

The
PALIMPSEST



Taylor County Court House and Court Street, Bedford.

Boyhood In Bedford

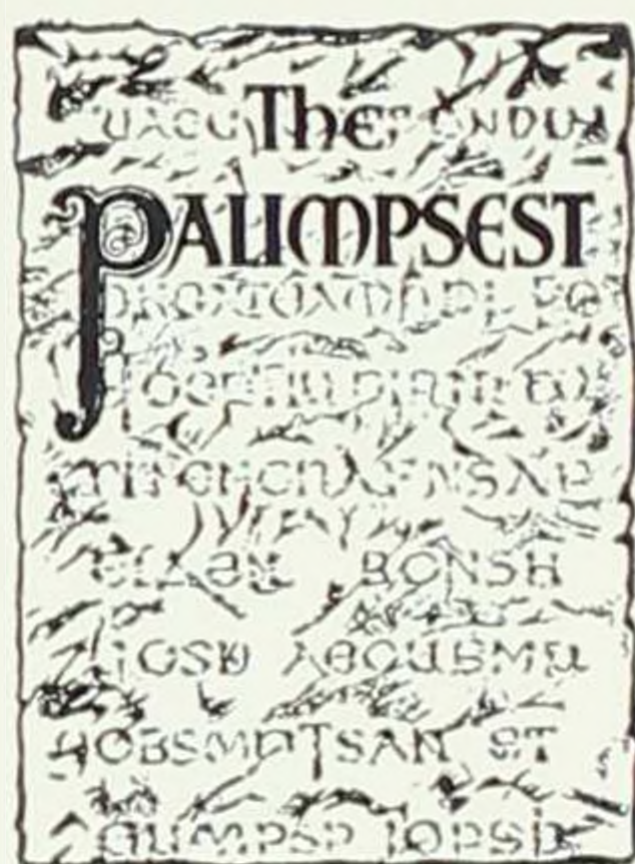
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The Meaning of Palimpsest

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

The pictures in this issue were collected by *The Bedford Times-Press* and loaned to the State Historical Society of Iowa by many Bedford and former Bedford residents. The front cover is a painting by George Shane of the *Des Moines Register-Tribune* staff and is owned and loaned by Mr. and Mrs. James L. Daugherty of Des Moines.

Author

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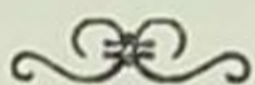
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Bruce E. Mahan

The ranks of those still living who were growing up in Bedford around 1900 have thinned with the passing years. Only a few, perhaps, can recall the eager, ambitious lad who worked in his father's grocery store on weekends and sold candy between acts at Steele's Opera House. Those who do recall Bruce E. Mahan in his formative years remember him as an enthusiastic youth with boundless energy who was clearly marked as one destined to achieve success.

Born on a farm in Taylor County on November 25, 1890, Bruce E. Mahan was the son of Thomas S. and Luvira Titus Mahan. When he was eight years old, his parents moved into Bedford where his father acquired a grocery store and busied himself in other activities. Young Bruce graduated from Bedford Grade School in 1905 and from Bedford High School, as class valedictorian, in 1909. His outstanding record won a four-year scholarship to the State University of Iowa.

In the fall of 1909, Bruce left his parents and well-wishers at the Burlington depot in Bedford and set out for Iowa City to enroll in the University of Iowa. He quickly distinguished himself in history and English, receiving his B. A. from the University in 1914. After four years as superintendent at Cascade, Mahan returned to Iowa City in 1918 to continue his graduate studies, serving as assistant to the principal in Iowa City High School during the next five years. He received his M.A. degree in history and education in 1920.

It was at this point that the career of Bruce Mahan made a sharp turn in a new direction. While working on his doctorate in history, Mahan was named an associate editor for the State Historical Society of Iowa. The youthful editor subsequently was invited to become lecturer in history at the University of Iowa, giving the course in Iowa history. He held this dual position from 1923 to 1929.

Mahan won his Ph.D. in history from the University in 1927, meanwhile demonstrating his capacity as a scholar with his book *Old Fort Crawford and the Frontier*, published by the State Historical Society of Iowa in 1926. This book, coupled with his numerous contributions to the State Historical Society's monthly and quarterly publications, testify to the high degree of excellence attained by Bruce Mahan.

His unusual training and background, combined

with his dynamic personality, admirably equipped Mahan for the new position. He quickly became a leader on the University campus and one of the best-known personalities in Iowa. In addition, he became recognized throughout the Nation in his profession, serving as President of the National University Extension Association in 1938-1939. He was a member of the Film Council of America and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Federal Radio Education Committee. He also served as Chairman of Visual Education and Motion Pictures and Director of Motion Picture Previews for the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. Throughout the thirty-two years he headed up the Extension Division—Director from 1929-1947 and Dean from 1947-1961—Bruce E. Mahan was an efficient and competent administrator, a man with ideas whose training, energy, and ability allowed him to transform these ideas into realities.

Few alumni have demonstrated greater loyalty to the University of Iowa than Bruce Mahan. On April 14, 1914, he was married to Edna Rohret of Cosgrove, a graduate of the University of Iowa. Their two sons, Louis Frank and Thomas Patrick, are graduates of the University College of Engineering and College of Medicine respectively. The Mahans as a family can boast seven degrees from the University of Iowa.

Upon his retirement from the University of

Iowa in 1961, Dean Mahan, at the urging of his friends, entered the field of politics, serving two terms in the House of Representatives of the General Assembly. But his interest in his first love—the writing of history—could not be denied, and he continued to contribute a series of reminiscences to *The Bedford Times-Press* which won widespread local acclaim.

As older readers join with Bruce Mahan in looking back nostalgically over a span of some sixty years, they will share with him the golden treasures of their own youthtime when Iowa was still very young and the future held much in store for all of them. For life in Bedford at the turn of the century was re-enacted in a thousand Iowa communities—large and small—and is the common heritage of us all.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

Steele's Opera House

The two-story structure built of brick on the corner of Main and Dodge streets was known as Steele's Opera House. The lower floor was divided into two stores, one the owner's harness shop, and the playhouse occupied the entire space above. There was a wide inside stairway at the back leading up to a ticket office and the entrance to the hall.

In the theatre, kitchen chairs were used for seats, and these could be piled on the stage when dances were held. If one sat at the rear of the hall, it took a considerable craning of necks to see everything that transpired on the stage. But this handicap was offset by a series of platforms as the rear one-third of the hall rose tier by tier until it reached a paneled railing near the rear ceiling. These seats were "reserved" and were occupied by the merchants and professional men of Bedford, their wives, and children. The final platform had two rows of chairs back of the paneled railing and bore the uncomplimentary name "Nigger Heaven."

The stage and wings extended across the front of the hall with short stairways leading up to doors on either side. The front drop, which was

worked by ropes and pulleys, rolled upward in itself and required little space among the rafters. It was a wonderful curtain with a scenic panorama in the center and rectangular ads of local merchants across the top and bottom and down each side.

To a boy seated on one of the kitchen chairs in the front row, as close to the tin reflector footlights as possible, the wait for the curtain to rise seemed endless. What a thrill when the piano player came down the steps from backstage, gave the stool a whirl, and swung into the overture! With breathlessness and jumpy heartbeats, we of the younger generation awaited the weaving of a magic spell by the visiting players.

The stage had three sets — a street scene, a woodland, and a "fancy door center" with backdrops that rolled up and down like the front curtain. On either side of the stage were wings that could be shifted to match the backdrops. Sometimes companies brought their own scenery for special effects, such as a train, a shipwreck, floating ice for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and sawmills. A partition reaching halfway to the ceiling in each wing provided a dressing room on one side for men and on the other side for women.

There were not many shows during a season, but at county fair time the Myrtle Vinton Stock Company would come for a week with a change of bill each night. Beach and Bowers Minstrels

were perennial favorites, and an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* company made annual visits.

Minstrel shows were always popular in my boyhood, and folks would flock to Bedford when the minstrels came to town! They had been alerted in advance by the gaudy, grotesque posters put up in every strategic place by the advance agent of the minstrels. And how Bedford resounded to the blare of the minstrel band as it swung round the Court House Square to the tune of old favorites like *Dixie*, *A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*, *Stars and Stripes Forever*, *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*, all played with true minstrel verve while the crowd assembled before the Opera House to greet their favorites of the burnt cork opry circle.

I was a lucky boy in those days for Harry Meek, who ran a corner drugstore, hired me to sell chocolates and bon bons between acts at each show. I never missed a performance.

BRUCE E. MAHAN

Old Blacksmith Shops

One of the enduring memories of my boyhood in Bedford half a century ago is that of the old blacksmith shops. Bedford had six shops during the time I lived there. The *Bedford City Directory* of 1907 listed ten blacksmiths: Cy Wolverton, N. S. Sawyer, John Hindman, Frank Hindman, Salem Pratt, D. T. Bock, A. C. Bock, L. T. Tracy, Charley Tracy, and G. J. Hughes.

Cy Wolverton, whose shop was located at the present site of the Masonic Temple, retired shortly after the turn of the century, but the others were going full blast when I left Bedford in the fall of 1909 to enter the State University of Iowa in Iowa City.

In addition to its usefulness to the farmers of the area and to every horse owner in town, each shop was a center of attraction to the boys of the community. There, in our bare feet in the summertime, and at a safe distance from the forge, we would watch the sparks fly in all directions as the blacksmith shaped a white-hot shoe to fit the hoof of a horse waiting in the corner to be shod. The song of the anvil, the hiss of steam as the blacksmith dipped the shoe into the slag tub for tempering, and the pungent, scorched odor as he fitted

the still hot shoe to the horse's hoof are sights, sounds, and smells never to be forgotten.

The shops were alike, yet different. Some had hard-packed dirt floors, some had all-over plank floors, and some had dirt floors around the forge and plank flooring in the corner or end of the shop where horses were shod. Sometimes a plank floor near a forge would smolder and catch fire from flying sparks.

Each shop had a brick forge with chimney (some had two), a large overhead bellows, a heavy anvil (or two) mounted on a log block, a slag tub or trough, a rack for horseshoes of different sizes, another rack for tire and strap iron, a coal bin, shovel, poker, an iron cutter, a bolt cutter, anvil and sledge hammers, iron tongs of various shapes and sizes including wire tongs, log chain tongs, plow point tongs, iron pinchers, and punches. (Later the overhead bellows was replaced by a hand-turned fan in a round metal casing on a metal stand.)

In the horseshoeing area, the equipment included a shoeing iron, a hoof stool, frog and hoof trimmers, shoeing hammers, shoe-pulling pinchers, iron rasps, a box with handle for horseshoe nails, pliers, a sweat shaving stick, a twitch, and a horse-tail switch to keep off flies.

In the section for tire setting and wheel repairs would be found a tire bender, a tire shrinker, and wood-working tools including planes, draw

knives, squares, mallets, augers, drills, saws, wood files, brace and bits, a wagon jig, and a wood faller wagon wheel, wagon and buggy wheel hubs and spokes, and a large workbench with iron vise.

A special type of fine coal, free from impurities, was used in the forge. Fanned by air from the bellows, it burned with a blue flame making a bed of white-hot coals. During my boyhood in Bedford, forge coal could be purchased from \$4 to \$5 a ton. In 1958 it cost \$40 per ton in Des Moines and, plus freight and taxes, \$53 a ton, according to L. O. Wilson, a veteran blacksmith at Russell, Iowa.

In those days, too, a blacksmith would reset four horseshoes for 80 cents or, if he furnished new shoes, \$1.60 for four. Today, a traveling blacksmith gets \$4 for resetting four shoes or \$6 for putting on four new ones plus extra charges for toe weights, leather base pads, and other accessories. It may cost a riding club member \$8 or \$10 to get his mount reshod. Likewise the cost of sharpening plowshares has increased from 35 cents, 40 cents, and 50 cents during my boyhood to \$1.75, \$2, and \$2.50 today.

On Fourth of July mornings during my boyhood in Bedford, the local blacksmiths were named as a committee to greet the dawn with ear-splitting anvil salutes. Sometimes they made a two-inch ring out of half-inch iron and placed it on top of an anvil. It was filled with old-fashioned gun-

powder, and a thin line of powder was dribbled out to the end of the anvil for a fuse. Another anvil was placed upside down on top of the ring. A committee member touched off the powder with a six-foot iron rod heated white hot at the end. Everyone ducked behind doors or around corners to avoid the flying ring as the compressed powder exploded with a roar. Sometimes a hole in the lower anvil was filled with powder, a newspaper was used as a fuse, a second anvil was placed on top, and the paper fuse was ignited in the same way with the same resulting cannon-like roar.

A blacksmith's working garb usually consisted of a blue work shirt open at the throat, black or blue denim trousers, heavy work shoes, a leather apron, and a shiny-visored black cap. In summer, he frequently worked in a short-sleeved undershirt which soon became soaked with sweat.

All of the blacksmiths in Bedford during my boyhood were noted for their skill and dexterity in shoeing horses, in repairing farm machinery, in wagon and carriage tire setting and wheel rebuilding, in sharpening plowshares, and in miscellaneous iron work for town and country patrons. Nate Sawyer had made most of his own tools and stamped the name "Sawyer" on them. Charley Tracy learned the trade from his father, L. T. Tracy, a skilled workman. Tom Bock had worked in his younger days at the John Deere Plow Works in Moline, Illinois; and his brother, A. C.

Bock, was a gunsmith and wheelwright. George Hughes, John Hindman, Frank Hindman, and Salem Pratt were experts at general blacksmithing, and wagon and carriage repair work. Cy Wolverton was a skilled workman long remembered. Each was the type of character about whom Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote:

*The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.*

BRUCE E. MAHAN

Old Livery Stables

Another enduring memory of my boyhood days in Bedford half a century ago is that of the old livery stables and feed barns. Bedford had six of them when I lived there and each enjoyed a liberal patronage.

In his delightful book, *Main Street on the Middle Border*, Lewis Atherton writes:

As a focal point in the age of horsedrawn transportation, the livery stable had a form, a personality, and an odor as distinctive as that of its twentieth century successor, the garage and the automobile showroom.

This was certainly true of the livery stables and feed barns in Bedford.

On my last trip to Bedford, Ben Scane showed me an old pocket card which read:

*Corson and Burrows
Livery and Feed
Good Rigs
Reasonable Rates
Bedford and Gravity Hack
Bedford, Iowa*

The owners were C. C. Corson and Dave Burrows; and this was the "Livery, Feed and Sale Stable" operated later for many years by William

H. Churchill and James Daugherty. It was located immediately north of the present Reynolds Body Shop.

Bedford's longtime liveryman, A. C. Kinnison, first operated a barn on what is now the rear of the Country Boys Lumber and Concrete business. *The Bedford Centennial History* shows Clark Kinnison standing at the side of the large, square, center doorway of this barn and the famous George Wellington Streeter in the driver's seat of the Bedford House Bus ready for a trip to the depot. A sign on the high, rounded top of the building read "A. C. Kinnison's Barn." An open doorway on the second floor disclosed a well-filled haymow and a door and bay window to the south marked the site of the office.

Later, for many years, Mr. Kinnison operated the Bonner Livery Stable on East Main Street. The Keith Brothers, William C. and J. H. Keith, took over the former "Kinnison's Barn" where they bought and sold horses and mules.

During my boyhood, the R. L. Whittington Livery and Feed Stable occupied a large, sprawling structure that was owned and operated for many years by John D. Van Reenan, uncle of Floyd Van Reenan, who now has a feed store at the same location. The McMahill Livery and Feed Barn, which was operated by Matt and Fred McMahill, filled the entire corner, now the site of the Bedford Oil Company's Office and Filling Sta-

tion and the J. I. Case Farm Machinery buildings.

O. D. Laird, harness and leather merchant, had a livery stable for a time on Main Street. J. A., Harry, and Philip Evans carried on their horse buying and selling activities across the street.

