The
Palimpsest

VOLUME 56 NUMBER 6

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1975

Political Paraphernalia

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The Palimpsest

VOLUME 56 NUMBER 6 NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1975

Peter T. Harstad, Director

L. Edward Purcell, Editor

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Cover: *In a direct appeal to Iowa voters, the Democratic Party during the 1930s used the talents of the famous cartoonist Ding Darling to promote the party cause. Iowans evidently responded, since Democrats held the major state offices during the New Deal. For more on political memorabilia see the story beginning on p. 162.*

The Meaning of the 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.

Political Paraphernalia

by

Michael D. Gibson

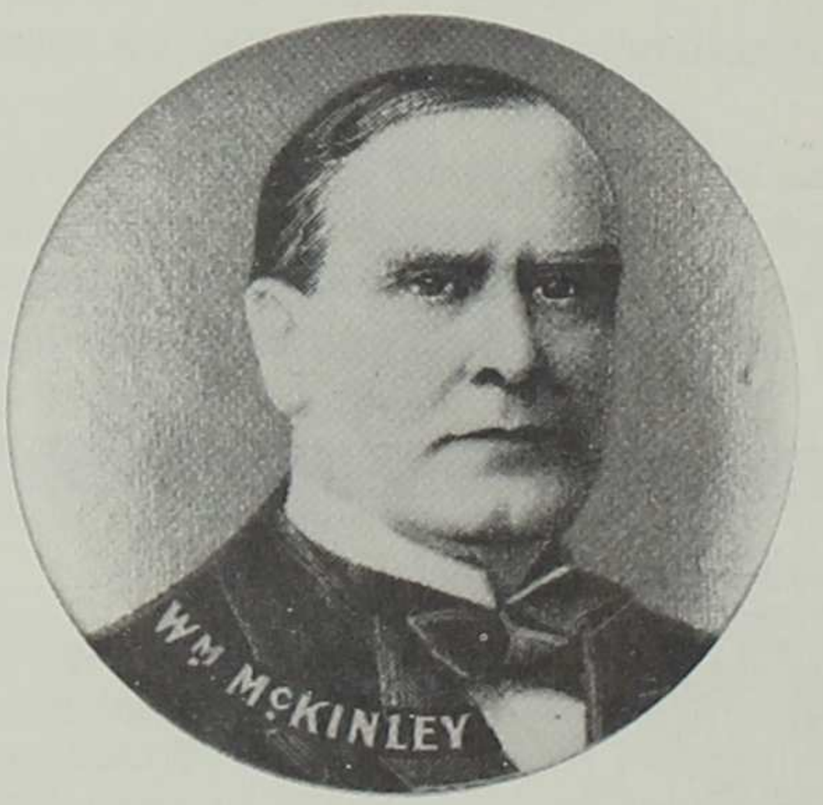
Campaign slogans have been uttered by Americans since the days of John Adams. Such phrases as "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," "Vote as You Shot," "I like Ike," or "All the Way with L.B.J." are familiar to most students of American history and politics. Some slogans like "Happy Days are Here Again" have become titles of popular tunes, while others such as "Give 'Em Hell, Harry" recently have found their way into movie and book titles.

In addition to the catchy phrases of campaign slogans there have been other political paraphernalia used throughout American history to aid candidates seeking the lofty heights of the Oval Office, or even those seeking a seat on the local school board. Canes, hats, pencils, pens, cuff links, pennants, ribbons, medals, and buttons are only a few of the gimmicks which deluge the voter as campaign time approaches. It is little wonder that collectors have found the field wide open for adding to their store of political memorabilia. Some of these items later found their way from attics and basements into the collections of museums and historical societies, and the State Historical Society of Iowa is no exception.

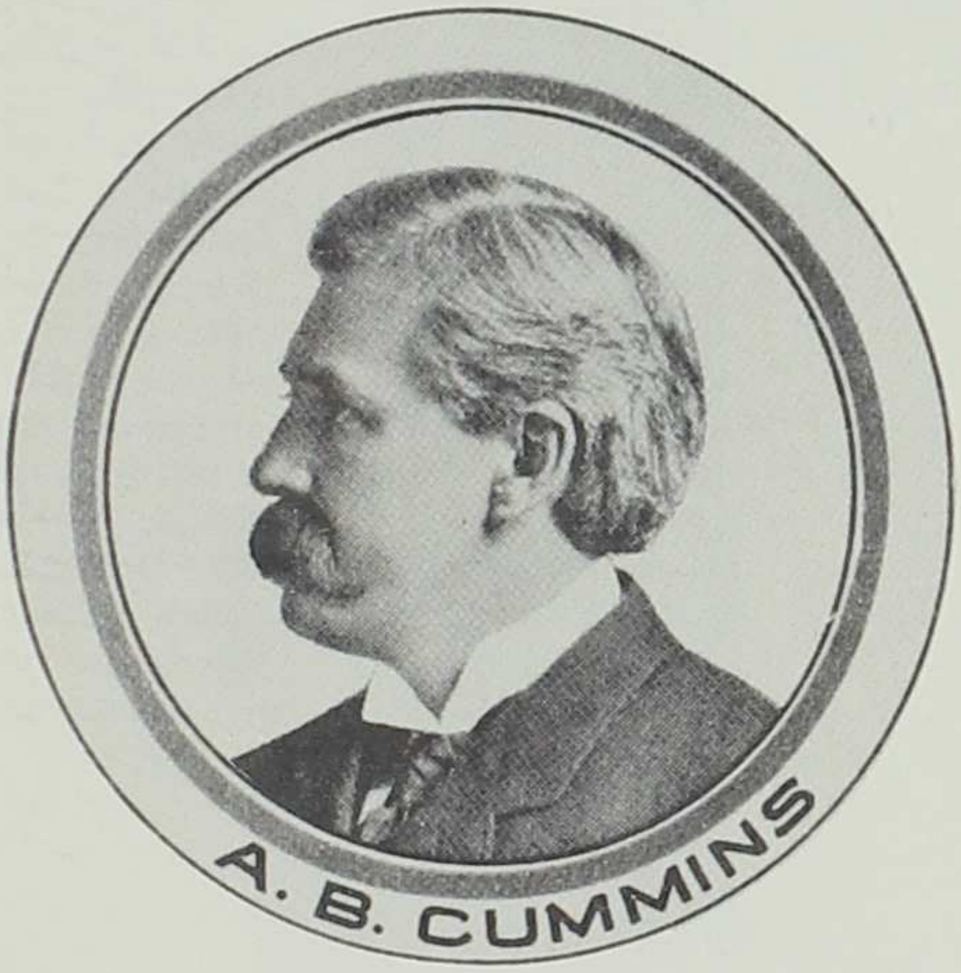
Among the more interesting political items are the campaign buttons which carry campaign slogans or pictures of the notable (at least in some cases) men seeking public office and political fame. The buttons in the collection of the State Historical Society which date back to the McKinley era of the late 1890s came from various donors, but the largest collection of buttons was given to the Society by Johnson Brigham.

Mr. Brigham himself had an interesting career. Born in 1946 in New York, he came to Iowa in 1881 to become the editor and part-owner of the *Cedar Rapids Republican* newspaper. Several years later he became founder and editor of the popular *Midland Monthly* magazine. In 1898, Governor Shaw appointed him State Librarian, a position he held until his death in 1936. It was in this position that Mr. Brigham had a vantage point from which to observe the leading political battles of his day.

It is due to Mr. Brigham's keen political interests that we have today the collection of campaign buttons preserved at the State Historical Society. Campaign pins and buttons date back to the earliest days



Supporters of William McKinley proudly displayed this celluloid button during the campaign of 1896. McKinley ("the stocking-foot orator" from Ohio) ran a leisurely "front-porch" campaign against the Democratic-Populist candidate from Nebraska, William Jennings Bryan. McKinley's victory ushered in a period of G.O.P. ascendency.



Albert B. Cummins, one of Iowa's leading politicians during the early twentieth century, campaigned with this button made for him in New Jersey by the Whitehead & Hoag Mft. Co. Cummins was Governor of the state (1902-1908) and U.S. Senator. He was a major figure among Progressive Republicans in the U.S. and, incidently, a life member of the State Historical Society of Iowa.

of the Republic and have been worn on the lapels of voters ever since. Actually, buttons have not always been popular. The Democrats in the 1840 election were made so furious by the "log cabin and hard cider" gimmicks used by their opponents that they actually wrote a plank in their party platform condemning "factious symbols" which insulted the intellect of the voter. Nonetheless, such criticism did not halt the mass production of such symbols. It has been estimated that one hundred million buttons are produced for the average presidential campaign at an average cost of $8 per thousand. This may seem to be an exaggerated figure until one realizes that in the 1960 presidential campaign alone there were 14 candidates running on tickets ranging from Kennedy and Nixon on the traditional Democratic and Republican tickets to Rugherford L. Decker and Farrell Dobbs on the Prohibition and Socialist Workers tickets respectively. Added to this is the fact that nearly 80 political party affiliations have been represented in campaigns since 1789. While not all of these were full-fledged campaigns, most of the parties utilized some type of political paraphernalia to rake in votes for their candidates. One can be sure that the mass production of campaign buttons will not decrease in the years ahead. The year 1976 will likely see an upswing in political awareness combined with the bicentennial celebration of our nation. This alone will make it a bonanza for the collector.

The following are some of the more interesting campaign buttons and political paraphernalia from the collections of the State Historical Society of Iowa. □

During the election campaign of 1896, McKinley and his running mate Garret Hobart advocated a national policy of "sound" money, basing the dollar on the single standard of gold. Bryan, the Democratic opponent (endorsed also by the Populists), was famous for his demand for a bi-metallic standard of both gold and silver. The question of the gold standard was one of the major issues dividing parties in the 1890s. This partisan emblem is engraved on mother-of-pearl, which is neither gold nor silver.

A delegate's badge from the Republican state convention in Iowa in 1896. As it turned out, this was a bad year for Iowa's favorite-son candidates. William Boyd Allison, ballyhooed by supporters for the Presidential nomination, lost at the national convention to McKinley. On the Democratic side, Iowan Horace Boies was in the running for the nomination but lost to Bryan.

In 1898, the Spanish-American War captured the hearts and minds of most Americans. This Uncle Sam pin, mounted on a card bearing suitably martial sentiments, shows the old gentleman setting out to teach the Spaniards a lesson. Iowa sent more than 5000 men into the fray, including several future state political figures such as Dan Turner, Floyd Thurston, and Guy Gillette.

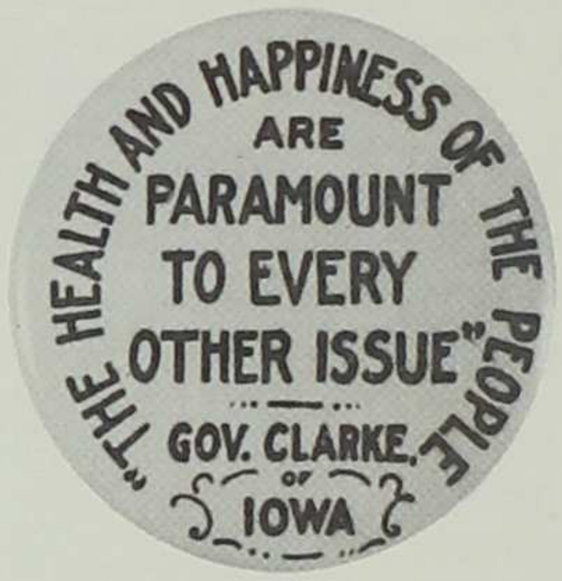
Iowans should remember the Maine *since a young Red Oak, Iowa naval engineer, Darwin R. Merritt, was killed when the vessel blew up and sank in Havana harbor.*

A rare "jugate" button (showing side by side pictures of both Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates) for the Republican slate in 1900. McKinley ran with the "hero" of San Juan Hill, the irrepressible Teddy Roosevelt. Promising a full dinner pail and prosperity (always a good political ploy), the ticket swept to victory.

