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Mar 2000

# Historical Society Of Pottawattamie County

Member Newsletter

March 2000

## Quick Takes

### Ready for the rain

Concrete work has been completed at the jail with the intent of solving a long-standing rain-water problem.

### The club car is also ready for the rain

Much restoration work is to be accomplished on the Burlington club car, recently acquired for display at the depot, but roof repair was deemed the priority. A new roof has been put on the car to prevent internal damage from rainwater.

### What did the "Corn Belt Rocket", "The Nightingale" and "The City of Los Angeles" have in common?

The fanciful passenger train names conjure up romantic images of faraway places. What did they have in common? They... and many other trains sporting similarly imaginative names... came through Council Bluffs. Test your memory of the named trains on page 7.

## Depot, Jail Ready for Summer Tours

The summer season is officially here, and the historic Rock Island Depot and Squirrel Cage Jail are ready for the influx of tourists. Regular monthly Society meetings will not be held over the summer but will resume this fall.

Society president Gale Fouch has assumed the position of chairman of the Depot, replacing Marcia Hastings who stepped down after over a decade of volunteer service in that position. The Depot is open for tours Tuesday through Sunday until labor day.

The jail has seen a busy spring as well with group tours.

Both projects have undergone many renovations over the past months; plan to visit your attractions and see the progress firsthand this summer. Your Society membership entitles you to free admission.

Just for a moment Lord...

Let me be like a child again.

Somehow it doesn't seem very long ago I knew these feelings, but here they are, finding their way into my consciousness.

If I might, just once again...

-Run as fast as I can for no good reason but to feel the hard ground under my feet.

-Walk home from school kicking a stone and dragging a stick; awed by the tiny buds on the bushes and trees, and the earth's awakening from winter sleep.

-Hear the bat slap the ball into left field

-Feel the sweater tied around my waist slapping against my legs as I run.

-Push damp hair from my hot face, cheeks streaking with dirty hands that had built roads and towns in lumpy flower beds.

-Wobble down the sidewalk on my new-used bike, biting my lips in concentration as I ride alone for the first time.

Please Lord, let me be like a child again.

(Written for the HSPC Newsletter by  
Society member Rev. Roger Prescott)

# Feature Focus . . . Ice Cream from Council Bluffs

I. Mucci is a wholesale ice cream manufacturer, with a plant located at 218 West Broadway, showing an original capital investment of about \$15,000. The entire attention of the plant is turned toward the production of ice cream, the retail store in which are handled confectioneries being a side line. The territory covered in the wholesale deliveries includes the greater part of Iowa and northwestern Missouri. The average output during the months of May, June, July and August is about sixty thousand gallons of ice cream.



The Mucci plant has been improved recently to a considerable extent, more room being provided both for storage and operation. New machinery has been installed which holds peculiar interest for the visitor in his tour of inspection. The room in which his machinery is located is underground and extends nearly the entire length of the building.

After descending from the ground

floor into the manufacturing room, the icy vapor sweetened by the odor of cream fairly obscures the busy workers, the huge ice cream cans and the softly moving machinery. The chief object of interest is a large cylinder, surmounted by a half cylinder of similar dimensions, near which is a large dynamo and a rectangular tub of ice brine. In this main cylinder is a close system of tubes surrounding an inner cylinder in which ten gallons of cream are in the process of freezing. The brine is forced in a continual stream through these tubes keeping the entire

machine, at an average temperature of eight degrees above zero. This demands very little attention and works quietly, swiftly and continually. The machinery is not stopped when the cylinder is emptied and refilled with cream, the frozen product being emptied into cans by means of a slide, and fresh cream poured from the half cylinder into the freezing cylinder by means of another slide, the whole change being made in less than a minute. The filled cans are packed into a sanitary van and stored ready for shipment.

This machine has a daily capacity of 1,000 gallons of cream. On

emergency work four old style freezers may be attached to the dynamo, bringing the total capacity to 1,500 gallons. Ordinary demands are met with an average output of 450 gallons per day. For this amount cream is taken from 1,000 gallons of milk each day.

