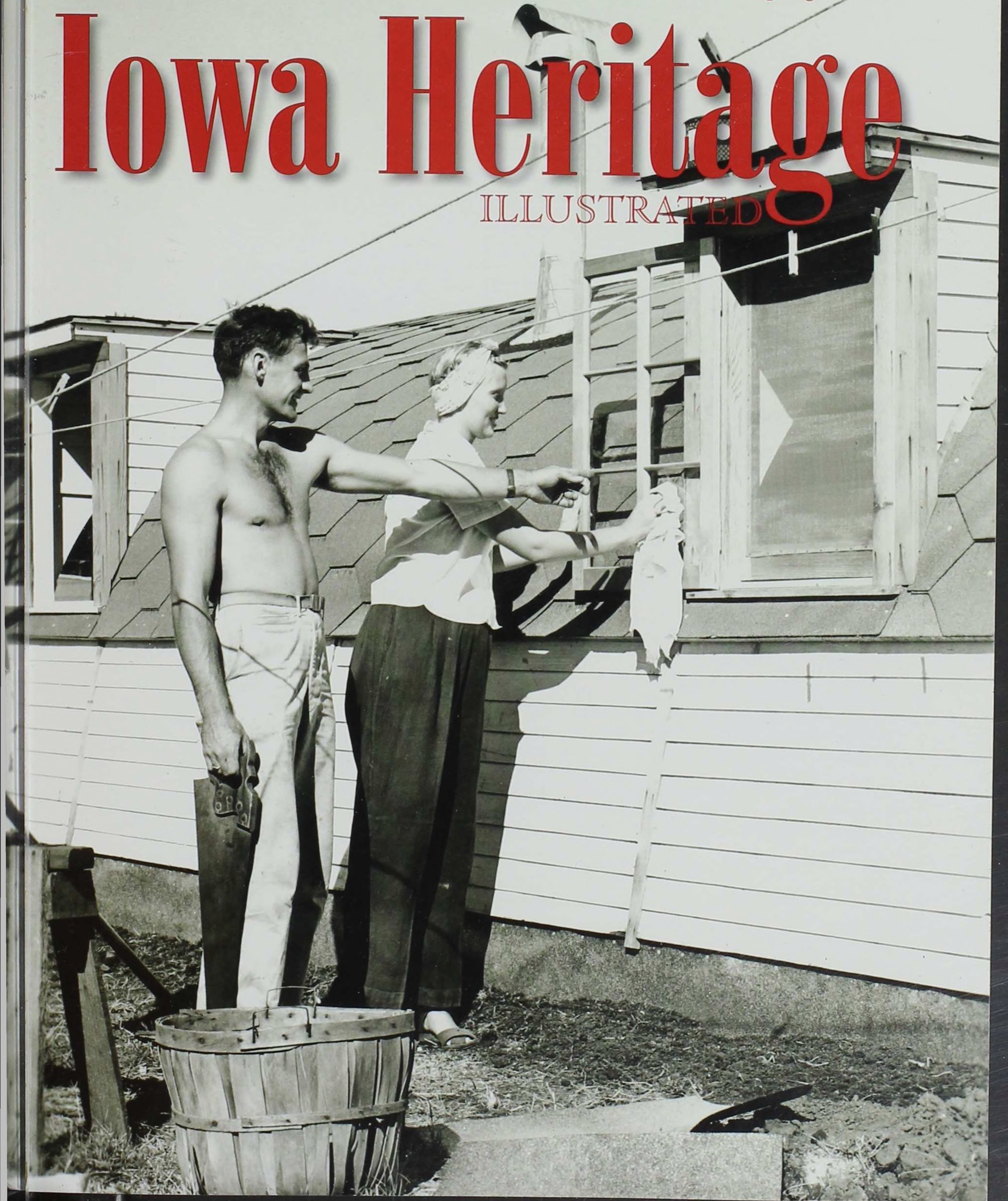


Chick Hatcheries • Iowans at Shiloh • Pammel Court • Hard-Luck Town: College Springs

Spring 2011 • \$7

# Iowa Heritage

ILLUSTRATED



# Front Porch

Dear Readers,

On page 1001 of the 1925 Iowa Census, I happened upon this statement: "Iowa's hens produce more wealth each year than all of Colorado's mines." Perhaps so, given the number of poultry catalogs and "chicken-related" farm photographs in our collections here at the State Historical Society of Iowa. You'll see a sample of them in this issue.

By the way, the comparison of Iowa hens and Colorado mines appeared under the title "Why Iowa Is Great." Poultry aside, here's another reason why Iowa is great—resourcefulness.

That resourcefulness is evident in the success of Pammel Court, a postwar housing complex at Iowa State in Ames. In the late 1940s hundreds and hundreds of veterans and their young families resourcefully set up housekeeping and established a sense of community while living in repurposed Quonset huts, trailers, and housing units built for wartime use.

Pammel Court didn't last forever. Neither did the Page County utopia of Amity, another story told in this issue.

And in our continuing series "Iowa and the Civil War," we give voice to soldiers who fought at Shiloh, the horrific battle that shocked Americans with the truth that this would be a long, bloody war.

As our nation commemorates the Civil War, be sure to visit our new museum exhibit and explore our libraries and archives for the Iowa slant on that wrenching American war.

—Ginalie Swaim, editor

## From our readers

I enjoyed Tim Walch's articles on Iowa in the Civil War in your last issue. I'm particularly glad to see that he set the record straight on Iowans' participation in the Union armies by quoting Robert Dykstra's *Bright Radical Star*. However, there's another problem, involving Iowa's black regiment.

Walch writes that the 1st Iowa African

Infantry "comprised approximately 800 Iowans of color." How can this be? According to the 1860 census, Iowa's black population was only 1,069.

Once again, Bob Dykstra's fine book provides the answer. The regiment was largely recruited from black Missourians, either those who had taken refuge in southern Iowa, or by unauthorized recruiting in northern Missouri. This raised six companies; the four remaining companies were recruited later in St. Louis. Dykstra writes that "the unit's enlisted personnel mainly admitted to being Missourians by birth or residence. Only 287 (32 percent) claimed to be Iowans."

—Galin Berrier  
Delavan, Wisconsin

In the early 1950s in Onawa, my mother used to take me, hand in hand, up a tall Jack-in-the-Beanstalk tower that seemed as high as the clouds. Along with lots of other women, she was in the Civil Air Defense and on the lookout for Russian planes. They held pairs of binoculars to their pretty eyes and scanned the horizon. But in the spring of '52, when I was four, they were watching the Missouri River get closer and closer. My mother had to get to Omaha to see her dying father. Onawa was surrounded by a huge levee, and you had to get permission to come into or leave town. My other grandfather, who was in the hatchery business, secured a pass for my mother, so that she could go see her father. Those river towns must have been on lock-down. I remember a great sense of urgency and excitement as we drove through the Loess Hills toward Omaha.

—C. E. Holmes  
Dell Rapids, South Dakota

Regarding the photos of sandbaggers in the 1952 Missouri River flood, the local authorities and the military apparently failed to teach "Sandbagging 101" to those shown carrying the sandbags. You fill the bag two-thirds full, fold the top under, slap it down flat, and tromp on it. Repeat a few thousand times and you have a good wall. Do I speak from experience? Yes!

—Robin M. Ellis  
San Antonio, Texas

## Iowa Heritage Illustrated

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### Letters to the Editor

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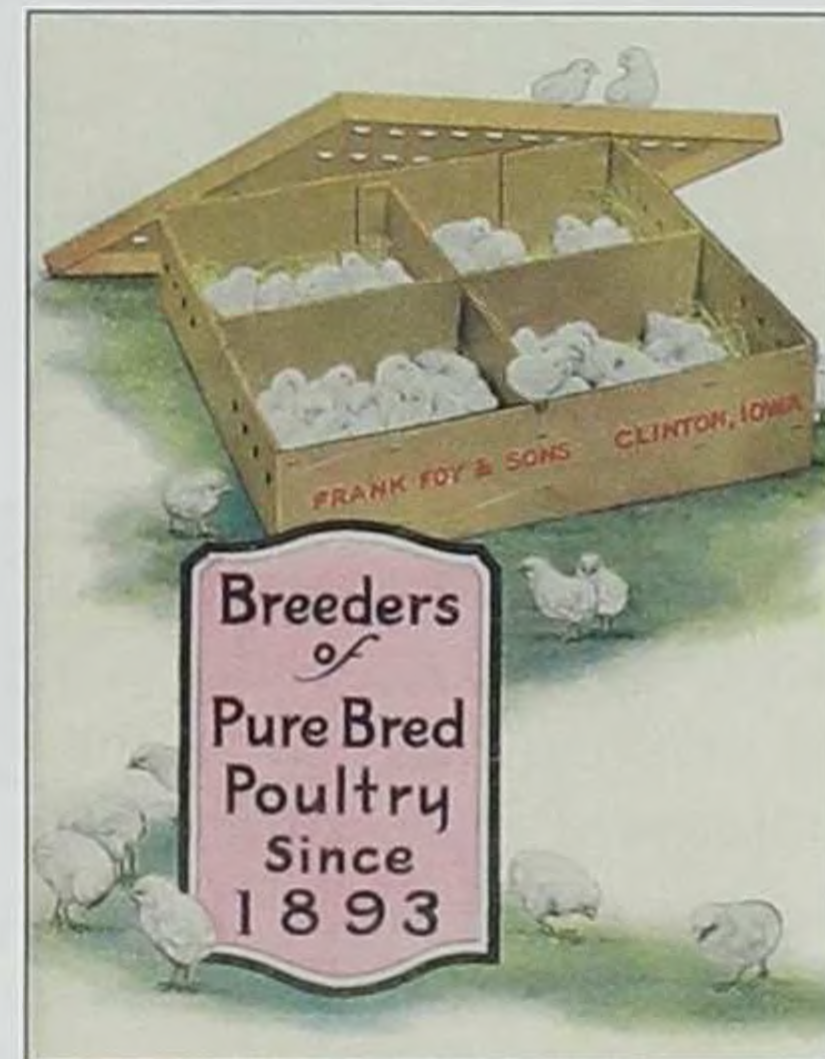
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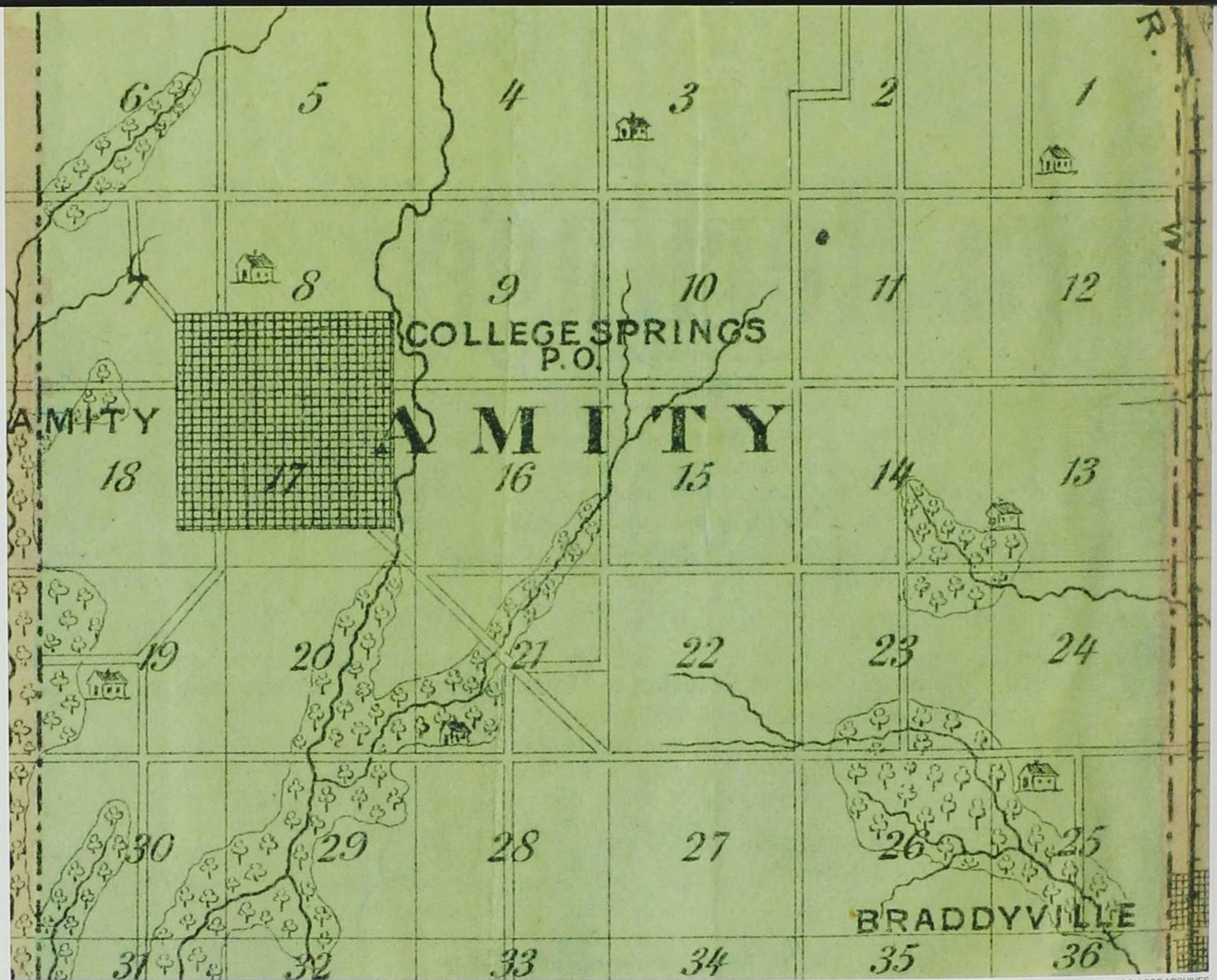
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## On the Cover

Ah—the joys of home maintenance! For thousands of World War II veterans and their families, home was Pammel Court on the Iowa State campus. Historian and Iowa State alumnus David Holmgren explores how the community came to be.



KNOX COLLEGE ARCHIVES

# Hard-Luck Town

## College Springs, Iowa

by H. Roger Grant

In most ways Iowa can be considered a microcosm of American urban development. Although it lacked an equal to Chicago, Minneapolis, or St. Louis, Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, and Sioux City became bustling metropolises, and by the dawn of the 20th century the state possessed a rich assortment of villages, towns, and cities. Nearly all American communities, large and small, were founded by boosters hoping to maximize their financial gains, and that "get-ahead" spirit spurred town creation and fostered growth.

Yet in the 19th century a handful of communities

were launched for largely altruistic reasons. Between the 1830s and 1850s a wave of utopianism swept through the Midwest. After all, the optimism of the era, lack of governmental regulations, cheap and expansive lands, and willing communicants made the region an ideal place for creating "heaven on earth." Several utopias appeared in Iowa, including the secu-

**Above: An 1856 plat of the projected utopian colony of Amity in Page County in southwestern Iowa. A collegiate institution was in the plans.**

lar, communistic, French-speaking Icarian settlement in Adams County, the Mormon Preparation colony in Monona County, and the enduring religious Society of True Inspiration (Amana) in Iowa County.

One of the most obscure utopian ventures in Iowa was Amity, in Page County. What distinguishes this place from most other Hawkeye State utopias is that it would remain on the map, evolving into the town of College Springs as it shifted from utopian values to commercial expectations.

