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# THE PRAIRIE PROGRESSIVE

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*a newsletter for Iowa's Democratic Left*

*January 2022*

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## Prairie Dog's Winter Reading List

*The book should be a ball of light in one's hands. —Ezra Pound*

***The Reason for the Darkness of the Night***, by John Tresch

Edgar Allen Poe—poet, inventor of the American short story, and one of the first writers of what we call science fiction—was an artist ahead of his time who continues to spellbind readers of all ages. Contemplating his legacy will brighten your spirits as the nights grow long and cold.

***Drive Your Plow Over the Bones of the Dead***, by Olga Tokarczuk

Much more cheerful than its title (taken from William Blake), what at first appears to be a murder mystery set on the Czech-Polish border turns into a psychological study of a quirky old woman, then a whimsical fantasy featuring woodland creatures, and ultimately a serious but beguiling meditation on the nature of madness, justice, aging, tradition, and our fate as it is written in the stars.

***The Long Deep Grudge: A Story of Big Capital, Radical Labor, and Class War in the American Heartland***, by Toni Gilpin

This lively history recounts the endurance-testing contest between International Harvester (IH) – once the fourth-largest corporation in the world – and the radical Farm

Equipment Workers (FE), one of the unions deemed Communist by the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) and expelled in 1949. Gilpin paints a detailed picture of the historical context of the recent United Auto Workers (UAW) strike against John Deere and Company in Iowa and other midwestern states. The rise and fall of their forerunners IH and FE provide important lessons for today's labor movement. Many of the union-busting techniques used by today's corporate giants, like Amazon and Starbucks, were invented long ago by IH and valiantly resisted by FE during the red-baiting of the McCarthy era. Today's activists and organizers need to pay close attention to managerial strategies and how they've changed (or as Gilpin points out, rebranded) over the years.

***Nightbitch***, by Rachel Yoder

A funny, frightening, fearless novel about a woman who turns into a dog, to the puzzlement of her hapless husband and the joy of her annoying son.

***Harlem Shuffle***, by Colson Whitehead

America's greatest living novelist delivers again, following *The Nickel Boys* with a wildly entertaining tale that's equal parts crime story, family saga, and cultural study of a vibrant neighborhood in the vibrant early 60s. If you've read everything by Whitehead, go back and re-read

***Zone One***. Written in 2011, its prescient foreshadowing of the COVID pandemic will take your breath away. A gruesome zombie tale but equally horrifying (and hilarious) in its mockery of American consumer culture.

***Monumental: Oscar Dunn and His Radical Fight in Reconstruction Louisiana***, by Mitchell, Edwards, and Weldon Dunn was the first Black elected lieutenant-governor and acting governor in the US. His talent and integrity amidst the brutal politics of post-Civil War New Orleans is movingly captured in this enlightening and beautifully-drawn graphic history.

***Run Home If You Don't Want to Be Killed: The Detroit Uprising of 1943***, by Rachel Marie-Crane Williams

Iowa City writer-professor Williams combines deep scholarship and evocative artwork to portray the economic inequality and government oppression that led to thousands of arrests, hundreds of injuries, and dozens of deaths - mostly Blacks - against the backdrop of World War II and a growing civil rights movement.

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# Television tips for the new year

**P**ASSING (Netflix) based on a 1929 novel, is full of disquieting portent, yet so lyrical that one is seduced by its beauty and refinement, with luminous black and white photography and a piano score that trills imaginatively. Director, screen-writer, and actress Rebecca Hall is a 2021 best, in my view, for her enthralling first-time outing as director

The narrative, which takes place in upscale 1920's brownstone Harlem, is about two childhood friends, Irene and Clare, both light-skinned Black women, who reconnect in their 30's, and their impact on each other. The story unfolds through the eyes of Irene (Tessa Thompson), busy mistress of her household and dutiful community volunteer. Clare (Ruth Negga), returning to the city of her youth, is married to a white racist banker (Alexander Scarsgard). She has been "passing;" even her husband does not know she is black. She yearns for the warmth and familiarity of the community of her youth.

