.

ANNIE I never expected to find you here. Can't you eat?

TURNER I can't eat that stuff.

ANNIE Let me see it! Hmmm. Fatty bacon swimming in grease. One slice of unbuttered dry bread.

ATTEN There's coffee to go with it.

ANNIE Coffee! Looks like it was made with coal. How do you expect sick men to get better on a diet like that?

ATTEN I don't specially expect them to get better. I just feed them like I'm told to.

ANNIE Get something else for this boy!

ATTEN I can't get something they don't cook. I'm just an attendant.

ANNIE Something is going to be done about this. Take me to the kitchen at once. I'll be back, Davie - - -

NAR This woman was Annie Turner Wittenmyer of Keokuk. The plight of her brother stirred her to immediate action.

ANNIE You are the chief cook for this hospital?

COOK That I am, lady.

ANNIE Don't you know those men will die from the food you're giving them?

COOK Some of them will, and some of them won't. My orders are to cook for them, and all I can cook is what they give me.

ANNIE You've got to get something else.

COOK Lady, I can't worry about all them soldiers. I got all I can do to get one meal at a time ready for them.

ANNIE These men need special diets. That's the only way they will get well.

COOK Special diets? What do you think these stoves will turn out? And I ain't got enough men. Special diets! This ain't no rest home.

ANNIE It should be. Speaking of those stoves, don't you ever clean them?

COOK They cook what I put on them. That's all I got time for.

ANNIE And those men over there, are they the ones that help you?

COOK They're supposed to.

ANNIE Why aren't they clean? Look at their hands — their clothes.

COOK I'm not a sanitary engineer. I got orders to feed these soldiers. The army sends me food. I cook it. That's what I get paid for, and that's what I do. What's all the fuss about? I'm just following my orders.

ANNIE I've never seen such a dirty mess, or such horrible food. What's the next meal going to be?

COOK Same as the last — bacon, bread and coffee. That's all we got.

ANNIE Some of these boys are going to get something different, if I have to see to it myself - - - and I think I can.

NAR Mrs. Wittermyer went at once to the officer in command.

ANNIE Major, if you are in charge of this hospital, you should make every effort to give these soldiers entirely different care. It's bad enough for them to die on the battlefields; but death because of poor food in what is supposed to be a hospital is totally unjustifiable. It must not continue, Major. I want permission to go into your kitchens and - - - - (FADING)

NAR The results of this interview became immediately apparent.

ANNIE Hello, cook.

COOK Oh, it's you again.

ANNIE Get some soap and clean those dirty hands of yours.

COOK What?

ANNIE And get a clean apron.

COOK Listen, lady. Get out of my kitchen! I don't want no woman coming around here telling me my business.

ANNIE You listen to me! One peep out of you and you'll be up in front of the major.

COOK You're a civilian, ain't you? Get out!

ANNIE My good man, (RUSTLE OF PAPER) see this paper? This is an order giving me authority to straighten this kitchen out. Right there it says you will do as I tell you.

COOK But, lady, this is a man's army.

ANNIE And every man in it belongs to some woman, so it's a woman's army.

COOK Now just a minute. I been cooking for the army for twenty years and I'm not going to change now.

ANNIE If you've been in the army for twenty years, you know what can happen to you when you're put on report. And that's where you'll be, if you don't start making some changes.

COOK All right, all right, lady, if the Major says so.

ANNIE Good. Now clean yourself up - - with soap - - and then you're going to clean these pots and pans.

COOK They just been washed.

ANNIE These? There's scum inside of them.

COOK You can't get that out.

ANNIE You are about to learn a few things. Get that stove cleaned - - and this floor. There's enough dirt on it to win fifteen wars. And those rusty plates! If even one of them is left when I get back, you're going up to the Major. - - And use soap when you start cleaning up. I want to see things shining when I get back. If you want me, I'll be talking to my brother in the Third Ward. (FADING)

COOK (TO HIMSELF) I won't want you. (SHOUTING) Lampley - - Briggers - -

VOICES Yes, Sarge - - What d'ya want?

COOK Get on those pots and pans, you lumpheads! Look at that scum in them - - and that stove, it's got an inch of grease on it. This floor is gonna be scoured and scrubbed. There's enough dirt on it to win fifteen wars. And them rusty plates up there! What are you trying to do, ruin my cooking? And get some clean clothes on. Don't you know any better? I want this place shining when I get back or you'll go up to the Major.

NAR Annie Wittermyer appealed for help to the people of Iowa. In response, Keokuk contributed enough supplies to load an entire steamboat. Muscatine

sent 1500 bushels of potatoes. A Soldiers Aid Society near Des Moines sent five cows to supply milk for the hospital. Mrs. Wittenmyer supervised the distribution of the new supplies herself; but she did not stop with service behind the lines.

SOUND WARFARE

SOLDIER I can't believe it, Ma'am - - am I dead?

ANNIE You're still alive, but you need help.

SOLDIER My side - - it feels like someone's cutting it with a knife - -

ANNIE Let me put this under your head - - there! Now - - my basket - - I think I have a bandage in here - -

SOLDIER I can't die - - I got kids at home - - -

ANNIE You're going to be all right. - - We'll get someone to carry you out of here.

SOLDIER I've been watching you - - I thought you were helping that rebel over there.

ANNIE A man's a man regardless of his uniform. He's fighting for something he believes in, as much as you are.

SOLDIER Sure - - It's all a mess - -

ANNIE Now take a drink of this, and lie as still as you can.

SOLDIER If I don't come out of this - - promise me one thing - - My children and my wife - - I'm all they got - - Promise me you'll take care of them.

ANNIE I'll do everything I can, and a lot of people will help me.

SOLDIER I wouldn't care so much - - but the kids - - they're so little - - -

ANNIE You just rest now. We'll take care of them, and we'll get you to a hospital.

SOLDIER The blood - - - It's coming right through the bandage - - I - -

ANNIE You'll be all right. Someone will move you soon. Now I've got to go and get some help.

NAR Supplies of wholesome food and personal ministrations to the sick and wounded were not enough to satisfy Annie Wittenmyer. A plan to extend this service to all army hospitals came to her, as she said, "like a divine inspiration". It was to establish special diet kitchens in all military hospitals to be administered by experienced women supervisors. In the interest of this idea, she gained an audience with Secretary of War Stanton.

ANNIE Mr. Stanton, many lives could be saved if proper conditions prevailed in the hospitals.

STANTON I appreciate your view point, Mrs. Wittenmyer, but war is war. What you suggest is almost impossible to attain. Your system would require the complete revamping of every hospital. We have many hospitals. I don't know whether it can be done.

ANNIE It can be done. Soldiers Aid Societies are ready and willing and waiting to help with the supplies for the special diets.

STANTON But a special diet for every soldier that should have it - - that would probably run into a thousand special meals a day at some of our hospitals. Our kitchens couldn't handle it.

ANNIE Oh, but the kitchens you have now wouldn't handle it. These kitchens would be separate, doing nothing but preparing special diets. The surgeon in charge of each ward could - - - (FADING)

NAR Annie Wittenmyer was persistent. The Secretary listened and was impressed, but he had to have time. He promised Mrs. Wittenmyer another meeting at which

he would answer her request.

STANTON I'm glad to see you again, Mrs. Wittenmyer. Your plan was so new and seemed so huge when you first presented it that all I could see were the difficulties.

ANNIE I have no illusions about the work involved.

STANTON I have been inquiring about you and analyzing your plan. I find you are a very remarkable woman, and if you think your plan is workable I have no doubt that it is.

ANNIE Then you approve of the diet kitchens?

STANTON I not only approve of them, I urge their establishment. Here is a special order which I have just issued:

(READS) Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer and such ladies as she may deem fit to employ are hereby authorized to enter all army hospitals for the purpose of superintending the preparation of food in Special Diet Kitchens.

ANNIE Mr. Stanton, I'll not try to thank you for this; but I'll let the boys in the hospitals know who they owe this to. They'll thank you.

STANTON Thank me? All I've done is to listen to the prayers of a good woman, "a supreme genius of mercy". Here's your order. Let's get busy!

NAR And Mrs. Wittenmyer did get busy. Her plan was put into effect as rapidly and as generally as possible, with the result that thousands of sick and wounded soldiers came to receive care and consideration hitherto unknown in army hospitals. Nor did she forget the orphaned children, many of whom had been consigned to her care by dying soldiers. On her return to Iowa, she suggested the establishment of Soldiers Orphans Homes, an idea which met with immediate and enthusiastic support. She herself made a trip to Washington and secured from her friend Secretary Stanton the transfer of a set of army barracks near Davenport for use as such a home. Shortly afterward a second orphans home was established at Cedar Falls, the buildings and grounds of which were in 1876 transferred to the use of the new Iowa State Normal School. So, in the spirit of service, and out of the pain and travail of war, was born an idea which has evolved into forms of continued service to the people of Iowa.

XVIII

HOLD THE FORT

A STORY OF IOWANS ON THE BATTLE FIELD

NARRATOR It is October, 1864. For two and one-half years the Civil War between Americans, North and South, has been raging, with the advantage swinging now to this side, now to that. In this third year of the war, however, the tide had turned definitely to the side of the North. President Lincoln has at last found a capable military leader in General Grant, and the results of a common plan for all the Northern forces begin to show themselves. The Southern seaports from Virginia to Texas are blockaded; New Orleans and Vicksburg have been captured, and the Mississippi "runs unvexed to the sea"; the Confederates under General Lee still hold their lines unbroken around their capital, Richmond; but to the west of the Appalachian mountains the Southern troops have been driven back from Shiloh and Corinth and Chattanooga, and now, under General Sherman, a conquering Northern Army has finally broken the Confederate lines and captured Atlanta. In all these campaigns, Iowa regiments have taken a stirring part.

Then, President Jefferson Davis, dissatisfied with the delaying tactics of General Joseph E. Johnston, removed him from command of the Confederate

forces still intact in the neighborhood of Atlanta, and substituted the dashing General Hood. (When I lived in Texas a number of years ago, I heard people several times refer to a bad bargain by saying, "That's as bad as trading a Johnston for a Hood".) Hood at once swung his army around to the rear of the Federal troops with the object of breaking Sherman's line of communication with the North and destroying his supplies. An Iowa officer, General John M. Corse of Burlington, was dispatched with a division, including the 39th Iowa regiment, to prevent this. Corse and his men were ordered to hold the line of railroad running south through Allatoona Pass in northern Georgia. Here occurred one of the most dramatic incidents of this entire war.

The Iowa boys in Allatoona, with their comrades from Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, were soon surrounded by what seemed to be an overwhelming Confederate force. General Corse managed to get a report of his critical situation through to Sherman. The latter's reply was received by flag signals from mountain top to mountain top. Corse called a council of his officers. Lieut. John Q. Adams of the Signal Corps reported to them.

SOUND BACKGROUND OF BATTLE

ADAMS General, the first message received from General Sherman is as follows:
(READS) I want Hood's forces delayed long enough for me to get behind him. You are to work day and night on your entrenchments. If I live, you may count on my coming to your rescue.

And a later message, just received and decoded, says only:

(READS) Hold the fort. I am coming.

CORSE Gentlemen, I had hoped to bring up additional supplies and ammunition from our depot at Rome, but the enemy has cut the railroad back of us. We shall have to fight it out here with what little we have. We must hold our position, or a million rations stored at Rome, upon which the whole of Sherman's army depends, will fall into enemy hands. The 39th Iowa and the 7th Illinois will form a line of battle facing west, with skirmishers moving out along the ridge to feel out the enemy. The 4th Minnesota and the 18th Wisconsin will deploy to the right - - - - (FADING)

SOUND BATTLE SOUNDS CONTINUE AND THEN CEASE.

NAR Soon after daylight on the 5th of October, a party of Confederates under a flag of truce brought a message from their commander. General Corse read it to his officers.

CORSE (READS) Sir: - I have placed the forces under my command in such position that you are surrounded. To avoid a needless effusion of blood, I call upon you to surrender your forces at once and unconditionally. Five minutes will be allowed you to decide.
Five minutes? That's long enough for me to pen a proper answer.
(READS AS HE WRITES) Your - communication - demanding - surrender - received.
We - are - prepared - for - the - needless - effusion - of - blood - when-
ever - it - is - agreeable - to - you.

NAR As soon as this reply reached the enemy lines, the fury of the battle storm was renewed. (BATTLE SOUNDS RENEWED IN BACKGROUND)

An Illinois boy, named Joe Grawe, who was later for many years a resident of Iowa, wrote an account of his experiences in the battle of Allatoona Pass in a letter to my father, a letter which I still have in my possession. He says,

JOE I was one of the picket guards sent out in front of our lines on the evening of the 4th. All night long we could see the fires set by the Rebs to destroy the railroad and wagon bridges in our front. We were constantly on the alert, for we knew that we were surrounded. Soon after daylight, the Rebels advanced. We skirmishers fell back, taking advantage of every tree, stump and stone to stop and fire back at the enemy. About thirty rods from the fort we made a last stand. Here I was shot through the body and taken prisoner. I had the most painful belly-ache I ever had in my life.

SOUND BACKGROUND OF BATTLE CONTINUED

NAR Meanwhile, back in the fort, the Northern troops were being subjected to a heavy fire from all sides. An effort was made by the attackers to carry the works by assault, but the Wisconsin battery was so well manned that the enemy could not get within a hundred yards of the fort. Shortly after noon, General Corse was wounded. He called Lieut. Adams to him.

CORSE (IN PAIN) Are your men still able to flag a message?

ADAMS We are, General.

CORSE Then take this:

(DICTATES) I am short a cheek bone and one ear, but I am able to whip all hell yet. My losses are very heavy.

NAR The Lieutenant transmitted the message, and returned a little later with Sherman's reply.

ADAMS A message from the commander, General.

CORSE Let me hear it.

ADAMS (READS) Sorry at your wound, but hope all is right with you. We are attacking. Continue to hold your lines.

NAR Let's switch back to Joe's account of the progress of the battle.

SOUND BATTLE SOUNDS CONTINUED

JOE My captors helped me back as far as a house between the lines, where we all took refuge. I crawled to the shelter of one of its walls; while from behind stumps and trees the Rebs kept up a continuous fire, trying to kill my comrades in the fort. Then a cannon ball crashed through the big chimney, and I was covered with plaster and bricks, dust and splinters. This place was getting too hot, so the Johnnies skedaddled back, taking me with them. I found shelter between two fallen trees. My clothes were soaked with blood, and I was so weak I didn't care what happened next. The firing continued for a long time. Then orders came for the Rebs to retreat. A "gray-back" poked me with his musket.

SOLDIER Git up, Yank! We-all are moving out.

JOE I can't make it. You might as well finish me off here.

SOLDIER Captain, this here Yank says he cain't make it. Should I - -

CAPTAIN Hm? No, leave him be. He's not worth taking along. And from the looks of him he'll not live long enough to fight us again anyway.

JOE As they turned away, I called - -

Captain, could you have one of your men fill my canteen with water? I haven't had a drink for twelve hours.

CAPTAIN No! We haven't time. We got to get out of here. - - - Forward, March!

JOE But after he gave this command, he turned back to me.

CAPTAIN Here, give me your canteen.

JOE I unhooked it and gave it to him. He went away and I waited. The firing had slackened up considerably. I lay there in pain, certainly never expecting to see that Johnny Reb again, but I was beautifully surprised. After what seemed like a long time, I thought I heard someone crawling through the brush toward me. A moment later the Captain reached over one of the logs.

CAPTAIN Here's your canteen of water, Yank. Don't want to let you die thirsty.

JOE Of course I never saw him again; but I'd like to, for he saved my life. I have that canteen yet. It went with me — after I got out of the hospital — on the March to the Sea, to Savannah, and all the way north to the Grand Review in Washington when the war was over.

SOUND BATTLE SOUNDS DOWN BUT CONTINUING

NAR Back in the fort, there had come a time when the artillery had to cease firing for lack of ammunition. General Corse made his way to the battery, where he found left only a Sergeant, with one arm shot away, collecting ammunition from the pouches of those who could use it no more. The two, Sergeant and General, broke the paper cartridges, putting the powder in a blanket and the bullets in a cup. When enough had been collected for a cannon charge, the two wounded men heaved a dismounted gun into place on the parapet, moving the dead and wounded aside for the purpose. The piece was loaded and pointed. The Sergeant stood, lanyard in hand, awaiting the order to fire. A little later, a mass of Confederates rushed forward toward the fort. Corse gave the order and the gun was fired. (SOUND—SINGLE LOUD EXPLOSION) The advancing men were mowed down like grass. It was their last assault.

Corse and his gallant men held the fort until reinforcements arrived. For "meeting danger boldly, manfully and well", they received the formal thanks of their commander, General Sherman.

Writing many years later, Joe, then Editor of the Waverly Independent Republican, summed up this battle.

JOE The attack on Allatoona was a supreme effort of misguided valor and heroism on the part of the Southern army. And it was only surpassed by the unequalled fortitude, invincible courage, and unyielding heroism of that handful of Union men, who successfully withstood and repelled overwhelming numbers for thirteen hours. The loss of Allatoona would have been a terrible disaster to the Union. But the boys held the fort.

NAR Sherman's message, "Hold the Fort. I am Coming." caught the popular fancy. It was soon embodied in a song, which was rewritten as a hymn, popular for many years as a camp-meeting tune.

SONG "HOLD THE FORT"

NAR In a Memorial Day address in 1914, Joe left a message for us of today.

JOE We are getting over the idea that patriotism can only be show by going to war. Patriotism means good citizenship, progressiveness, brotherhood of man, putting the general welfare ahead of personal gain. The boys of fifty years ago did their duty and did it well. The boys of today will do their duty as well, or better, than their fathers and grandfathers did.

NAR In two great wars since 1914, the boys of Iowa and of America have proved

the truth of Joe's prophecy. Can we of today win the victories of peace as effectively?

XIX

THE TRAGEDY OF SENATOR GRIMES A STORY OF THE IMPEACHMENT OF PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON

NARRATOR The Civil War came finally to an end in the spring of 1865, but the joy of the people over the return of peace was changed to sorrow by the assassination of President Lincoln. Andrew Johnson succeeded to the Presidency at a time when, above all, there was need to act, as Lincoln had advised, "with malice toward none and with charity for all," in the effort to heal the nation's wounds and to bring the seceded states back into the Union. That this spirit was not followed was not the fault of the new President. It was the fault of a group of radical Republicans in Congress who proposed to deal with the people of the South as "traitors and bloody-handed rebels." On the question of the reconstruction of the seceded states, and on others, irreconcilable differences arose between the President and certain congressional leaders. Johnson's dismissal of Stanton from his position as Secretary of War brought the bitter quarrel to a climax. Resolutions of impeachment were formally passed by the House of Representatives, charging the President with high crimes and misdemeanors, specifically with having violated the Tenure of Office Act of Congress and with having libelled Congress in public speeches. Under our Constitution, such a trial is held before the Senate, with the Chief Justice presiding. The trial of President Johnson lasted from March 13 to May 16, 1868. The Senators from Iowa at this time were James Harlan and James W. Grimes.

