

ANNALS OF IOWA

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

THE MAKING OF AMERICA

Wiley B. Rutledge, who went almost directly from a deanship in the law class room at the University of Iowa to a seat on the bench of the United States supreme court, returned to Washington university, at St. Louis, last April and delivered to the graduating class of that institution a notable and delightful talk on "Missouri, Cross Roads of the Nation." It has been published in the *Missouri Historical Review*. Justice Rutledge, in this address, gave a splendid picture of the actual working of the American system of mixing and intermingling here in the midwest of racial strains and the harmonizing of temperamental differences, all of which is a part of the making of America.

Of the diversity of environments in his own life work and his consciousness of them, he said:

Most men are wealthy in having one home. I have had many. All are dear. Each has brought something of its own distinctive value and permanent influence. I would not give up the tradition and the blood tie of the south. Or the space, light, and freedom of the mountain west. Or the rich earthiness and Jeffersonian equality of Iowa. Or the forward outlook of Wisconsin, the salt of Indiana. From each of these separate backgrounds, one is conscious of peculiar diversities in his past. There is, therefore, special feeling for Whitman's refrain, "I hear America singing, the varied carols, I hear"—carols from Carolina and Colorado, from Kentucky, and Louisiana, and California. In his day, as now, there was diversity in the cities and states and regions of the nation. And as one returns to each scene of his earlier life, the old and peculiar familiarities come back to make him at home again.

Whitman was stranger to no place in America. No aspect of her life . . . was alien to his nature or feeling. For varied as were

the carols he heard from each, they united in a dominant theme. It was America he heard singing. Cavalier and Puritan, carpenter, counting-house keeper, farmer, logger, miner, railroader, all joined voices in a common anthem. For him each was a manifestation, not simply of its own diversity, but of the harmony all together made. Even the discord gave emphasis to the unity of the theme.

Then, in tribute to the wholesomeness of the great mid-west heart of America, he exclaimed:

Missouri lies at the nation's heart! That is true geographically. Here is the crossroads of the country's past. Historically, culturally and in other ways, you bear the impress of your central location . . . The three centuries preceding our own were centuries of motion, as is ours, but with this difference. The movement was generally in one direction—west—whereas now we move, but toward all points of the compass. Here then before the day of your fathers came two of Europe's great driving forces, the French and the Spanish, to take the land, inhabit it, and make a new home for western man. These great influences make you in all of your inheritance. Then came the great cession [Louisiana Purchase] through the hand of Jefferson . . . And, with that vast expansion of our boundaries, came the great free British tradition, cut loose from monarchical restraint, adding its strength to the vast natural freedoms of space and light in the western half of the continent. This gave the nation power to overcome the divisions then forming in the east and the south, without which the outcome of that struggle might well have been fatal. Another dominant element became incorporated in your civilization.

Not long afterward came a fourth. The upsurge toward freedom in Europe was pushing men and women out of Germany. Many of them came here and brought another rich constituent to your culture and life. With that, the great layers were finished. Afterwards there were infiltrations but there were no massive additions.

Then came your melting pot. And into it swept currents from all points east. New England and Pennsylvania, Kentucky, the Carolinas, Tennessee—from the haunts of the Puritan, the cotton fields and the mountains of the south, men came to stay, others to go on to more distant places. They brought with them their divisions . . . Here culture has met culture; language has given way to language; ideas and institutions have clashed and fought, some to perish, others to survive, none to remain unmodified by the conflict. . . . All these things, and others, have given you diversities, even deepseated and to some extent ineradicable divi-

sions which only the influences of time could surmount. . . . But in them is also your strength. And from them have come values which more than offset any contrary effects.

MOTT PORTRAIT HUNG

A portrait of the late Hon. David C. Mott now graces the walls of the editorial room of the ANNALS OF IOWA, where he served the publication with distinction and ability as assistant editor under Curator Edgar R. Harlan for eighteen years. His long training as an Iowa newspaper man and his fine literary qualifications had well fitted him for the important work he did upon THE ANNALS during the years from 1919 to 1937. Previous honorable service as a member of the Iowa General Assembly and upon the State Board of Parole brought him into close touch with state affairs and further extended a wide newspaper acquaintance. Mr. Mott was long the secretary-treasurer of the Iowa Pioneer Lawmakers Association and continued until his death in the confidence and regard of all who came in contact with him in his newspaper and public career.

YOUNG MEN SAVED THE UNION IN 1861-1865

The armies of the Union aggregated in number more than two millions and a half of men. They were drawn from the fields, the workshops, stores and counting-houses, and were all, with rare exceptions, in the flush of youth or in the vigor of manhood, all or nearly all intelligent, with a clear view of the nature of the struggle, and what was involved in success or failure. No better army was ever assembled. These great armies, as a rule, were officered and commanded by young men. Of those who achieved the greatest distinction, as their names now occur to me (without detracting from the great services of many I do not name), General Sherman was forty-one, the oldest, except General Halleck, who was forty-six, and Generals Meade and Thomas, who were forty-five. Grant was thirty-eight; Logan, thirty-five;

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