Iowans at the state convention in 1904 might have sported this be-ribboned emblem for T.R., who had ascended to the White House after McKinley's assassination.

The off-year election of 1914 found Woodrow Wilson in the Oval Office. The state convention in Iowa was held at Council Bluffs.

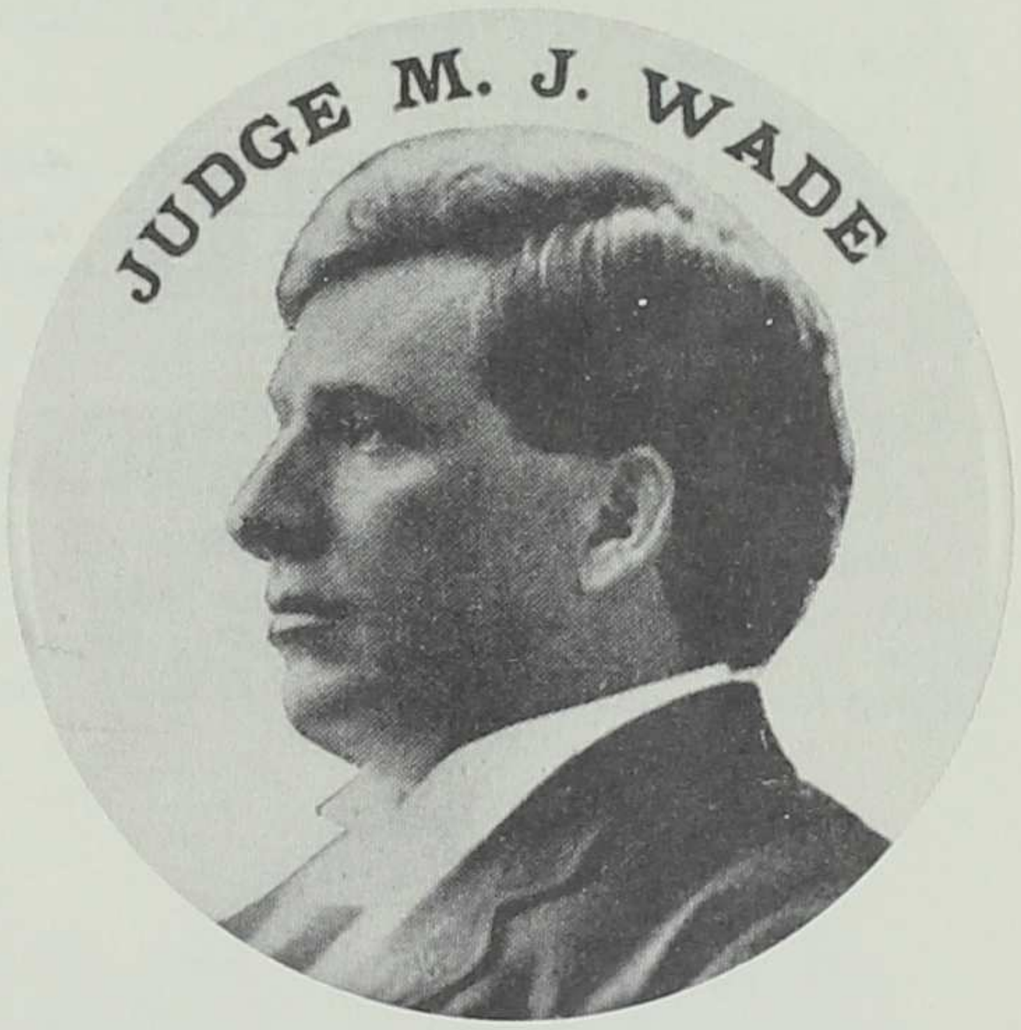
William Howard Taft, Teddy Roosevelt's hand-picked successor as the Republican standard-bearer, was supported by Iowans in 1908. When T.R. broke with Taft and ran independently as a Bull-Mooser in 1912, Iowans stayed with Taft. This celluloid button was lithographed in Baltimore by the Hyatt Mft. Co.



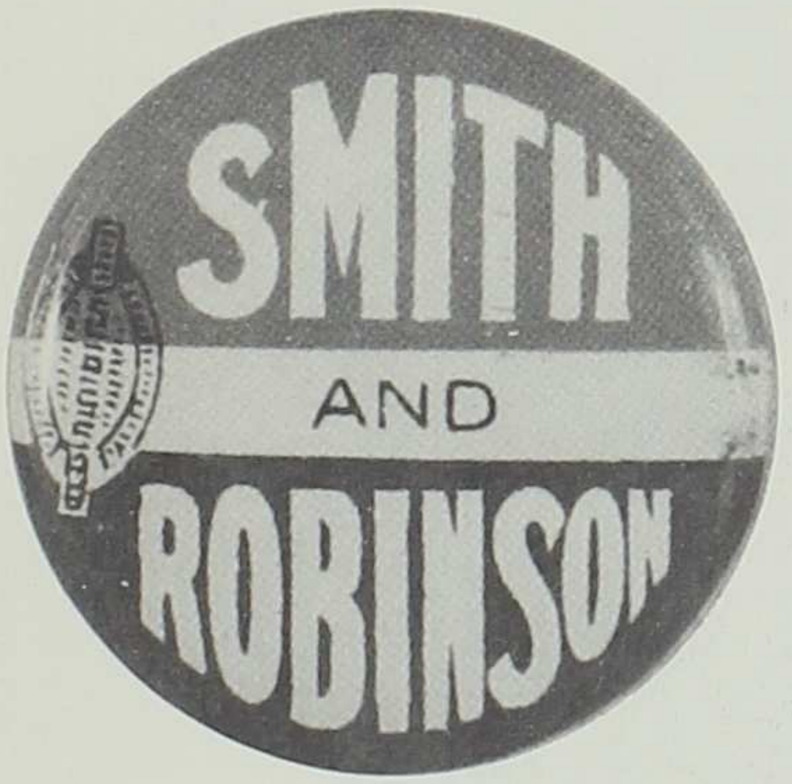
George W. Clarke, a lawyer from Adel, Iowa, pushed himself with this pin, lithographed in St. Louis. The candidate was successful, serving as Governor from 1913 until 1917.

Woman-sufferage advocates could display their sentiments with this button, but unfortunately without success. Iowans voted many times on a change in the state laws to allow women the vote. The women always lost, however. It was not until an amendment to the national Constitution was finally ratified in 1920 that women took to the polls.

An official badge for delegates to the state convention of Democrats in Des Moines, 1920.

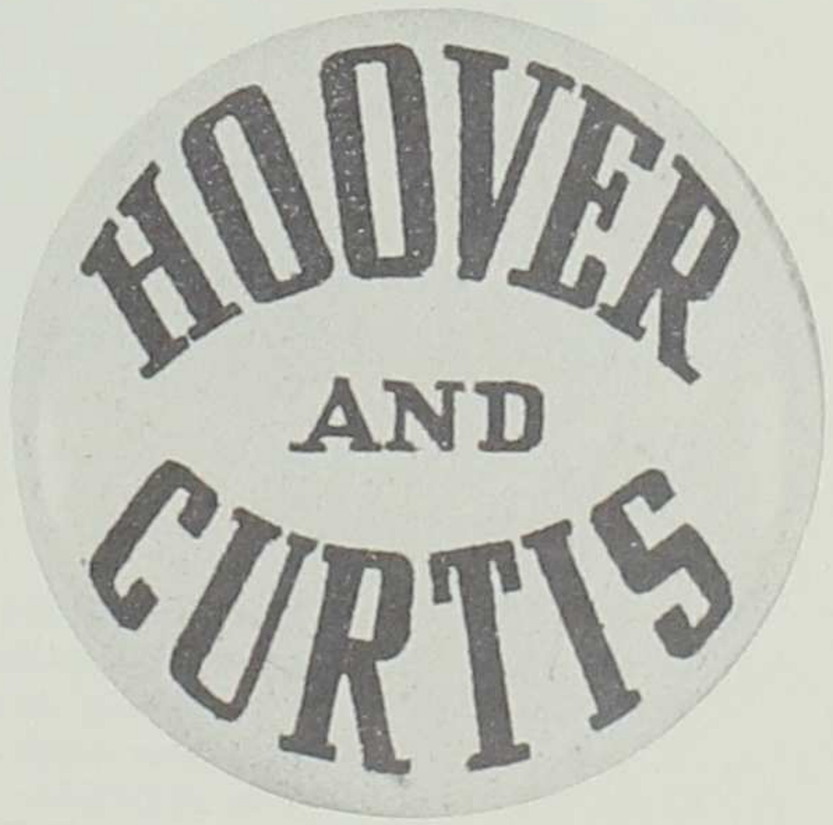


A candidate for judicial office, Judge Martin J. Wade was one of Iowa's leading lawyers. He was professor of law at The University of Iowa and had a law firm in Iowa City. He served as U.S. District Judge for Iowa's Southern District from 1915 until 1931. He was an expert on Constitutional law and emphasized loyalty and patriotism to the extreme of advocating a penalty for all citizens who failed to vote—believing in government by *the people.*



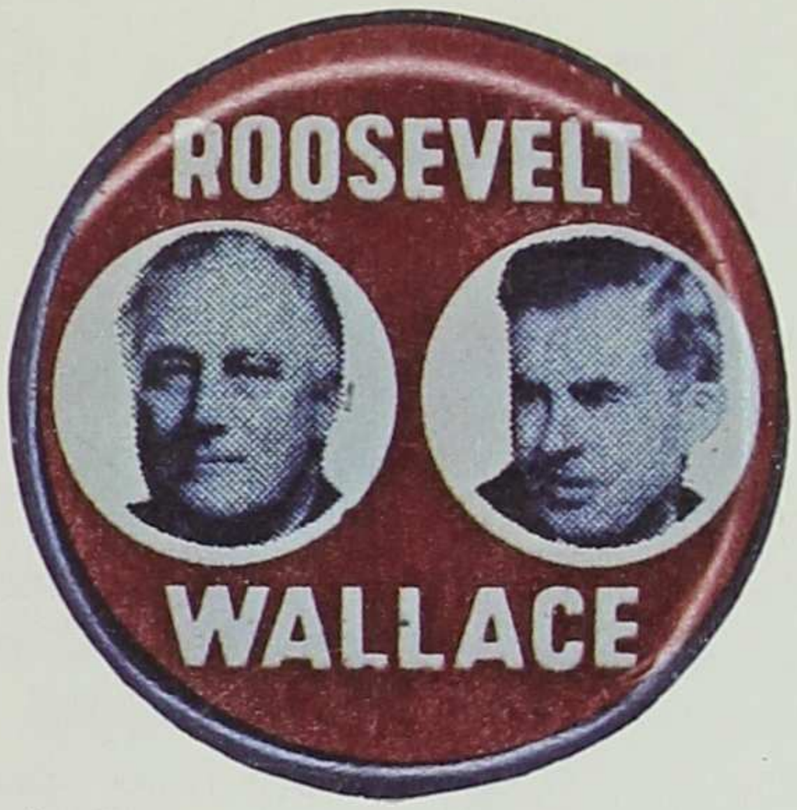
Alfred E. Smith of New York headed the Democratic ticket (along with Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas) in 1928. Facing Iowa native-son Herbert Hoover, Smith was anti-prohibition and a Catholic. He lost to Hoover, but began forging the national coalition of urban liberals, minorities, and labor which eventually put the next Democrat in the Presidency. Note the prominent union "bug" on the pin, showing Smith's use of union labor for manufacturing the device.

"A chicken in every pot, two cars in every garage" was Herbert Hoover's campaign slogan. Hoover holds a special place in the minds of most Iowans since he was born in West Branch, Iowa and was the first President born west of the Mississippi River. Sen. Charles Curtis of Kansas was his running mate both in the 1928 and 1932 elections.



The trauma of the Great Crash in 1929 and the following economic depression was too much for Hoover's political career, even among his fellow Iowans. Franklin D. Roosevelt administered a crushing defeat to the incumbent in 1932, taking the election by a landslide. Iowans perhaps saw this sign, tailored for the corn-belt and printed in Des Moines.