The scene opens in the Senate Chamber at Washington. Chief Justice Chase takes his place on the bench.

SOUND SUBDUED CROWD MURMUR. RAPPING OF GAVEL

CHASE The Sergeant at Arms will make proclamation.

SERGEANT (CALLING) Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons are commanded to keep silence while the Senate is sitting for the trial of impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

NAR The members of the House of Representatives were then admitted to seats in the Senate Chamber.

CHASE The Sergeant at Arms will call the accused.

SERGEANT (CALLING) Andrew Johnson, President of the United States -- Andrew Johnson, President of the United States -- appear and answer the charges of impeachment exhibited against you by the House of Representatives.

COUNSEL Mr. Chief Justice, I appear as counsel for the President. I have his authority to enter his appearance, which, by your leave, I will proceed to read.

CHASE You may do so.

COUNSEL (READS) I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, having been served with a summons to appear before this honorable court to answer certain charges of impeachment do hereby enter my appearance by counsel.

CHASE The paper will be filed. The appearance will be considered as entered.

COUNSEL After examination of the Articles of Impeachment, we are satisfied that at least forty days will be necessary for the preparation of our answer, and

we respectfully request that this be allowed.

NAR The special prosecutors appointed by the House objected to this delay and demanded that the trial proceed at once, as upon a plea of "Not Guilty".

COUNSEL Mr. Chief Justice, a case like this, in which the President of the United States is arraigned, is not to be treated like an ordinary police court case to be put through with railroad speed. Fair play should give fair trial.

NAR One of the prosecutors replied - -

PROS The learned gentleman says that "railroad speed" ought not to be used in this trial. Why not, sir? Railroads and telegraphs have changed the order of time. In ordinary cases, there is no danger to the Commonwealth in delay; but, here, the criminal - - I beg your pardon - - the respondent is the Chief Executive of the Nation. He is the commander in chief of your army and your navy. He controls your treasury. He controls your foreign relations. He has all the elements of power. In any hour of passion, of prejudice, of revenge for fancied wrong, he may, even while he is being arraigned, complicate your peace with other nations, set aside your laws, or control your military power to the ruin of our country. - - We have had three weeks to prepare these charges. He has had just as long to prepare his answer. - - Let not your hearts be swerved by pity for so great an accused, but let your minds assume the true poise of judgment necessary that justice shall be speedily done. Let us deal with this matter as one wherein the life of the nation lies trembling in the scale.

COUNSEL Mr. Chief Justice, what do we ask for the President of the United States? - - The honorable gentleman corrected himself in saying that the respondent is a criminal. - - We ask simply that he be allowed the same opportunity that you would give to the meanest criminal ever arraigned at the bar of justice - - time to prepare for his defense. We sincerely hope that the Senate will grant us the delay we ask.

NAR After due deliberation, the Senate defeated a motion for immediate trial by a vote of 25 to 26 (Senator Harlan voting "Yea" and Senator Grimes "Nay"). They then agreed to allow the President and his counsel ten days for the preparation of the defense.

The trial continued until May 13, when Senator Grimes, having weighed the whole matter thoroughly, presented his opinion of the case. He said (in part) - -

GRIMES There is nothing in the first nine articles of impeachment by questions of interpretation of statutes. The President has done no act deserving impeachment in making an interpretation contrary to that made by certain members of Congress. The prosecutor's theory establishes at once the complete supremacy of Congress over the other branches of government. I can give no consent to such a doctrine. This government can be preserved and the liberty of the people maintained only by preserving the powers of the legislative, executive and judicial branches alike. I am no convert to any doctrine of the omnipotence of Congress.

The Tenth Article deals with the President's speeches, made two years ago in the character of a citizen. I have no apology to make for them. I grant they were indiscreet, indecorous, improper, vulgar; but by his conviction on this article shall we not violate his Constitutional guarantee of freedom of

speech?

There is ample evidence of diversity of political views between the President and Congress, a much to be deplored diversity; but I am wholly unable to deduce from the evidence any criminal intent. I cannot suffer my judgment in this case to be influenced by political considerations. I cannot agree to destroy the Constitution to get rid of an unacceptable President. I cannot trifle with the high office he holds. However, widely I may and do differ with the President respecting his political views and measures, I shall not be able to record my vote that he is guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors by reason of these differences. In my opinion, the President has not been guilty of an impeachable offense by reason of anything alleged against him at the bar of the Senate by the House of Representatives.

NAR Summing up the case for the prosecution, a member of the House committee said - -

PROS Can it be that by reason of his great office the President is to be protected in his high crimes and misdemeanors, violative alike of his oath, of the Constitution, and of the express letter of your written laws? I ask you, Senators, to remember that the great principles of constitutional liberty, for which I this day speak, have been taught to men and nations by all the agonies and martyrdoms of the past; that they are the wisdom of the centuries, uttered by the elect of the human race who were made perfect through suffering. I ask you, Senators, to consider that I stand here pleading for the violated majesty of law. I stand here by the graves of a half a million hero-patriots, who made death beautiful by the sacrifice of themselves; and who by their sublime example have taught us that all must obey the law; that no man lives for himself alone, but each for all; that position, however high, cannot be permitted to shelter crime to the peril of the Republic.

I demand, in the name of the House of Representatives and of the people of the United States, judgment against the accused for the high crimes and misdemeanors in office, whereof he stands impeached and of which, before God and man, he is guilty.

SOUND APPLAUSE AND CHEERS FROM THE GALLERIES

CHASE (GAVEL) Order! Order! If this be repeated, the Sergeant at Arms will clear the galleries.

SOUND HISSES, CHEERS, APPLAUSE FROM THE GALLERIES.

CHASE The Sergeant at Arms will clear the galleries.

NAR On the afternoon of the delivery of Senator Grimes' speech on the case, a colleague approached his seat and asked - -

COLLEAGUE Senator, have you seen Horace Greeley's editorial in today's Tribune?

GRIMES No. Should I?

COL It is a bitter personal attack upon you. I have it here.

GRIMES Read it to me.

COL As you will. (READS)

Those who know Mr. Grimes can easily understand why he - - a Republican, raised to eminence by Republicans, trusted, honored, promoted, cherished by Republicans - - seems compelled to send a Parthian arrow at the party life. History merely repeats itself. It seems that no generation can pass without giving us a man to live among the warnings of history: We have had Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, Jefferson Davis, and now we have James W. Grimes.

Senator, what is the matter?

NAR This attack in the leading Republican newspaper of the country was more than a sensitive man, long laboring under great strain, could bear. Senator Grimes fell upon his desk unconscious and was carried out of the Chamber. Word was brought back that he had suffered a stroke of paralysis.

Three days later, the Senate came finally to a vote on this momentous question. The galleries were packed. The Chief Justice took his place. All the Senate seats but one were occupied.

COL Mr. Chief Justice, I request a few moment's delay until Senator Grimes can be brought in.

VOICE He is here.

NAR The stricken Senator was carried to his seat.

CHASE The Clerk will call the roll.

CLERK Mr. Anthony - - (FADING)

NAR The roll call was continued, each Senator rising in his place and announcing his vote. When the name of Senator Grimes was reached, the Chief Justice said - -

CHASE Mr. Grimes, you may remain seated.

GRIMES (FEEBLY) Sir, I prefer to stand. Gentlemen, will you help me?

NAR With the assistance of friends, he rose and stood supported by them.

CHASE Mr. Senator Grimes, how say you? Is the defendant, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty or not guilty as charged?

GRIMES (SOMEWHAT MORE VIGOROUSLY) Not Guilty!

NAR Senator Harlan voted "Guilty". When the votes had all been cast and counted, the Chief Justice announced -

CHASE Thirty-five Senators vote "Guilty", and nineteen "Not Guilty". Since one less than two thirds have voted "Guilty", the President is acquitted.

NAR Despairing of the recovery of health and strength, Grimes resigned his seat in the Senate and was brought back to his Iowa home amid a storm of abuse. His own local paper reported his return as that of "Judas Iscariot Grimes". But not all took this attitude. Chief Justice Chase came to his bedside, and said - -

CHASE I would rather be in your place, Mr. Grimes, than to receive any honor in the gift of our people.

GRIMES Thank you, my friend. I am beginning to have faith that on this question, on which I made shipwreck of my health, the intelligent sentiment of the country applauds the course I took. Neither the honors nor the wealth of the world could have induced me to act otherwise, and I have never regretted that I voted as I did. I shall always thank God that He gave me courage to stand firm. No power could have forced me to vote contrary to my convictions to suit the demands of a party, whether that party were composed of my friends or of my enemies. - -

Thank you again, my friend, for your uniform kindness and courtesy and sympathy.

NAR The faith of James W. Grimes in the people of this country came at length to be justified. Before his death in 1872, he was assured that he was already hailed as a man who had dared to do his duty in the face of party pressure and public clamor.

Of him, the Iowa historian, Cyrenus Cole, says:

James W. Grimes is remembered for casting one of the bravest votes in American history. Among all the statesmen of Iowa, his premiership is unchallenged.

XX

JESSE JAMES IN IOWA

NARRATOR We have heard, in such stories as Hold the Fort, how war sometimes brings out some of the best qualities in men -- courage, of course, and consideration and kindness even to enemies. But from its very nature war is much more likely to bring out some of the worst qualities, such as a reckless disregard for human life and property. During the Civil War, bands of armed irregulars, known as guerillas, operated from both sides of the border, some in blue uniforms and some in grey, but alike guilty of outrages which would not have been committed by regular troops on either side. One of the most famous (or infamous) of the guerilla bands south of the border was led by Quantrell. Two members of this band, were Frank and Jesse James, who had joined Quantrell to find opportunity for revenge for a cruel and barbarous attack upon their own family by a band of Northern guerillas. In the unsettled times following the war, these two young men yielded to the temptation to continue their wild life by organizing a gang of desperados which successfully carried out a number of bank and train robberies. One of the best known of the latter occurred almost eighty years ago, when Jesse and Frank James and their partners, Cole, Bob, and Jim Younger, held up a Rock Island train just a few miles west of Adair, Iowa, on July 21, 1873.

On a hot summer forenoon, three horsemen were riding along a dusty road. They were mounted on fine horses and wore long linen dusters, which concealed the fact that each was armed with holstered guns and belts of ammunition. As they rode, they talked over their plans.

SOUND CANTERING HORSES

JESSE Now remember, if we meet anybody, I'll do most of the talking. No one knows us up here, but there's no use taking chances.

JIM Where we headed for?

JESSE Place near a little town called Adair.

JIM What's the job this time?

JESSE Just holding up a railroad train and getting away with seventy-five thousand dollars in gold.

JIM Seventy-five thousand dollars! Whew! That's some pile. And off from a railroad train. How d'ya know this money's going to be on this particular train?

JESSE Frank and Cole 've been in Omaha checking on gold shipments from the West. This big shipment 's coming through tonight.

JIM A train 's some diffrent from a stage coach.

JESSE Don't worry yer head about that. I got all the plans laid. Frank and I spent a couple weeks last spring along the railroad east of Council Bluffs,

pretending we was cattle buyers. Found a place where there's a sharp curve on a up-grade. Trains all slow down there. That's where we pull it.

JIM But what about Cole and Frank?

JESSE They know where to come. They'll meet us by sundown.

JIM Seventy-five thousand dollars! I'm hungry to get my hands on my share of it.

JESSE Well, I'm hungry fer something to eat. Let's stop at that farm house over there and see if we can get somethin' fer us an' fer the horses.

NAR It was "blue Monday" for Mrs. Stafford. She had just finished doing a big washing and was hanging out the clothes as three strangers rode into the barnyard.

JESSE Howdy, ma'am. Yer man home?

MRS. S. Nope. He's over to one of the neighbors trading work.

JESSE Well, could we stop long enough to water and feed our horses?

MRS. S. I 'spose so. There's the trough, an' there's hay an' oats in the barn.

JESSE Thank ye kindly, ma'am. And would it be asking too much fer ya to cook us up a meal o' vittels?

MRS. S. On washday? It sure would.

JESSE We'd appreciate it, ma'am, an' we wouldn't try to drive a hard bargain about the price.

MRS. S. (AFTER A MOMENT'S HESITATION) Well, all right. I'll do it. I'll have to run a chicken down.

JIM There won't have to be no running a chicken down.

SOUND PISTOL SHOT

MRS. S. Why - - you shot its head right off!

JIM Aw, that's nothing, ma'am. Easiest way to ketch a chicken. We'll jest wait out here in the shade while ya do yer cooking.

NAR The men watered and fed their horses and then ate heartily of the good food prepared by Mrs. Stafford. As they rose from the table, Jesse handed her three silver dollars.

MRS. S. My, I'll sure have something to tell Sam when he gets back tonight, I do! know as I ought to take so much. (MUTTERED PROTESTS) Who 'll I tell him was here?

JESSE Just some cattle buyers named Woodson an' the Cole brothers. Good bye, ma'am, an' thanks fer a fine dinner.

SOUND CANTERING HORSES FADING

JESSE I do' know, Jim if that was smart, shooting that chicken that-a-way.

JIM Why not?

JESSE Well, we do' want to call no more attention than we have to.

BOB If we can pick this job off, it'll be the biggest haul we ever made. How much time we got?

JESSE Time enough, Bob. Train leaves Council Bluffs about five-thirty and gets to Adair round eight-thirty. There's a clump of trees right close to the curve, where we'll hide the horses. Frank and Cole 'll meet us there. Down the track toward town there's a handcar shed. Jim, I want you to pry the lock off that shed and get some tools. I got a rope in my saddle-bag. When we get there, we 'll(FADING)

NAR The train, with a carload of Chinese on their way east, left Council Bluffs

on time and proceeded on its way as usual. Toward evening, Jesse and Jim and Bob Younger tethered their horses in the grove near the curve, while they themselves crouched in the shelter of the trees.

JESSE You got them tools, Jim?

JIM Yep.

JESSE Well then, soon 's it gets a little darker we 'll unbolt the plate that holds the rails together, pry up the spikes, and scratch enough gravel from underneath the rail so we can get a rope through it.

JIM Ya sure go to a lot of trouble. Why don't we just jump the train like we did the stage coaches?

JESSE Too risky. This way the train 'll sure stop.

JIM All I want is that seventy-five thousand in gold.

JESSE We 'll get it. With the train in the ditch and all the confusion, they'll be so surprised and scared they won't give any trouble.

JIM Hope yer right.

JESSE Let's start working on that plate and them spikes.

SOUND METAL STRIKING ON METAL

JIM There, she's loose.

JESSE Good! Now for the rope.

JIM That rope ain't strong enough.

JESSE Just watch it. Couldn't get a bigger rope through the bolt hole.

JIM That thing 's going to break soon 's ya put a good pull on it.

JESSE You just worry about your part of the deal and I'll do the figgering.

JIM Think yer pretty smart, don't ya?

JESSE I been smart enough to keep out of jail so far.

JIM (RAISING VOICE IN ANGER) One of these days you'll swing.

JESSE Keep your hands away from your gun, Jim. . . That's better.

BOB Aw, don't get all het up, you two. Jess, the youngster's just nervous, like we all are. He just wants to make sure this comes off all right.

JESSE He don't have to make sure of anything. If he don't like it, he can hit the trail.

BOB What's that? (SOUND OF GALLOPING HOOFES APPROACHING) I'll go see. PAUSE.
SOUND OF HOOFBEATS CEASES.

BOB (COMING ON) It's all right. Cole an' Frank just rode up. The money's on the train all right.

JIM You win, Jess. For seventy-five thousand, I reckon I can afford to hold in.

JESSE Good idea. Dead men don't spend no money.

SOUND ENGINE WHISTLE IN DISTANCE

JIM Come on, fellers. Hear that train coming?

JESSE Tie this rope around the rail. Just before the train gets here, we pull. .

SOUND ENGINE UP THEN UNDER FOLLOWED BY TRAIN WRECK

N ? The engine plunged ahead for an agonizing moment, then toppled over. None of the cars was completely derailed, but the passengers, after an attempt to escape from the cars, were driven back inside.

SOUND PISTOL SHOTS SHOUTS "GET BACK IN THERE" ETC.

JESSE Here, Jim, you help me with the express car. Cover the guard.

JIM Don't have to. He's out cold.

JESSE Good! Get his keys.

BOB Here.

JESSE Now - - -
 SOUND RATTLE OF KEYS CLICKING OF LOCK OPENING OF CHEST LID
 JESSE There . . .
 BOB Look, that's paper money.
 JESSE Yeah . . . the gold . . .
 BOB Silver!
 JESSE That stuff 's no good.
 BOB Where's the gold?
 JESSE They fooled us. That ain't the shipment we was looking for.
 BOB We better get out of here. Let's take this silver.
 JESSE No, leave it be. We can't lug that stuff around. 'Tain't worth it.
 BOB Must be a coupla thousand in bills here.
 JESSE (DISGUSTEDLY) A coupla thousand . . Put it in the sack. . . We can't leave here with only that much. We'll clean out every passenger on this train.

NAR The gang followed Jesse's orders and a few minutes later Jim Younger reported.
 JIM That's all, Jess.
 JESSE Any trouble?
 JIM Naw, 'cept fer them Chinks. They do' have no pockets. Darn clothes they wear. Takes 'em a coupla days to get at their money.
 JESSE (CALLING) All right, boys.
 JIM Hold on! There's a feller comin' out o' that car up ahead. I'll get him.
 JESSE Never mind, Jim. He can't do nothing. Let's go. (FADING)
 SOUND HORSES GALLOPING AWAY.

NAR But the man up ahead could do something. He was a telegrapher with an emergency set which he soon had hooked in on the regular line.

SOUND TELEGRAPH KEY CLICKING

NAR A machine in the dispatcher's office at Council Bluffs received the emergency signal. The dispatcher whirled around and read aloud the message as it came over the wire. Express . . wrecked . . and . . robbed . . west . . of . . Adair . . send . . aid. The dispatcher replied saying that help was coming. A special train left Council Bluffs as soon as possible carrying doctors and a posse of armed men. The latter were dropped off at various stations, and as soon as horses could be procured, they started on a vain search for the bandits. They were looking for a band of armed men, but found none; since Jesse's orders had been for the riders to separate as soon as they got away from the scene of the robbery. The crime was at once attributed to the James gang, and rewards amounting to \$5,600 were offered for the arrest of the robbers.

On the evening of the day after the hold-up, a lone rider came to the Stafford house.

SOUND GALLOPING HOOF SLOWING TO A STOP
 JESSE Good evening, ma'am. Reckon you remember me.
 MRS. S. Why, it's Mr. Woodson. Light down an' I'll get you something to eat.
 JESSE That's just what I was hoping you 'd say. Your man home?
 MRS. S. No, he ain't. He 's off somers traipsing around with a bunch of fellers hoping they can round up some of them robbers that wrecked the train up to Adair. Ya heard about it, didn't ya?
 JESSE Yes, I did.

MRS. S. Sam, he ain't got no partic'lar sympathy fer them big bugs that lost their money, but he sure would like to get a piece of that reward money. We sure need it. . . . But here I am just talking - and to a hungry man. Tie yer horse and come on in. I got coffee and cracklin' cornbread. Sam, he don't like cracklins somehow, so I just fix it when he ain't here.

