



The
Book of The
BLACK HAWK BRIDGE

An Artist's Conception of Lansing Sixty Years Ago

Mary Steffen
1-29-72



This rare reproduction of an old lithograph perhaps vividly to us the largest and most beautiful town in Allamakee County as it looked six decades ago. A careful study of the cut will show us the Public School, the steamboat landings, the court house, the public square, the St. Nicholas Hotel, Forester's Hotel, the Farmers' Home, the Presbyterian Church, the Congregational Church, the Episcopal Church, the Catholic Church, the Methodist Church, the German Methodist Church, the school, the stores, saw and planing mill, which were running full blast in those good old days, Bremenware, Wood & Company, the Landing from Works, and the Scandinavian Commercial Association. Those were the days when Lansing, a thriving river community, drew trade from the interior forces, and when a steamboat stopped at the landings every day. Rare old days they were, when business kept the nearly 4,000 people of the city busy, but not too busy to permit everyone to enjoy life and to appreciate the pleasures of Iowaboo.

1856

1931

G. Kerndt & Bros.

GENERAL MERCHANTS

The 75th Anniversary Year of a Pioneer Iowa Institution: 1931
marks the completion of its third quarter century
of active business.

The Diamond Jubilee of any business is significant and especially
so when it is realized that those 75 years of growth
have taken place in the same location.

Kerndt Bros. Savings Bank

Capital & Surplus \$60,000.00

In the many years of business activities, friends and customers
frequently left sums of money on deposit
with G. Kerndt & Bros.

It was but natural that this should be crystallized in the form of a
Bank which was organized under the State Laws of
Iowa nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Its record over this long period has been one of progress. Its growth
has been attained through the confidence and
and loyalty of its clientele.

OFFICERS and DIRECTORS

G. M. KERNDT

M. KERNDT

W. M. KERNDT

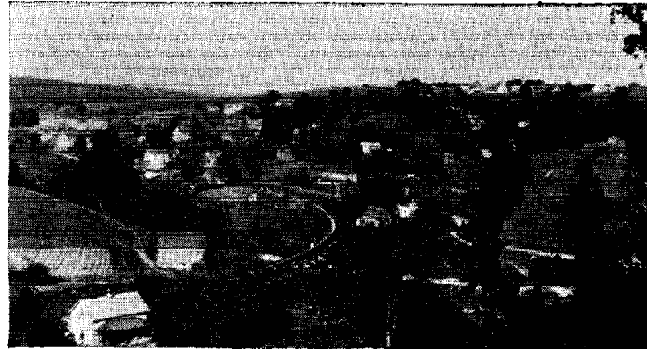
C. M. KERNDT

M. KERNDT JR.

LANSING, IOWA

Waterville Greet's You

These Merchants and Business Men congratulate their Fellow Citizens of Allamakee County upon completion of the Black Hawk Bridge at Lansing, Iowa



Waterville on The Hill, cool and comfortable, set off to advantage by a winding stream and shade trees.

Waterville Lumber Company

"When you want to build"

Lumber Cement Paints

C. H. Hagen

General Merchandise

Quality and Service First

Waterville Hatchery

Cash Buyers of

Poultry and Eggs

G. H. Gunderson, Prop.

Gabe's Headquarters

For Clothing

Gent's Furnishings

The Meat Market

Quality Products

Joe Tysland, Proprietor

Spinner's Store

"Where a Dollar does its Duty"

General Merchandise

Waterville Equity Store

Good Goods

at

Right Prices

H. J. Dumben

Specialist in solid walnut and antique handmade furniture

Mid Continent Petroleum Corporation

Bernhart Johnson, Proprietor

Diamond Products

GASOLINE

OIL

GREASE

The Book of the BLACK HAWK BRIDGE

ALBERT S. TOUSLEY, Editor

Greetings:

To Lansing's many warm friends,

¶*The old town that we are so proud to call our "home town," Lansing, with her noble history and cherished traditions, stands upon the threshold of a new era of her career. She has experienced her triumphs and her reverses. She has seen the tides of her prosperity ebb and flow. She has had cause for exultation and reason for despair but, through all the changing vicissitudes of fortune, her people, true to the spirit of their noble fathers, never have abandoned hope or faltered in their faith in themselves or their town.*

¶*Through the leadership of men of vision, what is unquestionably the greatest single enterprise of her history, and one that will undoubtedly prove farthest reaching in bringing her into prominence as a city of real consequence, has just been brought to a successful consummation. We all must be happy in the knowledge that a magnificent steel bridge now spans the mighty old river that has, for so long, acted as a barrier to our social and commercial intercourse with the good people a short distance across the valley, people who were removed, in a practical way, entirely without the borders of our territory.*

¶*Waning passenger traffic, both by river and railway, threatened us with isolation, but, by this last great turn of good fortune, we are placed upon a main artery of travel and in the very current of interstate traffic.*

¶*As Mayor of the City of Lansing, your town and my town, I felicitate you in your fortunate situation as a community with your unsurpassed beauty of location, and in your unbounded opportunities for growth and development, and extend to all a most cordial invitation and welcome to our town—upon the occasion of the dedication of the Black Hawk Bridge, and at any time you may find it agreeable to visit us in the future. Lansing knows her friends and remembers them.*

Most cordially and respectfully,

R. G. MILLER,

Mayor of Lansing

¶*The Book of the Black Hawk Bridge is published by The Tepee Press, Lansing, Iowa. Albert S. Tousley, Editor. The book is copyright by The Editor, and no part of it may be reproduced without his permission. Entered as fourth class matter at the post office in Lansing, Iowa, June 15, 1931. Single copies 50c. By mail, 65c postage prepaid. Address, The Tepee Press, Lansing, Iowa.*

WITHIN THESE COVERS

You Will Find Portrayed by Print and Picture—

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¶*The Editor wishes to express his appreciation, not only to the generous advertisers, whose faith and financial aid helped make this book possible, and to the Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts of Lansing, who are largely responsible for its sale, but to certain individuals: To Mrs. Elizabeth Webber for the picture of James P. Conway; To the Misses Louisa and Minna Boeckh for a number of oldtime pictures; To Dudley Hale for views of Waukon; To John Griebel of the Democrat for other views of Waukon; To William E. Albert, Jr., for aid in assembling certain material; To Mrs. George Fitzpatrick for the picture of the 1907 graduating class; To Mrs. Anga Riek for the picture of the Band of Hope; To Edgar R. Harlan and E. C. Bailey, special contributors; To numerous others who have lent assistance and given encouragement and advice, and especially to the Rock Island Railroad, through whose courtesy pictures of Black Hawk and Rock Island-Davenport bridge are reproduced; and, lastly, to B. B. Anundsen, Decorah, and the entire staff of the Decorah-Posten, all of whom had a share in making The Book of the Black Hawk Bridge a reality.*

HAROLD GAUNITZ

ERNEST GAUNITZ

Congratulations

to the People of Lansing
upon the completion of the new

Black Hawk Bridge



Gaunitz Market

Lansing, Iowa

Dealers in quality meats and groceries
for more than half a century

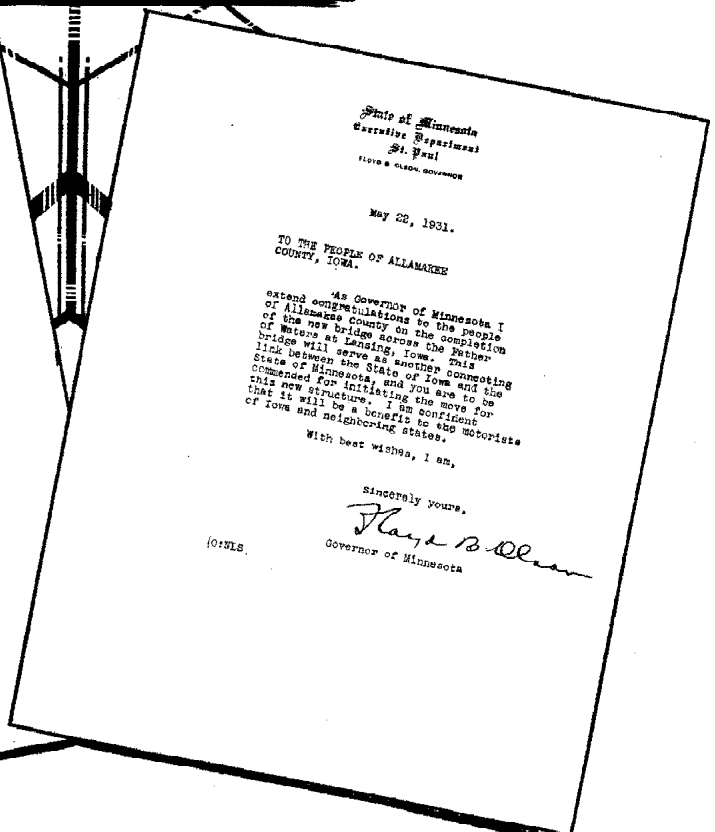
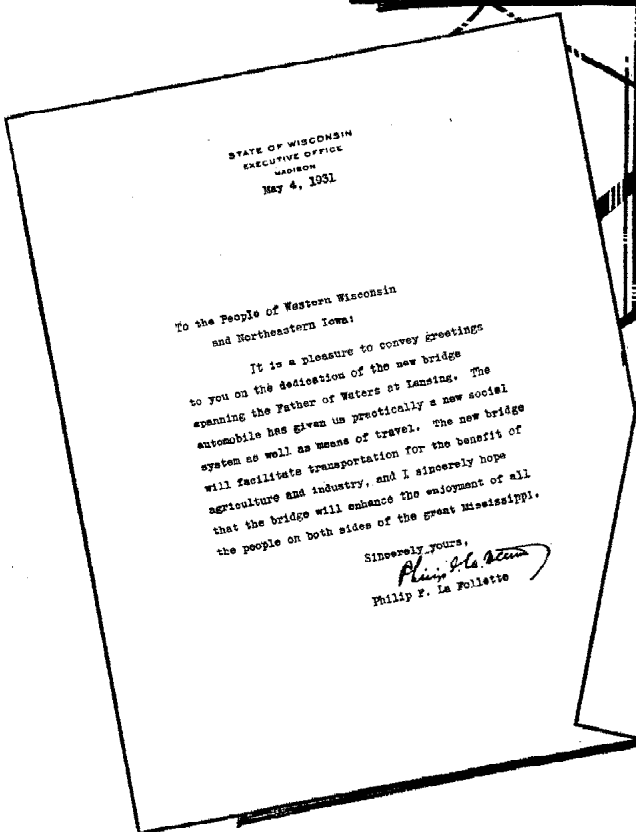
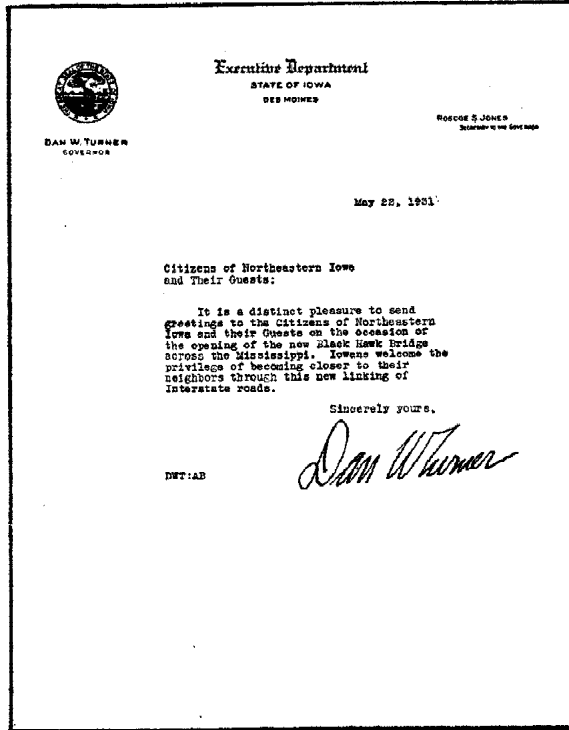
Makers of that good old Lansing sausage

Sales Force:

ODIN SANDRY
ALBERT HEFTY

Governors' Greetings

The Chief Executives of Three Commonwealths Extend To All Congratulations Upon Completion of the Black Hawk Bridge





¶The Mississippi River at Columbus Bend, a mile below Lansing. The view was taken from Mount Ida, which guards the approach to the city from the south.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

BY MARIE DEVINE

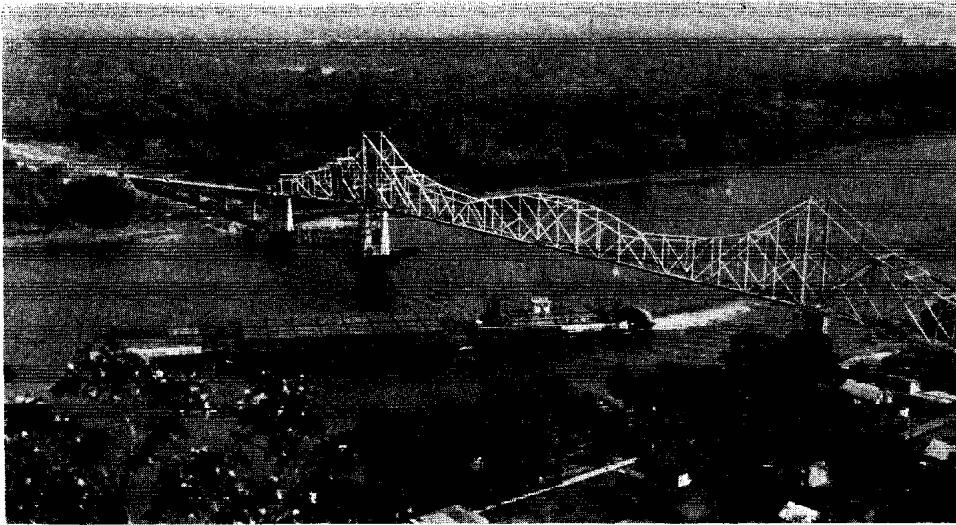
¶Mississippi Valley, waking in the dawn,
 Filmy veils of river mist
 From the water drawn
 Faintly, from the farther shore,
 Comes the loons' weird cry,
 On the current, driftwood —
 Ghostlike, slipping by.
 In the willows, blackbirds call,
 Glad the night is gone,
 Mississippi Valley, waking in the dawn.

¶Mississippi Valley, drowsin' in the heat,
 Turtles on a down log
 Seemingly asleep;
 Silvery river flowing
 Past bars of gleaming sand,
 Belly-deep in muddy sloughs
 Drowsy cattle stand.
 From the wild plum thicket comes
 An odor, tangy-sweet,
 Mississippi Valley, drowsin' in the heat.

¶Mississippi Valley, when the day is done,
 Bull-frogs croak a requiem
 For the setting sun.
 On the island pastures,
 Cowbells tinkle faint,
 Whip-poor-will, from wooded bluff,
 Whispers sad complaint.
 In the darkening sky the stars
 Light slowly, one by one.
 Mississippi Valley, when the day is done.

¶Mississippi Valley, underneath the moon,
 Owls a-hooting dimly
 Deep in island gloom.
 Overhead, the darting bat
 Takes his zigzag flight,
 Swimming muskrat leaves behind
 A trail of silvery light.
 In the bottoms, hound dogs bay
 After hunted 'coon,
 Mississippi Valley, underneath the moon.

The Book of The Black Hawk Bridge



¶Here we have the completed Black Hawk Bridge, linking Lansing, Iowa, with De Soto, Wisconsin, the first span, other than a railroad structure, to join the two states.

THE BRIDGE

Black Hawk Span Over The Mississippi at Lansing Fulfills Dreams of Two Generations and Offers Untold Possibilities

A REALITY! Finished! The Black Hawk Bridge, three quarters of a million dollars of steel and concrete, linking the states of Iowa and Wisconsin, running eastward from Lansing across the Winneshiek Bottoms to De Soto, is a reality. It is the first passenger bridge to join these two states, the result of more than a generation of dreaming and scheming, planning and promoting — and two years of actual construction.

Dedicated to the greatest chieftain of this region, with the following inscription,

*BLACK HAWK BRIDGE
To the Memory of Black Hawk
Chief of the Sacs and Foxes
To His Courage, Loyalty and Devotion
For His People
This Tablet is Inscribed
Born 1767 Died October 31, 1838*

it pays a tribute to a man of red skin who possessed skill and courage in battle, who loved his homeland, and who fought for his men and women.

More than that, it opens up northeastern Iowa, and places Lansing, Waukon and Decorah on the fastest and most direct route to the Black Hills of South Dakota

from the east, and to Chicago from the west. It opens to tourists the beauties of Allamakee county and the scenic Mississippi River. It shortens the distance between the Twin Cities of Minnesota and Chicago, and it brings Lansing once more into close touch with the world it knew so well in steamboat days.

From the early days before the dawn of the century there was talk of the bridge. But nothing was done. Then one day back in 1898, so the story goes, when Tom Bakewell was on the city council, he and J. P. Conway were united on a project to install city scales. When the fight had been won, "Jim" said to Tom, "What else can we do for Lansing?"

"It's too big even to think about," Mr. Bakewell replied. "I want to see a bridge across the Mississippi River here."

"Why, no it isn't," Mr. Conway returned. "Nothing is too big for us to undertake. Let's get that bridge for Lansing." So, the work was started!

For years "Jim" Conway lived, dreamed, talked and thought 'bridge.' It is said that the afternoon of the day he died, "Jim" called Tom Bakewell over to his house and said, "Tom, Dick Thompson promised us thirty oak logs for piling for the bridge. Be sure to get them." That night "Jim" Conway died, leaving Mr. Bakewell to carry on.

In 1914 a committee was formed and incorporated as the Interstate Bridge Company, shortly before Mr. Conway's death. On the committee were J. P. Conway, Thomas Bakewell, Moritz Kerndt, Fred Schafer, Julius Boeckh, and Captain Harry Short. They received their charter in 1916, and in the fall of 1929 turned this charter over to the Iowa-Wisconsin Bridge Company, so that it might begin operations. Joseph Dempsey, who in recent years has been associated with Mr. Bakewell, got into the bridge movement in 1917.

In all fairness, it is only right to call J. P. Conway, who died nearly two decades ago, and Thomas H. Bakewell, "The Fathers of the Bridge." Another man to whom credit must be given for his untiring efforts is Joseph Dempsey, while Julius Boeckh also has been a bridge booster for years.

The bridge has been erected through the faith of hundreds of investors, chiefly in Allamakee and Winneshiek counties in Iowa, and is owned by the Iowa-Wisconsin Bridge Company. Officers of this organization are: John A. Thompson, Des Moines, Iowa, president; V. W. O'Connor, Saint Paul, Minnesota, chairman of the board; A. B. Wilder, Minneapolis, Minnesota, N. W. Elsberg, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Thomas H. Bakewell, Lansing, Iowa, vice-presidents; Charles H. Young, Saint Paul, Minnesota; Edward O'Connor, Sacred Heart, Minnesota; Harold H. Bohn, Saint Paul, Minnesota; H. T. Wagner, Waterloo, Iowa, and J. W. Dempsey, Lansing, Iowa, directors, and Oscar R. Thorson, Minneapolis, Minnesota, secretary-treasurer.

Chief engineer and designer of the bridge is Melvin B. Stone, nationally known engineer, Minneapolis, with Sven A. Norling, Minneapolis, hydraulic engineer. J. N. Gilbert of Lansing is resident engineer, M. E. Johnson, superintendent of erection, James M. Knox, superintendent of steel, and George Boushay, superintendent of concrete construction, all of Minneapolis. Chris Peterson was foreman of the entire job. Most of the work of construction has been done by the Industrial Engineering Company of Minneapolis.

There are fewer than 150 toll bridges in the country at the present time, but so popular has this form of investment become, and so great have become the needs of more outlets for increased traffic, that, since work was begun on the Black Hawk Bridge four toll bridges over the Mississippi River alone have

Early Booster



J. P. Conway, one of The Fathers of the Black Hawk Bridge, who died in 1914.

been completed or planned for.

While the completion of the Black Hawk Bridge is the final chapter in an epic of promotion, financing and engineering, the story of it cannot be complete without facts about its actual physical proportions and makeup.

The entire project, from Second Street, Lansing, to the Burlington railroad tracks at the foot of the Wisconsin bluffs, is about two and three-quarters miles. Between the span over the Father of Waters, and the Wisconsin approach bridge over Winneshiek Slough, runs a roadway two miles long, through the Winneshiek Bottoms, with an average fill of eleven feet, requiring 250,000,000 cubic yards of dirt.

Not only is there a beautiful aluminum colored span over the Mississippi River, 1285 feet in length, 1735 feet over all, with a clearance of 55 feet above high water, but there are the approach bridge over the Winneshiek Slough, 450 feet long, and several smaller bridges over the Henderson, Stevens, Indian and Big sloughs.

