Fair Week • Alexander Clark • Temperance & Saloons • Civil War Map • Arnolds Park • Babies

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Iowa Heritage
ILLUSTRATED

Front Porch

Dear Readers,

Remember the dance halls that were common in Iowa in the 1950s? When I was a farm kid, our local dance hall was the Walcott Coliseum. There was a dance there every Saturday night, and I got to go to the ones that were wedding or anniversary dances for neighbors and relatives.

I remember sliding on the smooth wooden floor, dancing a crazed Butterfly with cousins, getting stabbed in the foot by women fox-trotting in high heels. And I remember the bars.

The Coliseum had three. One was shaped like a horseshoe, and a large neon 7-Up sign hung over it. Adults who didn't want to dance, and there were many, clustered around the bar with a whiskey or a beer, talking and laughing.

The second bar was in an enormous room in the basement, and it sold food, too. My Uncle Pete would give me enough money to buy orange pop and a hamburger. I glugged the pop and got the standard orange mustache while my aunts and uncles drank highballs or beers.

The third bar—this was the raucous one—was to the left of the ticket booth. The air was thick with cigarette smoke, but not enough to obscure the pictures on the wall of partially clad women. If I wanted to buy an ice cream bar from the cooler in the far back, I averted my eyes and ran a serpentine route between the crowded tables. Fortunately, the candy counter was in the front, so I only had to step three feet past the doorway, point to the Chuckles candy behind the glass counter, and pay the bartender.

I bring this all up because of an article in this issue about temperance and saloons. As I gathered the images, I thought about the Walcott Coliseum's three bars. (Actually, there was a fourth, set up in the back room for the wedding party and relatives before they all marched out for the first dance and the cascade of rice.)

My point is that there was a lot of beer in my childhood.

On the farm it was my job to bring cold beers out to my brother and neighbors at the end of a sweltering day making hay. For a little while I had a beer cap collection. On the cellar landing, there was always a big cardboard case of empties to return to the store. Once I put ice in my Uncle Albert's beer because it was warm (seemed logical to me).

Ethnically I'm mostly German, and our farm lay between Walcott and the city of Davenport, both largely populated by German Americans. In her excellent book *The Freedom of the Streets*, historian Sharon Wood describes 19th-century Davenport, "where corner groceries throughout the city sold beer by the bucket for home consumption, and some sold it by the glass as well, attracting neighborhood housewives. The German community introduced Davenport to the beer garden, where families gathered to listen to a brass band on Sunday afternoons and friends or couples sipped beer at outdoor tables."

Wood writes, "The size and political strength of Davenport's German population meant that whatever Prohibition laws the state of Iowa passed were sure to be ignored in Davenport. Beer was too central to German culture. On a typical Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1880, more than fifteen hundred people visited Davenport's two largest beer gardens. . . . The Turnverein and the German theater served beer, and Germans owned and patronized many of the 180 saloons." There was an economic side, too. Wood explains that even before the mulct law, saloons' license fees paid to the city of Davenport in 1891–92 amounted to about 25 percent of its general fund.

I'm not condoning or condemning beverage alcohol, or connecting drink with morals or vice, or implying that only (or all) German Americans consumed alcohol. But Iowa history has taught me that there are reasons, ethnic and cultural and economic, why there was a lot of beer in my childhood, even though that was seven decades after Davenport had 180 saloons.

I fervently hope that articles in *Iowa Heritage Illustrated* resonate with your own past and offer useful insights or information for exploring those memories.

—*Ginalie Swaim, editor*

Iowa Heritage Illustrated

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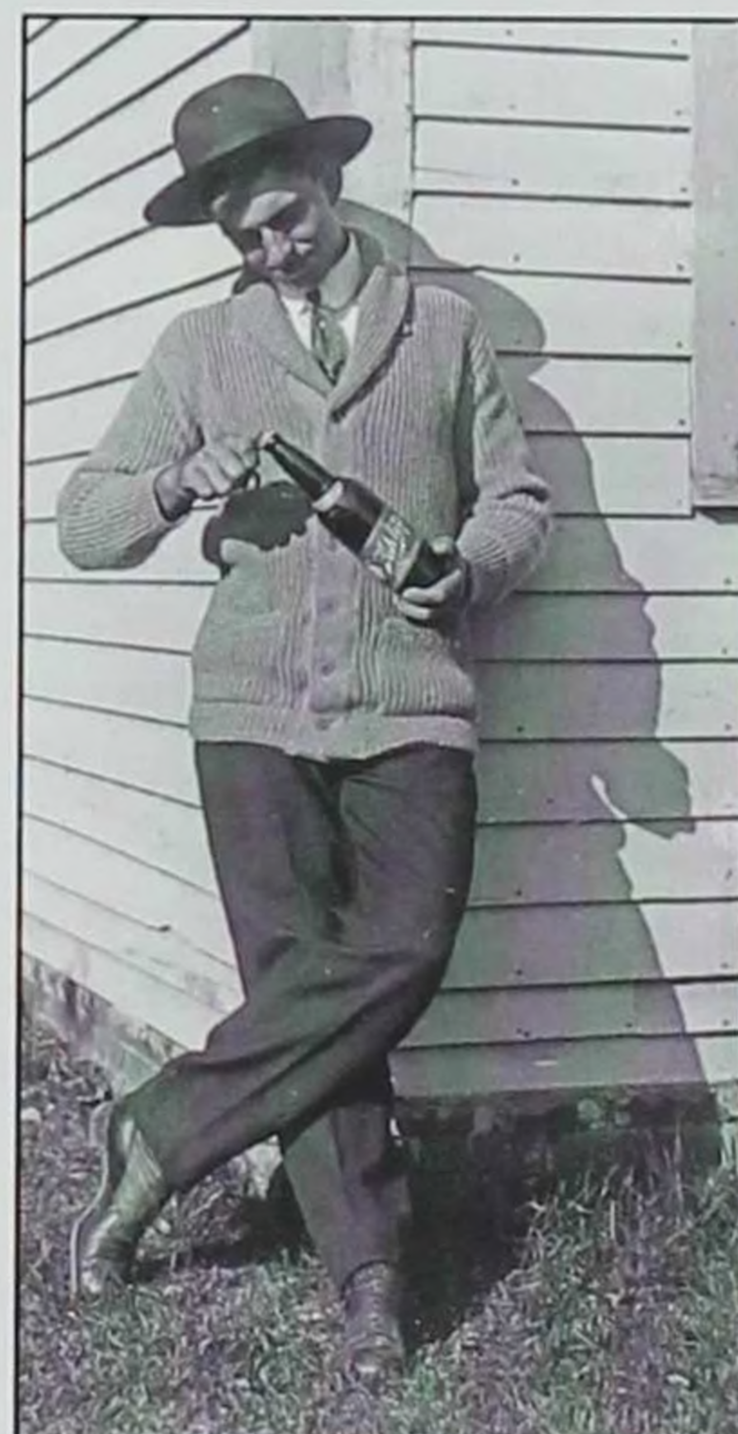


SHSI (IOWA CITY)

On the Cover

SHSI (IOWA CITY)

Will the gentleman listen to the angel, who encourages him to abstain from alcohol, or the devil, who lures him to have just one drink? Temperance art (such as this vivid though crudely printed example, titled "Beware!") was one tool that temperance workers used to rid society of alcohol. Follow Iowa's temperance crusade in this issue's "Hell Joints & Murder Shops."

PHOTO COURTESY OF ROBERT GRIFFITH

Captain Warner's Map

An Early Civil War Camp in Iowa

by David Holmgren

In this sesquicentennial year of the start of the Civil War, a new find at the State Historical Society of Iowa has added yet another significant piece of information on the state's involvement in fighting for the Union cause. The discovery is a hand-drawn map of Camp Union near Dubuque—the only map ever found of Camp Union.

The map was drawn by Captain William W. Warner (*above*) of Company C, 12th Iowa Infantry. Measuring about 14x17 inches, it was found amidst a small collection of his letters. Warner had sent the map and letters to his family in Clermont, in northeast Iowa.

Born in Ohio in 1836, William Warner came to Iowa with his family in 1848. When the war broke out in 1861, he was in his senior year at Fayette's Upper Iowa University, which had been founded only four years before. Warner was a student leader at Upper Iowa and recruited Company C, along with fellow student David B. Henderson (who would rise to become Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, 1899–1903, the only Speaker ever from Iowa).

Company C included many students from Upper Iowa and became known as the University Recruits. It was only natural that Warner was unanimously elected captain and Henderson chosen as first lieutenant. Another Upper Iowa student, Henry J. Grannis, was chosen as color bearer—an extremely dangerous role in battle—and had the distinction of being the only color bearer of the company and the regiment for the duration of the war.

Camp Union was established a mile or so north of Dubuque on the recommendation of Col. Addison H. Sanders, a military aide to Governor Samuel J. Kirkwood. On August 9, Iowa's adjutant general, Nathaniel B. Baker, directed Sanders to begin construction. It was one of a series of camps established in the early stages of the war to organize and muster Iowa volunteer regiments into federal service.

Another University Recruit, David W. Reed, who later in the war became the fourth captain of Company C, vividly described the camp more than 40 years later: "Camp Union was located on a sand bluff about fifty feet above the river. The barracks consisted of wooden sheds, built entirely, including the roof, of rough green pine lumber; they were undoubtedly comfortable summer quarters but were quite too well ventilated for the rigorous winter weather of November, 1861. To each company was assigned a single building twenty by fifty feet, built without floors or doors, and with two platforms, one above the other, each about twelve feet wide, extending the whole length of the building, each platform intended to give sleeping accommodations for fifty men, twenty-five on each side, heads together in the middle. . . . No provisions were made for warming the barracks neither was there kitchen or shelter of any kind in which to cook or eat. No matter how stormy the weather, victuals must be cooked out of doors by an open fire, and eaten from plates held in the hand while seated on the ground or standing in the snow or rain."

Within weeks of construction, Camp Union had received hundreds of recruits to be mustered into fed-

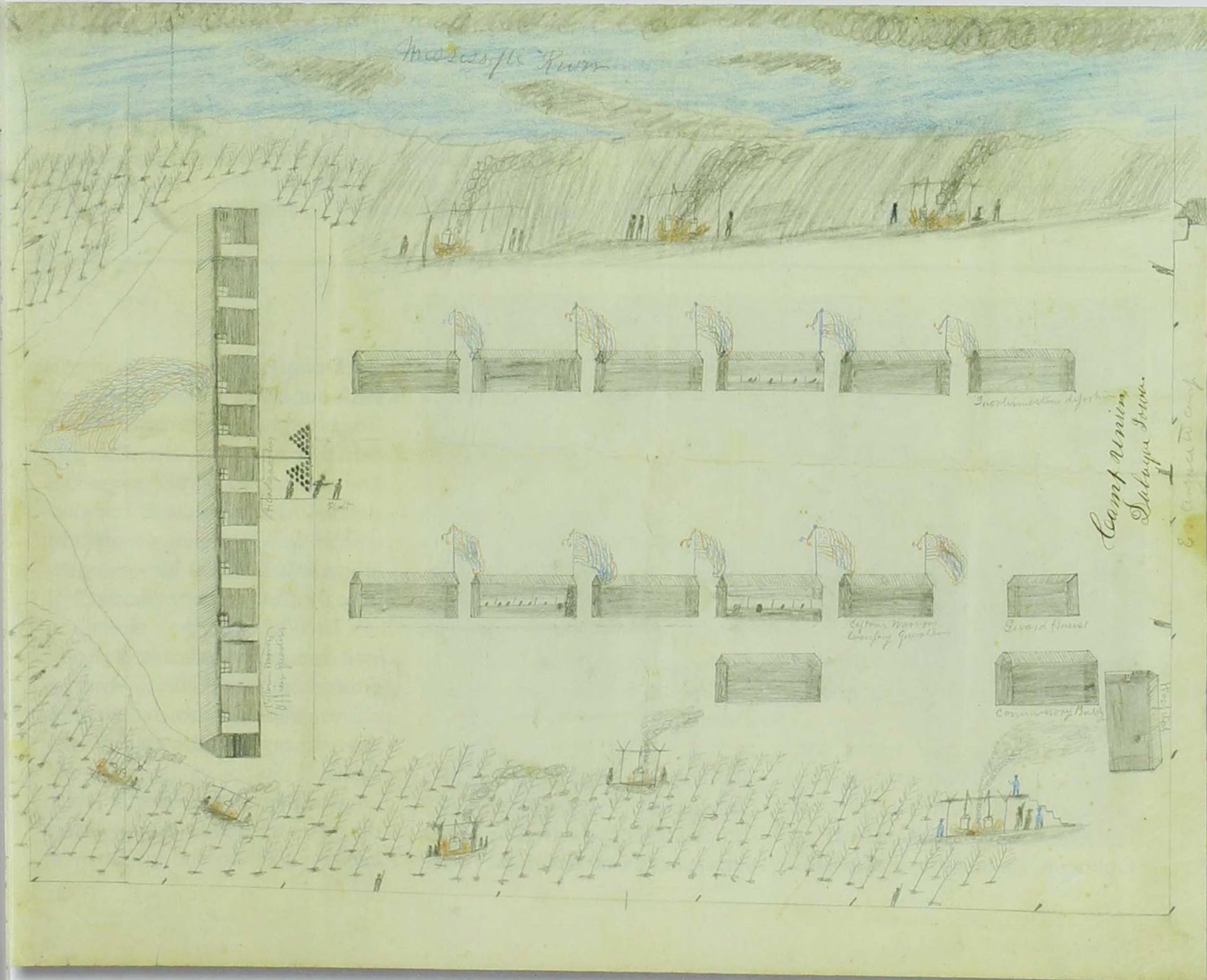
eral service as the 9th Iowa Infantry and the 3rd Iowa Artillery Battery (which was then attached to the 9th Iowa). By late September, the regiment was headed by steamboat to Benton Barracks near St. Louis, and more recruits were pouring into the camp to be mustered as the 12th Iowa Infantry, including Captain Warner's Company C, which arrived on October 17.

Warner drew the map using only a graphite pencil and two colored pencils, one red and one blue. The map clearly shows the barracks arranged in two rows and, perpendicular to those, the officers' quarters below a bluff. At several locations in the woods on both sides of the camp, soldiers are cooking meals. The trees have shed their leaves, which coincides with the period of October 17–November 26, when the 12th Iowa was in camp. The map shows three guards posted near the entrance on the southwest end (*the right side of the map*), and posts driven into the ground for a chain guard for more security.

The map confirms written descriptions of Camp Union and adds information found nowhere else. For example, one description mentions the presence of other buildings but does not cite specific locations. Warner labeled his company's quarters, the guard house, commissary building, hospital, and quartermaster's department, all relatively close to the camp entrance, and the officers' quarters and camp headquarters in a row building at the north end. Large American flags fly over each of the soldiers' barracks and there is an even larger flag on a pole between stacks of cannon balls in front of the headquarters.

Given the orientation of the map, it is apparent that Warner's vantage point was the bluff on the northwest end of the camp. The body of water at the top of the

SI (DES MOINES)



map is actually Lake Peosta, although Warner labeled it the Mississippi. The river was actually some distance further east. What is not known are the exact distances to the lake and the river as well as the precise location of the camp. Enough information is available elsewhere to conclude that it was in the area along Dubuque's present-day Rhomberg and Garfield avenues. Several Civil War camps were precisely marked in 1928, but Camp Union was not one of them.