The amount of raw material used in the operation of the plant is to the uninitiated, quite remarkable. About five tons of sugar are used each month, bringing the consumption during the summer months to over twenty tons. On account of the peculiar construction of the machinery, a great saving of ice is allowed, the brine being used several times before being discarded. Notwithstanding this fact 200 tons of ice are consumed each month. One car load of salt is used in a month, a larger amount being required than with the old style freezers.

One interesting feature of the business is that all orders are taken through the mails. No traveling men are employed to push the business in the field. Mr. Mucci, feeling that in this particular line the possible increase in volume of deliveries would not compensate for the expense of a force of salesmen. He says furthermore that settlements are remarkably prompt and complete this season. He has employed at the plant four drivers, four clerks, and seven men, including one machinist, constantly in the manufacturer of ice cream.

*(September 1, 1907; Contributed by Darlene Vergamini)*

H. S. GREEN, farmer, P. O. Avoca, born near Brockport, Monroe Co., N. Y., in 1829; raised in Ashtabula County, Ohio; lived there until 1868, when he went to Illinois; stopped with friends near Ottawa, where he was with friends near Ottawa, where he was teaching for two years.

He is the son of Caleb Green, who died in 1840; his mother, at the age of eighty-eight, died in September, 1881; he is one of twelve children, one brother and one sister dead. He was educated in Ashtabula

County, Ohio, going to school with B. F. Wade, nephew of B. F. Wade, of the Nineteenth District, Ohio.

He has been farming most of his life, and, while in Ohio, was in the dairy business; married, in Ashtabula County, Ohio, in 1853, Miss Sarah J. Wood, born in New York and raised in Ohio. They are the parents of four children —one daughter dead and three sons living.

Subject came to this township in the spring of 1870, buying raw prairie, paying \$8 and \$10 per acre for same.

The land was owned by Mr. Hitchcock, of Boston, and sold by N. P. Dodge, of Council Bluffs. The farm is well improved now, consisting of 290 acres, mostly under cultivation, with large buildings, groves, orchard, etc., thereon. He came here just as the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad commenced carrying freight, and was in Shelby when the first freight was delivered there, it being a keg of whiskey. Mr. Green is a Democrat.

(Source: 1883 History of Pottawattamie County, Iowa; Contributed by Cathy Danielson)

### From the Archive Files...

The following items were found in the newspaper archives and provide a little glimpse at daily life in our county in the past. Contributed by Darlene Vergamini.

### Coal in Pottawattamie County

L. Tierney was arrested yesterday by Officer Beswick for violating a city ordinance by driving cattle on a street that had been improved by parking. Tierney makes a living by pasturing cows on land near Lake Manawa. He calls for the cows every morning and brings them home again in the evening. Numerous complaints have been made to the police that Tierney did not properly herd the cattle while driving them along the streets and allowed them to run over private yards, trampling lawns and flower beds. The police warned him several times, but he paid no attention. He was very indignant over his arrest and said he would test the constitutionality of the ordinance. (1896)

The Avoca "Delta" of Thursday has the following on the subject of coal: "Mr. S.D. Bird, of Big Grove, called on us Saturday and informed us that he has a shaft sunk in search of coal sixty-one feet. Up to date he has found numerous specimens of coal, both kernel and soft. On Friday last he struck a vein of shale coal about nine inches thick, and feels confident that fifteen feet deeper will give him a good vein of coal. Several experienced miners have investigated matters in the shaft and all agree that coal will be unquestionably found at a depth of 75 or 80 feet. Sam deserves a great deal of credit for the persistent manner in which he has prosecuted this enterprise for the last fifteen years, meeting often with disappointments and failures innumerable, on account of not