For months before the main span was completed, men were at work on the bridges over the sloughs, and on the road bed between the main span and the Wisconsin bluffs, dragging and redragging, then surfacing with crushed rock. In time it is expected that the entire road from Lansing to De Soto and so up and down to La Crosse and Prairie du Chien will be paved.

The main bridge is 25 feet wide, with a 22-foot roadway running over it, paved with sheet asphalt plank flooring, practically noiseless. The center span, which includes the cantilever arms of the two cantilevers and the swing span, between the two center piers, is 660 feet long, a distance greater than two city blocks.

The Black Hawk Bridge is the largest and strongest structure of its kind on the Mississippi River, with a carrying capacity of a load of 30 tons. To make such a bridge it required 50 cars of steel, 125 cars of stone and sand, 40 cars of cement, 50 cars of bridge timber, 25 cars of piling, and three cars of asphalt flooring. Most bridges built in past years have four, five or six ton capacities.

Not only is the bridge strictly within the requirements of the War Department of the United States, but it has been made to rigidly conform to the regulations of the highway commissions of Iowa and Wisconsin. In fact, it is larger and stronger than these commissions prescribe.

To a Gallant Warrior

Written About Loreda Taft's Statue of the Indian Brave, Chief Black Hawk

*Black Hawk stands in his cloak of stone,
On the Illinois hills he called his own,
Unmoved by fear of the whites or savage moan
Of tribal wars to dispute his throne!*

*Black Hawk stands in his majesty,
A mighty spiritual figure he,
Looking aloft to the Great Spirit's tepee,
Who made him proud, and brave and free.*

*Black Hawk stands nor will he move,
Though 'worlds lie dead' in their battle groove,
His stout heart red and his keen eye bright,
For God told Black Hawk that 'right is right.'*

Author Unknown

Following is some interesting information about the piers. Number One pier is the abutment pier or rest pier on the Lansing side. Number Two is the large pier on the west side, and Number Three the large pier on the east side. The others are numbered eastward in order.

Pier	Height	Width at Top	Width at Bottom
1	28 feet	34 feet	56 feet
2	90 feet	38 feet	56 feet
3	90 feet	38 feet	56 feet
4	64 feet	33 feet	53 feet
5	30 feet	22 feet	30 feet
6	30 feet	22 feet	30 feet
7	24 feet	22 feet	30 feet
8	15 feet	22 feet	30 feet
9	8 feet	22 feet	30 feet

The width given for pier Number One does not include the wing walls.

The distance between Pier Number Three and Four is 200 feet, while between the other piers on the east side of the bridge the distance is 90 feet. This gives the motorist an easy approach from Big Slough on the east.

Although to the observer, the steel work appears to be the impressive part of the erection of the structure, the largest single item in construction was Pier Number Three, which stands out in the Father of Waters. This pier rests on 143 piles, 40 feet deep, which are 55 feet below the water. The pier itself required 1,800 cubic yards of concrete. It was completed July 3, 1930.

Let us follow briefly the actual construction of the bridge, which began March 5, 1929, when Master George Dempsey, son of Joseph W. Dempsey, attorney for the project, turned the first shovelful of dirt. Even then, however, in the minds of unbelievers, there was doubt.

This was dispelled when, the first week in January, 1930, active work was begun immediately following the arrival of a force of about twenty men and several carloads of equipment. Before the middle of the month a great crane and pile driver had been erected and operations were under way. All of the piling and material for false work and forms was on the ground. The steel sheet piling for the east pier had arrived, for this had to be completed before the opening of navigation for 1930. On January 16 workmen began driving piles for the temporary bridge over the river, and a week later the site of the high east pier was reached.

For several weeks in February residents of Lansing were awakened by the unusual noises caused by the pile drivers and other machinery, and by the middle of April work of pouring the concrete for the east pier was progressing rapidly. On April 29 the steel anchor posts for the large piers, the first load of steel to reach the site, arrived.

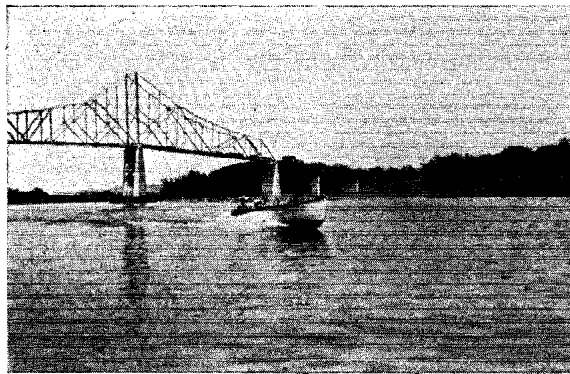
The Number One rest pier, which rests on the old Thomas lot, was started last July, about the time Pier

Number Four was completed. By August, 1930, the seven piers on the east side of the river had been completed, and the dragline was busy ditching the two miles of bottomland between the river and Winneshiek Slough. The final pier, Number One, was completed in November, 1930.

Still there were doubters, but on December 29, 1930, word came that two cars of steel had left Chicago, and on January 3, 1931, the steel reached Lansing. Only those who watched the handling of the steel, the largest pieces of which weighed from seven to sixteen tons, can appreciate the growth of the structure and the splendid engineering feat achieved, from the time the laying of steel began on the east side, January 20, 1931, until the two spans met May 22. The pneumatic jacks and shims were removed May 23, and the bridge took final form.

It indeed seemed as though a Divine Hand guided the erection of this structure, for which citizens of Lansing

so long waited and hoped. From the outset the forces of nature worked in conjunction with the builders. Last summer the water was low, making it easier to erect Pier Number Three, with a low stage at a time when a flood might have delayed the work for weeks. Then the winter was mild, the most temperate in years, making steel construction more safe and fast than ordinary.



¶The Black Hawk of Lansing, owned by Ralph Thorsten, and the Black Hawk Bridge as it looked May 31, 1931.

Financial conditions made it possible to purchase the supplies cheaply. Two or three years ago the bridge

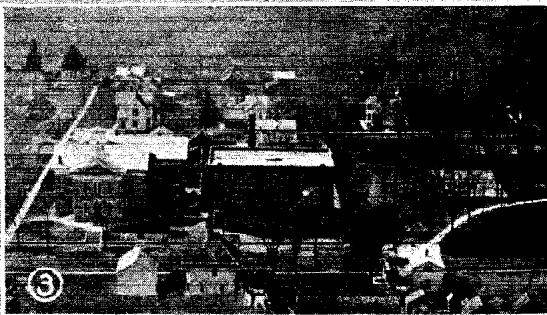
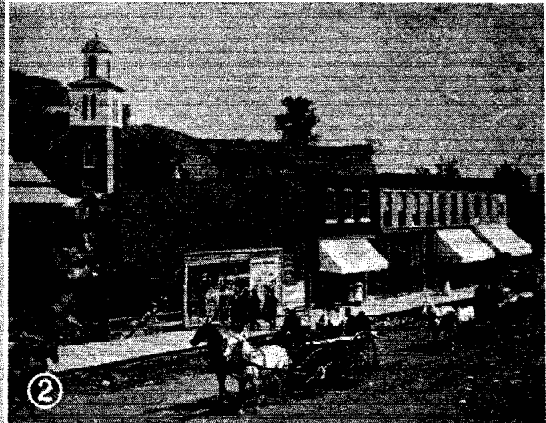
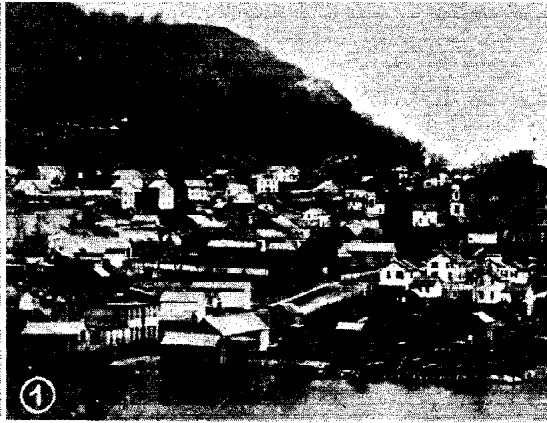
doubtless would have cost many thousands of dollars more. Scarcity of construction work made it possible for the company to secure favorable bids.

But, even more splendid, with the work practically completed, is the fact that the bridge was erected without the loss of a life, or even a serious accident, although Mr. Boushay, who had charge of the concrete, has died since finishing his share of work on the structure.

So, Lansing has a new bridge, a monument of faith of the people of this section of Iowa erected to the possibilities of the future, a structure of safety and beauty, a span linking two great states, and uniting their peoples in business and social relationships. Once more the Father of Waters has been spanned, and once more a new route east and west has been created. Just as Columbus sought a new route from the east to the west, so the people of this region have dreamed of an outlet, direct and safe, for their produce, and means of egress for thousands of people who have yet to learn of the beauties of this section of Iowa.

The bridge is completed. This booklet is published for its dedication. At the time of its appearance a week in the lives of the people of Allamakee County will be devoted to proper celebration of the achievement. The greatest wish of all who know and love the citizens of this part of Iowa is that the bridge will bring them increased prosperity and possessions, a better and finer city, but more than these things, a greater understanding and appreciation of life and more opportunities to live it to its fullest.

Lansing Views in Bygone Days



1. An unusual view showing Mount Hosmer from the south, as well as part of the town. Just at the edge of the water, Rethwisch' Lumber yard and Cyril Murphy's garage now will be found.

2. The fire department, in those romantic days after the volunteers pulled the engines to fires, but before the days of motor trucks. We lament their passing but welcome the motor vehicles.

3. This view is familiar to all Lansing residents, but perhaps old timers, who left here years ago, will be glad to see, on the left the old grade school to which they went for "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmitic" as well as the high school and part of the city park.

4. Here is the 'Retta,' named for Loretta Sirene, sister of Charles Sirene, who ran this little ferry from Lansing,

Concluded on page 36

HAWKEYE HISTORY

Glimpses Into the Early Days of Iowa Reveal Remarkable Development Between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers

ROMANCE, gleaned from yellowed papers or journals of the long gone days, from pictures taken years before a practical, working, motion picture was dreamed possible, and from the lips of old men and women who heard the tales as children from the early pioneers of this region, enhances the decades since white man first trod our land, and sends our imaginations back still farther to the days when the red men of the Mississippi Valley wandered in freedom over fertile fields or paddled peacefully up and down quiet streams.

No man, in even one complete book, could portray all of the incidents, picture the early struggles, record the names of men and women who have contributed to the upbuilding of this commonwealth. A volume alone might be devoted to the stirring days before the land of the Ioways became a territory. Another might chronicle the great men and women—soldiers, statesmen, inventors, authors, business and professional men and women who have helped to make bright the name of Iowa. In such a publication as this, we must content ourselves with a glance at dates and events that are important to the history of the land, with the hope that those who appreciate the successes and failures, the movements and crises of by-gone years, will find sufficient material to stimulate their interest in more detailed and complete works covering the years from "the good old days" up to now.

What a wealth of life, love, sorrow, tribulation, hope, anticipation, and realization has been contributed to the years of discovery and development since that brilliant sunshiny day in 1673 Louis Joliet, intrepid voyageur, and Father Jacques Marquette, courageous and devout priest, one month out of their mission at St. Ignace, paddled their birch bark canoes out of the mouth of the Wisconsin River, just below where Prairie du Chien now stands, and gazed upon the sparkling flood of the Mississippi, and, beyond it, the land of the Ioways. Some historians contend that Iowa means "Sleepy Ones" or "Drowsy Ones," but how much more alluring it is to accept the definition of "This is the Land" or "The Beautiful Land."

Since those dim, time-hidden decades, what a vast parade of bateaux, canoes, flat boats, steamboats, and barges have passed up and down the Mississippi, and, on the western border of the state, the Missouri. Millions of years before Joliet and Marquette followed the

stream to sunnier skies and warmer climes, glaciers covered northeast Iowa, leaving behind them, when they receded, great cuts and gashes in the earth, and a river which flowed ceaselessly to the seas, and creating bluffs, cliffs, buttresses and escarpments along the eastern edge of Iowa.

Those days of the visit of the first white men found in "The Beautiful Land" the buffalo, deer, bear, elk, and an infinite population of birds and small animals.

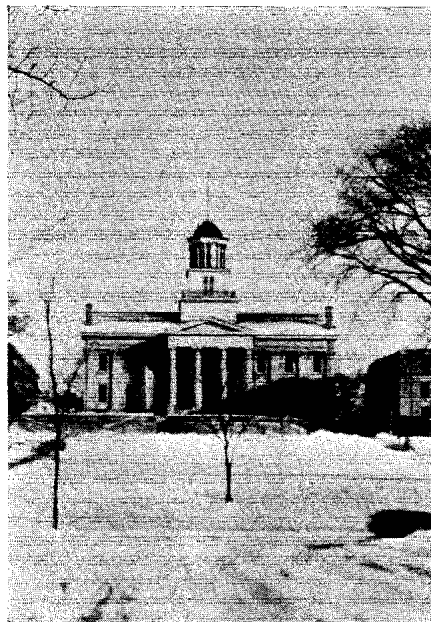
But hundreds of moons were to grow full and wane before the first stirrings of white men were to be felt in Iowa. In 1763 the land now Iowa was ceded by France to Spain, and in 1801 Spain ceded the land back to Napoleon. In 1804 on the west of the Father of Waters the District of Louisiana was created, purchased from Napoleon, becoming in 1805 the Territory of Louisiana. In 1812 the land Iowa became the Territory of Missouri. Lewis and Clark, if not the first white men, at least the first men to command an expedition through the region, climbed the Missouri in keelboats along the western edge of what is now the Hawkeye State.

Between the years of the visit of Marquette and Joliet, and the explorations of Lewis and Clark, few white men came into this land, and those who did were lured by gold—the gold to be had from furs. Furs! In those days the pelts of animals, sold in the courts and marts of Europe and to the wealthy of our eastern seaboard, represented to shrewd men what gold did to the Californians of '49, to the real estate men of Florida following the World War, and to Oklahomans of the past decade. Furs lured voyageurs, and furs made a few fabulously wealthy. Furs as well as military advantages were responsible for such strongholds as Fort Crawford and other outposts.

Leaving St. Louis August 9, 1805, Lieutenant Zebulon Pike ascended the Mississippi River, stopping at what is now Fort Madison, Burlington, and Grand Prairie, now Muscatine. That September he passed the site of our present day Lansing, and continued northward, seeking the headwaters of the Mississippi.

The southern boundary of Iowa was established in 1821, when the State of Missouri was created, and, while the rivers formed natural boundaries for the future state on the east and west, it was not until years later that the northern boundary was definitely fixed. In

Iowa's Old Capitol



¶Old Capitol at Iowa City, now the administration building for the state university.

Continued on page 52

OUR OWN COUNTY

Beautiful Drives, Scenery Unexcelled, Friendly People, Fertile Fields, Contentment, All Are Found in Historic Allamakee

SITUATED in the extreme northeast corner of Iowa is Allamakee County, a county of rolling hills, of bluffs which arise abruptly from the Father of Waters, of unusual beauty. Legend has it that it was named for an early trader called Allan Magee, a name difficult for the Indians to pronounce, so they came to call him Allamakee.

Along the river side of the county are numerous sloughs, but back from the bluffs one finds fertile soil. The entire county is cut up to a marked degree, giving the roads routes of rare charm and presenting countless enchanting vistas — so fine that even those who have lived in the county for years never grow tired of seeing the hills and valleys in their numerous moods.

On the east, the Mississippi borders the county, on the north the state of Minnesota. Clayton county on the south and Winneshiek county on the west, form the remaining boundaries.

The legislature of Iowa organized Allamakee county in 1851, with Columbus, now merely a group of houses a mile below Lansing, as the first county seat. In 1853 the county seat was moved to Waukon, but in April, 1861,

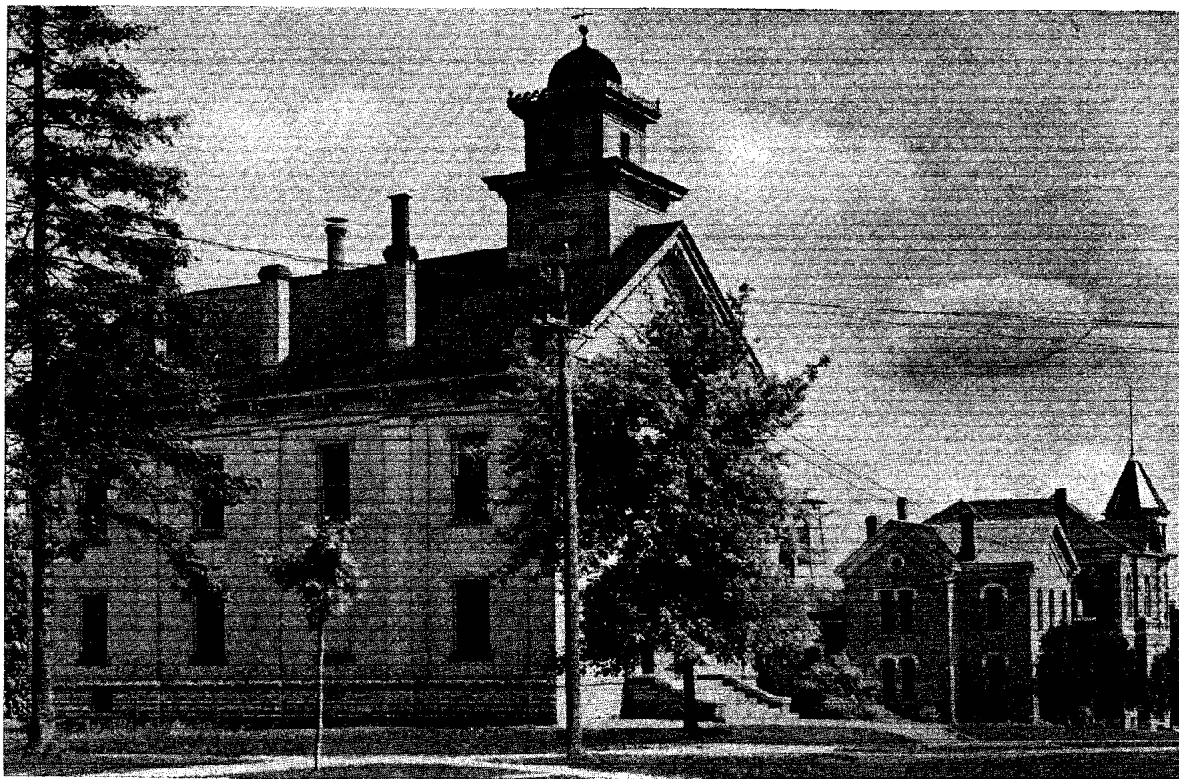
it was removed to Lansing by a vote of the people. The citizens of the town erected a stone building and donated the land to the county. Until September, 1867, the county seat remained in Lansing, when it was brought back to Waukon and permanently located there. Considerable bitterness grew out of the struggle for the county seat, but citizens of Allamakee will find that similar fights went on in many counties over the state. Some of the old scars of the fight still may be found in the hearts of the citizens of the region, but as time passes these old feuds will fade, and soon all will seek the future good of the county rather than foster grudges growing out of the acts of persons who long ago have passed to their reward.

The first county officers were: Elias Topliff, County Judge; Thomas B. Twiford, Clerk; James M. Sumner, Recorder, Treasurer and Collector; John W. Remine, Prosecuting Attorney; L. W. Hays, Sheriff; William F. Ross, School Fund Commissioner, and A. W. Hoag, Supervisor of Roads.

Officers of the county today are:

Board of Supervisors: Frank Thompson, Lansing,

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¶We view, from left to right, the Allamakee County Court House, the jail, and the city hall at Waukon, all near the city park and only a square off Main Street, with its busy stores and shops.

ALLAMAKEE TOWNS

Waukon, Waterville, Postville, New Albin, Harper's Ferry and Smaller Sites, Had Their Beginnings in Steamboat Days

ALTHOUGH not the first town in Allamakee County to be settled, Waukon now is the largest, with a population of about 2,800. Situated nearly in the center of the county, it is eighteen miles west of Lansing and the Father of Waters, but over the new paving, to be completed in 1931, it will be only 16 miles away.

Waukon was first settled in 1849 in the fall, by G. C. Shattuck, who came to Iowa from Indiana and later went to Kansas. An old tale insists that seven springs once bubbled from the ground where the town now stands. This must have been true because the lucky number seven has brought prosperity and progress to this interior town. Once it had only winding trails as an outlet for its business, but on October 27, 1877, the railroad reached Waukon, giving an outlet by rail, and 1931 will be famous as the year in which another outlet is supplied for Waukon as well as for the entire county, with the completion of the Black Hawk bridge.