After the 12th Iowa left Camp Union late in November, the camp closed but re-opened the next July under a new name, Camp Franklin, following President Lincoln's call for additional volunteers. The camp was vastly expanded in size, from the 16 buildings on Warner's map to about 50 buildings. In fact, the camp was overbuilt and became Iowa's largest camp in terms of its capacity for housing volunteer enlistees. During the late summer and fall of 1862, the 21st, 27th, 32nd, and 38th Iowa Volunteer Infantry Regiments were organized and mustered at this camp, but they were not all present in the camp at the same time. After plans to organize an Irish regiment (the 42nd Iowa) faltered, the few companies that had been raised were transferred to the 7th Iowa Cavalry.

The camp closed for good late in the fall of 1862, and the barracks were sold at auction on January 10, 1863, for $1,564. The auction was conducted by Chapline, Burton & Company, which had advertised it for several days beforehand as "the entire Barracks, . . . consisting of some Fifty Barracks, containing about 250,000 feet of Good Lumber, several stoves, &c." The lumber could be purchased in lots of 100 to 5,000 feet.

A week later, the controversial editor of the *Dubuque Daily Herald*, Dennis A. Mahony, who claimed loyalty to the Union but was also an outspoken critic of the Lincoln administration and the general conduct of the war, sneered that "Camp Franklin is now desolate, not a solitary soldier inhabiting a single barrack. The governor says that no more troops will be rendezvoused in Dubuque, so notoriously secessional is the character of its leading citizens."

While there may have been a grain of truth to the charge, the fact is that there was also considerable goodwill between the residents of Dubuque and the soldiers in the camp, as exemplified in other local newspapers, such as the *Dubuque Daily Union* and the *Dubuque Daily Times*. Yet another reason for the closing is that by January 1863, Iowa had already recruited enough soldiers that it would not even be called on for another year for more troops, except for some cavalry regiments, and even then for only four temporary 100-day regiments.

Captain Warner was taken prisoner at Shiloh (April 6, 1862) with most of his company and tried

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Discovering a rare and amazing map

Volunteer Dave Holmgren has been steadily researching his way through a series of manuscripts in the collections of the State Historical Society of Iowa in our Des Moines center, gathering and preparing information for a staff cataloging project. The work has often revealed unexpected treasures, but his recent discovery of Captain William Warner's map of Camp Union created a particular buzz.

When Holmgren found the officer's hand-drawn map depicting Camp Union, the 12th Iowa Infantry's rendezvous point at Dubuque, he knew it was something special. Remembering that Iowa historian Jim Jacobsen was interested in Civil War camps, Dave gave him a call, and Jacobsen came over quickly.

"This is a very valuable Iowa piece of Civil War folk art," Jacobsen said. "It's the only known depiction of one of Iowa's most important military camps, and what's more, the only known Iowa camp drawing by a soldier who was at a camp. All others were drawn by war correspondents, area artists, or contracted surveyors. Only eight of Iowa's 24 Civil War camps are documented by either maps, photos, or drawings."

Doug Jones, an archaeologist with our historic preservation office, brought coworkers to see the map. He agreed that it was "rare and amazing" because "it provides details from a soldier's perspective as well as a glimpse of camp life as Warner and his comrades prepared for military service."

Throughout the afternoon, staff and other interested people filtered into the library and archives reading room to examine the map, protected within a Mylar sleeve.

The Warner collection, in which the map was found, includes letters between William and his family in

to escape twice, the first time traveling 40 miles with another captain before they were recaptured), and the second time digging a tunnel only to be discovered at the last minute. After being paroled in October, Warner returned to the 12th Iowa but suffered ongoing health problems due to his imprisonment.

Early in the Vicksburg campaign, Warner was wounded in the arm yet stayed in the field with his unit. He returned home to Clermont in October on furlough. His deteriorating health was apparent to his family, who urged him to either resign his commission or ask for an extended leave. Instead, Warner returned to the regiment. In December, he entered a Memphis hospital and his father, Horatio Warner, left Clermont to see him. Horatio reached the encampment on December 13; he was told that his son had died the previous evening. Lt. Reed and color bearer Grannis, his friends and associates from the University Recruits, were also summoned to see him but they also arrived too late. Reed accompanied Horatio back to Clermont with the captain's remains, which were buried at God's Acre Cemetery.

Captain Warner has not been forgotten in Clermont and Fayette. Upper Iowa University has always remembered the entire company of University Recruits. In May 2007, a headstone dedication ceremony at Warner's grave was conducted in which President Allan Walker of Upper Iowa University played taps in honor of this captain of the University Recruits. The rare and recently discovered map that Warner drew on a bluff overlooking Dubuque's Camp Union specifically honors his earliest days as a soldier in the Civil War. ❖

David Holmgren has worked as an employee and volunteer for the State Historical Society of Iowa in our Des Moines center, researching Iowa battle flags and the Underground Railroad, writing for this magazine and the Iowa Biographical Dictionary, and preparing archival collections for cataloging.

NOTE ON SOURCES

The Warner collection is in Special Collections of the State Historical Society of Iowa (Des Moines center). For comprehensive sources on Company C, see Charles B. Clark and Roger B. Bowen, *University Recruits—Company C, 12th Iowa Infantry Regiment, U.S.A., 1861–1866* (Elverson, PA: Mennonite Family History, 1991); and Ted Genoways and Hugh H. Genoways, *A Perfect Picture of Hell: Eyewitness Accounts by Civil War Prisoners from the 12th Iowa* (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 2001).

Russell L. Johnson describes Camp Union in his *Warriors into Workers: The Civil War and the Formation of Urban-Industrial Society in a Northern City* (New York: Fordham University Press, 2003). On the role of Col. Addison H. Sanders, see Franklin Oldt, *History of Dubuque County, Iowa* . . . (Chicago: Goodspeed Historical Association, 1911, p. 268; J. A. Swisher, "Camp Life in Other Days," *Palimpsest* (Oct. 1941); and Benjamin F. Gue, *History of Iowa* . . . , vol. 4 (New York: Century History Company, 1903). See also *Dubuque Daily Herald*, 8-17-1861; and *Dubuque Daily Union*, 8-24-1861 and 1-7-62.

The author thanks Jim Jacobsen for his assistance. Annotations are housed in the *Iowa Heritage Illustrated* production files, SHSI (Iowa City).

Clermont, in northeastern Iowa. Warner makes no mention of the map in his letters, but a note on the back of it reads: "William sent from Dubuque, his map of quarters—M. Loomis." M. Loomis likely was one of Warner's sisters, Minnie A. Warner, who married Addison Loomis in Clermont in May 1863.

Jacobsen added, "It is touching that this soldier was skilled enough and clever enough to find a way to show his family and friends back at home exactly what his surroundings looked like."

—*Becki Plunkett, archivist*

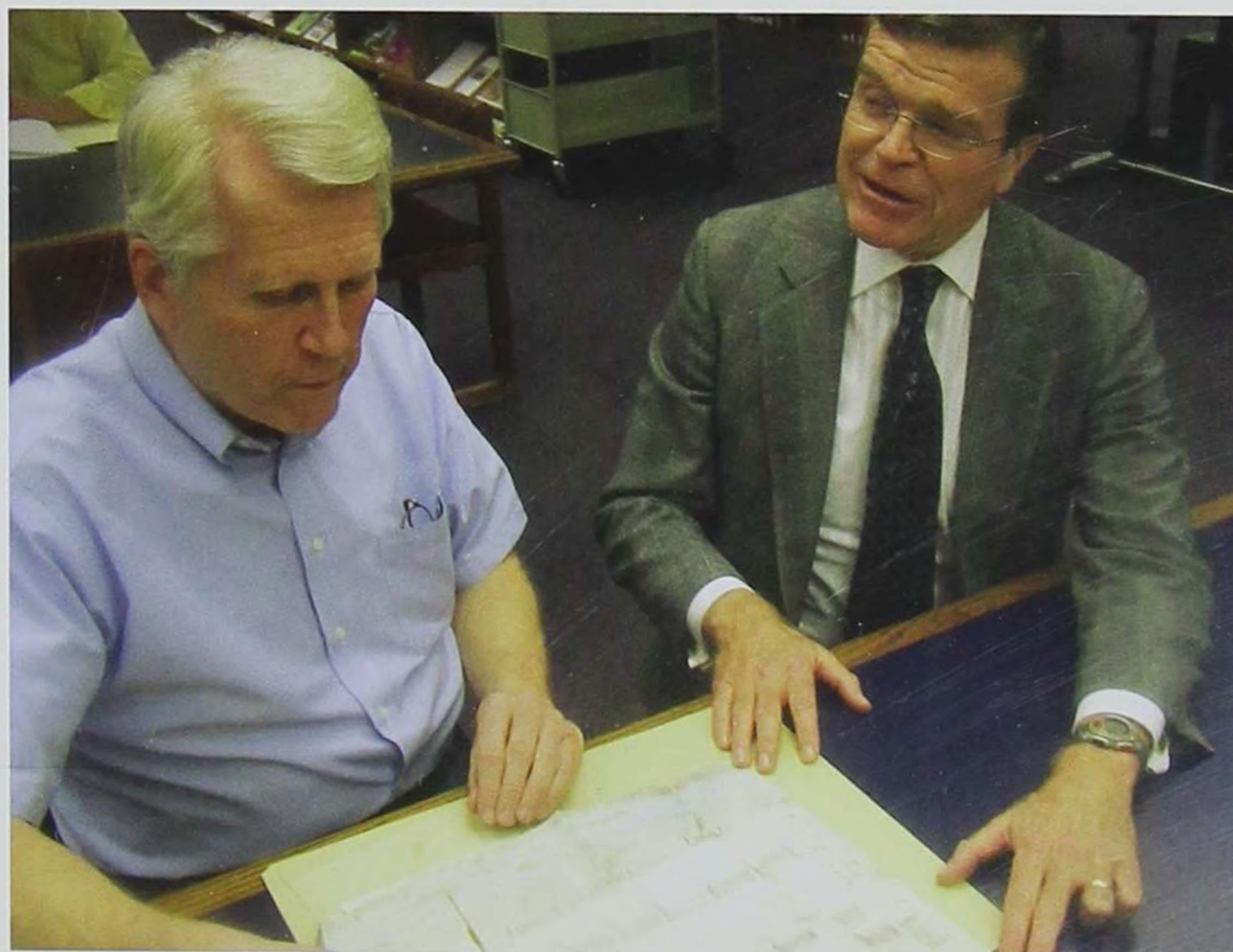

PHOTO BY SUSAN JELLINGER

Dave Holmgren (left) and Jim Jacobsen discuss the Camp Union map.

Hell Joints & Murder Shops

How Saloons Prevailed in the War for Temperance

by James Hill

She arrived in Des Moines, Iowa, on a February day in 1901, her train pulling up to the station where an excited crowd of hundreds had gathered to meet her. Carrie Nation was a national celebrity by then and she had come to Iowa to give her temperance speech. Many in the crowd hoped for more. Her reputation as a hell-fire crusader and saloon smasher in the cities of Kansas had preceded her and accounted for the news reporters from major papers who mixed in with the many curious onlookers. No doubt they hoped for some smashing in Des Moines. As it turned out, Carrie Nation walked through the downtown area in the company of policemen, visited four saloons, berated the saloon keepers for operating "hell joints" and "murder shops," then left without further disturbance. The next day she boarded the train for Muscatine, made whistle stops in Iowa City and West Liberty, and arrived in the river town for more saloon inspections—not a bottle was broken—and a temperance lecture. After that it was on to Chicago.

Wherever she went, Carrie Nation struck a blow for the cause of temperance, often taking the law into her own hands as she saw fit. She might have differed from most temperance crusaders on methods—most preferred hot words to hurled brickbats—but she was at one with them on the common enemy: the saloon. Cast as a den of iniquity by organizations from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to the Anti-Saloon League, the town saloon was something of a battleground in the years between Iowa's statehood in 1846 and the enactment of national prohibition in 1920. In that time, warring between "drys" (who supported the prohibition of the manufacture, sale, and use of alcohol) and "wets" (who opposed prohibition) went back and forth before the last legal drink was poured and all the remaining saloons finally closed their doors.

LEFT: BACKGROUND IMAGE, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. BELOW: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Beverage alcohol was ubiquitous and popular in much of 19th-century America. This 1871 advertisement for a Philadelphia establishment makes its point in German as well as English. Left: Background image is a hand-colored lithograph of "The Drunkard's Progress," circa 1846.

Given the long and spirited campaigns to put saloons out of business in Iowa, one wonders how they proved so resilient—how they stood as long as they did in the face of a stream of petitions and state laws intended to banish or severely restrict access to alcohol. Before 1920, Iowans had twice come within a hair's breadth of amending the state constitution to prohibit beverage alcohol and twice had put saloons on notice by passing strong prohibition laws, only to buckle under pressure in later years and relax the laws, allowing saloons a foothold. Even after legislation had made Iowa a strong prohibition state, saloons carried on in one way or another, owing largely to the state's cultural diversity, legislation that proved unenforceable, and the ingenuity and adaptability of the dealers in beverage alcohol.

Why Carrie Nation found such fertile ground for her extremist message in Iowa can be explained by a temperance war that had been going on in the state for decades. From the 1830s, when Iowa was yet a territory, temperance-minded Iowans had called for restrictions on alcohol, and after Iowa was admitted to the Union they wasted little time in getting a temperance statute enacted. In 1847, after the first legislature passed a local-option law to grant counties a referendum on the liquor question, all but one county voted dry. When the dry laws were routinely violated, however, another law, two years later, handed the power to license liquor dealers to county boards of supervisors.

In what was to become the pattern of debate for the next 70 years, legislators argued one way or the other on the liquor question. The temperance-minded argued for absolute prohibition—the banning of all beverage alcohol (beer, wine, and spirits). The moderates pushed for a modicum of regulation, usually licensing fees for saloons and local option (by which the liquor question was left to the voters of a county or community to decide).

In the early years of statehood, one thing most Iowans could agree on was the problem of public drunkenness. Much of the blame for it could be attributed to

the plentiful and easily accessible supply of beverage alcohol, particularly whiskey, and a high rate of consumption—much greater than it is in modern times. Multiplied by a growing population within the state and the spread of saloons, drunkenness became a public nuisance, opening the door to a range of social ills. For many a drinker, access to liquor—hard liquor more than beer and wine—was a slippery slide that began in the saloon and spread to the workplace and the home, bringing ruin to the drunkard and his family. For concerned citizens the problem called for intervention—for a muscular activism rather than more homilies on the sin of drunkenness.

