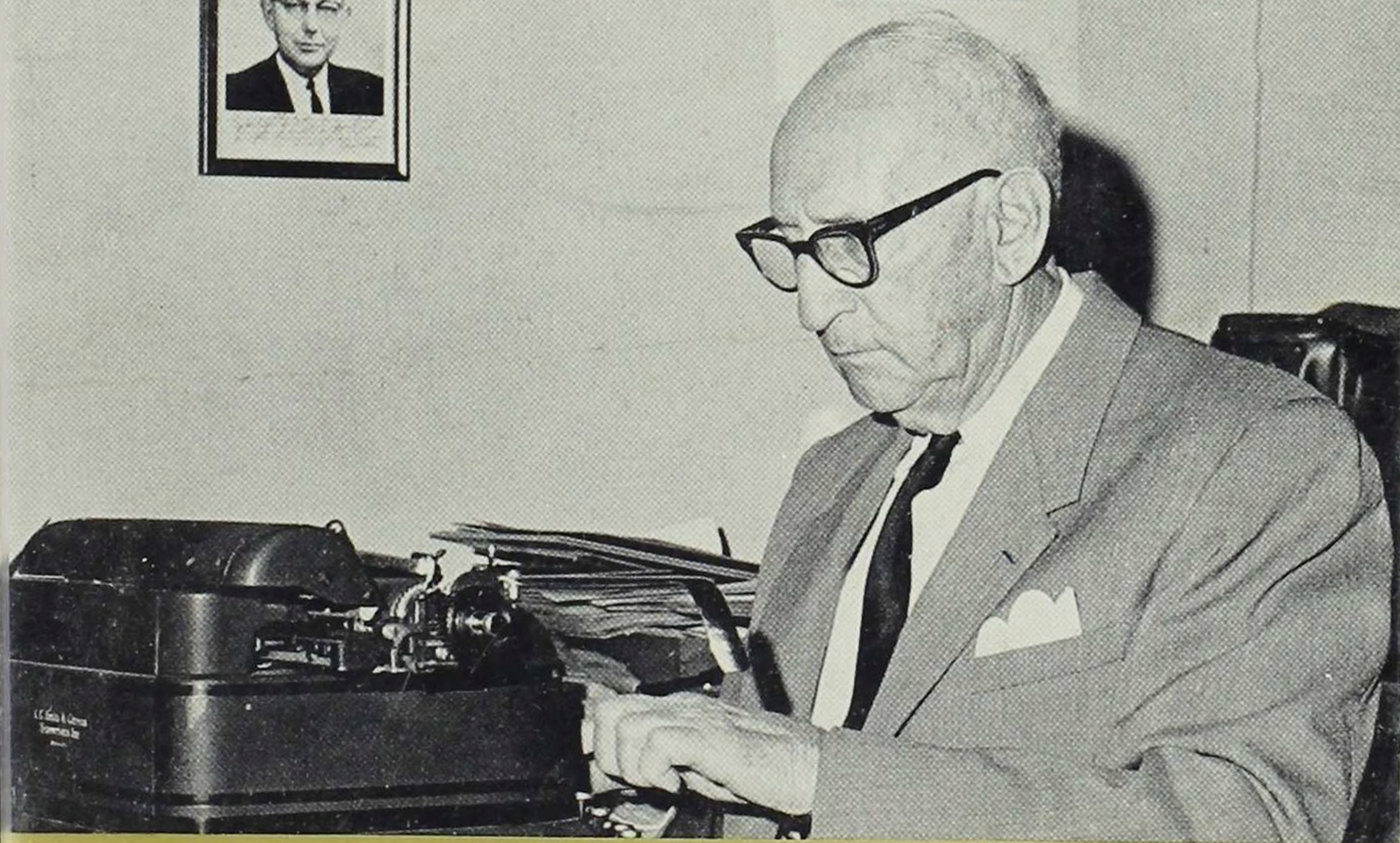
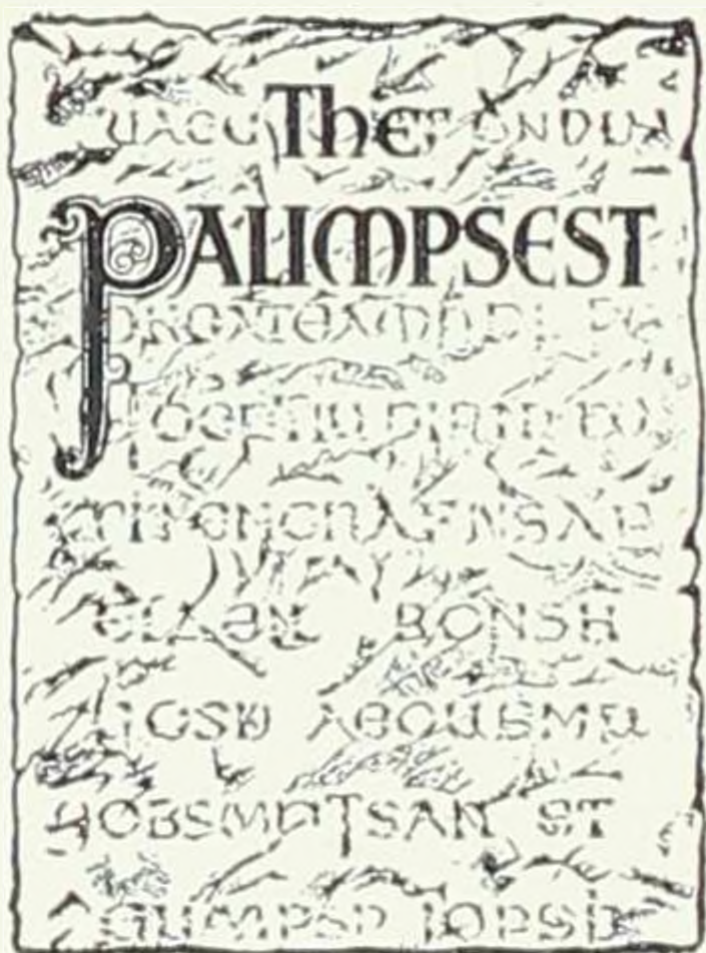


*The*  
**PALIMPSEST**



The Editor in His Sanctus Sanctorum.

Don L. Berry — A Fortright Editor  
Published Monthly by  
The State Historical Society of Iowa  
Iowa City, Iowa  
NOVEMBER, 1963



## The Meaning of Palimpsest

In early times a palimpsest was a parchment or other material from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the record of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

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## Illustrations

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## Author

Don L. Berry was for over forty years the editor-publisher of the *Indianola Record-Herald* and is now the publisher-emeritus of this paper.

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# THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

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## Family Background

Right in the beginning let it be understood that this will not be the story of a self-made man. The amount of help I received in getting started in the world from a loving, patient, and unselfish father is almost embarrassing. And my mother was a perfect partner for him. Not only did they put me through college but twice they set me up at farming, in each case with five years use of a farm, rent free and taxes paid. Fortunately for Father, each time I wanted to go to farming was at the beginning of a land boom, so that in each case he sold out at a good profit, even after putting improvements on the farms and giving a dependent son the use of them.

To get the formal statistical facts out of the way, I was born October 8, 1880, at 105 East Third Avenue, in Indianola, the son of William H. and Alice M. (Barker) Berry. My father was a rising young lawyer. My parents had been classmates in Simpson College, class of 1872, the third class graduated from Simpson.

My father's father was Benjamin C. Berry, a farmer, captain of Co. D, 114th Illinois Infantry, in the Civil War. He was a native of Virginia. He had moved to Iowa from Cass County, Illinois, in 1867. My mother's father was M. R. Barker, a native of Ohio. He had come with his parents to Fairfield at the age of twenty-one, in 1846. In the fall of 1849, he came to Indianola on horseback looking for a location for a store. It was only a few months after the county seat had been located and county government established. His was the second store in Indianola.

On my father's side I am descended from the Berrys, the Rows, and the Carletons of Orange County, Virginia, and from the Van Eatons, Eversols, and Renshaws of North Carolina, by way of Ohio. On my mother's side I trace back to Sandisfield, Massachusetts; to the Russells of Augusta County, Virginia; and to the Ewings, Blakes, and Coxes of Maryland around the head of Chesapeake Bay, by way of Ohio and Indiana.

My father was born October 23, 1849, in Cass County, Illinois, and died March 25, 1923, in Indianola. My mother was born July 25, 1853, in Indianola at 213 West Salem Avenue (then Main Street), and died in Indianola February 28, 1928. I think no two people were ever more perfectly mated. They were interested in the same things, always things worth while.

My father had little time for vacations, but

plenty of time to serve thirty years as superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School in Indianola, as a trustee of Simpson College, and as an active Republican in political affairs. He cared for the interests of his clients in two hundred terms of court in Warren County, with the exception of one term when he was ill. He died during his 200th term of court. He was a member of the State Senate, representing Warren and Clark counties, in the 26th, 26th Extra, and 27th General Assemblies, from 1896 to 1900.

My mother was equally interested in church work, serving twenty years as treasurer of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the local Methodist church. She was the founder of Indianola women's clubs, having called together a group of ladies in her home to establish the Monday Club in 1886. The Monday Club was Federated in 1893 and is still active in Indianola. She received her inspiration to organize a woman's study club on a visit to her friend, Mrs. George W. Ball, of Iowa City, a member of the Nineteenth Century Club, which had been recently organized in that city.

Our home was frequently the stopping place of ministers, lecturers, bishops, presiding elders, the headquarters for returning alumni of the college; and Father often had judges of the district court come for dinner of an evening. Such people were a considerable part of my early edu-

cation. I do not recall ever having gone off to play while such characters were about. From my earliest recollection I sat in on their conversation and usually found it fascinating. Some of those fellows knew how to tell jokes, too, and I thank them for what I gathered of that technique. I was permitted to stay up beyond my regular bedtime when listening to them.

October 10, 1905, I married Bertha Sloan, a Dexter girl, whose father was M. G. Sloan, a physician, who later moved to Des Moines. Doctor Sloan had been a brakeman and baggageman on the North Western Railroad in his youth, and was baggageman on the first passenger train into Council Bluffs. Our backgrounds were very similar, deeply colored by the Methodist church. Bertha came to Simpson to study voice under Alexander Emslie. She had an unusual contralto voice, but, sad to relate, I robbed her of a singing career by making her a farmer's wife.

Her lineage, like mine, was of the westward trekking pioneers. Her paternal grandfather was at one time a sailor on the Great Lakes. Later he settled in Lyons, Iowa, as a wagon maker and blacksmith. Her ancestry runs back to the Buchanans and Moores of Baltimore and to the Hesses and the Nellisses of the Palatine Germans of the Mohawk Valley, who sniped at the Canadian Tories from behind rocks and trees, so delaying them from reaching Saratoga in time to rein-

force the British under General Burgoyne in 1777.

We have three children, Thomas S. Berry of Shawnee Mission, Kansas; Martha (Mrs. W. H.) Reiter of Sierra Madre, California; and Alice (Mrs. J. Robert) Mitchell of Bakersfield, California. Through them we have two grandsons and three great grandsons.

I was an only child, no doubt spoiled, but I didn't know it. Perhaps everybody else did. My spoilation was somewhat ameliorated by the presence in our family from my earliest recollection of two girl cousins a little older than I, whom Father and Mother had taken in after the death of their parents. After one of these girls had married and the other died, my parents again opened their home to Father's niece and nephew, younger than I, who had been left orphans. Toward these young people I think I had about the same feeling I would have had for a brother or a sister, and I still have that feeling. Looking back over the years, I know I was fortunate to have them with us as part of my family.

As I said, my father was almost too good to me in helping establish me in farming. The sale of the second farm was interesting and illustrates the extent of the land boom following World War I, as well as displays some of my father's characteristic long look ahead.

I was getting along fairly well at the close of the first World War with a small stud of pure-

bred Percheron mares and a stallion, except that a poorly designed sinus made me farm from a rocking chair one to four weeks nearly every winter. We had talked a little of selling the farm and maybe going to a warmer climate or getting into some business with less exposure.

All around us that summer of 1919 land was selling at fabulous prices in dollars still worth 100 cents. The best land in Warren County was bringing \$350 to \$400 an acre. Ours was a 240 acre medium class farm. Forty acres of timber land had been in the family since 1870 and was not for sale. The remaining 200 acres were moderately rolling to rough, with some timber. But it had been mostly well farmed through the years and was not seriously eroded, the roughest of it carrying an excellent blue grass sod.

One morning in June a real estate man drove in with a farm renter and inquired if we would sell the farm. I told him the farm belonged to my mother and father, that we talked casually of selling, but never seriously, and had never talked of price. They asked what I thought it ought to bring.

I told them it was medium grade land, but with the above-average improvements and good fences I thought it should bring \$265 an acre. The renter said he would give that. They asked me to go to town and learn whether my father would sell it at that price. After a few words about how



much the prospect had to pay down in cash, and what he had in the way of stock and equipment for handling a farm two and one half times larger than he had been renting, they departed.

After dinner (dinner on the farm was the mid-day meal then) I threw the saddle on my mare and took off to call on Father. I found him in his law office when he happened to be alone. I told him my errand. He had a heart in him as big as a bushel basket; but he could and often did ask questions so rapidly and pungently that he might scare a stranger half out of his boots. He weighed 240 to 250 pounds and threw it all into a resonant baritone voice that most of the people in Warren County could recognize without seeing him.

"Did you price it to him?" he shot at me.

I said I had told them the way other land was selling I thought it should be worth \$265 an acre.

"That's good enough. Would he give that?" in sharp staccato.

"He said he would," I replied.

"How much money has he to pay down?" crackety crack.

"He could pay down \$3,500."