The town of Waukon was recorded and platted December 1, 1853. Although in 1851 the people of the county voted on three places, Vailsville (on Paint Rock Prairie), now Harper's Ferry, Smith's Place (Section 12), and Columbus, choosing the latter as the county seat, in 1853 at a general election Waukon was made the county seat by the necessary two-third vote.

However, after a defeat in the first attempt, still another election was held, and in April, 1861, by a narrow margin, it was voted to remove the court house to Lansing. But in 1864, after a bitter fight, Waukon and Lansing engaged in another voting contest, the case going to the Supreme Court where, in 1867, it was decided in favor of Waukon, and that year the records were again moved to Waukon, where they since have remained.

The first stock of goods was placed on sale in Waukon in September, 1854, by A. J. Hersey, once a resident of Maine. L. T. Woodcock and Dudley W. Adams opened



Waukon, County seat of Allamakee, in the days when the railroad came through in 1877. How many landmarks is it still possible to pick out? What a change has taken place in half a century!

a store that same year, which later became Adams & Hale, and survives as the firm of Hale & Sons. The first school was built in Waukon in 1854.

The city received its name from John Waukon, a prominent chieftain of the Winnebago tribe.

In 1859 the shipping of cattle and hogs was begun at Waukon, and since that time, from the very beginning of railroad service in 1877, Waukon has been one of the most important hog shipping points in the United States.

In spite of the panic of 1858-1859, and the years of the Civil War, by 1879 Waukon had 1,310 population, nearly half of what it now possesses.

Waukon was incorporated as a town April 2, 1883, and the 1900 census showed Waukon to be a city of the second class, with a population of 2,153. So, immediately afterward Waukon became a city, and in 1902 erected a city hall, then the equal of anything in the northeast section of the state.

The post-office was established in Waukon in 1853, and now it is ranked as a post-office of the second class.

Postville, although in Allamakee County, is very near the meeting place of Allamakee, Winneshiek, Clayton and Fayette counties, in the southwest corner of Allamakee. The first settler here was John Post, who located on this site in 1841, giving both the town and township their names. So isolated was this region then that mail was delivered by soldiers from Fort Crawford until 1848. That summer the Postville post-office was located here and townsite lots were laid out by Z. Perkins.

The first store was opened in Postville in 1855, by J. D. Reed, J. Stevenson, and Z. Post. The second store was opened shortly afterward by Samuel Russell. The growth of Postville has been slow but steady, and today it is recognized as one of the liveliest non-county seat towns in Iowa. It was incorporated as a town in 1873.

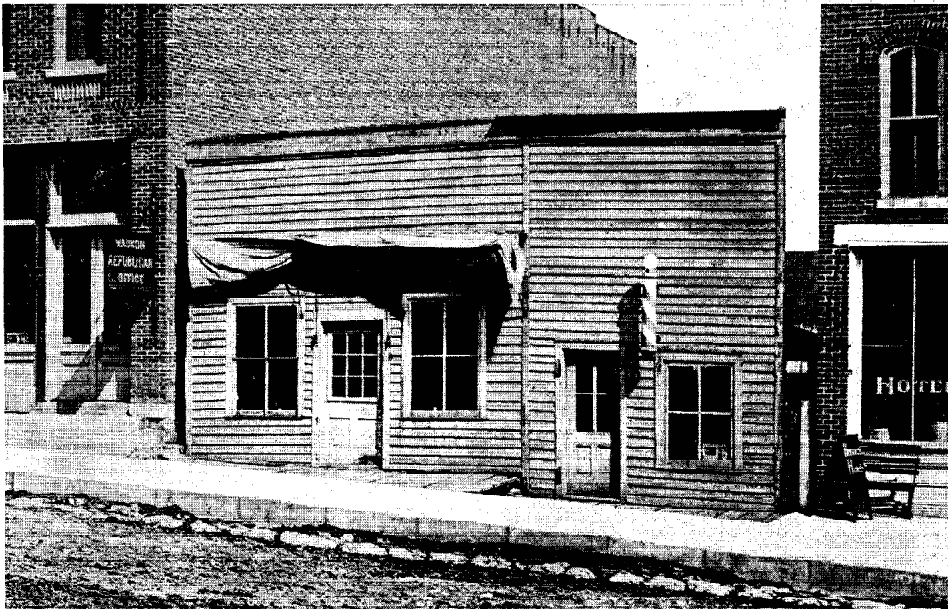
New Albin, located in Iowa township, twelve miles north of Lansing, nearly on the Minnesota line, rests on the scene of much historical fighting between the Indians. Sacs and Foxes once had villages here. The town dates from the building of the railroad in 1871. New Albin was incorporated as a town April 18, 1895. Its population at the dawn of the twentieth century was about 500, in 1910 it was 588, since when its growth has been gradual.

Rossville derives its name from William F. Ross, who is reputed to have been the first settler on this townsite, in 1850.

Village Creek at one time was one of the most important locations in Allamakee County, the site of considerable manufacturing. The Village Creek Woolen Mill was established in 1865, and the Village Creek Flouring Mill, the first mill in the county to make flour, was established in 1853. The only place of business remaining in this one time thriving little community is the general store owned by A. C. Doehler.

Wexford is interesting, because it was to this place that Father Hore came in 1851, and established what was

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¶This picture shows us the first court house at Waukon, which was occupied officially from 1853 to 1861. It stood, however, until 1913, when the march of progress demanded that a better structure supplant it. The Cota Theatre now occupies its site.

LIKABLE LANSING

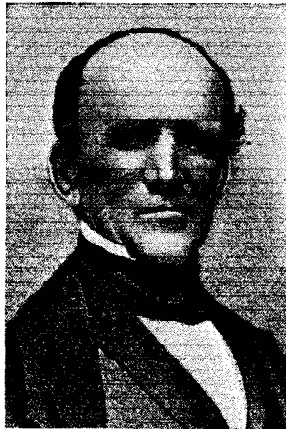
City of Charm, Founded in 1848, Wins Way Into Hearts of All Those Who Visit Site on Scenic Stretch of Mississippi

EIGHTY-THREE years ago a man named Garrison recognized the possibilities of the valley, near the foot of which the new Black Hawk Bridge now stands. He settled here and made a claim. That same year John Haney, Sr., with his son James, arrived, as did H. H. Houghton, of Galena, Illinois; together they purchased this claim and all of the land in the surrounding countryside. That was the origin of Lansing.

In 1851, eight decades ago, they laid out the town of Lansing, so named because Garrison had come from Lansing, Michigan. Other early settlers were John Haney, Jr., G. W. Gray, G. W. Hays, James I. Gilbert, W. Ballou, F. D. Cowles, J. W. Remine, A. L. Battles, I. B. Place, H. M. Travis, J. I. Taylor, E. Hale, and G. H. Battles.

The post-office at Lansing was established August 21, 1849, during the administration of President Zachary Taylor. Originally a fourth class post-office, on July 1, 1870, it was advanced to third class, becoming second class July 1, 1924. Because there is no printed record of these men and dates, we are publishing a list of the postmasters, together with the dates of their appointment and the presidents who named them. Willis G. Garrison was the first postmaster, appointed August 21, 1849 (Taylor); James Haney, May 1, 1850 (Fillmore); James G. Gilbert, May 19, 1853 (Pierce); Thompson E. Williams, April 6, 1855 (Pierce); Amos W. Purdy, November 18, 1856 (Pierce); Homer H. Hemenway, April 20, 1861 (Lincoln); J. G. Orr, January 5, 1869 (Grant); James Ruth, 1875 (Grant); Robert Hufschmidt, April 1, 1887 (Cleveland); James Ruth, May 1, 1891 (Harrison); Robert Hufschmidt, December 1, 1894 (Cleveland); John F. Wier, February 8, 1899 (McKinley); George W. Metcalf, March 2, 1903 (Roosevelt); John J. Dunlevy, March 2, 1914 (Wilson); Henry H. Gilbertson, March 3, 1923 (Coolidge); Harris C. Gilbertson (acting), April 8, 1929 (Hoover), and Carl G. Bechtel, January 16, 1930 (Hoover).

Nor is there any printed record of all the mayors of Lansing, so we are publishing a complete list, from the time of the incorporation as a city in 1867 to the present time: S. V. Shaw, 1867-8; Samuel H. Kinne, 1869-71; Henry Nielander, 1872; William H. Burford, 1873; Theodore Nachtwey, 1874-5; S. W. Hemenway, 1876-7; J. M. Hancock, 1878-80; Robert Hufschmidt, 1881-2; Theodore



JOHN HANEY, SR.,
The Father of Lansing

Nachtwey, 1883-8; W. H. Burford, 1889-91; G. H. Markley, 1892-9; Robert Hufschmidt, 1899-1903; A. M. Fellows, 1903-07; J. J. Dunlevy, 1907-09; Anton J. McCafferty, 1909; J. J. Dunlevy, 1909-13; J. P. Conway, 1913-14; Dr. C. C. Lytle, 1915-18; Joseph Dempsey, 1918-20; A. M. Fellows, 1921-30; and R. G. Miller, the incumbent, who took office this spring.

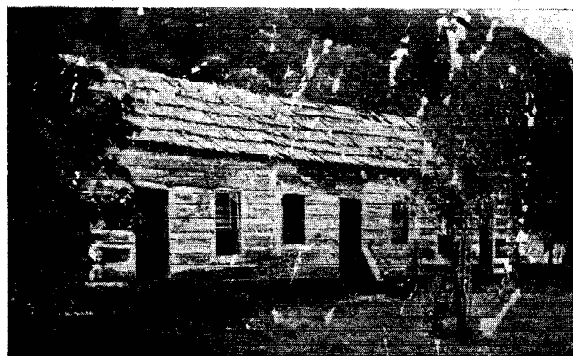
It is worth while to record a few of the "firsts" in Lansing, just for historical record. The first marriage was that of James Haney to Rachel W. Hurton, February 5, 1852. The first baby boy born in Lansing was Frank Cowles; the first girl, Alberta Hale. The first death was Fanny Haney, daughter of John Haney, Sr., April 19, 1850. F. D. Cowles was the first Lansing merchant, J. W. Remine the first lawyer, and J. I. Taylor the first doctor. Dr. Houghton kept the first hotel, a little log building on Front street, north of Williams. F. D. Cowles erected the first frame store in August, 1851. The first frame house was the "Lansing House," on Front, north of Main, occupied as a hotel, built by Abraham Bush in 1851. I. B. Place opened the first drug store in 1852, on Front street. An Englishman named Luckins was the first justice of the peace.

Lansing was incorporated as a town in 1864, and as a city three years later. In 1875 its population was given as about 4,000, but this undoubtedly included much of the surrounding country. In 1875 it had three newspapers, *The Lansing Intelligencer*, which later became *The Mirror*, *The North Iowa Journal*, and *Die Nord Iowa Post*, a German paper.

An old atlas reveals that in 1875 Lansing City had 1159 males, 1120 females, totaling 2279, including one male colored person.

Residents of the town today may recognize old names in the directory of business and professional men who were listed in 1875: George W. Camo, Fellows & Haney, Kinne & Burdick, and Cyrus Watts, attorneys; Thomas Norton, N. A. Nelson & Company, agricultural implements; M. Kerndt, J. W. Thomas, and S. H. Hazelton, bankers; Joseph Henssler and Jacob Marti, bakers; L. M. Nelson, barber; F. A. Hammarstrom, blacksmith; Jacob Shook, butcher; Jacob Haas, brewer; C. C. Waechter, books and stationery; E. Burgess, and S. Simonson, boots and shoes; P. Bockfinger, carriage and plow manufacturer; Henry Beusch, Andrew Tollefson & Brother, and W. C. Erickson, contractors and builders; John Lyse, carpenter; Jacob Dorrman, clothing and gents' furnishing goods; G. Miles, dry goods and clothing; Theodore Nachtwey, drugs; Charles Weir, drugs and notions; Boeckh, Luger & Company, foundry and machine shop; John Correll, furniture dealer; William A. Manger, furniture manufacturer; C. R. Kaeppler, flour and feed, manufacturer and dealer; E. B. Bascom, and C. W. Hufschmidt, grain dealers; E. A.

¶Here we have the first house in Lansing, a log cabin erected by James Haney, Sr., and his sturdy sons.



¶It was built in 1848 and occupied until about 1866. The Ernest Gaunitz house now stands about on its site.

Blum, and Q. Traylor, groceries and provisions; P. F. Thompson, Wuest & Urnersbach, and F. Schiek & Company, groceries; T. P. Grant, N. E. Hesla, John Rieth, R. P. Spencer, and J. K. Haines, Sr., hardware. The hotels were "American House," "Scandinavian," "Half Moon House," "Central House" and "St. Nicholas." Newspaper publishers were Peter Karberg, T. C. Medary and J. F. Metcalf.

Other business firms were: Joseph H. Smith, and F. W. Wagner, harness and saddlery; L. M. Elmendorf, jeweler and music dealer; John M. Hancock, jeweler; Bernard Hirth, jeweler and dealer in organs and sewing machines; Ruprecht and Ibach, livery and feed stable; N. Dignan, wholesale liquors; A. Tolleffson & Brother, Hemenway, Barclay & Company, and Samuel B. Johnstone, lumber; G. Kerndt & Brothers, W. Lloyd & Son, Nielander & Brockhausen, Lars Oleson, and Mrs. J. H. Pape, general merchandise; L. Fuiks & Brother, and H. J. Thomthe & Company, merchant tailors; S. H. Davis, and Charles Dietrich, marble works; George W. Whitney, millwright; Haney Brothers, millers; N. S. Craig, J. W. Davis, and J. I. Taylor, physicians; R. Gugelman, and Peter Punnel, painters; F. L. Cornell, photographer, Mathias Simon, restaurant; John Simon, restaurant and cigar manufacturer, and Henrich Brothers, soda water manufacturers.

Thus it may be seen that Lansing, half a century ago, was a thriving, largely self-contained river metropolis, with manufacturing and industry to aid the splendid farming community running back from the Father of Waters.

In those early days, more than half a century ago, steamboats were the only means of travel, unless one wished to go on foot, or by oxen or horses and stage. Railroads had not yet cut through this part of the country, and when the winter freeze-up brought ice, Lansing was shut off from the outside world, except for occasional mail brought over the ice.

In the early 50's wheat was bought for 40c a bushel, and a thriving grain trade was built up, farmers coming from far back into Iowa, making a slow, tedious journey

to sell their products and to return with goods and provisions enough to last for months.

Lansing's fire department was organized in 1871 as the Hope Fire Company No. 1, and reorganized in 1873 under the name of Rescue Fire Company No. 1. But even their heroic efforts could not prevent the damage that fire did to the town. Some of the great fires were: Bockfinger & Boeckemeier wagon shop, February 3, 1871; Farmer's Home, February 27, 1877; Germania House barn, Congregational church and most of block, March 6, 1877; Hemenway & Barclay sawmill, September 3, 1881; Concert Hall and block, May 23, 1885; Gaunitz & Schwab's boat store, February 10, 1895; City Hall, November 10, 1900, and the Box Factory in August, 1910.

By this time, with the railroads crossing the river and changing the routes of travel, the decay of steamboat traffic, Lansing had passed its heyday, and the population began to diminish.

Lansing's first school was established in 1850, a select school, and the first public school opened February 7, 1853. The parochial school was started in 1874.

The railroad reached Lansing in 1872, from Dubuque, prior to which all of the shipping and passenger traffic entered or left Lansing by steamboat, except the trade going out through Allamakee county and to points west by horse or oxen. May 8, the date the train reached the city, probably was the greatest single day in Lansing history prior to the dedication of the Black Hawk bridge, which now is bringing back to Lansing much that the railroads took away.

So we find Lansing, once a prosperous steamboat town, then isolated by changing traffic routes — and now, once again, on the threshold of a new era. The success of this decade immediately ahead depends partly upon the economic conditions of the country, but largely upon the merchants, business men, and citizens of the town, upon their willingness to wholeheartedly co-operate and submerge personal opinions and ambitions for the sake of the city, to the end that the greatest good may come to the largest number of those who love and believe in Lansing.

WISCONSIN'S PAST

History of Badger State and De Soto in Crawford County Sketches Romantic Growth of Town and Commonwealth

IT was about three hundred years ago that Jean Nicolet, the first known white visitor to the Northwest, set foot upon the soil of what now is the state of Wisconsin. In those three centuries the tide of empire has rolled west and ever westward, and much has transpired, but it remained for 1931 to be signalized as important to Wisconsin and Iowa, because this year the first strictly passenger bridge linking the two states is completed. Save for the pontoon railroad bridge between Marquette and Prairie du Chien, no other span across the Mississippi joins Wisconsin to Iowa.

Wisconsin was known to white man long before Iowa, because for decades there had been fur traders and Jesuit missionaries along the Lake Michigan side of the present state, while only the more intrepid had ventured as far west as the Mississippi. Missions and trading depots were numerous in the eastern half of Wisconsin when only Prairie du Chien in the western regions was settled by white men.

Father Louis Hennepin and Duluth in 1680, and Le Sueur in 1683, were the earliest white explorers to traverse the western border of Wisconsin. They entered the Mississippi from the Wisconsin River and cruised up into what now is Minnesota. Nicholas Perrot in 1684 built what probably was the first fortress on the upper Mississippi, below Lake Pepin.

Originally French, in 1760 this territory became English, and in 1781 four persons made the first white settlement in what now is Crawford county, on the site of Prairie du Chien. They were Basil Girard, Pierre Antaya, and Augustin Ange. Later that year came Michael Brisbois, while Pierre LaPointe arrived in 1782. With the coming into existence of the United States, the land now Wisconsin became part of the possessions of the country, and after July 4, 1800, it was considered part of the Indiana Territory. On February 3, 1809, the land became part of the Illinois Territory. During the War of 1812, this country was taken over by the British, but on June 21, 1816, United States troops took possession of the Fort at Prairie du Chien, since when the state has been American. The next great excitement in western Wisconsin, save for the lead mining days in the southwestern corner of the state, was the Black Hawk War in 1832.

The Territory of Wisconsin was created April 20, 1836, and on May 29, 1848, Wisconsin became a state.

Crawford county, in which the eastern piers of the Black Hawk bridge are imbedded, is bounded on the north by Vernon county, on the east by Richland and Grant counties, on the south by Grant, and on the west by the Mississippi River. Its principal town is Prairie du Chien, but the villages most affected by the new bridge are De Soto and Ferryville.

As early as 1632, we learn from a map by Samuel Champlain, what now is Crawford county was used by

the Sioux for a hunting grounds, and, later, by the Sacs and Foxes as their homeland. With them the French voyageurs traded trinkets and rum for peltries; later the white man drove the Indians out to make way for cities and townsites. But even now a few still may be found in the Winneshiek bottoms, especially in the summertime, berry-picking or fishing, the remnant of an abused race.

One now gazing across the peaceful landscape of Crawford county, at its everlasting hills, or driving through its fertile miles, never would dream that this region had been the seat of war in four conflicts, the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Winnebago War in 1827, and the Black Hawk War in 1832.

It must be mentioned in passing that in 1826 Hercules Louis Dousman, for the American Fur Company, came to Prairie du Chien, the first millionaire in the upper Mississippi Valley.

Though the territory filled up rapidly following the Winnebago and Black Hawk wars, the sole means of transportation still was by water, unless one wished to thread almost impassable paths on horse or with oxen. But the network of steel rails was being laid. In 1854 it reached Madison and in 1857 the Mississippi River at Prairie du Chien, the first regular train arriving in April, the "Milwaukee & Mississippi Railroad Company."

People could not cross the river fast enough, so in 1859 Colonel H. L. Dousman put the steamer *Allamakee* on the river, transferring shipments to the Iowa side. But even this was not sufficient, so large transfer barges were built, capable of carrying entire cars over the Mississippi, making it unnecessary to break cargo. This system was followed until in 1873 the present pontoon bridge over the river was constructed.

This brief history, sketchily drawn, brings us up to days within the memory of men and women still living. A vast change has taken place. Railroads skirt both banks of the river; bridges span the stream; talkies have displaced campfire conversations and the auto has supplanted the old fashioned sleigh and Dobbin. But let us not look back upon those times with airs of superiority. People then had much that we now lack, leisure when their work was done, time for friendship, few wants and wholehearted capacities to enjoy the few necessities they won by labor. They lived lives with fewer thrills, perhaps, but with more opportunity to appreciate the joys they knew, and greater chances to exercise the homely virtues of hospitality and to enjoy the comforts of home life.

De Soto first was known as Winneshiek's Landing, because it was here that the chief came to trade peltries for powder, rum and the necessities of life. The first settlers arrived soon after the close of the Black Hawk War, Godfrey their names were, and for many years they lived

CHIEF BLACK HAWK

New Span Over Father of Waters Belated Tribute Paid to Heroic Indian Who Fought For His People and Homeland

¶ *"I love to look upon the Mississippi. I have looked upon it from a child. I love the beautiful river. My home always has been upon its banks."*
From address of Chief Black Hawk, delivered at Fort Madison, Wis.