During the 1936 Presidential campaign, Kansas Governor Alf Landon headed the G.O.P. ticket. He and his running mate, Frank Knox, used the Kansas sunflower motif on much of their campaign material. The opposition responded with the slogan, "sunflowers die in November," and they did.



An Iowan rose to prominence on the national ticket again in 1940. Henry A. Wallace of Des Moines moved over from the office of Secretary of Agriculture to run alongside F.D.R. The duo overcame the third term stigma and went on to lead the nation during the first years of WW II. This tin button was made in Chicago by the Charles Geraghty Co.

Perhaps one of the best political slogans of the last decades, the "I Like Ike" buttons were ubiquitous during the General's campaigns in the 1950s.

Foe of F.D.R. and Wallace was Wendell Willkie the "Abe Lincoln of Wall Street," who was born in Indiana and had worked as a boy in the cornfields of Iowa. He began his career as a lawyer and became president of Commonwealth and Southern Utility Co. in New York. He was opposed to government ownership of utilities, and the Democrats issued this button, deriding his affiliation with the power company.

Joseph A. Dugdale:
A Friend of Truth
by Robert K. Bower

One hot Iowa August day in 1863 more than 3000 men, women, and children gathered at Hickory Grove outside of Mount Pleasant for a Union Sabbath School Celebration. After opening remarks and a prayer by area ministers the crowd was entertained with patriotic songs by the children and rousing tunes by the Mount Pleasant Brass Band. Then the audience listened "with close attention" to Mount Pleasant's own Sen. James Harlan who spoke on "the State of the Country." But the highlight of the day for the children, and perhaps for more of the adults than would admit it, came in the afternoon. After the picnic lunches were disposed of, the children raised their colorful Sunday school banners and, hardly noticing the oppressive heat, listened to "the man of all others who gets at the hearts of children—Uncle Joseph Dugdale."

Joseph A. Dugdale was a Quaker minister well known for his "children's conventions" which he held all over southeastern Iowa (including Salem, Wapello, Fairfield, and Iowa City). But he was interested in much more than entertaining and teaching the children. He had dedicated his life to helping the oppressed wherever he found them.

There were many expressions of idealistic efforts to correct social evils in the nineteenth century: the anti-slavery movement, the woman's rights movement, various peace movements, prison reform, and attempts to aid the spiritually and physically beaten Indians. Dugdale involved himself in all of these and more.

On any given day in the 1860s and 1870s Dugdale, usually accompanied by his faithful wife Ruth, might have been found visiting inmates of the penitentiary at Fort Madison or the institution for the insane at Mount Pleasant; speaking at a religious meeting in Iowa or an adjoining state; attending a meeting on temperance, peace, or woman's rights; entertaining in his home some famous reformer such as Anna Dickinson or Sojourner Truth; visiting needy neighbors, black as well as white, in Mount Pleasant; drafting a protest against some social wrong which would be sent to a public official, even the President; or writing a letter to anyone from Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier to Iowa Governor Cyrus Clay Carpenter urging support of some cause or clarifying his own stand on some issue.

Joseph A. Dugdale was active both nationally and locally, yet in the Quaker manner he went about his work quietly and remained relatively anonymous. Aside from exercising his own vote and sending petitions and letters to those in office, he steered clear of orthodox political action, shunning party politics for a more straightforward appeal to the people themselves. He and Ruth crisscrossed the country preaching and joining with other Friends in an attempt to open people's eyes to the injustices about them.

Joseph Annesley Dugdale, the first child of John and Sarah Barton Dugdale, was born November 14, 1810, in Bristol, Pennsylvania. The next year the family moved to Trenton, New Jersey,

Joseph A. Dugdale (courtesy of Friends Historical Library of Swarthmore College).

where Joseph enjoyed his boyhood years. As he recalled forty years later: "I picked huckleberries over there [in New Jersey], played in the sand, swam in the streams and thrashed a boy for calling my little plain coat a name . . . ." Under the guidance of his mother, a minister in the Society of Friends, Joseph continued to forego finer apparel for his suit of Quaker drab and dedicated himself to the simple but earnest life it represented.

In 1827, the family moved west to join the Salem (Ohio) Monthly Meeting of Friends. But within a year, growing differences among the Friends over the slavery issue led to a split in the Society known as the Hicksite Separation. Because of his sympathy to the anti-slavery position of Elias Hicks, young Joseph was disowned by the Salem Meeting.

Dugdale married Ruth Townsend in 1833, and two years later the couple moved west again, to a farm in Clark County, Ohio. That same year (1835), Joseph attended the first meeting of the Ohio Anti-Slavery Society (he had been elected president of the New Garden Anti-Slavery Society in eastern Ohio). From 1835 until as late as 1875 when he was elected president of an Underground Railroad Convention in Salem, Iowa, where "the conductors and stockholders in the old Underground Rail Road in Iowa"—and some who had been active in other states—gathered together, Dugdale was always to be found in the ranks of those actively seeking abolition of slavery and equal rights for all.

The Green Plain Meeting, which the Dugdales joined when they moved to Clark County, had a generous share of the radical Friends who felt that a higher truth justified breaking an unjust law and readily helped fugitive slaves on their way to Canada. Years later in Iowa, Joseph Dugdale was fond of recalling how he and Ruth aided fugitives on the Underground Railroad in Ohio and how their threshing floor had served as a bed for many a noted abolitionist, including Salmon P. Chase, later to become Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. The more conservative Friends, though sincerely opposed to slavery, took no part in harboring runaway slaves and were opposed to opening the meeting house to abolition lecturers. Many of the elders also disagreed with the more liberal Friends on such issues as woman's rights. Though

attempts were made to reconcile their differences, the radicals ultimately seceded from the parent body and formed their own meeting, variously called "Progressive Friends," "Congregational Friends," or "Friends of Human Progress." Dugdale played a key role in attempts to unify the factions, but in the end he helped organize the Congegational Order of the Green Plain Meeting.

These were difficult years for the Dugdale family. Their first child, a son, lived only a little over a year. Another son, John, born in 1835, was a healthy child destined to live a long and fruitful life. But their third child, a little daughter, also died at an early age, "when she was just beginning to prattle little words." Ruth, besides supporting her husband in the religious controversy, kept busy caring for her sister, Sabina T. McDonnell, who came to live with the Dugdales in 1836, and who was ill much of the time until her death in 1844. To complicate matters, Joseph's health was not good, and at one point he nearly died. With courage and strength Ruth guided the family through these trying years.

By 1850, Joseph's father had died. So his mother, Sarah, joined Joseph, Ruth, and their son, John, and continued to live with or near her children the rest of her years. Sarah Dugdale's deep interest in the reforms of the age, especially temperance, woman's rights, and peace, was to have a marked influence on her eldest son's life.

The rift in the Green Plain Meeting created an uncomfortable atmosphere for the reformers, and in 1851 Dugdale moved his family to Chester County, Pennsylvania. There in the Kennett Monthly Meeting he found a number of Friends, some of them station masters on the many lines of the Underground Railroad in the area, who were sympathetic to his views, and who were also experiencing growing discontent with their conservative leaders. Dugdale's experiences in Ohio and his participation in 1849 and 1850 in the Yearly Meeting of Congregational Friends held at Waterloo, New York, made him a natural leader of the discontented Friends.

In 1853, Joseph and other reformers established the "Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends," not a sanctioned "Yearly" Meeting, but "a kind of convention for reformers." The group consisted of not only discontented and disowned Friends but also some sympathizers who had no formal religion at all. At the inaugural session, whose participants included Lucretia Mott and Sojourner Truth, Dugdale made the opening remarks, and the group proceeded to develop a platform "as broad as Humanity, and as comprehensive as Truth . . . ." By 1855, they had built their own meeting house, and "Longwood" became a gathering place for thousands of reformers every year. In 1859, for example, the little meeting house could not hold a fourth of the over 5000 participants who gathered to listen, "whether in the house or in the open air, with deep interest to the radical and progressive views of the speakers. . . ."

During this decade before he moved west again, Dugdale actively campaigned for the abolition of slavery, better treatment of the Indians, woman's rights, and other reforms in which he and his Progressive friends believed. His reputation as a reformer grew, and his efforts, like those of other reformers, were often derided by the general public. A West Chester, Pennsylvania newspaper referred

The Progressive Friends are shown here in front of Longwood Meetinghouse in Pennsylvania, June 1865, three years after the Dugdales left for Iowa. The balding man in the center holding a bouquet is William Lloyd Garrison (courtesy of Chester County Historical Society).

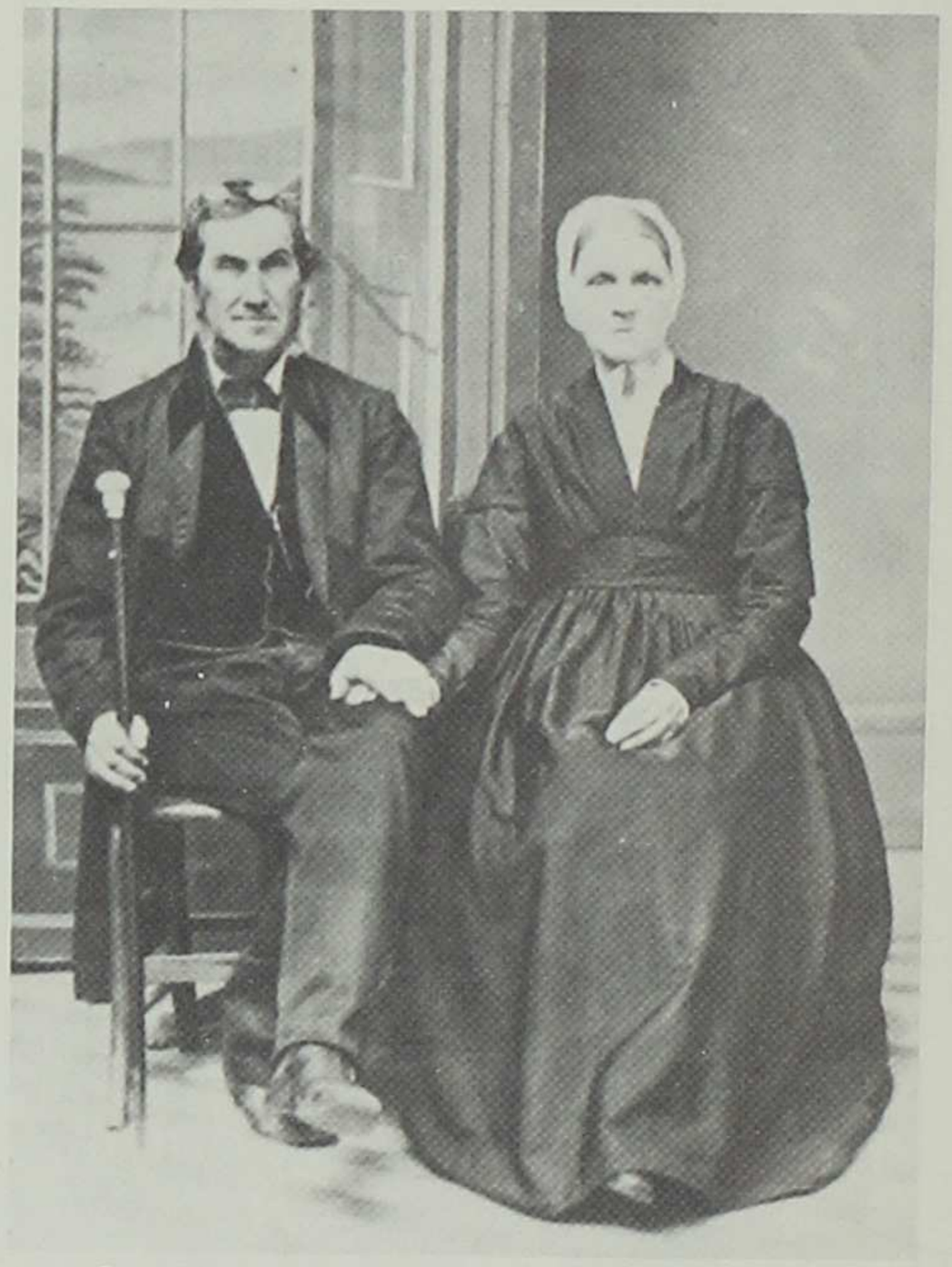
to Dugdale as "the great Apostle of the new motley sect" at Longwood.