Thus there emerged in towns and cities of Iowa offshoots of national temperance societies, among them the Sons of Temperance, the Order of Grand Templars, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU). Largely church-based in their membership, they cast the drunkard as a weak-willed sinner in moral peril and in need of rescue from the devil's snare of the saloon. Rescue work began at the saloon door. There temperance crusaders sang hymns, prayed, and pushed tracts into the hands of patrons as they came

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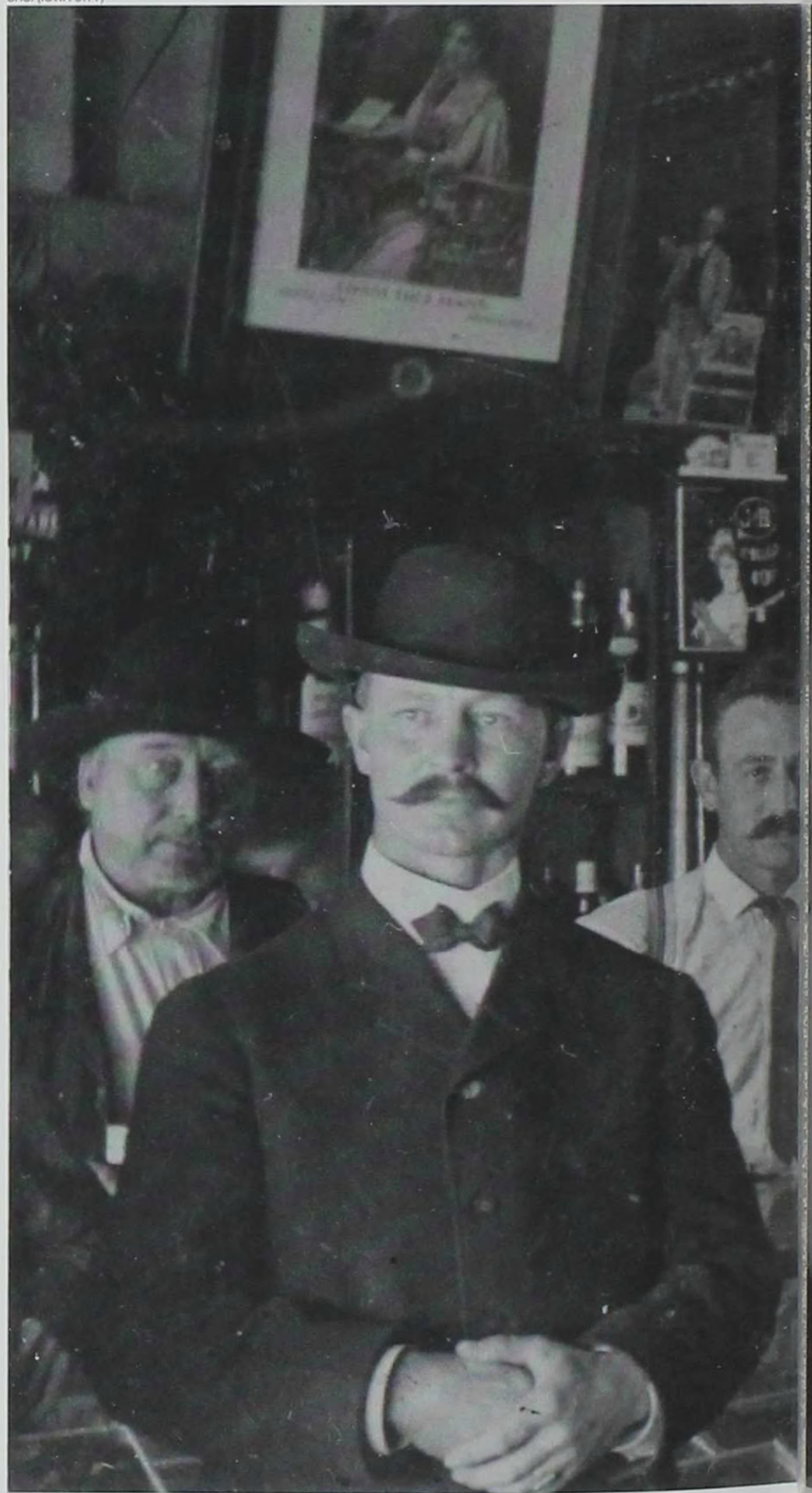

Saloons functioned as a social space for men, be they laborers or merchants, farmers or editors. Women were seldom to be found in American saloons, but that didn't mean that some didn't enjoy wine, beer, or spirits. Nevertheless, temperance workers often portrayed women and their children as the victims when the husband drank away his wages. Below: Spirit Lake, 1895. Right: A saloon perhaps in Denison.

SHSI (IOWA CITY)

and went. Their appeal was for more than temperate drinking, of course, more than what we call "responsible" drinking today. In their minds liquor was a poison to be avoided entirely; they demanded abstinence, usually following a pledge to get sober and stay that way.

In the minds of such people, the drunkard was easily led astray by the source of beverage alcohol by the drink, the saloon. No matter what name it went by—

tavern, taproom, barroom, ale house, public house, grog shop—the saloon was seen as a "hell joint," even if the image of the 19th-century saloon that has come down to us is much less sinister: a high-ceilinged room with a long polished bar, tiers of bright bottles set against a wide mirror, and rough, sunburned cowboys leaning forward on the bar top, one foot on the brass rail, tossing down shots of whiskey.

Saloons in 19th-century America were often spirited and rowdy, but overall they were an important part of the town culture. As the workingmen's clubs, they were a place to relax and socialize. As historian Elaine Parsons notes, the saloon was "the place to go to get the local news, to find temporary work or workers, to make business deals, to get out of bad weather, to grab a bite to eat, and, of course, to have a few—or more than a few—drinks."

Club associations aside, saloon culture often in-

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Many German American families clung fiercely to the custom of socializing in beer gardens, sometimes in outdoor settings, as this 1878 illustration shows. Germans were the largest ethnic group in Iowa, and many breweries operated in cities with large German populations.

cluded gambling and prostitution as well as strong drink, which preyed on drunkenness. Such vices, taken together, made a picture of hellish dissolution in the minds of temperance workers and, in a fashion that became typical for them, they demonized saloons. As the president of the Iowa State Temperance Alliance stated at a rally in Iowa City in 1885, the saloon is "where bad people gather to drink the poisonous intoxicating liquor, tell coarse and vulgar stories, learn to swear profanely, fight, gamble, and sometimes commit murder. It is a public menace—a menace to every home within the radius of its influence. . . . It is the most prolific source of crime, sorrow, grief, misery, and shame that we have about us. It leads to the poor house, insane asylum, jail, gallows." Such was the standard temperance brief on saloons.

In the public mind, saloon keepers themselves were often seen as the responsible party when that "radius of influence" included injury to others or destruction of property. So pronounced and widely shared was this feeling that in 1862 Iowa legislators passed a law that allowed the victims of drunken behavior to sue the saloon that provided the beverage alcohol. Smith's Civil Damage Liquor Law was one of the first of its kind in the nation, allowing an individual to sue the saloon keeper for the injurious consequences of drink.

Naturally the saloon keeper saw the matter differently: It was the free-willed individual who chose to drink and then behave in ill-considered ways. Still, such was the stigma of sinister temptation and corruption attached to the saloon that the state held the saloon keeper responsible.

Temperance crusaders wasted little time after 1846 in seeking to pressure legislators to regulate the manufacture and sale of liquor within the state by force of statute. By 1855, Iowa had a strong prohibition law on its books; within three years, however, amendments tempered the law, making allowances for native wine and beer. They were among the first of dozens of liquor laws that described the advance and retreat of the temperance battle lines in Iowa for the next 60 years.

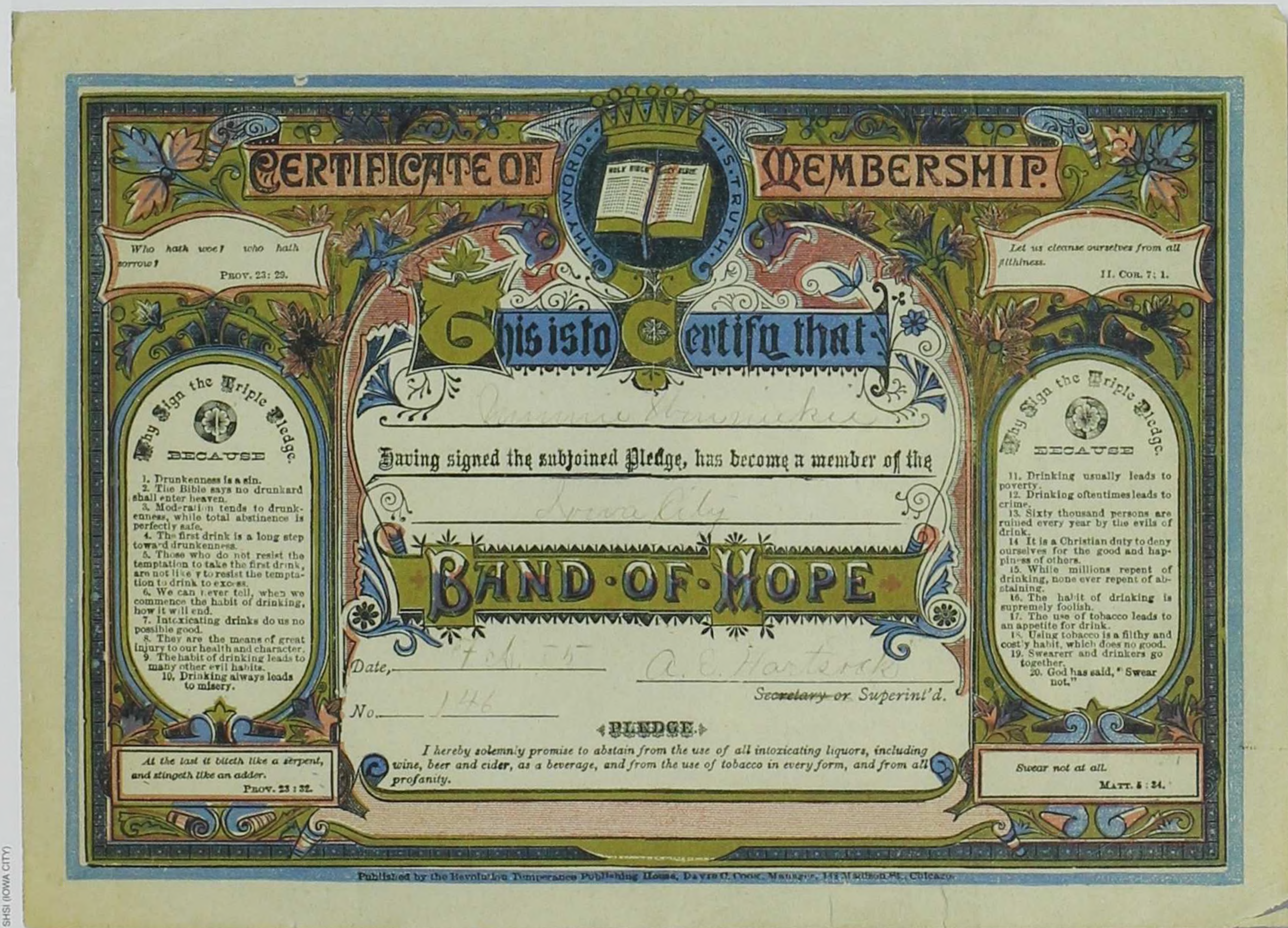
Among those Iowans troubled by the 1858 exemption law was Judith Ellen Foster of Clinton, Iowa. Long interested in the temperance cause, Foster began her local work by joining the Ladies Temperance Aid Society of Clinton. With others, she visited the city saloons to talk temperance with saloon keepers and patrons. But saving one soul at a time, as important as it was, did not suit the impatient Foster, who had a larger vision of temperance: She would remove the temptation by closing the saloons. As an attorney, Foster knew the law. If she found a violation of the liquor laws—say, "selling liquor, keeping for sale, or keeping a nuisance"—she

knew full well that it could lead to suspension of the saloon license.

Closing one saloon at a time was progress, but Foster had still grander plans. In 1874 she joined the newly organized Iowa branch of the WCTU and soon became an officer in that organization. Through the WCTU she began to promote absolute prohibition—the "bone-dry" version, which permitted no exception by local option and licensing fee or type of beverage alcohol. Meeting with WCTU members in Burlington in 1878, Foster proposed an amendment to the state constitution that would ban the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages within Iowa.

Facing Foster and her fellow temperance crusaders on the other side of the saloon issue were the distillers, brewers, and saloon keepers who saw nothing wrong in having a drink—indeed, who saw it as an important personal liberty. On the whole they accepted some regulation of their business, licensing fees and even fines for violations, provided they could continue to operate, and they pushed back against the forces of prohibition that would close them down entirely.

A prohibition amendment to Iowa's constitution was adopted in 1882, only to be overturned by the Iowa Supreme Court on a technicality one year later. Not to be denied their goal of a bone-dry Iowa, backers of the amendment succeeded in having the Iowa General Assembly pass a strong prohibition statute for the state in 1884, outlawing the manufacture and sale of liquor, wine, and beer within the state. Thus they achieved by statute what an amendment to the state constitution was intended to do. Following the enactment of



CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP

THY WORD IS TRUTH

HOLY BIBLE

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow?
PROV. 23: 29.

Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness.
II. COR. 7: 1.

This is to Certify that [illegible]

Having signed the subjoined Pledge, has become a member of the Iowa City

BAND OF HOPE

Why Sign the Triple Pledge.
BECAUSE

1. Drunkenness is a sin.
2. The Bible says no drunkard shall enter heaven.
3. Moderation tends to drunkenness, while total abstinence is perfectly safe.
4. The first drink is a long step toward drunkenness.
5. Those who do not resist the temptation to take the first drink, are not likely to resist the temptation to drink to excess.
6. We can never tell, when we commence the habit of drinking, how it will end.
7. Intoxicating drinks do us no possible good.
8. They are the means of great injury to our health and character.
9. The habit of drinking leads to many other evil habits.
10. Drinking always leads to misery.

Why Sign the Triple Pledge.
BECAUSE

11. Drinking usually leads to poverty.
12. Drinking oftentimes leads to crime.
13. Sixty thousand persons are ruined every year by the evils of drink.
14. It is a Christian duty to deny ourselves for the good and happiness of others.
15. While millions repent of drinking, none ever repent of abstaining.
16. The habit of drinking is supremely foolish.
17. The use of tobacco leads to an appetite for drink.
18. Using tobacco is a filthy and costly habit, which does no good.
19. Swearers and drinkers go together.
20. God has said, "Swear not."

Date, Feb. 55 A. E. Hartsock
~~Secretary~~ or Superint'd.

No. 146

PLEDGE.

I hereby solemnly promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, including wine, beer and cider, as a beverage, and from the use of tobacco in every form, and from all profanity.

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.
PROV. 23: 32.

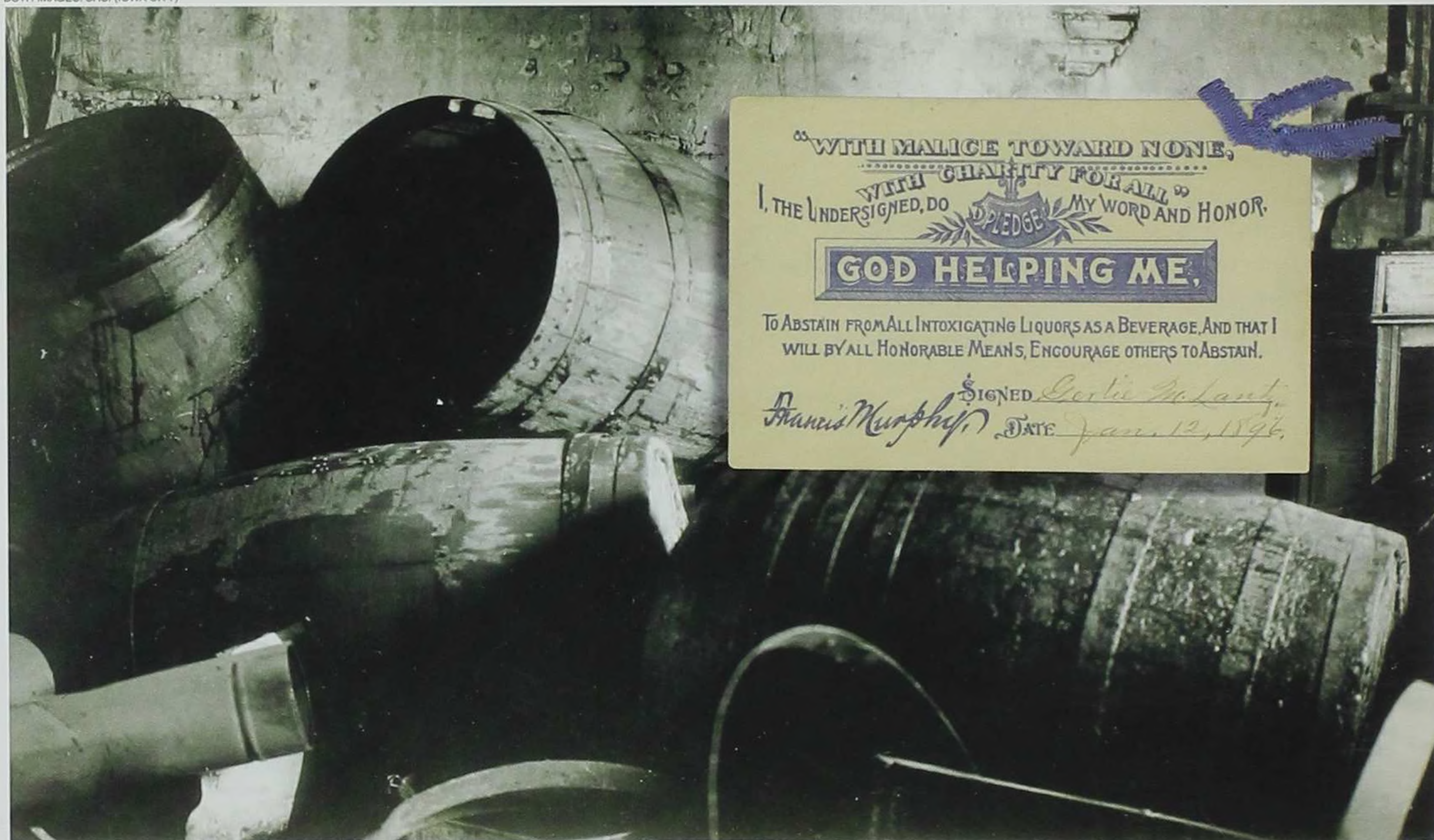
Swear not at all.
MATT. 5: 34.