The Bonner Livery Stable was a pretentious building of light-colored brick construction with ornamental grey stonework above the doors and windows and across the top of its classic facade. A 5- by 6-foot sign with the picture of a near life-size horse and the words "Bonner Stable" on each side swung out on a strong iron brace above the large oval-topped center doorway. The keystone of the arch over this doorway bore the chiseled figures, "1880," the date when the structure was built. This stable, it is said, took its name from a man who owned and operated it in the 1880's.

The building stood on a sidehill with the main floor opening directly onto Main Street, and the ground floor opening onto an alley at the rear. Hay was pulled into the loft of the stable by means of a fork, rope, and pulley arrangement through a wide door in the rear of the building. Inside, feed chutes connected the second-floor hayloft with mangers on the main floor and ground floor stalls. A well, pump, and trough near the basement rear doors furnished a convenient watering place for the horses, and water for the wash rack in a nearby corner where vehicles were washed and polished and wheels greased. A cleated ramp inside

the basement, west of the rear doors, provided easy access for the horses from the ground-level stalls to the main floor where vehicles were stored and hitching took place.

Some of the show horses kept at this stable occupied box stalls on the main floor. I remember well the matched team owned by the late Senator George L. Finn and the fancy rubber-tired buggy in which he would ride proudly up and down Main and Court streets. Senator Finn, like some other Bedford citizens, left his team at a livery stable to be fed and groomed and his buggy to be washed.

During the early nineties my uncle, Ellis P. Titus, owned and operated the Bonner Stable; and my grandfather, Francis Titus, helped as a driver when he was needed. An old picture in my mother's collection shows Uncle Ellis standing in front of the office door, Carr McCloud holding a beautiful black horse by the halter in the large open doorway, and a man who looks like my father, Thomas S. Mahan, standing in front of one of the two east windows. All three men were dressed up for the occasion in the style of that day.

Grandfather Titus often recounted his experiences in taking traveling men and their sample trunks to Gravity or Blockton in a Bummer Wagon. Uncle Ellis used to buy horses and ship them to Missouri for sale and to buy mules in Missouri for shipment to and resale in Iowa. This was a lucrative sideline to the livery stable operation.

The other livery and feed barns in Bedford were large, rambling structures built of wood with many stalls on the ground floor and a capacious haymow overhead.

The inside arrangements and contents of these stables were very similar to those described by Lewis Atherton in his *Main Street on the Middle Border*. Each had a small office at the front with one door opening onto the street and one into the barn itself. Each was equipped with an old desk, a few kitchen chairs, a Round Oak stove with a box for wood or coal, an iron cot with smelly horse blankets for bedding, and a lantern hanging on a nail near the door. An attendant stayed all night at each livery stable to answer calls and to guard against fire. As Atherton records:

Harness for each animal hung on wooden pegs at the front of the stall. . . . Curry combs, hair clippers, sponges, axle grease, harness soap, and pitchforks were scattered through the building at points most convenient for their use. . . . All stables had the mingled smell of horse urine and manure, harness oil, feed, and cured hay.

The Bedford livery stables together provided a wide variety of vehicles for hire including buggies, carriages, single-seated cutters and two-seated sleighs, bobsleds, Bummer Wagons, hacks, and surreys with fringed tops.

One stable kept the town's sprinkling equipment — a large wooden tank on wagon-running gears, with the driver's seat on top in front, and a

long metal sprinkling tube with curved ends at the rear. An old picture in *The Bedford Centennial History* shows Andy Miller (father of Bill and Abe) in the driver's seat of the sprinkling tank rounding the corner of Main and Court streets with his matched greys — *Scott* and *Prince*. Bedford's streets were unpaved in those days, and frequent sprinkling was needed to keep down the dust.

Two of Bedford's livery stables furnished the fancy depot buses, one for the Clifton House (earlier called the Pacific House), and one for the Bedford House. Two other stables provided the elaborately carved black hearses and handsomely matched black teams for the town's two undertakers.

The hearses were ornamental vehicles with plate glass sides and handsomely carved corner posts and side panels. Both had classic, slightly curved tops with looped, fringed drapes and silver-plated guide rails inside. The somber-faced driver sat in front. One of these fronts was a carved creation, one had fringed drapes on the sides and back, and both had large, polished box lamps on each side. These hearses were a promise to the people of Bedford that their last ride would be taken in luxury and splendor.

Each of the two fancy buses had a high raised seat projecting in front of the body for the driver, an oval top with metal side railings to hold luggage, a center door with steps at the rear, and

plush covered seats running lengthwise inside. The hotel names were boldly lettered on the body strip above the four windows on each side, and the curved body panels below the front, back, and side windows were gaily decorated with colorful scrolls and elaborate designs.

When trains arrived — morning, noon, afternoon, and night — the hotel buses with prancing horses were there to meet them. The drivers called out the names and attractions of their hotels in picturesque phrases, vying with each other to attract passengers. A trip from the depot to the uptown hotels cost 25 cents. Long remembered are such bus drivers as Capt. Streeter, Bill Miller, John Scane, John Kilfoy, and others.

The Bummer Wagons, sometimes called hacks, were light spring wagons with three seats crosswise and a top. Each livery stable had one of these — one was used daily on trips to Gravity and one to Blockton for which passengers paid 50 cents and \$1 each way. Sometimes these vehicles were used for special trips by traveling men, and then two rear seats would be removed for sample trunks. Four dollars per day for hack and driver was a common charge for this service.

Another type of hack or bus, which was used by Bedford liverymen, had a driver's seat in front, a canopied top, leather seats along each side, and steps in the rear. These were used to carry passengers from the present post office corner to the

fairground at 10 cents each, to haul baseball players and high school football teams to neighboring towns, and on Memorial Day to transport men and women, too old or feeble to march in the parade, from the Court House Square to the Bedford and Fairview cemeteries. When the fancy depot buses wore out, these vehicles were used to meet the trains.

Saturday was a busy day at Bedford's livery stables and feed barns, for that was the day country people came to town to do their trading. Many farmers would leave their teams at the stables to be fed and watered. The cost for unhitching a team, giving the horses hay and water, and hitching them up again when the farmer and his family were ready to go home was 20 cents per head, or 40 cents per head if corn was included as feed, according to my old friend, Virgil Kinnison, of Ottawa, Kansas. During the day, buggies and wagons would be lined up at right angles to the board sidewalks in front of the livery stables with wagon tongues and buggy shafts pointing skyward braced up by neck yokes.

Another busy day at the livery stables was Sunday when Bedford swains took their best girls out for a ride in polished and spotless top buggies. Reservations had to be made well in advance to secure these rigs, and the charge of \$2 to \$2.50 for an afternoon was considered a good investment.

Horse and mule sales at the Keith Brothers

Barn, at the Evans Sales Barn, or at the Churchill and Daugherty Stable attracted buyers not only from the Bedford vicinity but also from many points in southwestern Iowa and northwestern Missouri. Work horses, race horses, and Missouri mules would be led into the sale ring and be sold under the hammer of such popular auctioneers as Cols. J. S. Hanshaw and Roy Clayton, and the Chilcote Brothers, J. H. and E. H., then of Conway. Some of the Bedford liverymen and horse buyers owned and advertised fine stallions for stud purposes and for sale.

Although Bedford had no saloons during my boyhood, men who wanted a nip of whiskey knew where to buy a bottle locally. Beer, too, by the case or in kegs could be ordered from distributors in Maryville or St. Joseph, Missouri. Unoccupied stalls in livery stables offered secure and convenient accommodations for farmers and their town friends to engage in a little social drinking occasionally, either with or without the owner's consent. Mangers and feed boxes were handy places in which to toss empty bottles. A boyhood friend of mine, Horace Daugherty, and I used to secure our spending money by gathering up these empty prescription-type bottles after school, washing them at my home on Saturday mornings, then selling them at one cent each to local druggists.

Bedford's livery stables also provided a favorite loafing place for farmers and their town friends.

Men would sit by the hour in a crowded office or on the sidewalk outside exchanging gossip, playing cards, or telling tall tales about the exploits of Bedford's Civil War heroes or the more recent experiences of Co. I boys in the Philippine Insurrection. Boys of my day would listen, goggle-eyed, to this robust conversation of their elders.

During the 1880's and 1890's, and after the turn of the century, Bedford's liverymen and feed barn operators contributed much to the business activity of my home town. But the coming of the automobile spelled the doom of the livery stables as it did that of the old blacksmith shops. All of the wooden livery stables of my boyhood have been torn down. Even the famous Bonner Stable was remodeled and used for a time as an automobile garage and sales room, then converted into a warehouse and hatchery, and later to bowling alleys. Its ornamental and attractive brick and stone facade has been covered with a thick layer of cement; and the date, 1880, once carved in the keystone of the center doorway arch, is lost forever.

BRUCE E. MAHAN

Old Grocery Stores

When an announcement appeared in *The Bedford Times-Press* headed "Miller's Market Closed Here Saturday" I was spurred to complete a story about the old grocery stores in Bedford during my boyhood days.

Clark Miller's Market, under one name or another, had been in existence for more than 60 years when he closed it. It had been located on the same corner for nearly half a century. When our family moved to town in the spring of 1898, it was owned and operated by Lem Deremer. The building on that corner is now occupied by the offices of Attorneys Ralph C. and Richard R. Jones.

My father, Thomas S. Mahan, purchased the store in 1898 and sold it in 1907 to John H. Roe who later moved it across the street to its recent location. Later this store was owned and operated in turn by J. M. Little, Les Galey, and Clark Miller. Throughout the many years of its existence it had the same telephone number — 20.

During my boyhood days, eight grocery stores, all locally owned, and two meat markets served the people of Bedford and vicinity. On Court Street, Sid Dunning and later Charley Beall had a grocery in the building now occupied by the

Econ-o-Wash Coin Operated Laundry. Next door south A. C. Brice and Sons (Elmer, Basil, and Calvin) operated the grocery earlier owned by Swearingin Brothers, R. S. and W. C.

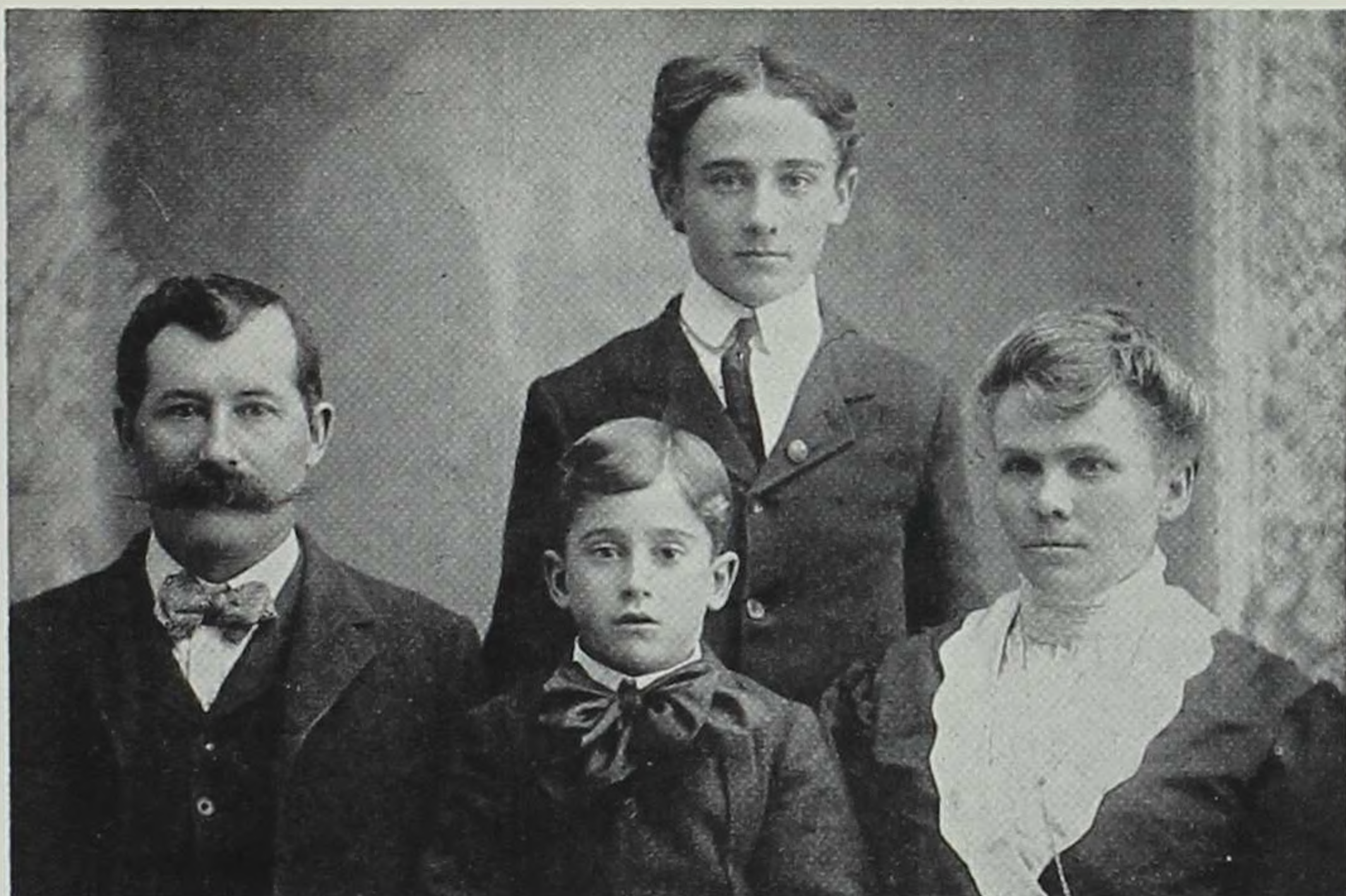
A few doors farther south, at the present site of Don Foreman's TV and Paint Shop, was Nelse J. Levine's Meat Market, later converted into a grocery by his son, Walter. At the present site of Blanche Trumbo's Style Shoppe was the grocery, operated by Frank Beall assisted by his sons, Charley, Love, and Orville. Earlier this store had been known as "Fowler and Beall's Grocery."

East on the north side of Main Street was Sam D. Maxwell's Grocery, and a few doors farther east was J. Perry Opdylke's Meat Market.

On the next corner was Ed Vansickle's General Store with dry goods in the front half and groceries in the rear. East in the same block was the large grocery operated by E. R. Fowler assisted by his two sons — Walt and Gus.

On the south side of Main Street, the Evans Brothers, W. F. and Jesse J., had a grocery in the lower half of the G.A.R. Building, now rebuilt for the Bedford Post Office. My father's grocery in the present Jones Building at the corner of Court and Main streets completed the list.

All of the grocery stores in Bedford during my boyhood were much alike with a limited range of stock compared with the supermarkets of today. However, stocks then were more than adequate,



Mahan family at Bedford in 1905. Father—Thomas S.; Bruce E., age 14;
Mother—Luvira Titus; Brother—Frank T., age 6.



