

They are about twice as large as our common rabbits in Iowa. The Captain and his brother had a chase after what they thought to be buffalo, but they proved to be something else. Nooned at a nice place on a little spring creek. Crossed several of these pretty little streams. The banks on the south side of the river slope quite down to the water. On the other side are visible some rocks, the first we have seen since we left Omaha. Camped on the Platte. The men had to go two miles for buffalo chips.

*(To be continued)*

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### History Notes . . . .

It is well for the historian to do original research when he is still young. It gives him the feeling of a discoverer to come upon something in a manuscript, inscription, or archeological digging that nobody else has seen, or heeded, for a long, long time. Those ink spots on paper have been written, those lapidaries carved, those artifacts fashioned, by a sentient being—often simply as part of his day's work, but sometimes expressing ecstasy, anguish, or a sense of beauty and fitness. From the depths he seems to call to us to do him and his time justice; to understand how he and his people lived and what they were trying to do. Through these records a historian, if he have art and comprehension, may let the light break through from a former age to his own. Or, to state it in reverse, he may be a mirror reflecting the sun of high noon into the dark recesses of the past.

FROM "VISTAS OF HISTORY" BY SAMUEL E. MORISON

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