Published by the Revolution Temperance Publishing House, David C. Cook, Manager, 148 Madison St., Chicago.

SHSI (IOWA CITY)

Teetotalers—those committed to abstain from all alcohol—joined temperance organizations and signed pledges, believing that "we can never tell, when we commence the habit of drinking, how it will end," as this certificate warns. Others concerned about the use of alcohol took a more moderate approach, renouncing distilled spirits but allowing beer and wine.

BOTH IMAGES: SHSI (IOWA CITY)



Brewers, distillers, and distributers fought anti-liquor bills for economic reasons. Temperance workers framed prohibition as a moral necessity for protecting society. Prohibition became "the most emotional, politically significant, and tenacious" issue in 19th- and 20th-century Iowa, writes historian Dorothy Schwieder.

the law, an advocate was able to claim that prohibition was "the settled policy of the state." Iowa had joined Kansas and Maine in having the strictest temperance laws in the nation.

A law does not enforce itself, and a strict state prohibition law did not stop people from drinking. After all, Carrie Nation's Kansas had passed a constitutional amendment for statewide prohibition in 1880, but saloons still operated openly, with local enforcement of the state anti-liquor laws often lax or nonexistent.

Thus when Iowa's prohibition law went into effect on July 4, 1884, compliance was mixed. In small communities with strong temperance feeling, many saloons did close their doors, but in several cities, especially the large river towns of Dubuque, Davenport, and Sioux City, many saloons stood brazenly open for business. In saloon-friendly Dubuque, little to no effort was made to enforce the law. In Burlington, the front doors of some saloons were closed and locked but the back doors were open. In general, in communities with strong anti-prohibition sentiment, any attempt to close saloons was met with stiff public resistance, often mob violence. Near Iowa City, a mob of anti-prohibition citizens attacked an attorney who was prosecuting violators of the new liquor law and tarred and feathered the man.

One year after the 1884 law was enacted, a survey of towns in Iowa found spotty results. Prohibition had closed saloons in some towns but had produced no effect in others. In some places it was shrugged off with indifference, and the number of saloons had actually increased. Still, the State Temperance Alliance put a positive spin on it, finding overall a significant drop-off in the number of saloons in the state—3,000 fewer than before the enactment of the law.

In those counties where prohibition had succeeded in closing saloons, people who wanted a drink could usually find one. With the market for beverage alcohol yet alive and well, many saloons simply went underground, taking on new guises and surreptitious means for providing drink. Iowa's prohibition law had exempted certain classes of alcohol—those used for "medicinal, mechanical, culinary, and sacramental" purposes. As one might expect, pharmacies soon picked up much of the saloon business under the cover of dispensing a medicinal product. As historian Dan

Clark notes in his description of this adaptation, "It is undoubtedly true that many of the deposed saloon-keepers entered the drug business and hired registered pharmacists for no other reason than that they might continue the liquor traffic. The partition in the rear of the store served as a screen to hide an improvised bar to which the uninitiated were freely admitted." At Des Moines's premier hotel, a dining room customer could mark a drink order on a card titled "Pharmacy" rather than "Wine List."

In communities with closed saloons, drinking moved into homes. The traveling salesman with a stock of liquor in his bag became a familiar figure. In town, suppliers of liquor would keep the product out of sight, then haul it up from the cellar or fetch it from a hiding place. Or the customer could travel to a pickup point—say, a home in the country—for bottles of whiskey or beer by the keg. Liquor flowed into the state to supply a market that had no love for prohibition.

In sum, violation of the Iowa liquor law was so common many judged it a complete failure. Assessing the situation in 1892, one state senator commented, "There is not a city in Iowa of five thousand population where prohibition is a success. [In] Des Moines, the seat of all the leading prohibition forces of the state, where the State Temperance Alliance meets, and from which all prohibition works proceed, where there is a Republican mayor and police force, prohibition is simply a farce. There are not less than one hundred open saloons in this city where men can walk up to the bar and order their drinks, all the way up from a glass of beer to a cocktail, without answering questions."

Why the failure? The reason so many saloons operated openly can be explained in part by the pluralism of Iowa and the various traditions and attitudes toward beverage alcohol—beer and wine as well as liquor. In such diversity a single strict puritan standard toward drink could not be enforced with bone-dry effectiveness. Among ethnic communities, for example, Scandinavians, English, and Scots were more likely to be

SHSI (IOWA CITY)

Individual beliefs and actions regarding beverage alcohol are seldom evident except in an occasional letter, diary, or photo like this one. Public stances are easier to track in newspapers, legal documents, petitions, and political ephemera.

dry, while German and Irish immigrants tended to be wet. Among religious communities, Protestants tended to be dry and Catholics wet. Politically, Republicans were dry and Democrats wet. And regionally, small inland towns were more likely to accept dry laws, and the river cities looked more favorably on wet behavior. After ten years of witnessing such defiance of the prohibition law, Iowa legislators passed a local-option "mulct law" (from the term for levying a tax or fine). Although "prohibition remained in force," historian Sharon Wood explains, "in cities with a population over five thousand, when a majority of voters signed a statement of consent, liquor sellers could be assessed a tax of six hundred dollars. . . . In other words, while the sale of liquor was illegal, saloon keepers in some urban places could operate openly" as long as they paid the

Meredith "Wet" or "Dry" as Occasion Demands; Liquor Friends His Chief Boosters

Record Shows "Booze" Aides Have Never Found Meredith Wanting When It Came to "Framing" on "Drys"

Every political campaign presents ... Issues are thrust to the ... Meredith "has been sending many hundreds of form letters to Democrats all over Iowa asking them what they ...

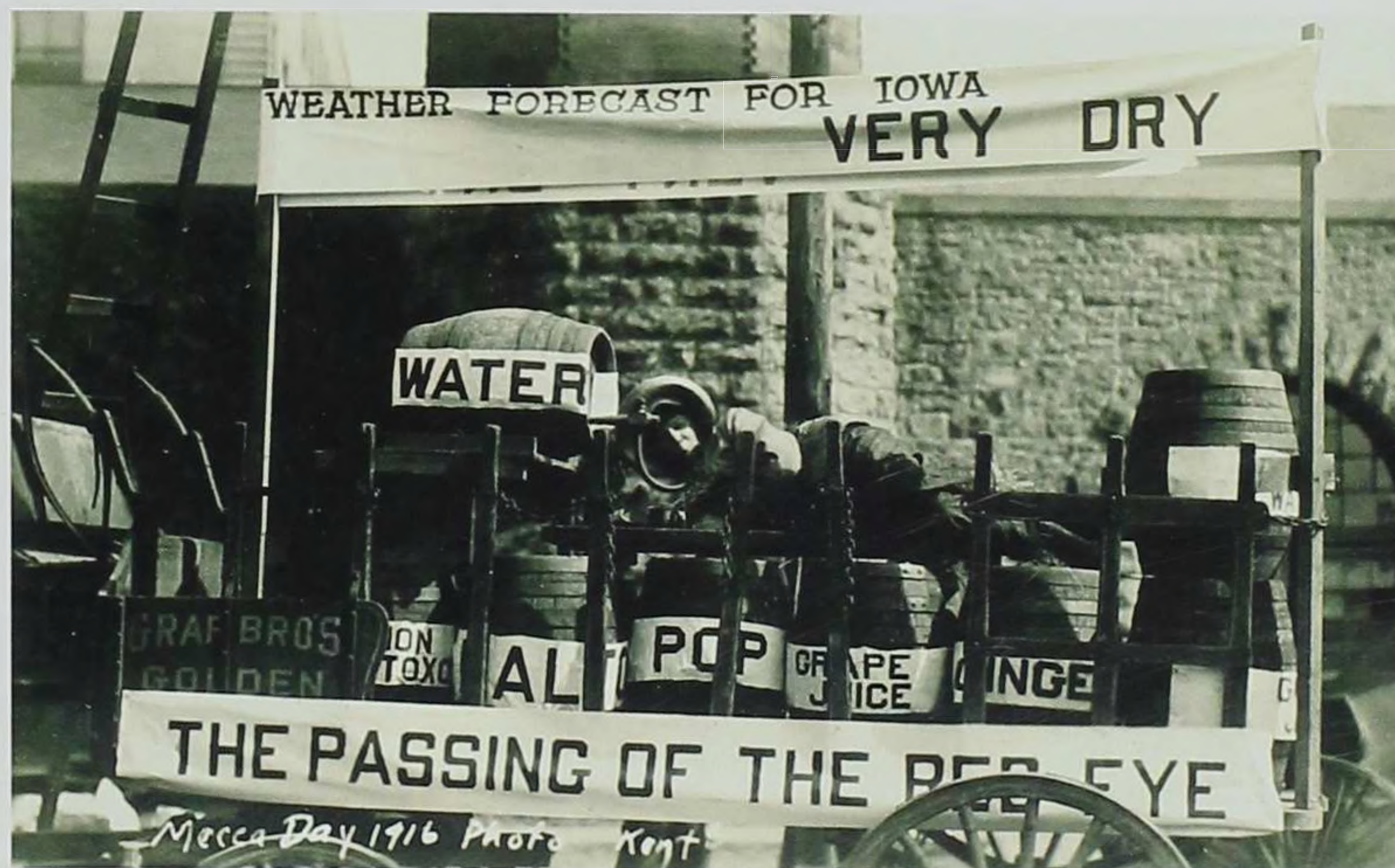
Left: Attitudes about alcohol frequently dominated state politics, especially in 1916 when E. T. Meredith ran for governor against William Harding. Below: A photo postcard postmarked Dubuque 1910 shows a wagonload of William Penn whiskey.

BOTH ITEMS: SHSI (IOWA CITY)

tax. One newspaper called the 1894 mulct law "political acrobatism . . . without parallel in history." Saloons again proliferated in the cities and towns of Iowa, and so too did the activism of temperance workers. Leading the renewed charge was a new formidable player in the struggle, the Anti-Saloon League.

SHSI (IOWA CITY)

Top: Equipment and whiskey jugs from a destroyed still (probably in Iowa) are proudly displayed, early in the 1920s. Below: A float in a University of Iowa parade in 1916 predicts a dry Iowa, with pop and grape juice replacing red eye.



KENT COLLECTION, SPECIAL COLLECTIONS DEPARTMENT, UNIVERSITY OF IOWA LIBRARIES, IOWA CITY, IOWA

What Carrie Nation lacked in persuasive reach and the WCTU in organizational clout, the Anti-Saloon League (ASL) made up for in spades. Founded in 1893, with its membership drawn from temperance societies and Protestant churches, the league was an extremely powerful single-issue pressure group. In its state-by-state campaigns to close saloons, prosecute liquor-law violators, and advance prohibition in the early 20th century, it proved to be a formidably effective organization. It was so in Iowa, where the ASL policed violations of the state liquor laws, petitioned for local options to put saloons out of business, and promoted legislation to strengthen the existing laws.

Anti-Saloon League agents became active in Iowa early on, spreading their temperance message in towns and cities, by speech and pamphlet on the one hand and lobbying for liquor laws on the other. Under one of many anti-liquor laws they assisted in getting passed, a five-year limit was placed on the local option, after which a vote of the county residents on the liquor law was required. League agents became expert at winning votes and turning a wet county dry.

The ASL's annual reports trace a juggernaut across Iowa: By 1909, the league could note with satisfaction that 60 of Iowa's 99 counties were entirely dry. By 1911 the number of Iowa saloons had dropped by 20 percent (from 1,748 in 1909). ASL next set its sights on two goals for Iowa: "The fight is on for repeal of the Mulct Law and the securing of constitutional prohibition."

Not surprisingly, given the tenacity of the league, the mulct law was repealed in 1915, restoring the full force of the strong 1884 prohibition law. With the ASL pressing for enforcement, the state's remaining saloons began to fold. As the 1917 report noted, the "last of the 594 saloons listed on January 1, 1915, went out of business on January 1, 1916."

Even in wet counties the ASL was effective in shutting down saloons, largely because it found the right people to carry out enforcement. One such ASL agent was Claud McMillan. A Methodist pastor who served as the ASL superintendent for Woodbury County between 1914 and 1922, McMillan became known in Sioux City for his forceful crusading. Respected and feared by some and despised by others, McMillan zealously joined in raids on hole-in-the-wall saloons and liquor-law violators, even though he knew that local

police and courts had little stomach for enforcement.

McMillan also had a vision of being part of a greater effort. When the prohibition amendment to the state constitution fell short of passage in 1917, he joined with other temperance crusaders in the cause of national prohibition. McMillan was a delegate to the national Anti-Saloon League convention in Washington, D.C., that year and attended part of the congressional debate on prohibition. He wrote home that "we shall have a bone dry nation in a very few years now."

McMillan proved prophetic. A strong wind of progressive change on the liquor question had been building in all quarters of the nation since the turn of the century. Public opinion in favor of prohibition was growing—by 1913 half the country lived under some form of prohibition—thanks in no small part to the relentless campaigning of the ASL. On January 15, 1919, Iowa became the 32nd state to ratify the 18th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. National prohibition was enacted on January 1, 1920.

Carrie Nation's cross-Iowa journey in 1901 had begun at Council Bluffs and rolled on to Atlantic, Adair, and Stuart before pausing in Des Moines. At the station in Adair she gave a short speech from the train. Seeing children in the crowd of people who pressed forward, she said, "God bless you, my boys. Look at that sweet baby. You are little saloon smashers, ain't you. Now I want every one of you to fill your pockets with rocks and go out and smash saloons and joints. Good bye." And with that, she waved as the train pulled away from the station and was soon out of sight.

Had Carrie Nation lived another 20 years and then retraced her cross-Iowa trip, she might have thought it

SHSI (IOWA CITY)

Shorty Julis (in the center) poses in front of his tavern about 1935 in Oakville, Iowa, circa 1935. Signs advertise Potosi Beer as well as lunch, ice cream, and cigars.