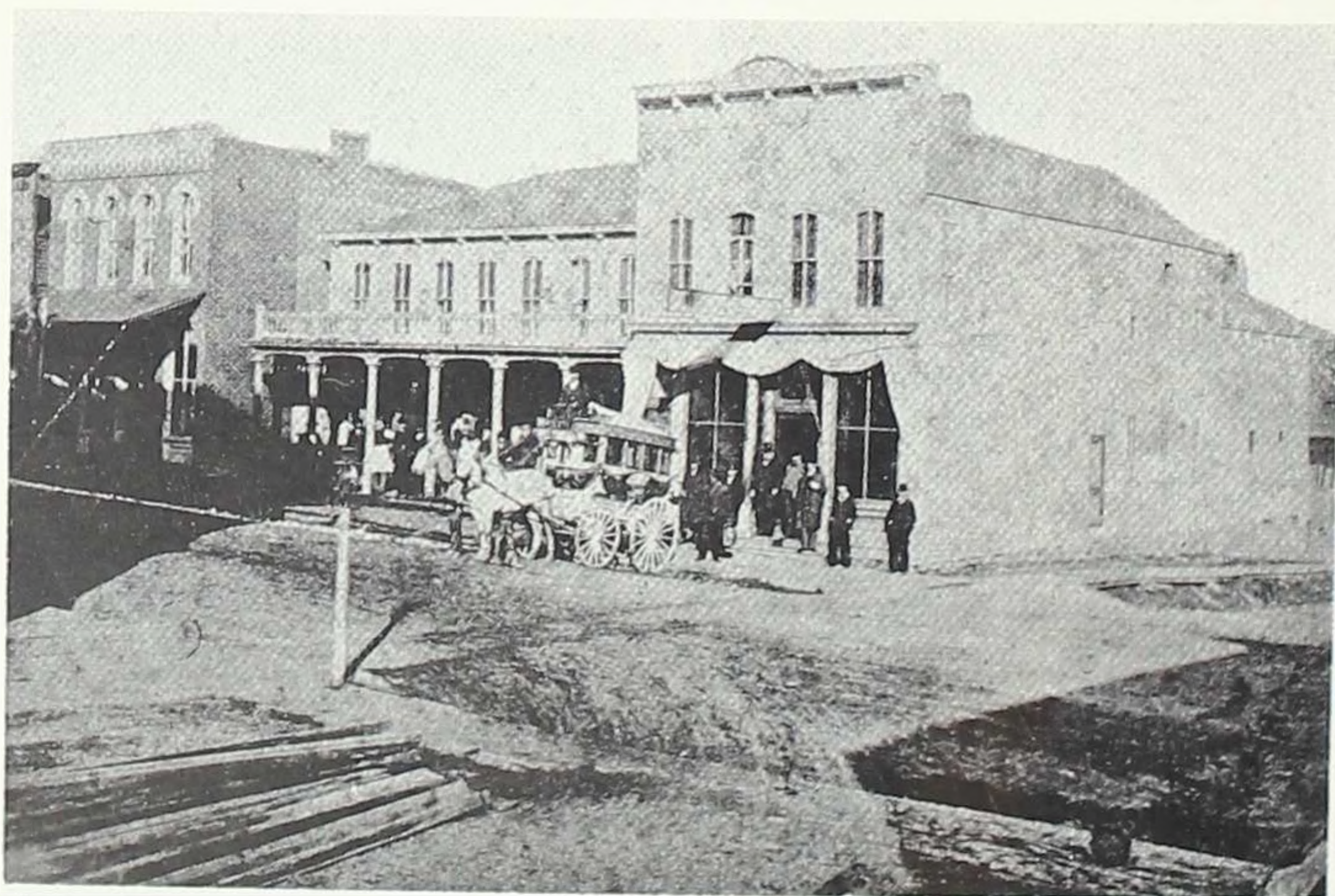
Bruce E. Mahan,
Associate Editor, State Historical Society
July 1, 1923. Age 32.



Golden Wedding Anniversary picture.
Bruce E. and Edna Rohret Mahan,
April 22, 1964.



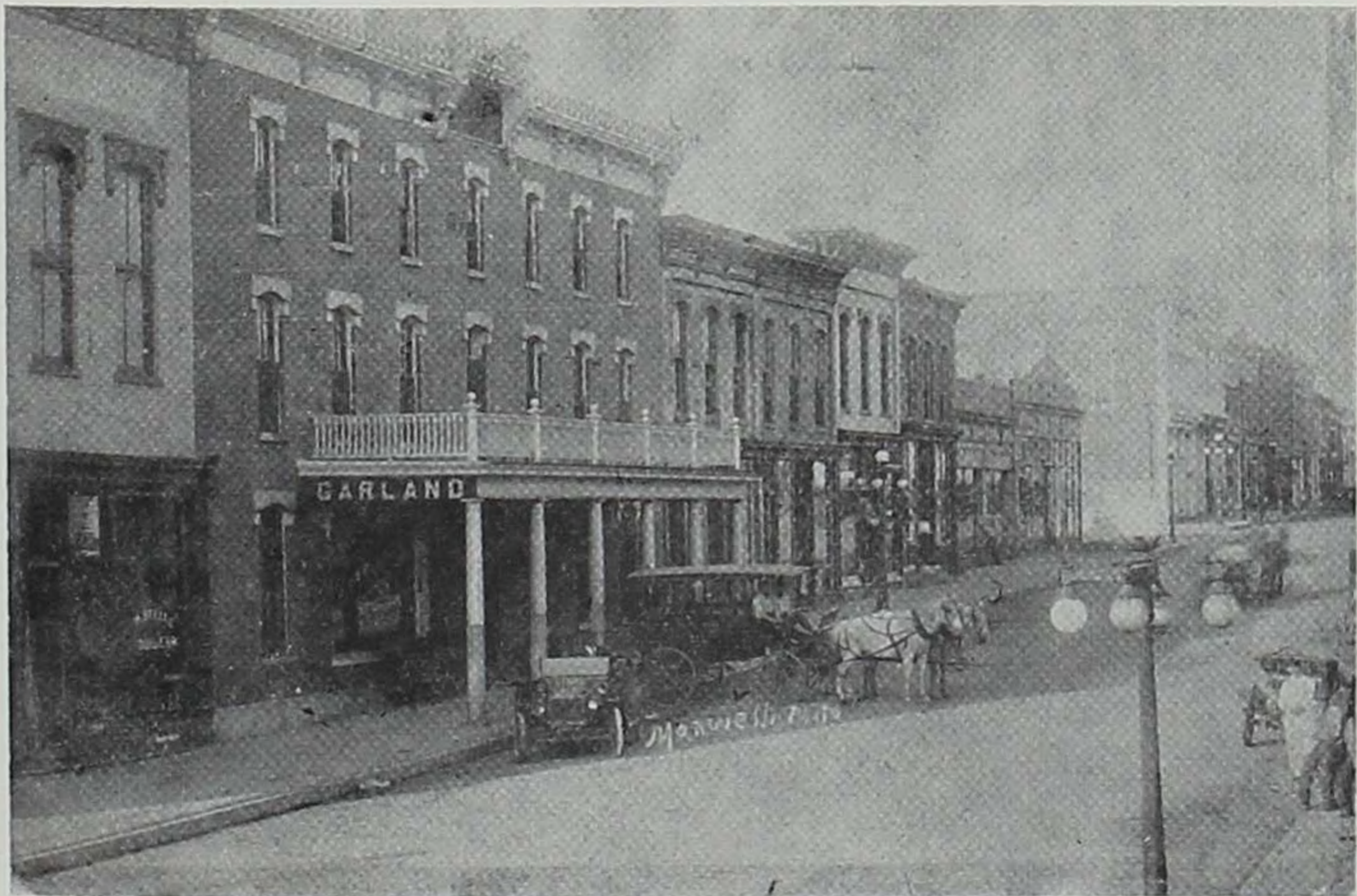
Steele's Opera House about 1905. Upstairs hall used for plays, dances, and meetings.



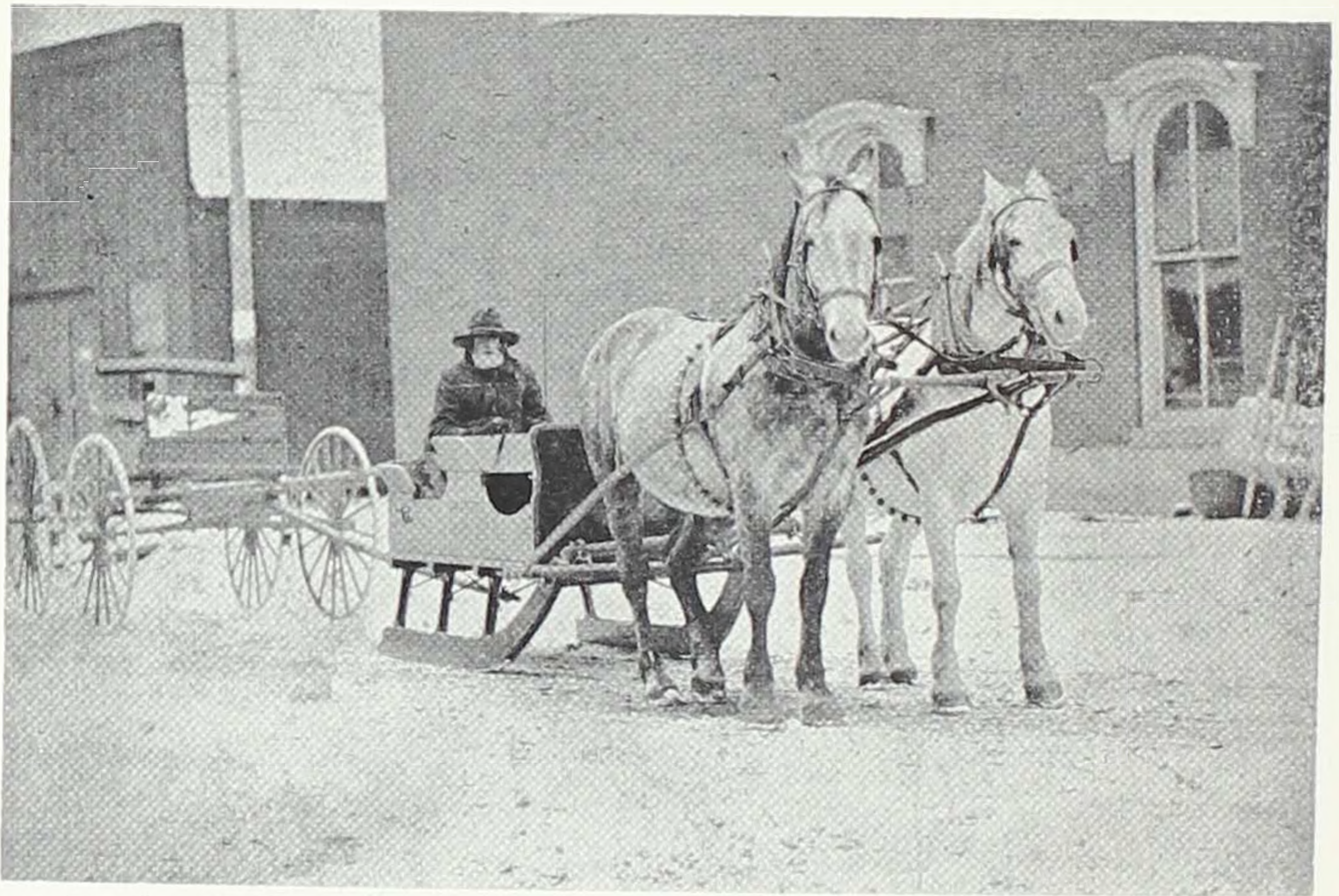
Clifton House, formerly the Pacific House. Across the street from Steele's Opera House. Old-style depot bus in front. Later, site of the Clark Theatre, destroyed by fire, and the present Hardin Theatre.



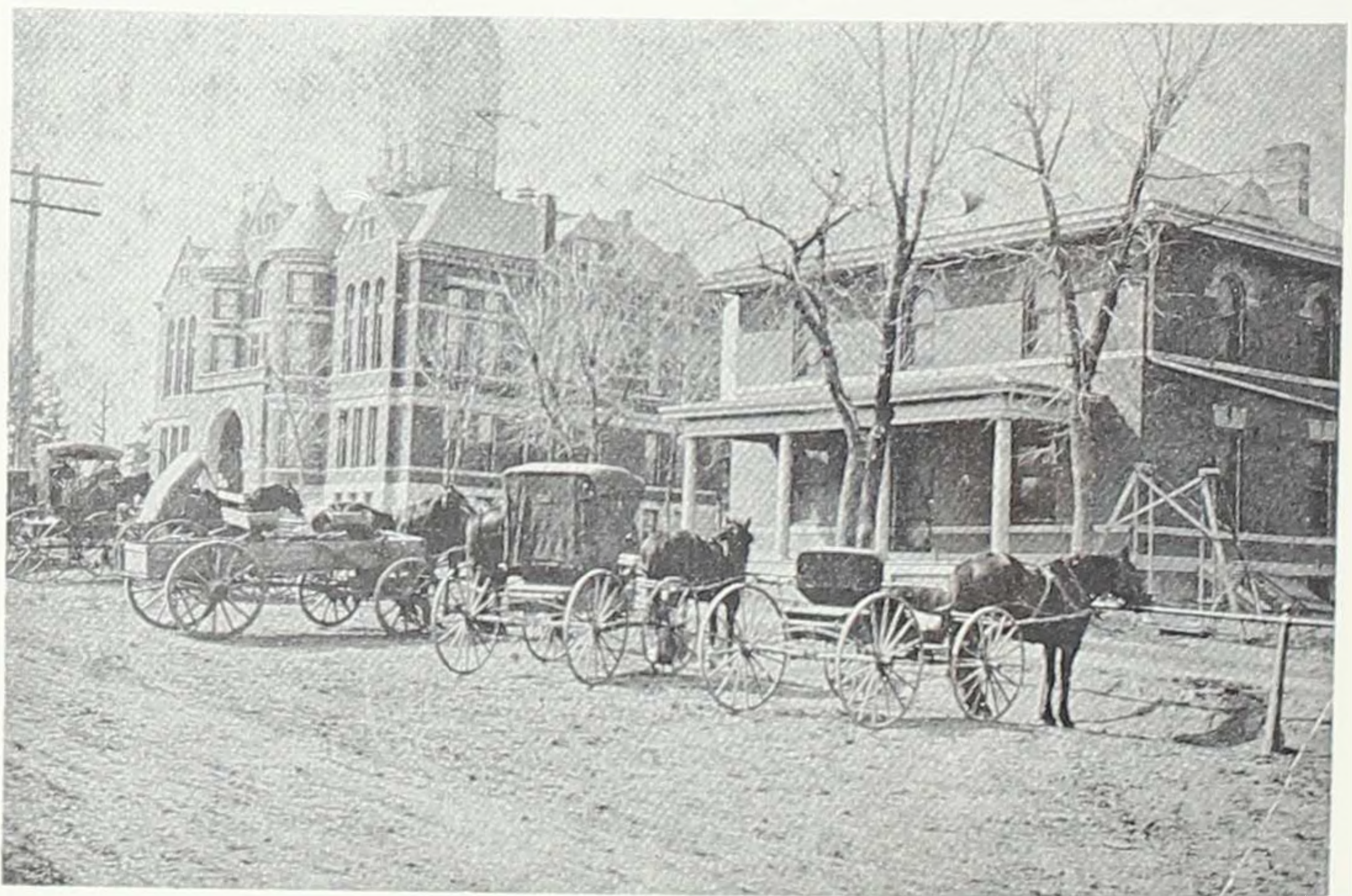
Merchants sweeping upper Main Street before street was paved. Streets were a sea of mud in springtime.



Hotel Garland, formerly Bedford House, on lower Main Street. (Hotel was renamed for daughter of J. J. Clark, newspaper editor and businessman.) Hack-type depot bus is awaiting passengers in front of the hotel.



Sleigh made for farmer Sol Neumeyer by blacksmith Cy Wolverton, an expert workman in wood and metal. Blacksmith shop at left rear.