Unlike so many supporters of "perfect" communities, Amity's founders relied not on a specific body of published works, secular or sectarian, but on ideas developed by the Reverend George Washington Gale of Whitesboro, New York, near the Erie Canal city of Utica. In 1825 Gale, a Princeton-educated Presbyterian clergyman, with the aid of local patrons, launched a self-help school for boys "located on a farm with workshops attached [where] young men could secure their education and at the same time be self-supporting." Continued the explanation of his son William Selden Gale, "All should be required to labor on the farm or in the shops three hours a day. Thus they could provide the means of support and secure the exercise essential to their health and yet have sufficient time for study and recitation." The school was named the Oneida Institute (not to be confused with the utopian Oneida Community not far away). It did reasonably well, attracting scores of lads and generating income from school-sponsored farming and business activities.

Yet Gale had other ambitions. In 1834 he proposed creating a utopia of sorts "in the West." The idea was to build a Puritan-like "city upon a hill," based on a manual-labor institution that would instill students with a Christian, sober, and public-spirited worldview and fostered by a like-minded community. The plan involved acquiring a sizeable block of government land at the minimum selling price of \$1.25 per acre. As in many cooperative utopias, investors would purchase shares, and they would be fairly rewarded when the experiment prospered. By 1836 Gale and his 34 investors (or "subscribers") had selected several thousand acres of fertile lands in the mostly unsettled region of Knox County in western Illinois. A year later these people of good hope platted the future Galesburg and started Knox Manual Labor College.

Although largely isolated until the coming of the railroad in 1854, the Galesburg settlement grew from "some 70 dwellings" in 1845 to hundreds of homes and businesses and nearly 5,500 residents in 1857. The college accepted its first class in 1841, and by 1857, 446 male and female students attended the school. Both

the town and college were Christian places. "Profaneness is rarely heard in the streets, and intoxicating drinks have neither foothold nor advocates in the community."

The local Presbyterian body, with Gale as the preacher, gradually changed into a Congregational organization. (Since 1801 Presbyterians and Congregationalists nationally had found themselves in "friendly and mutual understanding.") As more progressive Congregationalists arrived in Galesburg, trouble brewed as the national antislavery debate intensified. Local Congregationalists, many of whom were Presbyterians or "Presbygationalists," embraced the abolitionist crusade, but the area presbytery refused to modify its largely proslavery position. In 1855 this conflict resulted in a break with the Presbyterian establishment, and a year later led to formation of the "First Church of Christ in Galesburg," which, although independent, "became practically Congregational."

Plans emerged out of this religious and reform milieu for another "Colony of Reformers" based on Gale's model of promoting education in a highly moralistic, antislavery climate. In 1853, B. F. Haskins, a local Congregational minister, worked closely with several other Galesburg residents, including William Woods, a co-religionist and an ardent abolitionist, to create a "permanent fund for an institution of learning of a reformatory character," and with it a community of individuals who shared these goals.

The Haskins plan involved acquiring a large block of fertile land from the government at \$1.25 per acre in Iowa or Missouri, and selling it to sympathetic investors. The real estate would be appraised at \$5 per acre and "every shareholder may receive in land at the valuation price, to the amount of his share, or shares." Profits from land sales would be earmarked for a "manual labor system" collegiate institution, and investors' shares "shall be attached [to] a scholarship of five years gratuitous instruction in the institution of learning." The proposal also called for building a town.

The document concluded with this utopian statement: "The plan proposed if properly guarded and successful, will bring together lovers of truth and right, who value the blessings of the gospel above every worldly consideration" as well as "the friends of humanity, who heartily sympathize with the crushed millions of [slaves of] our own as well as other lands." And the school "will check the fearful progress of wickedness, and bless with religion and a religious education hundreds and thousands of the rising generation."

These were hardly the thoughts of schemers seeking profits.

Action followed. The Haskins organization became the Western Industrial and Scientific Association, with a capitalization of \$30,000, and a committee sought out land. By November 1854 the colonists had taken control of 7,000 public acres at the minimum price in southern Page County, Iowa, near the Missouri border (and also additional lands in Cass County and in northern Missouri). In February 1855 the venture was incorporated and renamed the Amity Collegiate Association. The model village and township were also named Amity.

Amity and Amity College did not instantly spring up from the unbroken prairie, but its sponsors toiled mightily to make their dreams come true. The well-chosen townsite was largely level, adequately drained,

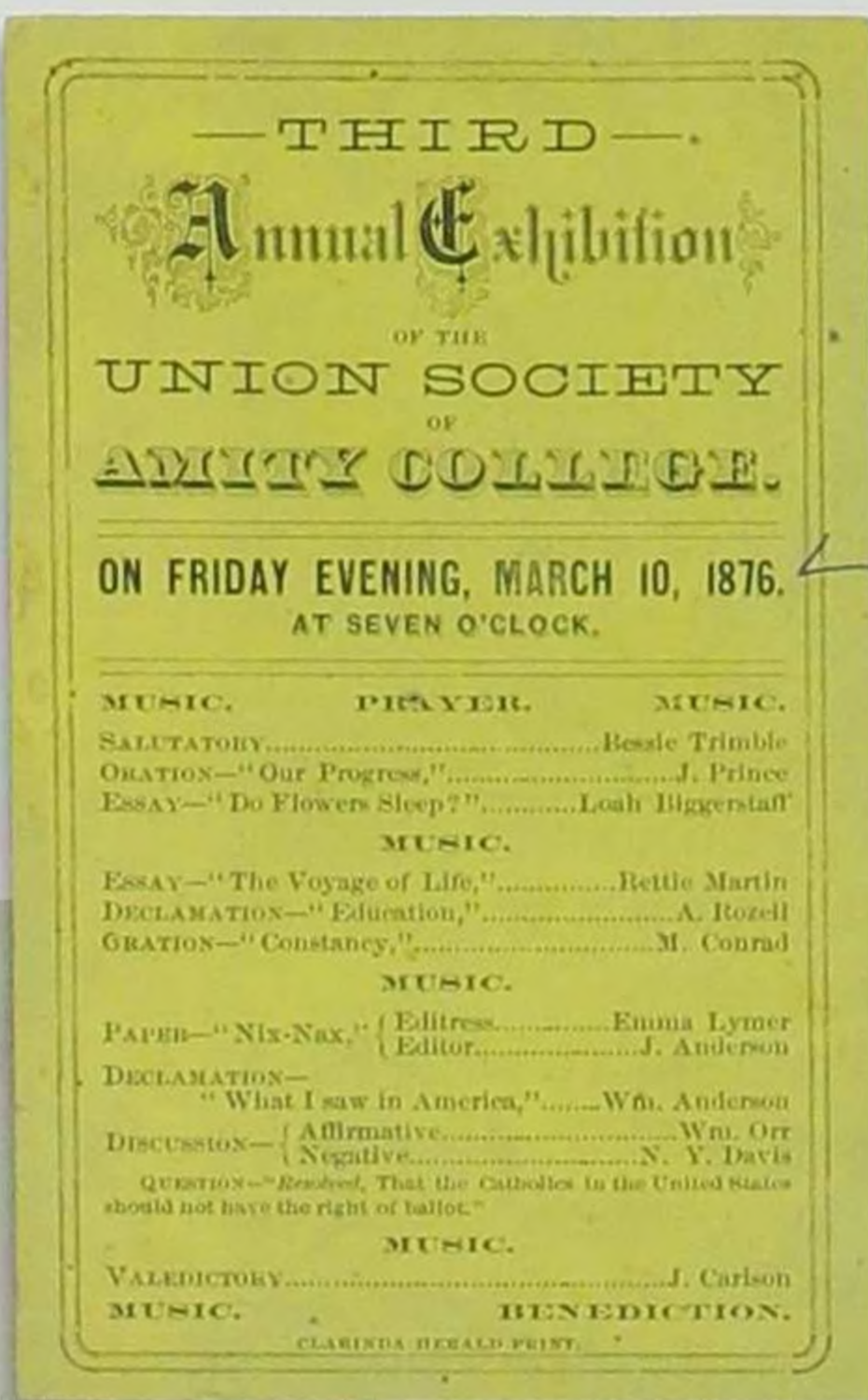
and contained "a large, never failing spring." Streets were staked out in a grid pattern, and wide diagonal streets radiated out of a public square. More land was set aside for the college and parks. The colony plan also featured traditional

**The center of Amity College in the 1870s was this elegant brick building.**

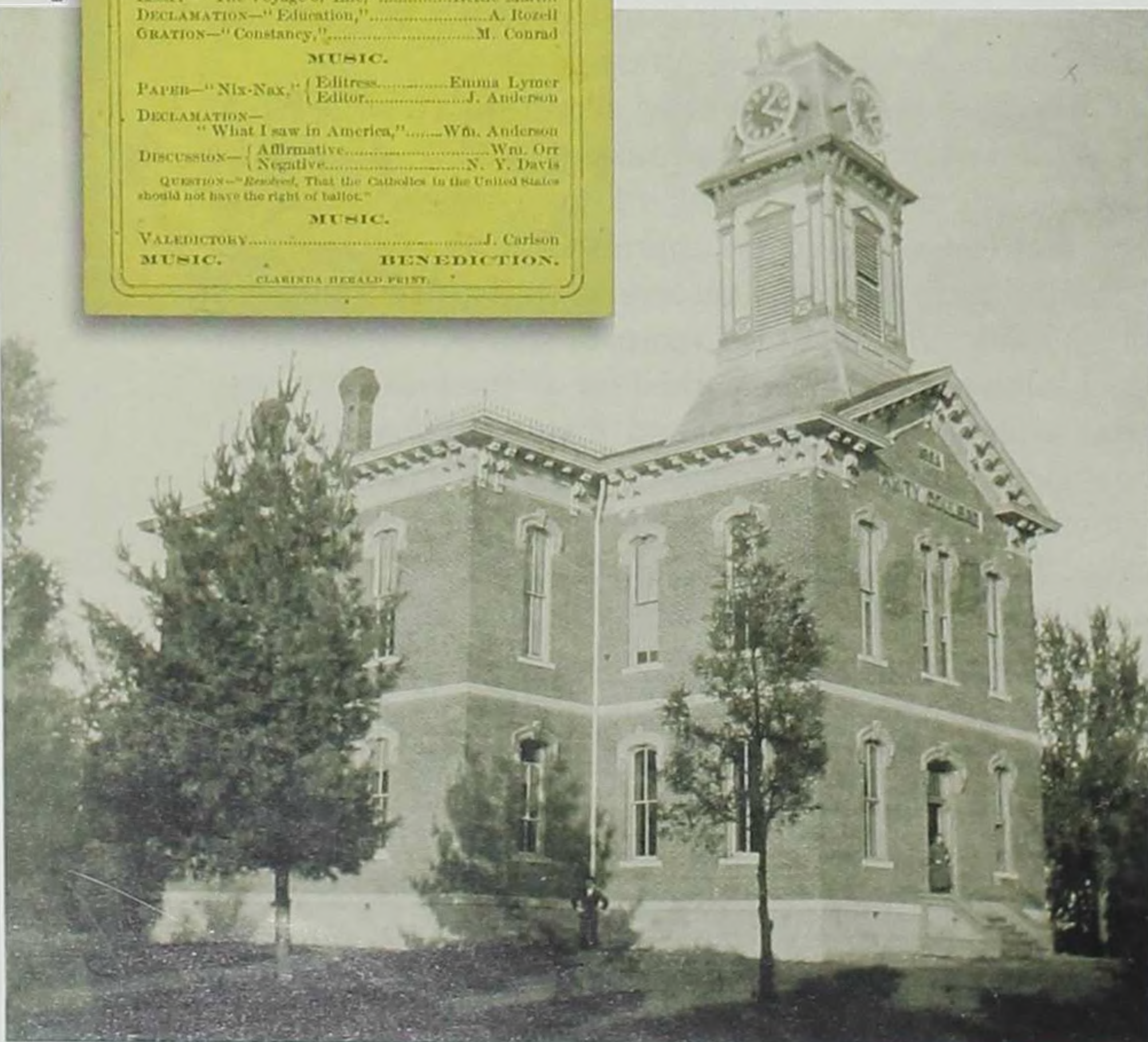


interior building lots and outlots that ranged from approximately 7 to 44 acres. Lot deeds required that owners plant shade trees to beautify the streetscape. By 1857 several structures had been erected, including the "college," a 22x28 foot single-story frame building readied for the first class of 20 males and 10 females. Resembling Knox College, the school, "our great future, [which] gives a liberal education to both sexes," became a pioneer in coeducation. Two years later work began on a larger two-story brick structure. Although this quasi-collegiate operation "was designed for the higher grades only, no pupils being below the age of fifteen," the school was really no more than an academy, broadening its curricula to include elementary-level subjects. The institution resembled other "colleges" scattered throughout the state, including the gestating and also coeducational Indianola Male and Female Seminary, the future Simpson College.

Amity College confronted daunting challenges, especially financing. Even though land sales generated endowment funds, scholarships awarded to shareholders drained resources. "Therefore to trade for a scholarship and thereby escape payment of tuition became an easy matter. This was meat for the buyer but famine for the school." And a bitter fight over prayers erupted between Presbyterians and Congregationalists, causing a split among school supporters and creation of a competing school in a nearby structure. "So small as it was, the town of Amity that year [1859] bore the peculiar distinction of having within its border two separate college-schools in full force, each presided over by



BOTH IMAGES: SHS (IOWA CITY)





LARRY POLSLEY COLLECTION

a most able instructor." The silliness of this dispute led to a truce, allowing Amity College to regain strength until the outbreak of the Civil War led to curtailment of upper-level classes. The brick edifice served as the public school between 1862 and 1864, and the college or academy did not resume operations until 1866. A reorganization that year created the Amity Academic Association, which leased the building for five years.

Just as the school sputtered, the village struggled. Unlike what had taken place in Galesburg, there was no surge in population. On the eve of the Civil War a boiler explosion wrecked the sole industry, a steam-powered sawmill, killing an employee and seriously injuring several others. During the war years, property values fell, grasshoppers ravaged nearby crops, and an exodus occurred. "Seven families from our town picked up their belongings and returned to their former homes—most of them in Illinois," recounted an early settler. "Some of our town's people were attracted by the Pike's Peak [gold] discovery about that time, and set out for their pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

Once the war and slavery ended, Amity lost much of its utopian flavor, although the spirit of temperance remained strong. The town had no saloons or other places of sin and evil, and also there was no tolerance for secret societies, especially Freemasonry. These attitudes fit nicely with the four churches that led local spiritual life: Congregational, Methodist Episcopal,

**Merchants and shoppers pose on College Springs's main street, about 1910.**

Wesleyan Methodist, and United Presbyterian (all had been involved in Amity's antislavery movement).

Amity's most obvious difference from neighboring communities was the college, officially chartered after 1871 as a full-fledged institution of higher learning. Although beset by financial worries and frequent changes in faculty, the college boasted a stylish brick building (heated by a steam boiler and lit by acetylene gas), a ladies hall, the earlier brick structure, and later a frame gymnasium. By the mid-1880s the approximately 150 students selected their studies from several educational options: scientific, art, commercial, music, and normal (teacher training) courses, explaining the college motto of "Arts, Religion, Science." Some graduates entered the ministry; others chose occupations ranging from medicine to education.