NAR Jesse James accepted the invitation and went into the house, taking his saddle bag with him, and sat down facing the door.

JESSE You say you-all need a part of that reward money. Don't all of us?

MRS. S. Yes, but we-all got an extra-special need. You see we got a mortgage on this here place that's already come due, and the banker that holds it has served us notice, next time he comes here, to pay up or get out.

JESSE When do you expect him?

MRS. S. I looked for him today, but he'll sure be here tomorrow.

JESSE What 'll you do when he comes?

MRS. S. Just try to put him off again. Tell him Sam ain't here. But if Sam don't get some of that reward money, our goose is cooked.

JESSE How much do you owe on this mortgage?

MRS. S. Twelve hunderd dollars. Mebbe that don't sound like much to you, Mister; but it's just nine hunderd an' fifty dollars more 'n me an' Sam has been able to scrape up.

JESSE Twelve hundred dollars, eh? H-m-m-

NAR As he talked, Jesse reached down, opened his saddle bag, and took out a bundle of currency which he pushed across the table toward the astonished woman.

MRS. S. (ALMOST BREATHLESS WITH EXCITEMENT) Why . . . Mr. Woodson . . . What's this?

JESSE That's more than a thousand dollars. It 's some of the money I brought to buy cattle with, but I didn't find what I wanted, so I still got it. It just happens I don't like bankers, and you've been mighty fine to me both times I've stopped here.

MRS. S. But, Mr. Woodson. (STILL BREATHLESS)

JESSE You just keep that money, It's not a gift. When I come back, again, we can talk about how you-all can pay me. Just use it to pay that banker when he comes tomorrow.

MRS. S. Mr. Woodson, I do' know what to say.

JESSE Don't say anything. Just tuck that money away somewhere till the banker gets here.

NAR A few minutes later he rode away into the gathering darkness. The next forenoon the banker arrived at the Stafford place. Sam had not yet returned, but his wife invited the unwelcome guest into the house and to his utter surprise paid him the entire sum due. She was smart enough, too, to take his receipt in full for the amount.

I am sure that you will be surprised to learn that as the banker was driving back to town through a piece of thick woods, he was suddenly confronted by a masked man armed with two threatening pistols. Being alone and unarmed, the banker had no choice but to hand over the money he had received from Mrs. Stafford.

This is one of many stories told about Jesse James, who (as Carl Sandburg has said) has come to be, to this part of our country, what Robin Hood is to England. There have even been songs written about him.

MUSIC

THE BALLAD OF JESSE JAMES

It was on a Monday night. The moon was shining bright,
When they robbed the Rock Island train.
And the people they did say, for many miles away,
'Twas the outlaws, Frank and Jesse James.

Refrain

Jesse left a wife to mourn all her life,
And two little kids, mighty brave.
'Twas a dirty little coward that shot Mister Howard
And laid Jesse James in his grave.

How people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
And wondered how he ever came to die.

'Twas for the big reward that dirty Robert Ford
He shot Jesse James on the sly.

Refrain

NAR This folk ballad tells the story of the death of this bandit, who had evaded the hands of the law for many years, and who was living quietly in St. Joseph, Missouri, under the name of Howard, when he was treacherously shot in his own home by a former member of his gang.

Let's not try to point any moral to adorn this tale.

XXI

THE CARDIFF GIANT

NARRATOR As the present day motorist drives east out of Fort Dodge on Highway 20, he may see along the roadside a sign, "Cardiff Gypsum Company", and an arrow pointing to the location of the mines. If this motorist were to continue his journey along Highway 20 for another thousand miles or so, he would come eventually to a little village in New York state, called Cardiff. The identity of these names is more than a coincidence, and its explanation involves the story of one of the most remarkably successful and profitable hoaxes ever perpetrated in this country, — that of the Cardiff Giant.

Our story, strangely enough, had its beginning in a revival meeting held in Ackley, Iowa, in 1868. Among the persons present at this meeting was George Hull, an avowed skeptic in matters of religion, whose attendance at such meetings was occasioned by a somewhat morbid desire to study his fellow men under conditions of religious excitement. Hull returned from the meeting to the home of his sister. As he entered the house, he was muttering to himself---

HULL (COMING ON) Fools! Fools! Crazy gullible fools! That's what they are. I'd like to....

SISTER (INTERRUPTING) Well, what now? You'd like to what?

HULL I'd like to teach those gullible fools a lesson they'd never forget. And that preacher! I'd like to show him up for what he is, a deliberate, deceitful...

SIS Now, now! What's all this about? I see you've been over to the revival tent, but apparently you didn't get religion. What's soured on you now?

HULL That preacher -- and his giants. . . .

SIS Giants? What do you mean?

HULL I mean giants. That preacher quoted from the Bible that "there were giants in the earth in those days". I couldn't keep still. I stood up and yelled at

him that I didn't believe it. And then he shouted me down with another Bible verse about me going to hell "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

SIS What did you do then?

HULL I tried to tell him that I didn't believe that either, but that crowd of dupes practically threw me out.

SIS Oh, you're always getting yourself into trouble talking too much and at the wrong times.

HULL But I got kicked out of that revival tent just because I was trying to tell them the truth. I'd like to make them feel as foolish as they really are.

SIS Well, you can't do it, so just calm down.

HULL Gullible fools! With their hell fire, and their giants in the earth.

SIS It says so in the Bible. They believe it.

HULL Sure they do. Giants in the earth! - - - I've got it! I'll fool them - - all of them! I've got it!

SIS Got it? Got what?

HULL Never mind. I've got a way to show them up and make them pay for it.

SIS All you've got is another of your crazy ideas. How do you think you're going to do it?

HULL Just you wait. Giants in the earth? I'll give them a chance to see one of these giants. I'll.....(FADING)

NAR Several days later, Hull was in Fort Dodge - - -

HULL Are you Mike Foley?

FOLEY That's me, stranger.

HULL Mike, do you want to make some easy money?

FOLEY Sure, if it's real money -- and easy. How do I git it?

HULL Well, I want a big block of gypsum.

FOLEY They's plenty a that aroun' Fort Dodge here.

HULL Yes, I tried to get some from one of the mines, but they wouldn't bother with it. Said they were too busy. Someone told me you might cut out a piece for me.

FOLEY Might.

HULL Would twenty five dollars for the job interest you?

FOLEY Mister, now you're talking!

HULL You'll get it for me?

FOLEY Jest show me where. How big a block do ya want?

HULL Let me see - - - about twelve feet long by four feet wide - - and you better make it at least two feet thick.

FOLEY That's a mighty big chunk, Mister. What ye gonna do with it?

HULL Oh . . uh . . I'm commissioned by the government to get samples of native minerals. It goes to New York first, and then . . uh . . we want to offer it as Iowa's contribution to the Lincoln monument.

FOLEY Oh. . .somethin' fer the gov'ment, huh? Sure, let's go.

NAR The two men proceeded to a site leased by Hull and cut out a large piece of gypsum. Then they loaded it on a wagon bed, hitched four oxen to it, and started on a forty five mile journey to Boone, then the nearest railroad point.

SOUND BREAKING AXLE

FOLEY That does it, Mister. With that axle busted clean in two, we can't git any

further

HULL We got to. I'll get another wagon, if I have to buy one . . . (FADING)

NAR After a short delay, Hull returned with another wagon stripped to the running gear: but this one proved too short for the block, even when the reach was extended to its fullest length.

FOLEY Mister, the only way I see t' git this thing on the road agin is t' cut a piece off the block. Lucky I brought some a my tools along. How long's this thing got t' be?

HULL Oh, I guess ten feet 'll be enough. I hate to do it, but go ahead and cut off a couple of feet.

NAR With this lightening of the load, they finally arrived in Boone. The block was placed in a large box and loaded on the train, billed to Chicago. A few days later, Hull himself was in Chicago, where he employed a stone cutter. For several months, an old barn in the city was the scene of a remarkable transformation, and then one day the stone cutter and Hull stood back and gazed at the finished product. Hull's next stop was at the farm of his cousin, Stub Newell, near Cardiff, New York.

HULL Having a pretty hard time making a go of it this year, Stub?

STUB Always have a hard time of it here. This farm won't raise nothin' but beans an' buckwheat.

HULL Well, how'd you like to get into something better?

STUB Now, George, don't food with me. You know how I'd like to.

HULL Listen, Stub. I'll tell you how we can both make a lot of money. Now this is the proposition . . . (FADING)

NAR Hull told Newell the details of his plan, and since there was a chance for profit, the latter accepted unhesitantly. And so the stage was set for the spectacular, the bizarre, the mysterious. George Hull was about to indulge in the two things he loved most: proving people to be gullible and coining some easy money. Almost a year later, Stub Newell started a story about his well going dry. Finally he called in some well diggers and showed them just where he wanted the new well dug. The digging began--and then it happened! The next day a strange report reached a newspaper office in New York City.

EDITOR Get the first train out of here for either Syracuse or Binghamton and then get over to Cardiff and find out what's going on up there on a farm owned by Stub Newell.

BOB What's up, Chief?

ED Something about finding a giant in the earth -- and if I don't have a story on it tomorrow, I won't be editor of this paper any longer.

BOB Now wait -- -- a giant in the earth?

ED That's what I said. Get out there somehow -- and get the news.

NAR On his return to the office, Bob reported to his chief.

BOB Chief, I've never seen anything like it. The roads out to the Newell place were crowded with buggies, lumber wagons, and even omnibuses from nearby cities. It looked like a county fair.

ED All right. That's good atmosphere. Get on with the story.

BOB Here, I'll read you a part of it I scribbled on the train (READING). "Out in the yard was a tent with a large crowd trying to gain admission. Inside at the bottom of a large pit, like a grave, was an enormous figure, a giant, ten feet tall. The stately head and the face with its calm smile, full of mingled sweetness and strength, produced a most weird effect in the subdued light. An air of great solemnity pervaded the place. The people present hardly spoke above a whisper."

ED But how do they explain it? What do they think it is?

BOB Nobody knows. Some think it's a petrified man.

ED A petrified man! Now wait, slow down—petrified man—giant—Let's go easy and discuss this sanely. Give me some more facts.

BOB He was found when they were digging a new well on Newell's place. Other one went dry.

ED What did Newell have to say?

BOB I didn't get to interview him. He was too busy taking in four-bit pieces for admissions.

ED Good business, eh?

BOB Yeah.

ED Well, get your story out. By the way is there any other feature stuff out there?

BOB Yeah, you might send some one out to the Indian reservation near there. I heard the Onandagas say it's one of their prophets that had foretold the coming of the white men and said that his people would see him again.

ED Okay. Wish you could've talked to Newell, though.

NAR About a week later, George Hull appeared at the Newell place. He was beaming.

HULL Stub, didn't I tell you? Look at those people out there.

STUB You were right, George.

HULL Should we tell them, Stub? Should we tell them what they're looking at?

STUB George, don't even talk that way!

HULL Wouldn't it be fun to tell them that they're looking at a figure carved out of gypsum, and that it's less than a year old?

STUB Now, George, look. This is paying off for us. Don't.....

HULL The fools—Hah, I'd like to show that minister in Ackley one of his giants in the earth.

STUB That ain't funny, George. Not to me.

HULL I won't tell them then. I want them to get sucked in so far they can't see out. How much are you charging to see the giant?

STUB Four bits.

HULL With that crowd out there? Change that sign to read a dollar.

NAR The raised price didn't diminish the number of spectators. The money literally piled up in the local bank. Then the scientists came. They studied and looked and developed their theories. One or two brave souls intimated that it might be a hoax. They were laughed at by most people, but the reporter was beginning to agree with them.

BOB Chief, those people have gone crazy. The whole country is talking about the Cardiff Giant.

ED Good. Sells papers.

BOB They're coming from all over. But I think the thing is a fake.

ED Shut up, Bob! You come out with a statement like that and you kill copy that sells our paper.

BOB But, Dr. Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, managed to get a piece of the giant and have it analysed. He says it's just plain gypsum.

ED That may be, but listen to these statements: (READING)

"Dr. James Hall, New York State Geologist, calls it "the most remarkable archeological discovery ever made in this country, clearly of great antiquity."

And Dr. Amos Westcott, another eminent authority, says in an article in The Scientific American, "It is a veritable petrification. There is not a chisel mark upon the entire image. Its perfection defies the artist. It is the most extraordinary and gigantic wonder ever presented to the eye of man."

What do you say to that? They don't think it's a fake.

BOB That may be, but the well that was supposed to have gone dry is still giving water at Newell's place. And some people have remembered that about a year ago a wagon loaded with a big box was seen in the vicinity. They were told it contained machinery for cutting tobacco. And, strangely enough, a fellow named George Hull, now taking part of the profits, looks like the man who had that wagon.

ED You can't fight science with hearsay, Bob. Don't kill this story with any funny stuff unless you can make a bigger story by proving that it's a hoax.

NAR The reporter continued to chase down every clue he could find. He watched as P. T. Barnum, unable to buy the giant, had an exact duplicate made to exhibit as the original in his Museum. Then the reporter came across Galusha Parsons, a lawyer from Fort Dodge, who had seen the giant, and who consented to visit the editor.

BOB Mr. Parsons, will you tell the Chief your story?

PARSONS I have seen the so-called Cardiff giant and it looks like a piece of gypsum to me.

ED What do you know about gypsum?

PARSONS They mine it back at Fort Dodge, where I come from. I wrote a letter to some friends back there and after a little detective work they found out that this Hull tried first to get a block of gypsum from the regular companies, but they turned him down. He finally got a fellow to cut one out for him. They traced the block to Boone, Iowa, where it was shipped to Chicago. It could probably be traced further from there.

ED Well, I'll be . . . Get on it, Bob. Looks like you're right.

NAR The reporter went to Chicago. There the stone cutter, fearing that Hull had committed some crime, told his story. Confronted with the evidence gathered by the reporter and others, Hull admitted that the great curiosity was a hoax.

HULL Sure, boys, I'll tell you about it, and get it in all your papers. I want the people to know. I had the giant carved out of gypsum from Fort Dodge, Iowa. I planted him on the Newell farm one dark night, and I arranged to have him discovered just at the right time. Every scientist and sucker that paid to see him was just a plain fool, including the ministers. Just plain, gullible fools. I said I could do it and I proved that I could. Scientists? Ha! Ha!

NAR And so "the American Goliath", "the veritable petrification", "the eighth wonder of the world", (as this figure had been variously called) became once more just a huge piece of Iowa gypsum. The scientists who had endorsed its authenticity were red-faced. Many sincere believers in it were sadly disillusioned. But George Hull and Stub Newell were happy men, some hundred thousand

dollars richer.

One would think that the proof that it was a hoax would have destroyed the drawing power of the Giant, but it didn't. People were still anxious to see the strange figure, and paid well to do so. The Cardiff Giant continued to tour the country, until at length when the admissions no longer paid the transportation costs it was retired from exhibition. It did, however, revisit Iowa in 1935 and was shown at the State Fair. For a while it belonged to Garner Cowles, of the famous Iowa publishing family. Today, the grand old fraud rests quietly in the Farmers Museum of New York, where it still may be seen, the only one of Iowa's internationally famous sons to turn out to be a hoax.

XXII BUFFALO BILL

SOUND CIRCUS BAND CROWD NOISES

VOICE (MUSIC DOWN CROWD GRADUALLY SILENCED) Ladies and Gentlemen.
Your attention please. . . . I have the honor to present to this distinguished assemblage the most colorful figure in all American history, the peerless rider, the unequalled rifleman, the most daring of the Boys of the Pony Express, the dauntless scout of the Great Plains-----Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you Colonel William F. Cody. . . . Buffalo Bill!

SOUND FANFARE BAND MUSIC ROLL OF DRUMS HORSE GALLOPING HOOFBEATS SLOW TO STOP CHEERS UP AND DOWN

CODY Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce the Rough Riders of the World.

SOUND CHEERS GALLOPING HORSES INDIAN AND COWBOY YELLS BAND MUSIC UP AND FADING INTO

NARRATOR And so began another performance of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, a spectacular re-creation of the stirring days of the old West. The scene was Davenport, Iowa: the time the late 1880's. To the casual observer, the show today was no different from its predecessor; but, to the principal actor in the magnificent pageant, this particular performance was different from all that had preceded it and from all that were to follow it through the long years to come - - - - for today Bill Cody had come home.

Late in the forenoon of the day of the performance, a man with his wife and little daughter were walking through the show grounds.

JOE Can you tell me where we can find Colonel Cody?

MAN That's his pavillion over there, but he don't see no one on the day of a show.

SALLY I told you so, Joe. He's too busy to bother with folks like us.

JOE Bill Cody'll see us once he knows we're here. Come on, Sally. Don't you want to see your old beau?

SALLY Old beau, huh! We were just children when they left LeClaire.

MARY Was he your beau, Mamma?

SALLY No, Mary. That's just some more of your Papa's foolishness.

JOE Here's the tent that fellow pointed out. I'll ask this man - - - -

Could a coupla old friends see Colonel Cody?

SAM Cunnel Cody's restin, suh. Ah have ohdehs not to distuhb him.

JOE (RAISING VOICE SLIGHTLY) Would you just tell him that Joe Barnes and Sally Edwards are out here and want to see him?

CODY (FROM INSIDE TENT .. THEN COMING ON MIKE) Joe Barnes! Sally Edwards! Come on in. I don't know anybody on earth I'd rather see. Sally, you'll pro-

bably think I'm lying, but you don't look a day older than you did round thirty years ago when you kissed me good bye, but. . .

SALLY I never kissed you goodbye; you kissed me. And I'm not Sally Edwards. I'm Sally Barnes, and this is my daughter Mary.

CODY Joe, you lucky old cuss. . . .Mary, I see you're going to grow up to be as pretty a woman as your mother.

JOE Now, Bill, that sounds just like your old soft soap.

SALLY Mary, what do you say?

MARY Thank you, Mister Cody.

CODY But sit down, sit down. Of course you're going to see the show.

SALLY Yes, but we wanted to see you most of all and welcome you back home.

CODY Back home home Do you know, Sally, I haven't even heard that word for years.

JOE I wish you could take time to go back to Le Claire with us - - - - see the old swimming hole and the pasture where you put on your first show. Remember?

CODY Do I remember!

MARY And I'll show you our puppies and our new colt. I've named him Prince.

CODY Prince? The first horse I ever owned was named Prince.

SALLY And I'd bake you a cherry pie like mother use to make. I know you'd like that.

CODY Like it? I've eaten in every place they keep open from one end of this country to another, but there's never been anything to equal those cherry pies.

JOE Come on then. Can't you take a day off?

CODY There's nothing I'd like better.....but I can't, friends. . . . You see the show's my life now. . . and it's built out of my life, a kind of life that can never be lived again, because the Old West is gone. No.....I'm sorry I can't go with you, but we'll take a little time to visit. (CALLING) Sam, tell the cook I'll have three guests for dinner.

SAM (OFF MIKE) Yassah, Cunnel.