UPON a hill overlooking Rockford, Illinois, for several years has stood a statue of Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs and Foxes.

And now, spanning the Mississippi River only a few miles below where his harried and heroic band, seeking to surrender, was fired upon by cowardly forces, a bridge has been erected, and named for him.

Our histories do not tell us the truth about the wars and skirmishes between the white men and red men. They show only the virtues of the whites, while magnifying the faults of the Indians. But the student of history learns better, and some day some one with talent and courage will arise to write the true story of the dealings of our American soldiers and civilians with the unfortunate red man, driven from his home land, deprived of his means of livelihood, a proud, brave race, humbled and made dependent by men skilled in intrigue, double-dealing, falsehood and trickery.

The Black Hawk War is one of the blackest pages in our American pageant of progress. Only briefly can the salient facts be presented here. Prior to 1831 the federal government had purchased from the Indians the lands on the east side of the Mississippi River, but with the express understanding that the Indians would not have to leave until sufficient numbers of settlers had homesteaded to warrant this evacuation. Though not an hereditary chief-tain, Black Hawk was indeed a leader of his tribe. He had "touched the quill" at the treaties of 1804 and 1816, between the United States and the Foxes and Sacs, but later he denied the authority of the tribal chiefs to sign away the common lands. So "Black Hawk's British Band," as they were called, remained on their old lands.

As early as 1823 white squatters began to settle on the land near Saukenuk, in the vicinity of what is now Rock Island, where the tribal cemetery was located. These settlers annoyed the braves, destroyed their crops, desecrated their cemetery, and despoiled their women.

In the spring of 1830 affairs reached almost the breaking point. Returning from the winter hunt, the Indians found their cemetery plowed over, squatters on their farming lands, their village site occupied, contrary to the terms of the treaty. Black Hawk made threats and gestures, but June 25, 1831, seven hundred militiamen and regulars compelled him and his band to cross the Mississippi with promises never to return.

Then fifty-four years old, Black Hawk, excellent military tactician and able organizer, but too easily led, accepted offers of intertribal assistance. He crossed the Father of Waters at what is now Oquawka, Illinois, April 6, 1832, with five hundred warriors, squaws and children. The news spread like a prairie fire.

One amusing instance took place May 12, 1832, showing Black Hawk's bravery. It is not recorded in text books. Already some seven hundred soldiers were pursuing Black Hawk's force, which numbered less than five hundred in all, including squaws and children. They cornered him some miles above Dixon's Landing. He sued for peace, but his messengers were killed. So he attacked, and so frightened the white soldiers and militia that they did not stop until they reached Dixon's Ferry. This is called the "Battle of Stillman's Run." The governor of Illinois immediately called for 2,000 additional mounted troops.

With overwhelming numbers, the militia and regulars pursued Black Hawk and his fugitive band through northern Illinois and southwestern Wisconsin, until on August 1, 1832, the harried redmen reached the Mississippi just below the mouth of the Bad Axe, not far from what now is Victory, Wisconsin.

There the crowning cowardice of the campaign, already replete with persecution and ruthlessness, took place. Troops aboard the steamboat *Warrior* refused to recognize the white flag of surrender, and fired indiscriminately upon men, women and children in the Black Hawk band, not only with guns and muskets, but with a six-pound cannon.

In the meantime troops were marching up from the rear. The steamboat had prevented the band from completing preparations to cross the Father of Waters to refuge. Although some of them gave themselves up to the soldiers, a few escaped.

Black Hawk himself got away, fleeing to the Winnebagoes in the Dells of the Wisconsin, but even men of his own blood betrayed him, and on August 27, 1832, this proud warrior was surrendered at Prairie du Chien, and the last Indian uprising east of the Mississippi was ended.

After his capture, Black Hawk wrote and spoke, but never after was he actually a free man. He visited Washington, and saw other places of importance, but nothing could compensate for the loss of the freedom of his hunting grounds and home lands. Even in death he was not to dwell in peace in the land of his forefathers. For a time a medicine man, an itinerant dentist, had his body on display, and finally it was destroyed in a fire. Now, all that remains of Black Hawk is a memory.

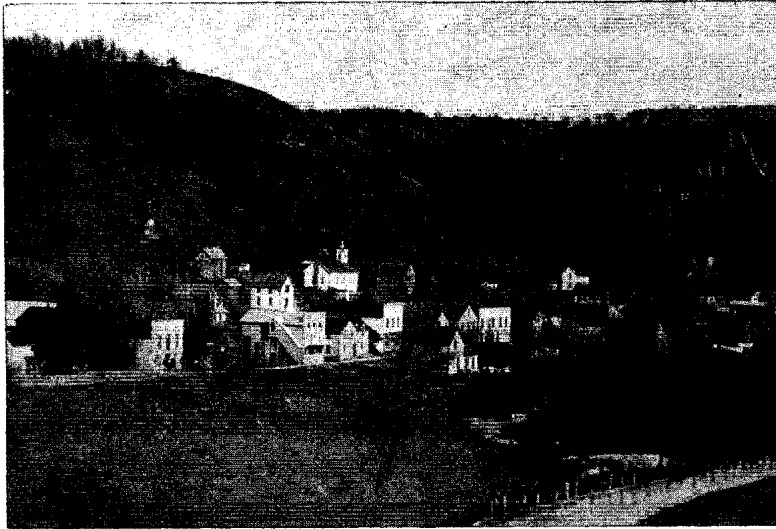
"Rock River was a beautiful country. I liked my town, my cornfields, and the home of my people. I fought for them," he once said.

How fitting that, at last, the memory of a man, a chief, capable of uttering words of such simplicity and beauty, should be perpetuated by something so enduring and beautiful as The Black Hawk bridge.

LAND OF DREAMS

Northeastern Iowa Paradise Awaiting Visits From Citizens of Middle West Who Appreciate Real Beauty Unalloyed

By *EDGAR R. HARLAN, Curator*
Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa



Cozy comfortable Dorchester, hillside beauty spot, built along the rugged sides of a protected valley in northern Allamakee county, just one of many scenes of charm in northeastern Iowa.

IF ANY section of a country is to be appreciated or understood it ought to be visited. What in Iowa geography is usually alluded to as the McGregor-Lansing region had stood out in my attention from 1876 to 1913, with the same mythical meaning as do today stand the Spanish and South American countries. I had heard of the beauty of the region and remained untrained in the determination of what beauty is. I had heard it was a rough country and the basis of my judgment of rough country was only the breaks, the ravines and bluffs of the lower Des Moines River. These are almost worthless. What a revelation to see those about Lansing and McGregor, on the contrary, of the most fertile and productive sort. I had heard that it was a region of romance and had read of but never seen a romantic country.

For five or six years following 1913, it was my joy to be embraced in the confidence and respect of those men and women of McGregor among whom was formed the Wild Life School. The invitation to participate with them for a number of these years in their summer on the heights was accepted and the facilities of visiting were not only unusual, but the guidance to the marvels of that country by Doctors Shimek, Pammel, Keyes, Kay, and others, registered among the great in Iowa scientific annals, afforded the deep, intensive and accurate impressions which causes a visitor who has toured the Rockies, the

Alleghenies and even the hills of Scotland, when he returns to the crags of northeast Iowa, to say, "I admire all of the others but I adore these."

Aside from technical botany, horticulture, geology, and glaciology brought so readily and so pleasingly to the visitor in the region, one may step across the street, I should say to the street below or down hill, and pick up a delightful guide on any of the recreational adventures he might have anywhere else when the bread-winning course of life is broken for a vacation spell.

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CHIEF BLACK HAWK

New Span Over Father of Waters Belated Tribute Paid to Heroic Indian Who Fought For His People and Homeland

¶ *"I love to look upon the Mississippi. I have looked upon it from a child. I love the beautiful river. My home always has been upon its banks."*
From address of Chief Black Hawk, delivered at Fort Madison, Wis.

UPON a hill overlooking Rockford, Illinois, for several years has stood a statue of Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs and Foxes.

And now, spanning the Mississippi River only a few miles below where his harried and heroic band, seeking to surrender, was fired upon by cowardly forces, a bridge has been erected, and named for him.

Our histories do not tell us the truth about the wars and skirmishes between the white men and red men. They show only the virtues of the whites, while magnifying the faults of the Indians. But the student of history learns better, and some day some one with talent and courage will arise to write the true story of the dealings of our American soldiers and civilians with the unfortunate red man, driven from his home land, deprived of his means of livelihood, a proud, brave race, humbled and made dependent by men skilled in intrigue, double-dealing, falsehood and trickery.

The Black Hawk War is one of the blackest pages in our American pageant of progress. Only briefly can the salient facts be presented here. Prior to 1831 the federal government had purchased from the Indians the lands on the east side of the Mississippi River, but with the express understanding that the Indians would not have to leave until sufficient numbers of settlers had homesteaded to warrant this evacuation. Though not an hereditary chieftain, Black Hawk was indeed a leader of his tribe. He had "touched the quill" at the treaties of 1804 and 1816, between the United States and the Foxes and Sacs, but later he denied the authority of the tribal chiefs to sign away the common lands. So "Black Hawk's British Band," as they were called, remained on their old lands.

As early as 1823 white squatters began to settle on the land near Saukenuk, in the vicinity of what is now Rock Island, where the tribal cemetery was located. These settlers annoyed the braves, destroyed their crops, desecrated their cemetery, and despoiled their women.

In the spring of 1830 affairs reached almost the breaking point. Returning from the winter hunt, the Indians found their cemetery plowed over, squatters on their farming lands, their village site occupied, contrary to the terms of the treaty. Black Hawk made threats and gestures, but June 25, 1831, seven hundred militiamen and regulars compelled him and his band to cross the Mississippi with promises never to return.

Then fifty-four years old, Black Hawk, excellent military tactician and able organizer, but too easily led, accepted offers of intertribal assistance. He crossed the Father of Waters at what is now Oquawka, Illinois, April 6, 1832, with five hundred warriors, squaws and children. The news spread like a prairie fire.

One amusing instance took place May 12, 1832, showing Black Hawk's bravery. It is not recorded in text books. Already some seven hundred soldiers were pursuing Black Hawk's force, which numbered less than five hundred in all, including squaws and children. They cornered him some miles above Dixon's Landing. He sued for peace, but his messengers were killed. So he attacked, and so frightened the white soldiers and militia that they did not stop until they reached Dixon's Ferry. This is called the "Battle of Stillman's Run." The governor of Illinois immediately called for 2,000 additional mounted troops.

With overwhelming numbers, the militia and regulars pursued Black Hawk and his fugitive band through northern Illinois and southwestern Wisconsin, until on August 1, 1832, the harried redmen reached the Mississippi just below the mouth of the Bad Axe, not far from what now is Victory, Wisconsin.

There the crowning cowardice of the campaign, already replete with persecution and ruthlessness, took place. Troops aboard the steamboat *Warrior* refused to recognize the white flag of surrender, and fired indiscriminately upon men, women and children in the Black Hawk band, not only with guns and muskets, but with a six-pound cannon.

In the meantime troops were marching up from the rear. The steamboat had prevented the band from completing preparations to cross the Father of Waters to refuge. Although some of them gave themselves up to the soldiers, a few escaped.

Black Hawk himself got away, fleeing to the Winnebagoes in the Dells of the Wisconsin, but even men of his own blood betrayed him, and on August 27, 1832, this proud warrior was surrendered at Prairie du Chien, and the last Indian uprising east of the Mississippi was ended.

After his capture, Black Hawk wrote and spoke, but never after was he actually a free man. He visited Washington, and saw other places of importance, but nothing could compensate for the loss of the freedom of his hunting grounds and home lands. Even in death he was not to dwell in peace in the land of his forefathers. For a time a medicine man, an itinerant dentist, had his body on display, and finally it was destroyed in a fire. Now, all that remains of Black Hawk is a memory.

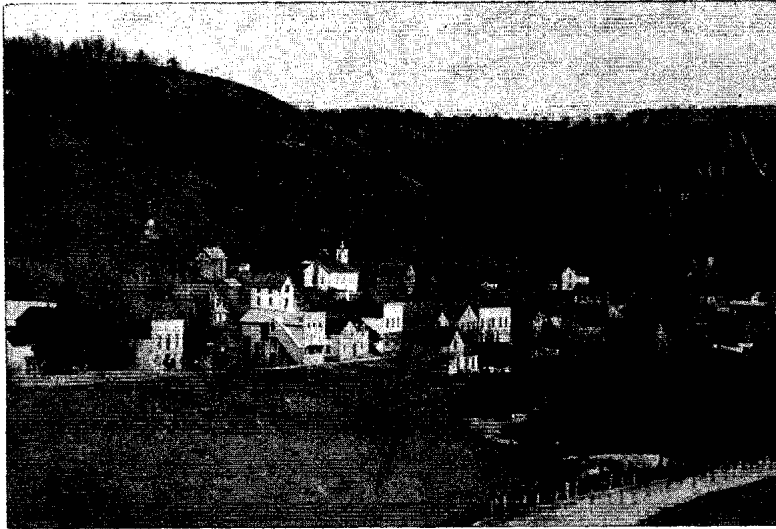
"Rock River was a beautiful country. I liked my town, my cornfields, and the home of my people. I fought for them," he once said.

How fitting that, at last, the memory of a man, a chief, capable of uttering words of such simplicity and beauty, should be perpetuated by something so enduring and beautiful as The Black Hawk bridge.

LAND OF DREAMS

Northeastern Iowa Paradise Awaiting Visits From Citizens of Middle West Who Appreciate Real Beauty Unalloyed

By *EDGAR R. HARLAN, Curator*
Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa



Cozy comfortable Dorchester, hillside beauty spot, built along the rugged sides of a protected valley in northern Allamakee county, just one of many scenes of charm in northeastern Iowa.

IF ANY section of a country is to be appreciated or understood it ought to be visited. What in Iowa geography is usually alluded to as the McGregor-Lansing region had stood out in my attention from 1876 to 1913, with the same mythical meaning as do today stand the Spanish and South American countries. I had heard of the beauty of the region and remained untrained in the determination of what beauty is. I had heard it was a rough country and the basis of my judgment of rough country was only the breaks, the ravines and bluffs of the lower Des Moines River. These are almost worthless. What a revelation to see those about Lansing and McGregor, on the contrary, of the most fertile and productive sort. I had heard that it was a region of romance and had read of but never seen a romantic country.

For five or six years following 1913, it was my joy to be embraced in the confidence and respect of those men and women of McGregor among whom was formed the Wild Life School. The invitation to participate with them for a number of these years in their summer on the heights was accepted and the facilities of visiting were not only unusual, but the guidance to the marvels of that country by Doctors Shimek, Pammel, Keyes, Kay, and others, registered among the great in Iowa scientific annals, afforded the deep, intensive and accurate impressions which causes a visitor who has toured the Rockies, the

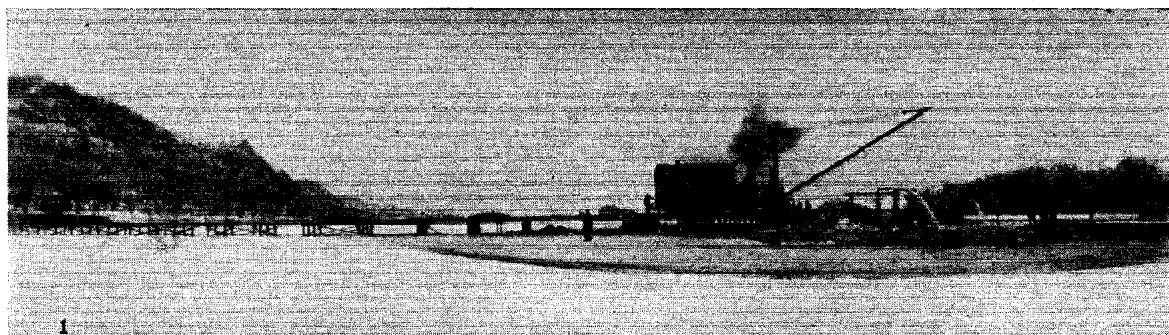
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Steps In The Bridge Growth



¶ Pictures One, Two and Three show the temporary bridge across the Mississippi during the early months of 1930, and work on the driving of piles for the structure. Picture Four reveals the progress that had been made up to January 11, and shows eight of the piers, seven on the east side of the river, and the main pier on the west side. Picture Five gives an idea of what had been done by March 19, when the steel was taking form on the west side of the river. Picture Six takes us out across the water showing the work that had been done between the two main piers on the east side. Picture Seven portrays the overhang on the east side of the river, with tons of steels hanging out over the Father of Waters.

OLD MOUNT HOSMER

Rock Formation Beside Which Lansing Nestles Was Named Romantically For an Artist Just Eighty Years Ago.

BY DAY and by night, winter and summer, no matter what may befall the fortunes of Lansing, regardless of high water or a falling river, Mount Hosmer stands, a buttress and protection, almost a symbol of the security and dignity of this historic old river town.

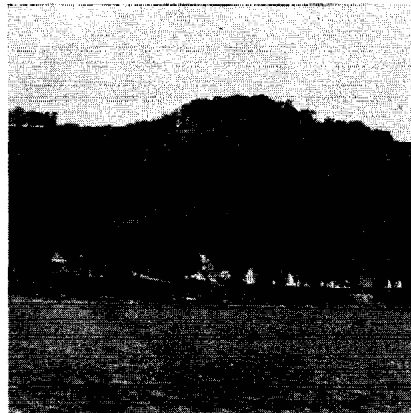
It is not so rugged or so forbidding as Mount Ida. It is not so stern. Upon its three points children play and families hold picnics. Its hillsides are covered with flowers. Trees profusely protect its slopes, a host of trees, made more beautiful by the white, quivering glory of the birches.

For generations voyageurs have passed this promontory and been impressed by its beauty. Priests and peltry seekers, steamboatmen and lumbermen, tourists and farmers, by water and on land, and no one who pretends to appreciate the beauties of the out of doors will deny that he has seen beauty and found, at least in some measure, an inspiration from Mount Hosmer.

Here is a quotation dealing with it, taken from one book on the Father of Waters:

"For some miles we had followed the Wisconsin shore. At De Soto the river swings across the bottoms to Lansing, where the bluffs are three miles apart. Below Lansing the channel hugs the Iowa shore for ten miles, then sweeps east to the Wisconsin bluffs through Crooked Slough to Lynxville. Employees of the Iowa State Fish and Game department, and R. G. Miller, a local banker, welcomed us to Lansing, 'The Little Switzerland of Iowa.'

"Mount Hosmer is the most interesting thing at Lansing. Mr. Miller insisted that we climb it at once, to enjoy its various moods at sunset. Our muscles were used to paddling, not mountain climbing, but with difficulty we managed to maintain the pace our host set. At the summit, in spite of mosquitoes, mugginess and muscles, the labor was lavishly rewarded. We could see the great valley, with its stream, serpentine and silvered, winding up-river and Gulfward. We could see the misty, purple, twilight-grey bottomlands between us and the Wisconsin bluffs. We could see a road winding back into interior Allamakee county. From one point, where the wind cooled us as it drove away some of the mosquitoes, we looked directly down on the town and saw the houses being lighted one by one, and the several churches with their spires pointing night heavenward. A post office was established here in 1849, and the town was platted in 1851.



¶*Editor's Note—Part of the material for this article is quoted from Where Goes The River, By Albert S. Tousley. The book appeared in 1929, since which time R. G. Miller has become Mayor of Lansing, and Mrs. Hemenway, the last survivor of the interesting experience narrated here, has passed away. We quote the portion of the book dealing with Mount Hosmer in full, believing it furnishes background to Mrs. Hemenway's story.*

"From Mrs. Martha L. Hemenway, I learned about the naming of Mount Hosmer. When we visited Lansing, she was eighty-five years old. She had lived there more than three-fourths of a century. Her memory was remarkably clear and accurate. In 1842 and 1843 Mrs. Hemenway's father, John Haney, Sr., was living on the Kickapoo River with his family, twenty-eight miles northeast of Prairie du Chien, due east of Winneshiek, the only white settlers in the region. Becoming weary of the isolation and privations of life on the Kickapoo, Haney sold his Wisconsin possessions and selected a place on the Mississippi where the main channel touched the west shore, the only place in miles it did this. The Haney's arrived in April, 1848. When the land was opened up, John Haney and Horace H. Houghton, editor of the Galena Gazette, purchased it. The town of Lansing was platted in 1851 by John Haney and his partner.

"Mrs. Hemenway said that the name of Winneshiek was applied from the first to the country all around Lansing, especially to the bottoms. She spoke of the hunting in her younger days, when geese and ducks fed upon the wild rice in the bottomlands, and when they came in such flocks they clouded the sky. She remembered an old trader at Winneshiek, now called De Soto, who sold liquor to the Indians. She attributes the downfall of the red men to their love of 'fire water.' She has seen Indians barter everything they had, even their blankets, to buy spirits from the whites.