PUTNAM MUSEUM OF HISTORY AND NATURAL SCIENCE, DAVENPORT, IOWA

a victory tour. By then she had won her war against the saloons: Iowa was dry, along with the rest of the country. As history has shown, however, Iowa's experiment in legislated sobriety, like national prohibition, was less than a smashing success. Beverage alcohol prevailed in the long war for temperance. Many saloons in Iowa simply defied the law after 1884, just as the nation's saloons went underground after 1920, and just as they celebrated their re-emergence in 1933. ❖

Customers in the Davenport Turner Hall happily face the camera as the bar reopens just after Prohibition ends. Davenport had a large German American population.

Author James Hill became interested in the history of temperance movements in Iowa while reading Fran Grace's fine biography of the remarkable Carrie Nation. One thing led to another and eventually to the beginning of this article. Hill works at NCS Pearson, Inc. in Iowa City and lives in Coralville.

NOTE ON SOURCES

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Broader sources include: Anti-Saloon League yearbooks, 1909–1920, ed. Ernest Cherrington (Westerville, OH: American Issue Publishing); Norman Clark, *Deliver Us from Evil: An Interpretation of American Prohibition* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1976); Catherine Murdock, *Domesticating Drink: Women, Men, and Alcohol in America, 1870–1940* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1998); and W. Rathbone, *Liquor Legislation in the United States and Canada* (London: Cassell, 1992).

Temperance Art

The downward slide "from the first glass to the grave"—this was a cautionary tale told often through hand-colored lithographs in temperance tracts and hand-painted glass slides in magic-lantern shows. As the images made clear, the danger was absolute: if you don't abstain, you will lose your morals, your job, your family, your life, and your chance for salvation.

The standard narrative also appeared as *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room and What I Saw There*, a popular novel published in 1854, a long-running melodrama, and a film released in 1931.

The cover and the lithograph on page 86, titled "The Drunkard's Progress," are examples of temperance art, and here are a few others—two from national sources (above and right) and the others created and used by Iowans.

—Ginalie Swaim, editor

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

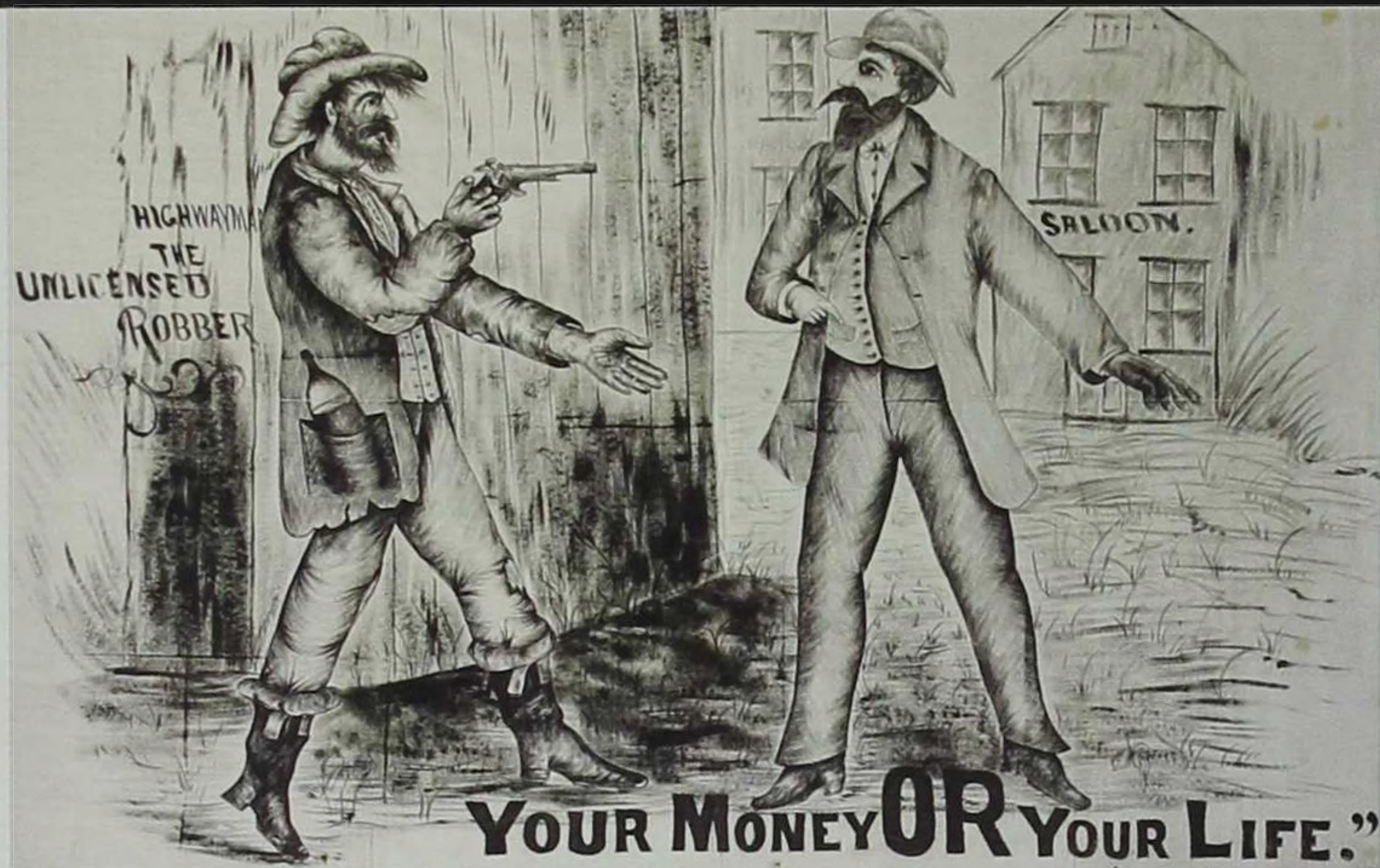
These two vignettes, from a larger lithograph titled "The Down Hill Road," are unusual because they show a woman as well as a man succumbing to alcohol. (Lithograph from a scriptural tract published in Boston, c.1878.)

Titled "The Bible and Temperance," this mid-century lithograph was published by Nathaniel Currier. Still dressed in finery, the drunken husband sleeps while the despairing wife and their children seek hope in scripture.

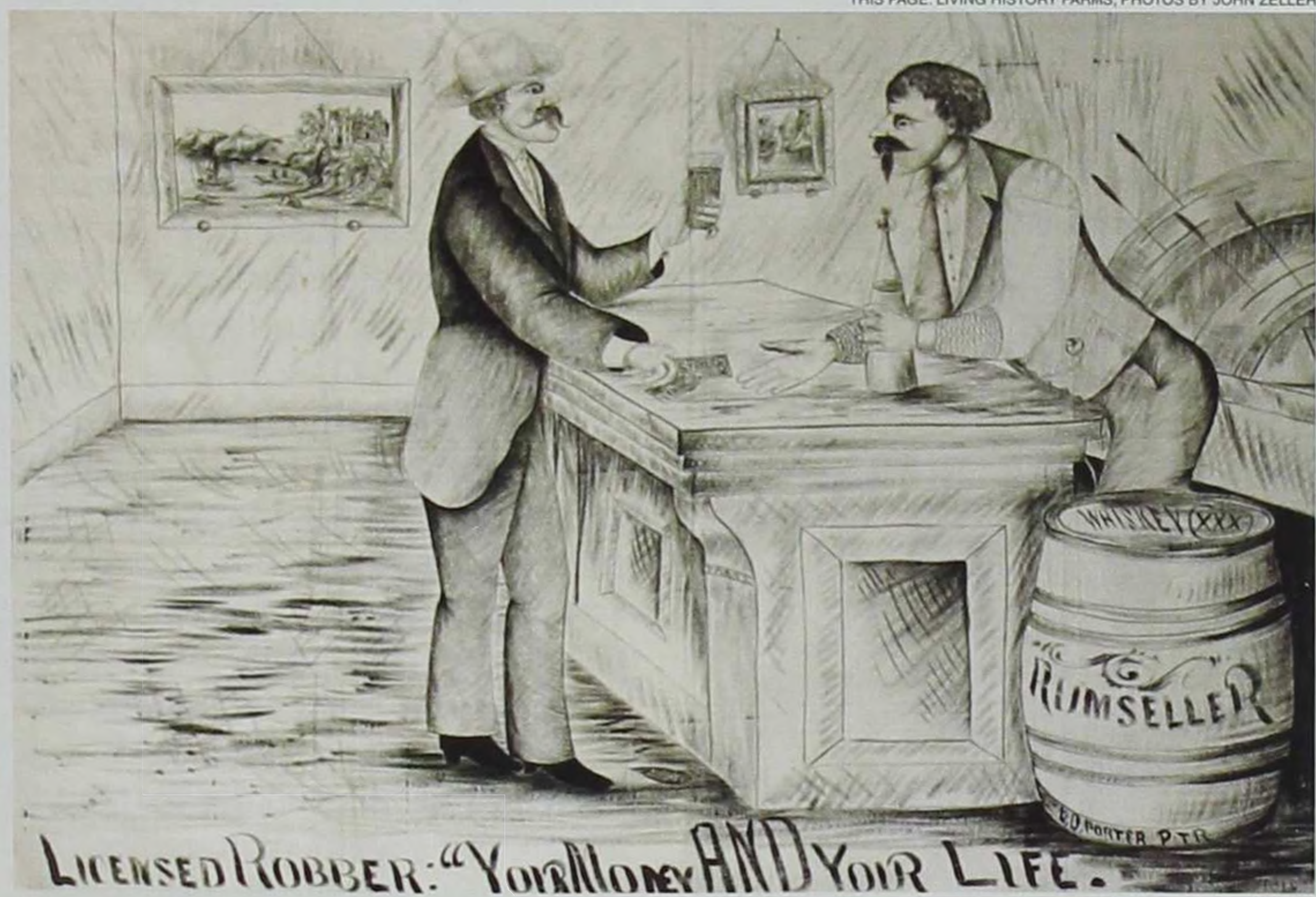
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

LIVING HISTORY FARMS; PHOTO BY JOHN ZELLER

Left and opposite page: According to a hand-written note with these temperance banners, they were used by Samuel W. Heald, a young dentist in Iowa City in 1867, "when the Good Lord took hold of him." As a Methodist minister he served 15 Iowa churches before his death at age 60 in 1903. The banners were drawn by L. D. Porter, a prisoner at the Anamosa State Penitentiary in the late 1860s. The muslin banners are in the collections of Living History Farms in Urbandale, Iowa.



THIS PAGE: LIVING HISTORY FARMS; PHOTOS BY JOHN ZELLER



Left: It's not known whether Samuel Heald the minister or L. D. Porter the prisoner came up with the specific message of these banners, but these may refer to Iowa's inconsistent and confusing liquor legislation. Under one particular law, a licensed saloon that paid a tax could still sell rum, whiskey, and other alcohol in a dry community. The banners imply that while an armed robber might demand "your money OR your life," saloons might well take your money and, eventually, your life.

Below: Porter and Heald's four-part banner cautions that a cigar leads to a pipe and a drink, and soon to dissipation.

Past the Point of No Return

by C. E. Holmes

In Arnolds (no apostrophe, please) Park, a few feet from the shore of West Lake Okoboji (a glacier-scooped, spring-fed expanse in Iowa's northwest corner), the oldest wooden roller coaster west of the Mississippi wraps its way around oaks and cottonwoods, a Ferris wheel and a merry-go-round, and thrill seekers of every persuasion pursuing games of chance at a buck a pop.

Terry Mankle (*right*), a lean and weather-beaten kineticist (something he would never call himself) has been playing his own death-defying match against fate for more summers (30 and counting) than he cares to recall. Every morning, he takes his first sure-footed step on an undulating, lumber-framed tightrope of majestic proportions. What he's looking for, one step at a time, are wobbly spikes and signs of rot that, if allowed to loosen or spread, might make a jerking and jolting ride rougher and even life-threatening. Steadfast as a midwestern postman, Mr. Mankle is out there in all kinds of unpredictable weather, trying to deliver not a letter or a package, but simply an exciting but safe trip.

The view from The Point of No Return, the highest point on the coaster's circuit, is stunning, possibly even breathtaking, but Mr. Mankle seldom takes the time to pause and admire it. He has too many Capes of Good Hopes and Horns to round, and an entire roller-coaster route to circumnavigate before he arrives back at his home port, the boarding and exiting platform.

Mr. Mankle performs many other tasks in the amusement park, but his paramount mission is his walking inspection of the tracks. He knows this roller coaster intimately. He appreciates the curves, he's in harmony with the bends, he's respectful of the hills. "I'm not afraid of heights," he tells us. "I'm just afraid of falling."

He has fallen just once.

It happened one morning about ten years ago as Mr. Mankle extended a tape measure out into space. Four feet was all he fell, but he hit his kidney hard on one of those innumerable crosspieces that, like femurs and rib cages for his riders, are the support structure that holds the whole organism together. He didn't pass out until after lunch. The perfunctory siren and the ambitious but ambivalent ambulance are only a faint memory.

His one-time fall is all water under the bridge to Mr. Mankle, who walks the tracks with a patient and unassuming authority. Forswearing any so-called higher education, he has schooled himself, from a variety of elevations, on what signs of trouble to look for. His main concern is for the well-being of his riders. He wants them to be able to raise their arms to the sky without fear as they shoot over hills and descend into dips.

For a clue to the antecedents of Mr. Mankle's roller-coaster fixation, one has to look no further than his own mother. She was, in her heyday, a reckless roller-coaster rider, and, according to Mr. Mankle, just a few weeks before giving birth to him, she

rode the original Arnolds Park coaster, a much higher and longer wooden affair, 16 times in one day. Pregnant women are no longer allowed to do such things (a stern and straight-to-the-point warning sign is posted at the entrance) and thus the dearth of humans capable of accomplishing what Mr. Mankle does, no doubt because of his womb-jangling experience.

Effortlessly and nonchalantly, Mr. Mankle walks the roller coaster every summer morning. We can only surmise, from our sheltered safe haven on the dry and level margins of these pages, the dangers compounded by wet, windy weather. His grip on the red-and-white railing must be that much tighter, given the inherent slipperiness of rain-slick painted wood. And if Mr. Mankle daydreams occasionally (as we all do, especially when we're on the job), are these daydreams put on hold due to the inclement weather as he makes his daily traversal? How fortunate it is that he doesn't have to deal with snow and ice (although the roller coaster in winter is indeed a pretty sight, especially when set against the frozen lake) because in that season, the coaster, like the beaver and the muskrat and the Loop-O-Plane operator, is in hibernation.

But, after all, it's the summer that we live for, because we love riding the old wooden roller coaster and leaving our troubles and frustrations behind us for a minute, more or less. And to ensure our dereliction from whatever plagues us, Mr. Mankle, with the demeanor of a battle-hardened soldier fighting a war whose outcome is always up in the air, has already prowled the catwalks that morning.

BOTH PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

If he would only stop for 15 seconds on one of the hills, and turn his head, say 90 degrees, why, then he could see wind-scarred Fort Dodge Point and beyond that, Atwell Point, where President George H. W. Bush once walked on a flag-bedecked dock, and beyond Atwell, sandy Manhattan Point, where the Dixieland bands played on the wide veranda of the old hotel that once hung out over the lapping lake. But Mr. Mankle is on a spike-sinking sortie. Without turning his head or averting his eyes or reminiscing unnecessarily, he entertains valleys and comes into curves and slips over the slopes of this enchanting structure.

How the whole thing resembles the trajectory of a life!

We shall remain on the ground and tag along behind with our eyes. From far down below, we can only guess at the trouble spots that he looks for. It is essential that the track itself be made secure. Every ride exerts a certain amount of pressure on the rail. The passing cars are in danger of lifting off into orbit if the track does not remain locked to its frame. But there is a price to pay. What is lifted up must be pounded back down.

