

The bill having received a constitutional majority was declared to have passed the House and the title was agreed to.

PIONEER LAWMAKERS VISIT HOUSE

Doolittle of Delaware moved that a committee of two be appointed to notify the Pioneer Lawmakers that the House was now ready to receive them.

Motion prevailed and the Speaker appointed as such committee, Doolittle of Delaware and Wamstad of Mitchell.

Doolittle of Delaware, from the committee appointed to notify the Pioneer Lawmakers that the House was now ready to receive them, reported that the committee had so acted, and that the Pioneer Lawmakers were now present.

Dr. Perry Engle, president of the Pioneer Lawmakers' Association and Colonel M. L. Temple, were escorted to the Speaker's station.

The House recessed to sit in informal session with Iowa Pioneer Lawmakers.

Dr. Perry Engle presiding.

Addresses were delivered by Hon. James B. Weaver, Dr. Engle and Colonel M. L. Temple.

The House resumed formal session, Speaker McFarlane in the chair.

Morgan of Jasper moved that the remarks of Dr. Engle be printed in the journal.

Motion prevailed.

REMARKS OF DR. PERRY ENGLE

Let us live over the past and prophecy for the future.

There sits on the shores of Lake Michigan one of the greatest cities of all the world, all this within the life time of some of the members of this association. When some of us were born there was not a telegraph or telephone. A sewing machine, a cook stove, a railroad a reaper, a friction match, a kerosene lamp in the world.

Rubber then was not dreamed of, now we have billions of dollars invested in rubber. How wonderful.

We had but few American books, when we were boys. Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, Prescott, Hawthorn, Lowell and Ella Wheeler Wilcox have all come within the life time of some of us here.

In the domain of science, we have Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin in our generation.

Even in my lifetime I can remember the old stage coach, the ox team. We have gotten away from all that, and live in a new world. Coming to the growth and development of Iowa: When the civil war broke out, there was not a telegraph line that reached a single city in Iowa, unless, perhaps, on the Mississippi. There was hardly any railroad mileage in the state at that time. The railroad had reached a little beyond Iowa City. In 1866 the railroad reached this city.

IOWA:—

Why should Iowa mean anything to us? It is not the greatest state in the union in size, in numbers, or in wealth. It has no large city—no mecca for the pilgrimages of mankind. Its shores are not washed by the sea as are those of California and Florida.

Its hills do not rise into the blue sky like the mountains of Colorado. It does not look out toward the island empire of either Great Britain or Japan. Its people can not talk across the fence to the Canadians or feel the stir of excitement along the prickly border of Mexico.

But it is the heart of America. Its shores are the two greatest rivers of the continent. Its rolling hills and fertile plains smile in the sun—well content with the task of making manna for millions. It has woods and winding streams and blue lakes, and towns with shady streets and green lawns and alert and friendly people.

And it has traditions. We are young in the land, but the land is old. Its story runs back of the days when glaciers slipped down across it; back to the times when the sea covered the Mississippi basin. Into the long story come the red men, and after many generations the whites. The songs of French boatmen was heard upon its streams; Spanish fur trades trail its western shore. Julien Dubuque and Manuel Lisa move through the misty past. Builders of homes arrive and out of the border land a state comes into the union. Congressmen, soldiers and farmers, business men and wide-visioned women play their parts, and so our heritage has grown.

And yet, probably it is the associations of a more immediate past, the memory of more intimate and homely things that makes up for us the thought of Iowa. It is where we live—perhaps where we have always lived. Its people are our people, and Iowa is our state. We frame its laws and try to obey them. It is we who build its institutions and make its history and look forward to the enjoyment of its future. The familiar scenes of the land between the rivers have woven

themselves into our lives. And so Iowa means a thousand things to us—the rush of water in the gutters in the spring time, and the smell of burning leaves in the fall; the tang of early frost and the sight of oaks still to their rusty foliage on the hill tops; the sound of birds in the early summer morning, and the stillness graven on the marble of a winter night. It means black mud in the bottom road and red sumac along the fence; small towns and large corn fields; Dante Pierce's Homestead and Gov. Kendell's Proclamation; the clack of mower and the memory of boys going off to war.

Iowa has its faults; but so, perhaps, have our parents, our wives, and our children—to say nothing of ourselves. And after all, we can not explain the charm of the things we love. Let us then not so much boast of Iowa as be happy in it. Let us look with seeing eyes upon its beauties, and with friendly eyes upon its people—our neighbors. Let us know its story and make sure that we ourselves play in it a worthy part; for what we make it, mean much to us, and mean more to those who come hereafter.

Iowa is alright if she does get hot and cold. When Lauman's brigade swept like a tidal wave into the walls of Donelson it was the flag of Iowa's Second that fluttered in the advance. And when New England's fighting son fell on the bloody field of Wilson Creek, he fell at the head of Iowa's First. And it was Iowa rifles that made the sting of the Hornet's Nest at Shiloh church. It was Iowa soldiers that was the first to march up San Juan hill, Iowa's Rainbow Division bravely fought back the invaders at Argonne and Marne. Let us stand steadfast to the ideals that made those starving regiments in rags, barefooted in the snows of winter, immortal at Valley Forge; standing steadfast to the ideals that made Yorktown a possibility and Appomattox a certainty.

