

have enriched its content. Nevertheless, this fine study will be the authoritative source far into the future. Librarians will find it a valuable reference volume. Individual purchasers will have a well-organized and easy-to-read book that is a splendid source for interesting information and recurring pleasure.

WICHITA STATE UNIVERSITY

EMORY LINDQUIST, EMERITUS

American Travels of a Dutch Hobo, 1923-1926, by Gerard Leeflang. Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1984. xii, 163 pp. Ink sketches by the author. \$15.00 cloth.

Even before Gerard Leeflang wandered ashore in 1923 New York, his eyes were open wide, and they stayed that way for the three years he spent in America, indeed, for sixty years. Looking back he called himself a hobo, but that does not fit, for wherever he went he worked. Jobs seemed easy to find, and employers and coworkers liked him for good reason: such zest as he displayed is all too rare. Everything was an adventure. No matter that his American travels came to a rude ending, his fondness for the land endured. Writing in his homeland, he gave his readers an engaging description of life in the twenties as no one else could have lived it. Occasionally his choice of words and style of phrasing ("I could easily and fastly reach my garage" [143]) gave his account an accent that adds to its appeal.

Leeflang's odyssey began with a shore leave from the Dutch vessel he served as a young seaman. First he was entranced by the skyscrapers, and then, in turn, by Coney Island, a baseball game at Yankee Stadium, and the Brooklyn Bridge. Recalling the bridge, he penned a sketch of it, one of two dozen in the book. On his fourth day of adventuring, Leeflang took in Central Park, Chinatown, and the Bowery. Greenwich Village would have to wait—but not for long. The temptation to jump ship was irresistible, even though it meant that as a runaway he could never again find employment on a ship of Dutch nationality.

Because he could speak English, Leeflang made his way quite well. A temporary job as a streetcar motorman in New York gave him some money and he found a place to live, but working and daily routines did not keep him from absorbing with wonder the life around him. The average American, he concluded, "lives dynamically, even though his thinking is directed at facts and money, at films and popcorn, at cars and root beer" (31). Mesmerized by the American dream, the loss of his job as a motorman left him undaunted. It was time to move on anyway. En route to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where he put

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in a short but promising stint as a millhand, Leeflang met a Norwegian immigrant named J rger Dahl. The two wanderers had enough in common to stick together for a time, but Leeflang quickly concluded that their manners and values were at odds. After riding the rails to Iowa in a journey that was both harrowing and amusing, they parted ways. When their paths crossed again later, as they did occasionally, it was more as antagonists than as friends. The passage of time had not softened Leeflang's judgments on Dahl, and the few sour notes in the book were struck when Dahl came to mind.

From November 1923 to March 1926 Leeflang lived and worked near Kelley, Iowa. The Kelley tales are the best in the book, whether they are of breaking horses, buying cars, going to barn dances, courting the farm girls, encountering tramps, being stranded in blizzards, or, indeed, castrating boars. Vivid characterizations of Iowa farm life embellish the tales which contribute to an understanding of this state and its people in the twenties. Here, for example, is his first boss:

Hans' face wore the signs of the seasons of Iowa—in summer, hot, in winter severely cold. Farmers have that expression, working outdoors most of their life. I thought it must be a monotonous life, riding behind the horses' hinds all day long, plowing, edging, spreading manure, harvesting, and so on. (87)

Relations between boys and girls similarly intrigued him:

I also often went to see the basketball competition in the sports hall of the high school. Sports play a big part in American school life because it inclined the pupils to also do their best in the subjects of instruction. There was another thing. Boys who excelled in sports . . . are assured of the popularity with both the boys and the girls. With respect to the latter, it seemed to me to be a nice privilege. The girls were rather reserved in their affections to boys and they were very critical as to their behavior. If you were not a match for their criticism, you were mere wind to them and you could just as well clear out. (109)

At first, as an alien he "just fell beyond their level," but when young men and women got to know him he fit in well, even becoming quite popular at their parties. Perhaps that was because he had a car, a Model T, of which his descriptions are wonderful. His outgoing charm helped, too, and it is obvious that he could have settled in Iowa and made a go of it. But, as he concluded, "farm life had many facets, many I did and did not appreciate. . . . In my secret heart I disliked the tire-

some farm work. Rising early in the morning, milking, pitching manure, husking corn, and tens of other odd jobs. You never were at liberty. I was town bred and longed for city life again" (117-118).

So he moved on to Chicago for more adventures, most of them as a taxi driver. Mixed in with interesting encounters was a good measure of marveling at the wonders of Chicago, among them the living quarters of thousands of blacks. "They resembled," he recalled, "the old cave dwellers and I could hardly imagine such living quarters being maintained in a civilized country like the U.S.A." (129). As this remark shows, he was not reluctant to criticize the land he had come to love.

He had reason to criticize it, of course, for the treatment he received when he was arrested and jailed by the immigration officials who had caught up with him. Of his detention and deportation, he made a lively tale, written with good cheer. Before leaving, he made the rounds to say farewell, and then it was off to Ellis Island. Now he was the emigrant, headed the other way. "Good-bye Manhattan." Upon his return to the Netherlands, Leeflang pursued a career as a writer and artist, developing the skills that make *American Travels of a Dutch Hobo* such an engaging work. It should be taken for what it is: an impressionistic recollection of interesting adventures of an earlier time. Factual accuracy was never Leeflang's concern, nor should it be his readers'. The book deserves to be enjoyed, and it will be.

DRAKE UNIVERSITY

MYRON A. MARTY

The Great Father: The United States Government and the American Indians, by Francis Paul Prucha. 2 vols. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1984. xxxii, 1302 pp. Illustrations, maps, tables, notes, bibliographical essay, appendixes, index. \$60.00 cloth.

Readers familiar with the scholarship of Francis Paul Prucha, S. J., professor of history at Marquette University, welcomed *The Great Father*, rich in detail and synthesis, and not likely to be duplicated. Those unfamiliar with Prucha's collective works discovered here the most comprehensive study yet produced on federal Indian policy. For much of the nineteenth century, American Indians commonly referred to the president, head and symbol of the United States government, as the "Great Father." Indeed, it was common for Indians to use kinship terms, not so much to indicate genealogical descent as to underscore social arrangements and obligations. This method of address became a source for misunderstanding by whites. Indians regarded a father as possessed of both authority and responsibility, the latter tending toward considerably more indulgence than in white families. Govern-

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