The crosspieces, and their shadows, how they all conspire to confuse our perceptions, crossing and crisscrossing, splitting apart and joining up in a jumble of angles and cubes! It's enough to drive even the most gregarious and devoted cubists among us to distraction.

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

We hold our communal breaths when we see how Mr. Mankle leans across the rails from the catwalk, planting one boot squarely across a 4x4 crosspiece. Raising the impervious head of his hammer (have we mentioned how his hand is as good as locked to its handle?) above a loose spike, he replants it, he re-sinks it, he re-embeds it, back where it belongs.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

How he hits the nail—seven, or eight, or nine times—each hit a direct blow. The spike cannot resist; it sinks back into the wood until it has the sound, sweet to Mr. Mankle's sense of hearing, of being driven in.

It's the resonance of all these blows that carries so deftly, like a strident church bell or a call to arms across the surface of the lake. People who are still sleeping will soon be awakened. A swift, hard hit of a hammer, sounding like it means business, has penetrated to the depths of their free-enterprise dreams and disturbed them, maybe even made them uneasy.

Despite having had to endure any number of managers, overseers, consultants, and supervisors, Mr. Mankle maintains a purposeful presence as he goes about his job. Inspectors, of course, are always coming 'round. They conduct their inspections and then they put out bids to redo part or the whole of the coaster. In their reports they say that "the first hill is too bumpy" or "there's too much lift on the last hill." One inspector recommends replacing the 3/8-inch bolts on the tracks with ones that are 5/16, while yet another says that "some structure should be added on that inside curve."

Mr. Mankle shakes his head and grins a tad derisively. "Inspectors!" We sympathize as he speaks of "how they do it with other wooden roller coasters." There was evidently a wooden roller coaster out in Denver that had its own sawmill. Mr. Mankle cannot hide his enviousness: "They had an endless supply of 3-inch boards."

Now he hears that his boss wants to cut his hours back. Mr. Mankle shakes his head and suggests that "they might want to have a roller coaster fund raiser." Or perhaps a buried treasure may be unearthed from underneath the coaster—something that fell out of a wealthy but careless man's pocket, or a valuable ring that slipped off a sweaty finger—enough of a treasure, at any rate, to restore an old ride to solvency. Who knows what (and here we cast our eyes downward, in search of something shiny) might lie hidden in the dirt. Just today, in fact, Mr. Mankle has found on the side of the tracks a pair of purple-framed glasses, which look like they might have belonged to a young girl.

Speaking of glasses, and especially of eyes, Mr. Mankle took a tiny piece of steel in his eye one summer. He'd been working in the machine shop, and evidently not wearing protective glasses—"as I should have been"—when the wayward fragment became wedged in his eye. Dr. Gordy, the eminent Spencer eye specialist who lives on the north end of the lake, re-

moved it, but the procedure, admits Mr. Mankle, was painful. His sight is still affected. The sun and bright lights bother him, but not enough to slow or halt his progress. His inspection tour around the coaster still takes about 45 minutes.

We have many more questions to ask Mr. Mankle, but boy, is he busy! At this very moment, for instance, he's discovered yet another loose spike.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The loose spike secured, he moves on, looking for others.

Watching Mr. Mankle make the final turn, with only three hills standing between him and the end of his route, we recognize the ridiculousness of questioning the motives of this passionate but somewhat subdued person's sense of purpose. And when that object of endearment just happens to be roller coasters—and not just any kind of roller coaster, but a wooden roller coaster constructed at the fulcrum of the Roaring Twenties and the Dirty Thirties—then you're either born with it, or you're not.

Mr. Mankle, just to be sure that all is in good working order, will now take himself on a test ride (an understudy will man the brake), and he will listen for suspicious sounds and make mental notes. And then at 11:00 a.m. CDT, the gates to the Arnolds Park Amusement Park will be unlocked and thrown open for another day, and the crowds will form long lines at their favorite rides, the first of which is the old wooden roller coaster. They'll rush up the ramp to the platform, and swarm for their favorite seats (there used to be a group that changed seats during the ride, but they've grown too old for such foolishness, as have the girls whom they were trying to impress). The bars will be lowered to keep the patrons square and secure in their seats. Then the brake will be pulled back, releasing the cars, which will fall down a short hill where the rotating chain will catch the cars and carry them up to . . . but you know the rest.

The man with his hand on the brake, waiting for the cars to return to their roost, may or may not be Mr. Mankle. If he's not manning the brake, then he's doing something else equally important. And yet all the time he is watching. His eyes, partially hidden under the brim of his cap, seem to take in all that goes on and around and up and down in the amusement park. His primary job remains making sure that the roller coaster runs smoothly, if that is the right word for such a bone-shaking experience.

And it will—the roller coaster will run unwrinkled—as long as Mr. Mankle is in charge of the proceedings.

Postscript—Summer 2010

We came back to Arnolds Park on Lake Okoboji for the 4th of July. On the 5th of July, we overslept, as was to be expected, so we did not get down to the amusement park and the coaster until 9:15.

As soon as we heard the hammering, we knew that something was amiss. It was not the same sort of pounding as before. It did not make impressions, like footprints in the sand, on our consciousness. There was no authority there, and the intimacy had vanished. We sensed that something had happened, that a change had occurred. Our suspicions were confirmed when a figure emerged at The Point of No Return. He was walking the route, but backward.

We sat on the seawall, camera in hand, unsure what to do next. When we heard the sound of the coaster coming, we turned our heads just in time to see a ghost coaster (cars empty of people) rattling past.

"Retired?" we echoed, after asking the unfamiliar man on the roller coaster platform where Mr. Mankle was. The word failed to syncopate for us.

How does a man who has spent most of his adult life as a Sherpa—in an amusement park on the American prairies—adjust to retirement?

To find the answer, we knew that we must seek out and talk to Mr. Mankle. It was suggested by a tattooed Miss Iceberg at the Sno-Cone stand, and confirmed by the phone book, that he resides in Spencer, Iowa—a flat, dusty, dry, landlocked, and roller coaster-less town 16 miles to the south, famous for its destructive fireworks, and for a cat who used to live in the library.

As you are reading this, we are on our way to Spencer. Fields of corn and soybeans surround us and threaten to swamp us if we stop to admire their fecundity. So no, we will not stop, we will keep going. Mr. Mankle, to fulfill the terms of his retirement, we presume, is reclining in his La-Z-Boy, its foot rest extended to its extreme extent. Whether or not he is watching the roller-coaster channel is anyone's guess. If the answer is yes, we hope he will mute it to tell us the rest of the story, outlining his coaster's hills and valleys that he knows so well, with those expressive, hammer-gripping hands. And we will report back (without ornamentation) about whatever became of this man who once walked past The Point of No Return. ❖

C. E. Holmes grew up in Okoboji and is the author of Okoboji: Puppet Show of Memory *and* Excavating Okoboji: To the Beat of the Waves *and is currently writing a memoir.*

A PRIZE-WINNING BABY OF 1931

BY RICHARD M. CAPLAN

At age 15 months and 2 days, Fredda Ellen Sideman faced her competition—155 other "city girls," ages 12 to 24 months.

Ellen (as Fredda was known) was a contestant in the Iowa State Fair's Baby Health Contest in 1931. The categories were age, sex, and section (city, town, or rural). She placed second in her category, and she still has the medal (*above*) and her photo from the *Des Moines Register* to prove it.

Common at county and state fairs, baby health contests were actually intended to reduce infant and maternal mortality, educate mothers on child nutrition, build doctor/parent relationships for preventive medicine, provide practical and scientific information on early childhood, and determine whether the healthiest babies lived in rural communities, small towns, or large cities. Iowa's first contest, in 1911, was perhaps the first in the nation.

Fredda Sideman, Des Moines, Second in City Girls, 12 to 24 Months

In Iowa's 1931 contest, a grand total of 521 babies entered (though today we would call them toddlers). The judging lasted from August 28 until September 3. In three-minute intervals, each baby was examined briefly by one or more nurses and a physician. Points were assigned in these categories: mental and nervous; eye, ear, nose and throat; oral and dental; physical; measurements; and consultation.

Points were subtracted from a starting total of 100 for developmental milestones missed; nutritional defects; physical abnormalities; lack of vaccination for smallpox or diphtheria; and other suboptimal details noted by the examiner.

Ellen was thought to have "slight conjunctivitis" on the day she was judged, which cost her 0.1 point and contributed to her reduced total of 98.20, as her score cards reveal here. The score attained by the girl who cost her a gold medal remains unknown, as do the ranges and means of all participants' scores.

Historically, the score cards tell us some of the concerns of child-health reformers back then: whether babies were breast- or bottle-fed, what solids they ate, and whether they had a "daily sunning" and napped with a window open. Free hearing and vision tests were offered to older children

An interesting contest innovation allowed babies to be re-examined the following year under the same criteria, permitting them the opportunity to receive an "improvement score" and an associated prize. Regrettably in 1932 Ellen lost fractions of points for knock knees, flat feet, precocity (!), over-aggressiveness, an unspecified eruption, some detail involving measurement, and a final, sad loss of 0.2 points for a few swollen lymph nodes. Thus, her score declined from 98.20 points in the previous year to a still-not-too-worrisome 96.25.

Ellen's reduced score may have been a harbinger of a downward trend, since she developed ragweed hay fever at age 8, asthma at age 74, and a few other episodes of minor, transient illness.

On the plus side, though, her fine beginning presaged the bearing of four healthy sons, graduating from the University of Iowa with a bachelor's degree (including Phi Beta Kappa, perhaps to make up for

ALL ITEMS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

DUPLICATE

BABY HEALTH SCORE CARD

Printed by permission of The American Medical Association

Phone 6-6761 IOWA STATE FAIR Date 8-29-31

Cat. No. 117 Name ___ Sex F

Section City Class No. 3 Age 15 Months 2 Days. Score 98.20

Father ___ St. No. ___ P. O. ___

Age ___ Nationality ___ Occupation ___

Mother's maiden name ___ Age 30 Nationality American

Is mother employed outside of home? No How? ___

Birth: Carried 9 Mo. Condition at birth normal Weighed 7 lbs. 7 ozs.

Which child 1st Time after becoming pregnant physician was consulted 6 wks. Mo.

Birth registered yes Where? Polk Co.

Feeding: Entirely breast fed no Mo. Breast and bottle fed 6 Mo. Bottle fed at 7th Mo. Fed every 4 Hrs.

Formulae ___

Present foods: Orange or tomato juice, began at 1 Mo. Milk, Cereal, Eggs, Scraped Beef, Vegetables.

Hygiene: Sleeps alone yes Bed time 6:00 Naps 1 Windows open yes Daily sunning yes

Chair-broken at 6 Mo. Controlled urine, Days at 13 Mo. Night 15 Mo.

Figures on left show the relative value of points toward a perfect score.
Examiners should draw a circle around the figure following any abnormal or pathologic condition listed.
Please use a lead pencil to mark penalties, all erasures must be initialed at once.
Examiners may note in space provided, any abnormal or pathological conditions not listed in his section, to be reviewed and scored by the Consultant.
The right hand column must not be filled in by the examiner, but is for the official scorer's use only.

I. MENTAL AND NERVOUS Examiner ___ (Units | Tenths)

10.	General Mentality:	Retardation .5 1. 1.5 2. 2.5 Precocity .5 1. Sensory defects .5 Faults in perceiving .5 Concentrating .5 Expressing .5 Reasoning .5 Understanding .5 Imaging .5 Learning .5 Imitating .5 Defective or abnormal play tendencies .5 Linguistic peculiarities .5 Over-spontaniety .5 Over-inhibitiveness .5
3.	Motor Aspects:	Inability to hold head erect, to sit, to stand, to walk, or to run at proper age .5 Faults in reaching .2 Pulling .2 Pushing .2 Stooping .2 Climbing .2 Grasping .2 Opposing thumb .2 Mono-dexterity .2 Tracing .2 Throwing .2 Catching .2 Other incoordination, weakness or mis-use of muscles .3
2.	Social Behavior:	Lack of cooperation with parent .5 or 1. Faulty attitudes and acts with regard t other persons .5 Undesirable personal-social habits .5
1.	Emotional Aspects:	Over-timidity .2 Brazenness .2 Apathy .2 Irritability .2 Other emotional p culiarities .2
1.	Personality:	Inferior presence and facial expression .3 Over-passivity .2 Over-aggressiveness Unattractive traits and habits .3
3.	Additional Tendencies:	(.4)
20.		Total Mental Sc

Notes to Consultant ___

II. EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT Examiner ___

5.	Eyes:	Abnormal size .2 Abnormal position .2 Crossing .6 Lids abnormal Inflamed 1. Conjunctiva inflamed .5 Keratitis 1. Discharge 1.
4.	Ears:	Abnormal size .2 Abnormal shape .2 Abnormal position .2 Inflamed ear drums 1. Dull eardrums .5 Pus discharge 1.5 Wax .4
2.	Nose:	Abnormal shape .5 Narrow nostrils .5 Discharge 1.
4.	Throat:	Reddened .1 Inflamed .4 Rough .5 Tonsils enlarged .5 Tonsils disease Adenoids diseased 1.
15.		Total Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Notes to Consultant ___

PROGRAM

WOMEN AND CHILDREN'S

Baby Health Contest

1930 Iowa State Fair Champions

IOWA STATE FAIR AND EXPOSITION

August 26 to September 4, 1931

DES MOINES, IOWA

DUPLICATE

III. ORAL AND DENTAL Examiner ___ (Units | Tenths)

4.5	Mouth:	Mouth: Habitually held open .5 Offensive breath .5 Lips: Pale .4 Fissured .3 Under-developed .5 Tongue: Protruding .5 Coated (.3) Gums: Abnormal .5 Palate: Abnormal 1.
5.5	Teeth:	Teething: Slightly delayed .2 Seriously (1.) Teeth: Discolored .3 Decayed 1. Enamel defects 1. Irregular .5 Malocclusion 1.5
10.		

Notes to Consultant ___ Total Oral and Dental Score

IV. PHYSICAL Examiner ___

4.	Head:	Head: Abnormal shape .3 Abnormal size .5 Fontanelle abnormal size .5 Hair: Scanty .2 Brittle .2 Bald spots .5 Scalp: Rough .1 Scaling .2 Diseased .5 Features: Irregular .5 Receding chin .5
3.	Neck:	Lymphatic glands: Palpable .5 Seriously enlarged 1.5 Scarred .5 Thyroid gland: Enlarged .5
9.	Chest:	Chest: Abnormal shape (pigeon, barrel, funnel) .5 Asymmetrical .5 Ribs: Beaded .5 Flaring .5 Thymus: Widened 1. Heart: Irregular .5 Enlarged 2. Murmur .5 Lungs: Dull 2. Rales 1.
1.5	Back:	Postural curvature 1. Winged Scapulae .5
5.	Abdomen:	Abdomen: Enlarged .5 Distended .5 Liver: Enlarged .5 Spleen: Enlarged .5 Hernia: Navel 1. Groin 2.
1.5	Arms:	Arms: Asymmetrical .2 Epiphysis enlarged .5 Fingers: Clubbed .5 Nails: Defective .2 Discolored .1
3.	Genitalia:	Male: Adherent prepuce .5 Phimosis .5 Inflammation .5 Testicle undescended 1. Hydrocele .5 Female: Congenital defects .5 Inflammation of vagina .5 Inflammation of uretha .5 Vaginal discharge 1.5
2.5	Legs and Feet:	Legs: Asymmetrical .2 Epiphysis enlarged .5 Bowed .5 Knock knees .5 Feet: Pronation flat .5 Nails: Defective .2 Discolored .1
1.5	Skin:	Pale .5 Rough .3 Hairy .2 Eruption .3 Bites .1 Birth marks or moles .1
2.	Posture and Gait:	Posture: Fatigue .5 Spasticity .5 Gait: Abnormal .5 Pigeon-toed .5
4.	Nutrition:	Flabby muscles 1. Diminished skin turgor 1. Malnutrition 1. Adiposity 1.
4.	Nerves and Muscles:	Exaggerated reflexes .5 Chvostek sign .5 Paralysis 2. Incoordination 1.
1.	Deportment:	Bad temper .3 Lack of self-control .2 Unmanageable .5
42.		