"Hmp! How much stock and machinery has he?" still short and snappy.

"He would have to buy some cows and some more machinery," I said.

"Well, let's figure — 200 acres at \$265 an acre

would be \$53,000 — only \$3500 down. Hmp! In five years we would have the bare bones of the farm back on our hands with gullies in the fields, the fences down and he'd be busted. No, I'm not going to help bust him. Tell 'im we won't sell."

Three weeks later he sold the farm to one of the wealthiest men in Warren County at \$210 an acre. This buyer in turn sold it within three weeks to a farmer for \$275 an acre. The second buyer owned 320 acres of land in another county. A friend met Father on the street and said:

"Bill, don't it make you sick to see Carl make \$65 an acre on that farm and never turn a hand?"

"Not for one minute," returned Father, "I have two men on that note and either one of them is good for it. That farm is sold; I will get the money. Some of these fellows who are selling farms won't." He was right; the mortgage was paid off on the dot, after Father's death and after land values had slumped to less than half the sale price.

Perhaps that is enough on the land booms I have seen come and go. My father was always willing to see the other fellow make some money on what he sold to him. He was a strong adherent of the saying that no man ever went broke taking a profit, but many a man has gone broke trying to get all the profit.

DON L. BERRY

## The Molding of a Man

When I was about three years old a guest in our home took me between his knees and asked me when I was starting to school. I looked to my father for the answer, which he gave jokingly: "Tell him you won't go to school until you start to college." I believed him — and I didn't.

At four years of age I was given a primer for a birthday present, one of those old-fashioned, gaily colored, heavy paper things with pictures of an axe, with a-x-e under the picture, bed, cat, dog, and so on, with the noun spelled out under each picture. Mother taught me my alphabet and first spelling from that primer. Then came a McGuffey's *Revised Eclectic First Reader*, then a *Second*. Somewhere in those early years came also a primary arithmetic. I was reading before I was old enough to start to school and it was fun.

The arithmetic was not so much fun, but Mother kept me at it. She had taught a year or two in the Winterset schools before her marriage. She would never allow me to use a slate or a pencil and paper for arithmetic problems until I was well into fractions. I had to carry the numbers in my head and solve the problems. And how I have blessed her for it over the years since.

And so it went from beginning reading and arithmetic on into grammar, history, elementary algebra, plane geometry, Latin, through Caesar and half way through Virgil, and so on. I did not care to go to school because, when I was through with my lessons, I was free to read some book I liked, free to take to the great out of doors, ride my pony as far as I could go and be back by dinner time, coasting or skating in winter, or about anything I wanted to do. Mother was always willing to try one more year.

Yes, I missed the companionship of other boys in school and of learning to get along with them. However, I don't believe I have had any more difficulty in getting along with people in general than have the boys who went to school. My greatest loss was not learning to play baseball.

Under the school laws of today I suppose my education was sadly neglected. The educationists would have my father and mother in court in no time. There were others in Iowa, however, who received similar educations.

In Pella, Iowa, about the same time I was growing up, a banker left the bank at an early hour every day and went home to hear his children recite their lessons. They did not go to public school, either. This banker did not do too badly as an educator. One of his sons became president of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa. Another became president of the Bankers' Life —

one of the ten "big" in the life insurance field. Still another one of his boys became president of Grinnell College. Yet, under the benevolent laws of today, Father Nollen would be a jailbird.

However, I recognize fully that it would be difficult to write a law permitting those parents capable of teaching their children at home to do so, and at the same time keep those incapable of teaching from trying it.

When I was seventeen years old my mother took me to the dean of Simpson College and told him she thought I was prepared to enter the middle year of the academy, equivalent to third year in high school. The dean accepted Mother's recommendation and I was admitted without examinations. I had no trouble keeping up with my classes, that is, no trouble from lack of preparation. If I failed to make satisfactory grades it was due to laziness or getting into too many other things.

My grades were hardly such, I fear, as to have put me on the "Dean's List" had there been such a thing in those days. Nevertheless, I managed to escape most of the final term examinations which were required in each study of those students whose daily average grade fell below 85.

One term I received a miserable 75 in Latin, which made me ashamed of myself. The next term I raised this up to a 95, which taught me that there is very little excuse for failure.

Frank Mott, four years later, had the same Latin teacher I had — Miss Martha Stahl (later to become Mrs. Randolph Beall of Mt. Ayr). It gave me a sense of great satisfaction to find in Mott's *Time Enough* (a book of personal recollections) that he rated Miss Stahl as a great teacher, as I certainly do, although I doubt if I appreciated her at the time.

I think Miss Stahl was the most thorough teacher I ever knew. She drilled Latin grammar and Latin construction into us so deeply that, from the time I went out of her classes to the present hour, my whole conception of sentence forming is in terms of Latin grammar. I know practically nothing of English grammar. It was completely superseded by Miss Stahl's pounding of Latin grammar into me.

As I look back on them, the professors in Simpson in those days were a very good group of teachers, some of them outstanding, although there were not many who held a Ph. D. degree. Such personages were not so common then as now. I remember that the first Ph. D. professor brought to Simpson proved to be one of the poorest teachers we had.

Charles Eldred Shelton came to Simpson as president from the superintendency of the city schools at Burlington in the fall of 1899, the same year I entered the undergraduate school as a Freshman. He was a man of excellent physique,

tall, well-carried, and well-groomed. He was a good mixer, but by no means a "back slapper." He was jovial, but dignified, and soon knew most of the students personally.

President Shelton was a rather strict disciplinarian, his discipline tempered with a very keen sense of humor and a sympathetic understanding of the fact that "boys must be boys." He had, let us say, a determined temper if his rulings were flagrantly violated. Some of the students thought that, once in a while, he jumped at conclusions and refused to back up regardless of any inconsistencies in his position.

I did not find him that way. For my part, I was very fond of him. When he came to Simpson to look the college over and to be looked over by the trustees, he and Mrs. Shelton were guests for several days in my parents' home, which gave me a favorable chance to become acquainted with him.

Perhaps the most colorful character on the Simpson faculty at the turn of the century was Wm. E. Hamilton, D.D.. He was the professor of English Bible and Philosophy. Opinions vary widely as to his teaching value. Some aver that he had not had any new ideas since he began to teach at Simpson in 1867. No one questioned his sincerity and his high idealism. He had that something about him that could make a young man or young woman want to be somebody. His classes

were intensely interesting to most of us. He was old-fashioned, to be sure, but in my travels over the United States I found that, whenever I met a former student who had been in one of Dr. Hamilton's classes, his first question was invariably: "How is Dr. Hamilton?" He inculcated in most of us a will to think, whether he taught us what to think or not; and he never told anybody that the Hamilton opinion was the only "right" opinion. He was president of the college for three or four years in the mid-eighties, although he did not care for administrative work. He retired in 1912, but responded to the urgent call to serve for a short time as acting president in 1915.

Another outstanding teacher from 1888 to 1920 was John L. Tilton, who attained his doctorate during this period. He came as a teacher of general sciences; but, as the science courses expanded, he restricted his own field to the earth sciences, geology and physiography. He wrote the geological reports of Warren and Madison counties for the Iowa Geological Survey. He tramped afoot over most of the two counties. He was physically vigorous and might be called the father of organized athletics for the college.

Tilton was a down east Yankee of the first water, left off his "r's" where they belonged and inserted them where they should not be. I was traveling with him in Colorado when we were approaching Durango. He inquired of a fellow



traveler as to the hotel there. He was told to go to the Strater House. Being full of geological terms himself he supposed the real name was the "Strata" House. Without any difficulty he pronounced it "Strater." When we arrived at the hotel we found it had been named for Col. Strater, a pioneer character. Thereafter he called it religiously the "Stratah House."

Professor Tilton was precise to the finest point, sometimes bookishly theoretical. But he was a thorough student, an excellent teacher and took a personal interest in every one of his pupils. Perhaps his greatest value was that, when a student came to him from a country neighborhood, believing the book of Genesis was literal history, Tilton could open to him the facts of science without shaking his fundamental Christian faith, because Tilton was a thorough Christian gentleman himself. He would point out that God Almighty was equally as much responsible for the stratification of the rocks, and for the striations on them, as He was for the book of Genesis, or even more so, because no human being had intervened in laying down the record.

Class parties in the vernacular of the college had been, from my earliest recollection, called "bums." Our Freshman class in the fall of 1899 had a bum, at which we became better acquainted with each other and found ourselves exceedingly congenial. I was curious to get a look at a girl

I had heard had come to study music, and who was touted to have an exceptional contralto voice. I was interested because she was the younger sister of my former violin teacher, Frank Sloan, and I thought Frank Sloan was quite a fellow.

Early in the evening I got a good look at her and she impressed me as being eminently worthy of being her brother's sister. But I was unable to wangle an introduction — and never did, from that day to this. For fifty-eight years the poor girl has been living with a stranger.

The literary societies were an important factor in college life in my time. I was a member of the Everetts, of which my father had been a charter member in the late 1860's, and of which my son was to be a member in the mid 1920's. These societies presented programs by their members every Friday evening, which were intended — and I think did — develop in their participants ease before an audience and provided the opportunity for presentation of original ideas or interpretation of the thoughts of others. I think their greatest value to their members was in the drill in parliamentary procedure. Sometimes the sorties in this field went to the extreme of horseplay. Nevertheless, the motions, amendments, substitutes, and previous questions were each followed through with a meticulous care, which has enabled many an alumnus to bring order out of chaos in later meetings of which he was a part.

In my Freshman year I was a member of a debating team representing the Freshman class of Simpson vs. a Freshman team from Iowa Wesleyan, our president's alma mater. We won this one. In my Senior year I was on the team debating Baker University. We were defeated.

By no stretch of the imagination could I have been called a campus leader, or "big shot." I was not on any athletic team, won no prizes or honors for scholarship, oratory, or in any field of extracurricular activity. I was not a recluse or bookworm. I mixed and took part in what was going on; but I had no following, headed no clique, nor acknowledged allegiance to any, other than my class.

Neither was I a ladies' man. I enjoyed the friendship of girls, especially those in my class, and was not embarrassed in their presence; but I had the feeling that a fellow was a kind of sissie who always had to have a girl hanging round him. I had been in school more than three years before I had more than an occasional date. I would have been embarrassed to tears to have any girl think that I even wanted to kiss her.

Probably I received more attention in the student body than I deserved because of being the college correspondent of the *Des Moines Register*, in which I was able to give the school more publicity than it had ever had in Des Moines papers before. My classmate, Loren C. Talbot (later

to become a distinguished reporter of the *Register and Leader*), was also giving the school good publicity through the *Leader*. Our rivalry was most friendly. We had much in common (eventually he was to become my associate in the *Indianola Record and Tribune* for twenty years). My ego was duly exalted to see my stories in print, although I received little monetary reward for my efforts and never the credit of a "by-line." In those days reporters and correspondents were distinguished by their anonymity.

The highest honor coming my way in college was election by the executive committee of the athletic association as football manager for 1901 and 1902. Simpson had had a paid football coach only one year. The manager was supposed to raise the money for the coach's salary from the proceeds of games. The manager was not the errand boy for the coach. He paid the coach and managed the business affairs of the team.

Fortunately for me, we had winning teams both years and raised the essential funds from gate receipts without passing the hat. The two seasons gave me some good experience in advertising and promotion. Those two teams had size and brains. I wish space would permit me to recount the later accomplishments of most of the players. Suffice it to say that we defeated the University of Missouri once, Drake University each year, and were defeated only by Missouri (the second year),

Iowa State, Grinnell, and Iowa State Teachers College.

In the winter and early spring of 1902, I had a series of pulmonary and stomach disorders, the hang-over from a bad case of typhoid five years earlier. I dropped out of school in the spring term and went to a farm, with the understanding that, if I could not do enough small chores to pay for my board, my father would pay the farmer. Father paid nothing. Farm life agreed with me. Within six weeks I was doing a full hand's work and drawing a full hand's pay. I returned to college in the fall 25-pounds heavier and hard as nails.

The Wadsworths, where I was working, were marvelous cooks. But I had always to watch my eating lest I bring on stomach cramps. I remember as well as yesterday the morning I defied the cramps. I had milked ten cows, fed 250 hogs and 125 cattle, cleaned and harnessed my team, and come in for breakfast. I was hungry. Within my own mind I delivered the following monologue: "Old stomach, I have got to have the strength and you have got to digest the food. Now, get busy!" With that I reached for another fried egg, another piece of home cured ham and another waffle. Believe it or not, from that day to this I have not had a stomach cramp.

In June of 1903 I graduated with my class, with Jonathan P. Dolliver commencement speaker.

DON L. BERRY

## Reporting for the *Register*

In the fall of 1899 I wrote my first newspaper copy as Indianola and Simpson College correspondent of the *Des Moines Register*, then under the editorial management of Frank Clarkson. In the spring of 1901 the *Register* entrusted me with covering the Hossack trial, a somewhat sensational murder trial in Warren County, to which the two Des Moines evening papers sent staff reporters.

In 1902, George E. Roberts, of Washington, D. C., former publisher of the *Fort Dodge Messenger*, bought and consolidated *The Des Moines Register* and *The Des Moines Leader* under the title of *Register and Leader*. Upon graduation from college in June, 1903, I applied for employment on the news staff of the paper. Then I went to work as a farm hand on the Wadsworth farm, half way between Des Moines and Indianola, to await an opening. Early in August I received an offer of eight dollars a week which I accepted. I wanted to get into newspaper work, which had been my ambition since my middle teens.

The most vivid recollection of those first days on the *Register and Leader* is the feeling of utter

uselessness. I wished I were back on the farm amongst the livestock. It was a relief to be sent out of town to report an old soldiers' and settlers' reunion in Lovilia, Monroe County, where my experience would be a story in itself — nothing sensational, but a picture of sixty years ago.