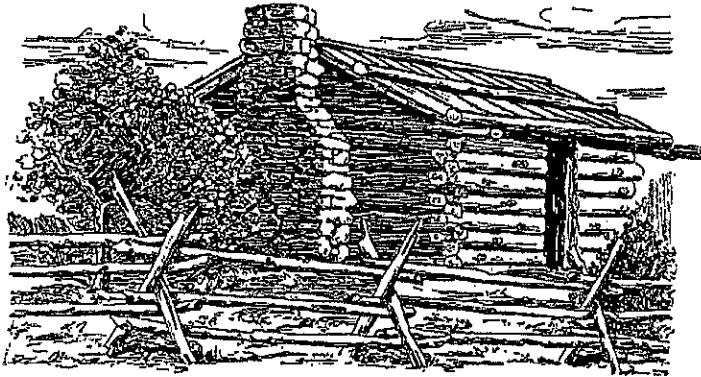
having the funds to push the prospecting business. Now the coveted prize seems almost within his grasp and we most earnestly hope success may crown his efforts, for if ever a man displayed the pertinacity and adhesiveness that deserves it, Sam has. (1879)

### Creative Iowans

The following patents were issued from the United States Patent Office to citizens of Iowa for the week ending November 11, 1873. Head block, Peeley M. Cummings, Lyons; wagon brake, B.W. Coe, Des Moines; vehicles, Martin Nichols, Osage; wash boiler attachment, William W. Glanville, Crawford county; dried fruit loosener, Harry W. Holman, Waterloo; plow, Wells C. McCool, Guthrie Center. (1873)

## The Pioneer Log Cabin

Just as the log cabin was a symbol in eastern and central Iowa, so too it served as the emblem of the pioneer in western Iowa. During the late forties and early fifties the axe of the industrious squatter rang sharp and clear in what



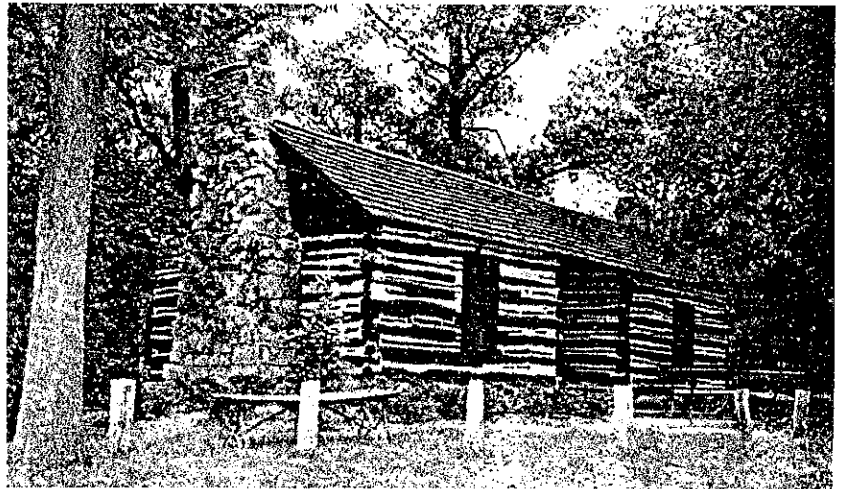
Typical Iowa pioneer log cabin.

is now Pottawattamie County as he raised his cabin along the Missouri watershed. In Waveland Township all the settlers who traveled over the Mormon Trail are said to have built log cabins with turf roofs. The first cluster of homes in Hardin Township was made up of the thirteen log huts of Mormon immigrants. Council Bluffs grew so rapidly during this period that newcomers sometimes found it impossible to procure log lodgings: in that event it was often necessary to find a temporary shelter for families, household goods, and merchandise in canvas booths. The erection of the first brick building in 1853 was a landmark in Council Bluffs' architectural history.

Along the Missouri slope as well as along the Mississippi, the log cabin school predominated. The first log schoolhouse erected in Crescent Township, Pottawattamie County, is typical; it had a turf roof and a puncheon floor and door, dressed out with a common adz. The puncheon seats were also fashioned from rough timbers with the same instrument. The

turf roof which graced this humble educational center was common in Pottawattamie County. In York Township for example, the roof of the first schoolhouse was made of rafters of good strong poles covered with layers of fine brush packed so close and thick that it supported a covering of earth about one foot in dept. This particular log cabin measured twelve by fourteen feet and contained two windows. Air conditioning in its modern sense was unknown. The pioneers of yesteryears found the winter of 1856-57 so severe it was impossible to maintain a single school in Keg Creek township that season.