Notes to Consultant ___ Total Physical Score 42

V. MEASUREMENTS Examiner ___

1.	Height (Average height for age is 30 ⅛ Ins.)	Ins.
2.	Weight (Average weight for height is 25½ Lbs.)	Lbs.
1.	Circumference of head	Ins.
1.	Circumference of chest (at nipple line)	Ins.
1.	Circumference of abdomen (at umbilical line, standing)	Ins.
.5	Diameter of chest, lateral (calipers at level of nipple line)	Ins.
.5	Diameter of chest, antero-posterior (calipers at level of nipple line)	Ins.
.5	Length of arm (tip of acromion process to tip of middle finger)	Ins.
.5	Length of leg (greater trochanter to sole of foot)	Ins.
8.		

Conditions that govern scoring of measurements:
Do not penalize over height for age.
Do not penalize undersize abdomen.
Allow 1 inch under average height before penalizing.
Compare the weight and all measurements with height.
Allow 2 pounds over or 1 lb. under average weight before penalizing.
Allow ½ inch before penalizing for all measurements of head, body, and limbs.
Penalty in the right hand column must not exceed the score in the left hand column.

Total Measurement Score 8.00

VI. CONSULTANT

.4	No vaccination for Smallpox .2 Diphtheria .2
4.6	Other abnormal conditions, or defects
5.	

Total Consultant Score 49
Grand Total Score 98.20

the earlier loss of a half-point for precocity) and a master's degree, and working with pleasure as a high-school librarian while raising children and maintaining a happy marriage, to me, now in its 60th year.

Of course, her sterling (silver) attainment in the competition cannot by itself attest to the predictive value of the contest, but since there is no research suggesting otherwise, I'm delighted to have made my successful choice of a life partner without even having known that she was a prizewinner in Iowa's 1931 Baby Health Contest. ❖

Richard M. Caplan is professor emeritus in the University of Iowa's Carver College of Medicine and the Program in Bioethics and Humanities.

Fair Week 1939

"Well, the county fair is on," crowed the *Marshalltown Times-Republican*. "If you have been feeling jittery leave that feeling out on the back forty and find reassurance and the happiness that comes from that assurance thru the county fair."

Iowans had every reason to feel jittery early in September 1939. The front-page headlines were chilling:

Hitlerism Must Be Destroyed
Allies Have Lost 14 Ships at Sea
England Declares War on Germany
Polish Munitions for Western Front
Russia And Japan Reach Armistice

Still, this didn't seem to stop folks from attending the Central Iowa Fair. Nor did Monday's rain—"the old bugaboo" of fair week—nor the heat, which sizzled between 97 and 99 mid-week, forcing principals to let schools out at noon.

Arthur Rothstein, a Farm Security Administration employee, was assigned by the federal government to photograph rural America in the 1930s. Sometime during fair week in Marshalltown, he documented this near-sacred midwestern tradition by shooting candid scenes of fair-goers, the women in flowered dresses, the men in white shirts and ties.

Occasionally in the photos here, you'll spot an individual—a tall ticket-taker or a dark-haired man on a bench—who is staring right at Rothstein's camera, and thus at us, some 70 years in the future.

But most of the people at the 1939 fair seem oblivious to the photographer, the heat, and the war simmering in the local headlines.

— Ginalie Swaim, editor

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IOWA FAIR
DANCE
TENT
DANCING UNTIL
SEPT. 15
FARM

Fair Week 1939

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BOTH PHOTOS: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

As the newspaper said, farm kids "scrubbed, brushed and pampered" the livestock they raised, then showed them proudly at the fair, hoping to impress the judges and win awards. Then the kids had one more chance to show off their livestock—in the auction ring, where the animals were sold to the highest bidders and eventually sent to the slaughterhouse.

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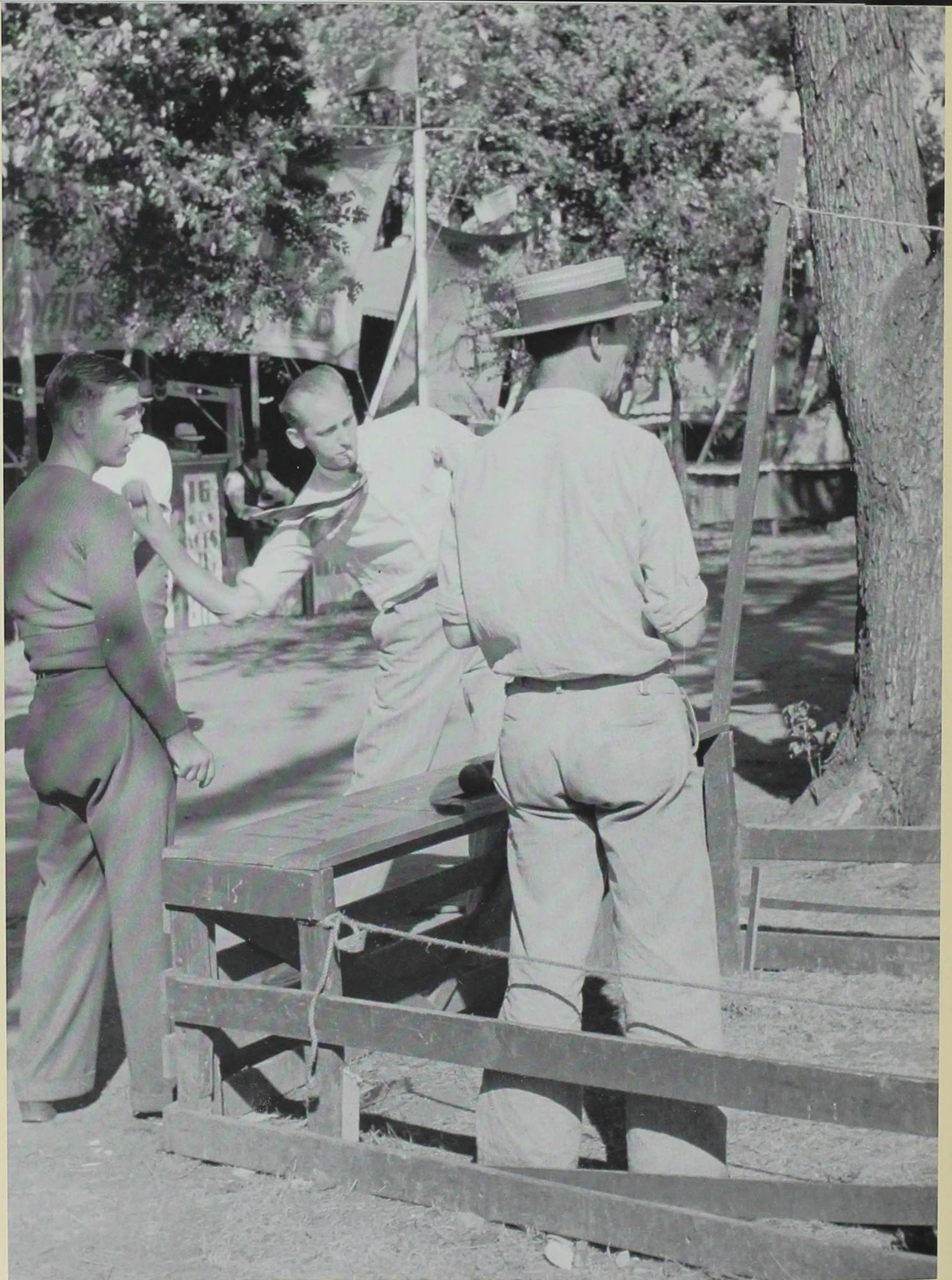
Like all fairs, this one was about innovation and commerce as well as entertainment. Above: A salesman explains the merits of a self-feeder for hogs, freeing up the farmer from the daily chore of lugging buckets of feed to the hog troughs.

Left: Farm women read up on rural electrification. On the same day that the fair started, the local paper reported that 7,000 more miles of electricity lines were to be constructed in rural Iowa, bringing electricity to 60,000 more farm families. Farm women would benefit more than male farmers from this new source of power.



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BOTH PHOTOS: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Above: Well, some dads will pop for the dime ticket to take their curious sons into a sideshow of gorillas, grave robbers, and other scary creatures—while some dads (photo on right) just steer their sons right past it.

Left: Cigarette in mouth and tie flying, a fellow tries his skills with a baseball.

The Marshalltown newspaper advertised the 1939 "Glittering Midway" as "streamlined" and "the like of which you have never seen . . . Rides, Slides, Thrills, Shows." Perhaps the midway glittered at night, but Arthur Rothstein photographed it during the day, when the streets were dusty and only little boys seemed thrilled with the shows.

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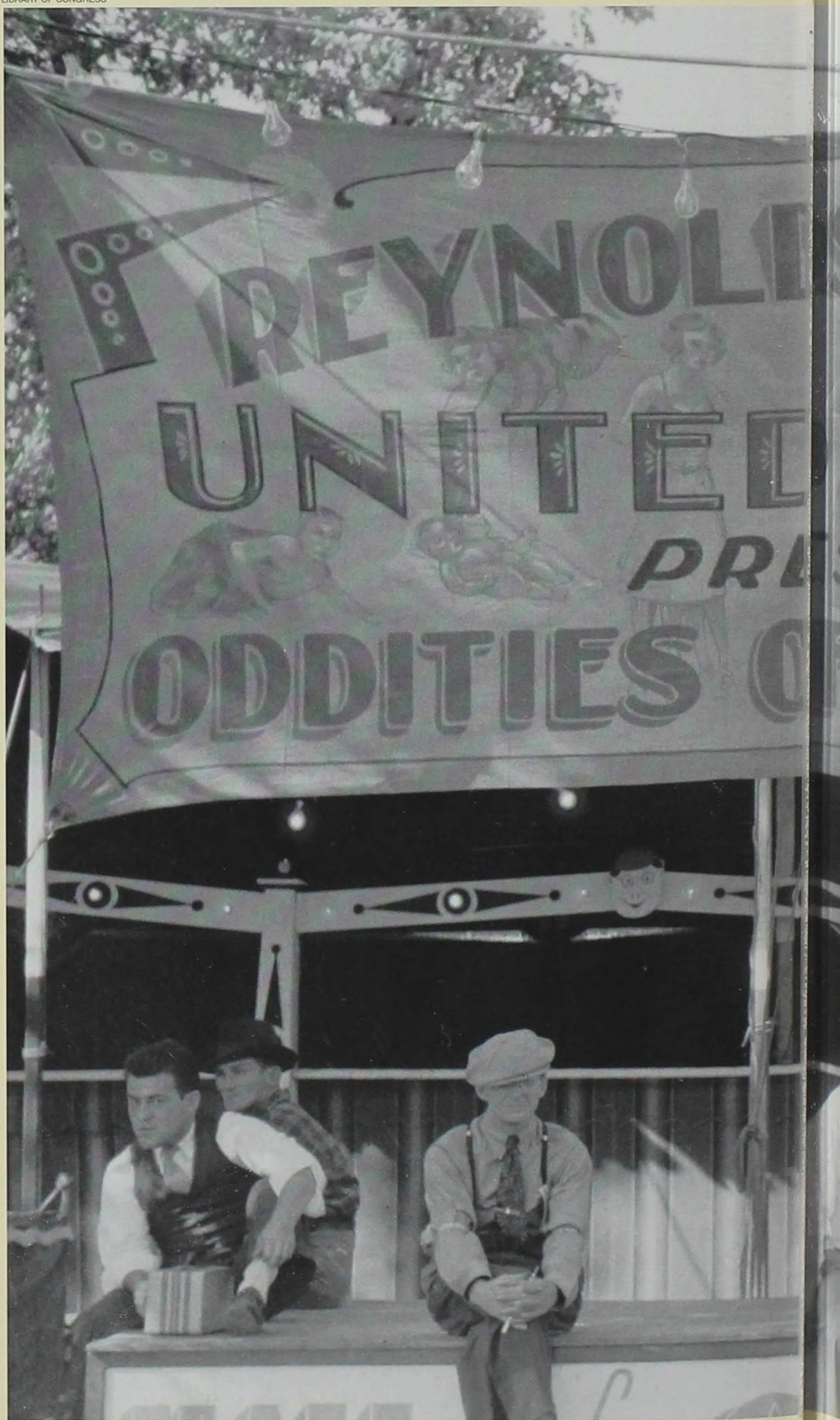
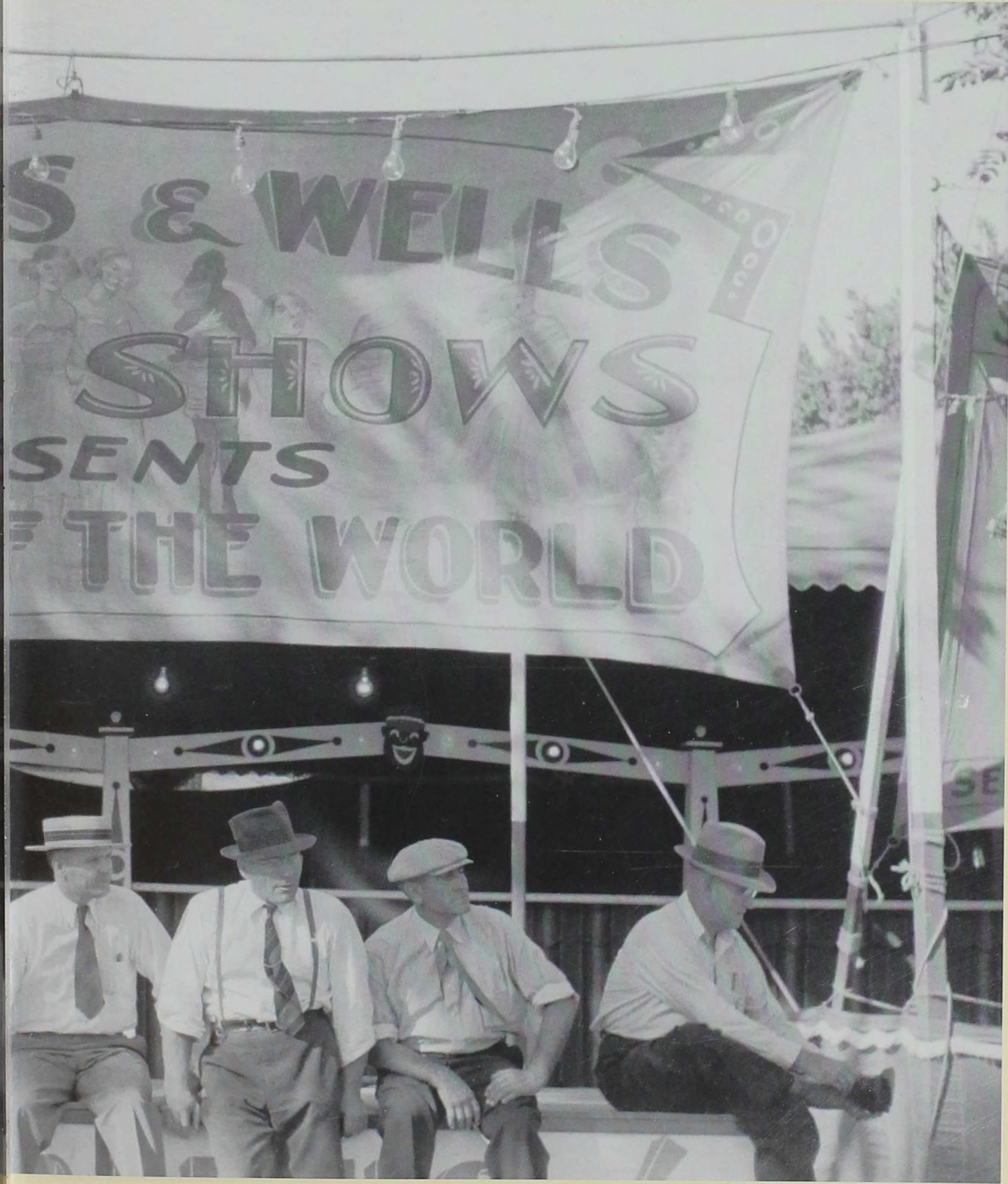


Several fellows sitting in the shade seem oblivious to the sign above.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Several fellows sitting in the shade seem oblivious to the sign above.