However, it was not long until I began to get somewhat the hang of things and in a few weeks was assigned to the police and fire department run. This was a somewhat tough assignment because my paper was at outs with the city administration, which at that time probably had the worst reputation for rottenness and inefficiency of any administration in the history of Des Moines.

Gambling houses were running practically wide open; prostitution was virtually protected by the police, the "girls" being herded into police court once every month or two, fined ten dollars each and sent back to carry on their trade until the next roundup. The police judge, W. A. Tris, was not a part of the city hall gang. He would not co-operate in this licensing of crime. When he could be caught out of town for a day, the chief of police would order all the "girls" brought in before a Justice of the Peace, who acted as temporary police judge, and was a part of the City Hall machine.

As I said, the *Register and Leader*, under the editorial guidance of the late Harvey Ingham,

was not popular with this kind of city administration. Prying news out of the police department was uphill business, especially for a reporter still in the cub stage. However, in fairness I will say that the night captain and most of the patrolmen were square shooters and gave me all the help they dared. They gave the city as much protection as they could, under the circumstances. It was rugged training, but worth while. After two weeks my salary was raised to ten dollars a week, and in another month or so went to twelve.

In the fall of 1903 Gardner Cowles bought the *Register and Leader*. Roberts had found it not a paying enterprise when managed at long distance from Washington. That change of ownership was, as everyone knows, a milestone in journalism in Iowa, if not in the Middle West. Not long before his death Mr. Cowles told me that he "just about lost my shirt" before he put the paper on a satisfactory paying basis and on the way to fame. I think I am the only survivor of the editorial and news staff at the time Cowles acquired it.

Around the turn of the year I was changed over to cover public schools, charities, and related topics. This proved an interesting field and I believe I developed it pretty well. During the months I was on the school beat there was the regular school election, two special votes on consolida-



tions, followed in each case by an election of directors for the consolidated district. So I had five school elections to cover within eight months. The school board met regularly in the evening so we could always scoop the afternoon papers. The members of the board, the secretary, and the superintendent were all friendly to the paper, and to me, and made the task of covering their doings pleasant. They welcomed a good coverage, which many school boards do not.

One of the high points in my journalistic career was covering a called meeting of the board in the summer of 1904. The North Des Moines district had consolidated with the old West Des Moines district. The board was seriously considering, in the interest of economy, closing North High and bringing all high school pupils to old West High on Center Street, which at that time was a modern building.

This talk caused almost a rebellion in the old North district. Emerson DePuy, publisher of *The Merchants' Trade Journal* and *The Northwestern Banker*, and E. H. Hunter were delegated to present the protests of the north side folks to the school board at a called meeting one afternoon. I do not remember what Hunter's ostensible business was, but actually he was the lobbyist and political strategist for the old railroad political machine which had dominated Iowa government for years, and which Albert B. Cummins

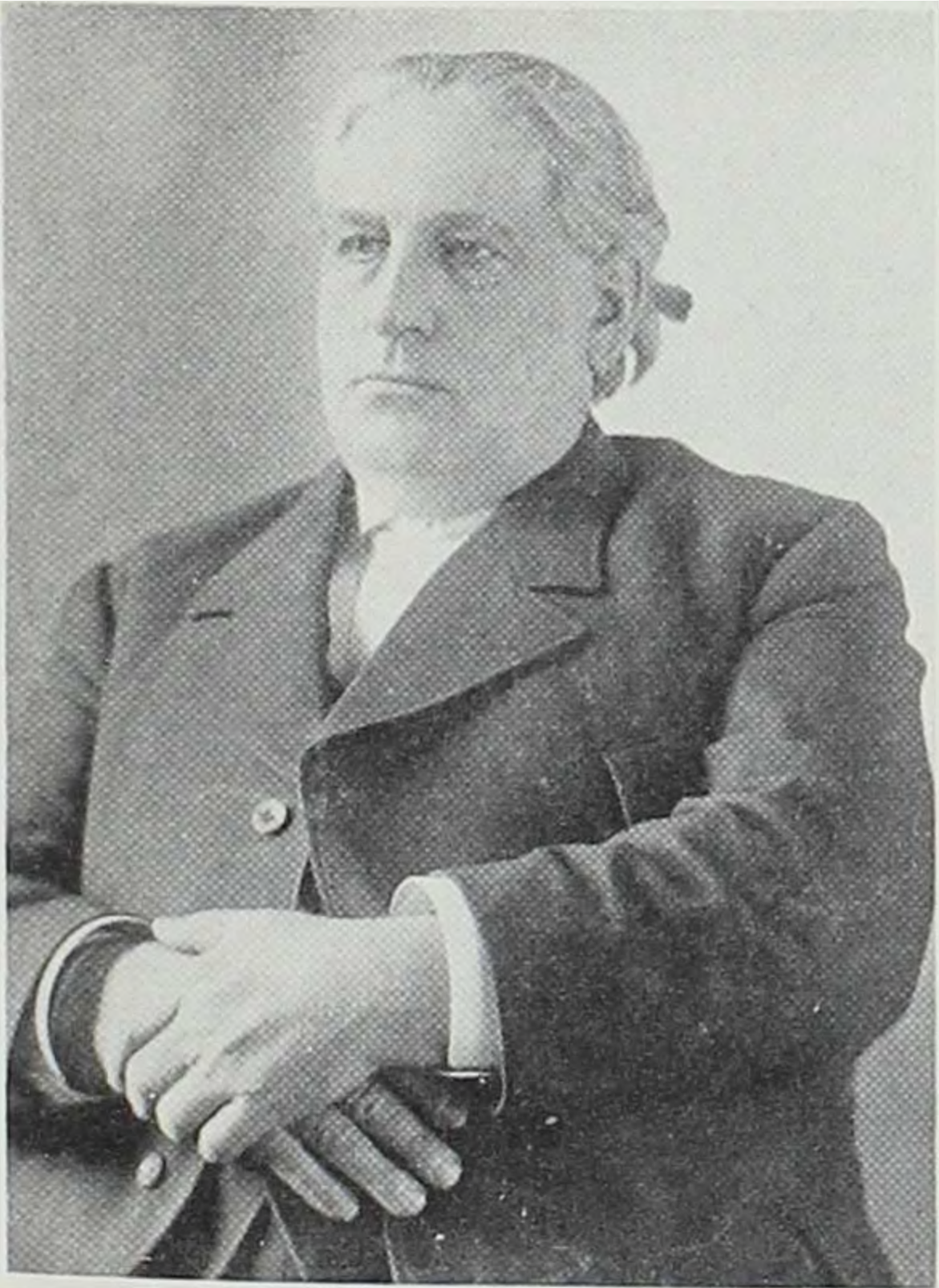
was trying to shake off. I was a Cummins man in Republican politics, an attitude perhaps inherited.

When I appeared at the school board offices to cover this called meeting, I was told by the secretary, Harry Keeseey, that he was very sorry, but the board had granted the request of the north side representatives to hold an executive session. I was out. I didn't leave. I hung around. Finally DePuy and Hunter came out of a side door into the hallway. I headed them off. To my surprise they were in a quite jovial mood. They refused to say what had taken place, assuring me that everything was lovely, but all had agreed to keep the proceedings in confidence.

I remonstrated that surely the board did not sweetly change its attitude without any argument. To this Hunter admitted that they had to present their side of the case, but everything was fine "now." DuPuy, however, could not restrain his sense of triumph.

"I tell you, Ed," he said to Hunter, "when you brought your fist down, they knew we meant business." This was illustrated by hitting his left hand a crack with his right fist. That was all I could get out of them. Eventually, it was enough.

One of my best friends on the school board was L. C. Kurtz (a friendship which continued so long as Mr. Kurtz lived). But neither he nor any other members of the board would give me a thing. They had agreed to keep still.



WILLIAM H. BERRY

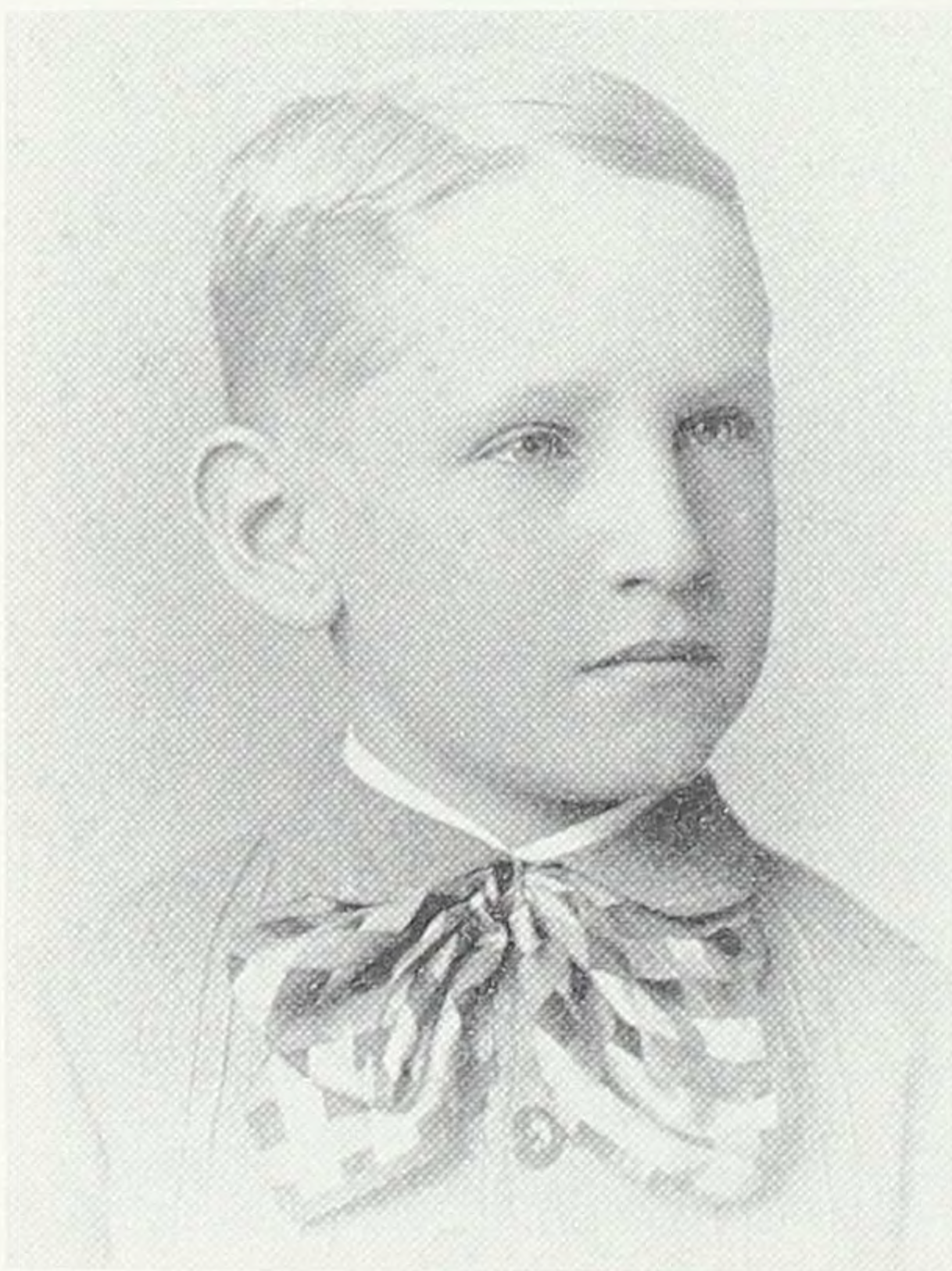


ALICE M. BERRY

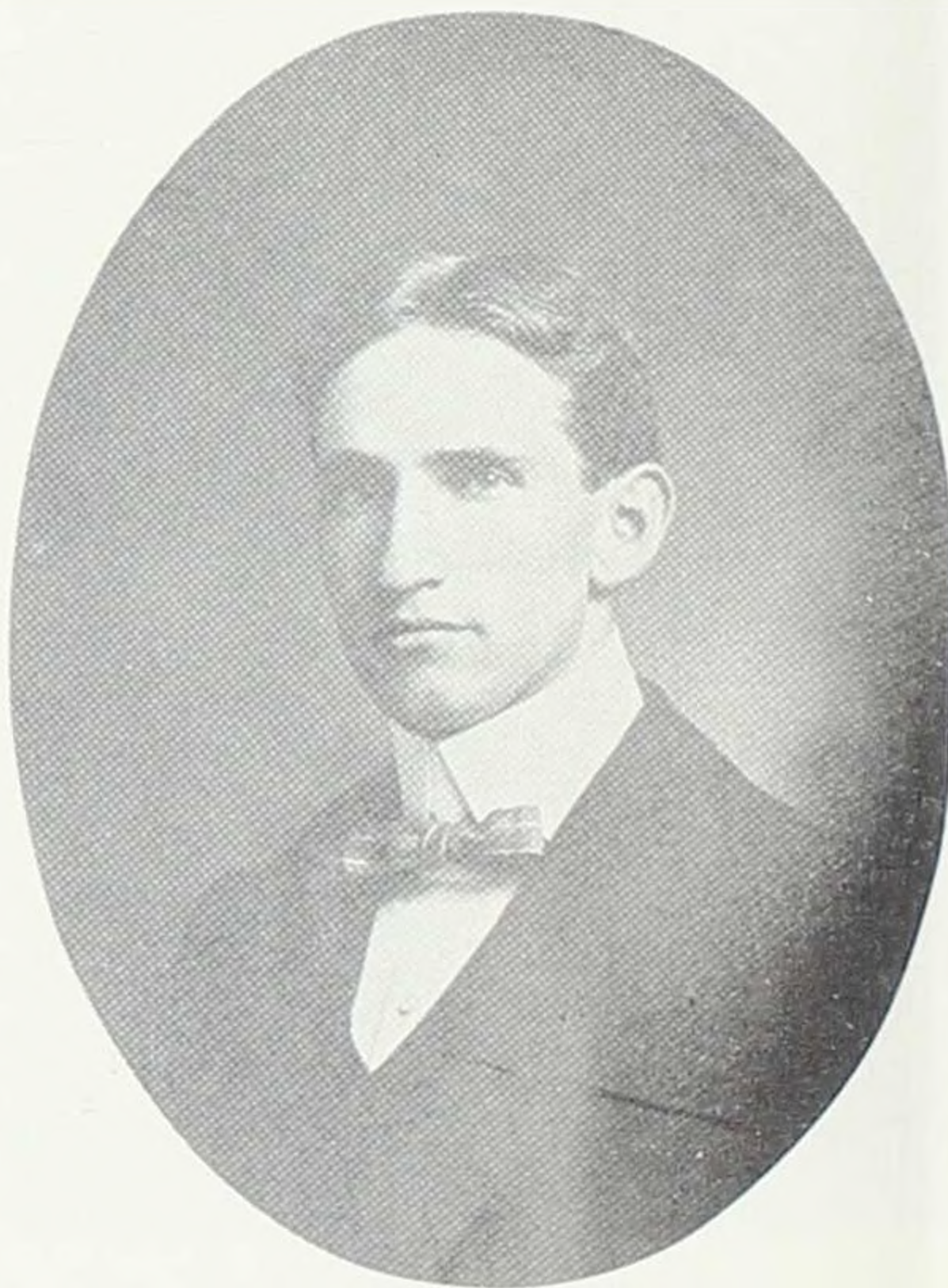


Birthplace of Don L. Berry in Indianola.