SALLY Oh, Bill, we musn't put you out.

CODY Put me out! It'll be next best to really going back home with you.

SALLY I'm sure we'd be glad to accept.

NAR While the little group was seated at table, Buffalo Bill reviewed some of the main incidents of his eventful life, as they were depicted in the pageant.

SALLY We lost all track of you after your folks moved to Kansas. Where'd you go from there?

CODY Well, a few years after we got out there, Father was killed by some border ruffians and I was left, twelve years old, the only man of the family. I had already learned to ride and shoot and I got a job riding cavayard with one of the wagon trains carrying freight across the plains. On this first trip I found and lost my beautiful horse, Prince, and I shot my first Indian. In the show, you'll see. . . .(FADING INTO)

SOUND HEAVY WAGON ROLLING ALONG SLOWLY SHOUTS

VOICES Hup there! Git along! Gee, Buck!

MARY Is that boy herding those cattle back there riding cavayard, like Mister Cody said?

JOE Yes, that's what it means.

SOUND SHOTS INDIANS YELLS GALLOPING HOOFS APPROACHING

MARY Papa, are those Indians really shooting?

JOE Why, of course. You can hear them, can't you; but they're only using blanks?

MARY What are blanks?

SALLY They don't have real bullets. They're just playing.

SOUND SHOTS AND YELLS DIE DOWN

CODY We lost the wagon train and most of our horses and cattle on that first trip of mine. I learned that a Cheyenne chief named Yellow Hand was the one who stole my horse Prince, and I made a vow that some day I'd get even with him. After our return to civilization, I was hired as a Pony Express rider. The Pony Express was organized to carry valuable mail from the end of the railroad at Saint Jo to Sacramento, California, in the remarkably short time of ten days. Almost two hundred stations were established along the trail, where we riders changed horses. My section was a fifty mile stretch west of Julesburg, Colorado. Each of us carried a broad strip of leather, called a mochila, with pockets for the mail. You'll see.....(FADING INTO)

SOUND RAPIDLY GALLOPING HORSE

CODY Come on, old boy. Keep this up and we'llOH, OH! (HORSE STOPS)

BANDIT Reach for the sky, pardner.

CODY Is this a hold-up?

BANDIT What do you think? Give us that mochila.

CODY But I can't. . . .It's got U.S. Mail in it.

BANDIT And fifty thousand dollars.

CODY How'd you know that?

BANDIT Never mind the questions. Just hand it over.

CODY You'll be caught.

BANDIT Let us worry about that.

CODY Okay, then. Here's the stuff.

SOUND MOCHILA THROWN TO GROUND. RAPID HOOFBEATS AS BILL GALLOPS AWAY.

CODY It worked, boy. It worked! Before they find that mochila has nothing in it, but paper, we'll be out of range. I know they can't catch us - - - and we've got the money under your saddle blanket. (HOOFBEATS FADING)

MARY Oh, goodie! He got away!

CODY My next job was as a knight of the reins, driving stages, or guarding them, west of Fort Kearney. It wasn't a quiet life; but I loved the sound of galloping horses, the squeaking of the harnesses, and the rattle of the coaches as they were driven at full speed over the rough prairie trails. We had trouble with Indians and with outlaws, but we got through all right in the end. Then once again the war drums sounded over the plains. Once again, and for the last time, the Indians took the war path. In the western forts, "Boots and Saddles" answered the slow steady beat of the Indian war drums. I was engaged as a scout for the Fifth U.S. Cavalry.

SOUND WAR DRUMS BUGLE CALLS

MARY There are those Indians again - - - and there's Mister Cody riding straight toward them. Oh, Mamma, isn't his long yellow hair beautiful?

NAR Cody rode slowly forward alone toward the approaching band. The latter reined in their horses, watching. The detachment of soldiers halted. The chief of the Indians shouted an order and the braves opened up a path for him to ride toward Buffalo Bill.

MARY Mamma. Mamma! Is that Indian going to shoot Mister Cody?

SALLY No, dear. It's just as I told you. . . .It's just a show!

SOUND TWO PISTOL SHOTS IN RAPID SUCCESSION

CODY Now, Yellow Hand, we're even!

SOUND WAR WHOOPS BUGLE CALLS GALLOPING HOOFS SHOTS YELLS

NAR The war continued until the power of the Indian confederation was completely

broken. And so at last peace came to the Great Plains of the West.

CODY That fight at War Bonnet Creek was the last pitched battle with the Indians in which I was engaged. Some years later, I organized this show, and some of the Indians now with me were in that battle. I'm glad that we are friends now.

MARY Mister Cody, how did you get your name Buffalo Bill?

CODY That's another story, Mary, but not a very interesting one. While the Kansas Pacific railroad was being built across the plains, I took a contract to furnish the railroad gangs with buffalo meat. It wasn't too difficult to do this, for there were thousands on thousands of these critters then and so they called me Buffalo Bill. In the show, we chase a few buffalo around the ring, but I think this is the only poor act we have. We can't put under canvas the boundless prairies, the dust clouds raised by the moving herds, or the thunder of their countless hoofs.

MARY Did the Indians give you a name, too?

SALLY Mary, you ask too many questions.

CODY Now, Sally, let Mary ask her questions. Yes, the Indians call me Po-ho-has-ka, which means Yellow Hair. Can you guess why?

SAM (CALLING FROM OFF MIKE) First call for the grand entrance, Cunnel

CODY Sorry, but I'm afraid that ends this pleasant interlude. I'll never forget it though. (CALLING) Sam, you see that Mister and Missis Barnes and Mary have reserved seats for the afternoon performance. . . . And now, my good old friends, it's not good bye, but, as I learned to say when the show was over in France, "Au revoir". And here, Mary is a kiss from your oldest friend. (PAUSE)

MARY Goodbye, Mister Cody.

NAR But for all of them, it was truly goodbye. Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show toured three continents for another quarter of a century, but never came back again so near to the town of his birth. Colonel Cody died in Denver, Colorado, in 1916, and was buried on the top of Lookout Mountain nearby. Eight years afterward, Joe and Sally Barnes came West to see the monument marking the grave of their old friend.

JOE Well, Sally, this is the end of the trail for Bill.

SALLY Yes.....But I'm sure he would be glad to know he rests here on this mountain top looking out over the sun-kissed, wind-swept plains he loved so well.

JOE It's kinda foolish, I know; but I like to think of him still riding his horse up the trail, his long yellow hair waving in the wind. I can still see him swinging his hat in a last grand gesture of farewell.

SALLY I'm sure, too, Bill would be glad to know about his other monument, the one you put up for him under the big old elm tree back in Le Claire. He'll never be forgotten by the people who knew or saw him.

NAR The inscription on the monument, to which Sally referred and which still stands on the bank of the Mississippi at Le Claire, reads as follows:

DEDICATED TO COL. WM. F. CODY

"BUFFALO BILL"

BY HIS FRIEND AND BOYHOOD

PLAYMATE, JOE BARNES.

ERECTED, 1924

This is Iowa's only permanent memorial to an illustrious son, who had the courage of a Scout, the vision of a Pioneer, and the faith of a Loyal American.

XXIII ALMOST A PRESIDENT

NARRATOR In 1952, we were involved in a campaign for the selection of nominees for the highest office in the gift of American electors. At that time, there was no Iowan whose name was presented for consideration for this position. More than sixty years ago, however, Iowa did have as its chosen candidate a "favorite son" of whom Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts said, "I think no other person ever came so near the Presidency of the United States and missed it." This was said of Iowa's Senator William B. Allison in 1888.

Allison's candidacy was formally launched at the Republican State Convention at Des Moines in March, 1888. In his key-note speech as temporary chairman of this convention, a brilliant young orator (Jonathan P. Dolliver), who had yet to achieve national recognition, announced it as the purpose of Iowa Republicans to present the name of the senior United States senator to the national convention of the party.

DOLLIVER Gentlemen of the convention, Iowa Republicans, there is no other way by which this gathering can honor itself, the state, and the country of which it is a part so significantly as by presenting to the national convention of our great party the name of a representative western statesman, our own favorite son, a man who has an unexcelled record of a quarter of a century of loyal and efficient service in the two houses of our national legislature at Washington. The man who first gave the vote to our soldiers in the field, the man who can unite in his support all the various factions of the Republican party, the only man who can bring together the farm and the factory in a common fight for the nation's prosperity. We present his name, not from a feeling of state pride alone, but from a profound conviction that we are acting in obedience to an obligation to urge the selection only of the strongest and best candidate. Such a man is the log-cabin student from Ohio, the foremost statesman of Iowa, William B. Allison.

SOUND CROWD MURMUR AND APPLAUSE

NAR This nomination was promptly ratified by the Iowa convention. That night an Allison brigade was formed to attend the Republican National Convention at Chicago in June. The Iowa delegation included representatives David B. Henderson of the third and W. A. Hepburn of the eighth congressional districts, and J. S. ("Rat") Clarkson, editor of the Iowa State Register, and leader of the Iowa Republican Party. These men established the Allison headquarters at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago. They met to discuss their plans.

HENDERSON Boys, this is going to be a fight to the finish. We're going to have to beat a dozen or so other favorite sons in order to nominate our man.

CLARKSON Yes, Dave! Ohio's got John Sherman, New York has Chauncey Depew, Illinois has Gresham, Indiana has Ben Harrison, and there are a lot of others who will pull a few votes on the early ballots.

HENDERSON Don't forget "The Plumed Knight". In spite of Blaine's request that his name shouldn't be presented, his followers are hoping for a deadlock and a sudden stampede to the man who was our leader in 1884.

CLARKSON I think Blaine means what he says. His health is not good. He's not the man we got to beat. It's John Sherman.

HENDERSON What about Depew? He's a dangerous man and he controls seventy-two votes, almost enough alone to swing the convention his way.

CLARKSON His ~~name~~ will be presented but I don't think he really expects the nomination. After all, as president of the New York Central Railroad, he surely knows that he can't get the support of the Midwest and Northwest delegates.

HENDERSON You think then he's holding the New York votes as trading stock?

CLARKSON Yes, and somehow we've got to get those votes for Allison after the first skirmishing is over.

HENDERSON Can you do it, Ret?

CLARKSON Me? No. The Register was too deeply involved in supporting Larrabee in the railroad rate controversy. Depew's never forgiven me for that. You'd better see what you can do.

HENDERSON I like Chauncey and I think he likes me. But I think you are the man to do this job, Ret.

CLARKSON All right. If Depew withdraws his name after a couple ballots, and we can get New York, we can count on Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin, and the Pacific states. That'll be enough to insure Allison's nomination.

NAR From the days of the "Tippicanoe and Tyler Too" campaign of 1840, it had been assumed that a stimulation (or a simulation) of popular enthusiasm for a candidate was an essential condition of vote-getting. The Allison brigade had not been negligent of this feature.

SOUND DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

HEPBURN (COMING ON MIKE) Well, gentlemen, we're going to have plenty of "sound and fury" for our man.

CLARKSON I hope the rest of the quotation isn't applicable.

HEPBURN What do you mean?

CLARKSON Shakespeare's lines are, "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

HENDERSON I move to strike the words, "sound and fury".

HEPBURN I don't like what's left, Dave, but I accept the amendment. Evidently "a little learning is a dangerous thing". I'll stick to politics and let "Ret" do the quoting.

CLARKSON How goes the battle in the street?

HEPBURN Come over to the window and see for yourself.

SOUND WINDOW OPENED—BAND MUSIC UP AND PASSES—CHEERS.

HEPBURN There's Colonel Thrift. He's got about twelve hundred men organized for this torch light parade.

HENDERSON I see the Dubuque Allison Club coming there. They're four hundred strong.

SOUND DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS APPROACHING

HEPBURN Here comes The Decorah Drum and Bugle Corps. Doesn't that make your old blood stir?

SOUND DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS UP AND OUT

HEPBURN There's the Sioux City Corn Palace Club with their band. And there, bringing up the rear of the column, is the Des Moines Club—two hundred of them.

SOUND BAND MUSIC AND CHEERS DIE AWAY—WINDOW CLOSED.

CLARKSON That's all mighty good. Hope we can carry some of this enthusiasm over onto the convention floor Friday and Saturday.

HENDERSON What's the line of march tonight?

HEPBURN Here's a Chicago map. (Pointing as he explains) They go from here along Van Buren, State, Madison and Dearborn over to Michigan Ave. and then by Harrison and Clark back here.

HENDERSON Good. That'll take them past the headquarters of the other candidates and let them know Allison's in the running.

NAR On Friday afternoon, after the adoption of the platform, designed to win the votes of the independents and the Irish, and to maintain a balance between the agrarian West and the industrial East, the nomination of the candidates began. In the roll call of the states, Illinois, named Walter Q. Gresham; Indiana, Benjamin Harrison; then Iowa was called.

SOUND CONVENTION NOISE

HEPBURN Mr. Chairman, gentleman, I come before you as the spokesman of my fellow Republicans of the great state of Iowa, a state which not once in the thirty-four years of our grand old party's history has wavered in its support of Republicanism. Not once in all these years has Iowa failed to cast its majority vote for the party of liberty and union. I am instructed and it is my high pleasure and privilege to place in nomination for the presidency of the United States one of Iowa's most honored sons, William B. Allison.

SOUND CHEERS BAND MUSIC CONTINUED PANDEMONIUM FADING

HEPBURN This impromptu and spontaneous (WHISTLES CALLS OH OH ETC.)— This outburst of enthusiasm is only a suggestion of the response which may be expected from the whole country to his nomination. The record of this son of Iowa is written so indelibly on the pages of the history of the past twenty five years, that "he who runs may read". He is a man of knowledge, of wisdom and of courage, who would never usurp the powers of the legislative by the reckless and wanton use of the veto; but who would have the courage and the will to curb with a strong hand every effort of selfish or unscrupulous person or interests which threaten the welfare of our people or of any part of them; who would never be found returning the rebel flags won with the blood of our sons and brothers on the fields of civil strife; who would not, on the one hand, urge home rule for Ireland and, on the other, refuse to grant home rule to six hundred thousand of our fellow American citizens by bringing the Territory of Dakota into the fellowship of the states of the union. The nomination and election of William B. Allison as president of the United States will assure the government of this great common wealth in a manner true to the obligations of its destiny and in accordance with the principles of the Republican party.

SOUND CHEERS BAND MUSIC FADING

NAR Ohio nominated Sherman; New York, Chauncey Depew and the roll call proceeded as other candidates were presented before adjournment for the day. Balloting began on Friday. The results of the first ballot were announced;

CLERK John Sherman — 229 votes; Walter Q. Gresham — 111; Chauncey Depew — 99; Russell A. Alger — 84; Benjamin Harrison — 80; William B. Allison — 72; (FADING) James G. Blaine — 35; -----

NAR In the Iowa delegation confidence was still high, as Allison's vote rose to 75 on the second ballot, to 88 on the third, and to 99 on the fifth. Before adjournment Saturday noon, it was agreed to defer further balloting until Monday. That evening, Clarkson brought good news to his Iowa associates.

CLARKSON Boys, I've played the game of politics too long to take anything for granted but things are looking so good for Allison that - - -

HEPBURN But, Ret, are we going to be able to break this deadlock?

HENDERSON Has Chauncey agreed to deliver his votes to our man?

CLARKSON I'm sorry that Depew was not at the informal conference of delegates held this afternoon, but the attitude of Tom Platt and the other New York men was

favorable.

HENDERSON Who else was there?

CLARKSON Our best friend is Senator Hoar of Massachusetts. He made an earnest plea for them all to concentrate on Allison.

HENDERSON That's our boy. I thought George would be for us.

CLARKSON Spooner of Wisconsin, Matt Quay of Pennsylvania, and others from Illinois, California and Missouri agreed to follow New York's lead. That should give us enough votes to guarantee Allison a majority on the next ballot or soon thereafter.

HEPBURN Wish we didn't have to wait till Monday to get this thing over with.

CLARKSON We're going to have another meeting of the same group Monday morning. Until then, we'll just have to wait.

NAR Monday morning came. The delegates gathered in the convention hall. Clarkson hurried in and made his way to the seats occupied by the Iowa delegation.

SOUND CONFUSED CLAMOR IN THE BACKGROUND

HENDERSON What's happened, Ret?

CLARKSON The worst.

HENDERSON What do you mean?

CLARKSON We got together this morning as agreed, and everything was apparently going fine, when Tom Platt came in bringing a message written by Depew. He read it to us.

HENDERSON What did he say?

CLARKSON I wish I had a copy of it; but he said he had withdrawn his own name, and that he was unwilling to throw his support to Allison on the ground that to do so would mean submitting to the unreasonable and socialistic — I know he said socialistic — sentiment of the states where Allison's strength lay, which are attempting — so he said — to dictate a candidate for the Republican party. That's the gist of it. New York then withdrew from their previous agreement.

HENDERSON Why the - - - - -

SOUND POUNDING OF GAVEL

VOICE The convention will be in order
(CLAMOR DIES AWAY)

VOICE The clerk will call the roll of the states.

NAR The roll call for the seventh ballot proceeded with the result that Harrison, to whom most of the New York votes had gone, received 278 votes; Sherman, 231; Alger, 120; Gresham, 91; and Allison, 76. Recognizing the hopeless situation of their candidate they accepted defeat gracefully.

CLARKSON (ABOVE THE CLAMOR) All right, Dave. Go to it.

HENDERSON Mr. Chairman, with the consent of my colleagues, I withdraw the name of William B. Allison from further consideration by this convention.

SOUND SCATTERED APPLAUSE

NAR And so the race was ended. The Allison support was transferred to Harrison who was nominated on the eight ballot and elected president in the following November. The enmity of a single politician arising from his opposition to the demands of the west and the midwest for equitable rates for the transportation of farm products to market kept an honored son of Iowa from the White House.

XXIV
ARISTOCRATS OF THE TURF

NARRATOR This is a story of two trotting horses, named Axtell and Allerton, who brought fame and fortune to their owner, and who made their home town, Independence, Iowa, for a few short years the center of the trotting world, — two horses who were truly Aristocrats of the Turf.

Our story opens on the Iowa Central Stock Farm in Butler County. A small boy is sitting on top of a board fence, talking to two young horses who are crowding each other to get something the boy is feeding them.

BOY Now, there, Gussie, you just wait your turn. I got more apples here in this paper sack. — No, Lou, this one is Gussie's.

SOUND TEAM AND BUGGY APPROACHING

BOY Oh, oh! Here's some one coming. I'll have to open the gate for them. You'll get the rest some other time.

SOUND SWINGING GATE

WILLIAMS Thank you, young man.

SOUND TEAM AND BUGGY DRIVEN IN

BOY You can hitch your team right here.

WILLIAMS That's fine. You live here?

BOY Yes, I do.

WILLIAMS Then you can tell me where I can find the boss.

BOY Yes. He's my uncle. He's down to the Red Barn. I'll show you the way.

WILLIAMS Those are two fine fillies over there in the paddock.

BOY They're my favorites. I named them.

WILLIAMS Named them huh?

BOY They're Lou and Gussie. I named them for two girls in my room at school.