While Irene is our storyteller, Clare drives the action. She is a heat-seeking missile, an irresistible charmer who becomes the time-bomb of this elegy (and the opposite of retiring Mildred Loving of Negga's 2016 role in "Loving"). Clare ingratiates herself winsomely into the social lives and world of Irene and her family, while claiming she will do what she must to get what she wants. Irene is powerless to resist. We fear for both their marriages. "Passing" ends with shocking inevitability — another chapter in the pernicious terrain of racism. Negga, interviewed, points to the threat Clare poses to the status quo:

a Black woman wanting something, being fully invested in her ability to seduce anyone, flirting with danger and its threat to safety...no one feels safe watching "Passing."

**THE COMEY RULE** (Netflix), based on former FBI Director James Comey's best-selling book) recounts the events leading to the election of 2016 that put Comey, as he himself did, in a no-win situation as the agency navigated dual searches of Hillary Clinton's emails and the Trump campaign's weird ties to Russia. This unfolds against the dread felt by Comey's wife and daughters, who fear Comey will cause Hillary to lose to Trump.

James Comey (and Merrick Garland) have fallen into a cultural lag period where people dutifully follow accepted standards that now have changed. Accuracy and honesty don't work when cruelty and win-at-any-cost are the new rule; earnest plodding of 'justice' to keep up with wrong-doing feels hopelessly ineffective. Comey's leadership gets a public shaming in Los Angeles before a large, assembled FBI staff as a bulletin crosses an overhead TV carrying news of his firing. Go-to 'hero' actor, Jeff Daniels, conveys the blankness of the player whose chess board has just been overturned by the dog.

Irish actor Brendan Gleeson is magnificently obnoxious as the ex-president without crossing into SNL-style satire. Trump's word-salad of bullying, flattery, and bragging had failed him in advancing the Comey chess piece on the board — that is, away from scrutiny of Russia. Trump responds, predictably, with rage. (Recent indictment of a source for the dossier linking Trump to the Kremlin may turn out in future to have offered

Trump real cause for retaliation against the FBI, but Trump's M.O. against opposition is always revenge). This engrossing docu-drama walks you through Comey's goody-two-shoes tendencies while revealing the complex alternatives faced by the FBI as it dealt with events that led to Trump's presidency.

A Dutch film, **THE FORGOTTEN BATTLE** (Netflix), refers to the Sheldt, an estuary held by the Germans, but a desperately needed route to the port of Antwerp by the Allies following D-Day to support the Allied invasion. A rousing fictional tale is set against the liberation of the waterway in 1944; Allied troops were then able to rout the Nazis across Europe.

**TELL IT TO THE BEES** (Amazon Prime) stars Anna Paquin and Holliday Grainger in a quietly perilous love affair between two women set in 1952 rural Scotland when homosexuality was against the law.

**A BOY CALLED CHRISTMAS** (Netflix) is not the usual seasonal chaff, but a witty all-star origin story of Old St Nick. Personal loss, grief, and political hot buttons offset holiday sugar, and we are treated to Grimm-style tropes that play out in the forest and magical village of Elfhelm. With Maggie Smith, James Broadbent, Michael Huisman, Toby Jones, Kristen Wiig, and young Henry Lawfull as Nikolas, who truly makes good.

—*Lee Liberman is the Film and History Correspondent for the Prairie Progressive.*

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# Wildcat

Three feral cats have adopted our backyard natural habitat. One is an old tiger-striped tom that's been wandering the neighborhood for years. The other two showed up last summer as adorable black kittens, one male, one female, scrounging the ground for any leftover birdseed. Wild birds have flocked to our yard for ages and the cats upset the habitat's balance and my serenity. So every morning before sunrise, you'll find me feeding cats, followed by the birds, hoping that full stomachs deter the cats from attacking the birds. The two male cats get it, they eat and go off for naps. The female cat, like clockwork eats the soft food, leaps off the deck to partake of the bird seed course and then goes hunting for dessert. One morning, she gave me her yellow-eyed feline stare while gripping a dead sparrow in her mouth, clearly communicating, "What did you expect? Cats will be cats."