"Mrs. Hemenway is the only person still living who was present on that day so famous in Lansing history, when Mount Hosmer was named. I have set down the story as she told it to me.

"I remember it well,' Mrs. Hemenway said. 'It was June, 1851, when Miss Hosmer made her memorable ascent of the now famous bluff. She was taking a trip up the river on Captain Orrin Smith's steamboat, the *Senator*. I was ten and one-half years old and much interested. The crew was taking on wood. Mr. Houghton had arrived on the boat and gone to our home for breakfast: it was quite early in the morning. Miss Hosmer, a well known eastern artist, came out onto the bow of the boat and was talking with the captain about the beautiful scenery. She asked Captain Smith how long they were going to stay.

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WHILE WATERS RUN

Traffic Must Cross Over The Moving Streams,
So Bridges Are Created and Distances Shortened

¶Bridges — there is romance in the word itself, for it takes us back into the days centuries ago, to times before modern science, sanitation, transportation, invention and achievement. We read of bridges in the Holy Bible, and we learn of the famous bridges of Rome. Wars have been won and lost because bridges were destroyed or crossed. Bridges separate countries and unite states and cities. Bridges change routes of traffic and isolate towns and villages.

¶Once upon a time bridging the Mississippi meant nothing. Traffic was up and down, north or south. Steamboats linked towns. Traffic from east to west or west to east was unimportant. The Father of Waters was a bearer of cargoes from the seven seas through New Orleans, and of billions of feet of lumber, furs and grain from the northern United States.

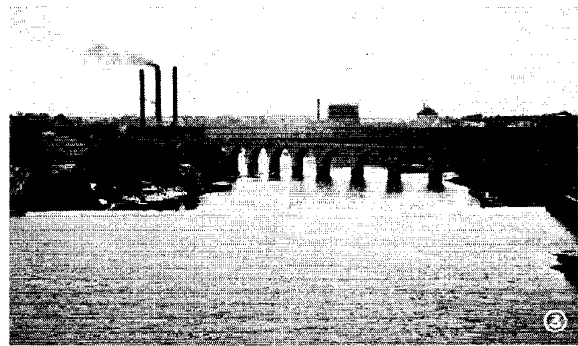
¶But, the railroads came. Routes of travel changed. The snorting steam horse demanded and received an outlet into the western country. Lines of railroads crossed the Mississippi at a score of places and opened the hinterland.

Bridges supplanted car transfers and ferries. Bridges brought deserted settlements onto main lines of travel and filled vacant streets with people and business. One of the romances of development is the construction of bridges, and one of the inspiring records of the opening of the land once the Louisiana Purchase is the building of bridges across the Father of Waters.

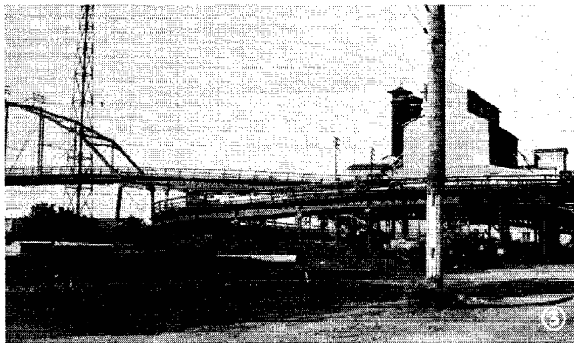
¶The six pictures shown here are only a fraction of those across the Mississippi River. Until 1927 there were only three spanning the last eleven hundred miles of the Mississippi. It was not uncommon to find distances of from one hundred to several hundred miles where only car transfers and ferries joined sovereign states. But the last few years have witnessed the erection of new spans at such key points as Lansing, Iowa, Wabasha, Minnesota, Vicksburg, Mississippi, and the Champ Clark Bridge at Louisiana, Missouri — and once again routes of travel are changed, new communities benefitted and the Father of Waters brought more completely within the dominion of man.



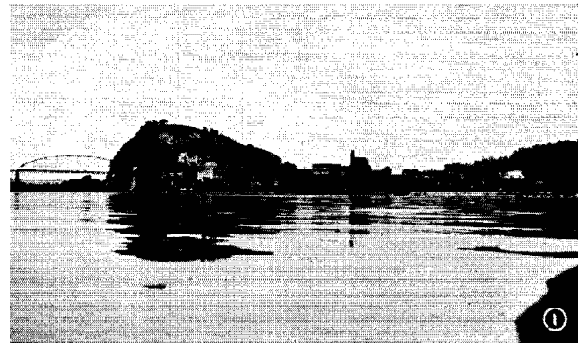
¶The first bridge over the Mississippi River, where the infant Father of Waters leaves Lake Itasca and begins its 2,500 mile journey to the Gulf of Mexico.



¶One of the oldest and most beautiful structures spanning the Mississippi, the old stone arch railroad bridge at Minneapolis, an old style type, made up of a series of small arches.



¶One of the most unusual bridges on the Mississippi River, at Hastings, Minnesota, a modified Pratt truss structure. The bridge makes a complete circle before reaching the ground.



¶The bridge at Red Wing, Minnesota, a common truss type, showing the city and Barn Bluff. A number of spans of this type cross the Father of Waters on the upper reaches.

PRIDE OF WINNESHIEK

Decorah, County Seat and Spot of Rare Scenic Beauty,
Named For Indian Chief, Traces Origin Back to 1849

By EDWIN C. BAILEY

DECORAH is one of Iowa's pioneer cities. Its first settlers came in June 1849, the year of the California gold rush. There has been some controversy—or, perhaps, just speculation—as to whether the Days or the Painters were entitled to the honor as the first family to locate here, but it is too late to settle that question now, because those who might have given exact data have long since been gathered to their fathers.

One fact is known, however. Early in the summer of 1849 William Day came over from Wisconsin where he and his family had been living, and put up some hay out on Washington Prairie. When Mother Day saw Uncle Billy's choice of location she promptly ordered their small cavalcade to resume march until water was located. Following an Indian trail, they came to the spring behind where the Winneshiek hotel now stands; there they pitched their tents. On this site they built a log house which was

the forerunner of the hotels that have since occupied that location. The Days were Virginians of the better class, hospitable, and by the very nature of the situation they were forced into the business of catering to the wayfarer.

Who gave Decorah its name is not recorded, but it was taken from the name of Waukon-Decorah, one of the best known of the Winnebago chiefs. Remnants of the Indian village still existed here when the Days arrived. "Decorah" appears in the record of the organization of Winneshiek county, which took place in 1851, when it was chosen as county seat, but the first legal recognition of it is found where, on August 17, 1853, William Day recorded a plat and deed of renunciation to public use of the "east half of Decorah."

The Days were not the first settlers in Winneshiek county. Hamilton Campbell and his wife entered a claim

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Decorah, Iowa, County Seat of Winneshiek -- Half a Century Ago



¶This old view of Decorah, taken from an atlas published in 1875, shows the town as it appeared from the bluff near the ice cave. What a change in half a century!

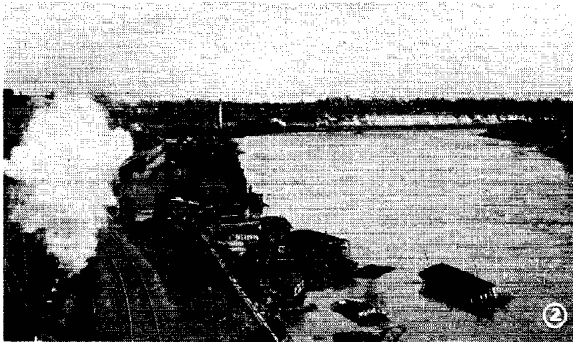
The Scenic Mississippi

¶Another decade ought to see the completion of a paved highway from the Twin Cities to Davenport, bordering the Father of Waters and opening up one of the most scenic regions in the land, revealing beauties of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois to the world.

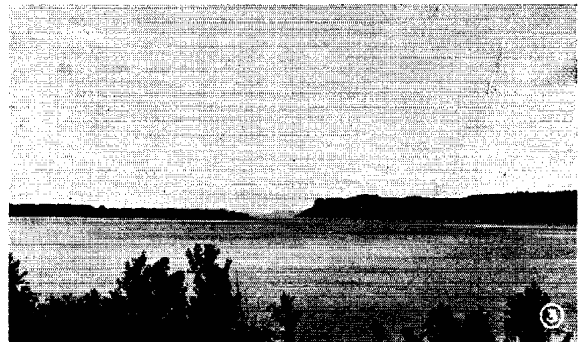
¶These views give us glimpses of some of the beauties to be found along the Mississippi River. Part of the distance

between Saint Paul and Davenport is paved, part of it graveled, and part of it only narrow dirt road.

¶But the entire distance offers such unlimited scenic attractions that soon the pressure of people desiring to know more of this section will bring about paving of the entire Mississippi River Scenic Highway, popularizing The Switzerland of Iowa.



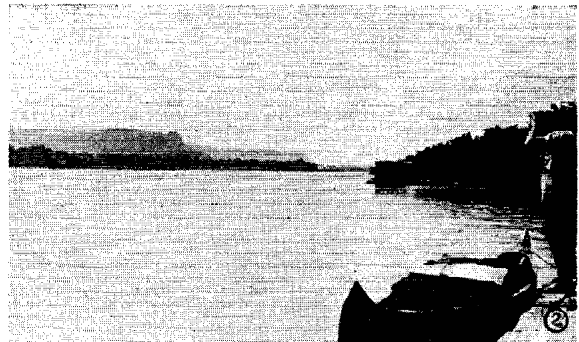
¶Where the river sweeps past gray white sandstone bluffs at Saint Paul, 530 miles from the source, and nearly 2,000 miles from the sparkling Gulf of Mexico.



¶From Lake City, Minnesota, looking across Lake Pepin to Maiden Rock, from which Winona leaped to death rather than marry a man she did not love.



¶Looking up the Mississippi from Trempealeau, Wisconsin, halfway between Winona, Minnesota, and La Crosse, Wisconsin.



¶Looking up Lake Pepin, from beneath Maiden Rock, Wisconsin, showing a beautiful sweep of old 'Lac des Pleurs,' Lake of Tears.



¶From Liberty Park, Trempealeau Mountain, we follow the Mississippi southward toward La Crosse, on a river studded with green islands.

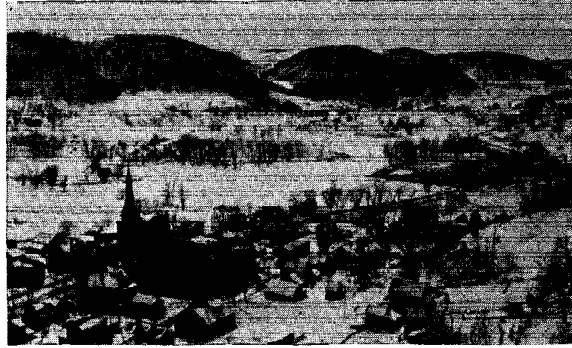


¶Part of 'The Switzerland of America,' extending from Lansing to McGregor, Iowa. This view is from Pike's Peak, near McGregor.

Highway Number Nine

*Thoroughfare Across Iowa From Wisconsin to South Dakota
Passes Many Beauty Spots and is Great Aid to Allamakee*

¶*Looking out the Road of a Thousand Curves from Glynn Point, most westerly promontory of Mount Hosmer, Lansing.*



¶*This winter scene shows us the beauties of the valley through which Clear Creek winds its way to the Mississippi.*

PERHAPS seven is a lucky number, but to Lansing and Allamakee County, at least, Number Nine is vastly more important.

This is because Iowa State Highway Number Nine, which is routed from the Mississippi almost to the Missouri river across all of Iowa, has its inception at Lansing.

Its value to northeastern Iowa is incalculable, for, by the end of 1931, a goodly share of it will be paved, and all of it is well surfaced, an excellent all-weather, year around highway.

The stretch from Lansing to Decorah most closely concerns this section. The route from Lansing to Waukon, once called "*The Road of a Thousand Curves*," this summer is being paved, and some of the sharp bends and turns are being eliminated, but the beauty of this drive, part of the way along the valley of Clear Creek, will not be spoiled by the paving. Its bends and turns take motorists through scenery of rare charm. Who has driven this road when the blossoms were on the apple, the plum, the crabapple trees, and forgotten the experience? Who has coasted easily down Stirn's Hill by moonlight and failed to catch the beauty of the scene? Who has lazied along the first half dozen miles when the leaves in autumn were brilliant with reds and yellows, interspersed with the green of the pines, and capped by the blue of the skies above—and desired to be elsewhere?

Highway Number Nine, which comes into being at the Black Hawk Bridge, runs directly through Lansing, up Main street, and out a circuitous road to Church, a little settlement with a general store, school, church, and splendid creamery. Next is Landmark, a store and inn, which was, at one time, the halfway house between Lansing and Waukon, where travelers, taking grain or cattle to the river for shipment, or returning with supplies for half a year, spent the night and exchanged thrilling tales of their experiences. Passing the church at Lycurgus, the driver speeds on to Waukon, county seat, from where, if he wishes, he may go north to Caledonia, Minnesota, south to Postville, or west to Decorah.

Choosing to remain on Number Nine, he winds up and down, around well engineered curves until, nearly a score of miles west of Waukon, he glides easily down the long hill into Decorah, county seat of Winneshiek County and home of Luther College. Fair Decorah offers much of appeal to the tourist, including its bluffs and beautiful winding drives, and its ice cave, in addition to a pleasing park system.

If one had time, one could, if one wished, leave Number Nine for a few hours and see the remarkable collection of clocks made by the Bily brothers, farmers living between Decorah and Cresco, who utilize their spare time by making unique clocks with remarkable chimes, bells, characters and odd workmanship. Or, one might go to Fort Atkinson, a few miles south of Decorah, and visit Fort Atkinson State Park, or a little farther and see the Dutton and Soword caves near West Union, and Falling Springs, also near there. The tourist also might well see the smallest Catholic Church in Iowa, and one of the smallest in the country, near Festina, half an hour's drive south of Decorah. At Clermont is the estate of the late Governor Larrabee, also less than an hour south of Number Nine. Or, one might drive north from Waukon or Decorah, and visit 'The Mill in the Forest' near Quandahl.

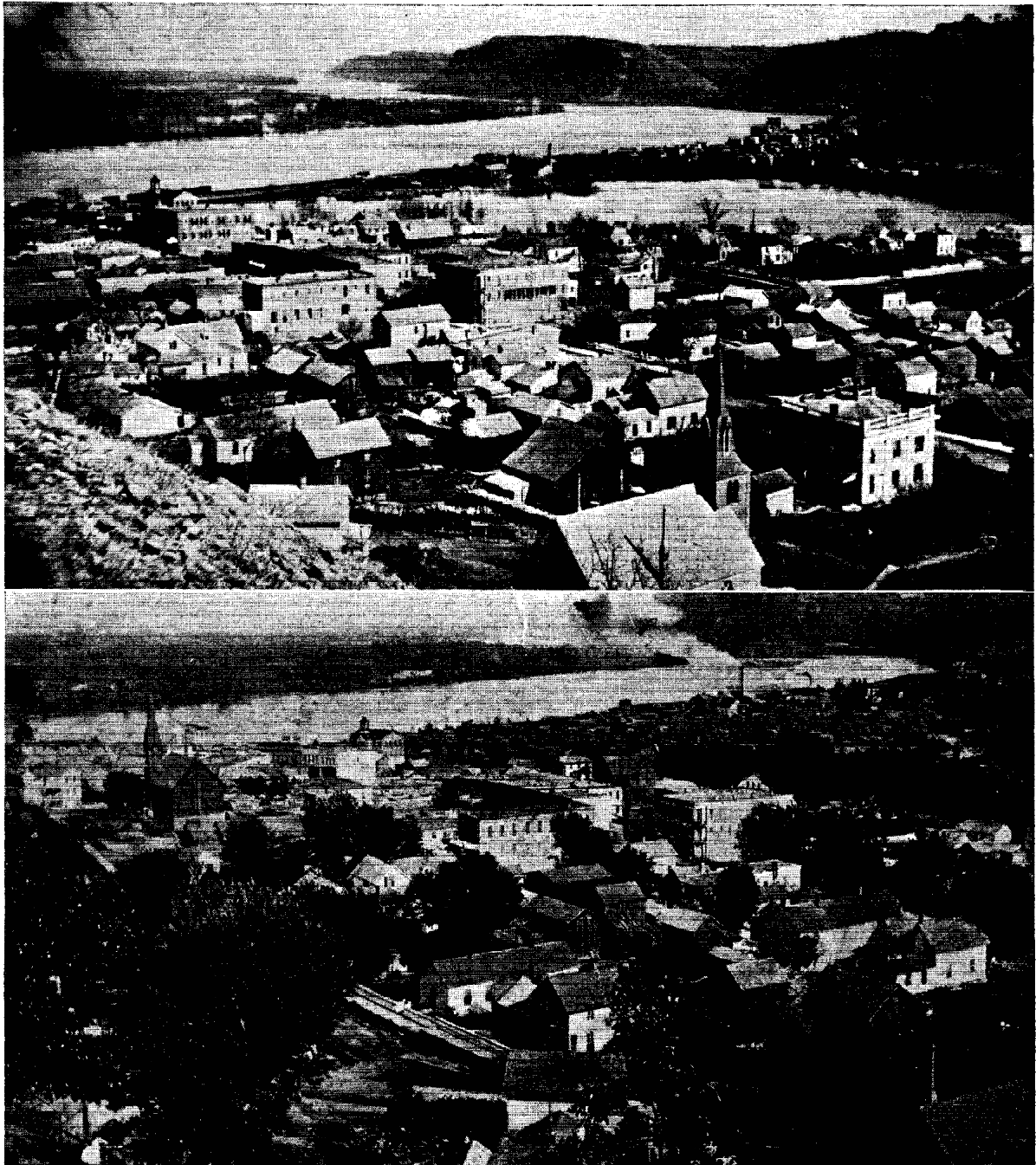
But one in a hurry would drive right through on Number Nine, with Cresco, Osage and Manly the next towns along the route.

From Manly the tourist may easily drop down to Mason City, west of where is Clear Lake, one of the largest bodies of water in the state. Visitors from western Wisconsin and Allamakee County can comfortably drive to Clear Lake and back in a day, a distance of less than 150 miles each way. Clear Lake State Park is located here.

West of Mason City and Manly, Highway Number Nine is of interest to northeastern Iowa chiefly as a tributary for traffic, and as a portion of the state through which to pass on vacation trips to the Black Hills, the

Continued on page 34

Lansing in *The Good Old Days*



¶These two pictures, shown on this page, have been identified as having been taken prior to 1890, with the upper view probably a year or two the older. In the upper scene, we can observe the water, which has been backed up into the fields by the high stage of the river, as well as a number of landmarks, many of which are familiar to residents of Lansing who have memories carrying them back a score of years or more. The lower picture, also taken from one of the peaks of Mount Hosmer, apparently is from a location a little lower on the hillside, and also somewhat to the east. It shows Lansing in those palmy days when the mills were operating full blast and when everyone was busy — with work for all who wished it. It is interesting to note how the portion of the city covered by water in the upper scene, in the lower is filled in with sawdust, no doubt, and used as a storage ground for lumber. The athletic field is now located there.