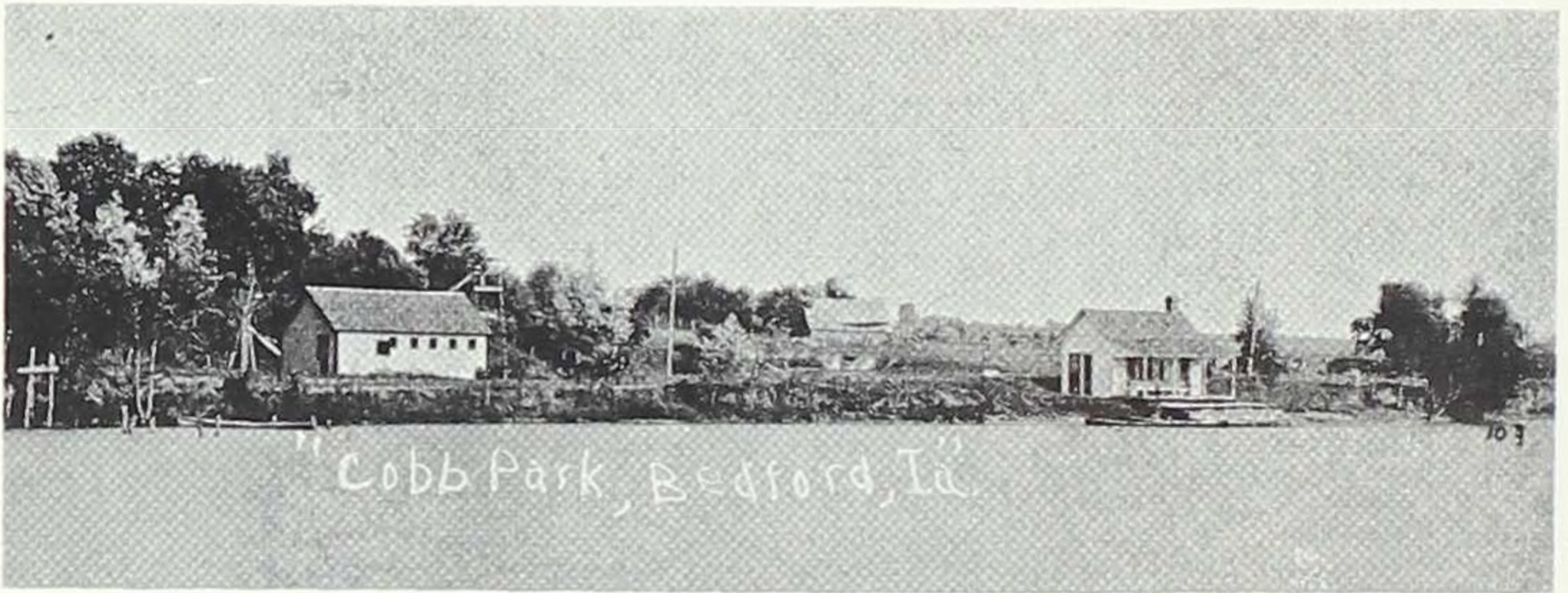
Sheriff's home, jail at rear not visible. Hitching racks in front and court house at upper left. On Saturdays, horses and buggies filled four sides of the court house square.



Brick grade school attended by the author. It served Bedford from 1877 to 1927.



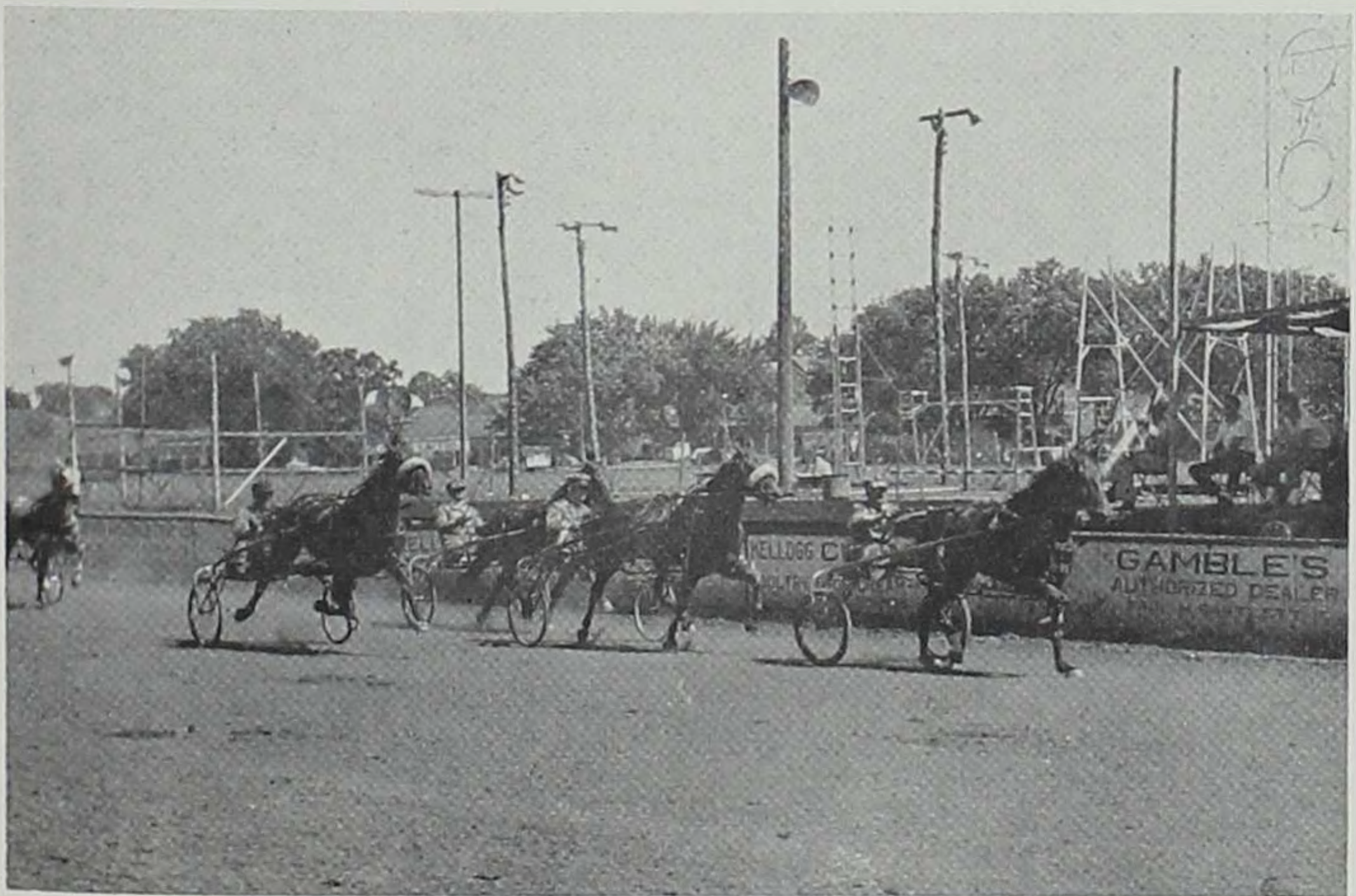
High school attended by the author. Built in 1904. Now used as a grade school.



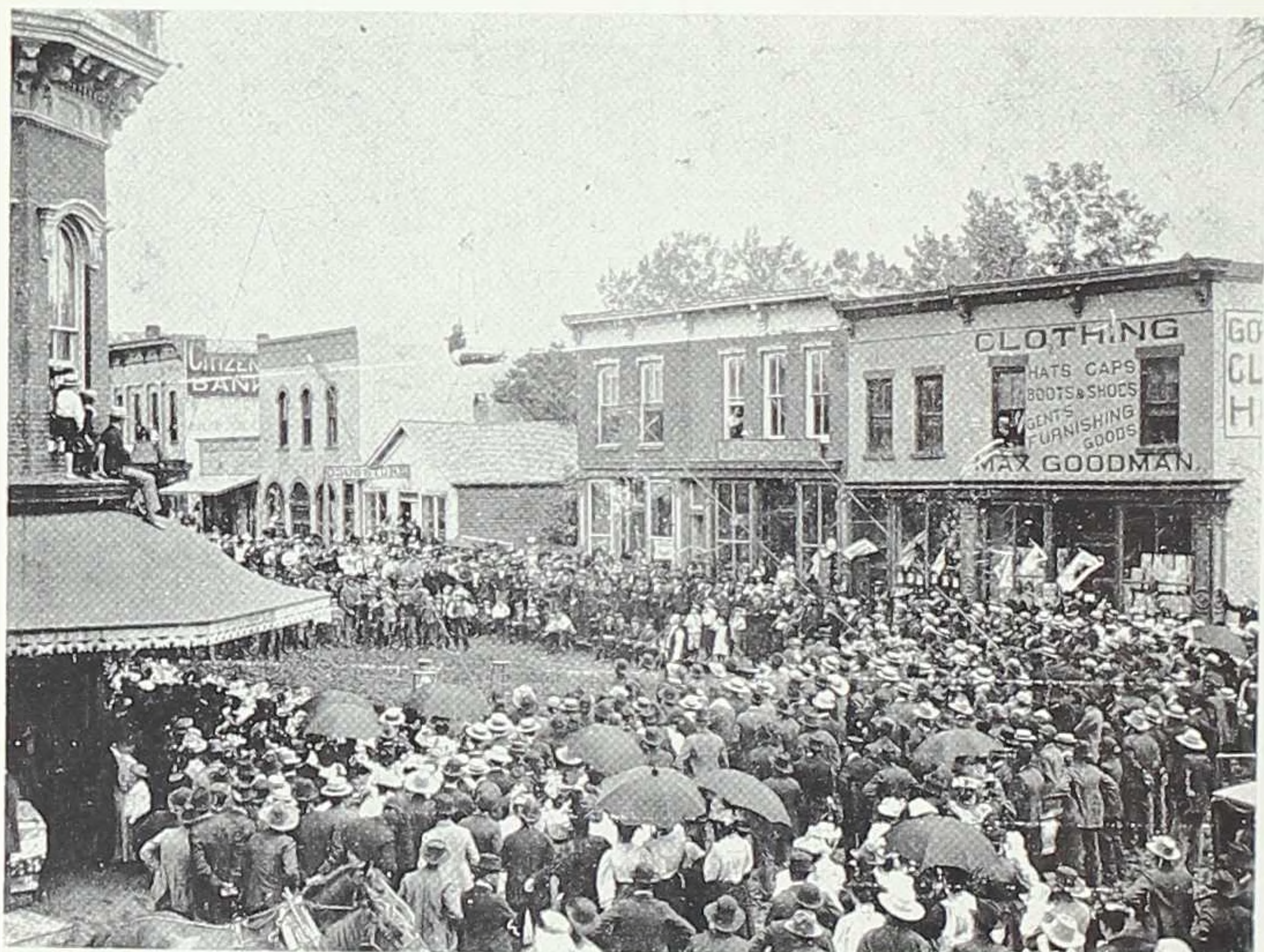
Scenes of Cobb Lake and Park. Used in summer for swimming, boating, fishing, and picnics; for skating and ice cutting in winter. Cobb Lake was a popular recreation center during the author's boyhood. It has been replaced by Lake of Three Fires State Park north of Bedford.



Champion baseball team of early Bedford. During the author's boyhood, Bedford had many fine baseball teams, and the games were attended by large crowds.



Harness racing at Taylor County Fair. To a boy, the Taylor County Fair was a wonderland of horse racing, midway attractions, livestock exhibits, and floral hall displays. Country visitors would bring their lunches and stay all day.



Fourth of July high wire performance at corner of Court and Main streets. These shows furnished thrills and chills for young and old. Boys, including myself, filled the front row of spectators.

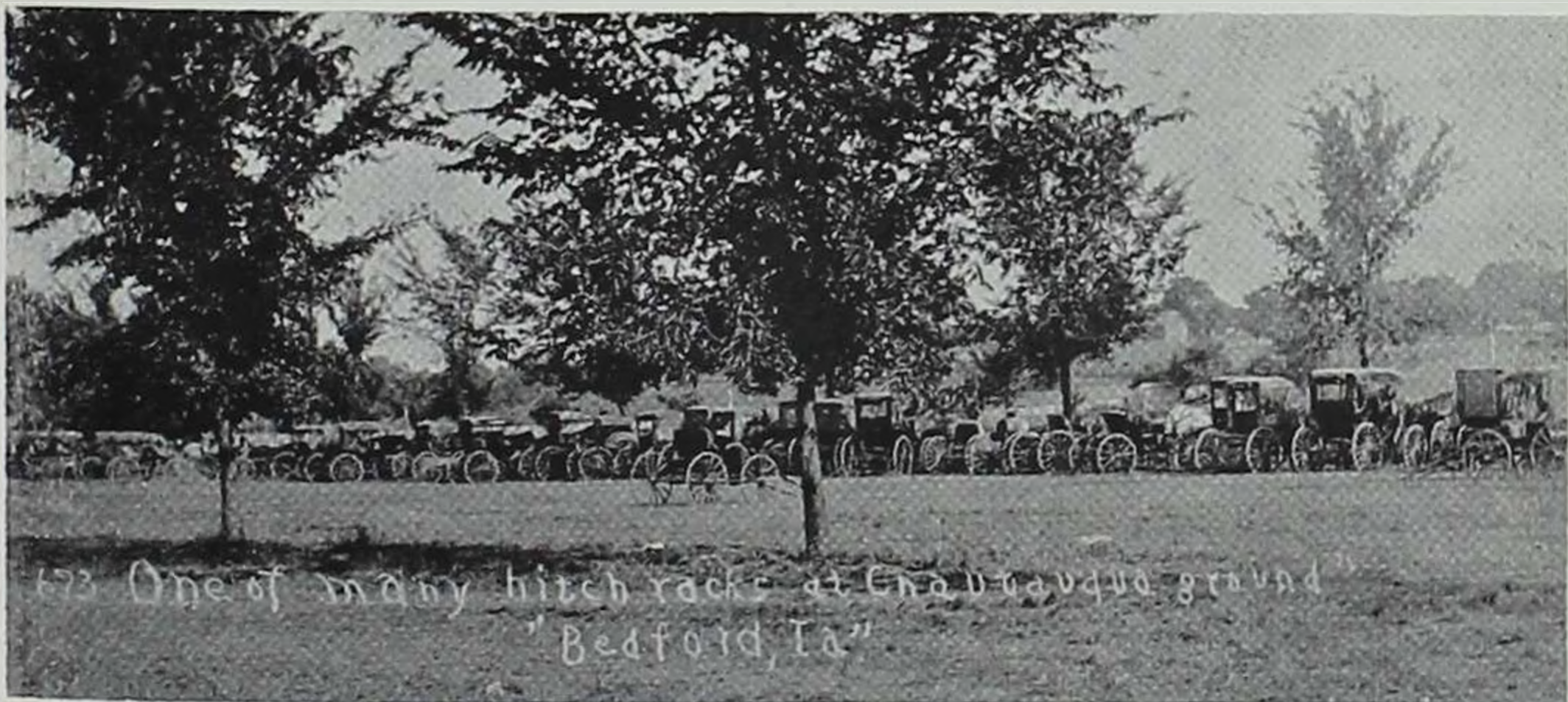


Fourth of July platform entertainment at same site. Chautauqua sign above on corner building advertised Bedford's next summer attraction.



642 Foot Bridge at Chautauqua Grounds, Bedford, Ia.

Crossing footbridge enroute to town after Chautauqua session. Large crowds attended Bedford Chautauquas.



673 One of many hitch racks at Chautauqua ground "Bedford, Ia."

Well filled horse and buggy hitchrack at Bedford Chautauqua along the fairgrounds racetrack.