WILLIAMS Uh huh!

BOY They're both Mambrino colts. That's Mambrino's barn over there. Like to see him?

WILLIAMS I hardly have time today.

BOY He's worth seeing. Best stallion in the country. Registered and everything. Mambrino Boy, 844; record 2:26½; sired by Mambrino Patchen, out of Roving Nelly, by Mambrino Chief.

WILLIAMS Evidently you're interested in pedigreed horses.

BOY Yes, sir.

WILLIAMS That your uncle over there?

BOY Yes. (CALLING) Uncle, here's a man wants to see you.

FISHER (COMING ON MIKE) Good morning. I'm Fisher, Superintendant of the farm here. What can I do for you?

WILLIAMS I'm Charley Williams from Independence. I drove over to look at some of your Mambrino fillies.

FISHER I'll be glad to show some to you.

WILLIAMS I saw a couple of them as I drove in.

FISHER Yes, I took those two little beauties out of the big pasture to sort of finish them off. I was sure some man like you, who knows good horse flesh, would be along someday.

WILLIAMS Well, some folks think I ought to be ashamed to admit it, but I'm that thing they call a "scientific horse-breeder". I got some theories I want to try out, and I'm ready to risk practically all I've got — which isn't too much to prove them.

FISHER I'm not the one to poke fun at you for that. I got some theories of my

own. I figure, for instance, that the Wilkes-Mambrino cross is the best there is in trotting blood.

WILLIAMS Shake, brother! That's just what I think.

FISHER Then those two fillies - - - We can see them now - - - They're just what you want. Their dams are both George Wilkes get, and they're sired by Mambrino Boy.

WILLIAMS So the lad here told me.

FISHER He did, oh? - - - I don't know whether I can catch them without running them into the barn, but - - -

BOY I can catch them. Let me get my sack of apples. - - - Here, Lou. Here, Gussie.

NAR To the regret of the small boy, Williams negotiated the purchase, and drove away leading the two fillies behind his buggy. Something over a year later, Fisher had occasion to visit Independence and he hunted up Williams, whom he found engaged in directing operations on a farm a mile west of the town.

WILLIAMS Hello, Fisher. Glad to see you. How's everything going up on the Stock Farm?

FISHER Oh, we're getting along as well as you could expect with a Democrat in the White House.

WILLIAMS Me, I don't bother about politics. I got so many irons in the fire. Too many, my wife says, and too many debts.

FISHER I really came out to see those two mares you beat us out of. Hear you got a couple of fine colts.

WILLIAMS Have I? Just come and take a look at them. They're right here in these stalls.

SOUND DOOR OPENING

WILLIAMS Here's someone you'll recognize, and that little fellow's her son.

FISHER Hello, Lou. That's a girl. Step over and let me see what you got here--- Proud of him, aren't you? (TO WILLIAMS) What do you call him, Williams?

WILLIAMS Axtell. He's a son of William L., and grandson of the Great George Wilkes.

FISHER And grandson of the great Mambrino Boy. Don't forget that.

WILLIAMS No danger. Look at him! Can't you see the speed of old Kentucky and the stamina of Iowa in those legs, and that back? Yes, boy, just give us time and we'll show them. Won't we? (TO FISHER) But you want to see Gussie and her son. They're in the next stall.

SOUND DOOR CLOSE AND OPEN

WILLIAMS Move over, Gus. - - - This is Jay-Bird's son, another Wilkes-Mambrino product. We call him Allerton.

FISHER He's not quite as trim as Axtell, but he's got real stuff in him. Let me make a prophecy. Axtell's a Wilkes. He'll be speedy, and he'll get his speed early. This other colt -- Allerton -- he's more Mambrino. He'll come on slower, but in the end you'll be mighty proud to be his owner.

WILLIAMS I sure hope you're right. These two colts got me dreaming dreams, and, by Jeffrey, I'm going to make these dreams come true.

NAR Charley Williams' dreams were grandiose indeed. He dreamed a dream of a marvelously appointed stable for a string of noted trotters -- and his dream came true. He dreamed of a wonderful new trotting track, a kite track, one of the first of its kind in the world, where the fastest horses would cover a mile in less time than horses had ever done before -- and in Rush Park, his dreams came true. He dreamed of improvements for his home-town, a new hotel

and a new opera house, equal to the best of the west -- and in the Gedney Hotel and the Gedney Opera House his dream came true. He dreamed of an electric trolley line from the railway station to Rush Park -- and his dream came true. But for the realization of all these dreams, Charley Williams was indebted to the two horses, Axtell and Allerton. This is how they did it:

SOUND CROWD NOISE AND BAND PLAYING IN BACKGROUND

FRED Well, Charley, I told you I'd be with you to see Axtell's first race, I didn't know I'd have to travel clear to Keokuk to see it, but here I am.

WILLIAMS You're not going to be disappointed, Fred.

FRED From what I hear, the bookies aren't giving Axtell any consideration at all.

WILLIAMS Don't let that worry you. The bookies could be wrong. I'm not a betting man; but if I was, I'd put my money on Axtell, not only to place but to win.

FRED You seem mighty confident, Charley. This is a fast field he's up against, and it's all new to him.

WILLIAMS Listen, Fred. I've watched over this colt like I would over a child. I know every move he makes. He's a natural trotter. You watch him. Don't expect anything the first heat. That'll be just to show him what it's all about. But after that - - - -

SOUND GONG STRUCK THREE TIMES

WILLIAMS There's the call. See you after the race.

FRED Here's luck to you - and to Axtell.

NAR Williams climbed up onto the sulky and drove out to the track. The first heat was a race between the favorites, with Axtell coming in fourth. Axtell won the second heat easily, and, in the third and final heat, the Williams colt out-distanced his rivals and finished the mile in two minutes and thirty one and one-half seconds, an unparalleled feat for a horse not yet three years old. Axtell was started on his road to fame, and Charley Williams on the road to fortune.

At Des Moines, a month later, August, 1888.

SOUND GONG

VOICE Axtell wins the three-year old race, but is disqualified because he is not yet three years old.

NAR At Lexington, Kentucky, October, 1888.

SOUND GONG

VOICE Axtell wins -- Time 2:23

NAR At Minneapolis, Minnesota, July, 1889.

SOUND GONG

VOICE Axtell wins -- Time 2:15½ -- The most sensational colt performance of the age.

NAR At Chicago, Illinois, August, 1889.

SOUND GONG

VOICE Axtell -- 2:14

NAR At Terre Haute, Indiana, October, 1889.

SOUND GONG

VOICE Axtell wins. Time 2:12 -- A new world's trotting record for stallions of any age.

SOUND CROWD CHEERS

NAR On the evening of this last and greatest triumph for Axtell, a magnificent banquet was given in his honor. Williams' friend Fred O'Donnell was seated beside him.

FRED Remember, Charley way back when you told me that if anyone would offer you \$300 for Axtell you'd be tempted to take him up?

WILLIAMS Way back when? Less than three years ago. I was needing money bad then. Glad nobody tempted me.

FRED What'd you take for him tonight?

WILLIAMS He's already sold.

FRED Sold. Who to? How much?

WILLIAMS This afternoon I got a telegram from Robert Bonner of New York offering me \$65,000. I turned him down.

FRED You turned him down?

WILLIAMS Yes. Then tonight, just before we sat down, John Madden asked me if I'd sell Axtell for \$100,000. I told him "There are a lot of men who have a hundred thousand dollars, but I'm the only one who has an Axtell."

FRED That ought to hold him for awhile.

WILLIAMS Then Andy Welch offered me \$101,000, and Budd Doble -- but wait, the toastmaster'll tell you the rest.

TOASTMASTER Gentlemen (SCRAPING OF CHAIRS, THEN SILENCE) I call upon you to raise your glasses and drink to the health and long life of the greatest trotting horse ever produced in America, Axtell, (APPLAUSE) who has just been sold to Budd Doble, representing an Indianapolis syndicate, for \$105,000 the highest price ever paid for a horse in all history. (CLINKING OF GLASSES. CHEERS)

And now, gentlemen, another toast - to the man who gave Axtell the chance to show his mettle, Charley Williams.

SOUND CLINKING OF GLASSES. CHEERS. VOICES "SPEECH! SPEECH!"

WILLIAMS I hope, gentlemen, you will forgive me for not drinking the toast to the great horse I have lost today. Some of you know that I never touch liquor. Be good to him, Budd, and he'll pay you back the same as he paid me. Now I can go back home and make some of my dreams come true.

SOUND APPLAUSE CHEERS

NAR Meanwhile, Allerton had been winning laurels in his own right. As a three-year old, he made a record of 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$, and proved to be a consistent winner against fields of older horses. As a four year old, he reduced his time to 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$, and then in 1891 to 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$, thus setting a new world's stallion record. In his famous race with Nelson, his most dangerous rival, a breathless crowd saw him take the largest purse ever won by a trotter, and receive a blanket of cut roses. But in 1892, Allerton was injured on the track at Davenport. He never raced again. Great as were Allerton's achievements, in popular fancy he never was ranked alongside his spectacular cousin. Then came the panic of 1893, and Charley Williams was caught in the financial maelstrom. To protect his creditors, he turned over to them a quarter of a million in assets to satisfy an indebtedness of less than \$100,000. He accepted an offer from

Galesburg, Illinois, and prepared to leave Iowa. His old friend O'Donnell accompanied him to the train.

WILLIAMS I'm glad you came down to see us off, Fred. Let's go in the car here and sit down. I've still got enough horses left to fill quite a string of cars.

FRED You've kept Allerton, I see.

WILLIAMS Yes, and I'm going to keep him. And I'm going to see that he's cared for as long as he lives. Like him, my racing days are over. As soon as I finish this Galesburg contract, I'm going to devote the rest of my life to evangelistic work.

FRED I can't think of you away from the track - and horses. Perhaps you'll find another Axtell.

WILLIAMS No, Fred, there'll never be another Axtell. You know how proud I was of him the day he carried me a mile in 2:12 at Terre Haute: but I confess that I felt a keener thrill of admiration for Allerton when he won the Brewster stakes at Chicago back in 1889.

FRED I don't doubt it. I saw that race too. For a three-year old, after winning two heats and losing two, to come up for the fifth and win it and the race against a field of older horses -- that was something.

WILLIAMS You're right. That was something. That took strength and speed and stamina. He, too, is a great horse. And he's lovable. I couldn't give him up.

FRED I understand. He is a great horse. But there's something else that helps account for the fact that one man held and trained the two most remarkable trotting stallions of all time. I remember that first night when we opened the Gedney Opera House and Stephen Tabor ended his dedicatory ode with, "Where There's a Williams, There's a Way".

NAR Until recently, a solitary building stood just west of Independence on the site of what was Rush Park. Now even this reminder of a glorious past is gone. The land, once enclosed by the famous Kite Track, and the track itself have reverted to plow land and pasture. Only memory and tradition now recall the days when this was the center of the harness-racing world.

XXV KELLY'S ARMY

NARRATOR Today's story of Iowa is about a man who was not particularly identified with our state, although his family had lived in Muscatine County some years before he was born. It is about a man who left a pencilled diary of his journey across Iowa as a mere private in the last rank of a tatterdemalion army of unemployed men --- rebels against the industrial order of his day. The man is Jack London. The army is Kelly's "Industrial Army". The time is the spring of 1894. The setting is chiefly a long stretch of muddy road between Council Bluffs and Des Moines. The story is told by one who was Jack's companion through all his later years, in love, and work and adventure.

CHARMIAN I am Charmian London. I am writing the Life of Jack London, now that the unthinkable has happened and my "man of men" is gone. He said to me, "If I should go first, it will be for you to write of me -- if you dare to be honest". I do and I dare.

It was shortly before Easter in 1894 that Jack decided to join the "Industrial Army", but the city fathers of San Francisco and Oakland and Sacramento

had successively passed the "hungry hundreds" on to an unreceptive East. Jack followed, but it was not until Council Bluffs that he came up with the more or less orderly mob under the command of "General" Kelly. This is what Jack wrote about him:

JACK My first view of the General fired my imagination. He was riding a magnificent black charger as he approached the camp. He had just returned from an unsuccessful negotiation for railroad transportation eastward — unsuccessful because the authorities were still smarting from the sting of a strategic defeat. Some of the people in western Iowa, alarmed by the "invasion", had persuaded Governor Jackson to call out the militia to repel it. The "Industrial Army" was assembled along a railroad track, when a detachment of armed troops appeared.

MAJOR Battalion, Halt.

SOUND ANGRY MURMURS FROM THE "ARMY"

MAJOR (ADDRESSING THE "ARMY") Men, you are ordered by the Governor of Iowa, as Commander in Chief of the military forces of the state, to disperse immediately, to cease this unlawful assemblage, and to return to your homes and families without — — — —

SOUND CROWD INTERRUPTS WITH ANGRY CRIES: YAH! HOMES! FAMILIES! GET OUT OF OUR WAY, YOU TIN SOLDIERS!

MAJOR Port, Arms!

KELLY (SHOUTING) Attention! Soldiers of the Industrial Army! Down on your knees, while the Chaplain leads us in singing "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder". Sing!

SOUND "ARMY" SINGING.

CHARMIAN When the Major realized that he would hardly be justified in attempting to use force on men kneeling and singing hymns, he issued the only order appropriate under the circumstances.

MAJOR To the Rear, March!

CHARMIAN Jack got there just after the General had pulled this Salvation Army stunt. He collared a fellow about his age

JACK Say, bo, how do I get to join this outfit?

FRANK I ain't no 'bo. Ya better unnerstan' that.

LONDON What do I do? Beg your pardon?

FRANK Aw, get down off yer high horse! My monaker's Frank.

JACK And I'm Jack to you! Shake.

FRANK Ya look all right! Here comes the Gen'ral. I'll tell him ya want to join up!

FRANK Gen'ral Kelly?

KELLY Yes?

FRANK Here's another guy wants to join us.

KELLY Hmmm! What are you -- a bum or an honest laborer out of work?

JACK I'm not a bum.

KELLY What's your name?

JACK Jack London.

KELLY When was the last time you worked?

JACK Two months ago.

KELLY Where?

JACK Frisco.

KELLY What did you work at?

JACK Shovelling coal.

KELLY If you had a job, why did you quit?

JACK I found out I was doing for thirty a month what two men had been doing

and getting forty each. And I was keeping two men with families out of a job. I quit.

KELLY How'd you get here?

JACK How would a guy without spondulix cover that distance in less than a week? Riding the rods, the blinds, and the decks, of course.

KELLY Then you are a bum.

JACK I told you, I'm not.

KELLY All right, all right. I just have to be careful. Out of 260 trying to join today, we've taken only 150 - - - Well, I'll put you in the new company --

CHARMIAN As he walked away, Jack asked Frank

JACK What is this? I'm just like the rest of you.

FRANK Ya better be.

JACK Is there something wrong with the way I look?

FRANK No, ya don't look no diffrunt. Kelly's jest tryin' to see that no Pinkerton's er railroad bulls git in.

JACK What'd they want in for?

FRANK You ignerant, er jest dumb?

JACK I'm sure ignorant.

FRANK Them bulls want to git somethin' on us, so the cops er the militia can bat us aroun', and so's the railroads 'll have an excuse not to give us a lift.

JACK The roads have carried you this far.

FRANK Sure they have, in box cars. But sometimes we had to persuade 'em. A thousand men kin be mighty persuadin'.

JACK How about a little more persuasion?

FRANK We tried it. We got an engine an' a few cars, an' they started to tear up the tracks ahead of us. An' -- ya saw them tin soldiers.

JACK I don't get their idea. We're just trying to exercise our right to petition Congress for a redress of grievances.

FRANK Ya said a mouthful -- if I git ya. But seems some folks don't like a "petition in boots", like somebody called us.

JACK That reminds me -- speaking of boots, I'm just about going on my uppers. Any place I could get me another pair?

FRANK We're s'posed to have a commissary fer rations an' clothin'. We kin go over there an' see.

CHARMIAN But there were no shoes there, and Jack, now almost bare-footed, continued to tramp through the mud. After a night spent in the shelter of some temporary buildings in Chautauqua Park the "weary willies" started eastward through the rain and mud. Jack and Frank took to the Rock Island track hoping to find it better going. All at once, Frank began to stagger . . .

JACK What's the matter, Frank? You're white as a sheet.

FRANK I'm all in, Jack.....I can't walk no further.

JACK Here -- sit down on the end of this tie. I'll cut across to the road and get some fellows to help carry you to one of the wagons.

FRANK No use. I tried to git in one this morning, but the feller in charge wouldn't let me in. Thought I was puttin' it all on.

JACK Well, you're not going to stay here. Give me your arm. We'll go on together.

CHARMIAN And so they went on. Jack carried his friend over trestles, and together they staggered on till they rejoined the main body at Weston. Jack's diary chronicles their passing through Underwood, and reaching a camp site called Butler's Woods, near Neola. He had thrown away his worn out shoes by this time but here he was lucky enough to get another pair from the commissary. And here the "army" had an important visitor.

WEAVER I come as Chairman of the Peoples Party Club to bring you the welcome of the people of Des Moines.

KELLY We certainly appreciate this.

WEAVER Kelly, we're interested in your mission and the welfare of your men.

KELLY That's mighty nice of you, sir.

WEAVER Now what do you need most?

KELLY We need transportation to Washington, D. C.

WEAVER That's just what we thought. We've started negotiations with the railroads.

KELLY You may just as well save your time on that. We've been trying to get trains ever since we got to Iowa. They absolutely refuse to help us. They even threatened to run a wild engine head-on into any train we might get hold of.

WEAVER They're being very difficult; but, if you can get your men to Des Moines, I think we can get you railroad transportation.

KELLY We can get to Des Moines. We've got this far.

WEAVER We are applying pressure on certain railway officials, and we have every prospect of success.

KELLY Then the deal isn't certain yet?

WEAVER Not entirely.

KELLY What'll I do with my men if it doesn't go through? I can't just bring my army in and let them sit there.

WEAVER I assure you, Mr. Kelly, that Des Moines will welcome you with open arms. The Peoples' Party Club will see to that.

KELLY We'll be there.

WEAVER Good! Now let's plan your entry. It must be dramatic. We'll have everything set — brass bands, speeches — It will be a great affair.

CHARMIAN Kelly's men were encouraged when they heard of the interest of so prominent a man as James B. Weaver and of the people of Des Moines in their welfare. The next morning they started out with enthusiasm to meet their General's new standard of 20 miles a day. Jack forever after nursed a soft spot in his heart for the rural Iowans who welcomed and fed the 2000 men of the "Industrial Army". He wrote.....

JACK "It was a circus day when we came to town and there were many towns. We played their local nines with our baseball team, and gave better vaudeville than most of them had ever seen before; for there was plenty of talent in the army."

CHARMIAN I read, in Jack's faded pencilling, the names of these towns; Avoca, Atlantic, Anita, Adair, Dexter, then Valley Junction, with the notation "We are behind schedule". They had planned to get to Des Moines on Sunday morning; but it was Sunday afternoon when they reached the outskirts of the city. It was raining. And the reception, instead of a welcoming committee with brass bands, they found a cordon of police drawn up across the street in front of them.