By 1850, Dugdale was well enough known in reform circles that delegates to the first National Woman Suffrage Convention, held at Worcester, Massachusetts, named him to the central committee along with such suffrage pioneers as Lucy Stone, Lucretia Mott, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Two years later, he helped organize the First Woman's Rights Convention in Pennsylvania at West Chester. In September of the next year (1853), he spoke at the national woman's rights meeting in New York known as "the mob convention" because an unruly crowd broke it up. And during that same month in New York, he was a delegate to the Whole World's Temperance Convention, but he declined to serve until women were given equal privileges with the men. Susan B. Anthony was eventually elected secretary to the convention. During these years, Dugdale continued his anti-slavery activities, attending a number of state and national conventions. One of the highlights of his life was to be listed among the vice presidents of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Perhaps Dugdale was most widely known in Pennsylvania and New Jersey (among the children at least) for his children's conventions. The conventions, begun at Longwood in 1854, became an annual event eagerly awaited by children who came from miles around to hear "Uncle Joseph, the Children's Friend." "There would be songs and flowers and games and recitations and plenty of good things to eat, interspersed with speaking and teaching by [Joseph] and other elderly friends." Uncle Joseph soon began traveling to other towns in Pennsylvania and New Jersey to speak to the children, and in 1860, he and Ruth made a tour of the West, holding conventions along the way.

In 1861, the tensions of war caused a temporary suspension of the monthly meetings at Longwood, and the Dugdale family reluctantly decided to move west again. The next year, on February 11, they paid a little less than $17 an acre for a 160-acre farm in Marion Township, Henry County, Iowa—six miles north of Mount Pleasant.

The editor of the local *Home Journal* lost little time acquainting his readers with their new neighbors. On the front page of the March 8 issue appeared a story by Joseph A. Dugdale entitled "The Blind Children," telling of a visit he and Ruth had made to an institution for the blind in Columbus, Ohio. (The story had originally appeared in the *Educator and the Museum,* published in Media, Pennsylvania, and would also appear in the March 14 issue of William Lloyd Garrison's anti-slavery newspaper, *The Liberator.*) On the next page of the *Home Journal* the editor introduced Joseph by printing the following lofty description which also originally appeared in the *Educator*:



Joseph and Ruth Dugdale. Joseph holds an ivory-headed walking stick inscribed with the following: "Lucretia Mott, to Joseph A. Dugdale Green Plains OHIO." The cane is on display at the Harlan-Lincoln Home in Mount Pleasant (courtesy of Iowa State Historical Department, Division of Historical Museum and Archives).

> To the children of Iowa and her sister states, we would say:—Welcome to your midst with cordial warmth of affection, this devoted friend of youthful humanity, and you will never have cause to forget the bestowing of your confidence and esteem. Manifest by words and deeds a kindly interest in his happiness, and you will remove to a great extent, the loneliness that he will feel, separated many hundred miles from his friends and relations, and the cherished memories of a dear old Chester county home.
>
> Bear in mind that the deepest feelings of his heart, the most exalted energies of his life, are devoted to the welfare of youth. This has ever been his aim—the goal of his ambition; welcome him, then, with pleasant smiles and affectionate words of good cheer.

Uncle Joseph called the first children's convention in Henry County for the afternoon of May 25, 1862, at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Mount Pleasant. "I mean to see you all," he said in his published letter, "and, in my old-fashioned way, tell you some stories, with the understanding, that whenever the little folks stop looking at the black spots in my eyes, and cast their eyes downward, looking directly at their shoestrings, it will be *understood* it is time for Uncle Joseph to hold up, as the saying is, and let you all go home. I may not wait for that." If he did, it must have been a long wait. For according to those who heard him, he had "a wondrous power in his persuasive eloquence, that touches the hearts of both children and adults. The children at the close of the service seemed eager for more." Their "eyes . . . were riveted upon the speaker from the time that he arose in the desk, until he took his seat."

In January of 1863, Uncle Joseph wrote a letter to the children "back East." The following excerpt gives an interesting description of his Iowa prairie home as well as demonstrates his facility at capturing the interest of children:

> If we could only rig a vessel that would sail in the air, about as big as five meeting houses that could be managed by a committee of girls and boys and then you could all get into it and never lower the sails until you would come to a great magnificent prairie 30 miles long and six miles wide, a little bit north of where Aunt Ruth and Uncle Joseph live—what a *big* time we would have. It is too terribly cold to think of coming this *winter*, but next summer you would see the grandest display of wild flowers that ever you beheld! The grass grows as high as a horse's back! In the spring the people set it on fire. A prairie on fire is a *magnificent sight*. Sometimes travellers have been overtaken by the fire and suffered cruelly, or been consumed by it. At this season of the year I could show you tens of thousands of beautiful prairie fowls. They have great conventions among themselves, and sometimes go into unhusked corn-fields, which by the way are many in this country, and will be until plowing time next spring!

It was not long before Uncle Joseph's friends in the East could see him again. For in 1864-65 he spent "some six months gladdening the hearts of all, especially the little folks, in Pennsylvania and Maryland in preaching to them."

When the Dugdales came to Iowa, Joseph and Ruth returned to the fold by joining the Hicksite Meeting at Prairie Grove, 12 miles north of Mount Pleasant in Wayne Township. The Henry County Hicksite Friends were a part of first the Baltimore Yearly Meeting and later the Illinois Yearly Meeting held at McNabb, Illinois, and are not be be confused with the Orthodox Friends of the Salem (Iowa) Monthly Meeting. Prairie Grove Meeting had been established in 1856 by Hicksite Friends who had migrated from Virginia. There was another group of Hicksites in Iowa, at West Liberty in Muscatine County, that united with Prairie Grove in June 1866 to form the Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting. (The term *Meeting* here means much more than "a gathering of people"; it denotes the basic structure of the Society of Friends. Groups of Friends usually met twice a week—Sunday and mid-week—for worship. Official business was conducted at the Monthly Meeting, sometimes made up of several of the smaller groups of Friends. Larger matters were taken by representatives of the Monthly Meetings to Quar-

Site of Prairie Grove Meetinghouse near Winfield, Iowa. Built in 1858, the plain frame building was surrounded by a grove of maples, box-elders, and evergreens. Sarah Dugdale, Joseph's mother, is buried in the little cemetery.

terly Meetings. And final authority rested with the Yearly Meeting. The same terminology was usually used by each of the factions of Friends—whether Hicksite, Orthodox, or some other faction.)

That the Dugdales chose the Prairie Grove Meeting rather than the Salem Meeting might seem peculiar when we recognize the progressive spirit, the efficient organization, and the large numbers of the Orthodox Friends in Iowa in the 1860s and 1870s. Iowa Orthodox Quakers, especially in the Salem area, had provided an effective link in the Underground Railroad from Missouri to Canada, and they were destined to establish an organization to aid the freedmen after the War. In addition, Iowa Orthodox Friends bore major responsibility for carrying out Grant's program to help the Indians, while the Iowa Hicksite Friends "took little or no part in the work assigned by Grant to their branch of the Society." (This seems odd in view of Dugdale's background and the Hicksite philosophy. But perhaps because of their small numbers the Iowa Hicksites were happy to turn the organizational work over to their Orthodox friends.) Of course the Dugdales had joined the Hicksites in the beginning, and to move from the ranks of the Progressive Friends to those of the Orthodox Friends would have been too great a theological and philosophical reorientation for Joseph and Ruth. The scars of the 1828 split still remained.

Nevertheless, as time passed and relations between the Orthodox Friends and

Hicksites improved, Joseph was invited to speak frequently in Orthodox meetings at Salem and elsewhere. By 1873 Joseph was able to pen the following message to a friend: "Yesterday morning by *express invitation* I addressed the hundred students in the Whittier College (Orthodox Friends) and in the afternoon attended a large meeting among them and took part in the services, great cordiality and kindness being shown me. I rejoice at the increasing toleration and fraternity."

During the 1860s and 1870s, Dugdale's interest in reform activities continued. During the winter of 1866-67, Mount Pleasant hosted a number of prominent reform lecturers, including Anna Dickinson and C. C. Burleigh. Dugdale reported in a letter to the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* that Dickinson and Burleigh "made impressions *deep and lasting*." Dugdale said that he and Ruth had them as guests in their home, and when other friends joined the group for an evening of conversation and discussion, "it seemed like a resurrection of the olden time, when we used to mingle together while our hearts gushed for liberty and the freedom of the suffering slave." The Dugdales were out of town when Theodore Tilton spoke, but they heard Frederick Douglass warn of "the Dangers Threatening the Republic." And on March 23, 1867, Dugdale met Wendell Phillips at the railroad depot. "There was an intense anxiety to hear the silver-tongued orator," Dugdale reported, "and he not only uttered his radicalism on the impeachment of the President amidst the cheers of the crowed auditory, but generously consented on the same evening to give us his celebrated lecture on 'The Lost Arts,' in all occupying two and a half hours!"

Dugdale saw positive effects of such lectures on the local citizenry, for in the same letter he reported that "our people here are being fast educated up to the type of radical anti-slavery, and are about to open the public schools for the reception of all the pupils in this city, irrespective of color!"

The passage of the Fifteenth Amendment in 1870 guaranteeing all citizens the right to vote regardless of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude" represented another victory for the old-line abolitionists. Joseph and Ruth Dugdale (now living in Mount Pleasant with their son John and his family), along with 50 or 60 others, signed a call for a meeting in "recognition of the success of the Fifteenth Amendment." The meeting was held at Union Hall in Mount Pleasant on May 7, 1870. The participants adopted a long list of resolutions praising those who had worked on behalf of the black man and affirming the justness of the Fifteenth Amendment. Afterward, at the unanimous request of those present, Dugdale addressed the meeting.

The spring of 1870 also marked the end of the anti-slavery era by the dissolving of the American Anti-Slavery Society. A letter from Joseph Dugdale graced the pages of the last issue of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* along with other letters from his "Beloved Coadjutors." He recalled setting out in 1835 to walk the 200 miles to the Ohio state association meeting. After a day's walk he was picked up by a friend and rode in a carriage the rest of the way. "So it has been all along the line," he remarked, "the way looked hard to travel but achievements have been won, and instead of plodding, we

now ride in the *triumphant car* of *emancipation!*"

Joseph and Ruth were already turning to more pressing issues. They recognized that the time was right for a state woman-suffrage convention in Iowa. Other woman's rights advocates such as Amelia Bloomer of Council Bluffs and Annie Savery of Des Moines agreed. Bloomer and Savery were considering calling a state convention to meet in Des Moines, a site they felt to be more accessible to all concerned than Mount Pleasant. But they delayed issuing a call when they had trouble scheduling speakers of national repute.

