

Friends and spouses were chosen to reinforce the family's solidarity. Subordination to the cause and to "Old Bob" worked for most of the family members, in part. Belle gave unwavering emotional support, handled political and personal affairs, wrote for the magazine, and began the biography of her husband after his death. "Young Bob" served as secretary to his father and then as his successor in the Senate. Phil took over Wisconsin affairs and served as governor. Fola devoted much of her life to completion of the biography and the organization of the family papers. Only Mary, to her deep regret, felt unable to contribute.

At the same time, for Belle and her children, the struggle for personal identity was difficult. It was also hard to adhere to the initial faith and to the requirements of a dynastic crusade in the face of changing times. "Young Bob's" suicide in 1953 at the age of fifty-eight was only the most extreme reflection of troubles that all of La Follette's children experienced. Belle, by contrast, gained self-confidence with time and came into her own as a speaker in the woman suffrage campaign.

*Eggs in the Coffee, Sheep in the Corn: My Seventeen Years as a Farmwife*, by Marjorie Myers Douglas. Midwest Reflections Series. St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 1994. 247 pp. Illustrations. \$24.95 cloth, \$15.95 paper.

REVIEWED BY PAMELA RINEY-KEHRBERG, ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

*Eggs in the Coffee, Sheep in the Corn* is the story of an extremely reluctant farm wife. In 1943 Don Douglas took his wife, Marjorie, and his daughter, Anne, away from their comfortable life in St. Paul, Minnesota, to a stock ranch in western Minnesota. His aging parents needed him; and Marjorie, with reservations, agreed to the experiment.

Marjorie had been raised in Minneapolis by professional parents. Her father was a professor at the University of Minnesota, and her mother had been a librarian at Northwestern University prior to her marriage. Before her own marriage, Marjorie had completed college and spent several years as a medical social worker in New York City. After returning to Minnesota and marrying Don Douglas in 1937, she worked at Gillette State Hospital for Crippled Children until becoming pregnant with her first child in 1942. Nothing in her career had prepared her for life on a 1,200-acre stock ranch in western Minnesota.

It was a difficult transition. Marjorie left behind her "dream home" for a well-worn farmhouse without running water. Her father-in-law, although recovering from a heart attack, still maintained con-

trol over the family enterprise, causing a certain amount of conflict and ill feeling. Marjorie felt desperately lonely, only gradually coming to fit into the rural community surrounding her. What she thought would be a one- to two-year commitment lasted for seventeen years. Only gradually would she come to love her life as a farm woman, as well as the community in which she lived.

What makes this book particularly worth reading, and refreshing, is its outlook. This is a relentlessly honest account of farm life. Many of Douglas's stories include elements of success. She found satisfaction, for example, in canning hundreds of quarts of food for a family's winter meals even as she found the chore terribly tedious and unfulfilling. Her first real achievement on the farm was the successful bottle-feeding of an orphaned colt. The animal, unfortunately, died at five months, leaving her lonelier than she had been before he was born. Other incidents also illustrate the ambivalence she felt about farming. While some neighbors were dear friends, others stole and were dishonest. Her son lost part of a finger in an accident. Killing chickens was far more distasteful than she ever imagined and put her off her food for some time. After returning to Minneapolis and resuming her career as a social worker, she would miss the farm, but she had always hoped that would be the eventual outcome of the seventeen-year experiment.

Approaching rural society as an outsider, Marjorie Myers Douglas gives a rather different interpretation of farm life from those born and raised in that environment. For those interested in the history of mid-western farm women, it adds yet another wrinkle to the increasingly complex picture of the past.

*Courtesy, Service, Protection: The Iowa State Patrol*, by Scott M. Fisher. Dubuque: Kendall/Hunt Publishing, 1994. xiii, 220 pp. Illustrations, maps, appendixes, rosters, bibliography. \$25.00 paper.

REVIEWED BY DANIEL D. HOLT, EISENHOWER LIBRARY

Every state has some form of a highway patrol or state police, and usually a bureau of investigation that is either incorporated within one of the highway patrol agencies or separate from them. No matter what they are designated, state police agencies are a microcosm of the state they serve, not only in relation to law enforcement and the "criminal" element, but also to the societal history of that state. As one who has written histories of a state patrol, a state bureau of investigation, and performed extensive research into a state's law enforcement, I find that such histories are too often missing from our library shelves.

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