"Chautauqua" "Bedford, Ia." 677

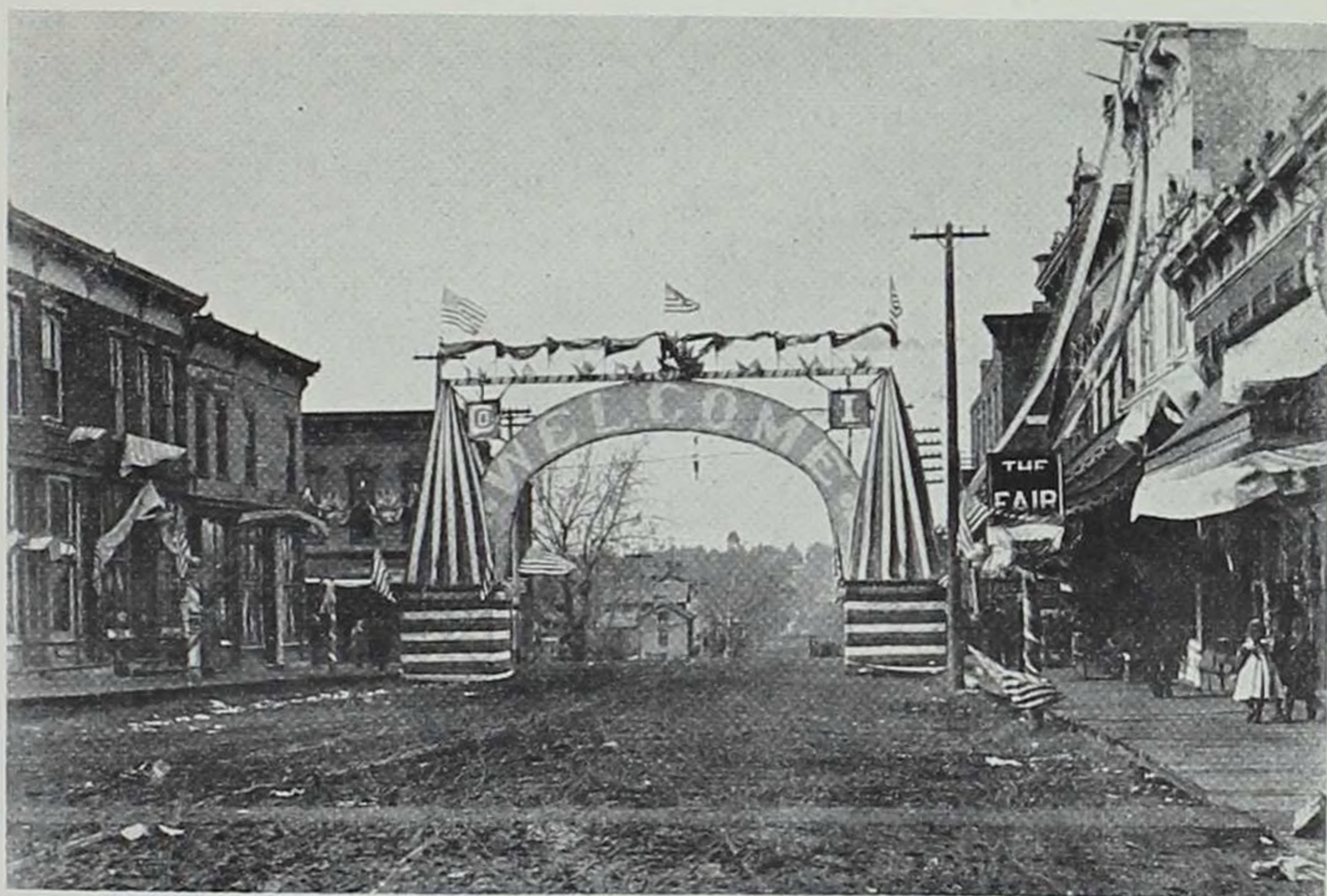
Tent city for campers at popular Bedford Chautauqua. Pavilion was located east of the tent city.



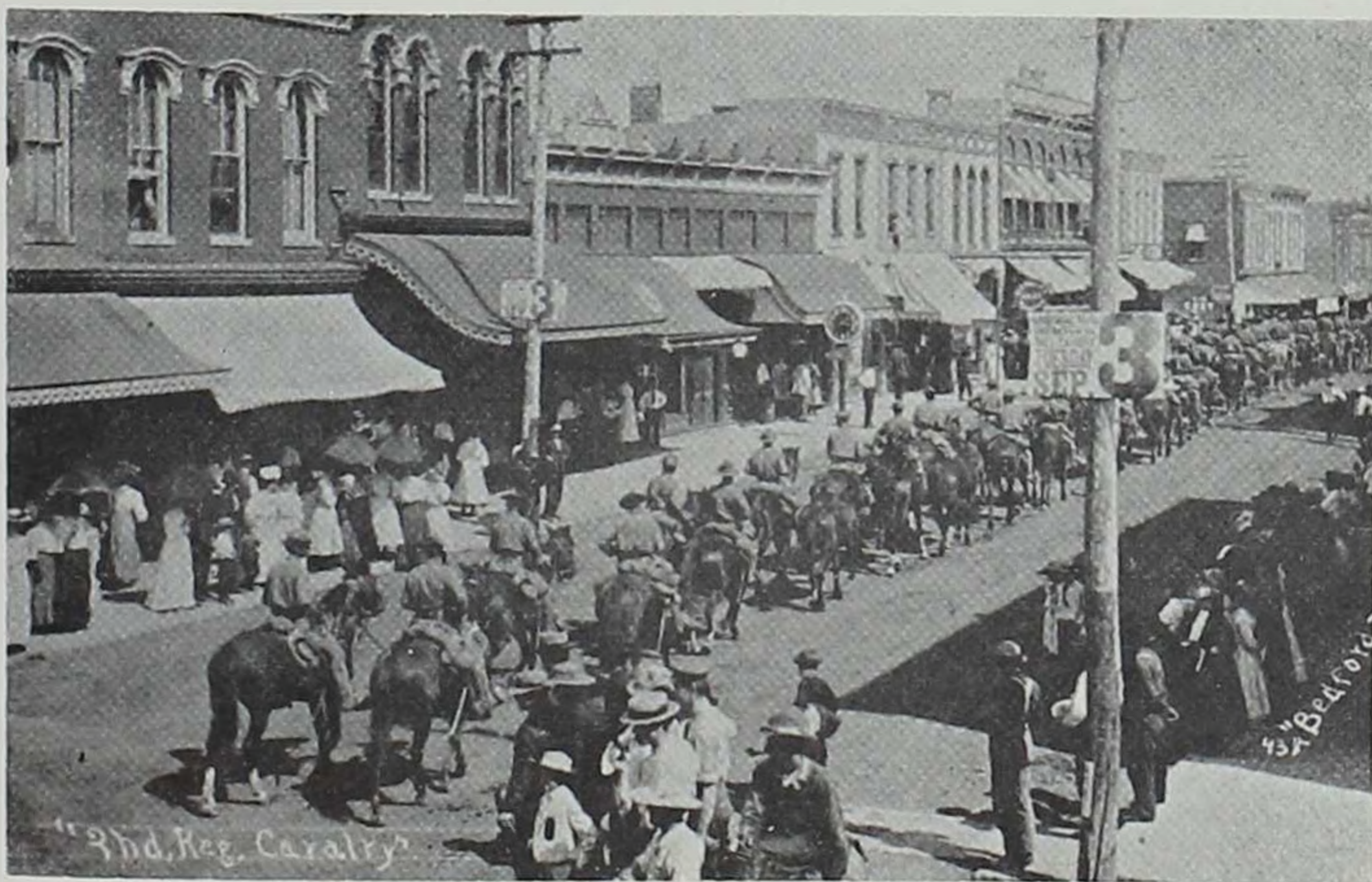
Bedford Civil War veterans. Members of Sedgwick Post No. 10 G.A.R.
founded June 7, 1883.



Memorial Day Parade forms on Court Street. Autos replaced carriages used earlier
for veterans who for many years marched the long mile to the cemeteries.



Welcome Home Arch for Bedford's Co. I, 51st Iowa Infantry, on return from service in Philippine Insurrection, Spanish-American War, November 6, 1899. Old and young in Bedford lined the streets from the court house to the depot to welcome their heroes.



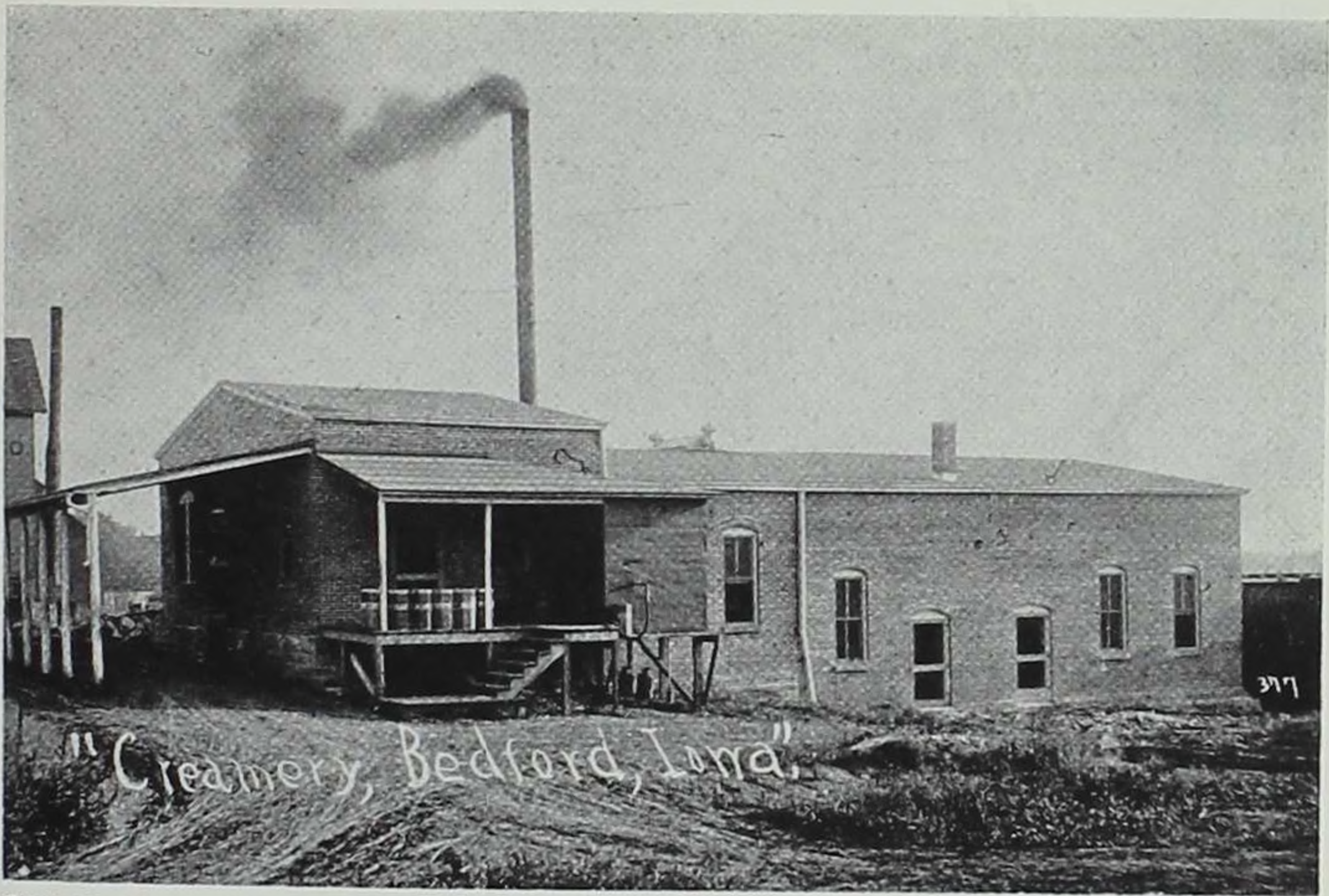
2nd U.S. Cavalry enroute from Fort Riley, Kansas, to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, parade down Bedford's Main Street. The outfit encamped at the fairgrounds.



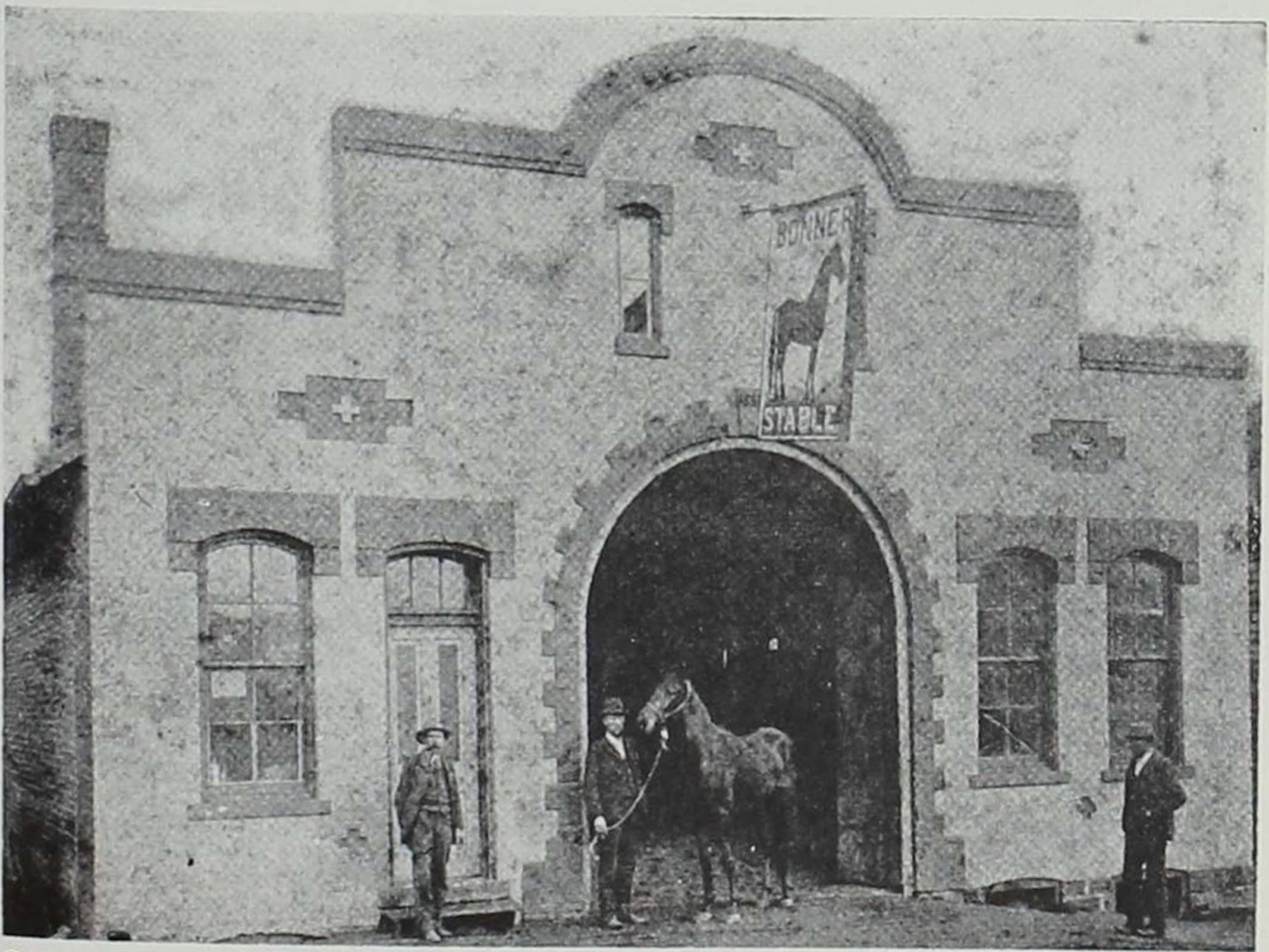
Court Street before paving. Three-story building on corner and City Hall cupola were landmarks. Old oil street lamp on corner.



Court Street after paving. Five-cluster electric street lamp on corner. Third story of building on corner and City Hall cupola were later removed.



Old Bedford Creamery. Carloads of butter were shipped east each week during the author's boyhood. It was an important industry in Bedford.



Old Bonner Livery Stable, built in 1880, provided complete, high-grade livery service for Bedford and vicinity. Later it was used as a garage, a warehouse and hatchery, and now houses bowling alleys.



Bedford Band in summer dress about 1908 or 1909. The Band played Saturday night concerts, marched in parades, and furnished music at the county fair.