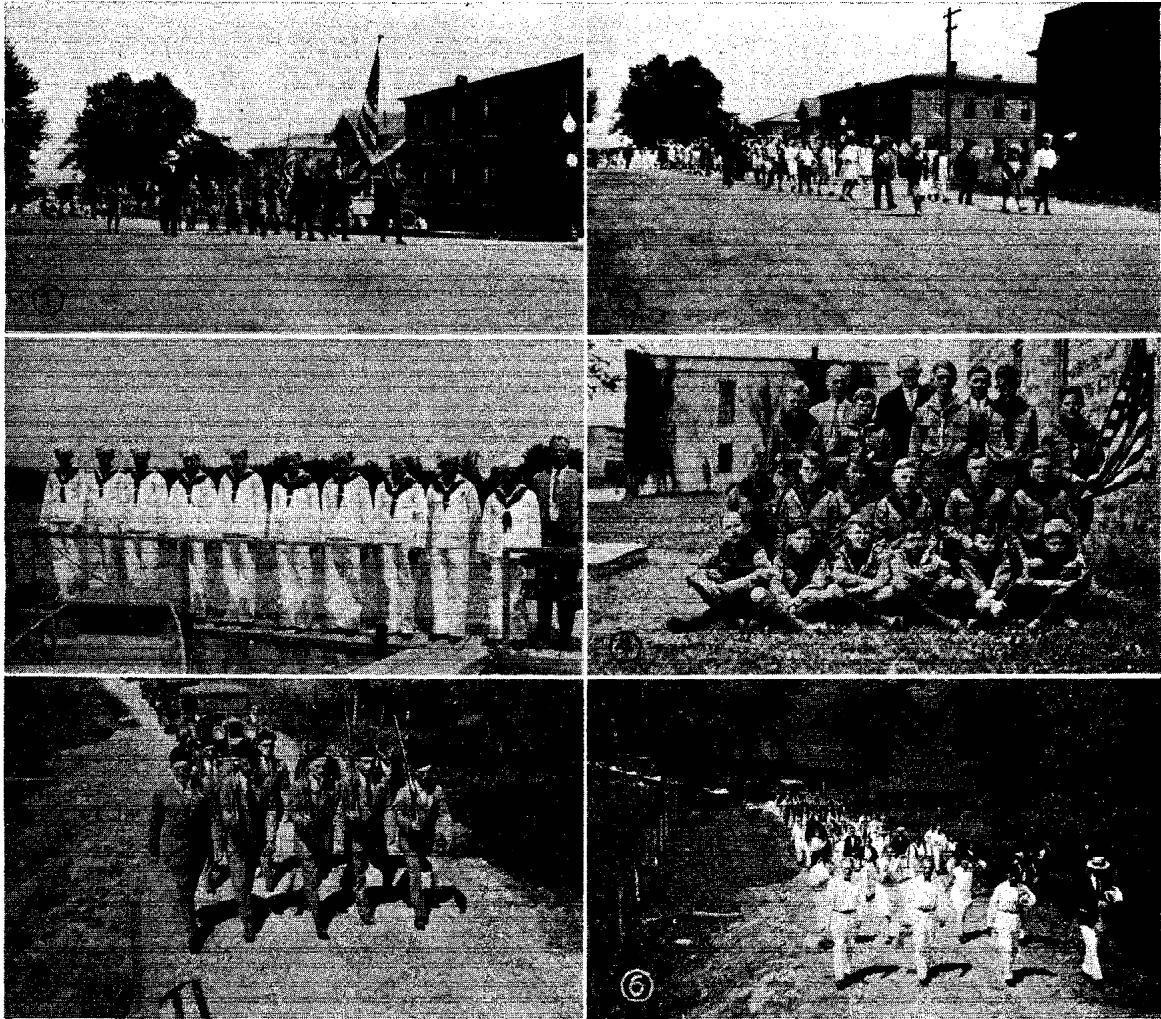
And Now -- Winter and Summer



¶On this page we have two views of beautiful Lansing as it looks in strictly modern times. The picture at the top was taken from Strong Point, Mount Hosmer, in the fall of 1928, at a time when only a color camera could have done justice to the beauty of the panorama, with its wildly colored foliage and the sparkling Father of Waters winding its way to Columbus, there to make one of its countless serpentine twists toward greater glory and the sea. At the bottom is a scene taken from the bluff behind Alexander's Farm, just below Columbus, immediately after a snowfall late in March of 1931. From this 'inspiration point' one may look up the Mississippi River for miles, following the railroad tracks and the road to Lansing, and even beyond. Not to have seen Lansing and the majestic river from this precipice is to have missed one of the finest views on the entire stream. The bridge under construction may be seen in the lower view.

Memorial Day at Lansing 1931

Boy Scouts, School Children, Sea Scouts, American Legion, Townspeople, and the Band Take Part in the Ceremonies



Lansing remembers its dead, and pays especial honor to those who have defended the country of which it is an integral part. The above pictures show Decoration Day, 1931, at Lansing, views of organizations and people taking part in the parade. 1. Odin Sandry, Assistant Scoutmaster, and his Boy Scouts following close behind the colors. Left to right: Arne Helle, Albert Kehr, carrying the flag, and Dr. Warren Hayes. 2. The school children of Lansing. Can you find your own or your neighbor's youngsters in this? 3. The Sea Scouts of Lansing, making their first public appearance in uniform. Left to right: Frank Asay, John Brophy, Harold Wellendorf, Norbert Spinner, James Kerndt, John Dunleavy, Linus Healy, John Casey, John Sweeney, Everett Mullholland, and Leo Hufschmidt, "Skipper." 4. The Boy Scouts of Lansing, also appearing in their new suits. Left to right: standing, William Pohlman,

Leo Hufschmidt, "Skipper" of Sea Scouts, Olaff Bjerke, William E. Albert, Jr., Scoutmaster, Ruce Read, Odin Sandry, Assistant Scoutmaster, John Nobel, and Thomas Kerndt; kneeling, Merton Bailey, Gus Kerndt, Ray Sweeney, Kermit Severson, Francis Burke, and Robert Langheim; sitting, Herman Olson, Francis Kilgariff, Vernon Castle, Edward Gonyier, Donald Wolff, and Horace Magnuson. 5. The firing squad, front row, left to right: Harold Gaunitz, Robert Protzman, Clyde Roderer, Theodore Wiepert, and Leonard Barthel; rear row, left to right: Carl Wagner, Walter Aschom, Goettueb Sheilhammer, and Henry Beck. 6. The combined Lansing high school and city band, followed by representatives of the American Legion, Beck-Strong-Glynn Post, and more than three score cars. Many persons will recognize themselves and others in this view.

THE RIVER BOTTOMS

Original Winneshiek Country Extended Only From De Soto to Lynxville: Now part of Wild Life and Game Refuge

STRETCHING from Saint Paul more than 300 miles down the Mississippi River to Rock Island and Davenport are fertile and famous bottomlands. But they would be still more famous if the men of this country who love birds and animals and fish and outdoor life knew more about them.

And — the finest part of this entire outdoor wonderland is the Winneshiek Bottoms. The original lands known as the Winneshiek Bottoms stretched from the head of Winneshiek Slough, on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi River, beginning about three quarters of a mile below De Soto, and running to about one-half a mile above Lynxville.

This entire region along the bottoms of the Mississippi River is interspersed with countless sloughs and bayous, small lakes and channels leading into them and out of them. There are thousands of islands along this scenic stretch, few of them charted accurately, because they are small, and with each high water their shapes often are radically changed. Sometimes islands are merged or cut into still smaller islands.

Although the original Winneshiek Bottoms included a strip of beautiful river lands about a score of miles long and from two to five miles wide, in recent years all of the country around Lansing, as far north as La Crosse and as far south as Prairie du Chien and McGregor, along the Father of Waters, has come to be known as the Winneshiek country.

All of this land, save for a few pieces of privately owned property included in the region, is now a part of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge, which extends from the Twin Cities of Minnesota to the Tri-Cities of Iowa and Illinois.

Some years ago an effort was made to dyke and drain this Winneshiek country by private capital, thus destroying the finest breeding grounds for many kinds of fish, birds

and animals, in the middle west. The Isaac Walton League of America induced Congress to pass a law purchasing the lands along the river bottoms, and now, as a result of the work of Will H. Dilg, who headed the league then, and other lovers of the out of doors, this beautiful region is saved to the public.

However, unless changes are made in the plans for the nine-foot channel, now contemplated by the United States government, the wonderful Winneshiek lands will be ruined forever. Specifications at the present time call for flooding out most of this region, and the lands will have been saved to the people from private capital only to be lost to the government for a project that will not in generations offset the good that can be derived from these splendid islands, lakes, sloughs and bayous.

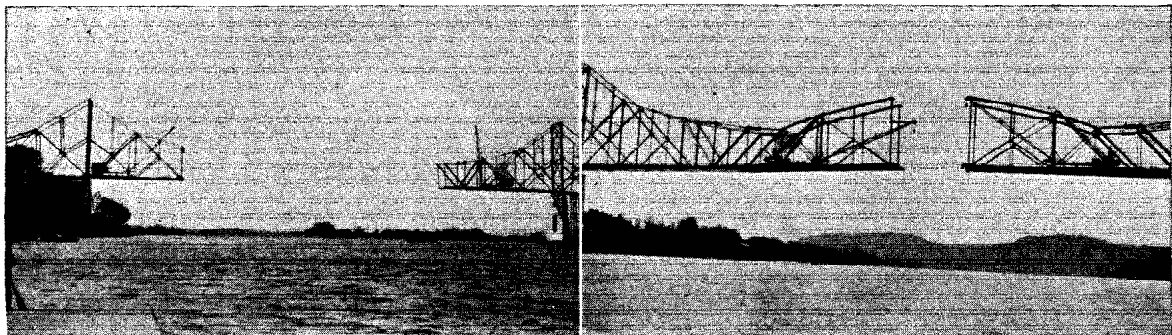
Predominating among the trees in the islands of the Winneshiek are the cottonwood, willow and ash, while island birch, swamp oak and elm also are found in abundance. To protect the forests of the bottoms rangers are kept by the United States Forestry Service.

In many respects, the original Winneshiek is a strange land, a weird land. One who has been reared within sight of its islands still, after half a lifetime, may be lost in its intricacies. It is not unusual for one to hear trains along both the Iowa and Wisconsin banks of the Mississippi, and still not know his exact location.

The student of woodcraft, in one day, may find in this region muskrat, rabbits, coon, mink, skunk, and rarely, a deer. Muskrat abound, for the rat grass, a coarse, heavy grass which is so plentiful in the bottoms, makes ideal material with which to build their houses.

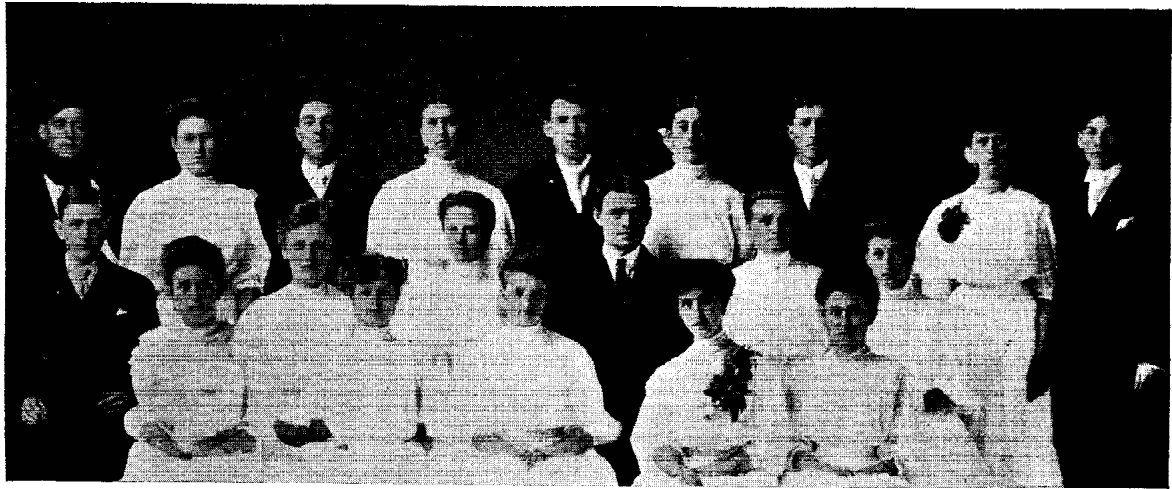
Hunting is prohibited, and so is trapping, except by permit from the United States government, in certain parts of the bottoms. Fishing is controlled by the State of Wisconsin, and fishermen in season are welcomed. No

Concluded on page 34



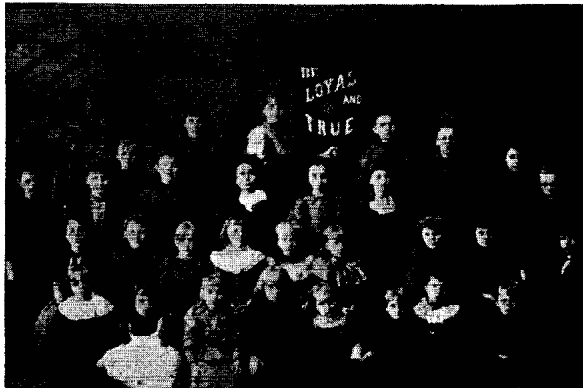
¶Scoffers and doubters who had not been in or near Lansing for months were amazed, and their songs of doubt turned to psalms of praise when they looked out across the Mississippi River on May 2, 1931, and saw that steel was being projected from both sides of the central piers, reaching toward the center of the 660-foot span. The view on May 2 is shown on the left. The picture on the right shows the way the bridge looked on the afternoon of May 21, 1931, the last day before the gap between the two cantilever arms was closed. Next day the steel was joined — with half of the town out to view the sight — and people knew that at last — the dream of two generations was about to come true.

Pictures of Lansing "Old Timers"



Here is the graduating class of the Lansing High School in 1907. How many can you identify without reading the outlines? Top Row, left to right: Charles R. Serene, Dubuque; Selma Thorsten (Mrs. William Ruprecht), Chicago; Walter Cartwright, Lancaster, Wisconsin; Emma Sorlie (Mrs. Ed Thompson), Waukan; Dr. John W. Thornton, Lansing; Selma S. Saam, Minneapolis; Matthew Bakewell, Forth Worth, Texas; Eva Fitzpatrick, deceased; Dan Kinney, St. Paul, Minnesota. Second Row, left to right: Hartford Aird, Los Angeles;

Mayne Bohrer (Mrs. M. F. Dunlevy), deceased; Roy Kilpatrick, Instructor; Supt. W. H. Ray, Waverly, Iowa; Minnie Wilson, Instructor, deceased; Bertha Olson (Mrs. Bertha Carpenter), Grand Forks, N. Dak. Bottom Row, left to right: Elsie Rieth (Mrs. Ernest Gauntz), Lansing; Jeanette Dunlevy (Mrs. Wallace O'Connor), Sacred Heart, Minnesota; Clara Schafer (Mrs. Norman C. Martinson), Lansing; Genevieve Thornton (Mrs. Oscar Anderson), Sioux City, Iowa; Edna Shister (Mrs. Edna Kelley).



This view, at the bottom of the page on the left, is of the Band of Hope of the Presbyterian Church, taken in Lansing shortly before 1900. We are printing married names and home towns where known.

The top row, from left to right: Emma Roggensack (Mrs. V. Bauer), Lansing; Elsie Kratka (Mrs. Frank Starr), Pasadena, California; Luella Robinson; Genette Tomihe, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Second row from the top, left to right: Klara Rudd (Mrs. Anton Reppe); Annie Lewison (Mrs. John Reppe), Portland, Oregon; Genette Schafer, Lansing; Myrtle Shanks (married name unknown; living someplace in Arizona); Pearl Maxwell, leader of the Band, deceased; Annie Lowe (Mrs. Barlow T. Reese), deceased; Lora Aird (Mrs. Smith), North Dakota; Helga Anderson (Mrs. George Leach), Lansing, and Anga Aschom (Mrs. C. Rieck), Lansing.

Third row from the top, left to right: Lily Monroe; Emma Anderson (Mrs. G. Mitchell), Republic, Washington; Mable Lindberg (Mrs. Will Kehr), Lansing; Edna Goetze; Wilma Rud (Mrs. C. Brewster), Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Unknown; Gusty Leutson (Mrs. Minnie Fossam), Maybass, North Dakota; Eva York, and Mable Johnson (Mrs. G. Friebe), Hudson, Wisconsin.

Bottom row, left to right: Miss Goetze; Margarite Torrey; Maude Piers (Mrs. E. Wild), French Creek; Selma Thorsten (Mrs. W. Ruprecht), Chicago; Alice Kratka, Pasadena, California; Klara Schafer (Mrs. Norman Martinson), Lansing; Flossie Robinson, and Alvena Johnson, married and living at Hudson, Wisconsin.



We present to you a genuine picture of old timers, the view on the right at the bottom. It is the fourth and fifth grades of the Lansing Public Schools, taken in June, 1886. Miss Mary Smith was the teacher. Read through the names carefully, to see how many you know or once knew. We are publishing the married names in parenthesis, and the latest known address.

The top row, from left to right: Tommy Miles, Chicago; Otto Haas, Chicago; Susan Hemenway, Chicago; Carl Brockhauscn, Chicago; Louis Beckmeier, Freeport, Illinois; Sam Hemenway, Cedar Falls, Iowa; Edna Jackson (Mrs. Charles Gillen), Providence, Rhode Island; Harry Burford, La Crosse, Wisconsin; Maud Torry, deceased, and Otto Ruprecht, Lansing. Fourth row from the bottom, left to right: John Gable, Dubuque; Herman Wunder, Davenport; George Volkart, Lansing; Albert Magnuson, Arcola, Illinois; Rudolf Massiker, deceased; Bertha Schafer (Mrs. Aksel Haug), Washington, D. C.; Ike Fuiks, Iowa City; Staicei Hendrick, deceased; Martin Simonson, and Hulda Nelson, deceased.

Third row from the bottom, left to right: Otto Hoerer, deceased; Hannah Burger (Mrs. Hannah Magnuson), Grand Forks, North Dakota; Mary Buffo, deceased; Willis Burford, Peoria, Illinois, and Harry Ntelander, Spring Valley, Minnesota.

Second row from the bottom, left to right: Huston Hazelton, Dubuque; Belle Hanson (Mrs. Belle Ritchie), Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Mary Schafer (Mrs. Henry Gildertson), Lansing. Bottom row, left to right: Lizzie Pfander (Mrs. Oscar Tavrt), Mason City, Iowa; Louisa Bockfinger, deceased; Phillip Faegre, address unknown; Ella Smith (Mrs. James Thompson), Waukon, Iowa; Eddie Hendrick, Dubuque, Iowa; Louisa Pormann, deceased; Emma Dormann, deceased, and Bertha Weber (Mrs. Bertha Clark), Evanston, Illinois.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

A Few Random Notes and Incidents About Various Things of Interest That Happened Before Most of Us Were Born

AND—'the good old days'! Who can speak of them without a touch of bias, without a bit of prejudice, without some sentiment? To the generation now coming into manhood and womanhood 'the good old days' a half century hence will be as glamorous, as romantic, as the days of the sixties, the seventies and the eighties were to our parents and our grandparents.

As time goes on the irritations, the annoyances, even heartaches and disappointments vanish. Years mellow. Decades make us forget—and save those things we wish to remember. So it is that today we hear so much about the days of long ago, and they are painted for us in glowing terms, and pictures are carefully presented so that we may see only the happier, the more attractive side of life as it was then.

Yet, there must have been something about those years long past, some intangible charm, some fleeting quality rare and splendid, to cloak those departed decades with the glamor and lure they have brought down to us. We hear of the toot of the steamboat around the bend, and forget the lack of modern conveniences. We listen to accounts of the frolicsome hours passed at a barn dance, and forget the miles and minutes spent in getting to or on the way home from the party. We are regaled with accounts of some gathering around a festive board, the table fairly creaking (we always are assured) with the bounty of the land, but we seldom hear of the monotony of months when the people were practically isolated. We learn of the comforts and pleasures of the roaring log fire, but not often are we reminded of the common winter morning necessity of breaking the ice in the pitcher and bowl before it was possible to wash.

Still, there was enough of worth in the old days to make them fascinating to us. Distance, in point of time as well as miles or feet, lends enchantment, and it is natural that our eyes and ears turn with interest to the things that were a generation or two ago.

* * *

It must have been, perhaps, next to the occasion of the celebration of the dedication of the Black Hawk Bridge, the most momentous occasion in Lansing history, when, May 8, 1872, the special train from Dubuque, drawn by the engines 'Lansing' and 'J. K. Graves' and appropriately



¶The Old Chief looks upon the world with dignity, unafraid, a philosopher in the face of adversity and trouble.

trimmed with flags and evergreens, pulled into Lansing. They were greeted with a salute from cannon on the bluffs, and by the Lansing Cornet Band. At the concert hall there was a program and a banquet and speeches by Mayor Nielander of Lansing and Mayor Turk of Dubuque—and many others.

* * *

There is a general assumption that this is an age of 'joiners,' with enough societies and lodges in existence to make it possible for any man to be out seven nights a week if he so desires. But in 1882 Lansing had the following organizations: Masonic Lodge (Evergreen Lodge), Odd Fellows, United Workmen (Makee Lodge), Legion of Honor (Diamond Lodge), V. A. S. (Lansing Collegium), Good Templars (Ailamakee Lodge No. 127, I. O. G. T.), A. O. U. W. (Mt. Hosmer Lodge, Humboldt Lodge), Iowa Legion of Honor (Maple Lodge), Patrons of Husbandry (Waukon Grange), the Young Men's Tem-

perance Union, the Women's Christian Temperance Union (better known as the W. C. T. U. since prohibition), The Early Settlers' Association, and the Military Company. Surely, for half a century ago, before the days of Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and other service clubs, the showing made by Lansing in the fraternal and benevolent world was remarkable.

* * *

Early in 1853 a literary society was organized at Lansing, and one of the first questions debated was "Resolved, That the removal of the county seat from Columbus to the center of the county will be injurious to the town of Lansing, and confer no real benefit on the county at large."

