Why We Are "The Hawkeyes."
Society, of St. Augustine, Florida, the sum of Twenty-five Hundred ($2,500) Dollars, which is in lieu of the bequest to the Visiting Nurses Association of St. Augustine, Florida.

In all other respects I hereby ratify and confirm my said original last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and seal at Rock Island, Illinois, this 16th day of September, A. D., 1920.

NAOMI L. DAVENPORT (SEAL)

The foregoing instrument was on the 16th day of September, 1920, signed, sealed, published and declared, by the said Naomi L. Davenport, as and for the first codicil to her last will and testament in the presence of us, who at her request and in her presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto, believing the said Naomi L. Davenport to be, at the time of so subscribing our names as witnesses aforesaid, of sound mind and memory.

Witnesses.

W. G. Johnston (SEAL)

J. H. Meehan (SEAL)

WHY WE ARE "THE HAWKEYES"

Numerous versions of the origin of "Hawkeye" are encountered by the student of Iowa history, but it remained for Miss Delia M. Rorer of Burlington, Iowa, to afford us the reason, background, method and medium, all in a single assemblage of clippings from newspapers, selected and arranged by her father. He was the late eminent and brilliant David Rorer of the territorial and early Iowa state bar. He was a discerner of origins of state nicknames. He was a mature and substantial citizen of Arkansas, the "Bear State," at or near the time when inadvertently the solid character of the citizenship of Illinois and Missouri became derisively "Suckers" and "Pukes." Judge Rorer was of the John Marshall quality of lawyer. He had innate humor and was inclined to practical joking. He resembled in his employment of fun that trait of Lincoln which secured him in the public affections. He applied the legal maxim, "The one who is awake, not him who sleeps, the law will help," and occupied with finest motives the open opportunity to give the new territory its nickname. He induced sufficient acrimony over it to fix it in universal use.
Judge Rorer arranged the clippings which we reproduce in facsimile, the only way we can present the matter as it was at rest in his mind. Chapters are possible to be written on these clippings. They reveal their original and edited diction, style and composition, and font limitations of early newspapers. The names actual and feigned of our first big men are seen. Miss Rorer states that "Dear Ben," however, was but a fancy of her father and represented no particular individual. "A Wolverine" rather than his antecedent "Bear State" nickname was used to frustrate his pursuers in the debate.

WORKS OF ART

It is not necessary to invite the attention of the City Council to the fact that Des Moines has a more miserable set of sidewalks in it than any other city in this world. There is hardly a sidewalk in town from Capitol Hill to the western terminus of the corporation, which is not a disgrace to the civilization of the age. The reconstruction of the plank walk on the east side of the river was a wretched failure. The job was slighted, botched, and murdered! We'll bet the best calumet in town that an honest man, blindfolded, with no other tool than a chisel, and with his left hand tied behind his back, and with no previous knowledge of mechanics, can construct a better plank walk in two days than the one which topples, and tumbles, and groans, and creaks, and gapes all along the lowlands on the other side of the bridge! Who'll take that bet?—Daily State Register, Des Moines, Iowa, August 19, 1862. (In the newspaper collection of Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

We have heard much complaint of the almost impassable condition of the bridge on the Brighton road northeast of town. As it is the duty of our town authorities to keep this bridge in good condition we hope that it will be immediately attended to. We say we hope something may be done, but we have no expectation. —The Fairfield Ledger, January 29, 1852. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical Department of Iowa.)