The log cabins served many other purposes in Pottawattamie County. In Layton Township, E.B.Hinckley used his little cabin as a land office. An election was held in the log schoolhouse on the Copeland farm in Rockford Township and settlers from nearby Harrison County voted there. As early as 1847 Ezekiel Downs built a two story log cabin on Mosquito Creek in Norwalk Township which he used as a flour mill. Dances were held in these rude structures. In Boomer Township the long winter nights



Newman cabin; the oldest log cabin in Iowa; Eagle Point Park, Dubuque.

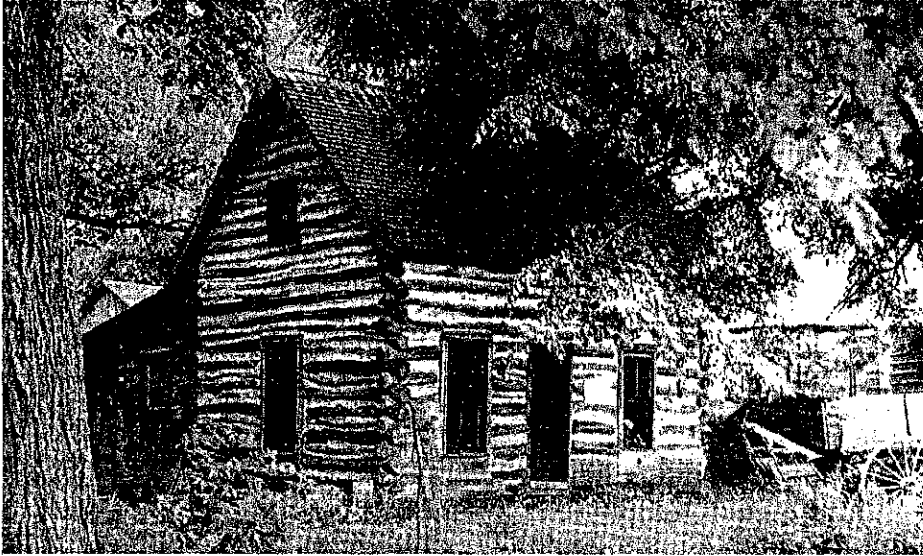
were frequently whiled away dancing in Mrs. Mackland's log cabin. Grandparents who shake a disapproving finger at the youth of today may be somewhat abashed to learn that

## The Pioneer Log Cabin, continued...

Mrs. Mackland's log cabin fairly shook with the liveliness and zest of those who thus enjoyed themselves.

Untold hardship in a desolate, uninhabited region was a common heritage of the Iowa pioneer. "We found a wild country" someone declared. But many pioneers were seeking a home in the western solitude. A diminutive log structure

with a bark roof harbored Silas W. Condit, the first settler of Little Sioux Township in Harrison County in 1848. Condit has the honor of plotting the town of Little Sioux in Harrison County. The first district school building in the county was a hewn log structure erected in Magnolia Township in 1853 by John Thompson. The little lumber it contained was hauled by ox team from Reel's Mill on Pigeon Creek in Pottawattamie County.



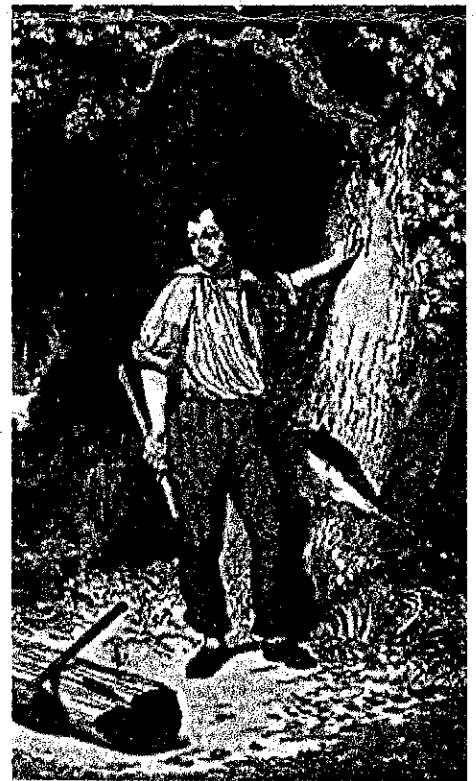
Two story log cabin that was one of the earliest homes in the Council Bluffs area. It was located two miles north of the city limits on Mud Hollow Road. Photo is from 1952.

