Brief comment should be made on the background of our state history. Since the time when Father Marquette, the French missionary and man of good will, and Joliet, the trader, floated down the Mississippi River to the mouth of the Iowa River, Iowa has been under three flags—those of France, Spain, and the United States. The name "Iowa" comes from a small band of Indians who roamed from Lake Michigan to the Missouri River; they gave their name also to the river flowing to our southwest. According to Anton LeClaire, the early trader and interpreter for whom a small town nearby is named, they said "Ioway" when they first saw this region, meaning "this is the spot." We Iowans agree with their estimate.

When Jefferson in 1803 bought all the land west of the Mississippi, the Louisiana Purchase, he remarked to Livingston, the treaty-maker, "It is the noblest work of our lives. Vast solitudes will be changed into flourishing districts with ages of happiness for future generations."

Iowa remained part of Louisiana Territory from 1805 until 1812; then was in Missouri Territory from 1812 to 1821. It remained unorganized from 1821 to 1834; was incorporated into Michigan Territory from 1834 to 1836; and into Wisconsin Territory from 1836 to 1838. It became the Territory of Iowa in 1838, remaining such until 1846, when it was made a state. Chief Blackhawk in 1831 had been ordered to carry out a treaty requiring him to move from what is now Rock Island to the west side of the Mississippi. His refusal to do this precipitated the Blackhawk War. Following this war, by purchase of land from the Indians, the settlement of Iowa became possible. Henry Dodge, later a governor of Iowa, captured Chief Blackhawk; and Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, later president of the Confederacy, removed Blackhawk to Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis. In the end, Iowa came into being, and a vast migration began.

Following this, Robert Lucas was appointed territorial governor of Iowa. On December 28, 1946, the early home of governor Lucas at Iowa City was dedicated as a historic spot, the Iowa State Board of Conservation having restored it. Governor Robert Blue presided at the ceremonies, and the occasion was one of the high lights in the recent centennial celebration of the State.

The "Winning of the West" was among the important migrations of all times in its influence upon civilization. "Westward Ho" would have been a fitting slogan of the pioneer on his way to Iowa, the land flowing with milk and honey. Inscriptions on covered wagons read: "To the Blackhawk Purchase." Multitudes came by canal-boat on the Erie canal through New York State; thence by packet-boat over the Great Lakes. From Chicago they followed wagon-trails across Illinois. One alternative route came down the Ohio River; and from flat decks the voyagers gazed at fascinating scenery and

listened to the music of the throbbing side-wheels. Arriving at the Mississippi they went by smaller boats to Muscatine and Burlington. It is said that often as many as 750 covered wagons passed through Peoria in a single day. Making their way up the Cedar River to Tipton, it was but a short journey farther to Ivanhoe and the Hilltop. Cedar County was settled in 1836, just one year earlier than Linn County.

Those pioneers were mainly English and Scotch-Irish, among the best stock of the East. Bishop McCabe once said: "God sifted the best of the earth and sent it to Iowa." These people were ambitious, land-hungry folk, who wished to be freed from the restrictions and class stratification of the older communities and to found a new democracy. They were mainly of the third generation of American settlers, believers in a future. They were bold, hospitable, friendly and optimistic. They had youth, energy, fore-sight and thrift, the best blood of the nation; the magic lure of the fertile prairies and lonely forest drew them. In their long caravans with women and children, dogs, hogs and cattle walking behind the wagons, under favorable conditions they covered an average of twenty miles per day. When evening came, under the bright skies they cooked their simple meals by glowing campfires. Tired and hopeful they retired at dark. In stormy weather the roads were almost impassable. One look at the mud made the pioneer want to exchange horses for oxen. Murton Kepler still has a log-chain from those days which was used to tie the wheels as the wagons literally slid down the hills. The chain was made of triple links so amazingly fashioned that a modern blacksmith would not want to attempt repairs.

After many weeks of travel, trial, and privation, the settlers arrived and established homes. A claim was marked out by stepping fifteen hundred paces each way, the corners and lines being located by driven stakes and blazed trees. This claim gave them squatter's rights for six months, which was extended for six months more upon the building of a cabin. Land offices were opened in Dubuque and Burlington in 1838, and one man was sent from each community to buy the land for the squatters. The government price was $1.25 an acre.

In the woods along the streams logs were hewed for the cabins. Cabins were usually about 12 by 14 feet and 9 feet high built of logs hewed flat on opposite sides; crevices were chinked with clay. Roofs were of clapboards made from straight-grained logs; and doors also of clapboards swung on wooden hinges or leather thongs. The puncheon floor was made from flat logs and used without carpet or rugs. At one end of the cabin was a fireplace lined with flat stones. In one corner fixed to two walls of the cabin was the bed, one supporting post being out in the room. The trundle-bed was slipped underneath