The instinct to hunt, the challenge of outsmarting your prey isn't reserved for wildlife. Sports is where we can observe the culture of the wild played out by civilized men. Football even has a wildcat formation. It's designed to confuse the defense by replacing the traditional quarterback lineup with a different positional player to take the snap from the center. It isn't used much, because savvy defenses have learned how to defend against it. But that's the intriguing part of football, the quest to figure out a way to win by outsmarting your opponents, without breaking the rules or at least not getting caught.

Coach Bill Belichick with the New England Patriots has won six Super Bowl rings; more than any other coach. He said he thought he was within the rules when operation

Spygate was exposed. During a game with the New York Jets on September 9, 2007, New England videotaped the Jets defensive coaches' play signals from New England's sideline, which was considered an unauthorized location by the National Football League (NFL). Belichick was given the maximum fine (\$500,000), the team was fined \$250,000 and lost its first round draft pick.

Quarterback Tom Brady has won seven Super Bowls, yet he was suspended four games for being the mastermind behind Deflategate. He allegedly ordered the deflation of footballs before the 2014 American Football Conference against the Indianapolis Colts, thereby giving the Patriots an edge and winning the game. The team was fined \$1 million dollars and lost 2 draft picks.

Please, don't bring up Bountygate to a Minnesota Vikings fan. The New Orleans Saints were punished for paying out bounties to intentionally injure opposing players. It reportedly took place from 2009 to 2011. Minnesota fans continue to stew over the 2009 NFC Championship game, where Vikings quarterback Brett Favre was repeatedly targeted and eventually seriously injured by the Saints players. New Orleans went on to win the Super Bowl that year. Upon discovery of the numerous premeditated assaults, the NFL commissioner doled out punishment to the coaching staff: Head coach Sean Payton was suspended for the 2012 season; defensive coordinator Gregg Williams was suspended indefinitely, but this would be overturned the next year; and general manager Mickey Loomis was suspended for the first eight games in 2012. The team was fined and gave up a couple draft picks. The Super Bowl win still stands.

In comparison to these other Super Bowl champions, Aaron Rodgers' behavior is strikingly mild. He could be dubbed the king of winning games by drawing the opposing team into penalties. Rodgers is known for tricking the defense to jump off sides, catching twelve men on the field during substitutions and the infamous Hail Mary throw down the field to draw a pass interference call. It wins games and it doesn't break the rules.

Rodgers drew heavy criticism by bucking against the NFL vaccination policies. After testing positive for COVID, it surfaced that he wasn't vaccinated but had earlier told reporters who asked about his vaccination status, "Yeah, I'm immunized." Last summer, Rodgers brought a holistic approach as an alternative to vaccination to the NFL. He was turned down.

Some players will remain vaccine hesitant; their bodies are their livelihoods. When asymptomatic, unvaccinated Vikings safety Harrison Smith tested positive for COVID at the same time vaccinated Vikings offensive lineman Dakota Dozier wound up hospitalized, it doesn't help the vaccination argument.

NFL players aren't the only organisms looking for loopholes. COVID continues to mutate as its survival competes against vaccines. Wouldn't it make more sense to learn from the pandemic and develop policies that promote a healthy work environment that applies to everyone, so that players, coaches and staff can protect themselves from all illnesses, instead of being politically polarized by COVID? But who am I to judge? I'm the one out there every morning doing my daily exercise in feral futility.

—Stephanie Fawkes-Lee is the Senior Sports Correspondent for the Prairie Progressive.