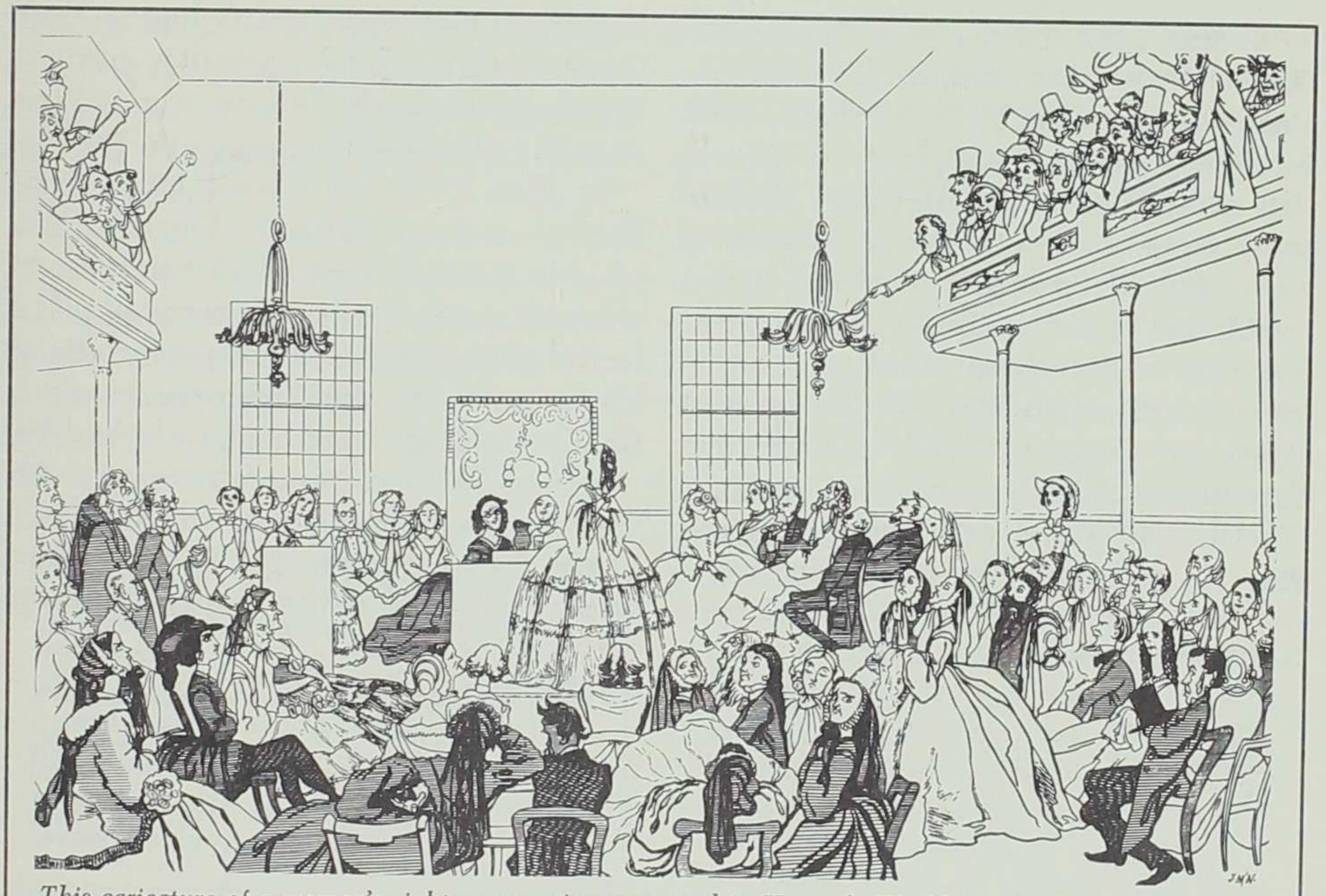
These reformers felt that the woman's hour in Iowa had arrived. The woman-suffrage movement in Iowa was growing. Politicians could no longer shun the woman-suffrage issue on the pretext that it would endanger Negro suffrage legislation. On March 29 and 30, 1870, the Iowa House and Senate approved a suffrage amendment to the Iowa Constitution, the first step toward granting Iowa women the right to vote. Woman-suffrage leaders in Iowa saw much work ahead in obtaining favorable sentiment for the required second approval two years hence and finally the important popular referendum.

Woman-suffrage associations, mostly headed by men, had been accepted with relative equanimity by most Iowans, but the forming of the Northern Iowa Woman Suffrage Association in April 1869 by a group of Dubuque women had caused much excitement. Lectures on woman suffrage by both local and national figures were becoming more common across Iowa, and the subject of woman's rights was broached more frequently in parlor conversations and chance meetings on the street.

Mount Pleasant had its share of strong-minded women: Mattie Griffith, a young school teacher, who in 1868 had toured central and southern Iowa with her lecture "Shall Women Vote?"; Mary A. Beavers, well-known throughout the state for her temperance and woman's rights lectures; Belle Mansfield, the first woman to be admitted to the Bar in the United States; and Alice Bird, co-founder and first president of the P.E.O. Sisterhood at Iowa Wesleyan College (then Iowa Wesleyan University). Little wonder that Joseph Dugdale thought Mount Pleasant an ideal meeting place for the first Iowa state woman-suffrage convention.

In May of 1870 Dugdale issued a call for the Iowa Woman's Enfranchisement Convention to be held in Mount Pleasant June 16-17 for the purpose of creating "a more effective union of the friends of woman's enfranchisement" in Iowa. The convention caused much excitement in southeastern Iowa, drawing prominent Iowans in the woman-suffrage movement from all over the state and attracting some out-of-state delegates. Susan B. Anthony was expected, but a change of plans prevented her attendance. The convention founded the Iowa Woman Suffrage Society (also called the Iowa Woman Suffrage Association and later dubbed the Iowa Equal Suffrage Association). The Society elected as its president Henry O'Connor, Attorney General of Iowa. Joseph Dugdale and Amelia Bloomer were among the vice-presidents, and Belle Mansfield and Annie Savery were the secretaries. Dugdale acted as temporary chairman of the convention. The New York *Standard* reported that Dugdale "was the prime mover in the Convention."

Certainly the majority of Iowans did not agree with the aims of woman's rights



This caricature of a woman's rights convention appeared in Harper's Weekly *in 1859.*

advocates. No doubt even some of the delegates to the Mount Pleasant convention doubted the seriousness of the whole affair. The *Burlington Hawkeye* printed a document presented to the Bloomfield delegate by the mayor commending the delegate "to the tender mercies and loving embraces of the women and tearful prayers of the men of said convention."

The more serious delegates left the convention with high hopes for the cause in Iowa, and many helped organize local woman-suffrage societies in their hometowns. Two local societies were formed in the Mount Pleasant area: the Salem Women's Rights Association on August 7 and the Henry County Woman's Suffrage Association on August 13. Ruth Dugdale was a vice-president of the Henry County Association, and Joseph served on the nine-member executive committee.

The next year, in October, the second statewide woman-suffrage convention was held in Des Moines. Dugdale did not attend (possibly by his own choice, preferring to absent himself from the debate on the free-love issue sure to arise at the convention) but sent a letter which was read before the convention. He was reelected as a vice-president, but he gradually faded out of woman's rights activities. In the years to come, Iowa suffragists would incur repeated disappointments as suffrage amendments to the Iowa Constitution, introduced in the Legislature session after session, repeatedly went down in defeat. In 1920, an amendment to the U.S. Constitution finally gave Iowa women the vote.

Dugdale decided to take advantage of the abundance of reformers due in town for the woman-suffrage convention in 1870

by issuing a call for an Iowa Peace Convention to be convened on June 18, immediately after the woman-suffrage convention. Peace had long been an important concern of Friend Dugdale. He had been elected one of the vice-presidents of the Universal Peace Society when it was established at the National Peace Convention held in Providence, Rhode Island, in May of 1866, though he was not present at the convention. Dugdale thought that the summer of 1870 seemed an opportune time to establish a state peace organization. The call, signed by 44 men and women, mostly from the Mount Pleasant area, said the convention was called:

> for the purpose of organizing a State Association, to aid in the presentation of Peace views to the public mind and cooperate with the Universal Peace Society in America and France, and with the lovers of peace thro'out the world, in order to aid in hastening the period when disputations between the Powers of the East will no longer be determined by sanguinary conflict, but by arbitration of nations and the extension of the Kingdom of Christ be promoted.

The meeting, held in the wake of the exciting woman-suffrage convention, was poorly attended and hardly covered by the press of the state; woman-suffrage was the issue of the hour, not peace. As with the woman-suffrage movement, however, local auxiliaries to the Iowa Peace Society, such as the Salem Auxiliary Peace Association, were established.

The executive committee of the Iowa Peace Society met the next year in Mount Pleasant and drafted a letter to the English High Commission, a delegation which was visiting the United States on a peace mission. They also sent a "plea for peace," penned by Dugdale, urging Congress to lead the way toward establishing a High Court or Congress of Nations to mediate disputes, such as the bloody Franco-Prussian War that was then raging in Europe.

In June 1872, the annual Iowa Peace Society meeting, chaired by Dugdale, took place in Salem. Letters which had been received "from a number of friends of peace in the United States containing words of cheer for the sublime enterprise in which we are engaged" were read, including letters from John Greenleaf Whittier and Alfred H. Love, president of the Universal Peace Society. A number of resolutions were passed, of which the following is typical:

> *Resolved,* That the age in which we live is pervaded with the advancing and accumulating spirit of truth, and this spirit demands the abolition of War because it is barbaric and invades the rights of man.

The newspaper account of the proceedings ends with the text of a letter from Governor Cyrus Clay Carpenter.

On September 3, 1873, the Iowa Peace Society held its annual meeting in New Sharon. Dugdale chaired the meeting and read letters of support from Governor Carpenter; Alfred H. Love; former Governor Samuel Merrill; Alexander Burns, president of Simpson College; H. C. Dunham, secretary of the American Peace Society; Lydia Maria Child, the well-known reformer from Massachusetts; and Ed Wright, former speaker of the Iowa house and twice-elected secretary of state. Wright, who had just been appointed assistant superintendent for the construction of the new capitol building in Des Moines, was a special friend of Dugdale's. In the early 1830s, Joseph A. Dugdale had taught little Ed Wright in a log schoolhouse near Salem, Ohio.

As its founder and first president, Joseph Dugdale gave the Iowa Peace Society strength and vitality. There is evidence that the organization lasted for almost half a century.

Over the years, Dugdale's activity as a reformer won him many famous friends, among them the well-known former slave, Sojourner Truth. On February 6, 1872, Sojourner Truth stopped in Mount Pleasant on her western tour and was a guest in the Dugdale home on Madison Street. Noticing that Sojourner was beginning to stoop with age, Joseph remarked, "Sojourner, thou are not so tall as when I first saw thee a quarter of a century ago." She replied with her characteristic wit: "No, dear child; I have been built so long I have settled!" The next day Joseph added the following sentiments to her "Book of Life" alongside those of Presidents Lincoln and Grant, Vice President Colfax, Lucretia Mott, William Lloyd Garrison, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and many others:

> "Our Veteran Friend, *Sojourner Truth*—We have know thee for a quarter of a century, heard thy clarion voice in the day when the slave power rioted in the land and trod with its iron heel upon the hearts of its victims. God has blessed the labors of his servants in a signal manner, and slavery by his mighty power has gone over the battlements and is destroyed. May thy old age be crowned by his presence, and thy trumpet join with Gabriel's in the jubilee, when the countless multitudes shall surround the throne of God.
>
> Joseph A. Dugdale
> *Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Second Month 7th, 1872.*

Two days later a brief note in the local newspaper informed the public of her arrival and tentatively announced that "she may speak while in this city." After several days of rest, Sojourner was prevailed upon to hold a meeting at Prairie Grove on Sunday afternoon, February 25. Word of the remarkable woman must have spread quickly, for during the next week she held at least four meetings in the Mount Pleasant area.

