

# ANNALS OF IOWA

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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### BLESSED MEMORY OF IOWA

Georgia, the Empire state of the old South, proud of its progress and jealous of cherished traditions; boastful of stability and sureness, yet boiling over with political ferment; shying from midland associations, but not quite willing to remain of the deep south; rural life moving along in the tempo of the forgotten past; Atlanta, the capital, throbbing with the best of everything, is a goodly place to rest and think in retirement. On the map the road is long and crooked; but in this era the thousand miles from the capital city of Iowa is quickly covered. Along the way the bedraggled villages and pine-covered hills suggest history and romance.

A long, long march the General took,  
From Atlanta to the distant sea;  
But he left a pleasant Georgia nook,  
A goodly resting place for me.

After all, in these later days, the capital of Iowa is not so far from the capital of Georgia, and life is pretty much the same wherever the stars and stripes touch the breezes. Rolling along between the fields of the Corn belt, over the bluegrass that covers the coal beds, taking the tortuous trail over the Tennessee mountains, noting the fluttering of cotton fabrics by the high roadside through the piney country—an Iowan's thoughts turn back and rest far away.

Iowa, my Iowa, with acres of gold,  
Fields of abundance, row upon row,  
Iowa, free Iowa, just a century old,  
Soon will it rise from its blanket of snow,  
A song for Iowa.

It is Christmas time and a new year dawning. The vines at my window are covered with green leaves and tiny blossoms peep from the shrubbery in the yard. I

miss the brown fields and the fat herds and the hedge-rows. In my voluntary exile I hope I shall never lose interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the grand and glorious Hawkeye state. It was my privilege to have witnessed the passing of the last of the stage coaches and the coming of the first of the "iron-horses," to have travelled on the last of the river steamboats, and to have "spelled down" the biggest of the boys in a one-room McGuffey seminary of learning. I am glad that I lived that life, just as it was, in the days of unfoldment of one of the grandest states of the union. I will not pass that way again, but I shall not forget.

It is well to have lived in this world, the very best I recollect ever to have lived in; good, too, to have been born in Iowa, than which there is no better place on earth to know freedom; good to have known not a dozen but a thousand people who are rightly proud of their inheritance and are gladly contributing to the welfare of the world. I may not be happy in retirement, but will be contented, and perhaps busy. Best of all will be my recollection of Iowa, of Iowa people, of Iowa friends.

O.W.

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The series of articles appearing in THE ANNALS the past three years from the pen of the Rev. R. E. Harvey, historian of the Des Moines conference of the Methodist church, have contained a wealth of rare incidents and information relating to the growth and movements of Methodism in Iowa. Another such article appears in this issue and embraces a recital of the personalities and characteristics of the stalwart group of early Iowa preachers and district superintendents who pass in review. All readers of THE ANNALS may not have immediate interest in these articles, but they constitute a most valuable addition to historical data available covering the early days of Iowa Methodism and the men who had part in the work so valiently and conscientiously performed.

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