While there was no apparent feeling of despair among the citizenry of Amity (the town was in the 1870s appropriately renamed College Springs because of another Amity in the state), a pressing problem confronted residents. They had no railroad. Train service would give them a dependable means to reach Clarinda, the county seat; assist the college by having a convenient way for students, faculty, and visitors to travel; and promote commercial growth, especially the movement of livestock, grain, coal, lumber, and an array of consumer goods.

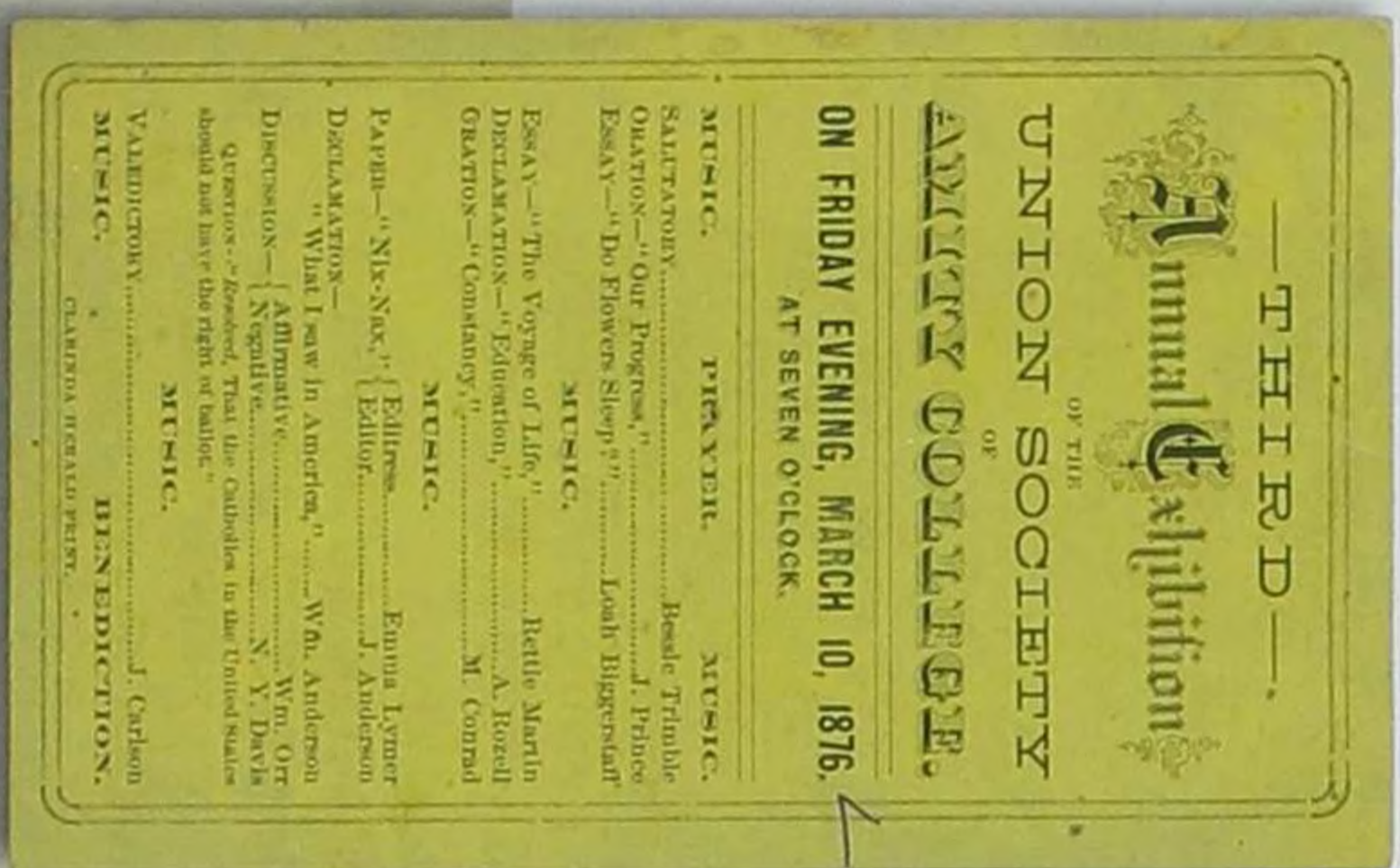
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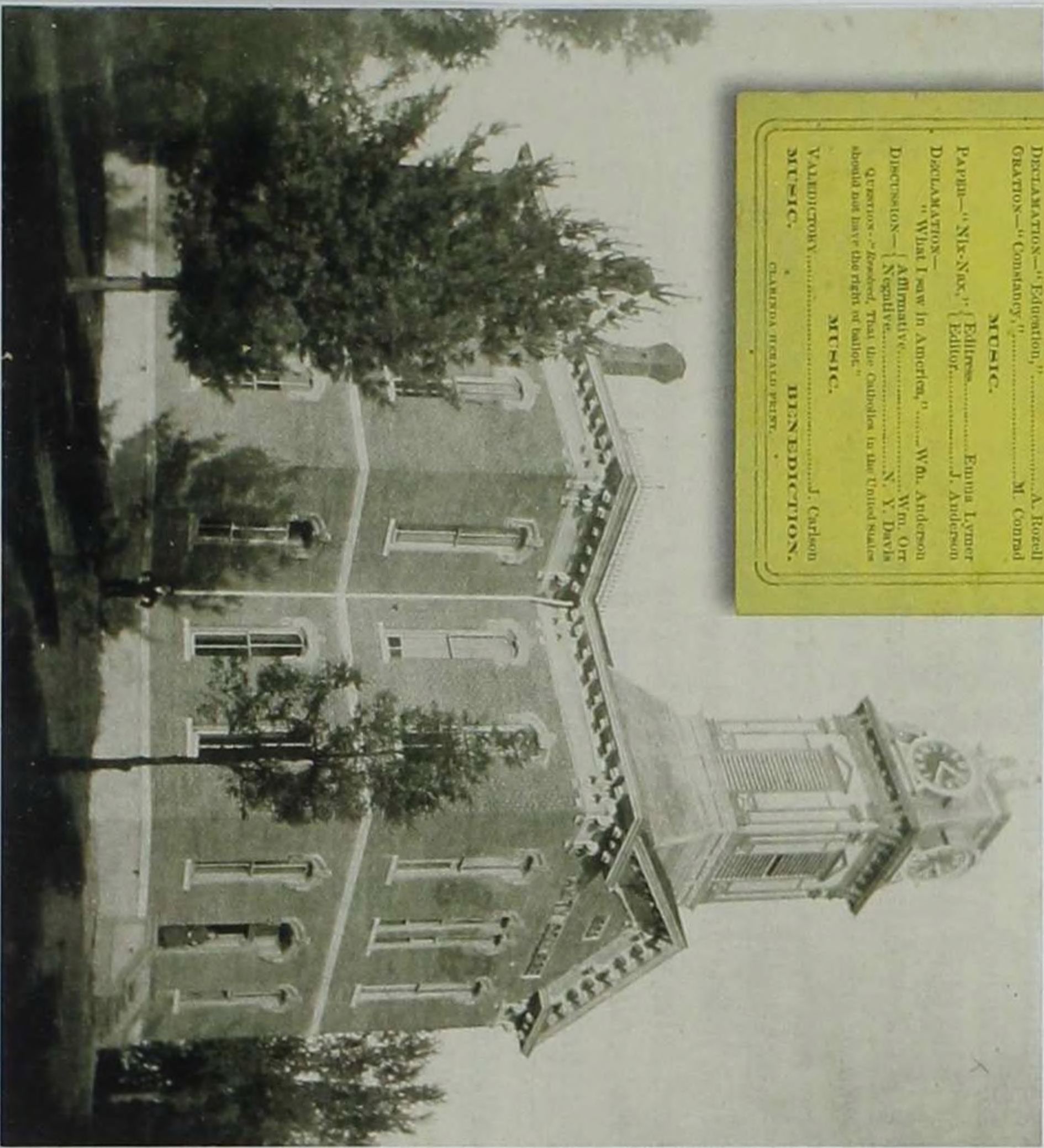
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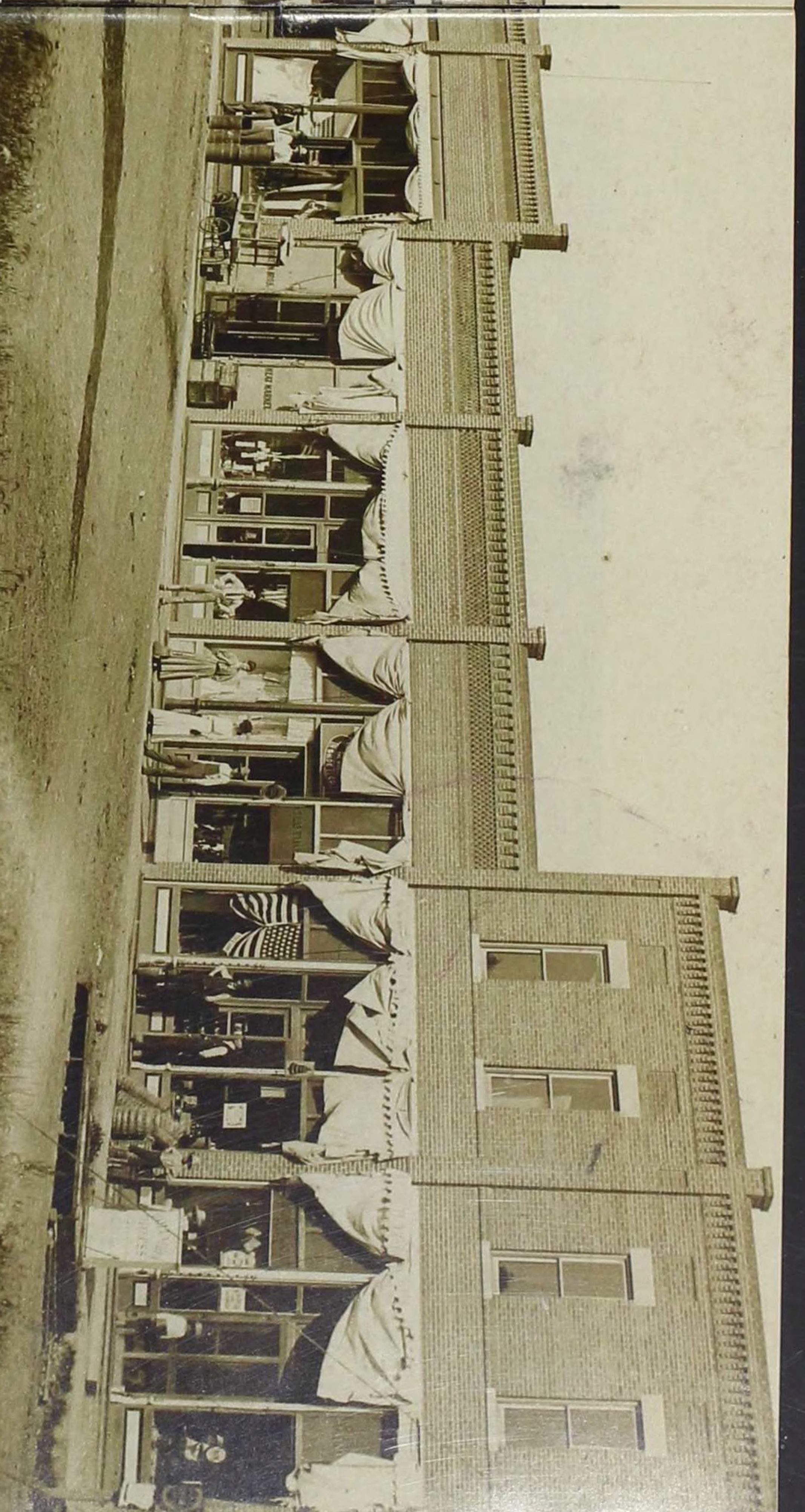
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LARRY POLSLEY COLLECTION

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In the 1870s and 1880s rails reached a growing



number of other area communities. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy (Burlington) and Wabash railroads laced parts of Page County, but not College Springs or the surrounding Amity Township. Citizens felt elated when the Clarinda, College Springs & South Western Railroad was projected through College Springs, but the Burlington, on a branch-line building blitz in Iowa, decided that this road, which it controlled, would extend from Clarinda through Page Center and Coin to a connection with its Tarkio Valley branch at Northboro. This route missed by a dozen miles the town honored in its corporate name. A nearby Missouri newspaper suggested tongue-in-cheek that the loss gave its residents an option: "The only thing that remains for them is to let some responsible party have the contract of moving their town to Blanchard," a growing community recently established on Wabash rails about six miles away.

Even without a railroad and notwithstanding the five troubled years sparked by the Panic of 1893, College Springs grew and Amity College survived. New businesses bolstered community pride, as did the launching of a weekly newspaper, the *Current Press*. After 1900, a widespread upsurge in agricultural prices and land values began, which would continue through World War I. The population rose from 491 in 1890 to 693 in 1900. College enrollment stood steady at approximately 200 students.

But in early 1901, fire—the scourge of communities—struck. "COLLEGE SPRINGS IN ASHES!" screamed the *Current Press*. "Greatest Fire In the History Of The Town. Everything Between McLean's Store and Methodist Parsonage Burned. Loss Will Exceed \$40,000; Insurance Less Than Half That Amount." In the unhappy account, editor J. G. McCormick described the event. "It is our sad duty this week to chronicle the destruction of the best business portion of our little city. The town was without fire protection and so when the fire got a good start it swept the town like tinder." Although efforts by community responders to use bucket brigades and wet blankets did little good, fire fighters showed real imagination. "A piece of strategy in quickly tearing away the Hullinger building and topping the post office into the fire after its contents had been removed only made it possible to save McLean's store."

Notwithstanding the conflagration, the business district rose phoenix-like from the charred remains. A brick "business row" of more than a dozen stores and shops took shape, and the Methodist Church, which the flames also consumed, was rebuilt. William Smith

Farquhar, a prominent farmer, soon opened the Farquhar Savings Bank, the town's first financial institution. Perhaps the remarkable recovery from the fire helped to renew railroad enthusiasm.

This happened to be the time of "twilight rails" in the Midwest, a series of last-ditch railroad projects, including some that employed the recently perfected electric interurban. "One thing is a certainty," opined the *Current Press*, "and that is: Page county is wealthy enough, and thickly settled enough to make it an object for some electric railway line or lines to engage here in business."

But these electric dreams went unrealized. It would not be until the latter part of 1908, when the Panic of 1907 had mostly run its course, that there was renewed hope among area residents for at least a short-distance electric line, likely extending the 17 miles between Clarinda, College Springs, and Blanchard. Helping to achieve this traction quest were the owners of the Engineering, Construction & Securities Co. of Chicago, a small firm that became involved in several electric and steam railroad projects in southern and western Iowa.

At organizational meetings held on the Amity campus, the railroad scheme took shape. College Springs residents opened their pocketbooks to finance what became the Iowa & Southwestern Railway, dubbed for some inexplicable reason the "Ikey." And they received support from the surrounding area. Stung by the arrogance of a Burlington monopoly, Clarinda passed a special tax assessment and its citizens purchased debt and equity securities. Blanchard residents, who wanted a direct route to Clarinda, also invested. But it was College Springs and the immediate environs that proportionally contributed the most—\$300,000 [about \$7 million in today's dollars]. Backers, however, opted for a steam rather than an electric road, a decision that saved tens of thousands of dollars.

