

THE ANNALS OF IOWA

history of ownership and usage of Terrace Hill during its first, difficult twenty years.

The book is equally deft and thorough in recounting the career of F. M. Hubbell, who in 1884 purchased Terrace Hill from the wreckage of Allen's estate. Hubbell's financial interests were as far-flung as Allen's and his cautious business acumen, in contrast to Allen's recklessness, enabled him to build a fortune, in real estate and insurance, which endured. Terrace Hill was Hubbell's home for the last forty-six years of his life, from 1884 to 1930, during which time he embellished and improved the mansion with exquisite care. In 1903 Hubbell established a long-term trust designed to prevent the dissipation of his fortune by a spendthrift heir and to keep Terrace Hill as the seat of the family for as long as permitted by law. The latter chapters of the book discuss the trust, the history of the mansion during the occupancy of Grover Hubbell (Hubbell's younger son), and finish with an account of the state's acquisition of the house in 1971 and its controversial renovation as the governor's mansion, bringing the story almost to the immediate present.

One regrets that the authors felt frequently compelled to curtail their excellent accounts of the wheeling and dealing of these men to return to descriptions of Terrace Hill, for their treatment of the history, the "biography," of the house leaves much to be desired. The book offers scarcely more architectural analysis than wan and uncritical paraphrasings of early newspaper descriptions of interior furnishings and conveniences. Little effort has been made to weigh these descriptions against other available evidence to arrive at a definitive picture of the early appearance of the house. Nor do the authors attempt to trace the antecedents of Terrace Hill, in terms of either architectural style or domestic arrangement. Its significance as a work of architecture, on whatever level, remains largely unexamined.

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Memories of a Former Kid, by Bob Artley, Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1979. pp. 96. Illustrations by author. \$6.95.

The students of the future who would know of living in Iowa in the early years of the twentieth century—especially as regards kids, and of those especially boys—now have an authoritative book available. *Memories of a Former Kid*, by Bob Artley, is accurate to the tiniest detail. (Although there might be a little argument over how many eggs to put under a setting hen.)

Book Reviews

Artley was a kid near Hampton in northeast Iowa, and along with his excellent drawings (which he would call cartoons) is a map showing the location of the good upland tract, the boggy area, even the spot marked with an X where the "treasure" was buried and still is buried.

Artley's map shows the farm of 202 acres, which was about the average for Iowa of those years. The farm had been in the family since 1877. The map locates the house, barn, silo, corncrib, granary, chicken-house, hog-house, cattle barn, engine-house, calf pasture and "site of Grandpa Artley's house."

The first chapter is titled simply "Dirt Farmer." Artley includes the bits of humor that touch all the book and establishes his family's identity with the farm: a number of acres on which were reared animals and crops which good people grew and loved and sold with sorrow. The illustration for the chapter shows a young man carrying a bushel basket of corn into a cattle feed lot, wading knee-deep in mud. No "total confinement" for cattle in those years.

Artley's "Cow Barn" chapter is one of the best. In it he has much of his remarkable appreciation of odors: of the hay the cows eat, the straw of the bedding, the fresh milk. And he does not neglect that old titillation of milking a cow—her warm teats and your cold hands. No milking machine in the Artley cow barn.

The "Doctoring" section includes description of the attempts to save the lives of the farm animals or to make them grow faster or bigger or give more and better milk. And the chapter "Things of the Spirit" has a paragraph that merits reproducing here.

There was love in our home during those (Depression) years, and fun and laughter. Our family was blessed with a lively sense of humor and that saw us through many bleak and rough situations. And we felt, too, that God understood and appreciated the humor which showed up at times in our prayers.

With many years of use, Dad's table prayer became somewhat like a worn phonograph record. It became almost unintelligible to the rest of us but nevertheless we bowed our heads in reverence. Sometimes some of us kidded Dad about hoping God would make out what he was saying. Our little brother, Dan, inquired in all seriousness why Dad asked God to bless the 'district attorney' . . . How he had heard 'district attorney' remained a family mystery. The prayer was 'Our Father Who art in Heaven, guard and protect us throughout the day. Thank

THE ANNALS OF IOWA

Thee for this food and bless it to our use and to Thy service. For Christ's sake, Amen.'

It was that kind of humor, adding its wonderful bit to the appreciation of God's land and God's creatures that enabled the Artleys to defy the Great Depression and its attempt to flatten all before it.

Artley's book is like many others now appearing which depend on nostalgia for their appeal. The reader, in his own way, relates to what Artley and those like him write, and that takes them back to the pleasant days of their own kidhood. Which, in Iowa, meant happiness.

Probably best of all are Artley's paragraphs about his parents. His mother, fun-loving, who wrapped corn cobs in Babe Ruth candy covers and put them in the school lunch boxes; his father, who delayed the clearing of a small grove until a bird could hatch her eggs.

Artley's final chapter is devoted to his desire to be a cartoonist, and to the awe-filled visit to the great Ding, the cartoonist for all Iowa, at his studio at the Des Moines Register. But, he does not reveal that he himself, Bob Artley, later also was a cartoonist on the Des Moines Register, an associate of Ding, who expressed to this reviewer (also on the Register) his respect for the abilities of Bob Artley.

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Nebraska, A History, by Dorothy Weyer Creigh. New York: W. W. Norton, and Nashville: American Association for State and Local History, 1977. pp. xvi, 220. Illustrations, maps, notes, suggestions for further reading, index. \$9.95.

Each author of the volumes in the AASLH States and the Nation Series was charged with capturing the essence of his state, with defining and interpreting those qualities in the land and the people which give the state identity. In *Nebraska, A History*, Dorothy Weyer Creigh has done just that. Mrs. Creigh's fondness for her native state and her interest in its history made her well-suited for this task. The scholar will find no new facts here, nor will this volume replace standard Nebraska history texts. Yet this summary offers insights about Nebraska and Nebraskans which may be absent from more detailed studies.

Creigh's view of Nebraska centers around man's relationship to the land. Little that is significant about the state does not relate in some way to how the land has been occupied and utilized by succeeding generations of Nebraskans. She sees this relationship as the touchstone of Nebraska's development.

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