SOUND CROWD MURMURS ——— VOICES ——— HI ——— LOOK ——— COPS

WEAVER (CALLING) Kelly — Kelly — Over here.

KELLY (COMING UP) Mr. Weaver, what's the meaning of this? Where's the welcome you told us about?

WEAVER I'm sorry, Kelly, but some of the citizens didn't feel as we did.

KELLY These policemen have got to let us by. Look at my men — shivering in this cold rain. They've got to have some shelter.

WEAVER It's a pity. I don't understand our city officials. They don't seem to trust you.

KELLY Something's got to be done — and now!

WEAVER Something has been done. We've got permission for you to camp in an old stove factory. The police will escort you there.

CHARMIAN The two thousand men were quartered in an old three-story brick building with no facilities for decent living. Food supplies began to run low. The "army" threatened an ultimatum to Des Moines -- either to furnish them 6000 meals a day and to make the railroads come across with free transportation, or else The problem was solved by General Kelly himself.

JACK Hey, there, you stiffs. Shake a leg. The General's called us all outside. Wants to talk to us.

FRANK Me, I've had too much talk already, an' too little eats. You tell Kelly he can ---

VOICES RIGHT! - - - - WHO WANTS TALK? WE WANT GRUB!

JACK All I know's he's got something to tell us.

FRANK Mebbe we're goin' to get out a this lousy town at last.

JACK May be - - - but no more walking for me.

VOICES RIGHT! ME NEITHER! NO WALK!

SOUND CROWD MURMUR.

KELLY (BACKGROUND OF CROWD MURMUR THROUGH THIS) Men, our condition is becoming desperate.

VOICES YA! YA! YER TELLING' US?

KELLY We must be on our way. Railroad transportation is not to be had. Walking is out of the question - - -

VOICES YER RIGHT THERE - - - YA - - - ETC.

KELLY That leaves us only one avenue available - - - the Des Moines river - - -

VOICES WHAT! THINK WE'RE FISH? GO JUMP IN YERSELF!

KELLY Listen, men! The City of Des Moines has furnished us materials to build flat-boats on which we can float down the river to Keokuk and St. Louis and from there - - - -

JACK Three cheers for Kelly's Navy!

SOUND RAGGED CHEER FROM CROWD

CHARMIAN And so the tattered "army" became a bedraggled "navy". Jack selected a bunch of his friends, and they contrived to get their boat finished first and launched first. Thence, for 300 miles down the Des Moines and the Mississippi, these graceless fugitives helped themselves to the cream of the provisions collected by the people along the banks in anticipation of the "navy's" coming. Jack left them at Hannibal, Missouri.

 What lay ahead of these drifters with the tides and currents of their time? For all but one, it was oblivion; but for Jack London it was life and work and adventure and success and love. He was a man among men.

XXVI HEROINE OF THE BRIDGE

NARRATOR Until comparatively recent years, the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad crossed the deep cut of the Des Moines River Valley between Boone and Ogden some four miles south of the site of its present bridge. This structure, one of the longest and highest of its kind, is known as the Kate Shelley Bridge. Few people today know this or, if they do know it, know why it bears this name. It stands as a memorial of an act of unsurpassed heroism by a fifteen-year-old girl. There are still some people living who, as they hear the long drawn-out wail of a locomotive-whistle on a night when the wind blows a gale and the rain beats against the windows, when lightning flashes through the darkness and the earth trembles with thunder--there are still a few who recall another,

such night more than seventy years ago, when Kate Shelley saved the lives of hundreds of passengers on the east-bound express.

In the late afternoon of July 6, 1881, a mother and her eldest daughter were standing on the steps of a little rough-board cabin, built alongside the railroad tracks on the slope of a bluff rising above Honey Creek about half a mile above its junction with the Des Moines River. The two were watching somewhat anxiously a mass of threatening storm clouds which was sweeping toward them.

MOTHER Kate, didn't I tell you this day was going to be a weather breeder?

KATE It's still hot, Ma.

MOTHER It won't be hot for long. Them clouds has got wind in 'em. I'll have to get my wash in. This would happen the first bright day we've had for a week.

KATE Must a been raining a' ready somewhere up the crick. Look how high it is.

MOTHER Sure hope it don't come up no higher, after all this rain we've had.

SOUND RUMBLE OF THUNDER

KATE My, that Lightning's something fierce.

MOTHER And the wind's beginning to come up. I'll start taking them clothes off the line. You run down to the shed and see that every thing's all right there. (CALLING OFF MIKE) Childern.....childern.....get in the house-quick.

KATE (COMING ON MIKE) Ma, that shed ain't a going to be a safe place for the stock if the crick comes up much higher.

MOTHER Oh, they'll be all right. The water 's never got up that far, all the time we've lived here.

KATE But we can't afford to lose even one chicken. I think we ought to turn the old mare and the cow and calf and the pigs all loose.

MOTHER They're better where they are. Did you shut the doors tight?

KATE Yes, but I think we ought to turn them out.

MOTHER Well, I don't. Now you help me with these clothes.

SOUND RISING WIND

KATE (VOICE RAISED) I'll get these pieces over here.

MOTHER (VOICE RAISED) Then come help me with this basket.

KATE It's getting dark awful fast.

SOUND WIND UP

MOTHER We better head for the house or we won't be able to see at all.

KATE Oh, this wind!

MOTHER Hang onto this basket till we get to the house.

NAR Nearer and nearer came the ominous rumble and crash of the thunder. Then down came the rain in sheets. The creek became a raging torrent. Its waters steadily rose.

SOUND FULL FURY OF THE STORM THUNDER RAIN WIND

KATE The crick 's coming up fast, Ma. Come here to the window. Watch for the lightning. . . . See, it's most up to the shed.

MOTHER It'll sure go if the water gets up around it.

KATE The stock shud be let out.

MOTHER We can't get to 'em now in this storm.

KATE They'd have a good chance out in the open.

MOTHER No! . . . Look at that - - them black things on the water - fence posts - - trees . . .

KATE We've got to turn them animals loose, Ma.

MOTHER We can't.
 KATE I can. I can get out there.
 MOTHER No, Kate. I've lost two--your pa, dead in a wreck, and your brother Mike, drowned. . . . No!
 KATE I'm a going. I can wade.
 MOTHER The water sweeping down from the bluff 'll carry you with it.
 KATE No, it won't. Them animals are about all we got left. I'm a going.
 MOTHER No! Kate
 SOUND DOOR OPENS STORM UP DOOR SLAMS

NAR Kate slipped and slid through the torrents of water rushing down the hillside; but she managed to reach the shed, where she freed the animals and then fought her way back to the house.

SOUND DOOR OPENS STORM UP DOOR CLOSES
 MOTHER Child! . . . Hurry an' get them wet clo'es off.
 KATE (BREATHING HARD) The stock's all out of the shed. Now they can take care of themselves.
 MOTHER Here, wrap this shawl around you. Come over by the stove. I just made a fire to get supper.
 KATE The crick's sure roaring away out there. Wonder if that trestle will stand up under it.
 MOTHER They sure won't try to run any trains tonight.
 KATE The big river bridge is higher and stronger, but
 MOTHER Let the railroad men worry about that, child. They won't let the trains try to come through.
 KATE I can't help worrying, Ma.

NAR The storm continued with unabated violence through the long evening and on into the night. While the younger children slept, Kate still sat by the window watching the storm apprehensively. In the meantime, two members of a "pusher" engine-crew had taken shelter in the depot at Moingona, a mile to the west and across the Des Moines river from the Shelley cabin.
 AGAR If this keeps up much longer, there won't be no trains for us to push up the grades out there.
 WOOD Might be but, don't worry. They'll find some reason for us pusher guys to go rolling along.
 AGAR I bet them passengers on the midnight express 'd have plenty of thrills if they knowed how the old Des Moines River and Honey Creek are rolling along under 'em.
 WOOD Yeh. She's prob'ly loaded with folks honin' to get back East.
 AGAR Me, I'll be satisfied with a long life right here in Ioway.
 SOUND TELEGRAPH KEY CLICKING
 OPERATOR (CALLING OFF MIKE) Just got something for you boys from the dispatcher at Boone.
 WOOD They going to give us a chance to go home?
 OPER (COMING ON MIKE) Nope. Says, "Pusher crew take engine from Moingona to Boone and return checking for washouts." Here's the orders.
 WOOD What'd I tell ya? Put on that slicker, Agar. We're going to Boone.
 AGAR I'm right with you, Wood. Hope Olmstead and Donahue has got Ole Betsy all stoked up. Here we go.
 SOUND DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES STORM
 WOOD (SHOUTING) What a night!

AGAR (SHOUTING) Keep a moving. Hope that express gets through all right. .

NAR The two men made their way to the engine on the side track, handed the engineer his orders, and then, both standing on the running board behind the tender, they began their vigil as the engine backed slowly eastward toward the big bridge.

SOUND WIND HOWLING AROUND THE CABIN

KATE Ma! I think I see a headlight down the track there.

MOTHER (OFF MIKE) It's your imagination. Come away from that window.

KATE But I do see it . . . Look! Coming up the track.

MOTHER (COMING ON) It can't be . . . It does look like a headlight

KATE Must be the pusher.

MOTHER They shouldn't be out there.

KATE They're almost to the crick bridge.

SOUND ENGINE BELL IN DISTANCE CONTINUING

MOTHER There's the bell.

KATE The bridge over the river must still be up.

MOTHER Mebbe the one over the crick'll be strong enough to hold up.

SOUND OVER STORM CRASH OF BRIDGE AND PLUNGE OF ENGINE INTO THE STREAM

KATE Oh! Ma! It's down!

MOTHER They're gone! . . . They're gone!

KATE I've got to get over there.

MOTHER No, Kate! Once tonight I let you go. You're safe now. You can't help 'em.

KATE I got to . . . I'll take the lantern.

MOTHER No! No! You can't do anything. You . . .

SOUND DOOR OPENS STORM UP

KATE (SHOUTING) I got to try.

SOUND DOOR CLOSSES STORM DOWN

NAR Kate Shelley stepped out into the storm to find herself cut off from the railroad by the rising waters. Turning, she climbed the bluff back of the house and followed it to where a wagon road crossed the tracks. Once there she ran to the broken bridge.

SOUND STORM

KATE (SHOUTING) Hello-o-o

WOOD (HARDLY HEARD ABOVE THE STORM) Help! Help!

NAR By the flashes of lightning, Kate saw two figures clinging to a tree down stream.

KATE (SHOUTING) Hello-o-o

WOOD (FAINTLY) The train . . . the train . . .

NAR Kate realized that she could do nothing for these ill-fated men. But she could, perhaps, save the train, (the Midnight Express), which with its hundreds of passengers was hurtling through the night toward death. With the man's faint cries ringing in her ears, she turned back west along the track toward Moingona, a mile and half away. Stumbling over the ties, guided only by the feeble light of the lantern, the girl talked to herself as she struggled on against the storm.

SOUND STORM

KATE I got to I got to stop that train. I got to

NAR Finally out of the darkness ahead, loomed the open framework of the bridge six hundred feet in length.

KATE Oh, it's there yet. I must get across it to Moingona . . . to Moingona.

NAR She began the perilous crossing. The ties had wide empty spaces between them - - and beneath them the roar of madly rushing water. Kate hesitated

KATE Oh, I can't . . . I'll slip and fall through . . . but I got to go on . . I'll have to crawl across

NAR On hands and knees, the girl crawled from one slippery tie to another - - and then in a sudden fierce gust of wind her lantern went out. At the same moment, a piercing flash of lightning revealed an enormous tree borne down by the maddened waters straight upon the bridge.

KATE Oh, God, save me!

NAR Her prayer was answered as the monster glided between the piers, leaving the bridge unharmed. Kate crawled on. She cried out, as again and again splinters or projecting spikes tore into the flesh of her hands or her knees; but she pressed on.

KATE What if the train 'd come before I get across. What 'd Ma do? I got to go on.

NAR Finally, after what seemed to be hours of agony and struggle, Kate felt the welcome touch of cinders and solid ground.

KATE I'm over. Thank God!

NAR Standing once more erect to face the storm, now beginning to lessen in violence, Kate started to run toward the depot, a quarter of a mile away. As she approached the station, she saw the headlight of a freight engine on the sidetrack. Her strength was failing fast, but at length she reached the station door, opened it and staggered in.

SOUND DOOR OPEN

KATE (EXHAUSTED) The bridge over Honey Crick . . . gone.

TRAINMAN Girl, you're crazy!

KATE No. . . . Stop the train. . . . The pusher went through the bridge. . . .

TRAINMAN Why, it's Mike Shelley's girl. Mebbe she's right.

KATE (REVIVING) I am right. Oh, please, please, do something. . . Stop the express!

OPERATOR (NOW FULLY AROUSED TO THE DANGER) Here, Jim, take yer lantern and run up the track and flag the express. I'll set the stop signal here. I got to report this.

SOUND CLICKING OF TELEGRAPH KEY DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

KATE Those men from the pusher. . . . They're hanging to a tree below the crick bridge. Won't you help them?

TRAINMAN Sure we will, girlie. Hey Pete. Tell Bill to uncouple his engine and we'll be on our way.

SOUND DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

TRAINMAN How'd you know all this, and how'd you get here, girlie?

KATE Ma and me, we saw the pusher go by and heard it crash through the bridge. Then I went down to the crick and heard a man hollering, and I saw two of them hanging onto a tree. Then I thought of the express, so I came over here.

TRAINMAN Over the bridge? in this storm?

SOUND ENGINE WHISTLE CLOSE BY

TRAINMAN That's Bill. We'll be off.

KATE Can I go with you?

TRAINMAN I guess so. Think you can show us where you thought you saw and heard the fellers from the pusher?

KATE Yes, I can.

NAR The freight engine passed safely over the big bridge, and then Kate guided the crew to the creek bank, where the two men, still clinging to the tree were rescued. The express train was safely halted at Moingona. With the assistance of one of the trainmen, Kate got back to her own home.

SOUND DOOR OPEN

TRAINMAN Miz Shelley, here's

MOTHER Katy my girl

NAR And only then did the brave girl give way to her complete exhaustion. The next day, the news of Kate's heroism made headlines everywhere, and the humble Iowa girl found herself famous. Her exploit became the theme for editorials, dramatic readings, and poems, some of which found a place in the school readers. More important, however, than these tributes, were an act of the Iowa State Legislature awarding Kate a medal and a gift of two hundred dollars, and the raising by the Chicago Tribune of a fund of five hundred dollars which served to pay off the mortgage on the Shelley homestead.

Kate continued to live in her home in Honey Creek Valley. For several sessions, she served as a legislative clerk in the capitol at Des Moines. She passed the teachers' examinations and taught a country school for two or three years. In 1903, twenty-two years after her brave deed, the Northwestern Railway Company belatedly gave her recognition by appointing her station agent at Moingona, a position she held until her death in 1912.

Of the poetic tributes to this heroic daughter of Iowa, one of the most fitting is by Eugene J. Hall, which closes with the following stanza:

Ah! Noble Kate Shelley, your mission is done;
Your deed that dark night will not fade from our gaze.
An endless renown you have worthily won;
Let the nation be just and accord you its praise.
Let your name, let your fame, and your courage declare
What a woman can do and a woman can dare!

XXVII

HERBERT HOOVER

NARRATOR Iowa is too young in the sisterhood of states to be particularly conscious of its own history. In contrast with the older sections of our country, it has few historic shrines. We have no St. Augustine, no Jamestown, no Plymouth, to enshrine the memory of first settlements: no Lexington, no Yorktown, no Alamo,

no Gettysburg, to hallow with tragic memories the supreme sacrifices Americans have made in the cause of freedom. But this does not mean that Iowa has made no contribution to the meaning of the word "America". Iowa's great contribution to this ideal has primarily been in the founding of homes and of communities and of schools where the children of these homes have had opportunity to develop into useful citizens, and some of them into leaders.

* * * * *

Our story today takes us to a quiet little town in Iowa where, in 1874, a man was born who all his life has lived to exemplify American ideals, who has risen from the humblest beginnings to the highest office in the gift of his people, and whose birthplace, in West Branch, Iowa, is today one of our few historic shrines. This man is Herbert Hoover. Let us listen as he tells us something of his boyhood in Iowa.

HOOVER I like to think of Iowa as I saw it through the eyes of a ten-year old boy--eyes filled with the wonders of streams and woods and of the mystery of growing crops; life filled with what were to me adventures and great undertakings. Winter--and coasting down Cook's Hill, on frosty evenings.

BILL (ANOTHER TEN-YEAR OLD BOY) (CALLING) Hi, Bert. C'm on out. Le's go sliding.

SOUND DOOR OPENING

BERT Hi, Bill. I'll ask Aunt Millie.

AUNT (OFF MIKE) Bertie, shut that door, or you'll freeze us.

BERT Bill wants me to go sliding with him. Can I go?

AUNT Yes, but you got to wrap-up! And shut that door!!

BERT Be with you in a minute, Bill.

SOUND DOOR CLOSING AND OPENING AGAIN....

AUNT (CALLING) You be back by eight o'clock.

BERT I will, Aunt Millie. (DOOR CLOSING)

BILL Gee, ain't this a pretty night?

BERT Sh! Don't say "gee" where Aunt Millie can hear you. She don't hold with such words.

BILL Oh, you Quakers! But anyway it is pretty--that moon and them stars--and just cold enough to make the snow good and slippery.

HOOVER Then the thrill of the run, and the plunge "belly-buster" onto the home-made sled. The sound of the steel runners cutting through snow, and the swift dash down the long hill, the slowing to a stop at the rise across the little valley, the shouts of pure joy--then the long climb back up to the top--and another slide--and another. Where in all human experience can one exceed such joys? Summer and the old swimming hole down by the Burlington tracks.

BILL Hi, Bert, le's go swimmin'.

BERT Just a minute till I get these cobs and wood in for Aunt Millie's cook stove.

BILL Gosh--oh-oh. You always have chores to do.

BERT Don't you?

BILL Yes, but I have a little brother, an' when I tell him what a great big man he's gettin' to be, he does most of them.

BERT I don't have anyone to help me, and I'm glad to do something. You see, Uncle Allan and Aunt Millie they didn't have to take me in.

BILL Here, I'll help you. Le's get this done, so we can go down to the crick and swim or lie in the shade.

HOOVER I remember how we trudged bare-footed along the dusty road, even the feel of the warm powdery dust as it squished up between our toes. We usually picked up some other boys on the way, and when we came in sight of the swimming hole,

we all broke into a run.

BILL (SHOUTING) Last one in's a cross-eyed alligator.

SOUND SHOUTS—SPLASHING OF WATER.....

HOOVER Then the lazy lolling on the grassy slope under the trees, alternating with plunges into the cool stream. The boyish badinage and the practical jokes.

BILL Hey! Who tied my shirt in knots and soaked the knots? You, Bert!

BERT Me? Why d' you pick on me?

BILL Because you were the first one out this time,—an' I was way over to the other side of the pool. And you look so darn innocent. Once I git these knots untied, I'll get even some way.