After fits and starts, construction began in 1910. But installing track did not commence until the latter part of 1911. To receive Clarinda's tax money, the rails had to reach that town by the end of 1911. Fortunately, the deadline was met on a bitterly cold December 30, as the construction train whistled into the corporate limits of the Page County seat.

Just as every twilight railroad in the Midwest caused an initial wave of real-estate gains and economic expansion, the arrival of the "steam-car civilization" energized College Springs. Although Blanchard and Clarinda benefited from Ikey rails, the epicenter of development was College Springs. "The 'Athens' of Page County is beginning to wake up," correctly observed a Clarinda journalist. The Green Bay Lumber

COURTESY JAMIE BERANEK



Passengers wait at the College Springs depot, about 1914. The grain elevator rises behind it. In recent years the depot was moved to the grounds of Clarinda's Nodaway Valley Historical Museum.

Company, a major regional chain, came to town. "College Springs has long been in need of a lumber yard," observed the *Current Press*, "and now we have one, conducted by a good reliable firm." Turner Brothers, based in Red Oak and owner of several grain elevators, erected College Springs's first grain facility. It sported a 10,000-bushel storage capacity, "but it will be capable of handling daily, if necessary 30,000 bushels of grain and so constructed that the largest [railroad] car may be loaded without shoveling." Then Clarinda's Lee Electric Company received a 25-year franchise to provide electricity. And Wells Fargo Express Company began service, paying the Ikey depot agent to represent the firm. "This will be a great convenience for College Springs people as it will save the trouble of having their express hauled over from Coin or Clarinda." A local landowner cashed in by selling "good one acre lots" in the north part of town, and reports followed that carpenters had contracts for five new houses. Townspeople and college students alike applauded the opening of a "first-class" restaurant. Soon, too, a bandstand appeared in the central park, and the town organized its own summer Chautauqua program.

In August 1912, the editor of the *Clarinda Herald*



LARRY POLSLEY COLLECTION

Amity College students brave frigid weather to board the Ikey in College Springs.

visited College Springs and updated his readers on this lively place. "Mr. A. M. Abbott has a large double store and does a big business in furniture, hardware and undertaking. He keeps four regular men busy waiting on customers." A smart \$600 marble soda fountain gleamed in Dr. S. E. McClymonds's drug store. In his dry goods, shoe, and grocery store, William Jacobson stocked merchandise "probably valued at \$12,000 or \$15,000." R. A. Hawthorne, a newcomer from Nebraska, operated the Amity Store, which "handles books, stationery, men's furnishing, and talking machines [which] will undoubtedly appeal to the discriminating buyer." Other shops also earned the editor's praise. Prospects looked bright, indeed. "[Realtor Steele] Finley says that since the new railroad has been built there are a number of well to do families thinking of locating at the Springs with a view of obtaining educational and other advantages."

But bad luck befell College Springs. Amity College, never a dynamic institution, soon faced a fatal crisis over leadership, faculty, and finances, which triggered its closing in spring 1914. But the educational picture was not all gloom. Three years later a \$65,000 bond issue passed for construction of a public grade and high school. The board of the defunct Amity College donated the real estate and other assets to the school district, and residents contributed \$1,500, "as a matter of sentiment," to house the old college clock in the tower of the new three-story brick school.

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**When the short-lived Ikey came to an end, the crews that lifted the rails through College Springs employed a modern truck that was capable of traveling on the track.**

ulation shifts to larger towns, and the trend towards bigger farms took their toll. By 2010 the Census Bureau reported fewer than 220 residents, making College Springs a good candidate for becoming a poster child for the badly broken small communities of Iowa and the nation. A tangible indication of a dying place had occurred in November 1990 when volunteers from seven area fire departments supervised the controlled burning of most of the town's old commercial district.

This planned destruction, however, permitted construction of a much-needed, centrally located community hall. Still, a town icon remained; the bandstand built in 1912 stands in the public park.

Nevertheless, the utopian past of College Springs left a legacy. Writing in 1930, Donald Murphy, editor of *Wallaces' Farmer and Iowa Homestead*, sensed that College Springs and Amity Township were not typically Iowan. He described briefly the town's past, focusing on its educational heritage then represented by that splendid school. Murphy concluded that the community's history, especially its commitment to learning, made it different. "This tradition is carrying on. Amity [Township] takes pride in having folks who read books, who value education in music, who send their children thru high school and college and who support the church." That heritage remained long after Murphy penned these observations. But certainly, too, residents of this quickly faded utopia experienced some nasty setbacks, much more pronounced than its historic sister community, Galesburg, ever encountered, and best seen in those disappointing collegiate and railroad experiences. College Springs should be remembered as that hard-luck town—but one with a distinct past. ❖

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LARRY POLSLEY COLLECTION

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AMES HISTORICAL SOCIETY

# Pammel Court

## A Solution to Housing World War II Veterans at Iowa State College

by David Holmgren

There is a new smell to the fresh air . . . that of adventure, of frontier spirit traditionally dear to the inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere. There are certain inconveniences present, which are not encountered in a more permanent village," the *Iowa Engineer* acknowledged in a May 1946 article, "but there are many things to compensate—fresh air, informality and last but not least a spirit of cooperation among all the inhabitants." The writer was describing "an entirely new vil-

**Above:** Clotheslines and cars dot Pammel Court at Iowa State College in 1946. The complex was built on Pammel Drive, named for botany professor Louis H. Pammel.

lage"—Pammel Court at Iowa State College in Ames. What had been a polo field on the north side of campus was transformed into a community of married students in just two years.

Pammel Court was designed as strictly temporary housing to be demolished by about 1950 when the growing post-World War II enrollment was predicted to subside and return to prewar levels. Little did anybody suspect that over the next 60 years Pammel Court would house tens of thousands of students and their spouses and children at Iowa State.

Well before the war had ended, solutions were sought to ease the country back into a peacetime economy. Two major pieces of legislation passed by Congress drastically improved veterans' ability to get a higher education. The Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944 (commonly known as the GI Bill of Rights) was passed in 1944. In 1945, amendments to the Lanham Act of 1940 allowed existing defense and war housing to be used for veterans at colleges and universities across the country. By helping returning veterans go to college—more than 2.2 million in the end—the federal government would be helping the integration of veterans more gradually into the existing national workforce.

At Iowa State, President Charles Erley correctly anticipated a major wave of applications from veterans, many of whom were married. Before the war, married students made up only 4 percent of the general student population, with no married student housing to serve them. In fact, in mid-1945 the state's assistant attorney general had issued an opinion stating that the Iowa Code gave no authority for constructing such housing. When the Iowa attorney general himself indicated that he would not overrule the opinion, the Iowa Board of Education took up the issue and convinced him to reverse his decision. Thus the groundwork was set for a remarkable cooperative effort between the federal government, the State of Iowa, the City of Ames, Iowa State College, and numerous private companies in Iowa under contract.

Over 1.9 million temporary housing units had been created during the war years by the National Housing Agency through the Federal Public Housing Authority (FPHA) for workers in critical defense locations such as military bases and defense industries. Erley moved quickly to inquire at the FPHA regional office in Chicago about obtaining surplus housing for veterans. In essence, by taking the initiative, he got ahead of the game to ensure that Iowa State's needs could be met.

The first phase of construction began in the winter months of 1945–46. The logistics of constructing

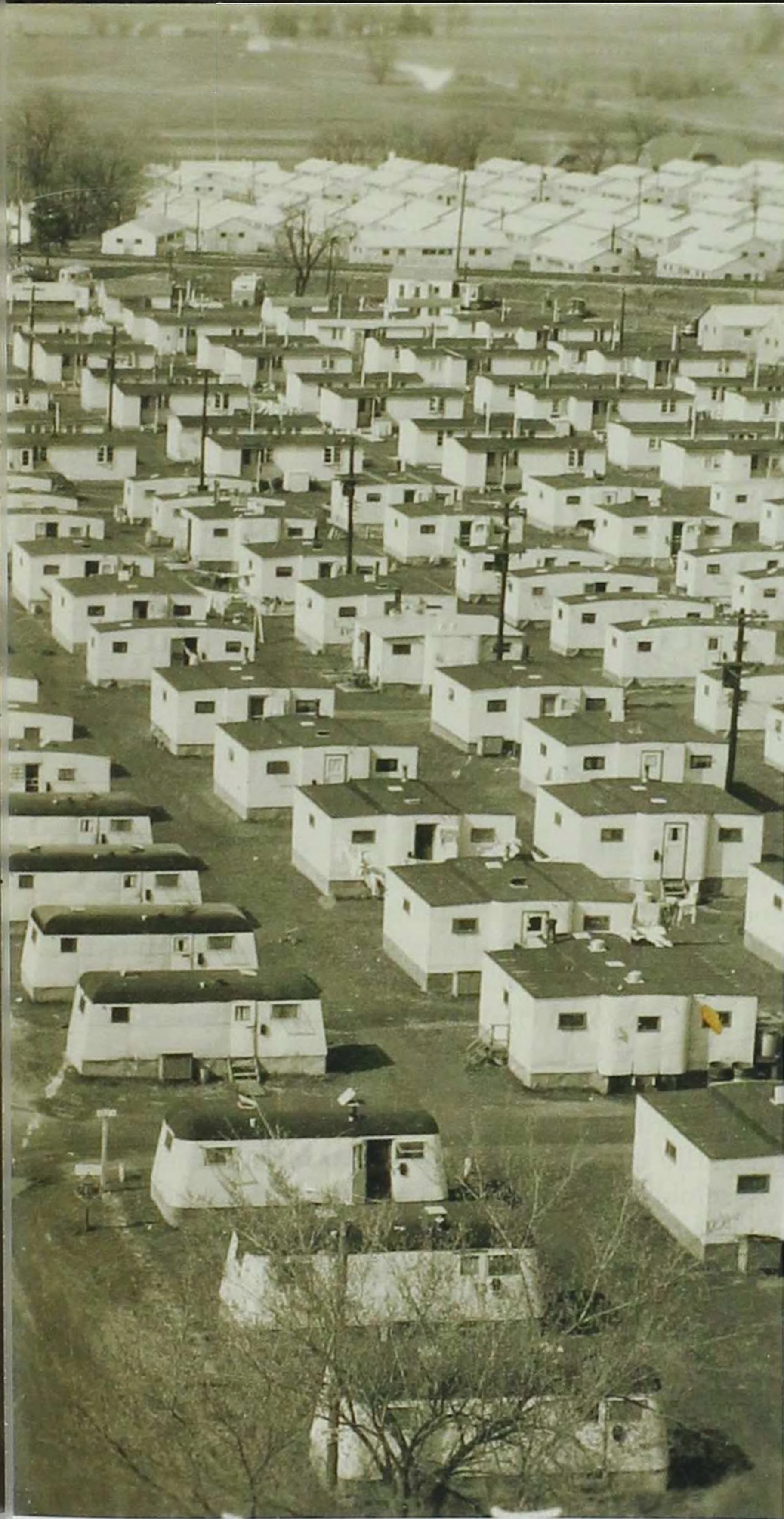


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**Above:** This photo and similar views of the installation of housing units at Pammel Court were discovered in Governor Robert Blue's Papers in the State Archives of the State Historical Society of Iowa (Des Moines center). Iowa State's business manager, B. H. Platt, had sent the photos with his report on enrollment, which he predicted would jump 53 percent from fall 1945 to spring 1946.

**Below:** Despite a variety of housing units for veterans and their families, the units were all undeniably small.



IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/SPECIAL COLLECTIONS DEPARTMENT



IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/SPECIAL COLLECTIONS DEPARTMENT

streets, water lines, sewers, and electrical service, as well as securing and transporting units, were staggering, especially because of the lack of postwar construction materials and the need to complete the work quickly, despite adverse weather. After grading work was done for roads and driveways, excavation for sewer and water ditches was finished by Central Construction Company of Indianola, and installation of simple foundations of plywood floors on small concrete piers was completed by Kucharo Construction Company of Des Moines. Electrical equipment was ordered from companies in Fort Dodge and Cedar Rapids as well as other states. Boilers, water softeners, pressure water tanks, and pumps were acquired from the Army Air Base at Sioux City.

Iowa had had few defense plants or military posts during the war, so housing units had to be transported from other states. The types of housing included standard trailers, expandable trailers, demountable houses, and metal Quonset huts and barracks. J. D. Armstrong Company of Ames transported 150 housing units to the campus. Forty trailers were moved from an ammunition depot in Hastings, Nebraska; 68 trailers from the Army Air Corps Base in Alliance, Nebraska; and 50 demountable houses from the Badger Ordnance Plant near Prairie du Sac, Wisconsin. Armstrong performed the entire disassembly, transportation, placement, and reassembly procedures of these units. Transportation averaged \$267 per unit, far more expensive than the houses themselves, which the college acquired for only \$1 each. The first trailers arrived in early December 1945, and after college maintenance crews reconditioned them, they were ready for occupancy when the winter quarter started on January 3.

These and succeeding developments were watched closely by the *Iowa State Daily Student* and the student body. No less than a dozen articles in the student newspaper marked the progress of Pammel Court between October 1945 and the following July.

**T**he first Quonset huts arrived during the second phase of construction late in May 1946, from a navy base at Tacoma, Washington. J. C. Schilletter, Iowa State's first residence director, reported the availability of 152 trailers, 50 demountable houses, 50 Quonset huts (divided to accommodate two families each), and 65 lots for privately owned housing.

This was only the beginning. With no letup in demand, B. H. Platt, Iowa State's business manager, requested an additional 734 metal barracks. As they arrived from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and a prisoner-



AMES HISTORICAL SOCIETY

**Pammel Court's rows of housing for married veterans lay on the north side of Iowa State campus in Ames (1948 photo).**

of-war camp at Concordia, Kansas, they were occupied immediately. In the months to come, more housing units were shipped from Grand Island, Nebraska. There were so many metal buildings that Pammel Court was dubbed "Silver City."

With this large addition, Pammel Court now extended to the east of Stange Road. By July 1947, Schilletter could report that by fall there would be 1,032 units available—five times as many as a year before. Yet 500 requests were still on the waiting list.

An area had also been developed where students could bring their own trailers. One married couple bought an old passenger bus, overhauled the engine, took out the seats, built cabinets, installed electrical wire and a water tank, and parked it in Pammel Court. During the summer of 1947, they drove it home to the Ozarks and then returned for the fall quarter and parked it again in Pammel Court.

The housing units were functionally adequate but definitely not spacious. Trailers were only 7.5x22 feet (165 square feet) but nevertheless included a living room, bedroom, gas range, and fuel-oil stove. Both the outer and inner walls were made of plywood sheeting but were insulated, and they rested on temporary wooden trestle foundations. The stoves "have not proved too satisfactory in winter time during high winds," the *Iowa Engineer* noted, "but have kept the trailers at a reasonably warm temperature without too great a cost." Bathrooms, tubs, showers, and lavatories were in nearby utility buildings, about one for every 20 to 25 residents. Water had to be hauled from the utility buildings and stored in five-gallon cans in the trailers.

Demountable houses were larger, typically from 13x29 feet to 13x38 feet, and included one or two bedrooms, living room, kitchen, and bath. They came with coal furnaces, running water, and automatic electric water heaters.

Veterans received \$125 per month (roughly \$1,300 today) for living expenses and they were expected to pay 25 percent of that for rent. But Platt, Iowa State's business manager, saw that this penalized those veterans or their wives who worked part-time jobs for additional income. In August 1948, he set a flat monthly rate of \$22.50 to \$25.00, which helped couples who had part-time jobs and reduced the rent by up to \$15 for residents in general.