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# More light

It is the season. And what a time it is! The holiday season we humans have crafted for ourselves is filled with pressure as we bustle about, pursuing just the right *thing* for those we love. And perhaps a little something for ourselves, while we're at it. We pour through doors, kiosks and streets along with the rest of the holiday hordes. We pluck up and turn objects in the wintry light, assessing and pondering, packing into bags to carry home and wrap in a last-minute frenzy before the Great Morning arrives. The seasonal demands of 'putting on' the holidays is legend. And we did it to ourselves.

The season of one's aging into and beyond a 6th decade is another interesting and telling one. There are illuminations galore if one looks for them with diligence and an open mind and heart. But in a strange and bedeviling twist, the enlightenment of age is far too often diminished by those who claim to be enjoying it fully.

That happens most often, to The Missus and I, when we run into acquaintances and a conversation ensues. Jovial, social, but also with the expectation of some of the earned depth of friendship and understanding. This goes on until something happens. Something always seems to happen. Words are uttered that stray too far beyond the social and jovial – words about death, or physical decline, or reading great philosophical treatises, tragedies or poetry. The meaning of life, and the meaning and work of dying. You know, that sort of thing.

The Missus is often the one who trundles these topics forth into the chill air. And chill air is often what is returned. Today, an old

colleague called out to us from the street as we were packing our car. He was thrilled to see me and speak with us and I was delighted to set eyes on him after a very long time. He looked great. He has retired, and he spoke movingly of how his office had changed after I left the helm and had become closed off, bureaucratically hog-tied, and moribund. He was more than ready to jettison the place. I was glad to see him recall my tenure as one of liveliness, open doors, and camaraderie.

The Missus, apropos of the topic of deadening of atmosphere, mentioned how we'd just been speaking of Tolstoy and death. "Well, that's a cheerful subject," he said. He was smiling, even laughing, but one could see, as one does, that it was intended to have a point. And the point is, not to put too fine a point on it, that such topics are not welcome, not worthy, not affable.

But death, decline, angst, and unease are wholly worthy, and of a piece with the full living of life. To deny that is to deny at least half of human experience, and to shutter windows through which we receive much of our brightest light. There is no transcendence without such things, and isn't transcendence, and a profound experience of life, what we all want, what we all work for throughout our lives on the deeper levels? This season, think of that, and open yourself to the darkness of ongoing life, which has its own peculiar and transfixing light.

While you're at it, don't forget to keep your eye on the ball. The ball that is the world of practical politics, my friends. Things are afoot there, hideous things. History itself is being hijacked, even outlawed. Literally, and right here in Iowa. Charging

teachers with crimes for teaching can be called many things, but it is not the Iowa way and we can't allow ourselves to sit back and watch it happen. There are candidates and campaigns to support – find the ones for you, and join in the fray.

We all like to repeat how the unexamined life is not worth living as though it were our family motto, but now is the time to live true to that idea. And to act upon it. Welcome the deepest conversations without casually mocking them. Think before you shut down something you had not previously considered. And speak up anytime you see efforts underway to prevent teaching or learning, or to stymie the pursuit of justice. Stand up for those who wish to consider the aspects of life that shed light on its end, and on its times of travail and despair. These moments in our social day may seem inconsequential, but we can open up worlds by opening up ourselves.

—Kim Painter, when not writing, is the Johnson County Recorder.

## Jan Rutledge 1950-2021

Jan was a longtime friend, a supporter of *The Prairie Progressive*, and a staff attorney at Iowa Legal Aid for nearly 40 years. Memorial donations may be made in her memory to Iowa Legal Aid Foundation, 1111 9th St., Des Moines, IA 50314.

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# Coffee and cream

I sighed again, a little louder this time, but Josie's eyes were fixed on Daddy, her spoon gripped tightly in her fist. Daddy draped the costume over his arm, delicately, as if he were handling a fine French frock, though this garment, a corset-like contraption with open sides, was obviously improvised. Buckles lined both edges of the back panel, matched on the front by short belts. It took me a moment to recognize that the garment was double wide: its two neck holes were separated by a strip of canvas.