Author: William J. Petersen - *The Palimpsest*, November, 1960; contributed by Darlene Vergamini. Photo at left from Nonpareil archives, 1952).

## The Pioneer and His Axe

There stands the young and vigorous pioneer, buoyant with hope and high expectations of the future, stripped for the mighty contest between human strength and the giant forest sons of nature. With his axe in hand he stands alone in the midst of the vast wilderness, far from the hallowed associations of youth and the charities of home and of neighborhood, prepared to prostrate the umbrageous forest and admit the life-giving sunbeams to the exuberant bosom of mother earth. His axe was his trusty claymore, his young wife- his country's honor- universal freedom- these composed his oriflamme to encourage him in the heat of battle; and his cause was the cause of religion, humanity, truth, equity, and freedom. With such a weapon, such a rallying standard, such a noble incitement, did the hardy pioneer wrestle with the gnarled oak and towering beech till they were overcome, and luxuriant grainfields like a green oasis in the midst of the desert, gladdened his heart with the smiles of abundant prosperity. Where he had recently fought his victorious battle, a village arose, a monumental trophy of his prowess; and from eastern lands- lands where his ancestors dwell- the commercial marts upon the borders of the seas- he hears the echo of his song of triumph, and beholds a mighty tide of physical and intellectual strength flowing on in his track, to populate, beautify and enrich the domain he has conquered, and to rear and foster there other pioneers to push farther onward toward the sands of the great Pacific.

(From "The Family Magazine", 1840; contributed by Darlene Vergamini)

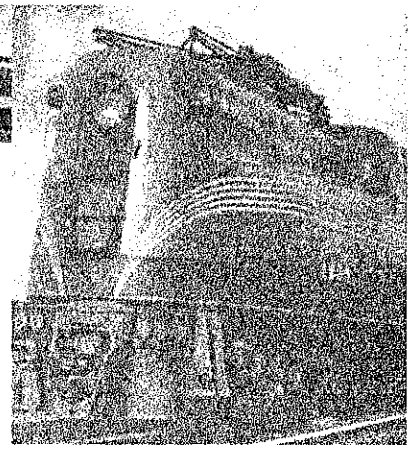


## *Iowa Firsts*

- The first white man set foot on Iowa soil June 25, 1673
- The first white settlement was near Dubuque in 1788
- The first territorial organization was July 3, 1838.
- The first territorial governor was Robert Lucas, 1838 to 1841.
- The first state governor was Ansel Briggs, 1846 to 1850.
- The first court is believed to have been held at Burlington in April, 1835. The first territorial chief justice was Charles Mason, 1838 to 1847.
- The first state chief justice was Joseph Williams, 1847 to 1848.
- The first capitol was located at Burlington in 1838.
- The first territorial legislature convened at Burlington in November, 1838.
- The first state legislature convened at Iowa City, the second capital, November 30, 1846.
- The first legislature convened at Des Moines, the third capital, January 11, 1858.
- The first speaker of the territorial House of Representatives was William H. Wallace of Henry County.
- The first president of the territorial Council was Jesse B. Browne, of Lee County, who was also the first speaker of the House of Representatives of the state legislature. The first President of the State Senate was Thomas Baker, of the Fifth District. The first State Constitution was framed in October, 1844, but was rejected by a vote of the people at an election held August 4, 1845.
- The first State government was organized December 18, 1846.
- The first organized counties were Dubuque and Des Moines, which embraced the entire State, then a part of Michigan territory.
- The first church was built at Dubuque in 1834.
- The first school house was built at Dubuque in 1833.
- The first newspaper was issued at Dubuque, May 11, 1836.
- The first post office was established in 1833 at Dubuque.
- The first white male child born in the state was John H. Ludlow, where Muscatine now is, September 30, 1831.
- The first white female child born in the State was Eleanor Garland, at Ft. Madison in 1830. Her father was an army surgeon.
- The first railroad was laid at Davenport, in May, 1854, and the first locomotive entered Iowa there, in that month.
- The first locomotive crossed the state to the Missouri River at Council Bluffs in February, 1867.
- The first locomotive that reached Des Moines was the "Marion, No. 11," August 28, 1866, on the Des Moines Valley Road.
- The first woman to be given a seat on the floor of the House of Representatives by a vote of that body, was Mrs. L.F. Andrews, as a press reporter, in 1866.