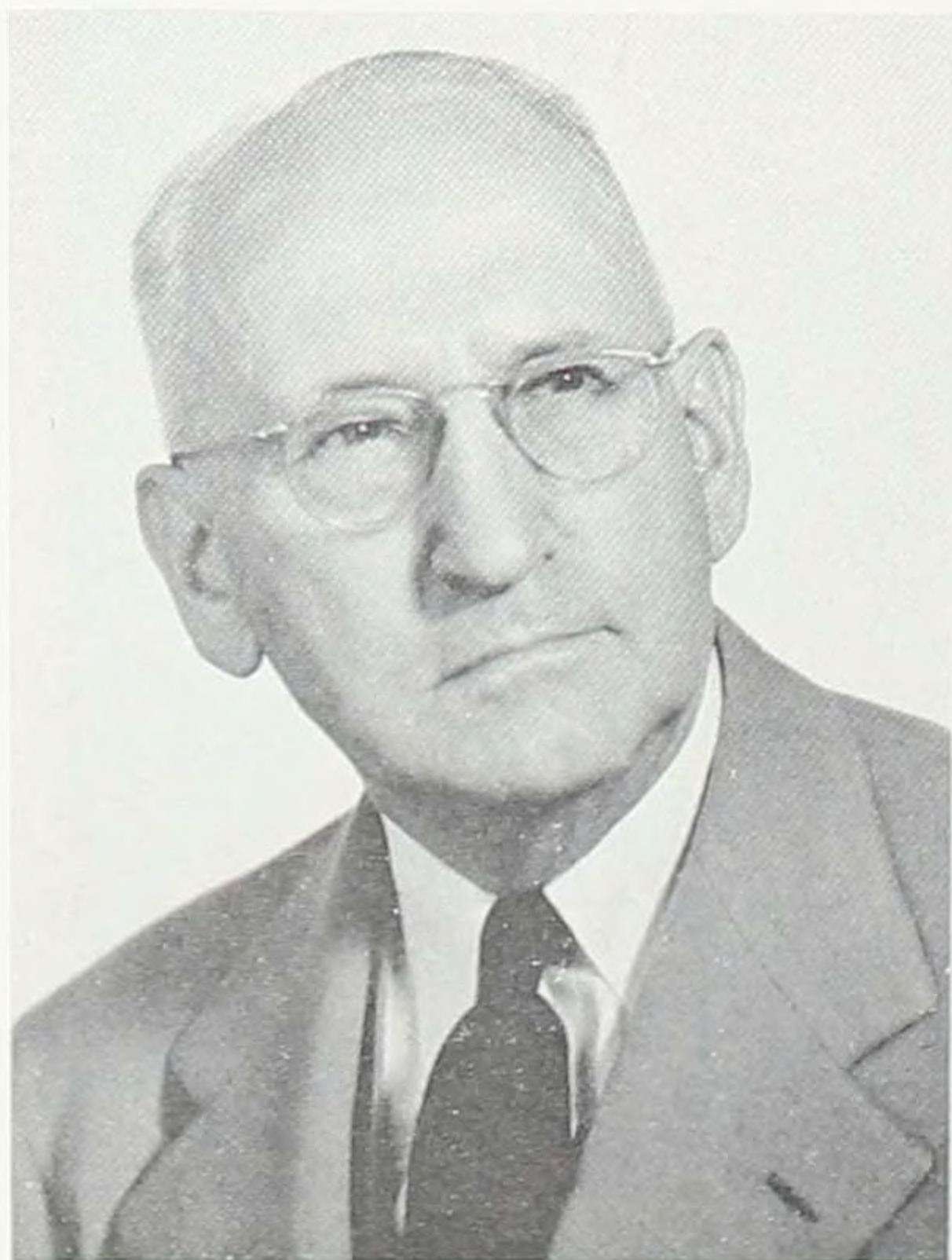
FOUR AGES OF A MAN



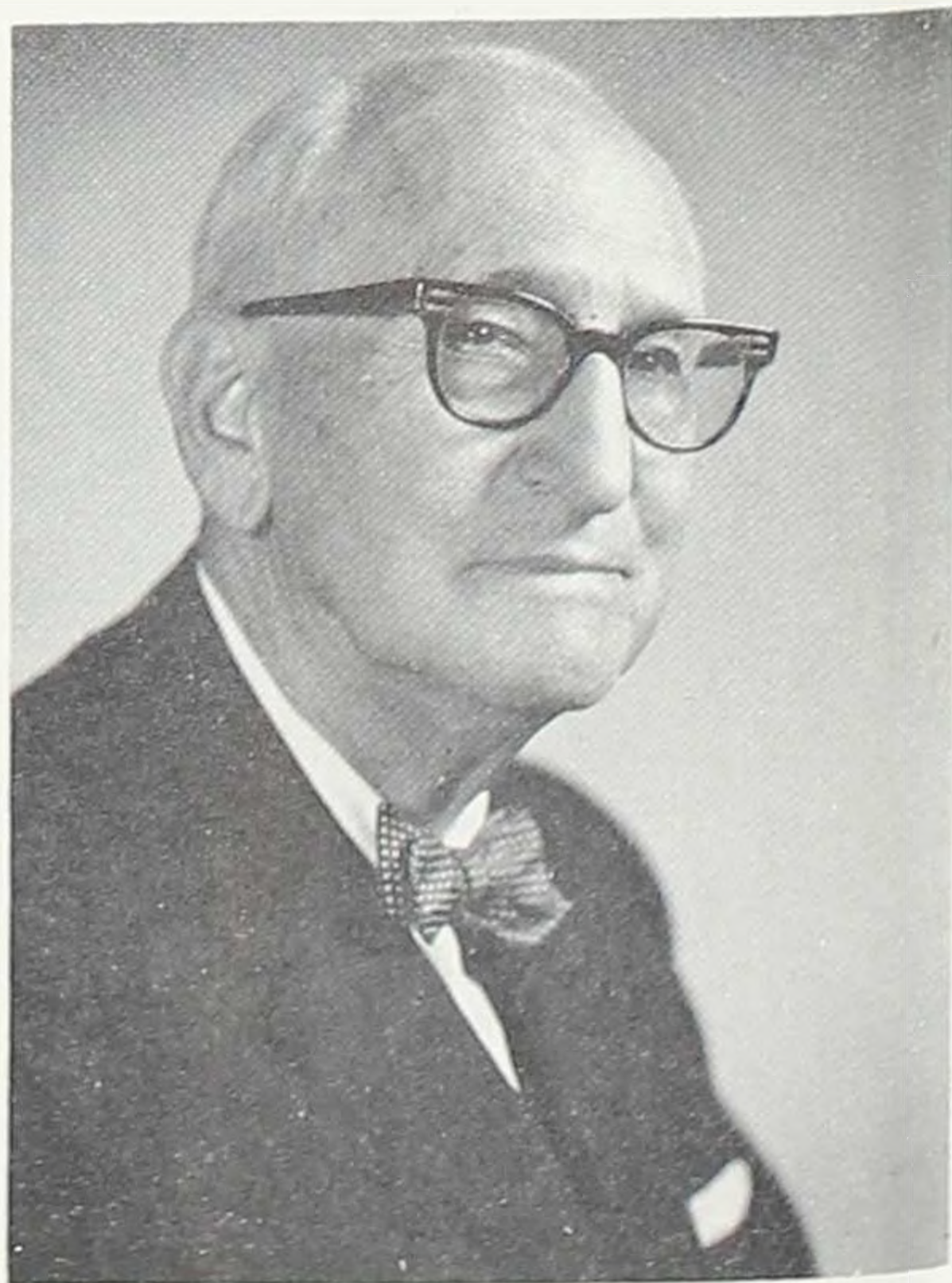
Student of McGuffey



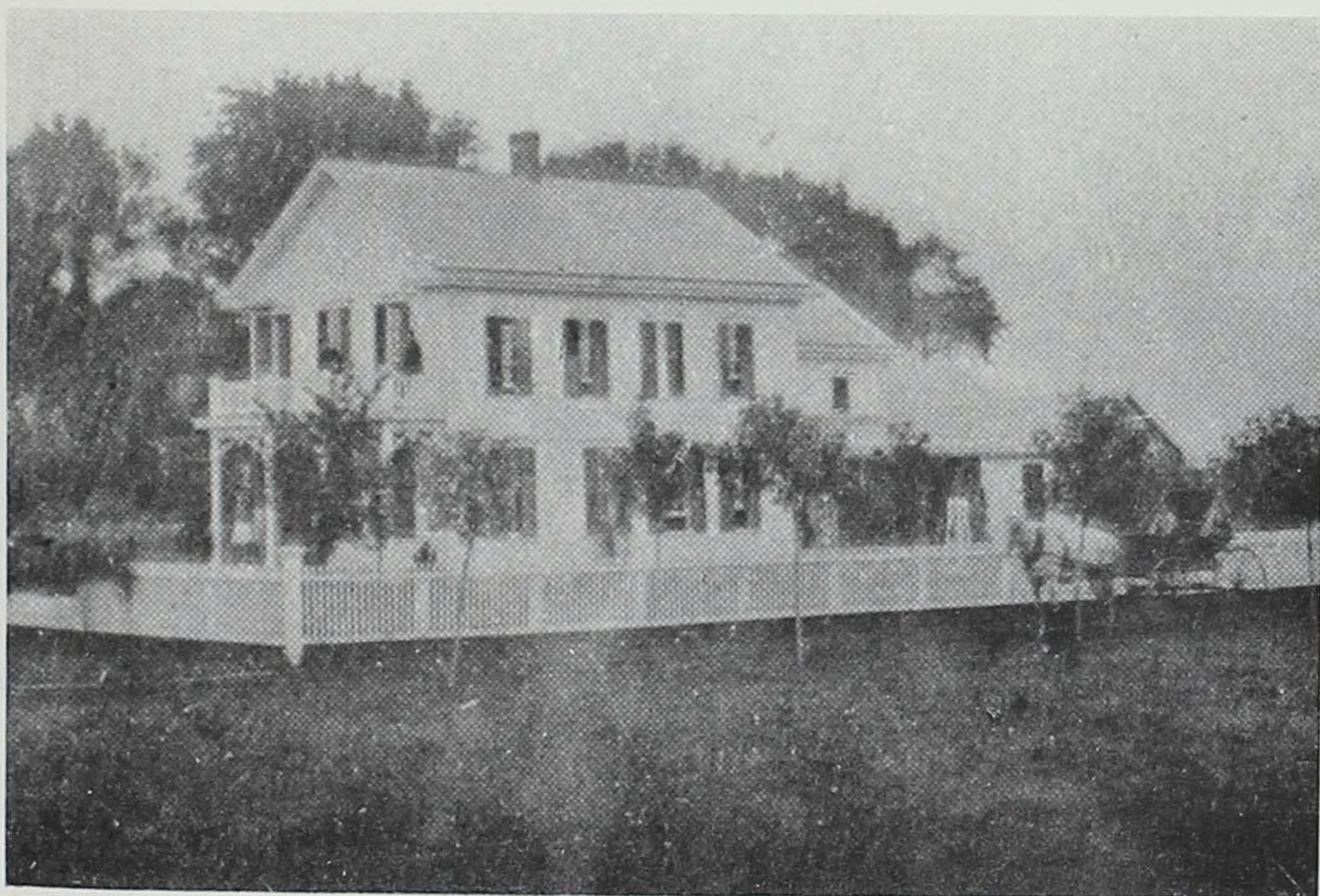
Cub Reporter



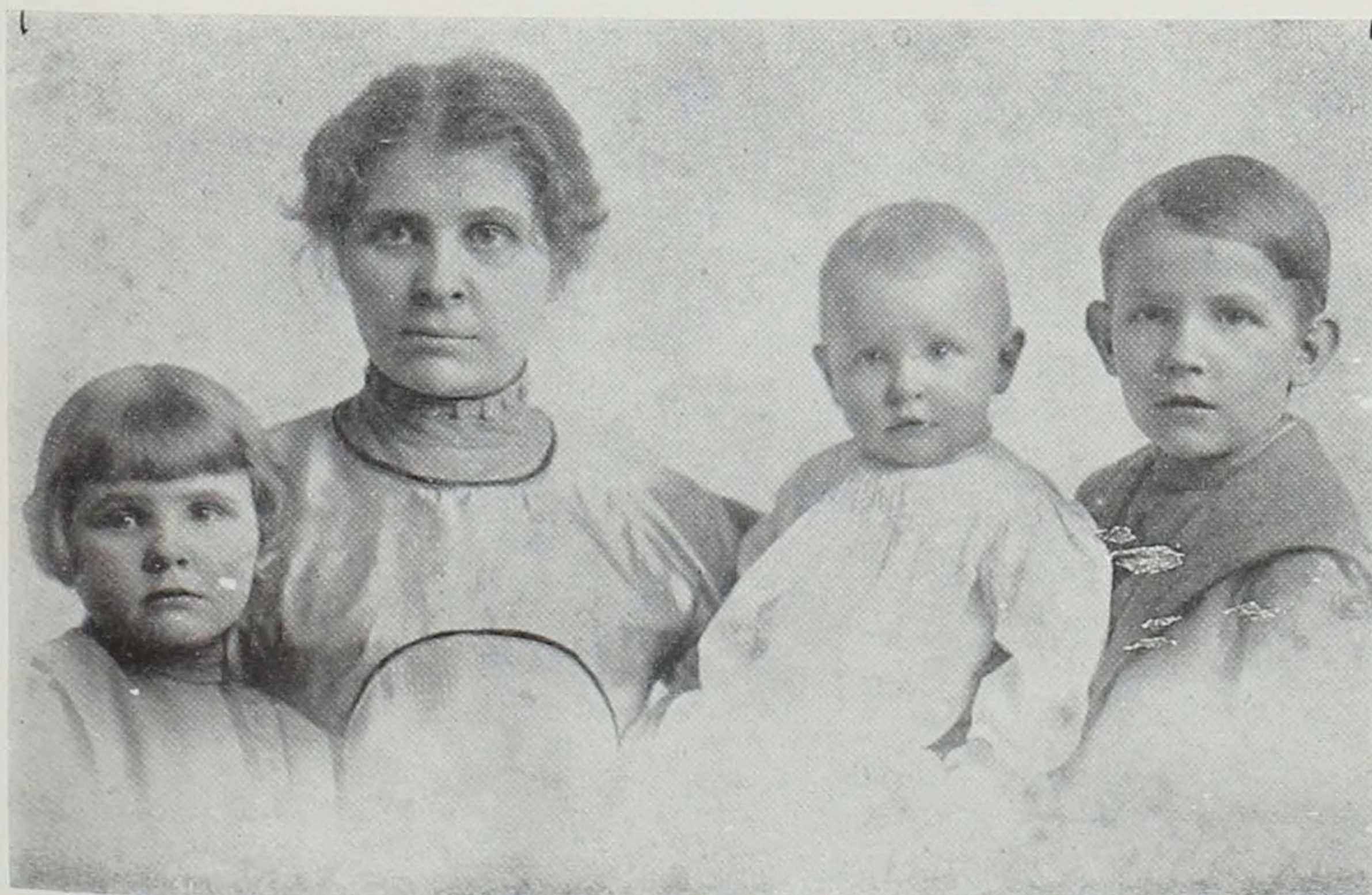
Fighting Editor



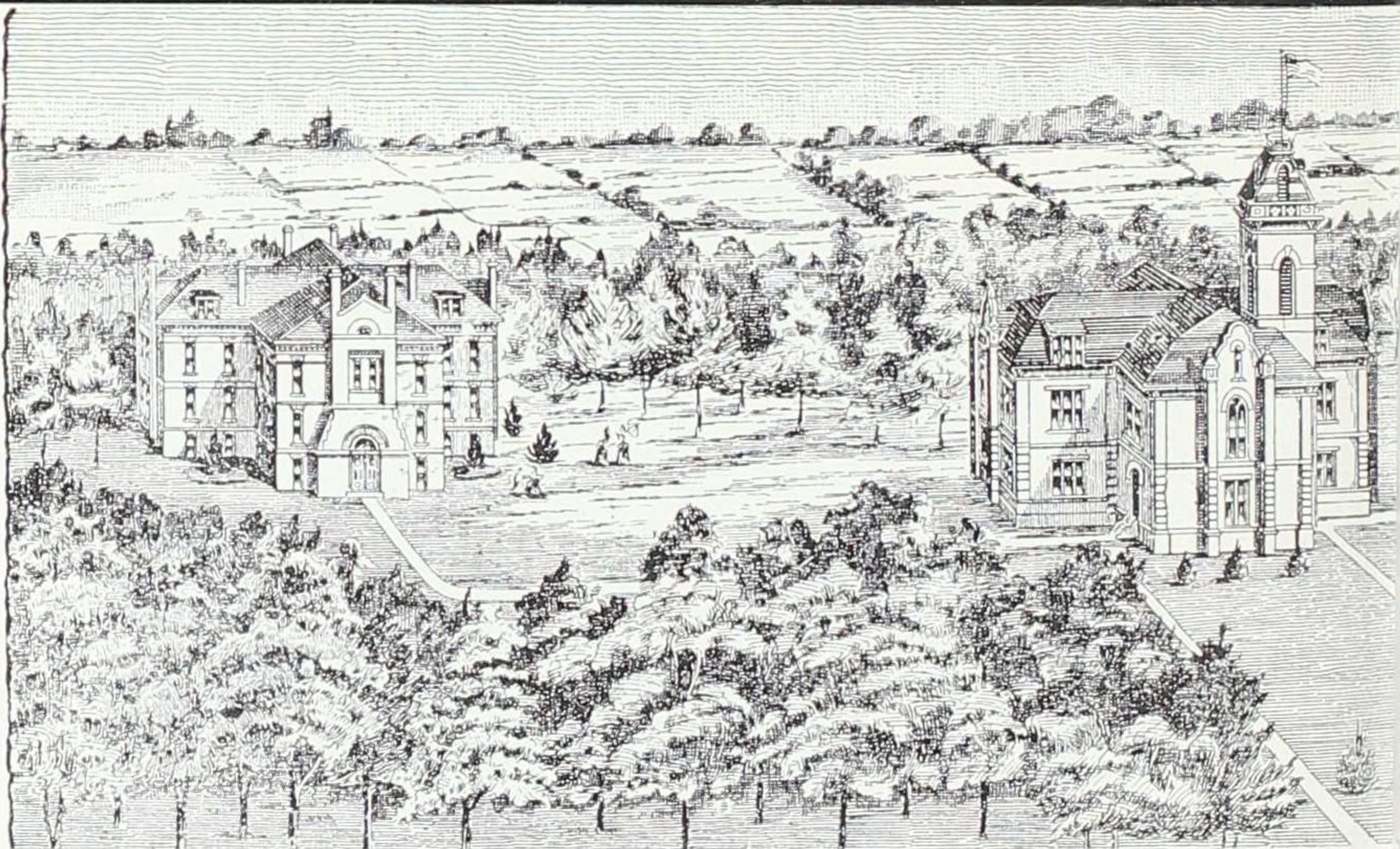
Sage of Indianola



Farm home to which the Don Berrys moved on their wedding night. The home was erected in 1867 and burned down December 3, 1908.



Bertha Sloan Berry and her three children.



**FACULTY.**

AND OTHER OFFICERS.

1903-1904.

**FACULTY.**

CHARLES ELDRED SHELTON, A. M., LL. D., PRES'T.

Iowa Wesleyan University.

*Professor of Pedagogy and History.*

REV. W. E. HAMILTON, A. M., D. D.,

Iowa Wesleyan University.

*Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.*

On the William Buxton Endowment of the Chair of Moral Science.

JOHN L. TILTON, A. M.,

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut; Harvard University.

*Professor of Natural Sciences.*

JOANNA BAKER, A. M.,

Cornell College; De Pauw University; University of Chicago.

*Professor of Greek Language and Literature, and Secretary of the Faculty.*

MARTHA A. STAHL, PH. M.,

Simpson College.

*Professor of Latin Language and Literature, and Librarian.*

W. B. READ, A. M.,

Northwestern University; Simpson College.

*Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.*

IDA B. STEYER,

Leipzig, Germany; Dr. Sauveur's College; University of Vermont.

*Professor of German and French.*

ELIZABETH C. BENTLEY, A. M.,

Missouri Wesleyan College; Boston University.

*Professor of English Language and Literature.*

Legge, Bertha  
Smith, Rowena

Cain, Alice  
Sloan, Bertha

McGee, Walter  
McCutchan, R. G.

Genung, Edmund  
Pratt, Ira

Kephart, George  
Emslie, Alexander

**LADIES'**

Smith, Rowena . . . . .  
Halley, Bernice . . . . .  
Peasley, Leone . . . . .  
Rehkopf, Katherine . . . . .

**MALE**

Ruby, A. Ira . . . . .  
McCutchan, R. G. . . . .  
Snell, Clark . . . . .  
Middleton, Arthur D. . . . .

**MIXED**

Marlatt, Nell . . . . .  
Sloan, Bertha . . . . .  
McCutchan, R. G. . . . .  
Middleton, A. D. . . . .

SIMPSON COLLEGE

MADRICAL CHORUS

SERENOS

TOS

NOR

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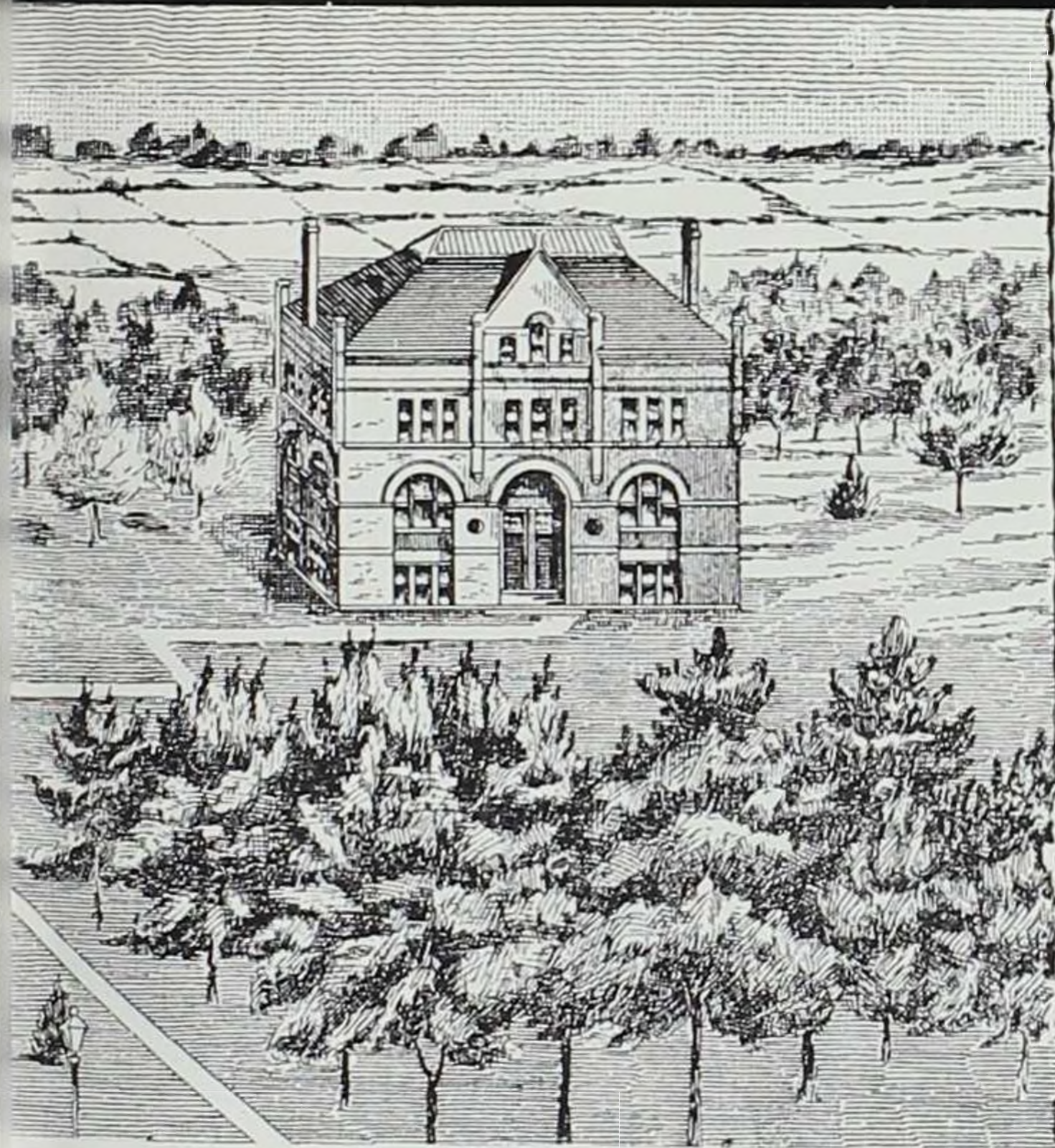
ude, Acco

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WART

WARTET

WARTET



SIMPSON COLLEGE  
CAMPUS

Note the faculty listed all their degrees; that Mrs. Berry (Bertha Sloan) sang in the Madrigal Choir and in the Mixed Quartette; that Robert Guy McCutchan (tenor) became the editor of the *Methodist Hymnal* and Arthur D. Middleton (bass) became a famous recording star.