* * *

Those fall farm festivals—before the days of the Farm Board and Russian dumping of wheat on the markets of the world—how we look back in memory to them! With crops in—with prices at least fair—with the major work of the year done—and a day for fun and recreation. Youngsters all over the streets, some lost, but not for long, young ladies, neglected during the threshing season, bronzed and eager men—and—so it seemed—everyone that everyone ever knew in town to talk over the results of the labors of the spring and summer, or to recount experiences of past years. The big dance at which

even the older folks joined in — who has attended one and forgotten the pleasures of the night? The run of the fire engine, with snorting horses and clanging bell, this too, remains in our mind. Great days they were — with something for everyone — and now and then, perhaps — too much for a very few.

* *

In 1854, traveling by steamboat by the Mississippi River from Dubuque to the Falls of St. Anthony, the following were the places of importance, as noted in Colton's 'The Western Tourist and Emigrant's Guide,' and the mileage.

	Miles	Total above
Dubuque, Iowa, to Peru, Iowa.....	8	Dubuque
Cassville, Wisconsin	23	32
Gottenberg, Iowa	6	38
<i>(Correct spelling then)</i>		
Wisconsin River	20	58
Fort Crawford	2	60
Prairie du Chien	2	62
Upper Iowa River	38	100
<i>(Nearest marker to Lansing)</i>		
Bad Axe River	12	112
Root River	23	135
Black River	12	147
Chippewa River	68	215
Maiden's Rock		
Lake Pepin	23	238
St. Croix River.....	35	273
St. Paul	26	299
Mendota		
Fort Snelling	5	304
St. Anthony	7	311

The fare from Lansing to La Crosse in 1859 was 75c, to Winona \$1.25, and St. Paul \$3.25.

* *

How many still have in their homes bottles of colored sand, made by themselves or their friends when they were youngsters — all kinds of colored sand, carefully poured into bottles in designs and sold to tourists or other

passengers who got off the packet boats when they tied up at the landings to load and unload freight? From twenty to forty years ago, that was the way youngsters in Lansing and other river towns made their spending money. Nickles and dimes were not so easy to 'borrow' or beg from mother or father then, and the income from bottles of sand loomed large in the pleasures of Lansing youth a generation ago.

* *

Back in the days when the Civil War was in progress, a man on a white horse galloped in, the horse flecked with foam, the rider nearly exhausted — back in 1862. He brought word that the Indians were coming! The Sioux had gone on the war path in Minnesota and massacred settlers and soldiers, — and now, according to the report, were headed for the settlements in northeastern Iowa. Most of the men were away — fighting to preserve the Union — but the ones remaining at home bundled the women and children on steamboats — awaiting the attack. But none came! Nevertheless — to a few — the memory of a great experience remains. Lansing indeed has known her hours of excitement!

* *

Sometimes, for months at a time, before the railroad came, and the ice was frozen, mail was not received for a week or two at a time, when there were storms. That is why it was such an event for steamboats to go puffing up past Lansing to Saint Paul, and open the entire stream to navigation. From 1844 to 1861 Captain Daniel Smith Harris was the first man through the ice that blocked Lake Pepin seven times. The earliest time on record that the river was closed to traffic was November 10, 1855, while the latest was December 7, 1848. The latest the river ever was opened to commerce was April 20, 1859, when it was Captain Jones Worden who first pushed his way through in the 'Key City.'



¶These indeed were days of excitement for Waukon — for here we see the crowd that turned out to watch the arrival of the first train at the county seat in 1877. The railroad opened up interior Allamakee county.

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*Congratulations to all who have
who have made the Black Hawk
Bridge a reality*

*We carry a complete line of
meats and groceries and
specialize in
Home Made Sausages*



SALES FORCE

JOHN CASEY

RITA CASEY

CARL HURM

Highway Number Nine

Continued from page 25

Yellowstone, or other national parks. However, it is worth knowing that within a few miles of Number Nine, on one side or the other, are some of the finest state parks in Iowa. Near Forest City are three, Rice Lake State Park, Pilot Knob State Park, and Merrick State Park, all within a few minutes driving distance and on good roads. A little farther off Number Nine, near Britt, is Eagle Lake State Park.

With Esterville as the next focal point, a few others are readily accessible from Number Nine: Fort Defiance State Park, Okaman Pedan State Park, Lost Island State Park, and Medium Lake State Park. Then we reach Spirit Lake and Lake Okoboji with Orleans State Park just north of Spirit Lake. And lastly, just before Number Nine enters South Dakota, to become Number Thirty-Eight in that state, the highway brings us within a few miles of Gitchie Manitou State Park.

No other highway in Iowa takes travelers through such a variety of scenery. No other route is so close to so many state parks. No other artery of traffic across the state is so direct. And no other road leads so quickly to scenic attractions in nearby states. Truly, Iowa State Highway Number Nine is destined to carry hundreds of thousands of cars across the state annually — whether they are business or pleasure bent, for in scenery and routing it is without equal in the state.

The River Bottoms

Continued from page 29

poisonous snakes or reptiles are native to the islands of this region.

The Winneshiek is the home of the yellow lotus, a species of the water lily, a beautiful flower found growing wild only on the Mississippi River and the Nile.

Winneshiek Slough, in steamboat days, before it was dyked, was used by pilots who knew the mysteries of the river, as a short cut in times of high water. In those days it meant saving a dozen miles of fighting against the current, and in those days, as in modern times, time meant money, and money for the owners sometimes meant bonuses for the pilots and captains.

Most of the residents who have passed the fortieth milestone in their lives well remember the days when wrestlers trained in Lansing. Then bouts were about as common at the old opera house as they are now in Madison Square Garden. 'Strangler' Lewis got his start in Lansing, and it is said that his idea of light exercise was running up and down Mount Hosmer two or three times before breakfast. And is it not true that a few won money wagering on inside tips as to the outcome?

* * *

How many of the "doubting Thomases" and their wives, who said they would walk across the bridge barefooted if Lansing ever had one — are going to make good their sworn statements — uttered so many times?

DE SOTO, WISCONSIN

Welcomes Her Iowa Neighbors and Rejoices
With Lansing in the Completion of the
Splendid Black Hawk Bridge



Another beauty spot along the Father of Waters, one of many "inspiration points," to be found near De Soto.

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Cold Drinks
Candy Tobacco**

**Bungalow
Cafe**

**Mrs. Cleo Robertson, Proprietor
Lansing, Iowa**

**Top Notch Food at the Foot of
Main Street**

Lansing Views in Bygone Days

Continued from page 10

five miles up the river to De Soto, during the early years of the century, from about 1909 until the World War.

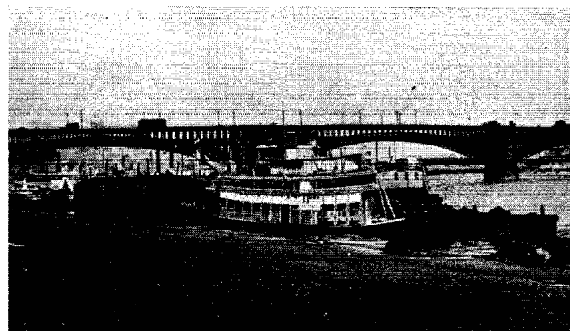
5. Lansing pauses to offer tribute to a gallant son who paid the supreme sacrifice for his country. This shows the first military funeral in the history of Lansing. The body of George Glynn is being carried to its final resting place. It reached New York August 9, 1921, arrived in Lansing August 12th, and was buried August 14th.

6. And those fall festivals, when 'the frost is on the pumpkin.' A parade in Lansing in 1921, after a good harvest, when everyone turned out to celebrate, to relax, and to think for just a moment, of the beauties of the state and the joys of living in a land that is good to the eyes, pleasant to the mind, and just to the soul. Such is Lansing!

Bridges Where The River Is Truly The Father Of Waters



¶This picture of the Rock Island to Davenport bridge is furnished through the courtesy of the Rock Island Railroad. It is a Baltimore truss type, with a swing span. The more modern bridges have lift spans, but this structure, the third on the site, where the first bridge over the Mississippi River was built, still serves the Rock Island Railroad and passenger traffic.



¶Here we see what probably is the most famous span over the Father of Waters, the Eads bridge at St. Louis, designed and constructed by the famous engineer who built the Eads jetties, which scour a channel at the mouth of the Mississippi. It is a steel arch structure of the old type, accommodating railroad, street car, vehicular and passenger traffic, for years the only bridge within several hundred miles.

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*It is a Symbol of what this bank
stands for - Stability - Security -
Friendliness. Loyalty to our Com-
munity - Service to our Customers.*



*The National Bank
of Decorah*

Land of Dreams

Continued from page 19

largest, native, hard-shell turtle I have ever seen in Iowa, a two-pound channel catfish, a brook trout 14 inches in length, and surely half a dozen others, each fine representatives of these and other desirable fish.

With half dozen young men, staff members and family friends, I one year took a tent and enjoyed a sort of peripatetic residence. As the scenery and the traditions of that country broke over the intellects of all of us, from tent-site in valley and on hill top, there was an increasing enthusiasm which within a day drove us into the silences where appreciative souls retire in the presence of inspiring and glorious objects and influences.

The peak of that year was reached on a night on Pike's Peak, below McGregor, as the dusk had fallen, the river three hundred feet below, faded into what was to us a gentle but most expansive motion picture. There were the reflections of the pontoon bridge and of the willows and the islands, which imperceptibly faded into the reflected rays of the moon and a lamp here and there on shore. The quiet of the camp, the wonder of the scene, and the retrieval of the past reduced my ordinarily strong voice to a little more than a whisper. It took hours to advance actual and supposed facts and it was midnight by the big dipper before this dream of fact and fancy yielded to the dreams of our usual lives. We had become familiar with the course of a river and direction of its current. We had snuggled into our blankets with these normally enormous forces upon the mind and imagination bearing fully on us. We had carried the pictures in their various meanings into our different minds, but I am sure none differed as to the cardinal points of the compass, the indices of the heavens, the flowing of the great stream down past us among the islands, and the great distance beneath us, to its placid bosom.

Awakening in the morning, it was as if we had been transported to an entirely different world. The river had disappeared; there was a silvery murk in the air; there was a moisture about us, at first unaccountable, and ghosts of the green trees stood about us for the short distance the eye could penetrate the mist. This was a fog. It was as if a sea had enveloped us. Prairie du Chien might have been the lost Atlantis. As the sun rose a sense of its location could be gathered from the varying color and transparency of the fog. From wherever the source of that vaporous stream, it apparently was becoming exhausted. The flood-tide passed, the sea shone over that ocean of gossamer billows, and the surface gradually receded until first one object and another rose from it to take its form of the evening before. Presently that column of ghost-like form passed up and beyond, and the last trailing remnants, like ghosts, passed under the Marquette bridge.

Were I a tourist I would go to Europe to see that once again. Being of humble resources I am a fool if I do not seek it again and often while I live. Two and half million Iowa citizens, hungry for experiences, excitement, inspiration, or even adventure, not possible on the farm or in the shop, are even less wise, if with an automobile or a railroad train, this source of supply of divine food for the soul found from Lansing to McGregor is allowed to go unused — unvisited for a lifetime.

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IN WOMEN'S, MISSES'
AND CHILDREN'S WEAR
**The Store of Style and Quality
At Moderate Prices**

YOU ARE NEVER URGED
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YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME
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Lansing, Iowa

RESTAURANT NEAREST
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Send it to a Friend or Relative for
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Pioneer Auto Company

Waukon, Iowa

Complete Machine Shop

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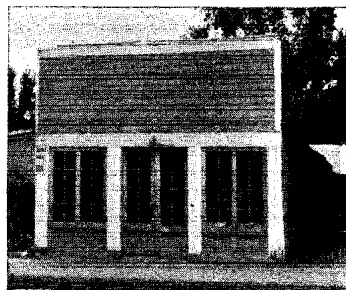
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Enjoy a Fast Boat Ride

in Safety and Comfort

See the Black Hawk Bridge from the Mississippi River

Take a Trip in the

BLACK HAWK

RALPH THORSTEN, Owner and Operator

Lansing, Iowa

Docks at the foot of Main Street

Phone 113

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28 Years of growth and service guarantee satisfaction!

Millions of Thrifty Americans save on their needs and wants by shopping in our 1400 stores. Naturally, we are able to buy at lower prices when buying for more than 10 million people. But our large buying power alone does not account for our uniformly low prices! The J. C. Penney Company is nation-wide in its resources . . . commands great transportation facilities, . . . is direct, efficient, and unwasteful in its business methods . . . all for one objective: To give its customers a superior department store service of quality merchandise at consistently low prices!!

Buy Here and Save

There Is No Substitute

For

Sugar Bowl Ice Cream

Manufactured under Scientific Methods

Sold Throughout Northeast Iowa and Southern Minnesota

Factory in Decorah, Iowa

Fulfillment

Long years ago old Black Hawk stood
On the Mississippi shore;
In swift canoes his dusky crews
Thru' the waves his trophies bore.

The sun and the moon and the stars were
his,
And his was the mighty stream;
But from foreign lands came conquering
bands,
And the white man reigned supreme.

Then a dream came down to earth one
night
From the realm of mist and dew —
A dream of a bridge from ridge to ridge
O'er the Father of Waters blue.

Now the sun and the moon and the stars
look down
On a bridge of silver hue.
In her nest of hills all Lansing thrills
With her dream of dreams come true.

Schafer Brothers

General Merchandise

LANSING, IOWA

Fred Schafer

John G. Schafer

Wisconsin's Past

Continued from page 17

here. Moses M. Strong made the original plat of the village.

The village was laid out in 1854 and the first store opened by Dr. Euclid B. Houghton. William N. West was the first blacksmith, Ambrose DeLap the first cooper, Henry Fosdick the first shoemaker. The first sawmill was erected in 1855 by A. B. Clapp and George Meade. A shingle mill also was erected in 1865. The first physician to arrive was Dr. G. S. Sperry, who came from St. Paul in 1856. The first lawyer admitted to practice was Addison A. Hosmer in 1857. Mrs. Catherine P. Stevens taught the first school in the village, a private school, beginning in 1855.

The first hotel was known as the Winneshiek House, a log structure, built before the Bay State House, which was erected in 1856. The De Soto House was built soon after the Bay State House was completed. The post office was established at De Soto in 1855, with Dr. S. D. Powers the first postmaster.

In the '80's, De Soto was a thriving village. This is evident from the number of business men and interests: C. Lyttle & Co., general merchants, dealers in lumber and grain; Fred Eckhart & Co., grain dealers; J. A. Cooper, manufacturer of wagons and carriages, dealer in farm machinery; Charles L. Woodbury, general merchandise and farming implements; Adam Carlyle, agent for the Diamond Joe steamboat line; C. Lyttle, agent for the Northwestern line of steamers; J. H. Rodgers, general merchandising and drugs; Charles H. Upham, general store, also hardware and farm machinery; D. A. Steele, furniture; Charles McDowell, blacksmith; J. F. Allen, wagon maker; Mrs. A. H. Wareham, millinery and furnishing goods; Miss M. L. Porter, dressmaker; C. L. Ingersoll, flour and feed; Louis Stinseng, boots and shoes; Patrick De Lacy, boots and shoes; John Devlin, meat market; Fred Schmidt, drugs; Mrs. J. A. Cooper, milliner and dressmaker; Mrs. H. Carpenter, dressmaker; N. E. French, grocery and restaurant; Orville D. Pulver, restaurant; Charles E. Reiter, brewer and owner of the Lansing and De Soto Ferry; Mrs. Hannah Trott, owner and proprietor of the Bay State Hotel; Mrs. A. N. Miller, owner and proprietor of the De Soto House; William Waldron, fish dealer; W. F. McMastress, fish dealer; H. E. McMasters, cooper; C. L. Mueller, stave and heading factory; O. Ewers, physician; G. L. Miller, attorney; and James H. Rogers, postmaster.

Thus De Soto at one time was larger than it is today. But disastrous fires, the playing out of the lumber in the woods of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and the changing fortunes caused by new routes of travel, have brought population to other places, leaving De Soto to dream of olden days.

However, with the new bridge spanning the Father of Waters, traffic again will be directed through De Soto, and residents who have been living in bygone years and listening to stories of former decades will learn new experiences to tell to their children when it is their turn to sit by the fire and meditate the days of their youth.

CHIEF BLACK HAWK

WORE HOME MADE MOCCASINS
AND CLOTHES

*Now the entire family can buy ready-made
Shoes, Rubbers, Slippers, Hosiery,
Gloves and Overalls at*

POHLMAN'S

CASH SHOE STORE

**Dealer in Better Merchandise
at Lower Prices**

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**Kehr Brothers
Hardware**

LANSING, IOWA

**PLUMBING – HEATING
SHEET METAL WORK**

**Paints – Varnishes – Enamels
Brushes**

J. G. Minert

**FORD
Sales and Service**

Phillip 66 Gas

WAUKON, IOWA

"Iowa, Beautiful Land," written over half a century ago by one of our founders and but recently re-discovered, seems particularly appropriate to the opening of the Blackhawk Bridge. This magnificent engineering achievement is making accessible the beauties of our native state, and particularly Allamakee County, to thousands of modern explorers who will discover anew Iowa, Beautiful Land.

IOWA, BEAUTIFUL LAND

Response of Mr. D. W. Adams, to the toast "The State of Iowa," at the celebration at Waukon one Fourth of July in the 80's.

*It must have been hundreds of years ago
When all this country was new,
That the Indian armed with quiver and bow,
Alit from his bark canoe.
The prairie was green, and the rivers bright,
Just fresh from the Maker's hand;
He spoke with delight at the glorious sight,
"Iowa, beautiful land!"*

*The white man followed the Indian trail,
And gazed on the lovely scene
Of prairie and woodland and fertile vale;
With river and streamlet between.
The rivers and meadows had fishes and game;
The view was unspeakably grand,
So he shouted aloud the Indian name,
"Iowa, beautiful land!"*

*The Paleface bro't with him the gleaming plow,
And murderous booming gun;
The Indian shouldered his quiver and bow,
And followed the setting sun,
And now, whenever an Indian dies
On the Western sage-brush sand,
From the great happy hunting ground he sighs,
"Iowa, beautiful land!"*

*We came from New England; God bless our old
home;
We went from the Keystone mines;
The "blue law" chickens all thitherward roam.
And the "tar" heel abandons his pines.
The Buckeye and Wolverine lengthen the train,
The Hoosier unites with the band,
And the Sucker and Pike take up the refrain;
"Iowa, beautiful land!"*

*We have left the bright little Emerald Isle,
We have come from dear Fatherland;
From Norwegian mountains, many a mile,
And Africa's burning sand.
Our birthplace, we love it, wherever we roam,
No matter if humble or grand;
But from all the wide world we have chosen our
home:
"Iowa, beautiful land!"*

*We all are Americans, making one nation:
We're proud of our starry flag,
We're the proudest people in all creation,
And this is our day to brag.
We're proud of our country, her strength we con-
fide in,
We're proud of the place we command,
But the pride of our pride is the state we abide,
"Iowa, beautiful land!"*

HALE & SONS

(1865)

"An Old Store with New Ideas"

WAUKON, IOWA



**Mid-Continent
Petroleum Corporation
Products**

**Gasoline
Oil
Grease**

**Service and Satisfaction
to all of
Our Customers**

WAYNE BIEBER
Tank Agent

MATT A. BECHTEL
Service Station Agent

Lansing, Iowa

Old Mount Hosmer

Continued from page 21

"“As long as you wish,” he replied gallantly.

"“Will I have time to climb that bluff?”

"“We will give you time.”

"Captain Smith called a clerk to accompany her. She soon outdistanced him, and stood alone on the brow of the hill, waving her handkerchief to the stewardess, who was on the guard of the boat, ringing the breakfast bell. Coming down she met her escort half-way up. She ran gleefully past him, returning the victor in the race. Before he went back to the boat, the clerk asked her to wait while he went to our house. There he interviewed the proprietors. Fortunately both were present. He asked whether the bluff had a name, and was told “not as yet.” Then he requested that the bluff be named Mount Hosmer, in honor of the lady who had just made a record ascent. Miss Hosmer seemed pleased but she probably did not realize that the old bluff would stand a living memorial to her, long after she had gone to her last rest. This was quite an event and a very happy experience in my rather uneventful life. I still have a vivid recollection of the bright young girl who chatted so pleasantly with me about the wild strawberries and flowers growing near.’

"Thus we heard from the last living witness, the true story of the naming of Mount Hosmer."