*(Contributed by Darlene Vergamini)*

# When Trains Had Names



Everyday dozens of passenger trains identified by fanciful and imaginative names still serve American travellers, but in Council Bluffs the train whistles we hear each day belong to freight trains. It wasn't that way not so very long ago. The trains below served Council Bluffs in 1948. Can you match them with their railroads? Answers are on page 9.

## *The Trains-*

Ak-Sar-Ben  
California Zephyr  
Chicago Express  
Midwest Hiawatha  
Corn Belt Rocket  
LaSalle Street Limited  
Omaha Limited  
Twin City Express  
City of Denver  
The Mondamin  
Omaha Limited  
Nebraska Zephyr  
City of Portland  
Gold Coast  
The Arrow  
Corn Belt Rocket  
Silver Streak Zephyr  
The Nightingale  
St. Louis Limited  
Omaha Express  
San Francisco Overland  
National Parks Special  
City of San Francisco  
Des Moines - Omaha Limited  
Rocky Mountain Rocket  
City of Los Angeles  
The North American

## *The Railroads-*

Chicago-Burlington and Quincy  
Chicago-Great Western  
Chicago and North Western  
Chicago Milwaukee St. Paul and Pacific  
Chicago Rock Island and Pacific  
Wabash

*(Many thanks to Society member John McLellan for contribution of this interesting trivia quiz)*

*We just passed Memorial Day; this is a fitting time to read this poem about World War I, it sends a powerful message. If everyone of us sat down and listed just the people from our families and friends, who have served in wars to protect our nation, the list would be very long. We all owe them a debt, which is simple to perform, HONOR THEM!*

## The Fight of The Lost Battalion

Back in Florent, in the Argonne Forest,  
Were gathered a handful of men,  
Waiting the word to "go in" one more;  
To come out—God alone knew when.

East met West in those few short hours,  
And were drawn together as one,  
As brother to brother, and man to man,  
They met to suppress the Hun.

Each of them were thinking thots,  
That come to but very few men,  
Tomorrow they'd go "Over the Top,"  
Some never to come back again.

The air and trees were full of sounds,  
As we started "in" that night;  
With dull heavy thud of feet on the ground,  
We went marching towards the fight.

To an open space in the road we came,  
And God! What a sight we did see!  
The skyline ablaze with one great red flame;  
'Twas our barrage for Democracy.

Sh-h! Hush! Make no noise,  
For we're "Going In" real soon,  
And you could almost hear the heartbeats,  
As we crept in platoon by platoon.

Soon we reached those barren trenches,  
And we breathed a silent prayer,  
As we settled down and waited,  
Through an endless night "Up There."

At eleven P. M. that eventful night,  
Our barrage opened up with a flare;  
The earth it trembled and shook in fright,  
And death just leaped through the air.

God! How those endless minutes dragged,  
They seemed forever and aye,  
As we lay there waiting in the cold,  
For dawn and break of day.

At last five-thirty, the "Zero Hour" came,  
And the word passed down the line;  
"Go Over the Top," and "Play the Game,"  
"And break their damn Krehmhilde line."