Dugdale took her to Salem for the Auxiliary Peace Association meeting. After Dugdale lectured on "the horrors of war" and "its enormous expensiveness,"

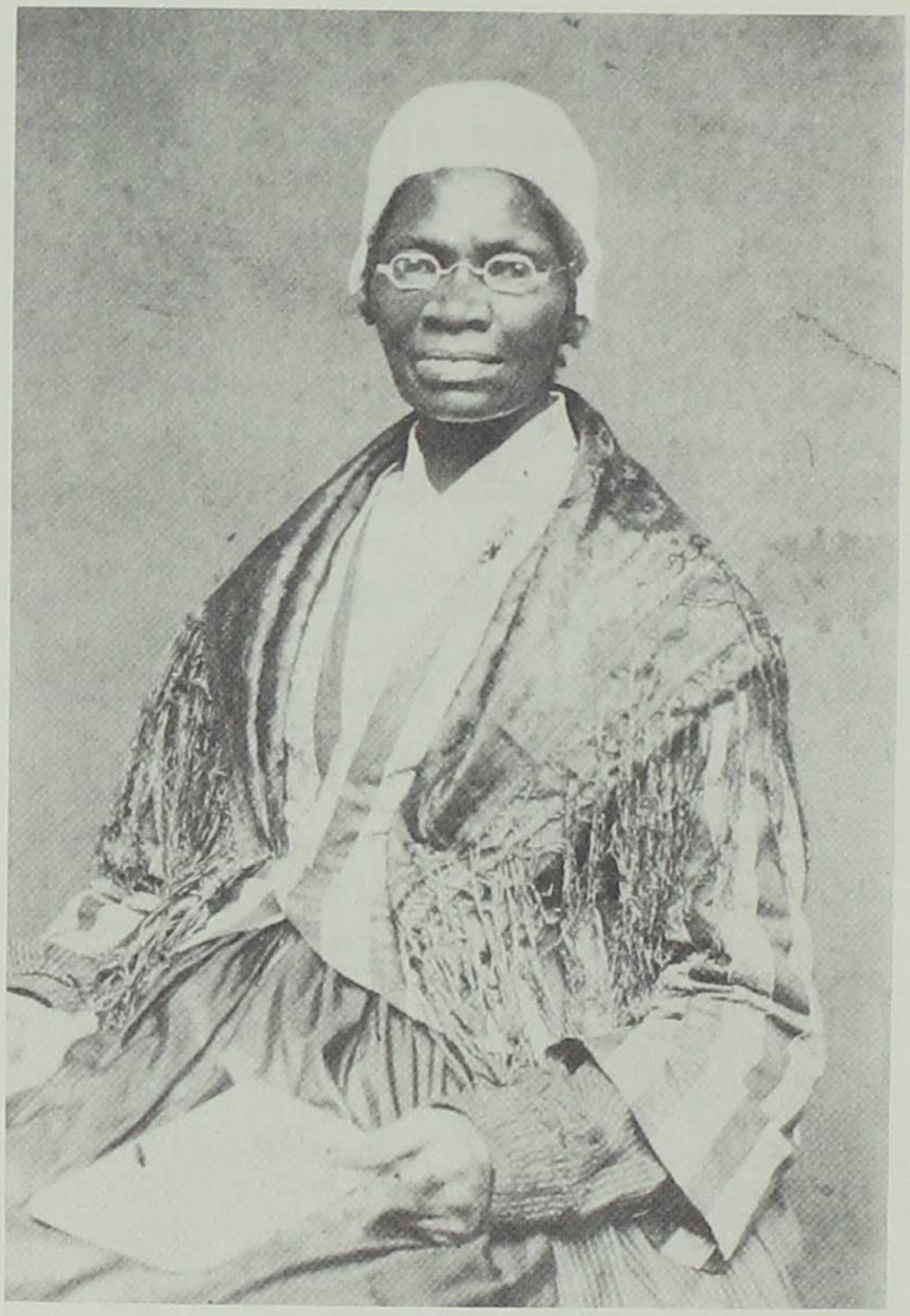
Note on Sources

The author thanks Louise R. Noun for her gracious help and critical comments. Especially useful were her research notes for *Strong-Minded Women: The Emergence of the Woman-Suffrage Movement in Iowa* (Ames: The Iowa State University Press, 1969), which are deposited in the Grinnell College library. Mrs. Noun's book contains the only recent account of Dugdale's role in the woman's rights movement in Iowa.

The most complete account of Dugdale's pre-Iowa activities is in an unpublished dissertation by Albert John Wall, "The Congregational or Progressive Friends in the Pre-Civil-War Reform Movement," (Temple University, 1951). Other helpful sources were *American Anti-Slavery Society Annual Report . . .*, First-Fifth (New York: Dorr, 1834-1837); Thomas E. Drake, *Quakers and Slavery in America* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1950); Olive Gilbert, *The Narrative of Sojourner Truth . . .*, reprinted by Frances W. Titus, with additions from Sojourner Truth's "Book of Life" (Boston, 1875); Louis T. Jones, *The Quakers of Iowa* (Iowa City: State Historical Society of Iowa, 1914); Robert D. Marshall, "Mt. Pleasant, 'The Athens of Iowa,' 1865-1875," unpublished M.A. thesis (The University of Iowa, 1965); Anonymous, "Relics," *The Annals of Iowa*, First Series, 11 (Jan. 1873), 385-86; Olive Cole Smith, *Mt. Pleasant Recalls Some of the Happenings of Her First Hundred Years* (Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 1942).

Newspapers provided the bulk of information on Dugdale. Among the most fruitful were the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* and the Mount Pleasant papers: the *Henry County Press*, the *Mount Pleasant Journal*, and the Iowa Wesleyan University *Iowa Classic*.

Two short works by Dugdale survive: *Extemporaneous Discourses* (Poughkeepsie: Platt & Schram, 1850) and *Memoirs of Sabina T. M'Donnell, Late of Green Plain, Ohio* (n.p., 1846), co-authored with Ruth Dugdale. Fortunately, some of the Dugdale correspondence still exists. The Friends Historical Library of Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania has 36 letters to, from, or mentioning the Dugdales. And the Iowa State Historical Department, Division of Historical Museum and Archives (Des Moines) has 29 letters. Due to the courtesy of the officers in these institutions, the Division of the State Historical Society now has in its collection xerox copies of the original letters.



Sojourner Truth (courtesy of Bentley Historical Library, Michigan Historical Collections, The University of Michigan).

Sojourner Truth followed "with appropriate remarks on the subject of Peace." Anticipating the nine-mile carriage ride back to Mount Pleasant, Joseph and Sojourner prepared to leave the meeting early. As they were about to withdraw, a man suggested the audience acknowledge Sojourner's presence and bid her farewell "by a silent vote." The newspaper account reported that "the audience responded by quietly rising. She made an impressive appeal to all, to meet her in the Father's House where she soon expected to be."

That same week she lectured at Union Hall and Asbury Church. At the latter, "Friend Dugdale introduced her by a brief allusion to her powerful appeals for her oppressed people when the black and bloody flag of slavery floated over the whole land a quarter of a century ago." In her remarks Sojourner appealed to the audience to petition the government to set aside land in the West for the freed slaves. The following Sunday evening she "gave an account of her religious experience . . . to a very crowded audience, in Main St. Church." After the service, "the President of the Iowa Wesleyan University, the ministers of several churches, women

and men, students and teachers gathered around her, and gave her their hands, and she breathed on them a parting benediction."

Dugdale gave a rich sampling of Sojourner's views, and her unique way of expressing them, in the March 9 issue of the *Burlington Hawkeye:*

> Her ideas of temperance and woman's suffrage are admirable. She says "we have many booby men in de land, and they came from weak women, who say, 'Ive got all de rights I want.' I tell you if you want great men, you must have great mothers. Why, children, rising babies is the greatest and most important business that is done. How can a woman give brains to her baby, when she hasn't got em herself?" Her religious experience was rich; her love of Jesus full of poetry. "I wonder" said she "in God, as de fishes wonder in de ocean. My soul is as big as my body; it fills me from my nails to de ends of my hair! When I die de soul will walk out into the air; did you ever see spoons made? De mold looks black and dirty. When de silver is run in and de mold opened, out comes de spoon, all bright as de light. So it will be when de soul leaves de old body behind. Thanks be to God slavery has gone over the battlements down into the regions from which there is no resurrection."

Sojourner Truth left Mount Pleasant in early March and continued her tour of the Midwest.

As Joseph grew older, failing health curtailed his activities. In 1874, while on a trip to the East he became severely ill. Ruth sold the carriage and ponies and returned with her husband by rail to Mount Pleasant, where he slowly recovered. But he would never again match the pace he had set in his younger years.

Even in his later years, Dugdale engaged in numerous smaller philanthropic endeavors, such as donating books to the local Ladies' Library Association. He also joined other ministers in town in encouraging the youth of the area to perform dramatic presentations to raise money for the poor. One year, with Ruth Dugdale serving on the Relief Committee which worked with the children, two performances netted $175 after expenses.

As Joseph entered the last decade of his life, he could take comfort in eight grandchildren and a host of memories. Besides a life dedicated to a search for truth, he could recall his many leisure activities and interests, such as horticulture, beekeeping (he had taken out a patent for an "Improvement in Bee-Hives" in 1849), and collecting (everything from minerological specimens to "a piece of the gallows on which John Brown was executed"). He could also take pride in his file of over 200 letters from friends and co-workers in the abolition and woman's rights struggles.

A stone obelisk in Mount Pleasant's Forest Home Cemetery is regrettably one of the few remaining physical reminders of Joseph A. Dugdale. Even the inscription has nearly been obliterated. With no little effort can one make out the words: "Our Father Joseph A. Dugdale Died Mar. 4, 1896 In His 86 Year. *A champion of freedom.*" □

Drill on the Campus:
The Student's Army Training Corps, 1918

by Louis P. Koch

Introduction

The following memoir by Louis Koch provides an inside look at one of the military training experiments conducted during World War I. The Student's Army Training Corps was a short-lived attempt to develop officers for a massive army which was planned as America's great contribution to the war effort. Before 1918, most of the colleges in Iowa (including the state universities) had provided Reserve Officer Training Corps programs as a part of the regular curriculum, but the students trained through R.O.T.C. moved quickly into officers' training camps and on to troop assignments during the first months of America's involvement in the war. When the demand rose for a new pool of officers, the War Department set up the S.A.T.C.

The object was to tap the reservoir of college students enrolled at 500 colleges and universities. The students were to attend regular classes, but be subject to Army drill and discipline. Almost 2000 students took advantage of the program at The University of Iowa, some from Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas, but most from the Hawkeye state. One interesting feature of the Iowa City S.A.T.C. was the inclusion of black students in the training corps. The Army had only recently (with extreme reluctance) allowed blacks to become officer trainees, usually at segregated camps, despite the fact that there had been many black Army officers in the late nineteenth century.

The Armistice brought the experiment in student training to an end, probably none too soon. Evidence suggests that the mixture of academics and drill was not a happy one. It is likely that neither received adequate attention, and the living conditions were certainly unpleasant for the trainees.

Louis Koch returned to the University after his discharge from the S.A.T.C. and earned a B.S. in commerce in 1921. He was an employee of the W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company in his native Ft. Madison for more than 40 years. Although he is now retired, he is active in community affairs and lists the research and writing of local history among his hobbies. His memories of the S.A.T.C. bring to life an experience of almost 60 years ago.

Editor

The weather was warm and summery in Iowa City that October day in 1918 when the Rock Island train deposited me at the neat, cream-colored brick depot. I checked my big imitation leather suit case and cased violin because I had not engaged a room and took the depot street car to the Jefferson Hotel corner.

The World War I draft law had gone into effect a few months earlier, and I had registered at the Lee County Court House, taking time out from my summer job as clerk and runner at the Fort Madison Savings Bank.

The War had been in progress since April 1917, and Pershing's men were fighting in France, but our country was poorly prepared for what looked like would be a long war. It was recommended to young men that they wait to be drafted because camps were full, and for men with some college training it was suggested that they return to their schools where they would be available for call. Soon we learned that a new organization was being set up, whereby we could continue our schooling at government expense, receive military training, and if eligible, advance to officers' training camps as vacancies occurred.

The Old Stone Capitol's second floor was administrative headquarters for the University, and a trip there disclosed that

everything was pretty well muddled. Instructions were to report for acceptance in the new Student's Army Training Corps, several days later.

The town was swarming with lads seeking temporary shelter. The S.A.T.C. idea had appealed to many, and all the small private colleges had dumped students in Iowa City, glad to take advantage of learning at government expense. Also, many just-graduated high school seniors believed this was the royal road to the college education they could not have afforded otherwise. Fortunately, I ran across a friend who, believing a normal school year was beginning, had taken a room in a private home on North Dubuque Street. He had bed space so I moved in with him and marked time until the day designated for registration.