SIMPSON COLLEGE

SIMPSON COLLEGE

**CHOIR.**

**DEGREES CONFERRED IN 1903.**

- SOPRANOS.  
White, Gertrude  
Halley, Bernice
- ALTS.  
Rehkopf, Katherine  
Peasley, Leone
- TENORS.  
Ruby, A. Ira  
Carpenter, Dr. L. D.
- BASSES.  
Youtz, Ernest  
Middleton, Arthur D.
- Accompanist.  
Alexander, Director.

Rev. John T. McFarland . . .	LL. D . . .	Topeka, Kansas
Rev. J. W. Hackley . . . . .	D. D . . . . .	Burlington
Forrester, Robert Herman . . .	A. M . . . . .	Denver, Colo.
Bair, Chas. R . . . . .	A. B . . . . .	Hancock
Beatty, Clifton W . . . . .	B. S . . . . .	Boone
Beebe, James A . . . . .	A. B . . . . .	Harlan
Berry, Don L . . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Indianola
Brown, Carl F . . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Indianola
Crandall, May . . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Red Oak
Crandall, Grace T . . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Red Oak
Ellison, Besse . . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Indianola
Everett, Roy F . . . . .	A. B . . . . .	Mingo
Everett, Jennie Maxson . . . . .	A. B . . . . .	Indianola
Griffith, Dudley D . . . . .	A. B . . . . .	Council Bluffs
Gunn, Frank E. . . . .	A. B . . . . .	Villisca
Hagler, Lora . . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Shenandoah
Hohanshelt, Nina . . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Indianola
Jenner, Edwin A. . . . .	B. S . . . . .	Indianola
Kennedy, Fredric G. . . . .	B. S . . . . .	Indianola
Krell, S. Arthur . . . . .	A. B . . . . .	Indianola
Marmon, J. Asa . . . . .	A. B . . . . .	Mitchellville
Mitchell, Claire H. . . . .	A. B . . . . .	Weldon
Perry, Anna H. . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Indianola
Picken, Robert J. . . . .	A. B . . . . .	Indianola
Rae, James . . . . .	B. S . . . . .	Dow City
Reid, Catherine Myrtle . . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Indianola
Riggs, Clarence H. . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Indianola
Rogers, Elton B. . . . .	A. B . . . . .	Bagley
Talbot, Loren C. . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Indianola
Talley, M. Roy . . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Diagonal
Turner, Etta B. . . . .	Ph. B . . . . .	Adair

**MIXED QUARTETTE.**

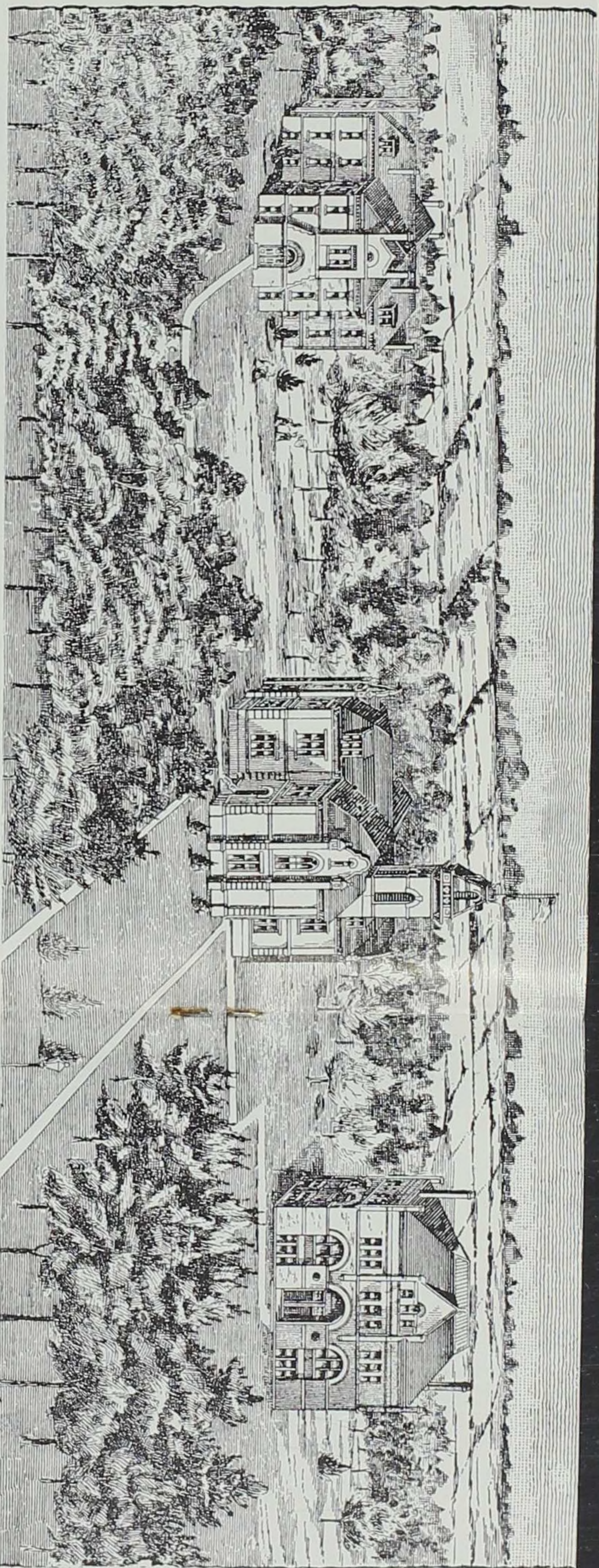
- First Soprano  
Second Soprano  
First Alto  
Second Alto

**TENOR QUARTETTE.**

- First Tenor  
Second Tenor  
First Bass  
Second Bass

**MIXED QUARTETTE.**

- Soprano  
Alto  
Tenor  
Bass



SIMPSON COLLEGE  
CAMPUS

Note the faculty listed all their degrees; that Mrs. Berry (Bertha Sloan) sang in the Madrigal Choir and in the Mixed Quartette; that Robert Guy McCutchan (tenor) became the editor of the *Methodist Hymnal* and Arthur D. Middleton (bass) became a famous recording star.

SIMPSON COLLEGE

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*Professor of English Language and Literature.*

### MADRIGAL CHOIR.

#### SOPRANOS.

Legge, Bertha  
Smith, Rowena

White, Gertrude  
Halley, Bernice

#### ALTOS.

Cain, Alice  
Sloan, Bertha

Rehkopf, Katherine  
Peasley, Leone

#### TENORS.

McGee, Walter  
McCutchan, R. G.

Ruby, A. Ira  
Carpenter, Dr. L. D.

#### BASSES.

Gnung, Edmund  
Pratt, Ira

Youtz, Ernest  
Middleton, Arthur D.

Kephart, Gertrude, Accompanist.  
Emslie, Alexander, Director.

### LADIES' QUARTETTE.

Smith, Rowena	First Soprano
Halley, Bernice	Second Soprano
Peasley, Leone	First Alto
Rehkopf, Katherine	Second Alto

### MALE QUARTETTE.

Ruby, A. Ira	First Tenor
McCutchan, R. G.	Second Tenor
Snell, Clark	First Bass
Middleton, Arthur D.	Second Bass

### MIXED QUARTETTE.

Marlatt, Nell	Soprano
Sloan, Bertha	Alto
McCutchan, R. G.	Tenor
Middleton, A. D.	Bass

### DEGREES CONFERRED IN 1903.

Rev. John T. McFarland	LL. D.	Topeka, Kansas
Rev. J. W. Hackley	D. D.	Burlington
Forrester, Robert Herman	A. M.	Denver, Colo.
Bair, Chas. R.	A. B.	Hancock
Beatty, Clifton W.	B. S.	Boone
Beebe, James A.	A. B.	Harlan
Berry, Don L.	Ph. B.	Indianola
Brown, Carl F.	Ph. B.	Indianola
Crandall, May	Ph. B.	Red Oak
Crandall, Grace T.	Ph. B.	Red Oak
Ellison, Besse	Ph. B.	Indianola
Everett, Roy F.	A. B.	Mingo
Everett, Jennie Maxson	A. B.	Indianola
Griffith, Dudley D.	A. B.	Council Bluffs
Gunn, Frank E.	A. B.	Villisca
Hagler, Lora	Ph. B.	Shenandoah
Hohanshelt, Nina	Ph. B.	Indianola
Jenner, Edwin A.	B. S.	Indianola
Kennedy, Fredric G.	B. S.	Indianola
Krell, S. Arthur	A. B.	Indianola
Marmon, J. Asa	A. B.	Mitchellville
Mitchell, Claire H.	A. B.	Weldon
Perry, Anna H.	Ph. B.	Indianola
Picken, Robert J.	A. B.	Indianola
Rae, James	B. S.	Dow City
Reid, Catherine Myrtle	Ph. B.	Indianola
Riggs, Clarence H.	Ph. B.	Indianola
Rogers, Elton B.	A. B.	Bagley
Talbot, Loren C.	Ph. B.	Indianola
Talley, M. Roy	Ph. B.	Diagonal
Turner, Etta B.	Ph. B.	Adair





Winter scene at Berry home on December 22, 1961. West side view showing dining room and kitchen.



In the Berry living room about 1955.

Mrs. Thomas S. Berry, Richard C. Berry, William H. Berry, Thomas S. Berry, and Bertha S. Berry.



The Berrys relax in their study.



Harvey Ingham and Gardner Cowles, Sr. (1937) Celebrate Ingham's 35th Anniversary as *Register* Editor.

## Qualities That Make a Real Newspaper

by

HARVEY INGHAM

Two avenues of popularity are open to the newspaper. The first is to yield, to flatter, to cajole. The second is to stand for right things unflinchingly and win respect. . . .

A strong and fearless newspaper will have readers and a newspaper that has readers will have advertisements. That is the only newspaper formula worth working to. . . .

After making all allowances, the only newspaper popularity that counts in the long run is bottomed on public respect.

I was sitting at my typewriter that evening in the old *Register and Leader* building on Fourth and Court, wondering what on earth I could write about that meeting, in which I knew thousands of people in West and North Des Moines school districts were vitally interested. I knew practically nothing for sure. I was about whipped.

Mr. Kurtz came in and sat down by my desk. Evidently he came to express his sympathy and offer me apologies for the secrecy. But he said they had all given their word of honor to keep the proceedings to themselves and he could not break his word. I countered that surely DePuy and Hunter did not go in and with merely smiles and shoulder pats bring the board to their way of thinking. "Well, not quite that easy," said Kurtz; "they mentioned secession, but we didn't take that too seriously."

Our conversation drifted on briefly and Kurtz went away. Secession and DePuy's blow with his fist! I had enough. I knew I had "busted the code" of Ed Hunter, the great political strategist of Iowa. I knew all the arguments and just about all that would have been said. Swiftly I typed:

Secession, rather than submission, was the ultimatum of the North Des Moines residents delivered to the West Des Moines school board yesterday afternoon by Emerson DePuy and E. H. Hunter, emphasized by a resounding thwack of Hunter's fist on the conference table that sent the penholders and the ink wells dancing.

Then followed the routine recounting of the arguments on each side.

I had been in the local room the next afternoon only long enough to look over my assignments, when I received a call from Hunter.

"I don't know where you got it," he exploded, "but you got the main points. Meet me at the Savery at 3 o'clock and I will give you the rest of it."

I had beaten the renowned Ed Hunter at his own game! I felt I had become a newspaper man.

I was extremely fortunate in the men with whom, and under whom, I was privileged to work in my first year. Robert M. Lee went on to become managing editor of the *Chicago Tribune* and member of the faculty of the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University. Neal Jones went to Omaha as managing editor of the *Daily News*, and later to New York as managing editor of the *Tribune*. Dan Maloney became co-publisher of a daily in Santa Ana, California. A. L. Frisbie Jr. went to the *Grinnell Herald* as co-publisher and spent his life there.

I owe most to Fred W. Beckman, managing editor, and to Leon Brown, who was city editor during most of my time on the *Register and Leader*. Beckman was a thorough newspaper man, with very high ideals of the paper's responsibility to its readers and to the community. He had none of the "get-the-hell-out-of-here" attitude which

stories and plays attribute to newsroom executives. He was a Christian gentleman, if there ever was one. His whole purpose was to help those under him to succeed. He ultimately became head of the School of Technical Journalism at Iowa State University at Ames, and in his later years was co-publisher with his son of the *Knoxville Journal*.

Leon Brown gave me a year's course in objective reporting in five minutes one morning about 2:30, when only he and I were left on duty. He waited until I had done a rather good job under pressure, for which he commended me most highly, saying no one on the *Chicago Tribune* or the *New York Times* could have done it better.

"BUT" — Then he gave me what was coming to me in no uncertain terms. He told me I was too "d - - d opinionated" in some of my stories. "Who in the h - - l cares what a young reporter thinks," he ripped out. "Your business is to get the facts and write them. Leave it to Harvey Ingham and Frank Moorhead to give the opinions of the paper if any are to be given. We didn't hire you for your opinions. All we want from you are the facts and we don't want anything more."

That speech soaked in. I always loved the man who made it from that moment until his death. I appreciated him waiting until he could compliment me on something I had done before he

waded in to take my hide off for my errors. Not a great while before his death, some ten years ago, I asked him if he remembered the occasion.

"You bet I do," he replied.

I told him I had always loved and respected him for the way he did it.

"I knew you could take it," he commented.

Then, there was "The Chief," Harvey Ingham — one of Iowa's newspaper greats. My contacts with him were few. He left the management of the news staff entirely in the hands of the managing and city editors. He always spoke cordially if we met and often stopped for a word of encouragement or to inquire about my father and mother. His influence on the general policy of the paper was great and gave the public a high respect for it, which was tremendously useful when I was trying to interview persons who would rather not be interviewed. It gave them confidence that their story would be fairly handled.