Mama tapped a little ash from her cigarette into a tin can on the narrow counter and looked at him, as if to say, "Well?"

In a single, swift motion, he stepped toward the table and lifted our bowls.

"Stand up, girls," he called.

The bowls crashed into the sink.

"Up up up."

We stood. He pushed my shoulder into Josie's and lowered the harness over our heads, then threaded the buckles with the belts and pulled them tight, crunching our inside arms together. Josie's eyes didn't fall from Daddy's face, not for a second. After he'd yoked us in, he wrapped one hand around our waists—our waist—and lifted.

The enamel tabletop was clammy against the bottoms of my feet. Daddy turned to Mama, raised his fist against his lips, and blew as if it were a trumpet: Ta-ta-ta!

"I present to you, Josephine and Harriet Szász, the Siamese Twins who will also dance and sing!"

The lid rattled softly on the pot. The shadows of raindrops twitched along the foggy window. The harness crushed my arm so tightly against my

ribs that I could feel my heartbeat in my armpit. I worried Josie could feel it too, that it was communicating to her the fact of my fear. All year, she had been alert to my fear. In hallways before auditions she would sometimes pinch me from wrist to elbow, to distract me, she said, but she couldn't do that now, any more than Mama could lean over and whisper in my ear, "Big girls don't cry, Harriet."

Daddy's explanation came tumbling out: he'd been to the library, he said, and history proved his case. Chang and Eng. The Two-Headed Nightingale. The Chalkhurst Sisters. Twins were a dime a dozen, Daddy said. We were pretty girls, maybe we could carry a tune, but that didn't make us special.

A long groove formed between Mama's eyebrows. She kneaded her bad hip with her fist, as she often did when she was thinking something through. Josie was smiling wildly, theatrically. I felt the stirring of a powerful desire to perform, and I knew that it had been Josie's desire first, that she had passed it back to me. As far back as I could remember, we'd been able to do that—pass things back and forth, thoughts and feelings and dreams. Sometimes—when Mama wasn't listening—instead of telling us stories about our forebears, Daddy would tell us stories about ourselves as babies, which dipped into a period of family history I knew we were not supposed to discuss, but which I loved nevertheless for the proof they offered of our twinnedness: how in the cradle, Josie and I had babbled in a language of our own invention; how our teeth had come in at the same time, all in the same order.

He flicked his wrist at Mama, his cheeks starting to pink. Her silence

always flustered him. Of silence, Mama was a virtuoso, every variety of discontent expressed in a quiet of its own key. If rehearsal went poorly or if dinner burned, she stamped around the kitchen, cleaning roughly, her silence an interior stir that drew in any part of herself on which our blame or disappointment might otherwise hitch. If one of us hurt her feelings she signaled her unforgivingness—and she had a great capacity for unforgivingness—with a silence like a block of ice: still and cold and slow to thaw. Even at the best of times there was something brisk and stiff in Mama, as if happiness were palatable only as long as no one suspected you might be feeling it.

"You'll come up with something—a name." He turned to us, his gaze pressing, urgent, as if he were willing us to understand something crucial. "Show your mother, girls."

She nodded. Josie stepped to the left—the opening move from "Coffee and Cream," a song Mama had written for us. For a split second the harness tugged against my ribs, but then I was moving with Josie, singing with her. At first, my inside arm wanted to stretch, but after a moment her left arm was my left arm, and my right arm belonged as much to her as to me.

—Excerpt from *THE SISTERS SWEET* by Elizabeth Weiss, copyright ©2021 by Elizabeth Weiss. Used by permission of The Dial Press, an imprint of Random House, a division of Penguin Random House. No part of this excerpt may be reproduced or reprinted without permission in writing from the publisher.