There was no individual phone service. Pay phones were installed in unheated booths (*below*), but one area

AMES TRIBUNE PHOTO (1953) COURTESY OF AMES HISTORICAL SOCIETY





Married veterans juggled academics, families, and other demands as they established a strong sense of community in Pammel Court. The pony ride (below) was part of the May Daze activities in the spring of 1947 and was covered by *Look* magazine.



ALL FOUR PHOTOS: IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY/SPECIAL COLLECTIONS DEPARTMENT

of 400 housing units had only six phones. Residents wishing to make a call had to walk a block or more. For someone trying to call a resident, the problem was extremely difficult. The caller had to know which phone booth to call and hope that a passerby might pick up the phone and agree to find the resident. If a long-distance call came into the college switchboard, the Ames telephone company would send a messenger taxi out to Pammel Court. Neither the college switchboard nor the Ames phone company had information on which pay phone was nearest a particular resident. Western Union would deliver messages but only during daytime hours, and those hours were restricted on weekends.

**T**he married students moving into Pammel Court quickly began to form a community and make lives for themselves. As early as February 1946, a group of them organized the community with a constitution and a mayor, council chairperson, and four council members. The mayor acted as the village representative to the college and outside authorities. Dues consisted of voluntary contributions of 50 cents per unit. The council was empowered to make all decisions relating to the administration of Pammel Court except those reserved for the college administration and voters.

A cooperative grocery store was established with membership dues of \$2 a month. It opened in early 1946, but by summer the increase in residents put such great demand on the store that it was enlarged under the direction of the council and the labor of many of the store's board members. The store employed a full-time manager, a bookkeeper, and three full-time clerks and soon added a meat department and ice cream freezer.

Residents also coordinated nursery and day-care services, thereby sharing babysitting responsibilities without paying. Simple play areas were constructed, and residents built a recreation building for children in the spring and summer of 1947.

The spirit of cooperation was pervasive. Volunteers were trained in fire fighting, and when rats appeared in Pammel Court, 125 residents joined in a four-day rat-killing campaign, bagging 750 rats.

The veterans were older than most students and had experienced the discipline of the service and horror of the war. Although this created a more serious educational atmosphere on campus, the veterans wanted to have a good time, too. Notwithstanding the aid from the GI Bill, many struggled to make ends meet. Just going to a local restaurant or getting a glass of beer once in a while was almost a luxury. But the married

students of Pammel Court proved that creating a community and having fun did not have to be elaborate, luxurious, or expensive. The council sponsored a number of social activities for residents. Three days of events in 1947 were covered by *Look* magazine in a story titled "Mr. and Mrs. Week End at Iowa State." With the children tucked into bed, parents attended a "Hard Times" dance, with music by Scotty's Hylanders. One young lady supposedly performed a shadow strip tease behind a sheet with a light that showed only her silhouette. The audience perceived a complete strip, but it turned out that she was wearing a bathing suit. The weekend included diaper-changing derbies for fathers, a hula performance, raffles for free groceries, pony rides, portrait drawing, and a children's costume contest—all proceeding amidst mass consumption of ice cream and pop.

Although most World War II veterans at Iowa State had graduated by 1951, enrollment continued to climb as more single students and non-veteran married students sought degrees. Between 1950 and 1969, Iowa State's enrollment rose by 45 percent. The pressure for temporary housing continued, and single students were eventually allowed to live in Pammel Court.

**N**evertheless, parts of Pammel Court were decommissioned in the 1950s and 1960s because of extreme deterioration of some of the units. All of the trailers were removed between 1950 and 1952, and the Quonset huts were gone by 1960. East Pammel was demolished in 1956 and replaced by Hawthorn Court, an apartment complex designed for long-term use. By 1967, all the demountable houses and barracks south of the railroad tracks had been removed, but there were still 668 units in use north of the tracks. In the 1970s, a large complex known as Schilletter Village was built to the north of Hawthorn Court. It was named for J. C. Schilletter, the first director of residence, who had figured prominently in the building of Pammel Court. Other changes in the 1970s brought down even more units, but 522 were still in use in 1979. The following year, a graduate student in architecture wrote a thesis on the development of Pammel Court and concluded that it had "become a visual eyesore unrepresentative of an otherwise vigorous and progressive building program." Yet even as late as 1988, 520 of the original 734 aluminum barracks were still in use. Despite the continued predictions of Pammel Court's demise, the last units were not taken down until 2003, to make way for new construction.

Many temporary housing complexes were con-

structed on American college and university campuses at the end of World War II, and, like Pammel Court, each was probably unique in its own way. The appearance of Pammel Court at Iowa State, literally and figuratively, broke new ground at the college; it represented new trends in higher education and helped create a generation of economic prosperity for the country. Although Pammel Court no longer stands, it remains an important part of Iowa State's history as an evolving educational institution, and it is still remembered by tens of thousands of students and their spouses and children who once lived there.

Stimulated by the GI Bill and the amendments to the Lanham Act, places like Pammel Court, in all their utilitarian simplicity, transformed the meaning of a college education to individuals and to the nation as a whole. ❖

*David Holmgren has worked as an employee and volunteer for the State Historical Society of Iowa in our Des Moines center, researching Iowa battle flags and the Underground Railroad, writing for this magazine and the Iowa Biographical Dictionary, and preparing archival collections for cataloging. He is an alumnus of Iowa State University.*

#### NOTE ON SOURCES

Iowa State University has a number of records that document the construction and early life of Pammel Court. Among the best are J. C. Schilleter's own account in *The First 100 Years of Residential Housing at Iowa State University, 1868-1968* (Ames: Iowa State University, 1970); Dorothy Schwieder and Gretchen Van Houten, eds., *A Sesquicentennial History of Iowa State University: Tradition and Transformation* (Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1998); David Leroy Harmon, *Pammel Court and Veterans Housing: An Administrative and Technological History of the Development of Post-World War II Veterans Housing at Iowa State College* (Ames: Iowa State University, 1996); and background information by H. Summerfield Day, *The Iowa State University Campus and Its Buildings, 1859-1979* (Ames: Iowa State University, 1980). Two master's theses include solid statistical information: Jeffrey William Henneman, "A Married Student Housing Development: Redevelopment of West Pammel Court Married Student Housing [at] Iowa State University" (Iowa State University, 1980); and Jason Chia-Sung Chang, "A Married Student Housing Redevelopment Analysis: Pammel Court, Iowa State University" (Iowa State University, 1991). A good contemporary view of the mechanics of construction is found in Carlos Krassa, "Housing Venture," *Iowa Engineer* 46:6 (May 1946), 201-3. The *Iowa State Daily Student* ran a scattering of articles on phases of construction and life at Pammel Court. Construction photos and a letter from B. H. Platt to Robert Blue are housed in Governor Blue's Papers in the State Archives, State Historical Society of Iowa (Des Moines center). Annotations for this article are in the *Iowa Heritage Illustrated* production files (State Historical Society of Iowa-Iowa City center).

## Remembering Pammel Court

Charles Gradoville of Cedar Rapids, one of the early residents of Pammel Court who is now 89 years old, recently reflected on the two quarters when he lived there with his wife and oldest child. He had attended Iowa State from 1941 to 1943, majoring in general engineering and lettering in basketball. He left Iowa State to serve in the U.S. Naval Reserve the last two years of World War II and then returned to Iowa State in the fall of 1946 to finish his engineering degree (middle photo). The family moved into one of the Quonset huts that had been transferred to the campus just the previous spring. Their half of the Quonset hut was approximately 20x25 feet—only 400 square feet, an area considerably smaller than a standard one-bedroom apartment today.

Although Gradoville was fortunate to enjoy the benefits of the GI Bill in returning to college, there were several problems with their Pammel Court Quonset hut. No water heater was provided, and he remarked that their showers were always quite short. Their source of heat was a coal stove that did not always function properly. Occasionally coal particulates clogged the smokestack, and the hut would fill with smoke. At least once he had to go outside and clean the smokestack in the middle of the night. Whatever his feelings at the time, he related the story recently with great humor.

Gradoville did not own a car, so transportation around town was on the city buses. It was more difficult to get to Des Moines or other communities. Since individual phone service was not

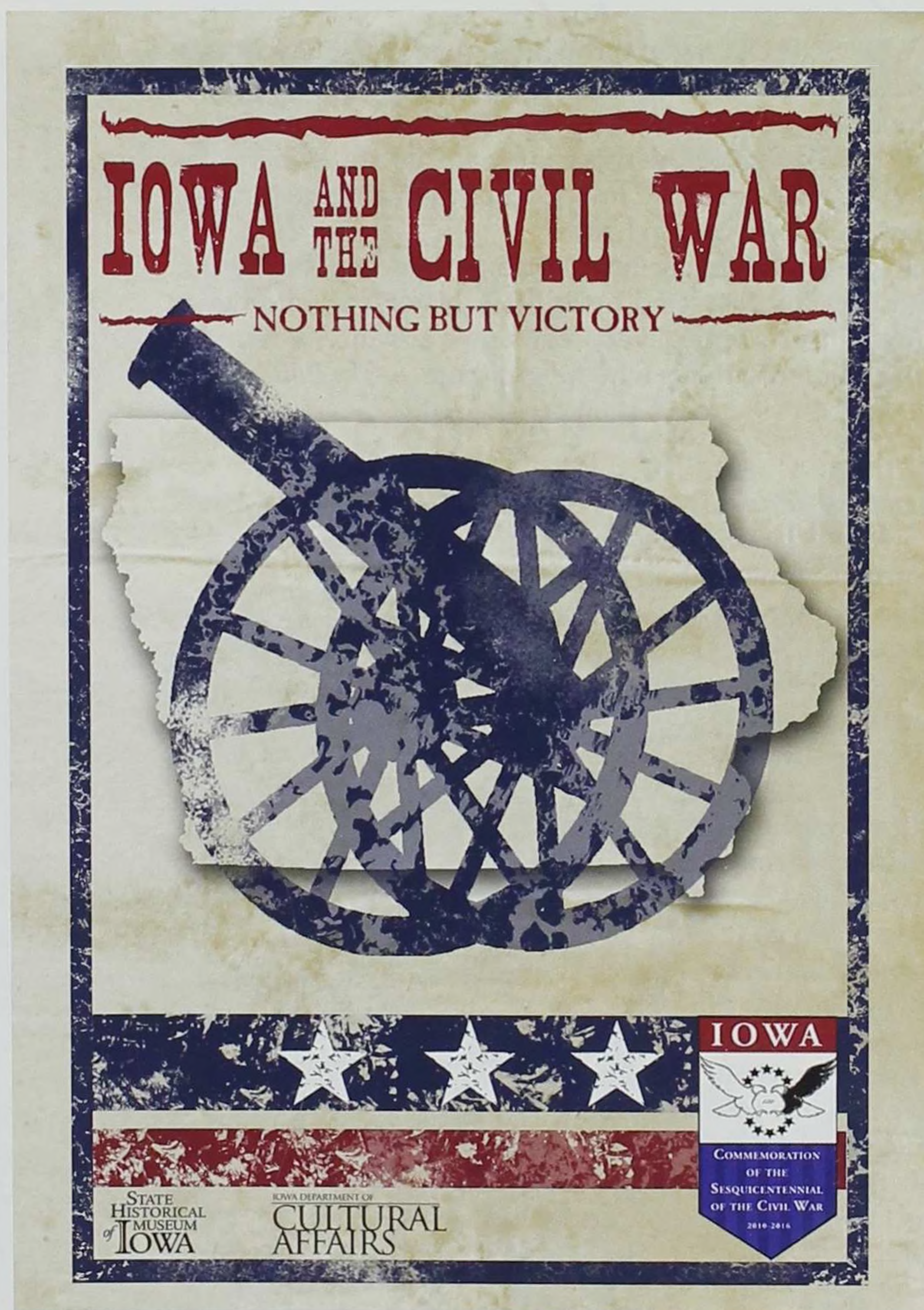


FROM LEFT: IOWA STATE COLLEGE BOMB (1943, 1947); COURTESY CHARLES GRADOVILLE

available, residents had to use the few public phones scattered throughout the court. Despite these inconveniences, Gradoville apparently took it all in stride because he had other things to think about. Not only was he carrying a full load of classes along with tending to his family, but he also taught part time in the Division of Engineering. Despite his busy schedule, he and his wife, Agnes, got acquainted with a number of neighbors in Pammel Court and became such good friends that they corresponded with them for many years after graduating.

Gradoville graduated in March 1947, at the end of the winter quarter, so the family's stay in Pammel Court was only about six months. But 65 years later, his memories from those days are still fresh in his mind. He became an avid Iowa State football fan at that time and remains one today. With only one exception, he has bought season football tickets every year since 1947.

— David Holmgren



**G**uns and cannons, battle flags and banners, uniforms and relics—all these illustrate and interpret the experiences of Iowans in some of the most important events and turning points of America's bloodiest conflict. "Iowa and the Civil War: Nothing but Victory," the new museum exhibit at the State Historical Society of Iowa, commemorates the 150th anniversary of the war.

With more than 300 artifacts and documents, the exhibit profiles Iowans who served, reveals their daily life as soldiers, and explores the communities that supported them.

The State Historical Museum is at 600 E. Locust in Des Moines and is open Monday-Saturday, 9 a.m.–4:30 and Sunday, 12-4:30. Admission is free. Check out [www.iowaHistory.org](http://www.iowaHistory.org) for more information about the exhibit, related programming, and other functions of the State Historical Society.

# Voices from Shiloh

THE SEARING BATTLE OF SHILOH raged throughout April 6–7, 1862. In the preceding days, U. S. Grant's Army of the Tennessee—40,000 strong—had moved south on the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing (*below*), waiting for Don Carlos Buell's Army of the Ohio before proceeding to Corinth, 22 miles to the southwest. Corinth was a major railroad hub. Capturing it and the Mississippi Valley would split the Confederacy in half.