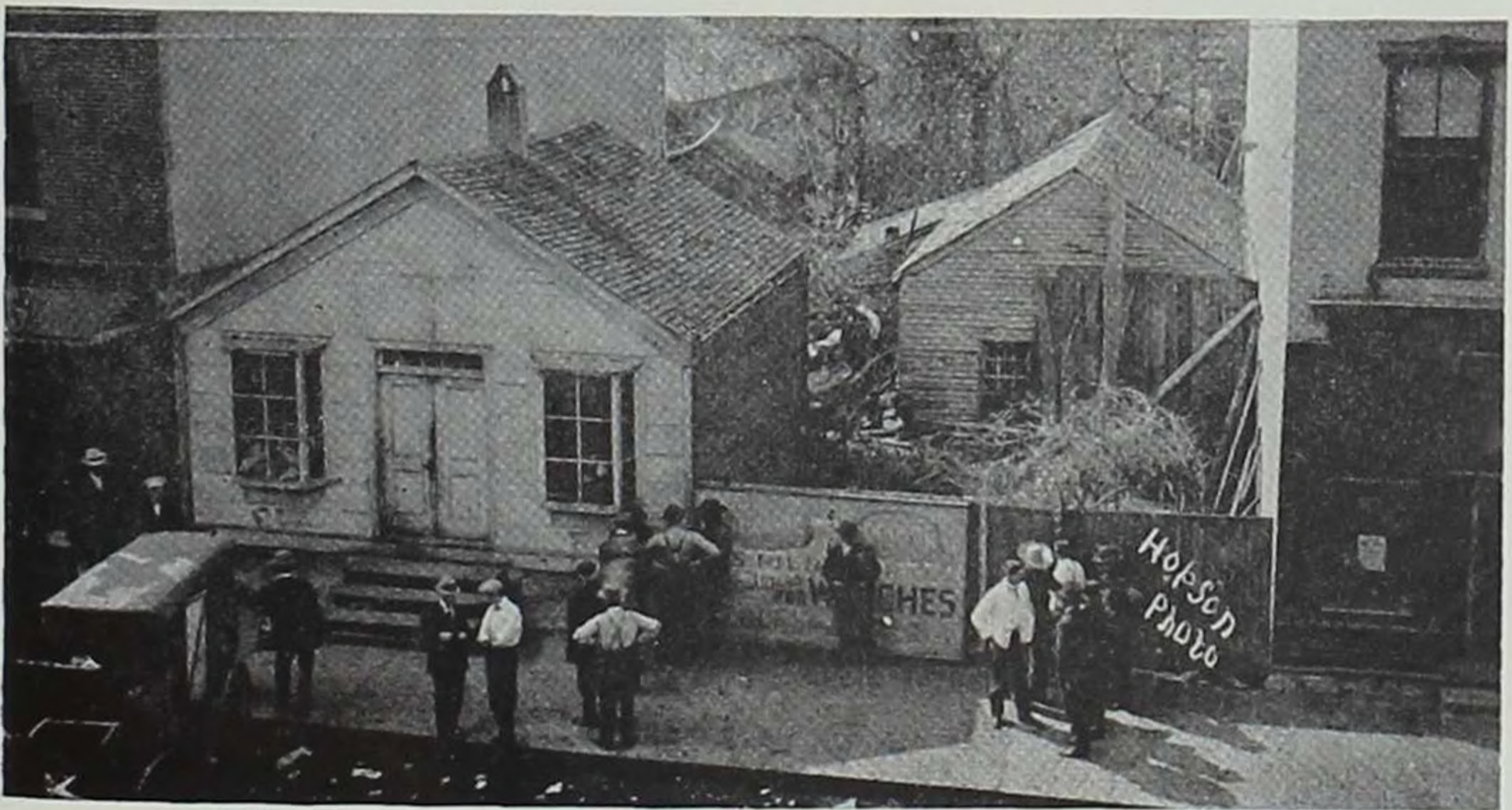
Bandstand in courtyard park. Formerly used for concerts, Memorial Day and Fourth of July addresses, and union church services in summer. Now dismantled.



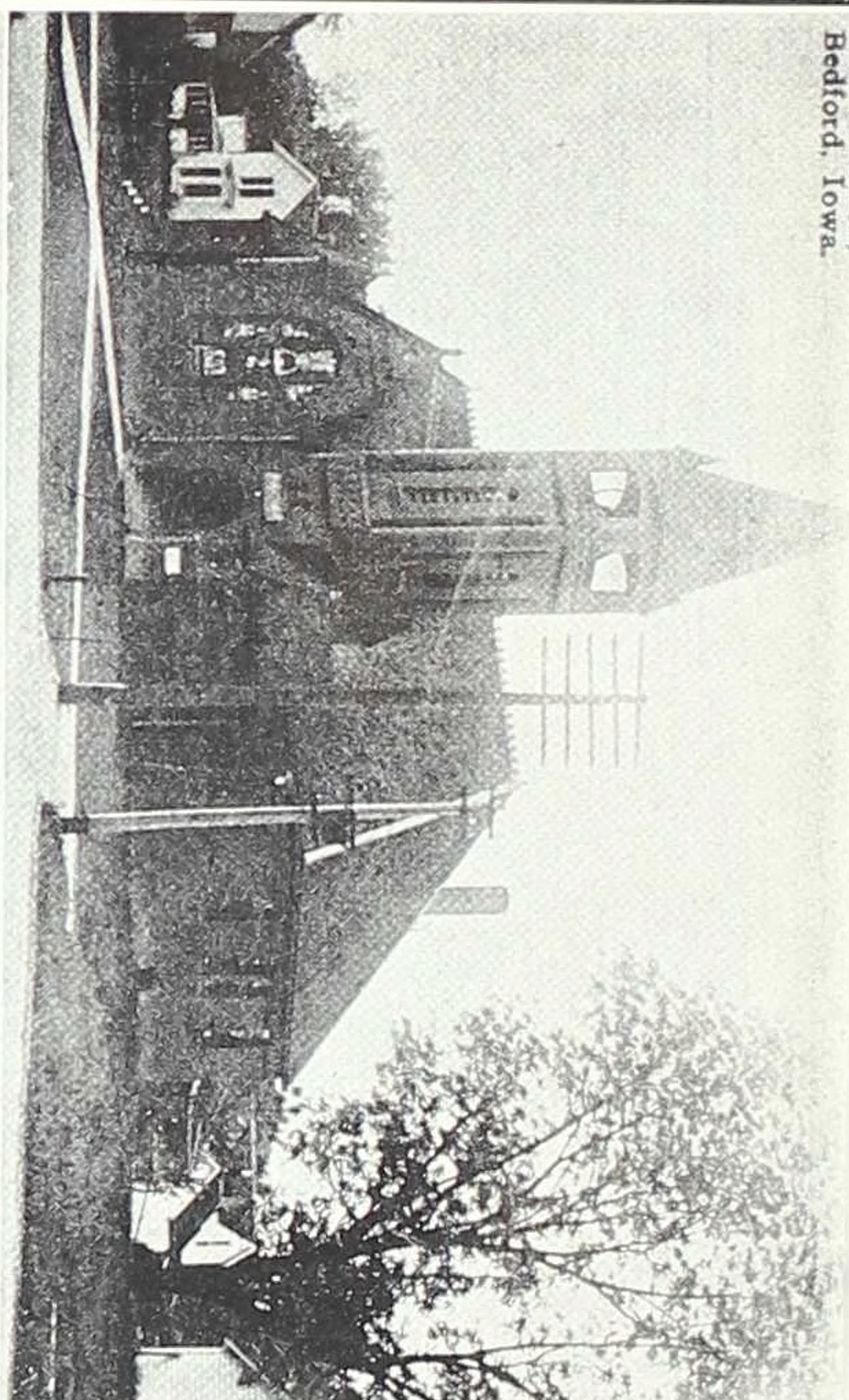
C. B. & Q. Railway Station. Bedford was served by four passenger trains and two freight trains daily during the author's boyhood. All passenger trains are now discontinued and freight service drastically curtailed.



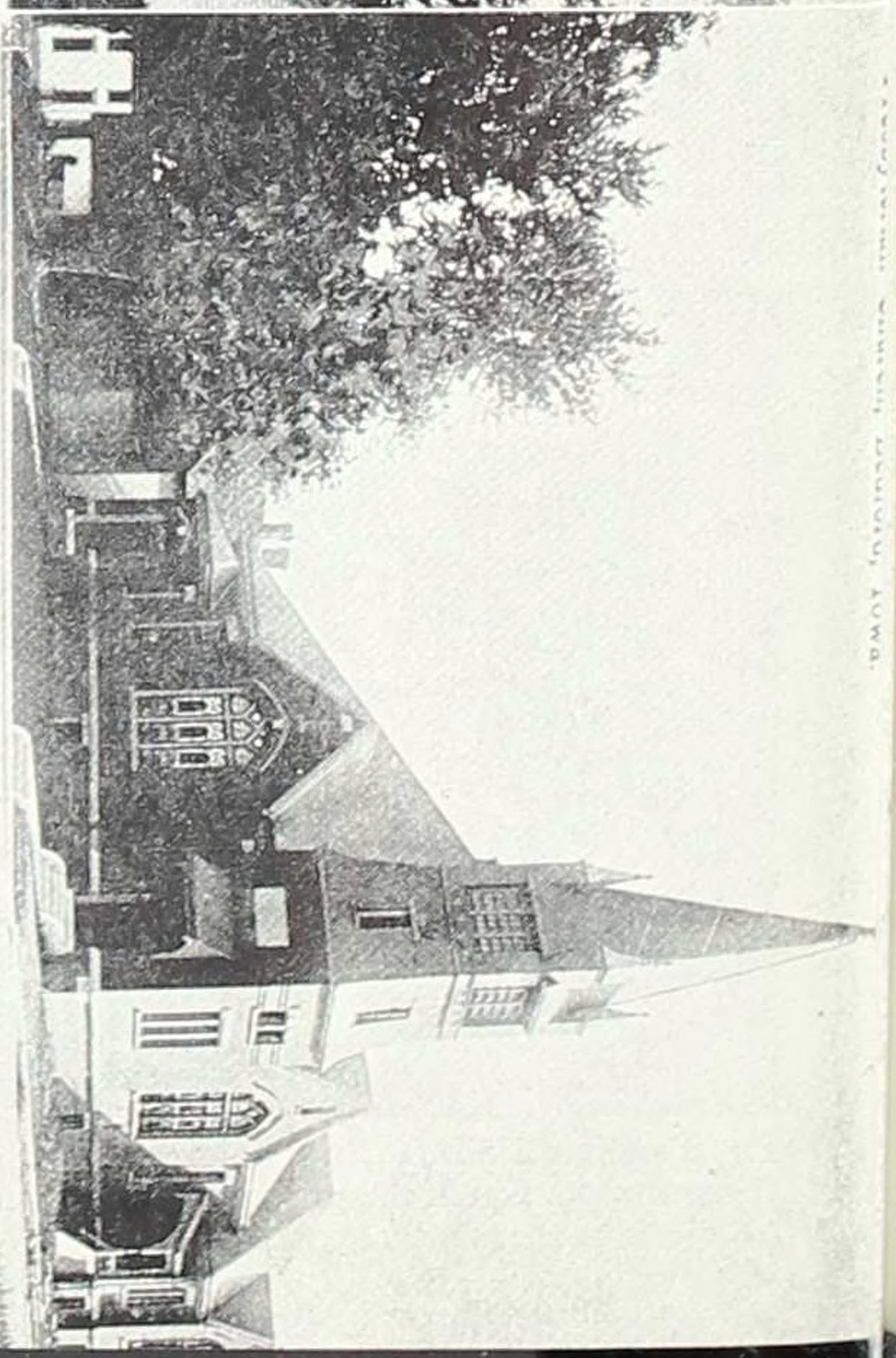
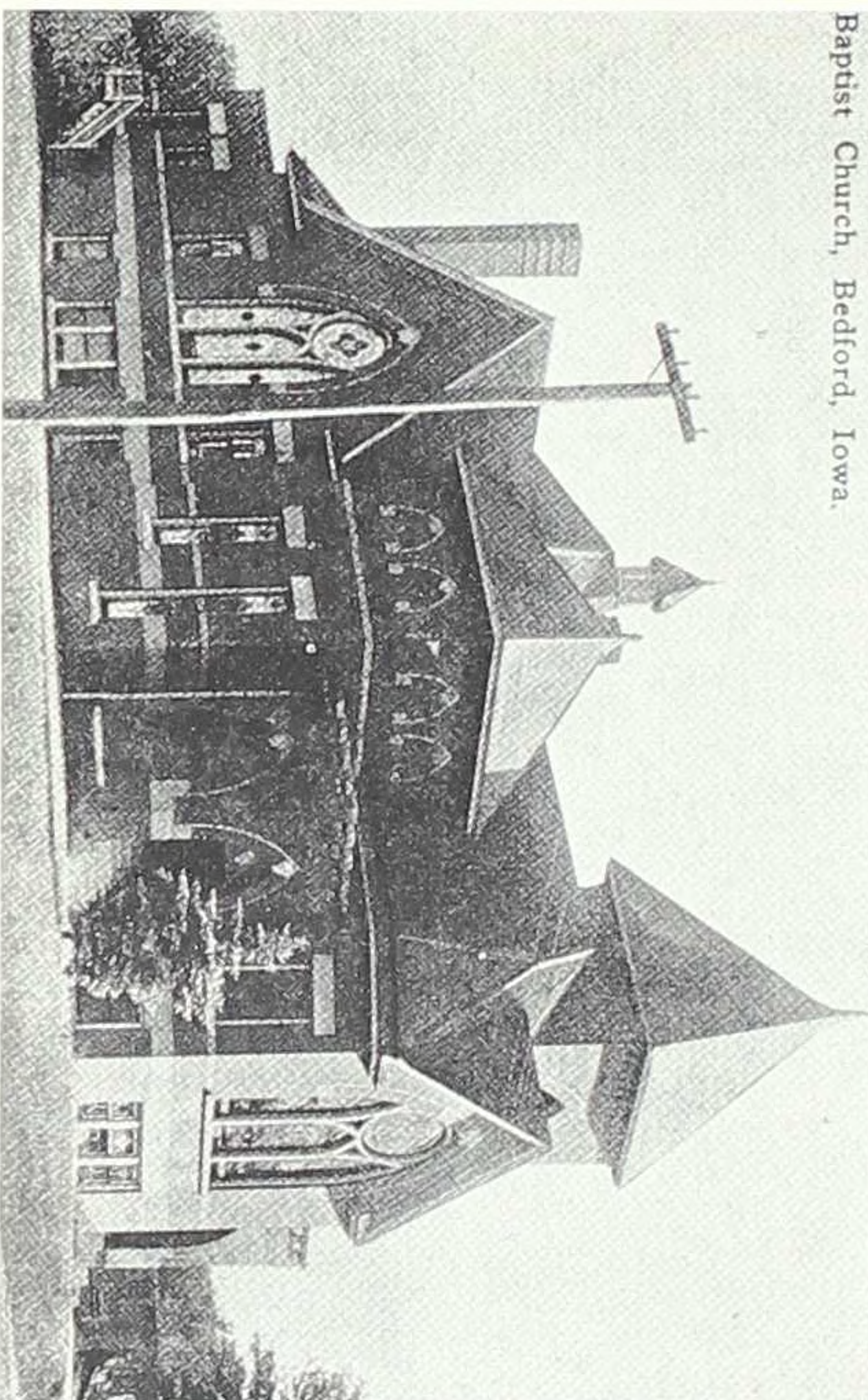
Old Western Hotel. Located on west Main Street, it is now a family residence.