Registration or enlistment (we thought it was registration) was quite different this year. The old squat-towered gym and armory was the location. We signed the cards and documents, left our fingerprints on cards, then stripped in the locker rooms for the doctors to look us over. They did not seem very critical so practically all of the applicants were accepted and assigned to companies by professional schools, by age groups, and by college-year status. My rank was Liberal Arts sophomore so I became a private in Co. K, later changed to Co. G, made up of fellow Liberal Arts sophomores from various colleges. The company for that reason included almost all the best football players such as Quarterback [William S.] Kelly, Center [Lawrence] Block, and Fullback Duke [Fred W.] Slater, the giant black who later was key man in Coach [Howard H.] Jones' conference champion team.

University President Walter Jessup was a canny man with the buck. He had received a sizeable sum [$250,000 from the state legislature] for housing the rookies so he had started building on a west side hilltop, a huge barracks around a central court and with a brick blockhouse tower at each of the four corners. President Jessup was thinking ahead of a postwar dormitory rather than a temporary barrack, and in doing that he was wise, but he was roundly cursed by us rookies because "Jessup's Folly" was never ready for occupancy of recruits, who were housed in all sort of makeshift facilities. Company K drew the third floor of the rather new Women's Gymnasium. Thin, closely-spaced, single mattresses were assigned to us, and blankets were issued. Sanitary facilities were two floors down. Meals were eaten in a huge, frame mess hall that had been run up on vacant ground near the armory. Slab tables and benches were the equipment, but we did eat from regular dishes with cafeteria style service.

The next day we were lined up and, without knowing too well what it was all about, were sworn into the United States Army. Most of the men were wearing regular civilian clothing, but I had stuffed my blue serge suit in my gym locker [in order] to don my R.O.T.C. uniform of khaki wool blouse and breeches, canvas leggings, and brown campaign hat with

infantry blue cord. I felt quite military, as did some of the others who also wore their R.O.T.C. outfits.

For several days, life for Company K was not only boring but downright unpleasant. We had mass calisthenics on the football field, meals in the mess hall, and some drill instructions, but too much time had to be spent lounging on the barrack mattresses in a poorly ventilated room with the sun pouring heat through the big room skylights.

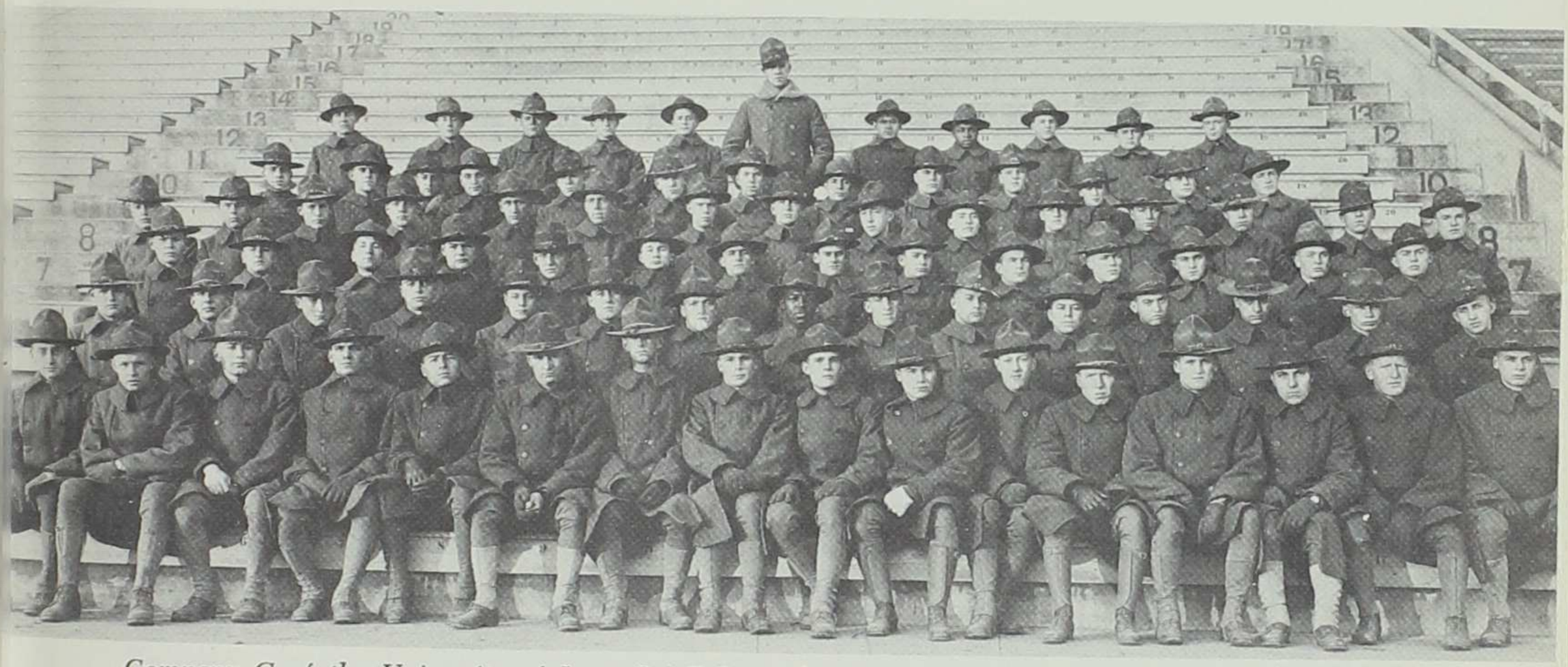
This was a wonderful time for the Spanish Influenza epidemic to hit Iowa City. Company K, by then Company G, in its overheated, poorly-aired, and crowded quarters seemed to be particularly susceptible to the germ. Men came down in dozens and were packed off to improvised hospitals, wherever they could be isolated. Both University and Mercy Hospitals were crowded. Recoveries were very slow, and there were numerous deaths.

Something had to be done quickly about Company G and one other company. With the weather continuing warm, two large tents with board floors were hurriedly set up on tennis courts, just east of the armory. Company G's tent was equipped with steel barrack beds, but we had to leave our mattresses and substituted cotton ticks filled with straw. For sanitary purposes we used the gym locker room, which made quite a long trip for anyone who had to get up at night.

Shortly before the move, we had a clothing issue: two pairs of heavy cotton two-piece underwear, two pairs of heavy socks, a woolen shirt, cotton blouse and breeches, canvas leggings, campaign hat, and heavy shoes. The shoes were anything but dressy: heavy soled, smooth leather inside and rough leather outside. In that we were lucky. You could not polish the shoes. A couple quick brush strokes before inspection made them as presentable as possible. The cotton khaki uniforms were pretty well made and fitted reasonably well, but they were recalled soon and woolen uniforms (likewise overcoats) were allotted. This clothing was a weird conglomeration. Both blouses and breeches fitted poorly, and colors varied from tan to very dark brown. Overcoats, though, seemed to have been dug up from numerous sources, with all wars since khaki was adopted seemingly represented. Company G, again, was lucky, and its men drew the latest approved style overcoats—knee-length, loose-fitting, double-breasted, with wide collars. In many companies these were mixed with form fitting coats, almost ankle length, and the shortest men always seemed to have drawn the longest overcoats.

With extra blankets issued, the tennis court tents were an improvement over previous quarters until the weather turned chilly. Then, some heat was supplied in the form of construction site "salamanders" burning coke. These looked like small garbage cans with short legs and bottom grates. You started the fire with wood, outside the tent, then two men carried the salamander inside, hoping it would no longer smoke. Usually it did, so we coughed and choked for a while. On real cold nights, fire guards had to tend the salamanders constantly.

Military training was rudimentary. All companies took part in mass calisthenics on the football field, shortly after reveille, roll call, and barracks policing. Breakfast followed, then infantry drill manual evo-



Company G of the University of Iowa S.A.T.C. Author Louis Koch is seated on the front row, sixth from the right. The soon-to-be All-American footballer, Duke Slater, is in the middle of the second row.

lutions, by company usually, but sometimes by platoon. Occasionally, there was a full review with bugle corps or band. Afternoons were supposedly devoted to classes and study, but we learned quite early that dreams of continuing education were just that. Those of us of draft age were supposed to pursue three subjects only; military mapping and surveying, military sanitation and hygiene, and military law and practice. A few classes in those subjects were held in a half-hearted way by civilian instructors who did not know their subjects. They lectured to instructees who barely listened. No texts were ever issued, although we had to buy field note books and pretend to survey the interurban tracks on the south side. A good part of our time was spent in the Natural Science Museum. Chairs were placed around the cases of birds, reptiles, and Professor Nutting's Laysan Islands display. We were supposed to be studying, but there was nothing to study so magazine reading, small talk, and boredom prevailed.

For quite a while, there was not much of this loafing time. In fact the general opinion was that we were overworked. The flu epidemic reduced the number of effectives so that K.P. (kitchen police), scrubbing mess hall floors, and scraping pots and pans, was an every day job for each man.

Guard duty was another chore that required a lot of manpower. In an effort to control the epidemic, guard lines were established around the main campus, and armed sentries confined all traffic to pass holders. Fortunately the guard rifles were not loaded, and no ammunition was supplied. Otherwise, some nervous lad unfamiliar with arms might have hurt himself or some occasional guard-line crasher. Once in a while, a belligerent was pricked a bit by a guard's fixed bayonet. An unoccupied store close to the campus was the guard house, and there the off-duty guards lounged or slept on steel cots without mattresses or straw ticks. The duty was three hours on and three hours off for twenty-four hours. All military

personnel were confined within guard lines, and all non-military students, mostly girls, were provided with passes. As the epidemic slowed down a bit, passes were issued for off campus time, Saturdays and Sundays. However, all churches and and motion picture theaters were closed so there was little to do but loaf around Racine's Cigar Store or Whetstone's Drug Store.

Another duty not at all relished was care of flu convalescents. As soon as hospitals could do so, they unloaded patients on temporary nursing homes where, still bedfast, they were cared for by men from the different companies. This exposed som of the amateur nurses to the disease, and some succumbed, but although I served my turns, I was one of the fortunates not hit by the epidemic.

The head of the Iowa City S.A.T.C. was Captain [George W.] Robertson, a soldierly looking man with a good command voice; quite different from that of Captain [Andrew C.] Wright, the R.O.T.C. man who had been superceded. Wright was an experienced professional, but some illness had given him a thin, piping voice which made his parade commands laughable instead of imposing.

Captain Wright's professional assistant in the person of Sergeant [Jacob] Maier stayed on. He was a short, bandy-legged cavalry man with heavy black moustache and a heavy German accent. His line of profanity was said to be excellent, but as custodian of R.O.T.C. weapons his favorite expression was, "Da goddamned gimmick." Possibly Maier had been a cavalry bugler. Anyway, he was in charge of music and trained the buglers with many a German-English oath. The story was that he had been in the Prussian Army at one time. In peacetime Iowa City he made quite a military display, when he rode his beautiful, high-stepping horse through the streets.

Company G was commanded by a second lieutenant named [L.A.] Clark. He was young and slender, perhaps the product of a recent officers' training camp. It was our opinion that he did not pay much attention to his men, and he did have kind of a playboy air about him.

Our real boss was Sergeant Connell, about 35 years old, husky and freckled, with close-cropped red hair. Evidently inferior to his men in education, Connell was firm but fair, and had no difficulty controlling his college lads. Naturally, we disliked it very much when he double timed us back and forth across the College Street Bridge, because he had seen the glow of a cigarette in the night-blurred ranks and wanted someone to inform on the culprit. Connell must have had a regular army experience because he handled drill well.

Our other non-coms, chosen from the ranks, were Sergeants [W.C.] Kelly and [Abe] Smulekoff. The former was the tough, little, red-haired quarterback and the latter a Cedar Rapids Jewish lad, who had gone to some military summer school or camp. He did most of the paper work for the company.

Most of us were just run of the mill sophomores, but I have already mentioned Duke Slater. He was huge and black with hands like hams, but his disposition was gentle and kind. There were two other blacks, and the three pretty much stayed to themselves by choice.

In every outfit there are always a few that do not fit the general pattern and

are natural targets for pseudo witicisms of their associates. One of these was Rodney Cobb, a rather fragile fellow who was aiming at the Episcopal ministry and did not think a war should interefere in any way. He was confined to the guard house a couple times for leaving camp unauthorized to study in the library. His standard response when called on the carpet for infractions ("I can't see why") was widely quoted by fellow rookies in a derisive vein.