HOOVER The old swimming hole is there yet; I saw it when I went back to the old home. I was told that everything would have shrunk and become small and ordinary. This hadn't, but it does need deepening. And they tell me that these modern mothers make their youngsters take baths when they get home to get rid of the clean and healthy mud that we in our day used to want to just wear off. And fishing!

BILL Can you figger' out how we can get enough money to buy some real fish-hooks? You can't ketch bullheads on bent pins, like we been usin'. We got to get some real hooks.

BERT I got an idea. Uncle Allan says that fellow that runs the racket store'll buy old iron.

BILL Old Murphy? That Democrat?

BERT Yes. I guess he's a Democrat all right, only one in town; but Uncle Allan says some really good men can be Democrats.

BILL He does? But Murphy gets drunk.

BERT I don't care, if he will buy old iron.

BILL But we haven't got any old iron.

BERT Listen, Bill, down at the dump along the tracks at the edge of town, I saw an old seeder the other day, and it has iron wheels. It don't belong to anybody, or it wouldn't be at the dump.

BILL Good! Le's go get 'em.

HOOVER With a wrench borrowed from Uncle Allan, we boys managed to remove these wheels, and with much effort we finally got them into the yard back of the racket store. We knocked somewhat timidly on the back door.

SOUND KNOCKING

MURPHY (OPENING DOOR) Well, an' what do ye' spalpeens want here. Be off wid yez!

BERT Mister Murphy. We've got two old iron wheels here that we found down at the dump, and we want to buy some fish hooks.

MURPHY Ye're sure ye didn't steal them?

BILL No sir, Mr. Murphy. This other boy's Bertie Hoover; he's a Quaker, he wouldn't steal.

MURPHY Not sayin' nothin' fer yer self, eh? I know yer Uncle Allan, Bertie, an' if I do say it, there's not an' honest man in the country. I'll look at yer iron. — How much do ye say ye want fer this junk?

BERTIE Would five cents a piece be too much?

MURPHY Five cents, a piece, is it? A whole dime fer the two of 'em? Huh—

BERTIE We thought they ought to be worth that much, Sir.

MURPHY —Huh—I'll give you a dime fer 'em — and, since yer two honest boys— or at least one of ye is—I'll do even better'n that: I'll give ye ten fish-hooks, and in addition, I'll throw in some gum drops—four or five. No, ye'd fight over 'em if ye had five—I'll make it four gum drops. Is it a deal?

BERT & BILL (TOGETHER) Thank you, Mr. Murphy.

HOOVER Did you ever lie on a creek bank on a summer day, watching a cork floating

on the water seeing it waver with the ripples, then suddenly bob and plunge beneath the surface? Did you ever feel the store-string line pull tight till it bent your willow pole, and you knew that your angle worm bait—which you had spit on for luck—had been taken by a real fish? Did you ever heave on that pole and see your prize swing back over your head and land on the bank behind you? If you did, you will admit that no later experience with expensive tackle and artificial lures, no landing of a fighting game fish, no matter how big, can rival the thrill of a boy with his homemade outfit and his catch of sun-fish or bullheads. And were they good eating!

BILL You think your Aunt Millie'll cook these here fish for us?

BERT Sure. Come on in. (CALLING) Aunt Millie.

AUNT (OFF MIKE) What is it, Bertie?

BERT We got some fish, and I told Bill you'd cook them for us.

AUNT (COMING ON) Fish? Cook fish for a couple dirty tramps like you two?

Well—but you boys got to clean yourselves up. Look at those hands? And those feet! Here's a towel. You can go out to the pump and scrub up, so's I can see whether you're whites or Indians.

BERT I told Bill nobody could cook like you can. And maybe you'll let us have some doughnuts.

AUNT Doughnuts and fish! Well, I never, Bertie! I don't know where you put all the food you eat. Get along now, I'll see what I can scare up for supper. But on a hot day like this----- (FADING)

HOOVER My confidence was not misplaced. I've had opportunity to eat both of the best food in the world and the worst, but I'm still sure that the best was what an orphan boy ate of his Aunt Millie's cooking....But not all of life for a boy of those days was adventure, and high living. There was school. Sometimes we pretended that we didn't like school; but among my fondest recollections of those boyhood days are those of a great lady, who was my first teacher: Mrs. Nellie Carran. It was from her I first learned the meaning of the word America. I tried to tell my friends about her. When they invited me back to West Branch on my 74th birthday in 1948, I said: (BACKGROUND MUSIC)

"I am glad to come again to this Iowa village where I was born and where I spent the first ten years of my boyhood. My parents and grandparents came to this village in covered wagons. They lie buried over the hill. They were pioneers. They worshipped God. They did their duty to their neighbors. They toiled to bring to their children, greater comfort, better education, and to open to them wider opportunity than had been theirs.

MUSIC (BACKGROUND MUSIC)

"America is more than pride of military power, glory in war, or in victory. It means more than vast expanse of farms, of great factories or mines, magnificent cities, or millions of automobiles or radios. It is more even than the traditions of the great tide westward which pioneered the conquest of a continent. It is more than our literature, our music, our poetry.

"I have seen the squalor of Asia, the frozen class barriers of Europe. I have had to deal with their social systems and their governments. And outstanding everywhere to these great masses of people there was a hallowed word — "AMERICA". To them it was the hope of the world.

MUSIC BACKGROUND MUSIC

"The meaning of our word America flows from one pure spring. The soul of our America is its freedom of mind and spirit in man. Here alone are the open windows through which pours the sunshine of the human spirit. Here alone is human dignity not a dream, but an accomplishment."

MUSIC (AS ABOVE)

NAR The neat white two-room cottage, where this honored son of Iowa was born, has been restored, and it stands today in West Branch as a permanent memorial to a man whose life has proved the truth of his own words, that America is the land of opportunity.

XXVIII
A BOHEMIAN IN IOWA

NARRATOR The people of Iowa are the harvest from the sifted seed of many nations. Their diverse origins are rapidly being forgotten: But here and there over the state there may still be found memories, traditions and customs which trace back to the old world. Many early settlements in the state were made by groups of people from Europe, each with its own folkways. In our series of STORIES OF IOWA, we have already told about the French who founded Icaria and the Germans of the Amana Colonies. Today we tell something of the influence which a tiny Bohemian village in Winneshiek County has had upon the world of music.

On a day more than sixty years ago, two men were seated before a cottage in the village of Vysoka in Old Bohemia. They were the already famous composer, Antonin Dvorak, and his secretary, and pupil, Josef Kovarik.

DVORAK Ach, Kovarik, this is what I have wanted all my busy life — a cottage of my own, with a bit of land for a garden — hills and forests and rolling fields and orchards around me — a neighbor folk who are congenial — and an inn, where one may sit of an evening and listen or talk, as he chooses.

KOVARIK But, Meister, do you not miss the banquets and receptions, the tempestuous welcome — the ovations — which the people of England tendered you?

DVORAK Yes — and no. Yes, because I was complimented by their enthusiasm and made richer by their honoraria. No, because down inside the Englishman really prefers Pinafore to the Stabat Mater.

KOVARIK I thought them sincere.

DVORAK They were courteous; but never did they make me feel that they were dedicated to the development of a truly national English music. To promote that, I would make almost any sacrifice.

KOVARIK But, Meister, that might be possible if — — —

DVORAK I said almost. The thing I can do best is to make our Czech music a part of the music of the world. And here in Vysoka is the kind of place where I can write music. Here where there is beauty and peace.

KOVARIK Yes, Meister.

DVORAK Now, who comes there on a bicycle?

KOVARIK A messenger. He brings a telegram.

DVORAK For me? Ach, no! I want nothing from so far away it takes the telegraph to bring it.

MESSENGER Herr Dvorak.

DVORAK I am Dvorak.

MESSENGER Here is a cablegram for you, Mein Herr.

DVORAK A cablegram! Give it me!

SOUND TEARING OPEN ENVELOPE RATTLING PAPER

DVORAK (AFTER A SLIGHT PAUSE) No! No! No!

MESSENGER Is there a reply, Mein Herr?

DVORAK Reply? Yes. No!

MESSENGER Which, Mein Herr?

DVORAK The reply is -- No! No! No!

NAR For explanation of the incident which had interrupted Dvorak's idyllic life in Vysoka, we must cross the ocean to New York City, where Mrs. Jeannette Thurber, the wife of a multi-millionaire wholesale grocer, is talking to her secretary.

MRS. T. This letter from my friend, Adele Margulies, in Vienna, suggests a man named Antonin Dvorak (MISPRONOUNCING THE NAME) as the big name for my National Conservatory of Music. What do you know about him?

SEC'Y Pardon me, Madame. The name is Dvorshak. Antonin Dvorak is one of the foremost composers of the day. He has just finished an extended engagement with the Philharmonic Society at the Crystal Palace in London. His best known work is the Stabat Mater. He is a composer, a conductor and a master teacher. Brahms rates him very highly.

MRS. T. How much will it take to get him?

SEC'Y It will take a good deal of money. Dvorak already has a high market value.

MRS. T. I don't care how much it takes. I want him. My husband can pay it. He's still willing to back my music projects. We lost a million and a half trying to produce opera in English. Now, I'm determined to establish my conservatory.

SEC'Y Do you wish me to cable Dvorak?

MRS. T. Yes, just ask him if he will accept the directorship of my National Conservatory of Music, and how much he wants for the job?

SEC'Y I shall do so, Madame.

NAR THREE DAYS LATER IN MRS. THURBER'S OFFICE

SOUND DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

SEC'Y Good morning, Madame.

MRS. T. Any answer from that man Dvorak?

SEC'Y Yes, Madame. Here it is. Shall I open it?

MRS. T. Yes. (SOUND OF OPENING OF ENVELOPE) What does he say?

SEC'Y He says only, "No! No! No!"

MRS. T. That's smart business on his part. Take another cablegram -- or you write it. What would you say?

SEC'Y How about suggesting the opportunity to create an American School of Musical Composition, and stressing the fact that your national conservatory is chartered by Congress as a non-profit institution open to all qualified students, regardless of money or race?

MRS. T. That's good. Write it and send it.

NAR SEVERAL DAYS LATER

MRS. T. I see you have another cablegram. What does he say this time?

SEC'Y He says, "No." but there's only one "No." Perhaps he's weakening.

MRS. T. Cable him again. This time make him a money offer, -- \$15,000 a year for two years, of eight months each, as director of the conservatory, and ten concerts of his own works.

NAR STILL LATER

MRS. T. Well, what now? Will this man come or not?

SEC'Y This time he says, "No. No concerts."

MRS. T. That's encouraging. Cable him again. "No Concerts", and offer him half his annual salary as soon as the contract is signed.

NAR Dvorak finally yielded to the American woman's persistence, and in September 1892, with his wife and children, he took a ship for New York. Kovarik accompanied them. Shortly after his arrival, he was taken to Mrs. Thurber's office.

MRS. T. My dear Mr. Dvorak, you don't know how glad I am to see you.

DVORAK The sentiment is mutual, Madame.

MRS. T. Now, let's get down to business.

DVORAK Business, Madame?

MRS. T. I said business. Have you finished that new work for performance on October 12, the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America? You remembered I asked you to do that.

DVORAK Madame, I had quite forgotten about it.

MRS. T. Forgotten! But I wrote you, and -----

DVORAK Ach, yes. Now I remember. I have some sketches for a work, called "The American Flag", that I can finish in -- oh, perhaps two or three months.

MRS. T. Two or three months! I must have it before October 12.

DVORAK (DECISIVELY) That, Madame, is impossible!

MRS. T. (SURPRISING YIELDING) Well -- so it is.

NAR Mrs. Thurber arranged for a series of interviews with members of the press, at which she encouraged extravagant speculations regarding a new American music, to be produced by the composer himself, or conjured by him out of his pupils. Through it all, Dvorak kept his head. That there were ultimate results which justified even Mrs. Thurber's most sanguine expectations, was due, however, to influences far away from the noisy, bustling city of New York.

SOUND ELEVATED TRAIN PASSING

DVORAK See you, Kovarik? How can one write music with such crash and clatter in one's ears? Wagner, perhaps, but not Dvorak. I am not glad to hear it, but I am glad to have heard it.

KOVARIK I do not understand.

DVORAK No? I am glad to have heard it, because it is part of the music that is America; but I like not so much of it all at once.

KOVARIK Soon, Meister, will your first eight months be at an end, and you can get away from the city to some quiet place where there is peace.

DVORAK That is Vysoka, and Vysoka is far away across leagues of stormy seas.

KOVARIK There might be other places, where - - - -

DVORAK If but there were! I need peace and quiet and beauty. I have already ideas. Here I have The Song of Hiawatha in Czech translation -- and in one of my notebooks -- Here it is -- see -- It is but a beginning --

KOVARIK (READING) The New World Symphony. Wonderful, Meister!

DVORAK Ach! It is as yet only an empty name. I have the ideas. I have the sounds. But I have yet to make consonance out of dissonance--yet to bring these sounds together in a harmonious whole -- a real symphony.

SOUND ELEVATED TRAIN PASSING

DVORAK (DISPAIRINGLY) See you again, Kovarik?

KOVARIK May I make a suggestion, Meister? My home is such a place as you desire.

DVORAK Your home? Where is your home?

KOVARIK In Spillville, Iowa, a little Czech village, among the hills, with a little stream flowing past it, and all around it pastures and fields of maize -- and

there are no railroads.

NAR Some time passed with no further comments from Dvorak. And then one day —

KOVARIK Here is a letter, Meister, from some people in South Carolina inviting you to spend your vacation among them.

DVORAK No! Write them I am going to Spillville.

NAR And so, on a lovely day in June, 1893, Dvorak, with his family and Kovarik, alighted from the train at Calmar, eleven miles from Spillville. Soon they reached their new home. And home it proved to be. The peace and beauty of the country side. The greetings of his neighbors in his native language. The homely sights and sounds awoke his creative genius. The summer passed happily.

SOUND KNOCKING ——— OPENING OF DOOR

DVORAK Good morning, Kovarik. I called so early to see if you would walk with me through the woods along the river.

KOVARIK I shall be happy to do so.

DVORAK I can never thank you enough, my friend, for bringing me to this place, which shall ever be second only to Vysoka in my heart.

KOVARIK We all are delighted that you can make our home yours also. But, if I may be so bold as to ask, how fares your composition?

DVORAK You remember my string quartet in F, which I wrote during the first five days of the summer? At the bottom of the last page of the last movement, I wrote "Thank God. I am satisfied." Ever since then I have been thanking God for Spillville and its inspiration. I am still at work on The New World Symphony and it begins to march. Here — let us sit down on this boulder and watch the sunlight on the water — and listen to the music of this new world:

The rippling of quiet waters.

APPROPRIATE SOUND

The warbling of the birds among the branches

SOUND

The dashing of the waters of Minnehaha.

SOUND

The howl and beat of the storm.

SOUND

The roar of a rushing train.

SOUND

The hum and clash of machinery.

SOUND

The hoarse bellow of steamboat whistles in a busy harbor.

SOUND

The haunting melody of the negro spirituals.

SOUND

The rhythmic beat and stamp and chant of the Indian dances.

SOUND

These are the New World's music. God grant that my genius may serve as the alembic to distill from them all a new symphony.

NAR The American adventure came to an end, and Dvorak prepared to bid farewell to his new friends and associates.

MRS. T. Is there no way, Mr. Dvorak, to persuade you to renew your contract with

us here? If money will —

DVORAK Money, Madame, money? No, you have paid me well. I need no more. Now I must go back home again to Vysoka — to the hills and streams and folk of my motherland. I take with me more than money — much more. To me you have given something of the American spirit. To you, I hope to give back something that, like the American spirit, will never die. And now, friends, it is not as you say it, "Good bye"; but as we say it, "Auf Wiedersehen."

MUSIC BEGIN "NEW WORLD" FINALE

NAR The material which Dvorak took back with him in his notebooks, the distillation of the essence of his experiences in America, and especially along the Turkey River near Spillville, found ultimate expression in THE NEW WORLD SYMPHONY.

MUSIC FINALE FROM "NEW WORLD SYMPHONY", TO CLOSE

XXIX WINGS OVER IOWA

NARRATOR Through all the ages, men with the phenomenon of the flight of birds constantly before them, have dreamed of the conquest of the air. Some have done more than dream. The Old Greek Fables of Icarus and Pegasus may have had some foundation in fact. We know that Leonardo Da Vinci left designs for air-borne craft that lacked only power to enable them to fly. The invention of the internal combustion engine at length made possible the realization of man's age-long dream of flight in a heavier-than-air machine. A number of Iowans experimented in building and flying planes, in the years immediately following the first flight by the Wright Brothers in 1903; but of the names in this list, none is more memorable than that of Billy Robinson, the "Bird Man" of Grinnell. Let us hear his story as it might have been told by Charley Hink who was his friend and fellow-worker, throughout most of those last years that ended so tragically.

MUSIC BRIDGE

CHARLEY Me tell you about Billy Robinson? Well, I don't suppose there's anyone who knows more about him, or who cares more to have the story told straight. He started out working in my bicycle repair shop. He was such a good mechanic and so popular with the customers that I took him into partnership. The business grew, and we branched out into other kinds of repair work. Billy never neglected a shop job in working hours, but, before long, I realized that he was putting extra time on something he hadn't told me about. I didn't object, but naturally I was curious. So one day I asked him.

BILLY Hello, Charley! How are ya!

CHARLEY Say, Billy, it's none of my darn business, but what are you workin' on, anyhow?

BILLY It is your business, Charley, and I should have told you about it before; because I've been using some of our stuff, experimenting.

CHARLEY Forget it! What's mine around here is yours too.

BILLY Well, to put the cards all on the table, I'm trying to build an airplane engine.

CHARLEY An airplane engine! Well, for the love of Mike! Why an airplane engine?

BILLY I know, I know, you can ask why an engine when you haven't got a plane?

And why a plane when you couldn't fly it if you had one?

CHARLEY Well, you can't blame a fellow for wondering.

BILLY Sure, I can't. And I don't know if I can give you an answer that holds

water.

CHARLEY Well, shoot anyway.

BILLY This thing's been getting me ever since I read in the papers about the Wrights and their first flight at Kittyhawk in December, 1903.

CHARLEY Seems from the way you act, something has got you.

BILLY It has, Charley, it has! Something that's a lot bigger than me. Something that's driving me on—driving me to build a better, lighter engine, with more power per pound than any other engine ever built into a plane. Give me that, and the fellow who said, "The Sky's the Limit" wasn't even playing penny-ante.

CHARLEY But what about the plane? An engine can't fly!

BILLY That don't worry me. Plenty other fellows are experimenting with planes, and they're building better ones every day. Time I get my engine done, you and me can build a plane that'll fit it.

CHARLEY Me and you? Where do I come in?

BILLY You? You're a master mechanic, and you're to be President and General Manager of the Grinnell Aeroplane Company.

CHARLEY You sure, Billy, there isn't anything stronger than water in that jug over there?

BILLY I may be drunk, I admit, but it's drunk with dreaming, not with booze.