Named after a small log meetinghouse near Pittsburg Landing, the Battle of Shiloh has been described and dissected by military historians who have traced every commanding officer's order, every regiment's advance or retreat. Here we listen to the voices of individuals who fought there. —*The Editor*

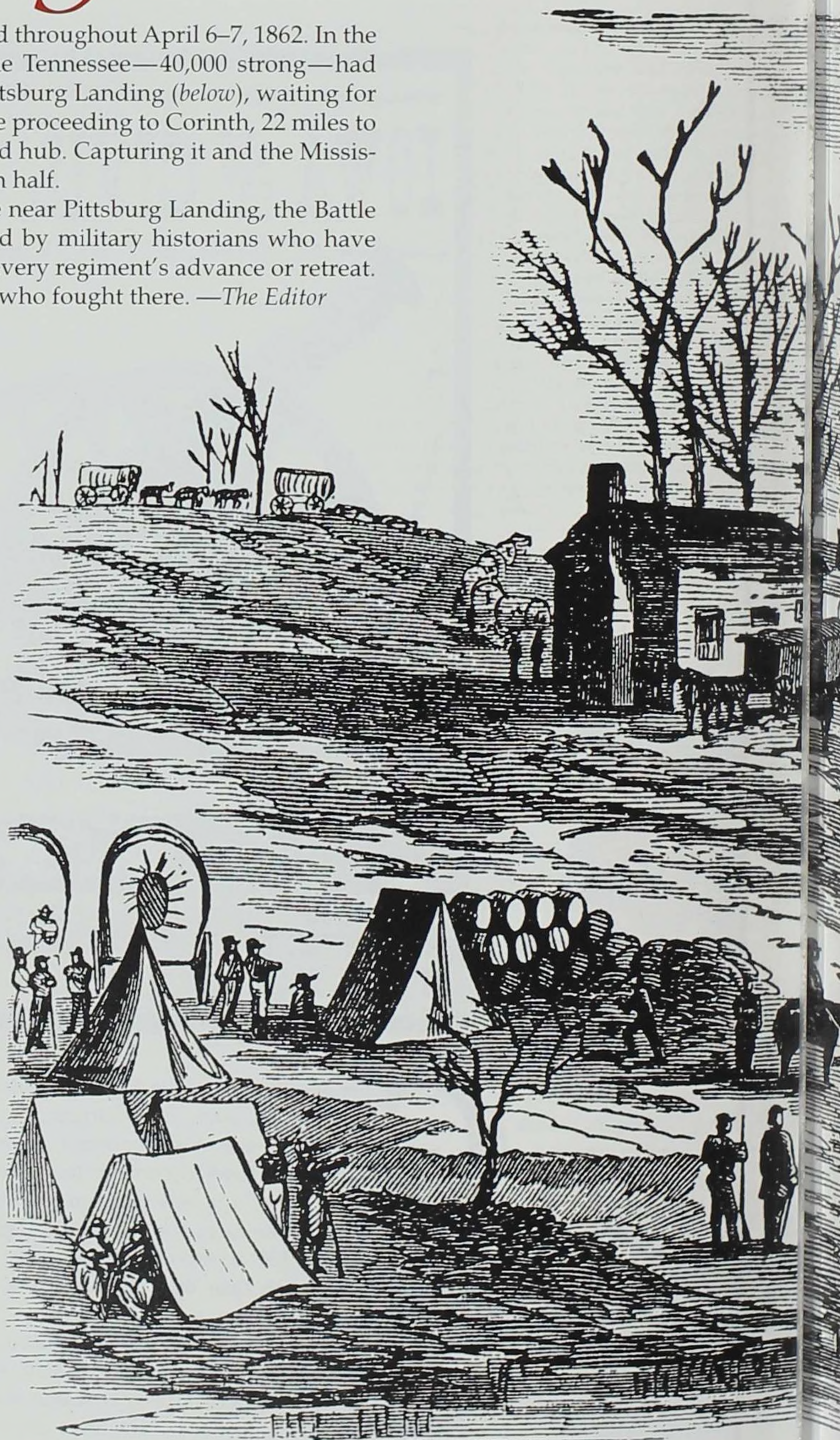
*Pittsburg Landing Tennessee  
March 28 1862*

"This is as beautiful a spring morning as I ever saw. the sun shines out in his splendor. the grass is growing trees budding out peach trees in full bloom & the little birds singing their sweet songs cannot help but be pleasing to the soldier as it is here at the present time. it does look beautiful to see the peach trees in full bloom. the warm weather wilts me down a little as it always does in the spring but to go out and have a good game of ball and take a sweat seems to drive the old diseases out of our system and we are growing as tough and hearty as when at Camp Union. I believe that in a few days our Regt will hardly have a man unfit for duty. every day the sick list becomes smaller."

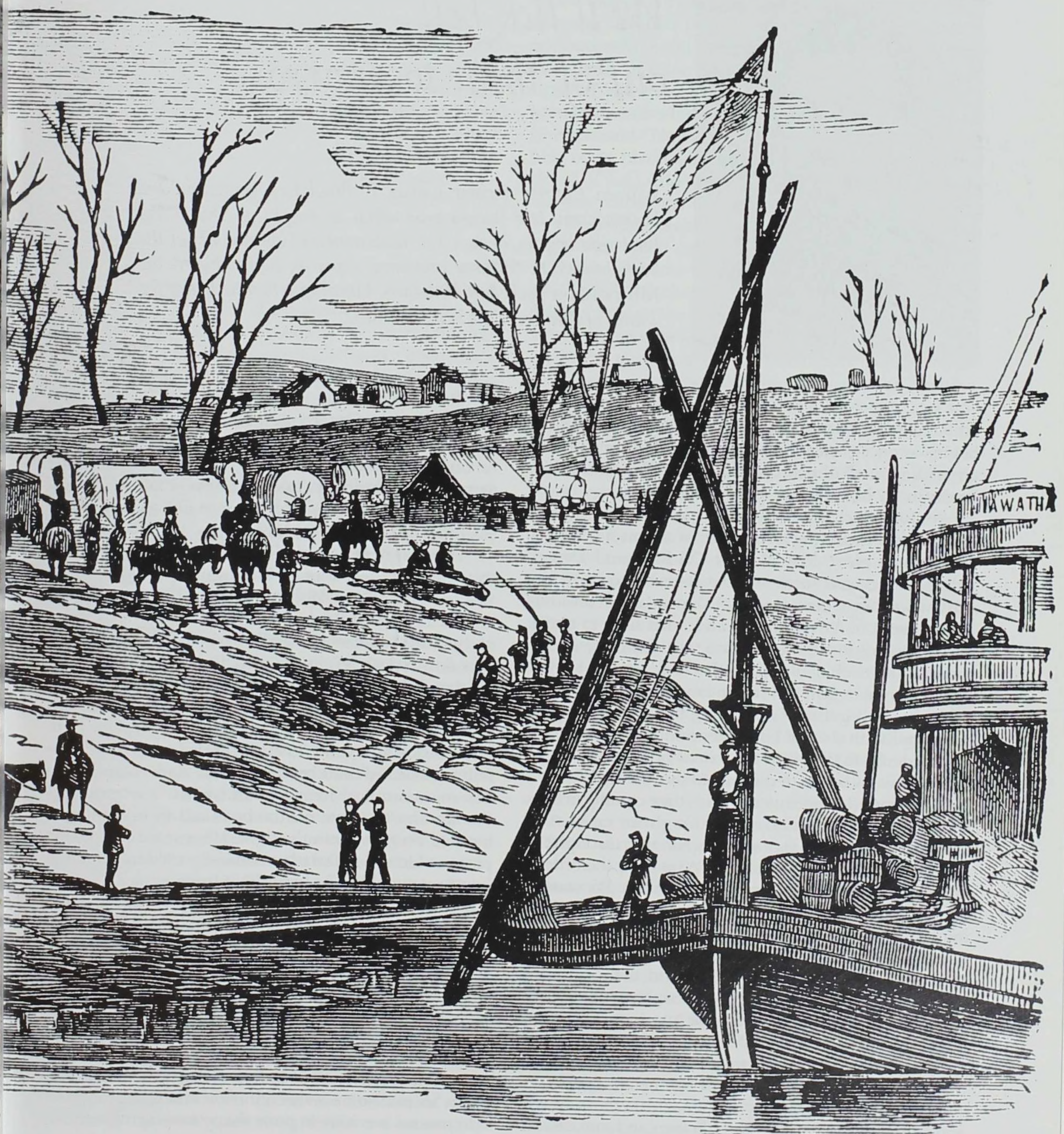
*Corporal Abner Dunham  
12th Iowa Infantry*

"This spot lately an insignificant landing, in a sparsely settled district, had suddenly become an important military point thronged with a fleet of steamers, busily discharging their cargoes and crowded by the daily arriving troops. Mule teams dragging guns and wagons up the steep bluff under the inspiration of whip and loud ejaculations, added no little to the bustle and din."

*Author unknown, Special Collections  
State Historical Society of Iowa*



# Iowa and the Civil War



HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR (1866)



# Voices from Shiloh

Iowa and the Civil War

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HARRIS'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR (1868)

SHSI (IOWA CITY)



## *We'll lick hell out of them to-morrow*

*Warren County farmer Cyrus F. Boyd had served in the Union army less than a year when he fought at Shiloh. As the battle begins, he is a 1st lieutenant in Company B of the 34th Iowa. On Sunday morning, April 6, he is aboard the Minnehaha docked at Pittsburg Landing when he hears the sound of cannon. This is his account.*

At 9 o'clock the wounded began to come in and there begins to be a great stir on the shore. Officers and cavalry riding in all directions. The roar of the cannon can be distinctly heard some miles to the South.

At 10 o'clock we are ordered ashore with all our equipments including 40 rounds of ammunition. . . . We were in great confusion as Col Reid and Dewey galloped back and forth without seeming to know exactly what they were doing. Col Dewey did a considerable amount of hard *swearing* and I had time to notice him wheel his horse around and take some *consolation* through the neck of a pint bottle. This seemed to give him a stronger flow of swear language than before. When we had got into something like a line we were presented with several boxes of ammunition and each man ordered to fill up to the extent of 100 rounds. By this time we were loaded down to the "guards."

The wounded men were by this time coming in freely and were being carried right through our ranks. And we could see hundreds of soldiers running through the woods. Col Reid got us started. Who gave the order I know not. Who our guide was I knew not. We started on the double quick in the direction of the heavy firing which was mostly of musketry. The field officers were mounted on horses and we tried to keep up with them and to do it we had to *run* and then the front (for the Regt was marching by the right flank) would halt and the rear would telescope into them. Thus we kept on for at least three miles meeting hundreds—yes thousands of men on the retreat who had thrown away their arms and were rushing toward the Landing. . . .

There was also Infantry officers with swords drawn and trying to head off the flying troops and make them

halt. There was Cavalrymen galloping after men and threatening to shoot them if they did not *stop*. But I saw no one stop—But on we went facing all these discouraging circumstances to take our turn at failure to stop the Rebel tide which was coming in like a wave of the sea unresisted and irresistible.

Here we were a new Regt which had never until this morning heard an enemies gun fire thrown into this *hell* of battle—without warning. The hot sun and the dreadful load we had carried through three miles of dust and battle smoke had so exhausted us that there was no strength left in the men. On the bluff we have put the first cartridges into our guns and added to the scenes through which we had just passed was enough to unnerve the best troops in the world. But we were *green* and went in and not a man was seen to halt or to falter. Lieut Fisk had been in a dark state room all the trip on account of his eyes—but when we formed at the landing he came off the boat and in full uniform insisted on going into the fight. He wanted to take his place as Lieut. Several of us earnestly tried to persuade him to stay out but he would not listen to us and go he did. He was almost blind and followed us to the field.

The roar of the artillery and the crash of the musketry was close at hand. We came to the edge of a large field and as we crossed a little Ravine the bullets and a few shells passed over us making some of us dodge. Here we deployed by the right flank to come into line of battle but did not get that accomplished until we were out in the open field and in fair view of the enemy. A heavy shower of bullets riddled the ranks and threw us into some *more* confusion and being jammed into masses we were in poor shape to return the fire—

some were wounded and a few killed before we could come to a front. Here I noticed the first man shot. He belonged in Co "K" Capt Hedricks Co. He was close to us and sprang high in the air and gave one groan and fell *dead*. Our Company had to pass over him and each man as he came up seemed to hesitate and some made a motion to pick him up—but the officers sternly ordered them "forward." The men all gave a cheer and rushed on in line of battle with bayonets fixed.

The enemy lay in ambush at the farther side of the field. We at first could not see them only the puffs of white smoke came from the thickets and brush and every log and tree. We reached some scattering trees and [as] if by common consent we made for those and it was fun to see two or three fellows running for the same tree. In the smoke and confusion I saw the flag advancing on our right and running across an open space I made for a small sapling not more than six or eight inches through. When I got there two other fellows were there too and Jeff Hockett was one of them. Jeff gave me a tremendous *butt* and sent me out of shelter and displaced me so that the tree was of no use to me. We all three laughed and the other fellow and I started for another tree and kept shooting toward the enemy. . . . It was every man for himself. We knew nothing about orders or officers. Indeed the Companies now became all mixed up and without organization.

Col Reid was wounded and fell from his horse with a bullet wound in the neck—Lieut Col Dewey I notice sitting behind a tree holding the halter to his horse which seemed to be badly wounded. Major Belknap was wounded and also Adjut Pomutz. Sergt Major Peniman had been killed. The wounded and the dead lay thickly on the ground.

Lieut Rogers of Co "E" had the flag and bore it manfully ahead of all. He made one stand behind the upturned roots of an old tree. A heavy fire seemed to be concentrated on the flag and men fell thick all around that spot. The enemy opened on us with artillery at close range using grape, canister and shell and all manner of deadly missiles. Above the roar of the guns could be heard the cheers of our men as they gained new ground. At last we could see the enemy and they were advancing around our left flank and the woods seemed alive with *gray coats* and their victorious cheer and unearthly *yells* and the concentrated fire which they had upon us caused somebody to give the order for *retreat*. The word was passed along—and we went off that bloody ground in great confusion and had to fall back over the same open ground by which we came.

As we started down the Ravine a wounded rebel caught me by the leg as I was passing and looking up

at me said My friend for God's sake give me a *drink* of water. He had been shot about the head and was covered with blood to his feet. I at once thought of that command "If thine enemy thirst give him drink" and I halted and tried to get my canteen from under my accouterments—but I could not and pulled away from him and said "I have not time to help you." (I had business other places just about that time as the Regt was ahead of me.) And on we went making as good time as we ever made over that old field.

The bullets seemed to fill the air and to be clipping every little weed and bush and blade of grass around us. Many men lost their hats and their guns—The tall gov't hats with the glorious old "eagle" lay thick on the ground and the knapsacks and haversacks and last winters overcoats were too numerous to mention.

In the meantime (and just about as *mean a time* as I have ever met) the enemies Cavalry came dashing around on our right flank (as we retreated) and followed us almost to the ravine where we made a temporary stand and with a few shots the Cav fell back. Here Jeff Hockett ran to me and said that my brother Scott had given out and was lying upon the ground some distance back. I ran to him and tried to get him upon his feet. But he said I should go on as he never could go any farther and that I had better save myself and let him go. I told him the enemy were almost upon him and that he would be taken prisoner or killed. No words of mine seemed to have any effect. I now took him by the *nap of the neck* and jerked him upon his feet and told him to *come* or I should help him with my *boot*. At this he stood up and I managed to work him along down the ravine and left him to rally on the hill. The men kept on to the rear and were fast filling up the great stream of *fugitives* from the battle field.

Cavalrymen were riding in all directions with drawn sabers and revolvers threatening to shoot and "Cut mens heads off" if they did not stop and rally. Officers were coaxing praying and exhorting men for "God's sake" to stop and all make a stand together. But in most cases their orders and appeals were not heard by these demoralized men who kept going like a flock of sheep. All the terrors of hell would not have stoped them until they got to the River. Hundreds lay in the woods on the ground completely overcome with the heat smoke and dust and fatigue. The heat seemed intense. The air was filled with dense smoke and fumes from burning powder took all the moisture from the mouth and a *burning dryness* extended to the throat.

Riderless horses came thundering through the woods with empty saddles and artillery horses with caissons attached ran through the squads of men and

striking trees caused the percussion shells to explode blowing horses caisons and everything around to atoms. Cannon balls were flying in all directions cutting off great limbs of trees and many men were killed and injured in this way as the heavy limbs fell on them. Every indication seemed to point to a great and *terrible defeat*. There seemed to be only a few who thought we were not *whipped*.

At this time about 2 o'clock in the afternoon the remains of several Regiments concentrated with our squad under command of Capt Kittle Co "A" with some Ohio Wis and Indiana troops we went forward again toward the line of battle which seemed to have advanced some distance. Our Reg flag was carried by Sergt Rogers. We kept advancing and falling back as the enemy pressed forward or gave way under heavy fire from troops on our left. Our men dragged some heavy guns back of us and the whole line of Infantry fell back and massed around the Artillery.

