went to Columbus at the age of twenty-seven to teach French at the Columbus Female Institute, a school for the daughters of wealthy planters. Having lost all her family, save for a sister, Martha, and a brother, Channing, Caroline needed an occupation to support herself. Like most middle-class white women similarly situated in the North in the nineteenth century, she became a teacher. Like some of these women, Caroline went South, an area where the prospects of finding a teaching position were often better than in the North. In addition, it is apparent from her diary that Caroline sought a fresh start in life. In the October 7, 1854, entry she noted, "I am leaving a sad, gloomy marked past—going to an untried future, I could only 'let the dead past bury its dead,' hoping for a brighter future, of contented usefulness, at least" (28).

Suzanne Bunkers has done a masterful job in piecing together the scattered fragments of information on the life of Caroline Seabury. Bunkers has written an excellent introduction to the diary that not only sets forth Caroline Seabury's family background but also points out the significance of this diary as the reflections of a northern woman working and living in the American South on the eve of and during the Civil War. Bunkers calls Caroline an "insider/outsider." Keenly conscious of her status as a northerner in the very different culture of the South, Caroline desperately wanted to feel at home but could not; the cultural divide was too great. Her diary became the place where she could express, without restraint, feelings and views that she could not reveal publicly.

Bunkers has provided a real service in publishing *The Diary of Caroline Seabury*. In addition to its intrinsic worth for what it reveals about this northern woman in the American South prior to and during the cataclysm of the Civil War, it also makes a valuable contribution to the field of women's history. Academicians are increasingly attentive to these long neglected women's diaries and the new perspectives and dimensions they add to our understanding of history.

Utah Remembers World War II, by Allan Kent Powell. Logan, UT: Utah State University Press, 1991. xiv, 270 p. Illustrations, index. \$29.95 cloth.

REVIEWED BY D'ANN CAMPBELL, AUSTIN PEAY STATE UNIVERSITY

Fifty-six Utah citizens describe in three- to ten-page oral histories their experiences during World War II. *Utah Remembers* is organized topically and chronologically: "War Comes," "The Military Experi-

ence," "Women, Children, and the War Effort," and "The World, Utah, and War's Impact." An excellent introduction places the stories in a regional and historiographical context. The first part is the most descriptive, the last part the most analytical. Many of these accounts refer to family members or friends killed in the war. In one case a woman lost her husband, a postmaster, just before Pearl Harbor and had two sons killed during the war. She had several young children and was appointed postmistress. The job was a godsend, but she lost it to a returning veteran when the war was over.

Both servicemen and servicewomen mention patriotic reasons for joining the military. Some were at Pearl Harbor, others were taken prisoner in Luzon. Those who served in the Pacific found it hardest to talk about their experiences. Many describe the bonding experience of combat and the lifelong friendships formed during the war.

The homefront section describes how businesses struggled to obtain government contracts and hire nontraditional workers. Women were paid less than the men they replaced, and sometimes were assigned odd jobs until employers figured out how versatile they were. Several mention working with German prisoners or the discrimination faced by workers of Japanese descent. Dick Nebeker tells of the humorous problems of teaching neophytes, fresh from parachute school, how to ski.

These histories have a universal appeal that transcends region; they can serve as a model for Iowa. Timing is critical: World War II was fifty years ago, and the memories of those who survived must be captured now or be forever lost.

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