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# What democracy stands to lose in city council campaigns

I am excited to get to work, as a newly-elected member of the Iowa City Council, starting in January. Thank you, IC voters and *Prairie Progressive* readers!

I am optimistic about the election results and our city's future, but there is one lingering problem that, if left unaddressed, could spell decades of doom for protecting our local democracy from the corruption of big dollar donations.

We see all around us the problems caused by the influence of big money in politics – what most people would identify as one of the forces eroding our nation's democratic institutions.

Iowa City is unique in the state of Iowa with an ordinance that limits campaign contributions to \$100 per donor.

To put it briefly, Title 1, Chapter 9, Section 2 defines a contribution as any “gift, loan, ... transfer of money,” a donor is defined as “without limitation, any individual,” and then the ordinance declares “no person shall make...any contribution which will cause the total amount...to exceed \$100.00.”

No exception is carved out in the text of this ordinance for the council candidates themselves. For my campaign and those I have worked on and observed, this has meant that candidates can only contribute \$100 to their own campaign, and all expenses must ultimately be covered by that campaign account.

In practice, a candidate or a volunteer may go out and spend more than a hundred dollars on things like a website registration fee or supplies for an event. That is then reimbursed from the campaign account. This typically

happens within days or weeks, almost always by the late October deadline for filing with the Iowa Ethics and Campaign Disclosure Board, and certainly by the time the campaign files with the IECDB in January. When the election is over and all is said and done, the campaign donations – all no larger than \$100 - cover 100% of the campaign expenses.

This matters, because it keeps campaign fundraising and spending under control in a way that should be the envy of pro-democracy activists across the state.

In Iowa City, you don't need to have independent wealth to run for council. Nobody can buy a candidate, because nobody can give more than \$100. In Iowa City, you have to make your case to as many people as you can to get the funding to run a competitive campaign.

But in the recent election, we saw a giant step away from this when the October campaign filings and interviews in the local paper revealed that candidate Jason Glass had spent \$22,000 of his own money on his campaign, and had only raised less than \$4,000.

Despite being in opposite political camps for many years, I don't relish the feeling of kicking a guy when he is down. But my fear is that if this goes unaddressed, we will soon be looking at a campaign funding arms race – and all the bad things that result.

Iowa City elects a council, and the council elects the mayor from among its members. So in Iowa City a city-wide council race is a quasi-mayoral race as well. I took a look at the city-wide mayoral races in two other

cities, Waterloo and Cedar Rapids.

In terms of population, Cedar Rapids is not quite double the size of Iowa City (1.8 times the size) and Waterloo is a little smaller (0.9 times the size of Iowa City). According to news articles and the October filing with the IECDB, the candidates in the Iowa City at-large race spent a total of just under \$36,000. In the Waterloo mayoral race for the same time period, candidates spent just over \$157,000 (about 4.3 times as much). In Cedar Rapids, the candidates reported spending over \$361,000 – over ten times as much.

The contrast is even starker if we imagine that Glass had played by the same rules as everyone else and given his own campaign \$100, as it seems other candidates have done since at least 2001. In that scenario, the Waterloo mayoral race tab would have been eleven times bigger than the Iowa City Council race. And the three-person Cedar Rapids mayoral race would have *cost 25 times more* than Iowa City's three-person at-large city council race.

When the contrast is so big from city to city, we get a pretty clear picture of the problem even before the January filing deadline.

I don't blame any of the candidates in Cedar Rapids or Waterloo for raising and spending the money they thought they needed to win. You can't set policy from 2nd place. The problem rests squarely with the rules of the elections they find themselves in. But here's the thing: we have different rules and different results in Iowa City.