About this time some prisoners brought in say that Albert Sidney Johnston commanding the Rebel army was killed this afternoon and that Beauregard is now in command and has sworn to "water his horse in the Tennessee River or *in hell* before night."

About 5 o'clock the enemy came on in solid masses for the final *charge*. At this time there was a calm. The artillery and the musketry almost ceased and the calmness was oppressive. But it was the calm before the terrible *storm* which was preparing. We were massed upon the surrounding bluffs about the landing. General Grant and Genl Buell rode along the line and urged every man to stand *firm* as we should have thousands of reinforcements in a short time and pointed to the opposite side of the river where we could see a long line of blue coats far as the eye could reach—and that was *Buells Army*. This sight was all that saved Grants Army. No promises or words could have inspired men on this desperate occasion. Every man who stood in that crumbling wall felt the great responsibility. To give way then would be *destruction* to the whole Army.

There is some talk now that the enemy having lost their leader is retreating and that the battle is over for to-day which is the reason for the silence. But this delusion is soon dissipated as the smoke clears away we can see the enemy coming on in long dark lines and seem to spring out of the ground in countless thousands. This is to be the grand and final charge by which they hope to sweep us from the face of the earth or capture the entire army. This *death like stillness* is worse than murder. Our Artillery opens with about 40 pieces (all we have left) then nothing more can be seen.

The very earth trembles with the fearful explo-

sions. The enemy charged to the very mouth of our cannon and hundreds of them fell—filled with whiskey and gun powder. The battle raged for the possession of this hill which we held. If we would have lost this *all would have been lost*. Every man seemed nerved beyond human strength to do his utmost and he *did*. Acres of dead and wounded told the fearful tale of sacrifice.

At this time two gunboats moved up the River and opened on the flank of the enemy. Such terrific noises were never before heard in these dismal woods. The rapidity of the discharges and the roar of the guns seemed to mow the very forest to the ground. This so demoralized the Rebels that they fell back about dark. At this time a grand stampede took place at the Landing.

Thousands of men who had fled from the field tried to get aboard the steamboats which lay at the bank. The Boats were ordered to leave and fall over to the other bank of the River. The crazy fugitives from behind crowded those in front and hundreds were pushed into the River and scores drowned. The cannon balls from the enemies batteries now passed over our heads and clear across the River, so close were they to us. Darkness and the gunboats determined our persistent foe to fall back and thus at dark we found ourselves crowded like a flock of sheep on the bluffs around the Landing just able to keep the Wolf at bay while the favoring night that settled down on friend and foe put an end to the fearful slaughter for the day a parallel to which this Continent had never before witnessed.

... *Second Day's Battle April 7th*. No pen can tell, no hand can paint no words can utter the horrors of last night. Such a doleful pressure of misery and woe and suffering as rested on this





FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, PAGE 111

field of *death*. Unable to succor or help the poor wounded men that fell in yesterday's battle the living cared only for themselves. Scarcely able to endure the great fatigue of the day each one cared only for himself.

The enemy held undisputed possession of the greater portion of the field where lay the badly wounded. About 10 o'clock at night the thick smoke in the air gathered in thunder clouds lit up by flashes of lightning and rolling thunder—and soon the rain began to come down in torrents drenching both man and beast. There was no shelter any place. Piles of provisions and ammunition lay uncovered. The darkness was impenetrable except when the lightning flashed.

The groans of the *wounded* and *dying* could be heard in the din of the tempest. The struggles of the wounded horses as they floundered upon the ground and came running through the darkness made the situation one of almost as much danger as during the day

in the battle. Signal lights were flashing on the river all night as the boats kept constantly running back and forth bringing Buell's Army across which yesterday marched thirty miles to be here at the fight which was impending. As the poor tired fellows came up from the landing they gave a *shout* and a *cheer* and yelled "Never mind boys. We'll *lick hell* out of them to-morrow." Such a welcome shout made us feel new again. But [we] thought of the fearful morrow and would it be possible to redeem the terrible losses of to-day.

It took all night to get that army of 30,000 men across the Tennessee. Before dawn this mighty Army of reinforcements was in line of battle. Before the darkness had lifted from the deep forest we heard the roll of musketry and the shouts of Buell's men far to the front—at first the scattering shots of the pickets then the increasing crash of the small arms followed by the roar of the cannon and the cheers of the contending

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hosts as they grappled in the death struggle for the old field of yesterday. About 10 o'clock our scattered Regiment got together about 400 men and we marched out toward the front and took our place in the reserve in line of battle near where we fought on yesterday. Here we lay more as a Reserve than anything else

Buell's Army to-day is doing the *fighting*. The cannonading at this time was *terrific* and on until in the afternoon. Batteries were *taken* and *retaken*. Sometimes one side held the ground then the other would rally and recapture it. . . . This desperate fighting lasted about 4 hours. Acres and acres of timber such as small saplings and large underbrush were mowed down and trees one foot in diameter were cut down as if a mowing machine had gone through the field and limbs fell like autumn leaves in the leaden and iron storm. Men and horses were piled in death over hundreds of acres on the fatal field.

*At last! At last!* About 3 o'clock there was precipitate haste to the front and the fire seemed to slacken and the volleys of musketry were getting more distant toward the South. Soon the glad news came that the enemy was *retreating*. . . . Men mortally wounded jumped upon their feet and shouted for Victory. Every coward who had slunk under the river bank was out of his hole. There had not been so many men *wanting* to go to the front since the battle began. The woods were full of Cavalry hunting the *front*. They had heard that the enemy was "retreating" and they wanted to give him some of their ammunition.

Two or three of us took a little ramble out on the field and we perhaps went one mile or more from the Regt. We took a look at the ghastly sights. By this time we had become accustomed to seeing *dead* men and the *shock* had passed. We soon came to where the dead lay thick. The first dead rebel I came to lay on his back with his hands raised above his head and had died in great agony. I took a *button* from his coat. Here was the camp of the 52d Ills. Federal and Confederate lay alternately scattered over the ground some of them wounded and so near dead from exposure that they were mostly insane.

Farther on the dead and wounded became more numerous. Some had died in a quiet and peaceful manner and had passed away with no visible sign of pain or suffering. Others wore the most fearful signs of agony as they had struggled with death. Some fell with their muskets tightly gripped in both hands so that they could scarcely be separated. I saw five *dead* Confederates all killed by one six pound solid shot—no doubt from one of our cannon. They had been behind a log and all in a row. The ball had raked them as

they crouched behind the log (no doubt firing at our men). One of them had his *head* taken off. One had been struck at the right shoulder and his chest lay open. One had been cut in two at the bowels and nothing held the carcass together but the spine. One had been hit at the thighs and the legs were torn from the body. The fifth and last one was piled up into a mass of skull, arms, some toes and the remains of a butternut suit. Just a few feet from where they lay the cannon ball had struck a large tree and lodged. I took it out and carried it some distance but finally threw it down as it became too heavy a relic to carry.

I saw one Union man leaning against a tree with a violin tightly grasped in his left hand. He had been dead some time and had no doubt been instantly killed. Another close by was leaning against a tree with his hat pulled down over his eyes and his hands crossed in front of him. I thought him asleep but when I took his hat off I found him cold and *dead*. This was in the camp of Genl Prentiss who was on the extreme front and where our men were first surprised yesterday morning. I saw where the 3d Iowa and some other regiments fought yesterday. There has been the most terrible destruction. I counted 26 dead battery horses on a few square rods of ground and the men were lying almost in heaps. Blue and gray sleep together. Oh my God! . . .

Around these batteries men have died at their posts beside the guns. Some are torn all to pieces leaving nothing but their heads or their boots. Pieces of clothing and strings of flesh hang on the limbs of the trees around them—and the faithful horses have died *in the harness* right by the cannon. Some of them torn to quarters by the bursting shells and their swollen bodies are already filling the air with a deadly odor.

While here some cavalry came dashing back and yelled that the enemy was coming on us again in force. The way we climbed toward the Regiment was not very *slow*. But we lost our course and the sky being clouded we could not tell directions. The woods were full of men running in all directions and we were in the flood of a *great panic*. Some said the River was in one direction and others said it was the *opposite*. We crawled into a *thicket* and waited until we got a little better settled in our minds about the *direction*. Finally we got the course and went on until we [saw] some of our Regiment.

The enemy has retreated and left all his dead and wounded on the field. We have whipped him but at an awful *sacrifice*. The two armies are like two tenacious *bull dogs*. They have grappled and fought until both are exhausted and worn out. One has crawled away to *lie down*

and the other one *cannot follow*. This is our condition. We are quite glad to hold the *ground and let him retreat*.

Ambulances and men are hurrying over the field and gathering up the wounded. The surgeons are *cutting* off the arms and legs. Burying parties and details are out burying the dead this evening who have been dead now since Sunday Morning. The air is already filled with the stench of decaying bodies. . . . The terrible rain of last night has filled the ground with water and washed the gullies out. The trees are just bursting into leaf and the little flowers are covering the ground—but their fragrance is lost in the pall of death which has settled down on this bloody field.

*"This is the valley and the shadow of death"*

*Camp at Battlefield of Shiloh*

*April 8th.* Some of us slept in the tents of the 8th Iowa last night. The Tents of the 8th and 12th Iowa are close together and the men are missing—nearly all of them were taken prisoners on Sunday. Here are the knapsacks and blankets just as left when the fight commenced at daylight on Sunday morning and the men had only time to get their guns and fall in or rather to fall out and go to fighting. They never saw their baggage again.

The rain kept falling all night. There was a great *panic* this morning caused by men firing off their guns to see if the *loads* would go out. There was a rally on the color line and we expected another fight. It is very chilly and thousands of the wounded lay out the *third* night with no care. . . . Have been trying to get our Company together but cannot find all the men. Granville Feagins was killed and left on the field of Sunday. Oscar Ford was mortally wounded and is now dead. Lieut Fisk is missing likewise Crosly and some others. Some fifteen men of Co "G" are wounded and some of them badly. All the wounded are being hurried on hospital boats and will be sent away. . . .

*April 9th.* Weather damp and rainy. Went down to the Landing this forenoon to hunt up some of our baggage which we left on the boat. Thousands of men were there getting their teams and camp equipments. Wounded and sick men were lying around on the muddy ground and the dead were being tramped over as if they were logs of wood. I helped to carry two poor fellows on a boat who had the measles and were too weak to help themselves. They had lain there two days they said. The hillside at the Landing is so deep in mud as to be almost impassable.

I slipped a few lines into an envelope and gave it to a stranger and asked him to *mail* it somewhere so that it would go to the folks at home and let them know that we are not as bad off as we *might* be. All mails are stoped and no letters will be taken from here unless *smuggled* through. This has been a terrible battle and the news must not go North for a few days until the Reports can be *fixed* up. This afternoon I took a stroll out about three miles. I have not eat anything to-day and have been so sickened that I shall not want anything for sometime.

Where the retreat commenced on Monday afternoon are hundreds and thousands of wounded rebels. They had fallen in heaps and the woods had taken fire and burned all the clothing off them and the naked and blackened corpses are still lying there unburied. On the hillside near a deep hollow our men were hauling them down and throwing them into the deep gulley. *One hundred and eighty* had been thrown in when I was there. Men were in on top of the *dead* straightening out their legs and arms and *tramping* them down so as to make the hole contain as many as possible. Other men on the hillside had ropes with a noose on one end and they would attach this to a mans foot or his head and haul him down to the hollow and roll him in. Where the ground was level it was so full of water that the excavation filled up as fast as dug and the corpse was just rolled in and the earth just thrown over it and left.

War is *hell* broke loose and benumbs all the tender feelings of men and makes of them *brutes*. I do not want to see any more such scenes and yet I would not have missed this for any consideration. ❖

"A notebook in my side pocket was like a pocket knife always at command on the march," wrote Cyrus F. Boyd, "and a larger book in camp or in the baggage was written up at the first opportunity." Boyd wrote daily during the three years and four months that he fought for the Union. Many years after the war, he wrote up his notes in full, and this was later published by the State Historical Society of Iowa in four issues of the *Iowa Journal of History* in 1952. This account of Shiloh is an excerpt of the complete diary.

Journal editor Mildred Throne commented, "This is not a camp and battlefield diary of the usual order, with brief entries of only the high lights of the day." Boyd "wrote, in simple and startling language, descriptions of battles and their terrible aftermath. . . . It is an honest, simple account of one man's experiences in a bloody civil conflict."

Spelling and punctuation here reflect the original, but periods have been added to indicate sentences. —The Editor



## What a deluge of flame

CAMP NEAR PITTSBURG LD'G, TENN,  
April 10, 1862

### THE FAYETTE COUNTY PIONEER.

. . . You have heard all about it "by lightning" long before this, and had it all explained to you by those whose trade it is to relate stories of the horrible, and there is no kind of use for me to attempt drawing a picture of the fight, and what was to be seen after the fight. . . . And even if I had, I never would take advantage of it to let my fellow beings know the desperation of this unprecedented fight and the horrors presented on the field of battle even three days after the fight.

Early on the morning of the 6th the different camps were startled from their "hasty plate of soup" by the booming of cannon and heavy volleys of musketry some three miles from the Landing, and a mile and a half from our camp, when every man sprang to his taps, buckled on his accoutrements, seized his gun, rammed home a fresh cartridge, and its usual "condiments" of "ball and buck," and formed in line in the streets without an order being given, so that within 15 minutes from the first alarm, our Regiment was on the double quick for the scene of action.

After marching half a mile, we formed in line of battle and although our progress was greatly retarded by underbrush and fallen timber, yet we pressed forward until within half a mile of where the action commenced, where we were met by a "stampeded" Regiment, who had been driven from their camp and their battery taken. The woods in front of us, to the

right of us, to the left of us, and all around us was filled with soldiers, running for dear life, some with guns, many without, some leading their wounded comrades and some hobbling off as well as they could, while some who were less fortunate in the shot received, or in the amount of blood to spare, were seated behind trees, logs and everything that offered a support, while horses could be seen by the dozen roaming as if in search of their unlucky riders, and a little further on we began to come to the "ghastly dead" when the thing began to look bilious.

Here let me relate an instance of "pluck." As the "flying" Regiment approached us, a boy, I call him a *boy*, tho' he had the *pluck* of an ox, came up to us *crying*, and said the good looking little fellow, who looked as tho' he had just kissed his sweet heart: "I couldn't help it, they all run and left me and I had to run too. I know 'twas cowardly, but I want to fall in with you and show you what kind of stuff I'm made of." We were not long in making room to "fall in," and he fought manfully with us during the day, while hundreds of his comrades ingloriously fled to the river bank, where no persuasion or threat could arouse them.

*That boy*, if alive (and I trust he is,) will make his *mark* some day, as he did on the 6th day of April. I wish I knew his mother's address, I would write to her how her darling fought, and enclose a scrap to his

"girl," if I knew her name, and tell her to wait till after the war, and then make sure of a prize.

We soon got sight of our enemy drawn up in line about 60 rods in front of us in the rear of the deserted camp. We opened fire on him, but the distance was too great, and the brush too thick to do any great execution.

We then fell back to a less exposed situation, where we lay flat to receive the charge which we supposed they were about to make, but contented themselves with shelling us for nearly an hour, our battery replying right merrily from a field just to our left, when at last one of our pieces was disabled and the battery withdrew from the field and we deployed behind it, being shielded by a rail fence, and placing the field containing about 40 acres between us and the enemy.