One experience with Ingham stands out in my memory "like Mars at perihelion." It was in one of the numerous school election campaigns. So far as I knew I was getting along very nicely with both sides; but the facts did favor one more than the other. The unfortunate side must have gone to Mr. Cowles with some complaints. He stopped me in the local room one afternoon and cautioned me to be very careful what I wrote, as we had subscribers and advertisers in both camps and

we must be careful not to offend them. (I did not know then what a struggle he was having to keep the business in the black.)

With all my heart I had been trying to tell the simple truth. I went to Ingham with my quandary, told him of Mr. Cowles' caution and asked his advice. Without hesitation he answered with snap and vigor: "Write the truth and let the chips fall where they may." From that day to this, Mr. Ingham's advice has been my guiding light in handling news, although it has taken some floor walking to drive myself to it when I knew the truth would hurt some innocent person. But there is no other honest way.

As a reporter I think that was my only contact with Mr. Cowles. In later years we became warm friends. Let it not be assumed from this incident that Gardner Cowles lacked courage.

At the end of a year with the *Register and Leader* I was receiving \$16 a week; I don't believe anyone on the news staff below an executive position was drawing as much as \$25. Some of the fellows from Des Moines papers had gone to Washington and were doing pretty well, at least receiving recognition, for instance: Jud Welliver, Robert Armstrong, Henry Jones, John Snure and George Authier. However, taking reporters as a class, by the time they reached thirty-five or forty years, they had fringe on their pants and were looking for jobs at the court house or the state



house. I had become engaged to that girl to whom I was never introduced. It seemed to me that the chance of feeding her well on a farm was brighter than caring for her on a reporter's salary. I had spent a spring and two summers working on a farm and loved every minute of it. My father said he would buy a farm and help me get started if that was my desire.

I tendered my resignation to the *Register and Leader* in September of 1904. I was offered \$18 a week to remain. I had the satisfaction of having Leon Brown, who had given me such a grilling lecture only eight months before, tell me now that, if the management had the money to reward and the ability to appreciate my work, it would never let me leave. He put it a bit strong, but it was a thrill to have that come from Brown, for he was no syrup peddler.

Late in September I left the *Register and Leader* office, supposedly leaving the newspaper business forever. Printers' ink has a terrific pull, once a fellow gets it on his fingers. In fifteen years I was back in the business again, for a forty year try-out — but that's another story.

DON L. BERRY

## A Fortright Iowa Editor

It was in 1932 that Grant Caswell, managing director of the Iowa Press Association, conceived the idea of a Master Editor-Publisher Award to be bestowed upon those fellow craftsmen who had "worked hard, lived honorably, influenced unselfishly, with a sincere view to the betterment of their communities." The first recipients of this highly coveted Award were: Harvey Ingham of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune*, Elmer E. Taylor, Sr., of the *Traer Star-Clipper*, and J. F. Grawe of the *Waverly Bremer County Independent*.

During the decade that followed the names of those receiving the Master Editor-Publisher Award reads like a Hall of Fame for Iowa Journalism. Included in this group of distinguished Iowans was Don L. Berry of the *Indianola Record-Herald*, who with Sherman W. Needham and G. C. Tucker, were named Master Editor-Publishers in 1943. Berry thus joined the ranks of such men as Ward Barnes, J. M. Beck, E. P. Chase, W. C. Dewell, J. M. Grimes, W. Earl Hall, Wm. C. Jarnagin, Tom Purcell, C. S. Rogers, Ralph E. Shannon, and a score of others who had been carefully scrutinized by the jury of their peers and not found wanting in those attri-

butes that were felt indispensable for receiving the Master Editor-Publisher Award.

Don Berry had demonstrated his own unflinching editorial courage on more than one occasion. In the fall of 1925, for example, he took a leading role in personally helping to stabilize the price of corn by making it possible for farmers to borrow money on it from their local banks. This one-man crusade came about when a candidate for the United States Senate, Howard J. Clark, declared that Iowa bankers would not dare make such loans. Berry prepared a full page advertisement for his paper, visited the five banks in Indianola and received authority from their presidents to print the names of their banks on the bottom of the "ad" and each assume one-fifth of the expense. The bankers agreed to loan "a considerable portion" of the value of corn to farmers "when accompanied by a legal certificate of inspection and sealed under the Iowa warehouse law."

The advertisement appeared on Tuesday, October 20, 1925, and the price of corn stopped dropping in Indianola and soon began to rise slowly. That Berry had struck pay dirt for the farmers is demonstrated by the following front page story carried in the mail edition of the *Des Moines Capital* of October 26, 1925:

INDIANOLA, IA., Oct. 26. — (A.P.) — Not only are five Warren county banks willing to receive warehouse receipts and loan money on them, but they inserted a full

page advertisement in a local newspaper, telling the farmers that they were anxious to invest in that class of security.

The advertisement starts out by saying that the farmer's crop is good security, advises farmers to hold your own grain until the market is right and then asks the question, "Why let the speculator have the advance?"

"The time is past," the five bankers say, "when the farmer must throw his wheat on the market immediately after it is harvested in order to raise a little money for immediate needs, taking the low price which usually follows the harvesting of any crop and seeing the speculator get the benefit of the rise which usually comes later.

"Any of the banks whose names appear at the bottom of this advertisement will accept the crop of any reputable farmer as security for a loan to a considerable portion of its value when accompanied by a legal certificate of inspection and sealed under the Iowa warehouse law."

The advertisement was printed on the Des Moines *Register* editorial page on October 30, with a long editorial by Harvey Ingham headed by the caption — "The Iowa Land Owner." Ingham termed it the "most unique and most significant bank advertisement ever published in Iowa. If the candidacy of Mr. Clark for the Senate accomplishes nothing more than to center attention on the close relation between banking and farming in Iowa he will have done the state and the whole west an essential service." Ingham commended the Warren County bankers for "leading in a movement that will mean more to Iowa than anything we have yet done if it is followed up. . . .

It is full time that we made the Iowa 'corn song' something more than means of entertainment." As Berry relates:

Whether there were other causes than the Indianola banks' move, I do not know. If so, the coincidence is striking.

Just one crib of corn was sealed in Warren County, but the farmers knew they didn't have to sell, and the buyers knew they would have to bid up. It was like the old song of the flea on the tail of the dog of the boy of the wife of the wild man of Borneo. The message of the flea finally got to headquarters.

The banks participating in the advertisement were Peoples Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank, Warren County State Bank, Worth Savings Bank, and Indianola Banking Company. Of these, only the first is still doing business, the others having gone down in the depression, but not from corn loans.

An equally dramatic situation occurred in 1932 when the President of the Iowa Press Association, James M. Beck of the Centerville *Iowegian*, named Don Berry chairman of a committee to try and stop the unfair foreclosure of Iowa farm mortgages by some life insurance companies. The choice of Berry proved excellent; without hesitation he quickly sought out influential key men who would be helpful in this problem. Lynn Fuller, vice-president of the Central National Bank of Des Moines, felt the idea was a good one but cautioned Berry to handle the insurance companies carefully. The farm loan manager of the Equitable of Iowa de-

clared his company would go along with Berry and his Iowa Press Association committee. Gerard Nollen, president of the Banker's Life, not only promised the co-operation of his company but offered to enlist the co-operation of reputable insurance men in New York City.

The first case came from Elmer Taylor, Sr., veteran editor of the Traer *Star-Clipper*, who was "so conservative" Berry felt he would never be guilty of overstatement. A New York company was unwilling to temporarily accept interest from a man who local bankers attested was a good, reliable farm manager. The Iowa Press Association wrote the company's local agent that the loan should be extended without fringe expenses being imposed. The Iowa loan agent wrote a very "snooty" letter which Don Berry, acting for the Iowa Press Association, forwarded to the President of the New York firm who instructed the local agent to accept IPA suggestions.

The next case came up in Don Berry's own Warren County. A man, George Devore, who had been sick for two or three years, had lost his wife, and was depressed and discouraged, had failed to answer letters demanding interest be paid, and a Mr. Steele of St. Louis, manager of the Connecticut Mutual Insurance Company farm loans west of the Mississippi, had come with local agents to ask what the Iowa Press Association would do in this case. Don Berry replied: "I

would see Lew Hodson," the uncle of George Devore, and one of the most substantial farm owners in Warren County. He explained Devore's situation thoroughly, something the local agent hadn't done. Within two weeks the interest was paid, and the Connecticut Mutual informed Don Berry that the Iowa Press Association could count on the company for 100 per cent co-operation. Not over five cases required IPA action.

The following winter the General Assembly passed a moratorium law stopping farm mortgage foreclosures, a procedure that had ended so quietly that most legislators were completely unaware of the work of Don Berry and his IPA committee.

Time and again during his colorful career, whenever a spokesman was needed, Don Berry sounded the clarion call to arms. His biting wit was demonstrated in his editorial, "Needed — A Brannen Plan for Barbers." His courageous editorial — "Shall We Follow the Blue Eagle Over the Cliff?" proved the death knell for the N.R.A. When Don Berry retired, the *Des Moines Register* of January 21, 1960, editorialized as follows:

*An Influential Editor Retires*

Don L. Berry, editor-publisher of the Indianola newspapers, retired last week at the age of 79. He is taking the title of publisher-emeritus and will be chairman of the board of the Record and Tribune Co.

After 40 years as editor, Don Berry surely is entitled to honorable retirement. But his many friends and admirers in Iowa journalism will hope that he occasionally writes an

editorial for the Record-Herald or the Tribune. His spicy comment on politics, religion, agriculture, state affairs and hundreds of other subjects always has been widely read and widely reprinted by other editors.

Berry is among the staunchest of Republicans, and his voice is heard with respect in both state and national G. O. P. circles. He has had considerable influence in formulating the Republicans' party policies concerning agriculture.

However, he does not mind taking the hide off a Republican politician when he thinks the lacing deserved. He might do these honors with a touch of sadness and with an insider's note of understanding, in contrast to his outraged indignation about Democratic misbehavior. But this partisanship does not keep him from reporting the facts and placing the blame where he thinks it belongs.

Don Berry is a leading light of Iowa journalism. He has set a standard for others to follow in integrity and courage.

Throughout his long career Don Berry was truly a force for good in his community. The church, the school, the civic club; the local merchant, the farmer, the laboring man; the agricultural fair, the Chamber of Commerce, and Simpson College — these, and many more, were always fairly and generously supported through the columns of the Indianola *Record-Herald*. But his vision and his influence extended far beyond Warren County — for his editorials were frequently reprinted by Iowa editors and found their way into the press of the Nation. Iowa owes much to such men as Don L. Berry.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN



## Editorial Clips

[The following editorials and comments provide an insight into the philosophy and personality of Don L. Berry. THE EDITOR.]

*December 22, 1949*

### GREATEST CHARACTER OR BIGGEST FAKE

Next Sunday the world celebrates the birthday of the greatest character of all history. If not that, then he was the biggest fake.

If he was a fake, it is strange that a fake should have influenced mankind more than any other single individual. If a fake, it is unbelievable that all his influence has been for good, for the happiness and the betterment of mankind.

If he was a fake, how come that where he was worshiped, there the status of women has risen to its highest standards, that little children enjoy the greatest privileges and the widest opportunities? If a fake, how is it that people laugh most, who live in lands where his name is revered?

Napoleon said: "Alexander the Great, Charlemagne and I have founded empires based on force. Theirs have disintegrated and mine will. But Jesus of Nazareth founded an empire on love, and today, 1800 years after his death, millions of men would still die for him."

If pseudo-scientists would belittle him, let them tell us what science has accomplished in lands where his influence has not penetrated. We may not understand him, but he is real, as real today as on the first Christmas.

Jesus had a half brother, or a cousin, named James, the author of the Epistle of James in the New Testament.

If Jesus had been a fake, James would have known it. Even if James had followed Jesus in life merely to enjoy the fruits of his deception, it is not conceivable that he would have been faithful to the memory and the teachings of Jesus for thirty-two years after the crucifixion, merely from loyalty to a fake. Loyalty to Jesus was not attractive from selfish purposes in those days. Loyalty to him meant suffering and sacrifice, and often, death. It was thirty-two years after Jesus' death before James wrote his epistle. He did not maintain that loyalty to a faker for thirty-two years. If Jesus had been a fake, James would have known.

In 1949 the presence of Jesus is real. We may not comprehend him, we may not understand his power; but we can look around us and see what he has done.

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CHIGGERS AND RASPBERRIES

July 21, 1955

Don Murphy, editor of *Wallaces Farmer*, says that at his place it has been "a good year for chiggers and a poor year for raspberries."

We are sorry for Don and his overproduction of bug-dust and underproduction of fruit.

At our house we have had just one chigger — not positively identified. From two rows of raspberries, red, about thirty feet long we have probably given away at least a dozen quarts to relatives and friends, had all two of us could eat three times a day for three weeks, have frozen thirty-six pints, made at least forty glasses of jellies and jam, and the refrigerator is still carrying enough for several days' consumption as the pickings decrease.

From our standpoint, it has been a great year for raspberries. We have been happy about it. The Better Seven Eighths did practically all the picking, absolutely all the jelly making, prepared the berries for freezing, and sorted out the big ones for friends and relatives.

To our own credit we can boast that we carried the berries for freezing to the locker plant and furnished pasture for the one chigger. Were it not for that pasture deal, our conscience would hardly let us sleep at night.