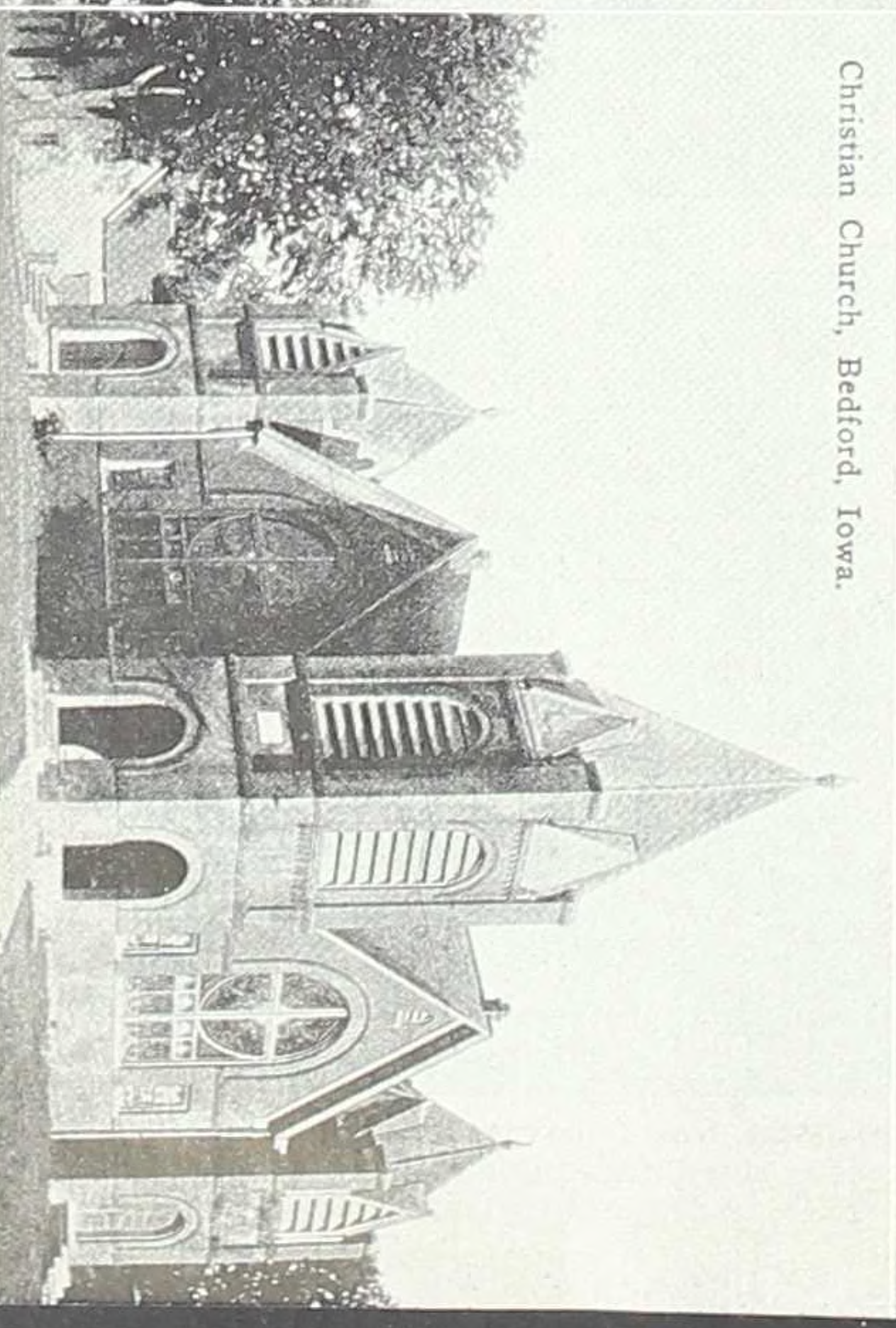
Dr. Golliday's Drug Store on day his body was found in rear building. Curious spectators watch the proceedings. The Golliday story made nationwide headlines.



Baptist Church, Bedford, Iowa.



Christian Church, Bedford, Iowa.



as almost every home in town had a garden for summer vegetables, nearly every housewife canned fruit for winter use, and almost every husband stocked his cave or cellar with a supply of apples, squashes, onions, turnips, and potatoes. Many families kept a cow for milk and a flock of chickens for poultry and eggs.

Interior arrangements of Bedford's grocery stores during my boyhood were very similar. Both sides of a store would be lined with shelves filled with canned fruits and vegetables; packages of Cow Brand and Arm & Hammer Baking Soda; cans of KC, Calumet, Royal, and Dr. Price's Baking Powder; bottles of catsup, pickles, and olives; round boxes of oatmeal containing gift bowls or cups and saucers; piles of White Russian, Fels Naptha, and Ivory Soap; cans of salmon and oysters; packages of Arbuckle's Four X and Lion Brand unground coffee with gift picture cards inside; and other packaged goods, such as Gold Dust Twins cleansing powder and Sapolio for polishing.

In front of the shelves were counters, some of which were topped by glass showcases. One long counter was equipped with a scale and a double rack with rolls of wrapping paper in two sizes with a spool of string at its side or a ball of string hanging above it in a round metal container. Another counter held packaged goods, such as sacks of sugar in 25-cent, 50-cent, and \$1 sizes. Another might be used for orders ready for delivery.

In the center, toward the rear of each store, stood a tall round stove with a long stove pipe suspended by wires from the ceiling and extended to a chimney in a side wall. A tobacco box filled with ashes served as a spittoon for loafers whose circle of chairs around the stove provided a setting for discussions of local, state, and national affairs.

Behind and below the counters were built-in bins for dried fruits — prunes, peaches, apricots, and pears — navy and lima beans, corn meal, dried peas, and coffee. Barrels of white and brown sugar and salt swung out from below the counters on metal roller flanges. On one counter, a spice cabinet held an assortment of whole and ground spices — cinnamon, cloves, allspice, nutmeg, and pepper. Nearby, large square boxes, lined with lead foil and covered with oriental scenes on colored paper, held Gunpowder and Uncolored Japan Tea, two favorites of that day.

In front of one counter, a row of kegs, most of them open, contained bulk pickles, salt mackerel, white fish, and pickled herring. Toward the rear of the stores were barrels of vinegar and molasses with wooden spigots for filling the cans and jugs of customers. In a corner at the rear, a square tank with a dispensing pump held kerosene for lamps and lanterns. The opposite corner, an area with a mouseproof, tin-lined base and low sides, held sacks of flour piled high toward the ceiling.

Stores were lighted by a few single drop cord

electric lights attached to exposed wiring down the middle of the ceiling, with one light in each front window. Although store illumination then was dim in comparison with today's standards, it was a vast improvement and convenience over the use of hanging kerosene lamps. Bedford's first electric light plant had been installed shortly before my father purchased his grocery, and he was delighted with the new lights which today would seem crude and inadequate.

Only a few mechanical devices aided clerks in waiting on customers in those days. One of these was a rotating platform for large circular cheeses, with a hinged cleaver to slice out wedges. A screened, box-like cover with a swinging door protected the cheese from flies. Another useful device was a tall red and black coffee grinder at the end of a counter. It had a large balance wheel on each side (one with a handle), a polished, dome-like container on top, and a large scoop below for the ground coffee. This was a real accommodation to those customers who were beginning to have their coffee ground at the store instead of using the small hand grinders — now antiques — at home before each meal. Special circular metal racks for brooms and feather dusters usually occupied one corner of the grocery.

Other equipment included counter scales, a floor scale, a two-wheeled truck, a large wooden icebox supplied daily by the Bedford Ice Company, a roll-

top desk for bookkeeping with a captain's chair for the store owner, and an iron safe nearby. A gasoline tank which supplied fuel for stoves was usually located outside at the rear as a safety measure.

Little attention was given to window displays in those days. Usually oranges and lemons, in wooden boxes or in pyramid piles, and a stalk of bananas filled one window. The other window was generally used for packaged goods or boxes of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, and fresh vegetables in season. Bananas came in round jute-lined crates with a small rope loop at the top end of the stalk. A close inspection had to be made for tarantulas when the stalk of bananas was removed from a crate and hung in a window.

Although the eight grocery stores of my boyhood days were much alike, certain ones were well known for special features. A. C. Brice and Sons, Evans Brothers, and Swearingin Brothers handled a large assortment of queensware, glassware, and lamps. Sam Maxwell always had the largest and best assortment of fresh vegetables in season supplied by two expert gardeners, Sam J. Dallison and William E. Swap, the former a retired mason, the latter a retired jeweler. Beall's Grocery, later John Tate's, featured a bakery with Jack Ford and John Ulrich as expert bakers. (Bread sold at 5 cents a loaf, six for 25 cents, pies at 10 cents each, and cookies at 10 cents a dozen.) My father had a large country trade and furnished many cus-

tomers with fresh country butter — especially prized were the round, one-pound molds provided each week by a farm lady, Mrs. William Shum.

None of the Bedford grocery stores during my boyhood sold fresh meat, but they did handle well-known brands of hams and bacon. Fresh meat was sold exclusively at the two meat markets or butcher shops with Dan Burke as the long-time meat cutter for Levine and Dave Terbell for Opylke, and later for Kelly and Scane.

Although the staple breakfast food of those days was oatmeal, newer breakfast foods were beginning to appear — Cream of Wheat, Grape Nuts, Shredded Wheat Biscuits, Malta Vita, Vim, Force, and Elijah's Manna, an early name for corn flakes. Housewives found Swansdown Cake Flour to be a much appreciated aid in making cakes; and store cookies such as ginger snaps, lemon and vanilla wafers, Mary Anns, coconut-topped marshmallow delights, and Nabisco Wafers were beginning to compete with home-baked products. Graham crackers, sweet crackers, large and small soda crackers, and oyster crackers were available both in bulk and in packages. Coffee in open barrels and in packages ranged in price from 15 cents to 30 cents per pound.

Grocerymen opened their stores as early as six o'clock in the morning and closed them at nine o'clock at night after most of the townspeople had gone to bed. One or two clerks could handle the

trade during the week; but on Saturdays extra help was needed, for on that day farmers and their wives flocked to town to exchange butter and eggs for cash or groceries for the week ahead. Mother and I worked in father's grocery on Saturdays.

Well do I remember packing dozens of eggs into crates after fishing them out of buckets or baskets filled with oats — a cheap and convenient method of preventing breakage on trips to town.

It was my job, also, to fill orders for chewing tobacco, cutting pound slabs into plugs at conveniently marked lengths with a hinged blade mounted on a heavy base. Favorite brands included Horseshoe, Star, J. T., Battle Axe, Climax, and Piper Heidsick, "the champagne flavored" choice of bankers and lawyers. Some farmers preferred to buy one-pound round tins of Sweet Burley or Sweet Mist fine cut tobacco, rolls of Granger Twist, or sacks of Mail Pouch, Yankee Girl, and Beechnut scrap.

Smokers would buy large one-pound sacks of Country Gentlemen pipe tobacco, or several smaller sacks of Bull Durham, and Duke's Mixture. Cigar smokers preferred Old Virginia Cheroots (three for a nickel), Pittsburgh Stogies (three for a dime), Tom Keane and Cremo 5-cent cigars or the popular Grand Special (five cents each or six for a quarter), a cigar made in Bedford's Cigar Factory by William Joseph and Ollie E. Sperry.

Another pleasant duty of mine was to sell candy

on Saturdays and to sample it from time to time. My father's well-stocked candy case included many tempting varieties in long metal containers — hard mixed candies, assorted stick candy, jelly beans, chocolate caramels, and chocolate creams, peanut brittle, lemon drops, peppermint and wintergreen lozenges, corn candy, assorted gum drops, and cinnamon red hots. For the youngsters, the assortment included heart-shaped sugar candies with sentimental words such as "I Love You" and "Be My Sweetheart" on them, chocolate cigars, jaw breakers, all-day suckers, plug and string "lickerish" (used by boys to ape the tobacco chewing habits of their elders), banana-shaped marshmallow bars, and small tin frying pans with candy eggs and a spoon. Favorite brands of chewing gum for old and young were: Yucatan, Spearmint, Beaman's Pepsin, Tutti Frutti, Black Jack, Juicy Fruit, and square packages of Kismet in assorted flavors.

Much business was done by credit in those days with monthly, semi-annual, or annual collections. I still have my father's day books, in which daily credit purchases were recorded, and his large ledger in which accounts were posted under names listed alphabetically. He posted these accounts on Sundays and I helped with the monthly collections.

When a customer paid a bill of long standing or purchased a large supply of groceries for cash, it was customary to give him a generous bag of

Geo. Campbell, Undertaker and Licensed Embalmer

Complete Line of Undertaking Goods. My Own Hearse
First stairway south of Bradley & Beauchamp's office *Court Street, Bedford, Iowa*

Come and See Me

For a PRACTICAL PAPER HANGER and ARTISTIC DECORATOR, or for anything in Glass or Painters' Supplies.

G. WIESER, Bedford, Iowa

Drs. Roberts & Roberts

Bedford, Iowa

Consultation and Examination Free

See Red Insert between
page 8 and 9

L. T. TRACY, BLACKSMITH

BEDFORD, IOWA

Brice Company

DEALERS IN

QUEENSWARE, LAMP GOODS, GLASSWARE, GROCERIES. BEDFORD, IOWA

FOR ABSTRACT OF TITLE

SEE

F. E. PAYTON, Bedford, Iowa

J. H. CHILCOTE, Conway, Iowa E. H. CHILCOTE, Gravity, Iowa

THE TWIN AUCTIONEERS

FINE STOCK OR FARM SALES

Eighteen years experience as breeders of fine stock enables us to handle all kinds of pedigreed stock sales successfully. Write or phone before claiming your sale dates.

candy for his wife and children and a handful of cigars for himself.

Most of the grocery deliveries in my day were made by Dan Moore who served several stores with an Adams Express Company delivery wagon drawn by two horses. Only a few Bedford grocers had their own delivery service.

After a long week in the store and a busy Saturday, the groceryman of my boyhood could sleep late on Sunday morning unless someone who had left a package in the store on Saturday night, or someone who had forgotten a badly needed item, asked him to open up for a few minutes. Clerks, too, could rest on Sundays after earning their \$1 per day for six days with the privilege of buying groceries at cost.

Today the modern supermarkets and grocery stores operate with streamlined efficiency and a large assortment of goods easily accessible to customers. They are characteristic of the age in which we live. Gone is the distinctive odor of the old grocery store which greeted a customer when he entered — an odor made up of the mingled smells of freshly ground coffee, cheese, open kegs of salt fish, kerosene, molasses, vinegar, oranges, lemons, and bananas. Gone, too, is the easy sociability that went with the unhurried buying of groceries during my boyhood.

BRUCE E. MAHAN

Old Drugstores

Four of the drugstores in Bedford during my boyhood were much alike in layout and appearance — the fifth, Dr. Golliday's, was a typical apothecary shop of post Civil War days.

In the front windows of the four main drugstores, large show globes filled with colored water — one red, one blue or green — served as a trademark. They were as typical of the drugstore then as was the wooden Indian of the cigar store or the striped pole of the barber shop.

Customers entered each of these drugstores by a central doorway. Three of the stores had an ornate soda fountain on one side of the entrance and on the other a well-filled cigar case with a tip cutter and match dispenser on top. Gold labeled porcelain bottles of drugs occupied shelves along one side of each store, and the shelves on the other side held an amazing array of patent medicines with descriptive labels. Glass front display cases extended down each side of the store. These held a variety of toilet articles, brushes, perfumes in fancy bottles, stationery, soap, pens, razors, boxed candy, scissors, and other drug sundries.

Down the central aisles of three of the stores, several round-topped ice cream tables with spindly

wire legs accommodated four customers each for the new sensation — ice cream sodas and sundaes. The chairs had round wooden seats with wire legs and backs.

On one side near the back of each store was a wrapping counter with a roll of paper and a ball of twine in a beehive-shaped metal container. A prescription room where medicines were compounded extended across the back of each store separated from the store itself by a glass cabinet with a large mirror.

The prescription room was a fascinating place with its delicate box scales and weights, its mortars and pestles, measuring glasses and beakers, a cork reducing press, a bottle capper, a pill rolling machine, and a suppository mold. Rows of unfilled glass bottles of various sizes and empty pill boxes bearing the druggist's name lined the shelves above the prescription counter. Below the counter, tier upon tier of small drawers with marked handles held innumerable varieties of botanical plants, mineral salts, and other products used in compounding prescriptions.