Under Iowa's skies have been born the noblest boys and sweetest girls that ever scattered their smiles through the rooms of home. On the floor of debate, in all the walks where intellect robed in her brightest glory is found, Iowans are seen.

Yes, and when the old Hawkeye died and of course went to heaven, St. Peter met him and escorted him around that happy realm. He saw vast concourses of people with banners, "from New York," "from New Jersey," "from Massachusetts," etc., written on them, but none from Iowa. He asked the reason why, and was taken over to the new addition where he saw the largest concourse he had seen, and found them all chained down and looking unhappy. When he asked the reason of this of St. Peter he was told that "if we did not keep them chained they would go back to Iowa." Some doubting Thomas will not believe this, but see the eastern bound trains today from Montana and Washington and Oregon and the Dakotas, the returning Iowans are pouring back by hundreds to "Mother's Lap." Iowa is all right. The sun may cook her, the cyclones sweep like demoms of destruction over her fair bosom, the grasshoppers may raid her grain fields, the

worms eat her corn, the hot winds dry up her streams. Yet she is always on the firing line, and always in the right ready for another round.

Today the three million people living in Iowa for all that stand for good can not be excelled by any people on earth. Today nearly every quarter section of land of the 55,000 acres composing the state is occupied by a palatial home where hunger and distress are strangers. The soil of Iowa produces more wealth annually than the gold mines of the world. Iowa's hens lay eggs worth more than the orange crop of the United States.

I remember very distinctly the discussions that occurred when men of progressive thought were striving to change the old English common law with regard to domestic relations, to give to the wife the right to own real estate without the intervention of a trustee; to give to a wife the power to own and control her own property; to take from the husband the right to own whatever of hers he reduced to possession; to give to the wife equal control and right of custody of the children.

I well remember that in some states a woman did not own her clothing. Today woman have equal rights with the Lords of Creation.

I have witnessed human beings sold from the auction block to the highest bidder. I hold in my hand a mortgage on a colored slave dated 1811. My influences are at work for a higher humanity and a better world, where insane greed and madness shall not stalk with sword in hand; where fraternity shall triumph over Caesar's bloody legions. We have visions of internationalism of all the races, of a political and industrial democracy.

In the last two years death has levied a costly tribute upon our ranks. One by one at the beckoning of the silent messenger our comrades have passed through the gate to the land of the Leal. We miss their presence and councils. They bore the flag triumphant even to the gates of the Sunset.

With you and I, the morning of life has gone, the sombre shades of evening are gathering closely around and about us, we have heard the reveille at sunrise and listened to the tattoo of night, and taps, yes, taps, that once betokened the extinguishment of lights, now comes reverberating back as the heralds of death. Among our crowned jewels are a Kirkwood, a Larrabee, a Dolliver, a Gear, a Harlan, a Carpenter, a Cole, a Kassan, a Clayton, a Day, a Hepburn, a Weaver, and Edward Hooper Gillette our last President. These men and others went out for us and won the many battles of their brilliant lives by their devotion and never ending zeal. The lives of such men are worth the living and for which death has no sting. It would be an honor to us pioneers if you of the Thirty-ninth General Assembly and your successors shall continue to build up a greater and a better Iowa.

We have yet mighty questions to be solved. May you and your children give to the world the proper solution. Let us look upward

and press upward. We hope that our successors will honor us by excelling us. May we all consecrate ourselves to that inspiring sentiment uttered by President Lincoln at Gettysburg, "that government of, by and for the people may never perish from the earth."

Gentlemen, I know that the members of our Pioneer Lawmakers' Association feel very grateful to you, indeed, for the gracious manner in which you have received us, for the very kindly expression that you have made for those entitled to membership in our organization, and in expressing, as I know that I do, the very earnest gratitude of all of our members; I thank you.

On motion of Vance of Madison the following registration list of members of the Iowa Pioneer Lawmakers' Association was ordered printed in the journal:

IOWA PIONEER LAWMAKERS ASSOCIATION OF THE EIGHTEENTH
SESSION

Historical Building Assembly Room

March 16th, Wednesday

	Years in Iowa
1. Stiles, Lewis, Corydon	68
2. Davison, A. H., Des Moines.....	41
3. English, Emory H., Des Moines.....	50
4. Field, A. G. Dr., Des Moines.....	60
5. Fleming, William H. (Secretary) Des Moines.....	66
6. Mott, D. C. (Acting as Ass't Sec'y) Des Moines.....	59
7. Van Pelt, Frank M. (Court Reporter) Des Moines; was clerk of committee on agriculture in 20th G. A.....	68
8. Williams, Ora (Document Editor, State House) Des Moines.	
9. Haselton, H. B., Glidden.....	43
10. Seeley, W. B., Mt. Pleasant.....	59
11. Engle, Perry Dr. (President) Newton.....	53
12. Temple, M. L., Osceola.....	48
13. Nelson, Oley, Slater	55
14. Kamrar, J. T., Webster City	52

I. P. L. M. A.

March 17, 1921,

Thursday.

	Years in Iowa
15. Chase, R. L., Des Moines	53
16. Garst, Warren, Ex-Gox., Des Moines	
17. Kendall, N. E., Governor, Des Moines.....	53
18. Griswold, H. J., Des Moines,	56

On motion of Gibson of Clarke the House adjourned until 9:00 a. m., Friday.