What did we find when "Over the Top";  
In that waste called "No Man's Land"?  
An ocean of wire in the mist and the fog,  
Placed there by the devil's own hand.

All day long we pushed him back,  
By night we'd his second line trench;  
Then we "dug in," and waited for him,  
By morn, with the rain we were drenched

The men were gaunt with hunger,  
For what food we had was gone—  
But there was the "Boche" ahead of us—  
So we pushed on and on and on!

Were you ever out on the battlefields,  
With the dead just stacked all around,  
The earth in a tremble from fear and fright,  
Of the blood on it's sacred ground?

While comrades you loved as brothers, and  
more,  
Lay wounded, and moaning in pain,  
In your heart a gnawing emptiness;  
Was that costly price worth the gain?

Three days we went, till our strength was spent,  
'Mid sights too terrible to tell,  
By the time we were caught in a trap that night,  
I can tell you, we'd all seen hell,

Exhausted from fighting and dead for sleep,  
We dug ourselves in for the night,  
And as we lay there 'neath the shell-split air,  
We felt 'twas the end of our fight.

At break of dawn the "Boche" closed in,  
But we met him face to face,  
And many there were who fell that day,  
Yet night found us still in our place.

For three long days we fought in that trap,  
In mud clear up to our knees,  
Sleepless, hungry, dying from thirst,  
'Neath those splintered Argonne trees.

All hopes gone, our hearts in despair,  
When a whisper came down the line,  
At last the longed-for relief had arrived,  
God knows it came just in time.

We went at the food like a pack of wolves,  
That had starved the whole winter through,  
And between the munching of bites you'd hear,  
Mumbled prayers—and curses, too.

No one could picture, try as they might,

The horror and hell of it all,  
Our company lost ninety men that night,  
Yet it mattered as nothing at all.

But on and on we carried the fight,  
And we crushed the best they had,  
We gained our objective—were trapped again,  
Then we went mad—fighting mad.

On the side of a cliff two hundred feet high,  
We dug in like so many moles,  
Death was the penalty that was paid,  
Should you stick your head from those holes.

Did you ever lay out in the cold all night,  
When the frost just creeps through the air?  
When death and misery stalks thru the night,  
Like a giant bat of despair?

If you have, then perhaps you can sense,  
Of the things I'm trying to tell,  
And why every man who came out alive,  
Could say that he'd lived through hell.

Fighting all day, holding out by pure grit,  
And fighting at night by the flare,  
The suffering we bore can never be told,  
Of those six days and nights spent there.

Death thinned our ranks, took tenfold her toll,  
Of our buddies, your brothers and sons,  
But before they went, tho their strength was  
spent,  
They took their share of the Huns.

Relief came at last as it always does,  
When you're backed by re-blooded men;  
But we were so weak, so many were gone,  
Nothing mattered at all by then.

We stumbled out more dead than alive,  
To food, shelter and rest,  
While others tenderly cared for those,  
Who had passed to eternal rest.

The price was made and the price was paid,  
And as part of the cost of war,  
"Our company went in two-fifty strong,  
And came out with but forty and four."

*(Source: History & Rhymes Of The Lost  
Battalion, by Buck Private McCollum  
Contributed by Cathy Danielson)*



*"When Trains Had Names",  
trivia quiz answers. . .*

*Chicago Burlington and Quincy-*

Ak-Sar-Ben  
California Zephyr  
Nebraska Zephyr  
Silver Streak Zephyr

*Chicago Great Western*

Nebraska Limited  
Omaha Express  
Twin City Express  
Twin City Limited

*Chicago and North Western*

Chicago Express  
City of Denver  
City of Los Angeles  
City of Portland  
City of San Francisco  
Gold Coast  
The Mondamin  
National Parks Special  
The Nightingale  
The North American  
San Francisco Overland

*Chicago Milwaukee St. Paul  
and Pacific*

The Arrow  
Midwest Hiawatha

*Chicago Rock Island and Pacific*

Corn Belt Rocket  
Des Moines - Omaha Limited  
LaSalle Street limited  
Rocky mountain Rocket

*Wabash*

Omaha Limited  
St. Louis Limited

## Early Railroad Workers Honored

Fifty Irish railroad workers who died over 150 years ago were honored with a new monument at a Workers Memorial Day ceremony in Funk's Grove, Illinois this month.