Three principal points make up Mount Hosmer. The one nearest the river is called Beck Point. On it is a flag pole, bearing a wooden memorial tablet which reads:

Beck Point

*Dedicated to the Memory of William E. Beck
Who Made the Supreme Sacrifice for His Country
In the World War at Fismes, Battle of Aisnes-Marne
August 4, 1918*

To the west we find Strong Point, which seems to sit almost over the town. The memorial here reads:

Strong Point

*Dedicated to the Memory of Robert Strong
Who Made the Supreme Sacrifice for His Country
In the World War, Battle of the Meuse-Argonne
October 2nd, 1918*

Farther from the river, looking up the Road of a Thousand Curves, another tablet tells us that the promontory is Glynn Point, and reads:

Glynn Point

*Dedicated to the Memory of George R. Glynn
Who Made the Supreme Sacrifice for His Country in the
World War at Bois de Gesme, Battle of the Meuse-Argonne
October 5th, 1918*

Thus, watching by day, brooding by night, Historic Mount Hosmer has seen the fortunes of Lansing rise and fall, and rise again.

It has seen her stalwart sons march off to war, most of them to return. It has seen river and railroad traffic, and now, with the completion of the Black Hawk Bridge, one end of which rests beneath her very feet, she will watch the stream of ever increasing traffic.

And perhaps now, as she smiles in her new brilliant coat of green, it is because of the natural feminine pride in fine attire, but more likely it is because this new structure will bring better times to the town she has guarded so carefully and loved so long.

DRUGS

SUNDRIES

CARTER and HERMAN

The Rexall Store

WAUKON, IOWA

Visit Our Soda Fountain

KODAK SUPPLIES

CANDIES

NEW SHOES FOR YOU AND OLD SHOES MADE NEW

"We mend the rips
and patch the holes
and straighten your heels
and save your soles."

K. HELLE

LANSING, IOWA

BODEGA LUNCH CLUB

4th and Pearl Sts.

LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN

**CIGARS, SODA FOUNTAIN, CANDY,
LUNCHES, DELICATESSEN**

"THE STORE WITH A CONSCIENCE"

CHIEF BLACK HAWK WAS BORN TOO SOON — BUT YOU ARE LIVING
AT THE RIGHT TIME TO BUY

**CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS AND SHOES AT THE
B and B Store**

WAUKON, IOWA

"When Satisfaction Is Not Expensive"

**When in Decorah
Eat at the
Model
Restaurant**

116 Washington Street

*Det er os en Fornøjelse at tilbyde
god Mad til rimelige Priser,
og Betjeningen er
uovertruffet.*

Vi gratulerer

*det nordøstlige Iowas flinke Be-
folkning i Anledning Fuld-
førelsen af den vakre*

Black Hawk Bro

A. B. Bergland

Decorah, Iowa

Allamakee Towns

Continued from page 13

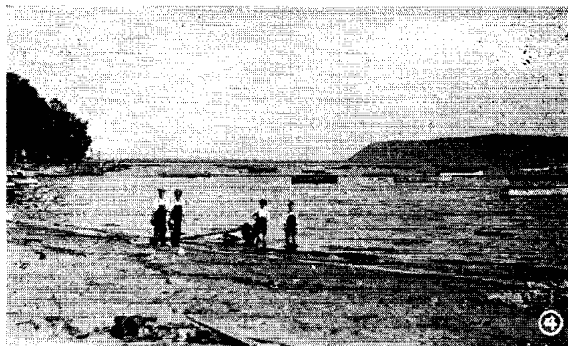
undoubtedly the pioneer Catholic Church in northeastern Iowa.

Columbus may be mentioned only because it became, in 1851, the first actual county seat in Allamakee. Now, this site, at the bend of the Mississippi a mile below Lansing, is merely a cluster of houses. In those early days it often was called Capoli, from the name of the bluff at the base of which it lay, which is spoken of in early French narratives as "Cap-a-l'ail." The first recorded term of district court was held at Columbus in July, 1852.

In the order of incorporation, Waterville is the sixth town in the county. Unlike most towns platted in the early days, Waterville was not a paper town, a boom site laid out for speculative purposes. The land was sold as needed, not as town lots, but as land lots, of varying size and irregular in shape. Waterville was started when Riley Ellis began a grist mill or corn cracker, in 1850, half mile below the present post-office. In 1854 Nathaniel Beebe built a grist mill for flour. In May, 1855, a Colonel Spooner and D. P. Carpenter opened a store here and in 1856 James Beebe erected a hotel. A post-office also was established in 1856. Waterville was not incorporated as a town until 1912.

Although Harper's Ferry, located in the southeast corner of the county, is one of the oldest settlements in Allamakee, historians are not certain as to who was the first settler. However, it is believed that no one was there before William Klett, who located on Paint Rock Prairie before the region was opened for settlement. In 1852 the village of Winfield was platted, but in 1860 the name was changed to Harper's Ferry by an act of legislature. David Harper was a leading spirit in the development of the village which took his name, back in the days when steamboats were plentiful and it appeared that the location would be excellent for a growing city. The village was incorporated as a town in 1901, and the population now is about 400.

Dorchester, located in Waterloo township, the northwest of the county, was settled in 1853, and a post-office established in 1856, a mail route being opened from Brownsville, Minnesota. In 1870 the village had a mill, four blacksmith shops, store, boot and shoe shop and a produce establishment. The village plat was laid out in 1873. It clings close to the sides of the hills, in a little valley in which it is beautifully located.



¶Looking down Lake Pepin from the village of Pepin, Wisconsin, toward where the Mississippi is joined by the Chippewa on its journey to the sparkling Gulf.

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WAUKON

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The Posten Press

DECORAH, IOWA

Commercial Printing Department of

The Anundsen Publishing Co.

Publishers of DECORAH-POSTEN

"A larger circulation than any other Norwegian language newspaper in U. S. A."

Pride of Winneshiek

Continued from page 23

in Bloomfield township on June 7, 1848. Twenty-two days later Gottlieb and Gottlob Krumm settled in Washington township. On August 15, 1848, David Reed and his wife and Daniel Reed settled in Bloomfield township. A. R. Young, a soldier at Fort Atkinson from October, 1848, to March, 1849, married Mary Jane Rogers at Fort Atkinson in February, 1849, and acquired government land there, to which he returned in 1850, after being discharged from service. Mrs. Young remained at the Fort during her husband's absence.

As mentioned above, Winneshiek county was organized in 1851, the date of election being Monday, April 7. Decorah and Moneek were rivals for the county seat, Decorah winning out. Early day county seat fights were usually attended by questionable methods and engendered ill feeling, and this one was no exception to the rule. Relying on this ill feeling, in 1854 Freeport tried to wrest the county seat from Decorah, but failed.

Decorah's growth was not rapid during its first five years. In 1851 there were three log cabins, a hotel, a lawyer, and two merchants. In 1854 there were some fifteen or twenty buildings, including hotels, stores, shops, stables, and other structures. In 1855 Congress passed a bill to locate a land office in Decorah, and thereafter the town grew rapidly. Incorporated as a town in 1857, in 1860 the population was 1219. Decorah has since recorded a steady and substantial growth. In 1870 it had a population of 2110; in 1880, 2951; in 1900, 3246; in 1910, 3918; in 1920, 4039; in 1930, 4581.

One of the earliest industries to be established in Decorah was a mill. While milling is now centered in a few of the larger localities, the Decorah mills continue to operate successfully. The use of water power on the Upper Iowa river has given Decorah credit for being second only to Keokuk in the development of electric power in Iowa.

Manufacturing on a large scale has never been successful in Decorah, but in spite of handicaps that have surrounded various efforts along this line, industries have grown up which provide substantial payrolls. Notable among these is the printing industry, which produces a large volume of business ranging from newspapers to the finer grades of commercial printing. Recent years have seen the ice cream business developed to substantial proportions. Creamery products have long been one of the leading industries of Decorah and the county. Within the past two years the manufacture of radios has been successfully undertaken and bids fair to outstrip any industry Decorah has known. The building of concrete highways has caused the opening of limestone quarries that have produced hundreds of thousands of yards of crushed rock, and the supply is far from exhausted.

Decorah's stores and shops are noted for their variety and the extent of their stocks, and the enterprise of her merchants draws patronage from distant points. Back of this are banking facilities that have won the confidence of the public.

As an educational center Decorah is known in all parts of the United States, due to the location here of Luther

Continued on page 50

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND AT
NACHTWEY'S
DRUG STORE

A COMPLETE LINE OF
 TOILET ARTICLES
 CANDIES
 KODAKS AND FILMS
 RUBBER GOODS

The Rexall Store

Prescriptions a Specialty

LANSING, IOWA

Congratulations

to the People of

Allamakee County

upon the completion
 of the new

Black Hawk Bridge

THE
COTA THEATRE
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Cars - Trucks - Tractors

Congratulations

to Northeast Iowa
 upon completion of the

**Black Hawk
 Bridge**

**Gilbertson, Schafer and
 Company**

LANSING, IOWA

Mechanical Force

John Bjerke Tom Goodel
 Charles Burke George Munz
 Norbert Spinner

**Always ready to render prompt
 efficient service**

Pride of Winneshiek

Continued from page 48

College. Moved here in 1861 from Halfway Creek, Wis., it enjoys distinction as the only strictly men's college of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America. Its graduates are scattered from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Many of them are occupying positions of importance in governmental affairs, and in science and religion. Decorah's public schools are among the best in Iowa. The enrollment for 1930-31 was over 1100, with 470 in the high school.

A record of Decorah without reference to its location from a scenic standpoint would be incomplete. While there is no mention of it in past writings, it seems inconceivable that the first settlers could have been insensible to the beauties with which Nature has surrounded this spot. Hills, valleys and streams provide scenes fair to the eye, and the citizens of Decorah have not been remiss in recognizing this fact. Into this picture they have built homes and commercial and public buildings that are a credit to their artistic sense and business judgment. The city is well lighted, the main thoroughfares are paved, and in the matter of public improvements in general the community is abreast of the times.

In conjunction with these features there has been developed a park system embracing 141 acres, located in or close to the city limits. Here our citizens and their friends and neighbors from other communities find delightful outing spots. A project is now just getting under way to establish a recreation center that will include a swimming pool, tennis and kitten ball courts, play grounds for children, and other features. While this is a private enterprise, it is suggestive of the spirit that is manifest throughout Decorah.

Our Own County

Continued from page 12

Chairman; Henry Quanrude, Locust, and John J. Howes, Waukon; County Auditor, Lloyd L. Swenson, Postville; County Treasurer, C. C. Hoth, Postville; Clerk of Court, William F. Shafer, Waukon; Recorder of Deeds, Mrs. Ella Robbins, Waukon; Sheriff, Leonard Bulman, Waukon; County Superintendent of Schools, Miss Isabella McCormick, Harper's Ferry. The district judges are W. L. Eichendorf, McGregor; C. M. Reed, Cresco, and H. E. Taylor, Waukon. Fred O'Riley is the Farm Bureau Agent for Allamakee County.

Probably the first settlements of any kind made in the county were at Johnsonport and the Old Mission, Fairview township, in the southeast corner of the county. Johnsonport was an early Indian trading post and a steamboat landing. The "Old Mission" house is said to have been erected in 1835 or earlier, but at neither this point nor at Johnsonport did settlements of any size spring up.

It is interesting to note that in 1875 Lansing had 2279 residents, Waukon 809, and Postville 712. Those were in the days when the river was the important artery of commerce and when the logs were coming down from the northern forests to be made into lumber.

In 1875 the county had 94 establishments classified as manufacturing plants, employing 317 people, turning out products worth nearly \$680,000 annually.

According to an Iowa atlas of 1875, the county that year possessed farms, the land value of which was worth \$4,301,000.

The United States census for 1870 showed that Allamakee County that year had fourteen establishments making carriages and wagons, two flouring-mill products, five furniture, three malt liquors, three sawed lumber, one machinery, engines and boilers, two sash, door and blinds, and one woolen goods.

But tides of traffic changed. The county in a considerable degree was cut off, isolated from the main lines of travel, and agriculture continued to be the chief livelihood of the county.

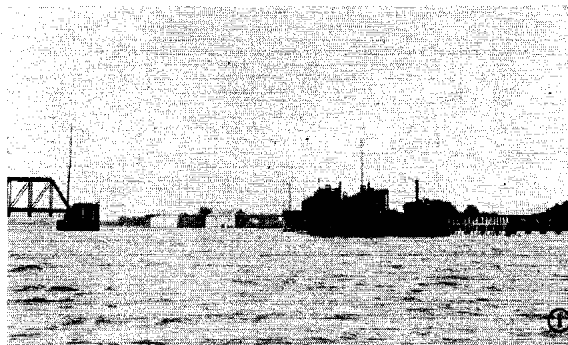
Now, once more, with the opening of the new span across the Mississippi, Allamakee County will be on a main route, with Highway Number Nine bringing traffic from the Twin Cities, western Iowa and South Dakota through Waukon to Lansing and on eastward, while traffic through Wisconsin will find this highway a short and excellent route from Chicago westward.

Penney Progress

The story of the Waukon J. C. Penney Company is similar to that of many small department stores. This store was opened September 4, 1926, first located in the Beeman store site, or what now is known as the H. & H. Shore Store. A new modern front was built here, adding to the appearance of Main Street.

On August 11, 1928, the Penney Company moved to their present location on Main Street. The building formerly used as a restaurant, was completely remodeled. This modern, well lighted store with new fixtures and well trained personnel helps make Waukon a pleasant place to shop.

The personnel of the store extends congratulations to those who have helped promote the Black Hawk bridge project. All are firm believers in progressiveness and are glad to have a part in the great dedication. Employees of the store are: M. C. Stonehing, Carl Baumgarten, Isadore Aldrich, Hulda Johnson, Mildred Rood, Nora Kelley, Irene Baumgarten, Helen Hall, and Elaine Holding.



One of two pontoon bridges on the Mississippi River, at Prairie du Chien. The other is at Read's Landing, just above Wabasha, Minnesota.

Hotel Winnesheik

Decorah, Iowa

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WELCOMES YOU GOOD MEALS
REASONABLE RATES

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Tourist Information

WAUKON, IOWA

D. F. Wolfe

CASH PAID FOR

POULTRY
EGGS, WOOL
AND CREAM

At the Foot of Main Street
On the River

Lansing, Iowa

Hawkeye History

Continued from page 11

1834 Iowa was part of the Michigan territory, becoming in 1836 part of the Wisconsin territory.

From the first discovery of Iowa by Joliet and Marquette, for a century and one-half, the Indians held back the onrush of settlers. Father Michel Guignas, Jean Baptiste Boucher de Montbrun, and Francois Boucher de Montbrun, enterprising merchants, and Pierre Boucher, Sieur de Boucherville, an officer of the French, and many other early visitors were captured by the red men. Some escaped, some died, some were victims of tomahawk and arrow at the hands of a people defending their hereditary home lands and hunting grounds.

The Foxes or Meskwaki "People of the Red Earth"; Sauks "People of the Outlet," or "People of the Yellow Earth," and the Ioways, along the Mississippi River, for more than a dozen decades discouraged and frustrated attempts at immigration. But the lure of the peltries of the beaver, otter, marten, mink, muskrat and larger animals was too strong. Added to this were the dreams of imperialism that burned in the minds of so many men who roamed these trackless waterways and woods, — the desire for land, for conquest.

Although the Iowa lead mines were known about in 1770, and although the land passed from ownership by Spain to France and from France to the United States in 1803-1804, it was not until four years later that the first act of possession on the part of the Federal government was made. At Fort Madison a five-sided stockade was erected, of pickets of white oak, twelve to eighteen inches in diameter and fourteen feet long. In April, 1809, we find the garrison "making the best preparations for the safety and defense of" Fort Madison.

In 1816 Fort Crawford was established at Prairie du Chien, and in 1817 Fort Armstrong on Rock Island was completed, while in 1822 Fort Snelling at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers was completed, all safeguards to the land of Iowa.

And then came the white tide! By 1836, there were 10,531 people of white blood in the region; by 1840, 43,000 people had been ferried across the Mississippi, or had crossed by raft or canoe. The rush was on. They were a hardy lot, these pioneer men and women, who sought to improve, to regain or to dare fortune in a land that was new. Hunger for land, for more land, for much land, brought thousands upon thousands. They broke, planted, and cultivated this new territory, with soil as fertile as any the world has known — with oxen, later with mules or horses, and by their own labors. No less impressive is this flood of humanity across the vast prairie land, bounded on the east and the west by writhing rivers seeking the sea, because martial music and courtly attire did not accompany the rising tide. And, although these pioneers know prairie fires, windstorms, blizzards, loneliness, bad roads and distant markets — a combination of natural obstacles to try men's souls — the land of Iowa was peopled — and it flourished.

They came from Illinois, these pioneers, from Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, western Virginia, Missouri, Ohio, southern Indiana and Pennsylvania, and they came with all of the possession they could bring, for this

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THE BUILDING NEWS

*Published for the People of the Future
State of Iowa*

VOL. 87—B. P. July 1, 1832 NUMBER 13

(As the items would have read had The Building News appeared 99 years ago.)

In an exclusive interview with Black Hawk, Chief of the Sacs and Foxes, living down the Mississippi about 150 miles, our reporter learned that the wily Indian is going to purchase one hundred canoe loads of our lumber, build a number of homes, and settle down in Iowa, just as soon as he concludes a campaign against the Illinois militia and troops from Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien.

The Winnebagoes or Ho-Tchun-Graws (Men of the Sea) are planning on moving westward shortly, and have ordered a large shipment of flooring for their new tepees.

Old Chief Keokuk, who rules the best village on the Father of Waters by a damsite, paddled in yesterday for prices on cement. He says that sooner or later he will build a dam down there and retire on his water power profits.

Winneshiek, Chief of the Winnebagoes, dropped in to explain that he was not a hereditary chief, but that he had been so appointed by the United States War Department for his ability. Can't keep a good man down in this country, Winne remarked. He ordered a truck-load of shingles. He is going to re-roof the wickiups of his six wives. He says they can't all live peaceably under one roof, but that our reasonable prices still make it possible for him to maintain six homes.

This is how one old joke started. Marquette and Joliet were paddling down the Mississippi when they spied an Indian beating himself over the head. "I say, old bean," Joliet called, "Why are you hammering your head so hard?" "Silly," Chief Standing Cow replied. "Because it feels so good when I stop."

Waukon-Decorah phoned last night for us to rush delivery on several carloads of lumber and cement. He says that good times are coming, according to a radio address he heard, so he is going into real estate development in a big way. He has started two towns, naming both of them for himself—and he is ordering all of his building materials from

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Hawkeye History

Continued from page 52

was no roving class of people. They were seeking homes, and they made homes wherever they settled.

Let us compare the population of our river towns in 1840 and the middle-fifties. Keokuk grew from 150 to 5,044, Fort Madison from 700 to 1,500, Burlington from 1,300 to 7,310, Bloomington (Muscatine) from 600 to 3,693, Iowa City (located on the Iowa River) from 700 to 2,570, Davenport from 817 to 5,203, and Dubuque from 1,300 to 6,634, while Lansing, which had not been settled in 1840, had well upwards of 1,200 people in the town and Allamakee county had about 5,000 residents.

Iowa was organized as a territory June 12, 1838, with Burlington as the first capital, out of what had been part of the Wisconsin Territory. In 1839 the capital was moved to Iowa City. The State of Iowa became part of the United States December 28, 1846, the twenty-ninth state of the Union. At this time there were twenty-seven organized counties in Iowa, with a population of nearly 100,000.

In less than one hundred years a great transition has come to this state. In 1840 the people produced enough grain to cause the first food surplus, a change in husbandry from the days when Indians were frequently only a few months ahead of crop shortages. Since then Iowa, its fertile fields tilled by an indigenous population, has been one of the most constant granaries of the world, winning the title of "Bread Basket of the World."

Times have changed! Before the Civil War tiny steamboats were taking corn and hogs down the Missouri, the Des Moines, and the Mississippi to St. Louis and all parts of the country. The feeding of the nation by the state goes on, but the steamboats have practically disappeared. In 1856 came the railroad, revolutionizing transportation, first crossing the Father of Waters into Iowa at Davenport. The dawn of this century saw Iowa literally "stuck in the mud" when snows melted or rains came, but the end of 1931 will find the state first in total miles of paved highway, the building progress of just three decades.

From Iowa have come some of the great agrarian movements of the century, and ideas both extremely radical and ultra-conservative have been advocated by men who have grown from the soil of this state. Iowa is a land of individualism and of personal freedom. Religions thrive side by side, and, while political differences are and have been marked, a man's religion and his politics do not make him an outcast in the community in which he makes his home. In education the state always has been a leader, and, in proportion to population the state has as many institutions of higher learning as any in the country.

But the state is not a finished product. Farms and towns have driven away the wilderness. Crops and cattle have taken precedent over furs, and factories have arisen to give employment to thousands who have come to the state. Conservative, though ever changing, progressing, though attached to the soil, Iowa is keeping abreast of the times. Her growth and upbuilding is an epic in epochal enterprise. Her past has been glorious. And, though occasional setbacks have overtaken her, the foundations of her citizenry are firmly and staunchly built, and her future is assured.

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