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THE GREATNESS OF ALVIN C. YORK

*February 5, 1920*

Alvin C. York, "the best fighter in the world," the Tennessee hill soldier, who was singled out by Marshall Foch as the best individual fighter of the war, is a moral as well as a physical hero. Bombarded by movie companies, vaudeville managers and publishers to commercialize his hero record, he has refused them all, according to the Chicago papers, and is devoting his time to lecturing for the "Alvin C. York Foundation" for the benefit of the hill children of Tennessee. His purpose is to raise \$300,000 for this fund. He might be a millionaire in his own right, except — he has too high a sense of honor. Questioned by a reporter as to why he refused all offers of personal gain, he replied: "Friend, I couldn't. Why, it's jest a sellin' my honor for a pot of gold." If this be true, here is a man who is really "big," not with that kind of bigness that accumulates money, writes itself up in magazines and proclaims itself from billboards, but the genuine, unselfish, God-fearing, back-to-nature, Abe Lincoln type of bigness. There is more hope for the future in the sparsely settled hills of Tennessee than in the congested cliff dwellings of Manhattan Island.

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NEEDED — A BRANNEN PLAN FOR BARBERS

*March 9, 1950*

The cure for many of our social troubles has been found. What we need is a Brannen plan for barbers instead of for farmers. The *Reader's Digest* gives the tip-off.

In the February number it tells of a business man who had worked under such pressure he was on the verge of a nervous break-down, in fact had begun to break.

He went to a psychiatrist who treated him every afternoon for three months and submitted a bill for \$1,500. The patient looked at it and said:

"Well, Doctor, I think it is worth it. You surely made a man out of me."

"Oh," said the doctor, "I didn't do much for you, but that half hour of rest every day after lunch has done wonders."

When shaves were a dime, men went to the barber shop two or three times a week, some of them every day. They had fifteen to twenty minutes of rest and relaxation. Some chatted with the barber. Some cracked jokes with the loafers. Some slept through the shave. But, however they took it, the shave was a needed rest.

Now that shaves are fifty cents to a dollar, according to the location and wage level in the community, hardly anybody goes to the barber for a shave. Instead we use a buzzing electric shaver, or dash some lather or prepared shaving dope on our faces and whack the whiskers off with a hoe in the shortest possible time, listening for Miranda to call breakfast, or perhaps for the whistle of a suburban train, or the honk of the auto that picks us up with a group to be driven to work.

No more the afternoon rest when the barber soothes our aching brows with hot towels and quietly and methodically takes off the whiskers with gentle and soothing strokes.

Now then, let's put shaves back to a dime and let the government pay the barbers forty to ninety cents deficit on each shave. Let the shaves sell on the open market and the government pay the difference. Then we will all start being shaved in the barber shop again, nerves will relax, the burden of our mental hospitals will be relieved, taxes

lowered, productive capacity increased, the government therefore receiving more revenue from income tax.

Employers will be more patient with John L. Lewis and there will be no more coal strikes.

It is just as simple as that. What this country needs is a Brannen plan for barbers.

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SOME THOUGHTS FROM GRASSHOPPERS

*September 29, 1955*

Ever try to step on a grasshopper and have him jump about four feet, right out from under your toe just as it was due to come down and put him out of business? Don't be discouraged, you can get him and it is an interesting game, you against the grasshopper. You may think he is out of your class, but he isn't.

He will jump away and light somewhere nearby. Step up and try to mash him again so he can't eat any more corn or soybeans. Away he goes, right out from under your shoe, as if your coming down on him only projected him into space.

Be patient. Try him once more. If he gets away this time, it will be by the skin of his teeth. He may not make it. He is slowed down noticeably. Try it the fourth time, and the chances are he won't even try to jump. He's tired.

When you see a bunch of grasshoppers grasshopping about, it looks as if all of them are grasshopping at one time. But pick out one grasshopper and pursue him, and you will find he is not as longwinded as you might think. About three grasshops in succession and he is ready to resign from grasshopping.

If we could take grasshoppers one at a time, we could soon rid the country of grasshoppers. It is their mass attack that makes them formidable.

Remember how we used to walk down chickens? Try to corner a chicken and catch it in the hen-pasture and you

get tired and feel ridiculous; but the chicken seems to stand it all right. Pick out your chicken and follow him at a walk. Don't run him or he will fly to the other side of the fence, and while you climb the fence, he rests. But keep right on his tail at a steady walk. Don't try to get too close to him; just keep him moving. In three minutes he will be petered out and hunkered down in a fence corner waiting for you to pick him up. He won't even squawk when you lay him down to chop off his head.

If you have problems worrying you, don't try to solve them all at once. Take one problem at a time and walk it down. By evening you won't have as many problems as you had in the morning.

Grasshoppers, chickens, knotty problems. Walk them down one at a time.

When we started this we were thinking only of the funny way of a grasshopper. A moral lesson was farthest from our thoughts. Then we thought of the chicken. And from the chicken the whole thing ran into a little lesson from human nature as irresistibly as the water all runs to the sea.

If you don't like moral lessons, back up and quit with the grasshoppers.

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### THREE BELLYFULLS A DAY

*August 4, 1955*

Wages, employment, and business are at an all time high. But the farmer is not sharing in that prosperity, with eggs and poultry low, and hogs going down. Wonder if the labor and business tycoons remember that back in the 20's everything was going fine for everybody but the farmer, and then, bang, October, 1929, the bottom dropped out.

If the farmer has money he will buy the products of industry to almost any extent. If industry produces two cars

with the same labor with which it formerly produced one, the farmer will buy the extra car, if he has the money.

But when the farmer produces two bushels of corn with the same labor with which he formerly produced one, industry and labor buy no more than three bellyfulls a day, the same as when food cost more. Reducing the price or cost of production of food does not create a greater sale. Three bellyfulls a day is the limit.

When labor and business dream of lower cost for food, they are only dreaming of cutting off the best customer they have. It has been pretty well proven by statistics that when farm income falls below the total factory payrolls of the country, trouble ensues.

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#### SHOULD WE FOLLOW THE BLUE EAGLE OVER THE CLIFF?

October 13, 1933

The most patriotic thing that rural trading towns like Indianola could do at this time, both in their own interest and in the ultimate success of the Roosevelt program, might be to pull down their Blue Eagles and serve notice on the NRA that they propose to go it alone.

The *Record* has held at all times, and still believes, that it was never the intention of President Roosevelt that the rural trading centers be "taken for a ride;" but that is precisely what is going to happen, and the farmer is going along with them, unless some backfire is started to keep entrenched industry and organized labor from monopolizing the whole show. There is nothing politically antagonistic to the administration in this statement. As the *Record* has said before, the Roosevelt administration stands in danger of being scuttled by the same crew that put the Hoover administration in bad order. They dominated the situation then, and utterly failed to bring any stable prosperity. Their lopsided reasoning will do no better under a Democratic president.

Organized labor and big business know little or nothing of the problems of the farm or the rural towns, and they care less. They are primarily interested in getting food as cheaply as they can. In getting it, they do not care whether the farmer goes up or goes down. Theoretically, they have no objection to his success, but it is secondary to their own plans.

The NRA as at present set up is killing business in small towns. It does not fit the situation. The whole force of NRA is being centered on big business with its billions of reserves and on organized labor, which has no capital investments, no stable interest even in the business by which it makes a living.

The *Record* is taking no sides in the contest between capital and labor. Our sympathies tend toward the laborers. Big business fostered the present crisis. But there are several million of us who are neither big capitalists nor organized laborers. We have a different problem, and we have a right to live.

The great mass of home owning, farming people, and independent business men, who are both laborers and capitalists in one, therefore conservative and stable, are being ignored. They are getting words of comfort, but they amount to nothing. Next week, or next month, or after Christmas, something will come our way, we are told; but in the meantime the whole stress of NRA is being laid on big business and organized labor. When their troubles are ironed out, it will be the same old story it has been in the past — the rural regions will be squeezed between them. Whatever is needed to balance the scales between labor and capital will be taken out of the middle classes unless they make themselves heard.

Right now a battle is going on in Washington in which the life of the country weeklies and small dailies is at stake. The big dailies and the million dollar job printing



establishments have unlimited funds with which to maintain a lobby in Washington. Union labor has its perpetually organized lobby of trained fighters. Against these the small printers and publishers are fighting for their lives.

If the demands of the unions and the big fellows go through, it will be necessary for establishments like The Record and Tribune Company to charge practically double for their services. But nothing has been done to give our patrons the money with which to pay the bill. The workers in The Record and Tribune shop do not want to ask the customers to pay such prices that they can live on a thirty or thirty-two hour week. But they will be forced to it, or close shop, or defy the code, if such a code is recommended to the president by the administrator as now seems probable.

What is true of printing and publishing is true of most other lines of business. If the small cities and towns sit supinely by, quietly and patriotically taking what is doped out for them, the president will never be permitted to know that the codes recommended to him, as the result of the wire pulling of the trained lobbyists, are ruinous and confiscatory in their effect on the rural trading centers. He will sign the codes and they will become law.

The small towns cannot afford to keep lobbies in Washington, but they have the power in their own hands to make a noise out on the prairies that can be heard in Washington. *The Record* is ready, together with other business men of Indianola, to pull down its Blue Eagles and carry them back to the Post Office. We could do it with the conviction that we were doing the most patriotic thing possible for the success of the Roosevelt program. It would be much better to start the rebellion now than to wait until the codes become law, and then being in the dilemma of either closing shop or breaking the law.

The Record and Tribune Company has not reduced the

number of its employees since 1929. Of the nine regular employees on the payroll then, seven are still employed. If every business had done as well, there would be no depression.

The Record and Tribune Company was one of the first establishments in Indianola to sign the president's agreement, and is living up to it. But it cannot keep it up unless much more money comes into the hands of farmers surrounding this town. A mere parity with 1910-1914 prices will not be enough to keep us going on a thirty hour week. It would hardly do it on a forty hour week.

Our situation is the situation of 90 per cent of the country newspapers and small town business men of Iowa. Is it our duty to sit around in smug acquiescence, comforting ourselves with the thought that we are patriotic, when we know that in Washington, supposedly the seat of American patriotism, we are being systematically lobbied out of business?

Must the independent businessman and the small town play the role of the boy who "stood on the burning deck?"

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August 9, 1922

*The Bloomfield Republican and Democrat* uses a slug head to tell of the invention by a former Bloomfield man of a "cow tail tie" to prevent cows switching their tails while being milked in fly time. Knowing what we do of the disposition of a cow to switch the milker with her feet when prevented from switching flies with her tail, we dare say *The Republican and Democrat* will not print the remarks of the first purchaser of the "cow tail tie."

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It used to be said: "Many a girl wears a sailor hat who never owned a yacht." This is brought down to date by saying that not all people work who wear blue jeans.

## ONLY THE RICH CAN AFFORD SUCH LUXURY

Only a few days ago we were riding on a country road in Warren County. We looked a quarter of a mile across a hollow and saw a freshly plowed field which had been in pasture forty years. The furrows ran right up and down the hillside so that the rain can have the best chance in the world to start moving that field down to the Gulf of Mexico. The land belonged to one of the wealthiest and most successful farmers in Warren County. We assume that only the rich can afford the luxury of giving their top soil a new home in the south.

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Every time we mail a letter now, it takes the interest on one dollar for a year.

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They used to call them "Mother Hubbards." Then they refined them a little and called them "wrappers." Now they call them "sacks." But the same old definition remains accurate: "Something that covers everything and touches nothing."

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We hear it said that there are families who will spend from \$50 up on flowers for a wedding, and hand the preacher five bucks.

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One of the greatest needs of the Christian churches of America is aid societies which can put on dinners without making more noise in the kitchen than the speaker of the evening can make in the main dining hall.

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Over at Pella they have organized a co-operative burial association which is going great guns. We have known folks around here who would never co-operate in anything until then.

# THE FARMER'S CROP

**IS GOOD SECURITY**

**Hold Your Own Grain until the Market is Right.**

**Why let the speculator have the advance?**

The time is past when the farmer must throw his wheat or corn on the market immediately after it is harvested in order to raise a little money for immediate needs, taking the low price which usually follows the harvesting of any crop and seeing the speculator get the benefit of the rise which usually comes later.

Any of the banks whose names appear at the bottom of this advertisement will accept the crop of any reputable farmer as security for a loan to a considerable portion of its value, when accompanied by a legal certificate of inspection and sealing under the Iowa Warehousing law as set forth in Secs. 9752 to 9805 of the Code of Iowa, 1924.

The Iowa Warehousing law makes it possible for the farmer to draw at the bank on his grain in the bin the same as the elevator man can draw a sight draft on a bill of lading or the Chicago grain man borrow on a warehouse receipt for grain in a terminal elevator.

Attorney Howard J. Clark and Senator Brookhart spent two hours at Sandyville last Saturday explaining to the farmers of Warren county that this is the kind of service they need. The Indianola banks want to tell them in a few words that this is the service they have.

Through the efforts of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation these provisions were incorporated into the Iowa law by the 40th General Assembly with the support of Hon. John A. Storey, representative from Warren county, an Indianola banker. The State Secretary of Agriculture has made necessary arrangements and appointed the legally authorized warehousing committee and official sealers.

Grain to be sealed under the law must be stored in a good crib or bin, well protected from weather, and with adequate provision for ventilation to prevent spoilage. If you have grain to seal, apply to the county agent for the services of the official sealer, who will issue a warehouse receipt. Then bring your receipt to the bank and get your loan, which will provide you with money for immediate needs. When the market advances you can sell the grain, pay off the loan, and have all the advance in price for yourself instead of having it go to the speculator.

Yours for keeping the money at home,

**Warren County State Bank**

**First National Bank**

**Peoples Trust and Savings Bank**

**Worth Savings Bank**

**Indianola Banking Company**

An Advertisement That Won Widespread Acclaim.



Present Home of the County Seat Paper



Governor-Elect William Beardsley, Charles Fisher, and Don Berry Awaiting Election Returns in 1948 in Beardsley's New Virginia Drug Store.