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**Prairie Dog's Winter Reading List, cont'd from Page 1**

*The Sisters Sweet*, by Elizabeth Weiss

*The New York Times* described this first novel as “an intimate exploration of sisterhood, identity, ambition, and betrayal.” Weiss wrote much of it while living in Iowa City as a teaching assistant and activist in the campaign to organize University of Iowa non-tenure track faculty through SEIU/Faculty Forward. See Page 5!

*Power Despite Precarity*, by Joe Berry and Helena Worthen  
Like Weiss, Berry and Worthen are academics who have tried to win better wages and benefits to “contingent” faculty in higher education. In addition to providing practical tips for organizing, they explore broader issues: What is the connection between faculty working conditions and student learning conditions? What is required to preserve academic freedom? Whose interests do universities actually serve?

**Honorable mentions:**

- *The Storm Lake Times* edited by Art Cullen (indispensable at stormlake.com)
- *Men Yell at Me* by Lyz Lenz (online only at lyz.substack.com)
- *Forget the Alamo: The Rise and Fall of an American Myth* by Burrough, Tomlinson, and Stanford
- *The Orphans of Davenport: Eugenics, the Great Depression, and the War Over Children's Intelligence* by Marilyn Brookwood
- *The Privatization of Everything* by Cohen and Mikaelian
- *The Octopus Has Three Hearts* by Rachel Rose


—Prairie Dog

**What democracy stands to lose, cont'd from Page 6**

In Iowa City, you can run a respectable and successful contested city-wide campaign for city office for between \$7,000 - \$10,000. In Iowa City you don't get that much of a leg up on the competition just because you have money or have rich friends. A banker, a developer, a nurse, a teacher, a professor, a community activist, a laborer, a retiree, a stay-at-home parent, a small-business owner, or a student have about the same campaign finance viability right out of the gate. As long as they have the message and the drive to get those donations in increments of no bigger than \$100, they can field a campaign with signs, mailers, handouts, etc.

We have a great campaign finance system in Iowa City, with a tradition that stretches back at least a half-century. We need to appreciate what we have, and make sure we don't fall asleep when we should be guarding it.

—Shawn Harmsen is a longtime Iowa City resident recently elected to the City Council.



**Dec 25**  
Federal Holiday

**January 7, noon**  
Public Information meeting for proposed Navigator pipeline Iowa State Fairgrounds (Oman Family Inn), 3000 E. Grand Ave., Des Moines

**Jan 21, 2017**  
2.5 million worldwide joined Women's March on Washington

**Jan 24, 1962**  
Jackie Robinson became the first African-American to be elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame

**Feb 11, 1937**  
General Motors recognized UAW after sit-down strike in Flint

**Feb 18, 1767**  
Mason-Dixon line established to separate slave states and free states

**Feb 20, 1972**  
President Nixon went to China

We need taxes to finance the services that Iowans are demanding. People want good schools, clean air, safe streets and workplaces, they want people to have access to food and child care and affordable housing and health care. We can't pay for those things if we are continually cutting taxes and eliminating our ability to fund those services.

—Peter Fisher, research director for *Common Good Iowa*, on *Iowa Press*, 12/3/21



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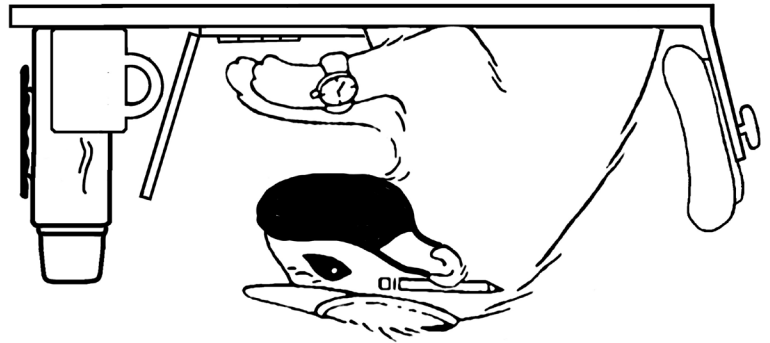
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