

ers college. In 1961 our school fell in line and became the State College of Iowa. A casualty of this change was the college song with its lilting challenge, "O let the spirit of State Teachers College lift our praises as of old." The new name and initials did not fit.

So far as I know there was no new song written to take its place. Indeed there was scarcely time to write one, learn it, practice it, and get it into the blood stream of student life. A scant five years passed and another change was in the air. Our college was, for reasons best known to management, heading for university status. A student body of 7,000, with another 1000 clamoring for entrance, called for changes commensurate with its size and needs. There was protest, of course, from those who said, "We're not ready." But the Administration, the Regents, and finally the Legislature, provided enough leverage to overcome opposition to the change. It remained only to shape the right words into an appropriate title.

University of Northern Iowa will sound strange until we get used to it. But, after all, a name is little more than a handle. What the Normal School pledged itself to do for the state; what the College did, and did so well during 50 years of growth and influence, will, I suppose, continue to be a major concern of Iowa's third state university.

THE INDIAN PAID HIS DEBT

By Sarah Wyatt and Margaret Pearl Morgan

Our maternal grandparents, Thomas and Sarah Wyatt Jones, came to Iowa the second time in 1865 to remain as pioneers of this state. From their early home, which was a log cabin on a back 40 acres away from the later established road, our grandparents and family moved to another 40 acres and built a new house about 1870. Our mother, the next to the youngest of the family, was born here and it was on this part of the farm that our grandparents and family spent many happy and yet sorrowful and tragic years.

Located some five miles west of the then small settlement of Oskaloosa, the family was forced to go to Eddyville, about ten miles away, to get their grain ground. Often our typical pioneer grandmother would tie two sacks of grain together, place it across the horse's back, saddle the horse and ride to the mill herself to have the grain ground.

It was, perhaps, after one of these occasions that Grandmother busied herself making bread for her family. The old kitchen table, covered with its red tablecloth, extended through the center part of the upper half of the kitchen. In the center of the table were set the sugar bowl, cream pitcher, salt and pepper shakers and a few odd pieces of table ware to be used for the next meal. This was covered with a cloth made from sugar sacks, finished on the edge with a feather stitch in red.

Grandmother turned back the table cloth and placed her bread on the end of the table to cool. She looked out north from her kitchen down a ravine which had always been called "the draw" and, to her surprise, saw some Indians advancing in the afternoon sun. The group was small, consisting only of an Indian brave, his squaw and two little papooses, one walking and the other strapped to its mother's back.

Knowing the Indians' love of white man's bread, Grandmother hastily covered the bread with the tablecloth. The Indians, true to custom, stalked into the kitchen unannounced. Turning to Grandmother and pointing to the older child, the Indian stated in broken English, "Papoose hungry, papoose hungry."

Although our grandmother was usually generous, she feared disaster to all of her bread if they saw it, so she pretended not to understand. However, she was unable to squelch the inquisitive squaw and soon the bread was discovered. The Indians made away with a great portion of loaves, leaving Grandmother in tears over the loss of the bread she had hoped to have to feed her family.

About a year later, as Grandmother again glanced down "the draw" she saw, to her surprise, the same group of Indians coming southward toward the house. This time the two little Indian children were walking. Thinking to herself,

"Thank goodness I don't have any newly made bread," she awaited their coming. Over the brave's shoulder was slung a huge wild turkey whose head almost touched the ground. This group walked, for the second time, into the house. Throwing the turkey from his shoulder onto the floor, the Indian announced again, in his broken English, as he pointed to one of his little Indian boys, the squaw and the turkey, "Papoose hungry, squaw take bread. You keep."

With this the Indians trailed out of the door and our grandparents or their family never saw them again. As Grandmother would say when she told this story, "The Indian paid his debt."

DOWN THE ROUND STAIRWAY

By Lida L. Greene
Librarian of Iowa State Historical Library

It was there all the time, really. It started from the basement of the Historical Building, a tiny stair going around and around, until bump—it ran into the dark doorless ceiling. Originally it had connected first floor and basement sections of the Historical Library. When the Newspaper Division began to grow, its great bound volumes piling up endlessly in the tall stacks, papers took over the quarters of books on the lower level. Then, one day, when space was needed on first floor for another secretary, the stair well was ceiled over, a desk lifted into the place and the round-about way to the basement was all but forgotten.

I discovered the stair one day when I was browsing through the Library's inactive collection in the northwest corner of the basement. An antiquarian's delight, those shelves. You find *Nature Displayed*, *Natural History to Excite the Curiosity and Form the Minds of Youth*, London: J. and J.

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