Back of the prescription section, rolls of wallpaper in box-like compartments filled one side of a room, while gilt and wood molding for picture frames hung on pegs on the opposite wall. A work counter equipped with a cutter for trimming wallpaper and with tools for making picture frames occupied considerable space in this room. At the

rear of each store was a stockroom for incoming shipments.

The Dr. Golliday Drug Store

According to an old abstract as verified by John Dinges, Dr. Alfred M. Golliday purchased the west 42 ft. of lot 6, blk. 11, on Nov. 3, 1866. Here he built his one-story frame office and drugstore on the recent site of the State Savings Bank, and a one-story frame cabin on a spot which is now the back part of Fields Dad and Lad Clothing Store. He enclosed the lot, front and back, with a high board fence.

Dr. Golliday, a graduate of Rush Medical College, Chicago, opened his office and drugstore late in 1866, and during the next 25 years enjoyed a wide practice and large drug business. He accumulated a considerable sum of money, investing some in real estate and saving the rest. He owned the acreage now known as Bibbins Park where on Sundays he would take long walks chasing out boys who would hide in the woods there to tease him.

By the time we moved to Bedford in 1898, he had lost much of his medical practice; and his combined office and store had become an old cluttered-up apothecary shop. He still had a few cronies who every evening would sit around the stove in the middle of the store and discuss topics of the day with him, for he was one of the best educated men in Bedford at that time.

Dr. Golliday distrusted banks and at his death in April 1908 a total of \$42,448.54 in bills, gold coin, silver dollars, and fractional silver was found hidden in various places throughout the store. The silver and gold were carried across the street in buckets to the First National Bank, and most of the bills were so old that they had to be verified by the Treasury Department in Washington, D.C., before they could be accredited to the estate.

The Rockwell-Nelson Drug Store

This store was owned and operated by Robert Rockwell and Charles Nelson. It was started about 1880 and, because of the failing health of the owners, was sold to Dr. Henry Dunlavy in 1896. Mr. Rockwell had studied to become a pharmacist by reading books under Dr. M. C. Connett, and he in turn instructed the late C. N. Nelson, who began to work in the store at the age of 17. Charles Nelson, a Civil War veteran, spent several months in Andersonville prison, and suffered thereafter from inflammatory rheumatism. He found useful remedies for his ailment in his own store. Rockwell worked as a pharmacist at Lenox, Iowa, and Sheridan, Missouri, before going into business at Bedford. Although this store had changed owners before we moved to Bedford, it was still in existence in 1898 under the management of Dr. Henry F. Dunlavy.

The Dr. Dunlavy and H. A. Meek Drug Store

Tressie Dunlavy of Chicago writes me that her

father, who had been a member of the Rhoads-Remington Drug firm, moved from Bedford to Texas in the fall of 1893 on account of his health. Returning in 1896, he purchased the Rockwell-Nelson Drug Store on Court Street and established his office in the rear of the building. His son, Theron, and his son-in-law, George Walker, ran the store with the doctor serving as pharmacist.

Tressie relates that her father installed the first soda fountain in Bedford with a grand opening in May of each year and closing it in October for the winter. Theron Dunlavy made the ice cream and, according to Tressie and Lottie Taylor Gooding, the Dunlavy ice cream sodas and sundaes — price 10 cents — were the best anyone ever tasted.

About the time we came to Bedford (1898), Dr. Dunlavy moved his store to the building on the corner of Main and Court streets. Here Theron, who had studied pharmacy under his father and had passed the state examination, became a pharmacist, while the doctor maintained a suite of offices in the rear of the building. My father's grocery store was on the corner across the street west.

Shortly after the turn of the century (1901), Harry A. Meek purchased this drugstore and operated it until he sold the stock and fixtures and purchased a restaurant on Court Street in 1907. Harry Meek also made his own ice cream; and, once when I worked for him, I spoiled a batch by

spilling salt into the partly frozen cream when packing it. I also sold chocolates and bon bons for Harry Meek before shows started and between acts at Steele's Opera House.

The Rhoads-Remington Drug Store

Harry Rhoads and Charles Remington, both pharmacists, operated a large drugstore for several years. Their full-page ad in the "Special Edition of the Times Republican and the Bedford Daily Times," published in August 1893, stated that their store occupied all three floors of the corner building with a "full and complete line from the ground floor to the roof." They advertised "wall paper, drugs, paints, oils, stationery, books, and the largest music department in the country with the finest pianos and organs and musical instruments of all kinds."

"Dr. H. F. Dunlavy, physician and surgeon," the ad stated, "is a member of the firm and has his office in the store rooms where he answers calls at all times."

When we moved to town in 1898 the drugstore still occupied most of the building, and the Bell Telephone Exchange had quarters on the second floor; but the Joseph and Sperry Cigar Factory had taken over the third floor. This building and the Hotel Garland were the only three-story structures in Bedford, and it was an exciting adventure for boys to climb the long outside stairway and work at stripping tobacco leaves in the cigar fac-

tory. Many of us hated to see the third floor removed when John Tracy remodeled the building several years later as it took away a Bedford landmark.

The Harry Rhoads Drug Store

Shortly after the turn of the century, Harry Rhoads sold his interest in this store to Frank Bailey and opened his own drugstore a few doors north of the Hotel Garland. He installed all new fixtures, and, at the time, probably had the most up-to-date drugstore in Bedford. At his death in 1924, the pharmacy section of the store was discontinued, as none of his children had become pharmacists. His daughters, Hermia and Beryl, took over the business featuring books, magazines, stationery, wallpaper, and drug sundries, which they continue to do in the same location today. The fixtures, lights, and the store sign are the same as installed by their father. As a dedicated druggist, Harry Rhoads never purchased a soda fountain, preferring, as he said, "to run a drug store instead of an ice cream parlor."

The Remington and Bailey Drug Store

For boys in Bedford, this store was popular — as it, like the Dunlavy Drug Store, had installed a gleaming soda fountain with tasty ice cream sodas and sundaes at 10 cents each. It also featured a wide assortment of 5-cent weekly novels so popular among boys and young men during the 1890's and 1900's. Each week one window of this store

was filled with the latest issues of such favorites as *Nick Carter*, *Frank Merriwell*, *Old King Brady*, *Young Wild West*, *Frank Reade*, *Diamond Dick*, *Buffalo Bill*, *Liberty Boys of Seventy-Six*, and the *Log Cabin Library* — tales of Jesse and Frank James. Many boys were forbidden by parents to read these novels, but read them they did, secretly, in attics, in stables, in haymows, behind the woodshed, at school concealed inside a large geography, and in privies, with which Bedford was well supplied in those days before city water and sewers had been installed. Boys would exchange copies of these publications, and John Swap was always willing to loan back numbers from his stockpile of the *Nick Carter Weekly*.

*A. L. Bibbins, Druggist,
Book Seller, and Music Dealer*

For many years, the A. L. Bibbins Drug Store occupied the present site of Kenneth L. Moore's Western Auto Associate Store. A full-page ad by A. L. Bibbins in the 1893 "Special Edition of the Times Republican and the Bedford Daily Times" featured a picture of the owner and the store front. As a successor to Ramsey and Bibbins, the new owner listed himself as a "Druggist, Book Seller, and Music Dealer" and advertised "Picture Frames, Wall Paper, Jewelry, Holiday Goods, Art Materials and Warranted Adamantine Spectacles, Clough and Warren's Celebrated Grand Combination Organs, Estey Organs, and Knabe,

Solid Gold Rings Made without seam or joint, and of the very best quality of perfectly annealed gold, which make them wear smooth, and hold perfect color. Price less than poor Rings are usually sold for.

W. H. GOODING
JEWELER and Optician
Bedford, Iowa

A. L. BIBBINS
FOR
Drugs, Books and Wall Paper.
Bedford, Iowa. Bedford Phone, No. 87.

WE WILL CONVINCEN YOU
That our stock of goods is the best in Taylor county, and our prices correct. Please call, examine goods and get prices before buying.
E. L. WINTERMUTE,
Bedford, Iowa. Second door west of Citizens Bank.

Now You Are Married, Young Man
We can furnish your home neatly, sweetly, cheaply and completely.
WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY—COME AND SEE US
STEPHENS & TAYLOR
Hardware and Furniture Bedford, Iowa

For First Class
Groceries The place to trade is at the old Reliable Firm of **J. H. Roe**
Highest Market Price Paid for Country Produce Bedford, Iowa

Millinery —The Best, the Latest, the Most Stylish, the Cheapest.
No trouble to show goods.
McCloud Millinery Parlors
East Main Street Bedford, Iowa

Did You Ever Notice? The BEST Goods are always the cheapest. Do not buy a shabby machine-made harness—go to a responsible firm, where you get first class goods and workmanship.

O. D. LAIRD, Main Street, Bedford, Iowa

Fischer, McCammon, Estey, and Sterling Pianos."

"Granny" Bibbins, as he was often called, was a chemist and pharmacist who compounded many of the medicines he sold. At an early date, he installed a soda fountain. A shrewd businessman, he made a sizeable fortune in the drug business; and, after his store burned during the 1910-11 holiday season, he owned and operated the Hotel Garland for a time. Bibbins Park, formerly Dr. Golliday's Timber, was a gift to the people of Bedford by a provision in his will.

The late Jim Gilchrist, as a boy, worked in the Bibbins Drug Store, and passed on to his son, Henry, many stories of his experiences among the pills and potions. The following story is one of Henry's favorites:

During my father's days in high school in Bedford he earned money to help with his expenses by clerking for "Granny" Bibbins during his school vacation, particularly at Christmas time. Ed Graff, a contemporary to my father, was another young man who also helped Mr. Bibbins in this capacity. One of the nearly innumerable remedies the Bibbins Store stocked was whiskey, kept and dispensed for medicinal purposes only. It is my recollection Dad said the sale of it under any other circumstances was prohibited by Iowa law. As a matter of fact, I think even selling it under a requirement as worthy as this was sometimes brought into doubt. Anyway, "Granny" Bibbins kept it, and it was a highly popular item. It was delivered in wood barrels and as an illustration of Mr. Bibbins' en-

terprise, two qualities were stocked. An inferior and much cheaper distillation was known as "rot gut." The other and more expensive was called "good whiskey." Those customers who required heavy and frequent dosages of either of these panaceas carried their own bottle with them.

One afternoon a citizen of rural Bedford, whose name need not be mentioned here, approached my father near the rear of the store, pressed his empty bottle into the young man's hand and whispered the request that it be filled with the good whiskey. Dad dashed down the stairs into the basement only to discover the barrel of good whiskey was empty. A fresh delivery was sitting there but getting it mounted onto the cradle and preparing it for use was a matter of several minutes and considerable effort. He had heard it said few, if any, people could distinguish one whiskey from another, anyway. So he elected the easy way out, filled the bottle with "rot gut," shamelessly collected the customer's money and rang it up. That evening, as he was on his way to supper, he encountered his whiskey customer on the street. The gentleman was by now much relieved of whatever had been ailing him. He stopped my father, put his arm around his neck and said, "By golly lad, that sure was good stuff you sold me."

The Patent Medicine and Bitters Era

The patent medicine craze and the bitters drinking era in the drug business came to an end during my boyhood in Bedford with the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act of June 30, 1906. Profits from the sale of Patent Medicines and Bitters Tonics with high alcoholic content were enormous between the end of the Civil War and 1906. The public responded to the advertised cures eagerly. During my boyhood Peruna was a favorite

tonic, and I used to enjoy a nip now and then from a bottle which my father kept on a shelf behind some cracker boxes in his grocery store.

H. Clifford Dougan, who has been a registered pharmacist for more than 50 years, furnished me with the following list of old-time patent medicines and the classic descriptions of cures promised:

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup — "For Babies Teething."

Kickapoo Indian Salve — "Composed of Pure Buffalo Tallow and Healing Extracts of Roots, Barks and Herbs gathered and specially processed by the Kickapoo Indians for this Ointment."

Kickapoo Indian Sagwa — (good for everything).

Warner's Safe Cure for Liver.

White's White Wonder Soap — "Made from Mexican Maw Root, Skin of the Giant Cactus and the Oil of the Cocoanut."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Ayer's Hair Tonic.

Dr. John Bull's Worm Candy.

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound (for the ladies).

Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, Dr. D. Jayne's Vermifuge.

Frank M. O'Neil's TWELVE JUICES

A Compound Made From Natural Ingredients, Such as Roots and Herbs, which are gathered from the Hills, Valleys, Forests and Fields of Mother Nature and carefully blended together. A Natural Compound Which Tones, Cleanses and Purifies The Human System. Price \$1.25

KIRN'S KIDNEY TEA

A SURE CURE FOR Diabetes, Dropsy, Acute, Chronic and Inflammatory Conditions of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Too Frequent, Scanty and Painful

Urination, Jaundice, Biliousness, Malaria and All Irregularities of the Liver. Purifies the Blood, Strengthens the Stomach, Cures Constipation and Regulates the Bowels. Price 25c (imagine all that for a quarter)

EILERT'S DAY LIGHT FAMILY LIVER PILLS

For THE CURE of All Fevers, Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, Jaundice, Pains in the Head, Breast, Side and Limbs, All Female Complaints, etc, etc. 25 cents.

ATHLOPHOROS PILLS

A CURE for ALL DISEASES arising from Vitiated Blood and General Debility, such as Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning and Diseases Peculiar to Women. Full directions on wrapper. Price 50c.

DR. A. BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP OF TAR, WILD CHERRY, &c

A CERTAIN CURE for all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Whooping Cough and Croup. Warranted not only to HELP but to CURE CONSUMPTION!, if continued, where there is a constitution to work on. Price 75 cents.

Old Drugstore Restorations

With the shift of the drugstore today to a general merchandise emporium many people like to recall the earlier and simpler days of the drug business. Throughout the United States several old apothecary shop and drugstore restorations have been opened to the public. One of the best and most complete collections is the Pharmacy Museum at The University of Iowa College of Pharmacy in Iowa City.

Here the visitor may see old drugstore jars and

porcelain shelf bottles with gold decorations, cork presses, old mortars and pestles both stone and brass, window display globes of different sizes filled with colored water, pill-making machines and suppository molds, marble-base counter scales with assorted weights, beam scales, prescription-filling utensils, a large collection of old patent medicines, wire sponge baskets, ice cream soda glasses and pewter bases, oil extractors, marked containers for castor oil, quinine, asafetida, epsom salts, sulphur, camphor gum, and many common remedies, fancy perfume bottles, candy jars with glass tops; in fact, nearly everything found in an old-time drugstore.

Memories of the old-time drugstore, with its ice cream parlor tables and chairs, gleaming soda fountain complete with white marble counter and mirrored back bar and silver accessories, and odors of pungent herbs drew some 300 antique collectors to bid on the furnishings of an old drugstore being closed out at Maxwell a few years ago. Bidding was brisk and prices paid for some of the items by collectors were fabulous.

Visitors to Bedford's Centennial celebration in 1953 will recall H. Clifford Dougan's reconstruction of an "Olde Apothecary Shoppe" in a corner of the Bedford Rexall Drugs store. His display consisted of several of the items listed in the College of Pharmacy Museum collection. There was also an assortment of gone-but-not-forgotten ci-

gars, some of which were made in Bedford a half century or more ago. In addition, he displayed old Kodaks, red flannel lung protectors, and a fine assortment of old patent medicines. One feature of this exhibit was a keg of "Wahoo Indian Bitters" (\$2.95 per gallon) described as "A Splendid Spring Tonic but Good Any Time of Year."

Truly Bedford offered a full rich life during my boyhood. The old drugstores, the old grocery stores, the old livery barns, the old blacksmith shops, and the old opera house all contributed to my golden memories of that era.

BRUCE E. MAHAN



Interior of Remington's Drug Store at corner of Main and Court streets. Soda fountain in front not shown.



The Oak Barber Shop—popular tonsorial center of early Bedford.



Interior of the Sid Morris Grocery Store on lower Main Street. It is very similar to the grocery stores of the author's boyhood.



Methodist Church; Court House, erected in 1893; and Presbyterian Church, Bedford