Amtrak trains all across the country blew their whistles simultaneously in tribute to the thousands of workers, mostly immigrants, buried in this and other unmarked graves across the continent who died while building the nation's railroad system. "Our trains still run on tracks that many of these people lost their lives building," said Kevin Johnson, an Amtrak spokesman.

The \$12,000 monument was financed entirely by donations, including many from labor unions, Irish-American societies, and private individuals.

The exact story of the 50 Irish workers buried at Funk's Grove is unknown, but likely they fled their homeland in the potato famine of the 1850's. Needing work upon their arrival in this country many found ready jobs laying track for the railroads. At that time railroad workers lived in squalid, unsanitary camps along the rails; many of the immigrants were already weakened by their long journey to this country, and perished on the job, particularly in cholera epidemics.

Amtrak's Johnson said the tribute was an appropriate way to honor current workers as well as the anonymous thousands laid to rest across the country beside the rails.

## Winged Shield Returns to Union Pacific Engines

The streamliner era winged shield that used to grace the railroad's swift passenger fleet is making a return.

The Union Pacific has announced the logo will reappear on 1000 EMD SD70M's which began delivery last month and will be retrofit to existing wide-nose units as they are overhauled. It will not be used on standard units or switchers. There is one change; the new wings are horizontal as opposed to the old wings which swept upward.

"Trains" magazine also notes that the Union Pacific has the distinction of being the longest surviving major railroad in name (1862), in emblem (1887), and in diesel color (Armour yellow, 1934).

*(From news item reported in "Trains" magazine, April, 2000; contributed by Society member Gary Emenitove)*

## Overworked Brain Reacts During a Doze at Church

There was a good story going the rounds on the street yesterday in which Justice Cook is alleged to have been the central figure. Last Sunday the squire went to church in the evening, at least so the story goes, and during the sermon lapsed into a doze. The pastor was in an impressive portion of his discourse and raising his voice exclaimed, "Such are the laws of God." This awoke the squire, who had evidently been dreaming over one of the many cases which is called upon to adjudicate. Raising his head suddenly in the pew and in a loud voice exclaimed "And the court feels it is its duty to sentence you to thirty days in the county jail." A friend sitting alongside the judge gave him a dig in the ribs and then for the first time he realized his mistake. Grasping his hat Justice Cook hastily made his exit from the church amid the audible tittering of the congregation. (1896)

*Historical Society of  
Pottawattamie County Officers  
and Board Members*

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Vice president- Cathy Danielson  
Treasurer- Joyce Glessman  
Secretary- Robert Hastings

*Board of Directors-*

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Ken Milford  
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R. H. Fanders  
Darlene Vergamini  
Bob Howerton

*Committee Chairmen-*

Jail- Dennis Danielson  
Depot- Marcia Hastings  
Genealogical Committee- Alice Bontz

Newsletter Editor- Dr. Richard Warner

*The Historical Society of Pottawattamie County is dedicated to the preservation of books, letters, sites, records, artifacts and buildings of historical significance in the county. The Society operates and is restoring the Historic Squirrel Cage Jail, Rock Island Depot, involved in the efforts to create a local museum, and is active in promoting historical and genealogical research.*

*Requests for information about Society projects, membership, and volunteer work are welcomed. Write the Historical Society of Pottawattamie County, Post Office Box 2, Council Bluffs, IA, 51502.*

*The Historical Society of Pottawattamie County Member Newsletter is printed eleven times a year and mailed to all members. The membership mailing list is maintained by the Society Secretary, Robert Hastings. Please direct any address corrections to Mr. Hastings at 322-0612 or to the Society post office box listed above.*

*Members are always welcome to attend a Board Meeting. Anyone desiring to speak at the meeting should send a letter or call either the Secretary or President to be placed on the agenda.*

**Historical  
Society**  
Of Pottawattamie County

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