CHARLEY "Drunk with dreaming", Billy sure was. He did the regular work of the shop automatic-like, and all his spare time, evenings, nights, and Sundays worked on that new engine. I helped him what I could. Then finally the day came to try it out. The parts were all assembled and fitted. The engine was mounted solid on a bench. The gasoline tank was hooked up, the gas line checked, the spark set, I stood by, ready to "crank" the propeller shaft.

BILLY (EXCITEDLY) O.K. Chuck, turn her over!

SOUND ENGINE STARTING RAPID ACCELERATION CONTINUING NOISILY

BILLY (SHOUTING) She's going!

SOUND BLOWING OF CYLINDER HEAD HISS FALL OF PIECES OF METAL

BILLY (AFTER A MOMENT OF SILENCE) Well, that's that!

CHARLEY That would have been a quick ride down if you had been in the air.

BILLY Lesson Number One.

CHARLEY What went wrong?

BILLY I don't know yet; but I'm going to find out. The next one we build—

CHARLEY There was a next one. And this time the engine stood the preliminary tests.

Billy then turned to plane building. I guess he read everything in print about planes, and I helped him turn his rough sketches into working drawings: The frame of wood and the wings of fabric began to take shape under our hands.

The public began to take an interest.

SOUNDS SHOP NOISES HAMMER OR ANVIL ETC.

MAN Billy around anywhere?

CHARLEY Yes, he's back in the shed. Wanta see him?

MAN Nope, nothing but curiosity. Heared he was buildin' one of them airyplanes.

CHARLEY Guess that's no secret.

MAN You tell Billy fer me he better keep his feet on terra firma. You know—the more firma the less terra. He! He! He!

BILLY (COMING IN) That joke dates clear back to balloon days. Somebody ought to get up some new ones.

MAN Good joke, though. He! He! --- Can I see this contraption o' yours?

BILLY Sure-----Here it is.

MAN Gosh! That looks interestin'. Will it really fly?

BILLY I'm sure it will, but I can't prove it. That's the next thing I got to do. Learn to fly.

MAN Learn to fly? Be a bird-man, huh? Well, as a' told you, I think you better keep your feet on-----

BILLY Please--not again---I heard you the first time.

MAN Well, anyway that thing looks interesting, whether it'll fly or not. Why'nt you take it out to the Fair Grounds tomorrow----Circus day?

CHARLEY The idea appealed to both of us. So we hauled the plane out to the Fair Grounds. The manager of the circus, down at the other end of the oval, wasn't particularly happy when he saw more folks crowding around our show than were paying admission to his. After some discussion he and Billy agreed that, for a percentage of the gate Billy, with his Monoplane, would join the show. No flights were tried, but the machine itself was a drawing card. After some weeks on the road, Billy and his plane came back home again. Of course, he came down to the shop first thing.

BILLY Hello, Charley!

CHARLEY Morning, Billy, glad to see you back.

BILLY I'm glad to be back, but I'm not here for long.

CHARLEY Where now?

BILLY At last I got enough of a stake to pay my way for a course in flying at Max Lilly's school in Florida.

CHARLEY I'll miss you, Billy. We're beginning to get some work on these new automobile engines.

BILLY I hate to walk out on you, but I still got this bee in my bonnet.

CHARLEY Oh, I know you'll never be satisfied until you've actually rode that machine of yours up into the big blue sky. I'll be thinking of you.

BILLY Thanks, Charley! So long!

CHARLEY And so Billy Robinson left us for a couple of years. He took to the air like a duck to water. I heard from him--just a postcard, now and then--pictures of the flying school, or of Florida scenery from the air, with a few words scribbled on them, but they sounded just like him talking.

SOUND BACKGROUND MUSIC OF FLIGHT

BILLY Graduated! Got my pilot license!

BILLY It's a great life, Chuck.

BILLY How'd you like to be up here with me?

BILLY Got a job here as instructor.

BILLY Transferred to flying school at Chicago.
(PAUSES BETWEEN SPEECHES ABOVE)

CHARLEY Billy came back to Grinnell in 1914, where he organized a flying school of his own, the Grinnell Aero Club. Then he worked out another dream by forming the Grinnell Aeroplane Company, financed by his friends. He flew constantly, whenever weather permitted.

VOICE Dare-devil, wasn't he?

CHARLEY Dare-devil? No! Absolutely, No! Here, look at these letters from flying men who knew what they were talking about.

SOUND RUSTLE OF PAPER

VOICE Robinson was one of the most dependable and efficient of American fliers.

Billy knew what he could do, and never tried to go any further. He was courageous, but not beyond his capacity.

CHARLEY Good. I wanted you folks to hear what these men said: especially now, after what finally happened. But I'm getting ahead of my story. One day he came into the shop with his face all lit up. He had some letters in his hand.

BILLY Look a' here, Chuck. I'm going to get my big chance at last.

CHARLEY Chance for what?

BILLY Chance to make real aviation history by breaking the non-stop cross-country record.

CHARLEY Where's this cross-country hop going to take you?

BILLY Des Moines to Chicago.

CHARLEY Des Moines to Chicago! Gosh, do you think you can do it? That's more than three-hundred miles.

BILLY I know I can do it, The Des Moines Capitol and The Chicago Tribune are going to sponsor the flight.

CHARLEY Hope there's a smooth pasture somewheres near Chicago where you can land.

BILLY Pasture? I'll land at the field where I taught flying two years ago.

CHARLEY Des Moines to Chicago. Well, I'll be!

BILLY And listen. The U.S. Government's authorized me to carry mail from Grinnell and Des Moines to Chicago. Better get your letters written. This is going to be in the history books.

CHARLEY The great day came. October 14, 1914, a clear sunny day, ideal flying weather. From ten o'clock on, the street in front of the shop was crowded with people already scanning the sky for a sight of Billy's plane.

SOUND TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT CLICKING

OPERATOR Billy Robinson left Des Moines headed on non-stop flight to Chicago at 10:56 A.M.

MUSIC FLIGHT TELEGRAPH MUSIC

OPERATOR Robinson's plane sighted over Newton.

MUSIC AS ABOVE

SOUND CROWD NOISE -- AIRPLANE APPROACHING -- SHOUTS -- THERE HE IS -- CHEERS --- WHISTLES -- BELLS

CHARLEY We saw him streaking through the sky over us. The engine sounded steady and good.

SOUND CROWD -- AIRPLANE FADING --

CHARLEY Billy made the fifty five miles from Des Moines to Grinnell in forty minutes.

MUSIC AS ABOVE

OPERATOR (TELEGRAPH CLICKING) Robinson at Clinton at 1:30.

MUSIC AS ABOVE

OPERATOR (TELEGRAPH) At Sycamore, thirty miles from Chicago, at 2:35.

CHARLEY After that, the telegraph reports stopped. For almost an hour we heard nothing. The crowd stood absolutely quiet. Then --

OPERATOR (TELEGRAPH) Heavy storm clouds reported over Chicago. No report on Robinson.

CHARLEY You can imagine how we felt and what we feared. Suddenly the telegraph instrument began clicking again. We held our breaths--

OPERATOR Three forty P.M. Billy Robinson has landed at Kentland, Indiana. Had to cut south to avoid storm. Sets new non-stop record. Three hundred ninety miles in four hours and forty minutes.

SOUND CROWD CHEERS -- WHISTLES -- BELLS --

MUSIC AS ABOVE

CHARLEY Billy received a noisy welcome when he came back home a couple of days later, but he took it, like everything else, with his quiet smile. A year and a half went by. He built a new biplane with a new super-power engine.

BILLY This machine's going to take me places, Chuck---places where men have never been before.

CHARLEY Places where men have never been? There ain't no such places, now that Peary and Amundsen have reached the Poles.

BILLY Oh, yes, there are---and not so very far away either.

CHARLEY Where?
 BILLY Straight up.
 CHARLEY What do you mean?
 BILLY I mean that I'm going to try next for the altitude record.
 CHARLEY What is it now?
 BILLY Seventeen thousand feet.
 CHARLEY Ever been near it yet?
 BILLY Within less than 3000.
 CHARLEY So that's what you been doing up in the big blue. Won't do no good to warn you, but---
 BILLY No, Chuck. That same something that I told you about a long time ago is still driving me, and I've got to go on.
 CHARLEY On the afternoon of March 11, 1916, we attached a baro-graph to his new plane to record the height he reached, and Billy took off on his last flight.
 SOUND ENGINE TAKE-OFF AND FADING
 CHARLEY Only a few of his friends knew what he was trying to do. We watched him rise and circle higher and higher until the sound of his engine was lost. The plane became a mere speck against the blue of space and then passed out of sight. -- Then, away off in the distance, someone saw the plane swing into view in long, irregular downward spirals. Something had gone wrong. Billy fought desperately for control, but it continued to flutter downward like a falling leaf. With a final swift plunge, it crashed on a hillside near Ewart. When the first men reached the site, there was nothing but a mass of smoking wreckage. Some of us got there as soon as we could. I couldn't bear to look. -- That's the end of the story of Billy Robinson. As Editor Ray said, "His spirit of youthful enthusiasm and dauntless courage is forever an inspiration and a symbol."

XXX
 THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH

NARRATOR For most of the pioneers of this western prairie land, life was too filled with work to leave time for art. Yet, at rare intervals, there appeared among them someone like Hamlin Garland, who could put the comedy and the tragedy of their life into words, or someone like Williams S. Pitts, who could capture the beauty and the romance of their life and hold it forever in song. This is the story of the song "The Little Brown Church in the Vale" and of the man who wrote it.

MUSIC BRIDGE

PITTS (OLD MAN) -- I remember the first time I saw the valley of the Little Cedar River. The scene is as plain before me now as a picture on the wall. It was a forenoon in the early summer of 1857, fifty--almost sixty--years ago. I was a young doctor, looking for a place to hang out my shingle, and was riding horseback along a prairie road. A lot of other people were headed west along that road too.

SOUND CREEKING OF WAGONS VOICES "GEE UP THERE! BUCK! BOB!" CRACKING OF WHIPS

PITTS Most of the vehicles were lumber wagons, mud spattered from the crossing of the Wapsie ford, drawn by oxen, with families and all their goods and chattels carried or driven along with them--a part of the vast westward tide then sweeping into Iowa. I topped a rise and saw spread out before me a panorama that made me rein my horse to one side and then to a stop.

SOUND NOISE OF TRAFFIC AS ABOVE

PITTS There, against the background of the Big Woods along the river, I saw, first, the roofs of the village of Bradford shining in their newness through the trees; then, swinging my eyes to the left, I noted a spot where a clump of oaks and cedars seemed to stand as though waiting expectant, calling.—— The momentary charm was broken by a brisk greeting.

MAN Hi, stranger!

PITTS (YOUNG MAN) Good morning, Sir.

MAN Enjoying the view, ain't you?

PITTS Yes, I am.

MAN Lookin' fer land? Well, now I got some o' the best pieces o' farm land in all Chicasaw County, broke er unbroke, woods or prairies, an' I'll be only too glad to——

PITTS Thank you. No, I'm not looking for land—not to buy it. That is.

MAN Ain't no money in jest lookin'.

PITTS No, I agree; but sometimes there's quite a bit of satisfaction in just lookin'.

MAN Well, when you git fed up with lookin', if you change yer mind, hunt me up here at the county seat. You can't miss me. Jest look fer the biggest sign on Main Street—"REAL ESTATE". See you later.

PITTS (OLD) I remember how relieved I was when he drove away, and how I rode a little farther from the road and stopped again to try to recapture my earlier mood. Once more the little clump of oaks and cedars drew and held my attention. I seemed to hear something, or someone, calling——

MUSIC (SOFTLY, AS FROM A DISTANCE) INTRODUCTION TO THE CHORUS OF "THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH", WITH ACCOMPANIMENT—"OH, COME, COME, COME, COME"———

PITTS (OLD) Finally, I turned and rode on into the village, only to find that they already had a doctor there. I returned to my home in Wisconsin. But the charm of the view near Bradford was not lost. Nor was the spell broken. Something inside me seemed to demand expression. Although no one else knew it, I had already tried my hand at writing simple verse and at composing music to fit it. As I pondered on this Iowa experience, I came to realize that what was needed to complete the picture was a little church, a little brown church in the wildwood—a church and a bell, calling (SINGING SOFTLY) "Come, come, come, come"——Gradually words and music came to give form to my vision. They were written down and laid aside, and I found that only then was I at peace with myself.

MUSIC BRIDGE

PITTS (OLD) Seven years later (1864) found me located for the practice of my profession in Fredericksburg—some twenty miles to the East of Bradford. Prospects were encouraging; but, in order to supplement my as yet meagre income, I decided to start some singing schools. I rode over to Bradford one day to see if I could organize one there. As I approached the village, I noticed some activity in what I had come to think of as my clump of trees. Someone was putting up a building there.

SOUND HAMMERING AND SAWING

NUTTING (CALLING) Light down, Sir. Hope you're looking for a job.

PITTS (YOUNG) Well, to tell the truth, I am. I am Dr. Pitts of Fredericksburg.

NUTTING And I, in spite of appearances, am Pastor Nutting of the Congregational Church here. Glad to meet you, Doctor.

PITTS I'm glad to meet you. You building a church here?

NUTTING Yes,—but why that eager light in your eye?

PITTS I can't believe it!

NUTTING Can't believe we're building a church? Well, I've sometimes found it hard to believe that we could, but our faith has moved mountains—faith and works. All these men here are giving us their time, and most of the material has been given too. And here it is, rising a little higher every day. But why can't you believe it?

PITTS It'll probably sound foolish—years ago, when, I saw this place for the first time, I imagined a church here in this little grove—a church with a bell. You're going to have a bell, aren't you?

NUTTING We are—Thanks to the kindness of some friends in the East. It's already on its way.

PITTS I'm glad to know that. What color are you going to paint the church?

NUTTING Brown, I suppose. That's the cheapest paint we can get. That going to suit you? Did you see a little brown church in your vision?

PITTS A little brown church? Yes—I did.

NUTTING The prophet Joel said, "your young men shall see visions". — I haven't time, though, just now for visions. I've got a church to build. Now what did you want to see me about?

PITTS I want to start a singing school here in Bradford, and I would appreciate your approval and your influence in the village.

NUTTING Good. We need more music in our worship and in our lives. I've heard of you, Doctor, from some of my friends over in Fredericksburg. You can count on me. Now, I've got to get back to work.

PITTS (OLD) The singing school in Bradford was a success from the first. I've never met a finer bunch of young people—or older people either—than those who met with me one night each week to follow my lead in learning to sing songs that were favorites of that day. We were allowed to meet in the church, although it was not finished inside, and the scholars had to sit on planks supported by nailkegs. Strange as it may seem, there was an organ factory in Bradford at that time, and its proprietor had supplied an organ for the church, which we were allowed to use.

MARY Dr. Pitts, can't we sing "Long, Long, Ago"?

PITTS (YOUNG) That's a good song, Mary. How many know it? — Hold up your hands. — Not all. I expect more of you know the tune than the words. Can you play it, Celia? — Good. Well then, Celia will play it, and Mary will sing the words, and we'll all join in on the "Long, Long, Ago". All right, Celia, Mary—

MARY (SINGS) "Tell me the tales that to me were so dear."

PITTS Now, all together.....

ALL (SING) "Long, long ago, Long, long, ago."

MARY "Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,"

ALL "Long, long ago, Long ago."

MARY "Now you are come, all my grief is removed, Let me forget, that so long you have roved, Let me believe that you love as you loved,

ALL "Long, long, ago, long ago."

PITTS Now, altogether—let's sing the whole verse—

ALL (SING THE ENTIRE VERSE)

PITTS That's fine. We'll practice a little more on this, and then we'll sing it at our exhibition, next month.

SOUND CHURCH BELL

NUTTING We have gathered here tonight, friends, to hear our young folks give us an exhibition of what they have learned in singing school under the tutelage of Dr. Pitts. I know I speak for all of you older folks when I say we are proud of these young people and we compliment them and their teacher on their accomplishments.

SOUND APPLAUSE

NUTTING And now it gives me great pleasure to share with all of you a secret that I have kept only with the greatest difficulty. Dr. Pitts is going to sing for us a song which he himself has written, and which he calls, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale". Dr. Pitts.

SOUND APPLAUSE

NUTTING (YOUNG) I appreciate Mr. Nutting's invitation to sing here, for the first time in public, a song which I wrote after seeing this spot years ago, before there was a real little brown church in the vale. By a strange coincidence—almost, it might seem, by inspiration—the church and the song belong to each other.

PITTS (YOUNG) (SINGS WITH ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT)
 There's a church in the valley by the Wildwood,
 No lovelier spot in the dale:
 No spot is so dear to my childhood,
 As the little brown church in the Vale.

Oh, Come, come, come,
 Come to the church in the wildwood,
 Oh, come to the church in the dale;
 No spot is so dear to my childhood,
 As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning
 To list to the clear ringing bell:
 Its tones so sweetly are calling,
 Oh, come to the church in the dell.

PITTS (YOUNG) Now, all join in the Chorus——
 Oh, come, come, come, come,
 Come to the church in the wildwood,
 Oh, come to the church in the dale;
 No spot is so dear to my childhood,
 As the little brown church in the vale.

PITTS (OLD) All that happened "long, long ago." I am glad to look back to those days and recall the friendships and the experiences—even the hardships—of life in that new country. I spent forty-seven years of my life in Iowa. I have been back to Bradford and the Little Brown Church just once since I left. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the church. Mr. Nutting was, there, too, grown gray, but not old, in the service of his Master. And there again, we sang the old song, which they tell me is now sung the world over. It did my heart good to hear it, and the sound of the "clear ringing bell".

MUSIC CHORUS, SINGING, "THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH", WITH THE BELL

NAR Because of the song, The Little Brown Church has become one of the most famous religious shrines in the New World. Hundreds of young couples come to be married in this unpretentious house of God, hallowed now by memories of almost ninety years of worship and of service.

INDEX OF STORIES

	Page
Annie Wittermyer	59
Almost a President	85
Amana.	38
Aristocrats of the Turf.	89
Bohemian in Iowa, A.	106
Buffalo Bill	81
Cardiff Giant, The	76
Christmas at Rimacourt	41
Coming of the White Men to Iowa, The	4
Herbert Hoover	102
Heroine of the Bridge.	97
How Iowa Became an Organized Territory	16
How Iowa Became Part of the United States.	10
How Iowa Was Committed to Freedom.	30
How the Capital of Iowa Territory Was Located.	19
How the Land That Is Iowa Came to Be	1
How the Southern Boundary of Iowa Was Fixed.	23
Icaria and the Little Gardens.	34
Iowans at Harper's Ferry	55
Iowans on the Battlefield.	63
Jesse James in Iowa.	71
Julien Dubuque and the Mines of Spain.	13
Kelly's Army	93
Little Brown Church, The	114
Mormons in Iowa.	47
Slavery Question in Early Iowa, The.	26
Spirit Lake Massacre, The.	51
Tragedy of Senator Grimes, The	67
War Dance on the Iowa River, The	7
Wings Over Iowa.	110