THE UNITED STATES BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY AND PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT AND SELF-MADE MEN, IOWA VOLUME (1878), PAGE 537

From Emancipation to Equality

Alexander Clark's Stand for Civil Rights in Iowa

by Stephen Frese

Alexander Clark was the son of emancipated slaves. Born in Pennsylvania in 1826, Clark moved to Cincinnati at age 13 to live with an uncle who taught him the barbering trade and sent him to grammar school, where he "got a fair smattering of the common branches of education." In October 1841, Clark boarded the steamer *George Washington* and, as a bartender, headed south on the Ohio River. The following May he traveled north on the Mississippi and landed in Muscatine, Iowa, where he would live for the next 42 years working as a barber, entrepreneur, orator, lawyer, newspaper editor—and an unyielding voice for civil rights.

Clark came to Iowa at a time when "colored people" were considered unfit to vote, hold elected office, or attend public schools. Recognizing the chasm between freedom and equality, Clark battled to overturn Iowa's discriminatory laws and desegregate public schools. He also fought against the intangible obstacles to full equality: fear, hatred, apathy, prejudice, stereotypes, and the pervasive idea of white supremacy. Living by example, Clark worked toward "the time when a man will be esteemed at his true worth without regard to circumstances or race or birth."

Iowa's territorial government had banned slavery in 1838, but being against slavery did not mean whites in Iowa believed all races were equal. Some Iowans opposed slavery on moral and religious grounds but "viewed African Americans as inferior to whites and believed that the two races should be kept apart," writes historian Dorothy Schwieder. Many white southerners who settled in Iowa opposed slavery in the territory because it represented an economic evil. Coming north to escape a plantation system that favored wealthy men, "they were far from ready to share with the Negro the rights and privileges they expected to enjoy on the new frontier," historian Leola Bergmann notes. Early political leaders viewed slave ownership as a status symbol and ignored laws that prohibited slavery in Iowa. John Chambers, the second territorial governor, arrived from Kentucky in 1841 "accompanied, wrote an eyewitness, by 'a small troop' of slaves," writes historian Robert Dykstra.

Fearing that Iowa could become a dumping ground for manumitted southern slaves, legislators drafted what became known as Iowa's Black Codes to keep free blacks out. Laws enacted in 1839 required blacks to produce a certificate of freedom and post a $500 bond. Black males were not allowed to vote, join the territorial militia, or serve in the legislature. Blacks could not serve as witnesses against white defendants in court cases, were not eligible for statutory relief, and could not attend public schools. In 1840, the legislature banned interracial marriages.

Delegates to Iowa's constitutional convention in 1844 formed a committee to deal with "a petition . . . for the admission of people of color on the same footing as white citizens." They also considered a provision that would prohibit blacks from settling in Iowa. The committee agreed in theory "that all men are created equal,

and are endowed by their Creator with equal unalienable rights, and that these rights are as sacred to the black man as the white man." However, they viewed equality as an abstract proposition, arguing that government is a man-made association that "changes or modifies . . . his natural rights. Some are surrendered, some are modified."

Fewer than 100 blacks lived in Iowa in 1844 (compared to 30,000 whites), but convention delegates feared what could happen if they allowed unrestricted black emigration. Iowa, they concluded, "can never consent to open the doors of our beautiful State and invite [negroes] to settle our lands. The policy of other States would drive the whole black population of the Union upon us."

When Alexander Clark opened his barbershop in Muscatine in 1842, Iowa was "one of the most racist territories in the North," according to Dykstra. Clark, however, saw Iowa as a land of opportunity. He bought timberland along the river bottom and negotiated contracts to provide wood for the lucrative steamboat market. At a time when most blacks in Iowa took menial, low-paying jobs, Clark challenged the status quo.

In his twenties, Clark married Catherine Griffin of Iowa City, a woman whose father came from Africa and whose mother was an American Indian, and started a family. He invested in real estate, helped organize Muscatine's African Methodist Episcopal Church, and launched his campaign for civil rights.

Clark attended the 1853 National Colored Convention in Rochester, New York, an assembly Frederick Douglass also attended and called "the largest and most enlightened colored convention that . . . ever assembled in this country." Because disenfranchised blacks were excluded from the political process, they met in conventions to debate issues, consider their options, and assert their rights as American citizens. The delegates believed slavery and discrimination could not be tolerated in a nation founded on principles of democracy and freedom. Clark brought the fight for equality to Iowa, initiating a petition campaign in 1855 to overturn an exclusionary law that prohibited "the immigration of free negroes into this state." Clark probably knew that the law was not enforced, but saw overturning it as a place to start in taking a public stand for civil rights in Iowa.

In December 1856 Clark gathered 122 signatures from blacks and whites on a petition to repeal Iowa's Black Laws, and in the next month he was one of 33 delegates to a black convention held in Muscatine. Delegates demanded full citizenship, agreeing that education was essential to "the moral and political elevation of the colored race," as the minutes state. Black suffrage emerged as a primary issue of Iowa's 1857 constitutional convention. Voters rejected black suffrage, but Clark did not abandon the fight.

Once the Civil War had begun, Clark asked Governor Samuel Kirkwood for permission to recruit a company of black volunteers but, as Dykstra writes, he was "admonished (by Kirkwood's secretary) that white troops would not tolerate a racially integrated army." Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation in 1863 changed everything. Clark recruited 1,153 blacks for the 1st Iowa Volunteers of African Descent (later designated the 60th Regiment Infantry, United States Colored Troops) and was chosen as the regiment's sergeant-major. A physical disability kept Alexander Clark from battle, but according to writer Marilyn Jackson, he was "one of the most active agents in the 'west' gathering recruits for the army and furthering the Union cause."

Following the war, people of African descent were no longer defined by their status as slaves. According to historian Leslie Schwalm, "Even in the Midwest, whites and African-Americans alike understood that this moment put everyone's rights and privileges, as well as black subordination and white supremacy, in question." Black soldiers had fought and died alongside whites in defense of the Union, and Clark knew the time was right to fight for suffrage. On October 31, 1865, 700 members of the 60th U.S. Infantry Colored Regiment met at Camp McClellan in Davenport, electing Clark president of the convention. "Now, my friends, we have a work to perform," he stated, "a duty we owe to ourselves and to our race, in asking for those political rights of which we are now deprived." Suffrage, he believed, was key to full participation in a free society. "We have discharged our duty as soldiers in the defense of our country, [and] respectfully urge that it is the duty of Iowa to allow us the use of our votes at the polls. . . . He who is worthy to be trusted with the musket can and ought to be trusted with the ballot."

The convention drafted a petition that Clark delivered to the capitol during Iowa's next General Assembly asking legislators to strike the word "white" from constitutional requirements for voting. The document also admonished blacks to pursue "education, industry, and thrift that would certainly be rewarded with increasing intelligence and wealth," while cautioning blacks "to abstain from the use of intoxicating drink." Blacks fighting for civil rights in Iowa also fought against the stereotype that they were "lazy and good-for-nothing." With the petition, Clark delivered an ad-

dress to all Iowans: "Fellow Countrymen: We wish we could truthfully address you as 'fellow citizens.' . . . We appeal to the justice of the people and of the Legislature of our State, for those rights of citizenship without which our well-earned freedom is but a shadow; . . . [give] to us that right without which we have no power to defend ourselves from unjust legislation, and no voice in the Government we have endeavored to preserve. . . . If we do not get our rights as citizens and voters it is not because we do not deserve and have not fairly earned them, but only because prejudice and wrong still triumph over Truth and Righteousness."

Clark returned to Muscatine believing his trip was not in vain. "I secured the presentation of the petition of the regiment, containing 700 names, together with a petition from the colored citizens of Muscatine numbering 97 names, and one from the white citizens numbering 235, making in all over one thousand names praying for universal suffrage."

Clark's campaign for suffrage continued at the Iowa State Colored Convention in Des Moines in February 1868. Delegates elected him secretary and spokesman of an assembly that believed the "tendency toward an enlarged freedom . . . impresses us with the firm conviction that our claims to universal suffrage and impartial justice at home and abroad will soon be secured to all."

Iowa Republicans responded with a platform provision to enfranchise black males, "simply because it was the right and moral position," in Schwieder's words. Democrats firmly opposed black suffrage. A referendum to strike the word "white" in the voting clause of Iowa's constitution came before voters in 1868. The amendment passed, turning Iowa—a state with some of the strictest Black Codes in the North—into "one of the most egalitarian states in the Union," says Dykstra. Clark's unyielding stand for equality helped Iowa become the first state beyond New England to give black males the right to vote. Minnesota soon followed, and those victories began the push for the 15th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

For Alexander Clark, "experience was his schoolmaster . . . and the world his college." He wanted something better for his—and all—children. In Iowa, an 1847 law mandated that "schools would be open and free alike to all white persons in the school district, between the ages of five and twenty-one years." Barriers to education kept blacks illiterate, reinforcing stereotypes about black intelligence.

In 1858, the General Assembly required that school boards provide separate schools for black students. Muscatine operated a colored school, but Clark was not satisfied with the quality of education it provided. In fact, his daughters, Rebecca and Susan, were educated at home with occasional attendance in Muscatine's black schools. Ready to publicly challenge segregation, Clark sent 12-year-old Susan to a neighborhood white school in September 1867. She was denied admission. In a letter to the *Muscatine Journal* Clark stated, "My personal object is that my children attend where they can receive the largest and best advantages of learning." He outlined contrasts between Muscatine's white and colored schools. White schools were conveniently located, but the black school was "nearly a mile from many of the small colored children, keeping more than a third of them from school." White schools had adequate supplies and competent, well-paid teachers. The black school did not. The white schools, Clark wrote, "have prepared and qualified pupils by the hundred for the high school; the colored school has never prepared or qualified one that could pass an examination for any class in the high school."

Clark filed a lawsuit in the Muscatine County District Court. The judge issued a writ of mandamus compelling the board of directors to allow Susan to attend the all-white Grammar School No. 2. The board appealed to the Iowa Supreme Court, asserting its right to require colored children in Muscatine to attend the separate school provided. The Supreme Court in 1868 disagreed.

In rendering the majority opinion, Justice J. Cole pointed out that the 1857 state constitution had created a state board of education that was required to "provide for the education of *all the youths of the State,* through a system of common schools." Requiring black students to attend a separate school violated the law which "expressly gives the same rights to *all* the youths."

The justice continued, "The term 'colored race' is . . . a synonym for African. If the board of directors are clothed with a discretion to exclude African children from our common schools, and require them to attend . . . a school composed wholly of children of that nationality, they would have the same power and right to exclude German, . . . Irish, French, English and other nationalities, which together constitute the *American.* . . . The board cannot . . . deny a youth admission to any particular school because of his or her nationality, religion, color, clothing or the like."

Within six years of the Iowa Supreme Court's landmark decision, all Iowa schools were open to all children regardless of race, nationality, or religion. Susan Clark appeared on the list of Muscatine High School

graduates in 1871; her brother, Alexander Jr., followed. Alexander Jr. became the first black graduate of the University of Iowa's law school. At the age of 58, Alexander Sr. became the second.

In the years immediately following the Civil War, newspapers still covered events in the black community, but the emotions that ran high during the Civil War had diminished and "the special interest and the ready sympathy of earlier days waned," Bergmann explains. "As the Negro population increased, the number of newspaper items devoted to their affairs decreased." Soon the only black news reported in "white" papers focused on crime. This lack of positive coverage led to the formation of "black" newspapers, which carried stories that white papers refused to print.

Clark turned to the black press as a medium to convey his opinions in the ongoing struggle for equality. In July 1882, Clark bought the *Chicago Conservator*, the city's first black paper. Two years later he became the editor and, in writer Marilyn Jackson's words, "wielded a fearless pen . . . dipped in acid." He spoke out against prejudice and discrimination, "wheeling the paper into the ranks of a true radical Republican paper."

Many white Americans thought the solution to "the Negro problem" after emancipation was to send blacks back to Africa. Liberia was established in 1822 as a colony for freed U.S. slaves. Clark opposed colonization: "We are Americans by birth and we assure you that we are Americans in feeling, in spite of all the wrongs which we . . . endured in this our native country." However, when President Benjamin Harrison appointed Clark as the U.S. minister to Liberia in 1890, he accepted the position because it was the highest presidential appointment ever offered to a black man. He died in Liberia in 1891.

Alexander Clark hoped his life would inspire young people, especially blacks, to set worthwhile goals and achieve them in spite of obstacles. By example he discredited the prejudicial and racist attitudes that permeated white society, becoming a "symbol of a growing, prosperous and more assertive black community, not only in the state, but nationwide," writes journalist Stephen Byrd.

Clark battled against exclusionary laws. He fought to repeal Iowa's Black Codes. And he won. He fought for integrated schools, asserting that separate does not mean equal—a conclusion the United States Supreme Court agreed with almost a century later.

Clark's ambition was "tempered by sound judgment," a Muscatine minister eulogized. Discerning when to take a stand contributed to his success. He demonstrated his political genius by acting when the climate was right to force change, becoming a catalyst in efforts to extend the American idea of democracy to all people.

Despite Clark's many victories, racial discrimination "would continue to plague various aspects of African-American Iowans' lives into the next century," writes historian Kathryn Neal. Although his accomplishments did not eliminate social and economic injustices, he established legal precedents and a solid foundation upon which later generations could build. ❖

Stephen Frese won the 2006 National History Day competition with this essay and was awarded a four-year scholarship to Case Western Reserve University.

NOTE ON SOURCES

Author's note: Throughout my research I encountered terms including Negro, colored people, blacks, and mulattoes used to refer to people of African descent. Alexander Clark is an example of how difficult it can be to classify a person's race. Three of his great-grandparents were white. His father was the son of a mulatto slave and her Irish master. In 1948 Clark married Catherine Griffin of Iowa City, a woman whose father came from Africa and whose mother was an American Indian.

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Annotations are held in the *Iowa Heritage Illustrated* production files, SHSI (Iowa City).

SHSI (IOWA CITY)

One in a Million

Among the millions of items in the collections of the State Historical Society of Iowa is this photograph taken of a group of young women in Fort Dodge, Iowa, on an "annual store outing," as the banner proclaims.

The information on the back tells us a little more: The group is the Kresge's Bunch, and the date is June 26, 1920. Store managers Blanch and George Kinley are standing on the far right, in white hats. The Kinleys along with the local YWCA sponsored the club.

Most of the young women look pretty cheerful about the outing—or at least the photo opportunity. But we wish we knew more. What's with Mr. Kinley's polka dot tie? Where are the young women headed? Did they all work at the Kresge's five-and-dime? And if so, while they're all out on the outing, just who's minding the store? —*Ginalie Swaim, editor*

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