Red Lynch was another one who was different. Lanky, grinning, and flame-haired, his loose-jointed walk was definitely non-military. He also could not see much sense in the rules and regulations, so he was frequently in trouble and was considered a butt for razzing by the conformists.

Sidney Barrows and a couple others from Graceland College arrived on the S.A.T.C. scene wearing bright yellow beanies, evidently standard head gear at their Latter-Day Saints college. This was an oddity to the other men, and those from the larger institutions always had a little contempt for those from the smaller ones. Sidney pretty well kept to himself, and as he was rather odd appearing, skinny, awkward, and with a prominent adam's apple that bobbed, he was considered a bit of a joke.

Fall was blending into winter so the tennis court tents were becoming more and more unsuitable. Walls were up on Jessup's quadrangle, but it was far from ready for occupancy. However, on a hilltop across the river there was an almost finished brick structure intended for a children's hospital. True, it had no heating plant and no sanitary facilities, but open latrines were dug in the back yard and hot-air furnaces were installed in two large ward rooms; also, there was a well with hand pump in the yard. These ward rooms were the new housings for the two tennis court companies.

Each morning, the men left the new barracks, where they had slept on steel cots and straw ticks. After the usual roll call and very primitive toilets, they were marched downhill and across College Street Bridge to the mess hall. Only after the day's activities were over, did they march back to the barracks. Sometimes, the road was so muddy or rutted there could be no marching, so the formation was dismissed at the west end of the bridge and we scrambled uphill on a cowpath that was more solid.

On November 10th, a Sunday, word began to circulate that an armistice had been signed in France. Before the rumor could generate enthusiasm, it was definitely disavowed so we retired that night suspecting nothing. Around four o'clock Monday morning, men bunked on the town side of the room were awakened by shouting and bells across the river. Soon the whole room was aroused, but the general opinion was that the whole ruckus was just another false alarm.

There was no telephone in our building, but shortly, an orderly arrived with word that Company G and its neighbor should report on Clinton Street, opposite the Old Capitol. This occasioned quite a bit of grumbling because we were sleepy and still dubious of the veracity of the armistice news. The whole S.A.T.C. outfit stood in formation on Clinton Street, and Captain Robertson officially informed us that the armistice was real. I don't know why, but there we stood for a couple of hours, not at attention, fortunately. Perhaps the authorities were afraid we might be in-

clined to riot at the good news, but it was taken by the men with remarkable coolness. They were unimpressed with the horrors of war and with the chances of fatalities and maimings. The future seemed along the path of adventure, and now it was suddenly changed.

Before dismissal for breakfast, we had been ordered to assemble in the same place at 2:00 P.M. for the big victory parade. It was headed by the S.A.T.C. Band and color guard with the armed companies in front. Company G was toward the rear with Engineer and Medical units because they likewise had no rifles. Following, were town units of school children and hastily drummed up society units. Seemingly, the whole population of Iowa City lined the downtown streets to celebrate the occasion. After dismissal from parade formation, the men were given town liberty but had to report at barracks before tattoo.

The guard lines around the campus had been discontinued a couple weeks earlier, but as a substitute we had military police. Detailed men with M.P. armbands and armed with night sticks patrolled the main part of town and demanded passes from all uniformed men they encountered. Armistice night was my time to draw M.P. duty from 8:00 P.M. to 8:00 A.M. This was easy duty except for the necessity of staying awake. The weather was mild, and the Jefferson Hotel lobby was a good place to sit down and warm up between rounds. The city was remarkably quiet for the occasion. Wartime prohibition was in effect so there were no saloons, and probably the bootleggers had sold out early for home parties. Anyway, I only encountered two men in uniform, and they had hospital orderly passes.

After the armistice there was a big letdown in the Iowa City personnel. The big question was, "Why don't they let us go home?" To counteract the extreme boredom there were feeble attempts at entertainment. About once a week the whole unit was assembled in the Natural Science Auditorium, and we were practically commanded to sing. Prof. Hayes of the School of Music lead the effort, but we did not like his selections too well. They included, "Long Long Trail Awinding," "Pack up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," "Tipperary," and "Smiles," but compulsary singing was not appealing. As far as "Smiles" was concerned, we preferred the parody, "Styles":

> The styles that Eve wore in the garden
> Are the styles that appeal to me.

Movie theaters and churches were open now, so free week ends were not so bad. They were preceded by Saturday morning inspections. For our company they were a snap, because we had no rifles and no inspecting officer could look for dust in our open pit latrine, which was without even squatting holes. It was a very unpleasant place, open to the elements above, muddy and sloppy below. All calls of nature that could be delayed were postponed until we crossed the river.

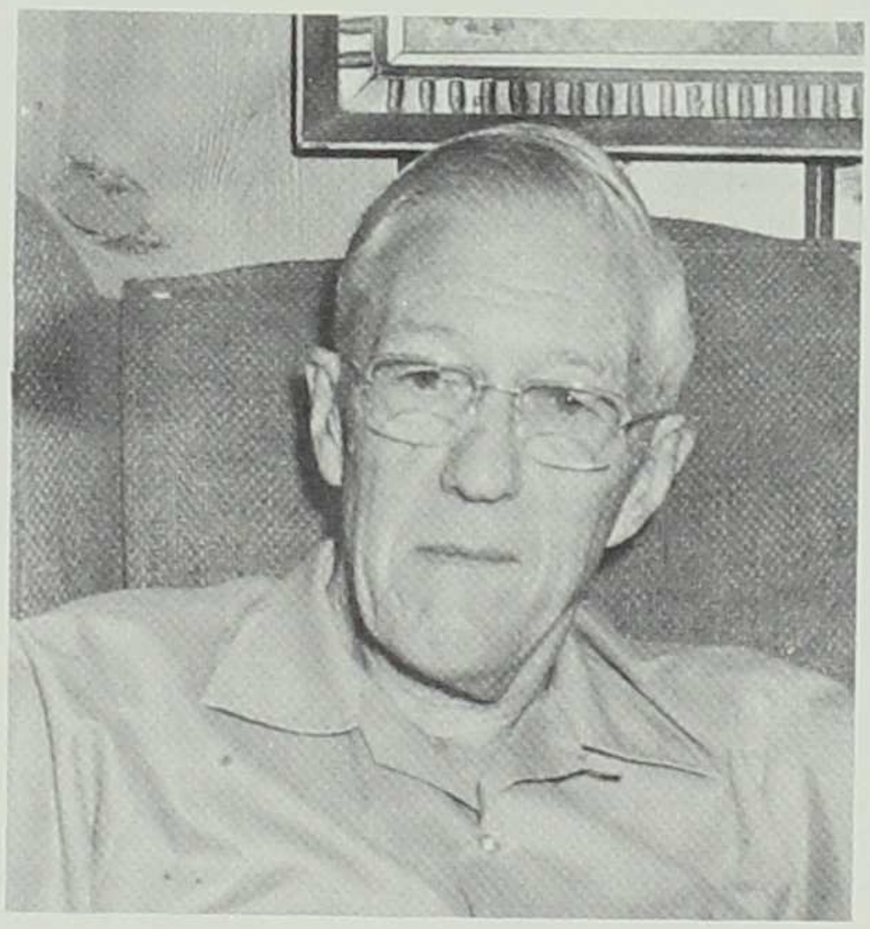
In this boring period, some kind citizen donated a piano, an old square grand, ancient but playable, which was moved into our barracks. Private Grimm of our company was a pretty good pianist so I got my violin out of storage, and evenings now spent in the barracks were less dull. The men could sing the popular tunes not in Prof. Hayes' repertoire: "How Ya Gonna Keep Em Down on the Farm After They've Seen Paree?," "Mademoiselle from Amentierres," "Goodbye Broadway,

Hello France." We liked "K-K-K-Katy" but the last line of the song was altered a little:

When the moon shines over the mess hall
I'll be mopping up the k-k-k-kitchen floor.

Still no actual date of discharge was made known. Finally, a few days before Christmas, discharges were handed out, and we were given travel pay vouchers to get us back home. This meant one last night in barracks. The sergeant must have been out celebrating, and maybe a bottle of hooch had been circulating a bit. Anyway, Grimm and I were aroused from our cots and urged to supply some entertainment. This we did with only a little reluctance. Thereby we avoided any hazing from the rowdy element now feeling its oats. Our eccentrics (Cobb, Lynch, and Barrows) came in for the most of the horseplay. Lynch in particular wound up on the low roof of a construction shed, baying at the moon as commanded. Our husky black football players then took a hand. Slater had to use one of his ham-sized hands to shove a rowdy or two, and the sergeant's return ended the celebration. The next day, I boarded the 2:35 eastbound train enroute back to my original point of departure.

The S.A.T.C., Student's Army Training Corps, derisively called "Safe At The College," had passed into history. □



Louis P. Koch today.

Index for 1975

compiled by
Robert K. Bower and L. Edward Purcell

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ROBERT K. BOWER is a graduate student at The University of Iowa working toward an M.A. degree in the School of Journalism. He also works part time at the State Historical Society. Born in Creston, Iowa, Bower grew up in Indianola. After attending Iowa State University in Ames for a year, he transferred to Simpson College where he earned a B.A. in English in December 1970. In 1973, he received an M.A. in English from the University of Wyoming in Laramie. In January of 1973, Bower returned to his native state and his wife's hometown of Iowa City, where he worked briefly at *The Press-Citizen* before returning to graduate school. At the Society, Bower has assisted the editor, including serving as copyeditor and proofreader of the Society's latest book, *American Classic* by Laurence Lafore.

LOUIS P. KOCH is a native of Ft. Madison. (see p. 184.)

Neither Division of the State Historical Society nor the editor assumes any responsibility for statements of fact or opinion made by contributors.

COMMENTARY

This extra-thick issue of the *Pal* inaugurates a new practice—inclusion of the annual index in the last issue of the year. Previously, the index appeared as a separate publication, several months after the December issue. The new procedure will save the Society a bit of money and allow each member to have an index without placing a special order.

One of the advantages of our location in Iowa City is the happy arrangement that allows University of Iowa students to work part time for the Society under the federally-subsidized Work-Study program. The University administers grant funds which pay the lion's share of students' hourly wages. In return, students are supposed to receive useful training. The cost to the Society is extremely low, and many fine employees have worked here due to the cooperation of the University.

The editorial section has been fortunate during the past year to have the part-time Work-Study services of Robert Bower. His work has advanced Society publications and too often been unacknowledged in print. I am looking forward to his continued help during this academic year.

For those Society members who appreciate poetry, I call to their attention a literary event which touches our sister Division in Des Moines. Judith Gildner, editor of *Annals of Iowa* for the Division of Historical Museum and Archives, has edited (with her husband Gary) a volume entitled *Out of This World: Poems from the Hawkeye State* (Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1975). It is an attractive book, filled with verse from or about Iowa.

L.E.P.

The State Historical Society encourages submission of articles on the history of Iowa and the surrounding region which may be of interest to the general reading public. The originality and significance of an article, as well as the quality of an author's research and writing, will determine acceptance for publication. A brief biographical sketch should be submitted. All manuscripts must be double-spaced on at least medium weight paper. Ordinarily, the text of an article should not exceed twenty-five to thirty pages. As far as possible, citations should be worked into the body of the text. In this and other matters of form THE MLA STYLE SHEET is the standard guide. Black and white and colored illustrations are an integral part of THE PALIMPSEST. Any photographic illustrations should accompany the manuscript, preferably five-by-seven or eight-by-ten glossy prints (unmarked on either side) or color slides. Inquiries and correspondence should be sent to: Editor, State Historical Society, 402 Iowa Ave., Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

The State Historical Society of Iowa is a Division of the Iowa State Historical Department, a state agency created by the Sixty-fifth General Assembly. Along with the Society, the Department includes a Division of Historical Museum and Archives (formerly Iowa Department of History and Archives) and a Division of Historic Preservation.