On the other side of the field were a large body of the enemy's cavalry and the Pensacola Brigade, the flower of Beauregard's army. Our Battery of 6 guns threw shell amongst them for half an hour, the enemy replying with their Battery; but doing no damage to us, other than striking Jo. Earll over the left peeper with a piece of fuse, which "only made the young sauce box laugh" at their folly.

But we were beginning to get sleepy, and wishing for a change of *programme*, when we discovered the enemy were preparing to make the charge. On they came, a fine set of fellows, with beautiful banners

and a line that nothing but what was in waiting for them could break. On they came, steady and firm, their polished arms reflecting in the bright sun and making one "snow blind" to look at them. Ah, but 'twas a splendid sight as we peeped thro' the fence, with our guns all pointed plump at about the second button of their handsome "uniform," but still they came, a line of them, reaching across the field, little thinking of what was in store for them as we lay there on our bellies, with our eyes squinted along the barrels of our guns. We could hear the heavy tread of those determined men, when presently they reached the eminence on the brink of a deep ravine about 30 rods from us, and the order was given to "fire!" Great God of Israel! what a deluge of flame burst from Iowa 3d from behind their slender breastwork! And it did not slacken. That fine body of men stood as if mesmerized while the line was falling like wheat before the reaper, scarcely returning the fire, and seeming to hesitate whether to advance or which way to turn, their ranks thinning out continually. What could they do? To advance would be certain death and to retreat would be annihilation, while to deploy to the right or left would save a part, but woe to the hindmost. The latter course was resolved on and away they started on a double quick, off towards our left, but still keeping formed as well as they could, where whole files were dropping under our cruel fire, till at last all were thro' the field but about 300 determined fellows, who must take their chance with our whole fire concentrated on them. . . . The firing didn't cease however, for many of our men in their eagerness mistook the dead and wounded for a Regiment, and fired into them. I acknowledge

having fired twice into what I supposed to be a force of the enemy lying down to receive our fire, and that is the only regret I have for anything I have done during the war. One resolute [Confederate] fellow took a tree, the only one near, and loaded and fired on us after all the others had gone and many a "dead" shot was sent after him before he fell. It seemed almost a pity to shoot so brave a man, even an enemy. . . .

The second day after the fight some of our boys examined that field, and a man could stand in one place and count 82 dead bodies. . . .

We had now been fighting about five hours, along some portion of the line, which extended from the river back for 3 or 4 miles, and frequently the whole line being engaged at the same time, often changing our position by advancing, retiring, strengthening this point and then that, according to circumstances, when about 5, P.M., our right and left wing were turned, and nothing left for us but to retreat back. Here was where we lost the most of our men. We had a gauntlet of three quarters of a mile to run, and we went at it without a *scare*. Some of our men were hit before, but the most of them were shot in getting through our camp which lay directly in our path. The enemy had sharpshooters posted to the right and left of our camp, and every bullet "hissed" before or behind us, not one over our heads; so accurate were the shots.

. . . Our Colonel had his horse shot in two by a cannon ball early in the Morning, disabling him, and at night we only had, I think, two Commissioned officers, they *Lieutenants*. Company F was commanded by Lieut. Crosby, of Company E, and a braver little fellow never walked in boots. Early in the engagement, he drew his re-

volver and informed us that the first man that ran would get a shot from it, when a shout went up from his company, and I am happy to state, he had no use for Mr. Colts "patent."

After running the gauntlet, our Regt. was too much scattered to form again, the officers all being killed or wounded, and some formed with the 2d Iowa, and some with other Regts., while others assisted the wounded to the Landing, and the next morning only 140 of the Regt. could be found, the balance forming in with other Regiments ready for the 2d day's fight.

. . . When our Reg't left camp, Lieutenant Templeton mounted a horse, and notwithstanding he had just arose from a sick couch, he spent the most of the day riding back and forth carrying water and provisions to us. He *couldn't* have occupied his time better and I think it is a great pity that others didn't follow his example. [Through] his untiring exertions many of our boys were relieved from that burning thirst always experienced on the battle field.

. . . Dr. Lake is working with might and main, carving and sawing and as cheerful as of old, when discussing politics in the P. O. He fixed up my "left" to a charm, and when through gave me a rousing drink of "D.S.B. \$10 per gal." Bully for Doc. Dr. Parker is also piling up legs and arms by the cord, and is just the same kind, good hearted man as he ever was.

. . . MAJOR JONES.

This account appeared on April 21, 1862, in the *Fayette County Pioneer*, published in West Union, Iowa.

## *We cross an open meadow, then a gully*

"The colonel explains that we are to charge on the enemy's breastworks and take them at the point of the bayonet, . . . not a shot is to be fired until we are inside the works.

" . . . We cross an open meadow, then a gully, tear down and clamber over a rail fence, and commence the ascent of a hill covered with abattis, or fallen trees. The line is well preserved, considering the nature of the obstructions, and thus far not a shot has been fired by the enemy. On we go, when suddenly we reach a point on the hill where a full view is obtained of the rebel rifle pits in front, and as far as we can see to the right and left of us. 'Crash!' and the yellow clay of the pits is covered by a flame of fire which leaps from the rifles of the Mississippians and Tennesseans, by whom they are manned, and who are evidently anticipating an assault. The volley passes over our heads, cutting twigs and limbs off the trees. We give a hearty cheer and rush forward, and then the shots of the enemy begin to tell."

*Private John T. Bell  
2nd Iowa Infantry*

"About 4 p.m. the enemy made a rapid movement to our left. . . . In our front all was quiet, the firing being nearly in our rear. Some one passed hurriedly with orders. We were quickly moved over the knoll, and then we could see a great deal. Looking backward from the high ground, and seeing only the 2d and 7th Iowa coming, I remarked to a comrade: 'Some one has blundered. Good-by to the 14th Iowa and those other fellows.'"

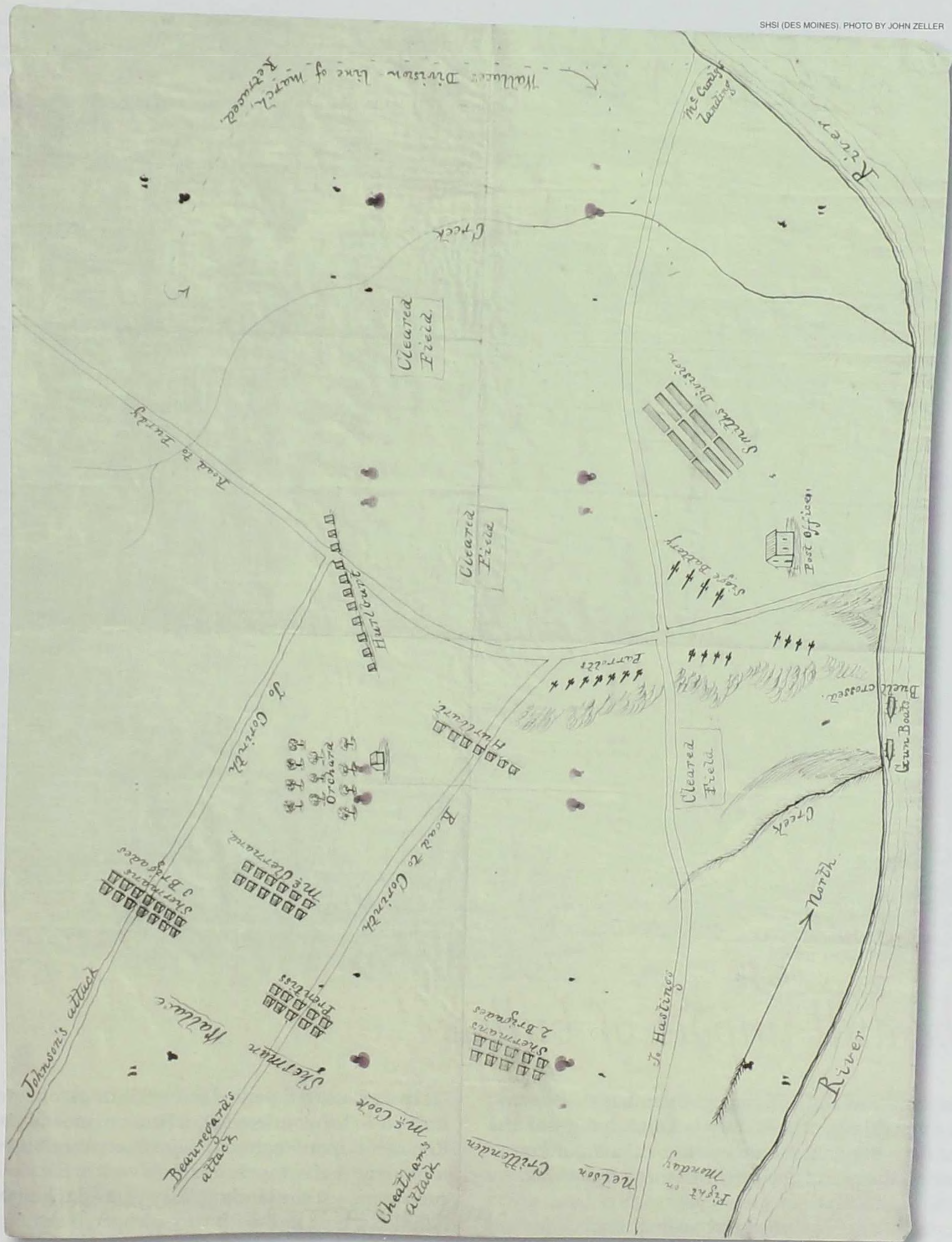
*Private Albert A. Barnes  
2nd Iowa Infantry*

"We lay down on the brow of a hill awaiting the approach of the rebels in front. While in this position, Thomas Hains of Company E took off his hat, placed it upon his ramrod, and holding it up, shouted to the boys along the line to see what a close call he had had while out in front, for a minie ball had passed through the creased crown of his hat, making four holes. Before he could get his hat back on his head, a small shell burst over us and mortally wounded him."

*Private Alexander G. Downing  
11th Iowa Infantry*

"About a quarter of a mile beyond our camp, we followed the road and woods literally swarming with soldiers of Prentiss's Division, who were retreating from the outposts. As we were passing them, going on 'double quick' to meet the enemy, some of our boys asked them why they were running? They replied: 'Don't go out there—they will give you hell! We are all cut to pieces.' Our reply was, 'Out there we are going, and if the rebels have any hell, we intend to go through and on we went, not stopping.' A short distance further on, we met a Government wagon, in which were some rebel prisoners. . . . As we passed them they commenced cursing our Regiment, calling us 'damned Yankees,' and swearing that they would give us enough of 'Dixie's land' before that day's work was over. I never felt more like shooting a rebel."

*Sergeant Harold M. White  
11th Iowa Infantry*



This hand-drawn map of the Battle of Shiloh was found among the papers of Iowan Grenville Dodge at the State Historical Society of Iowa. Dodge was a Union colonel at the time of Shiloh and had been wounded at the Battle of Pea Ridge a month earlier. On this map, the Tennessee River appears on the right edge, flowing north.



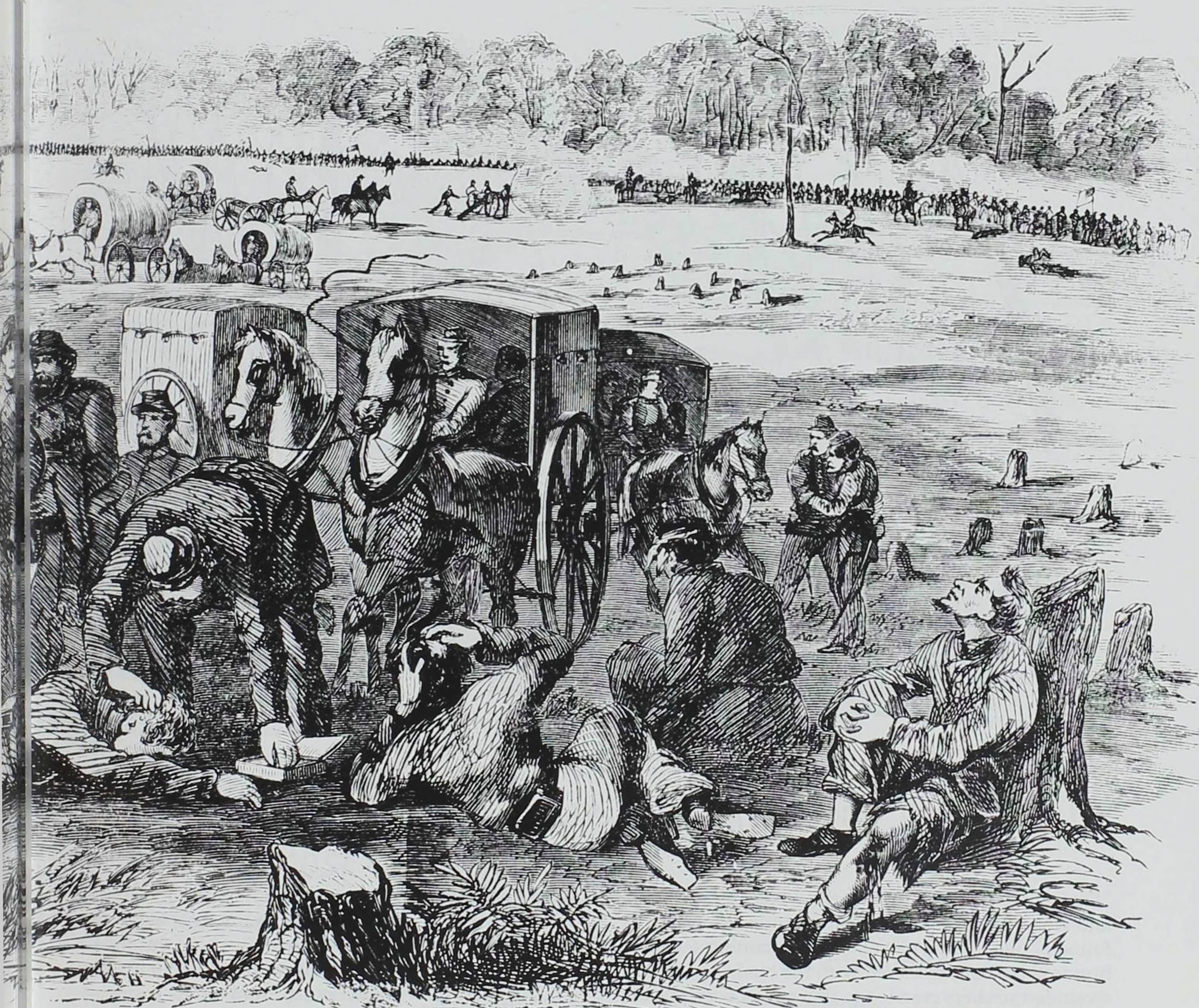
## *The dull impact of bullets*

"Then there was the dull impact of bullets on human flesh, the writhing of the wounded and dying—all the hell of the battlefield . . . always to be a companion picture of 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.' "

*Author unknown, Special Collections  
State Historical Society of Iowa*

"If there occurred panics and exhibitions of cowardice, is it to be wondered at, when we remember that Regiment upon Regiment were fresh from Muster-in; receiving their arms etc. on their way to Shiloh; some even armed at the landing, many of whom had never handled a gun, and with very meager, if any, instructions even as to how to load and fire."

*1st Lieutenant E. G. Franker  
6th Iowa Infantry*

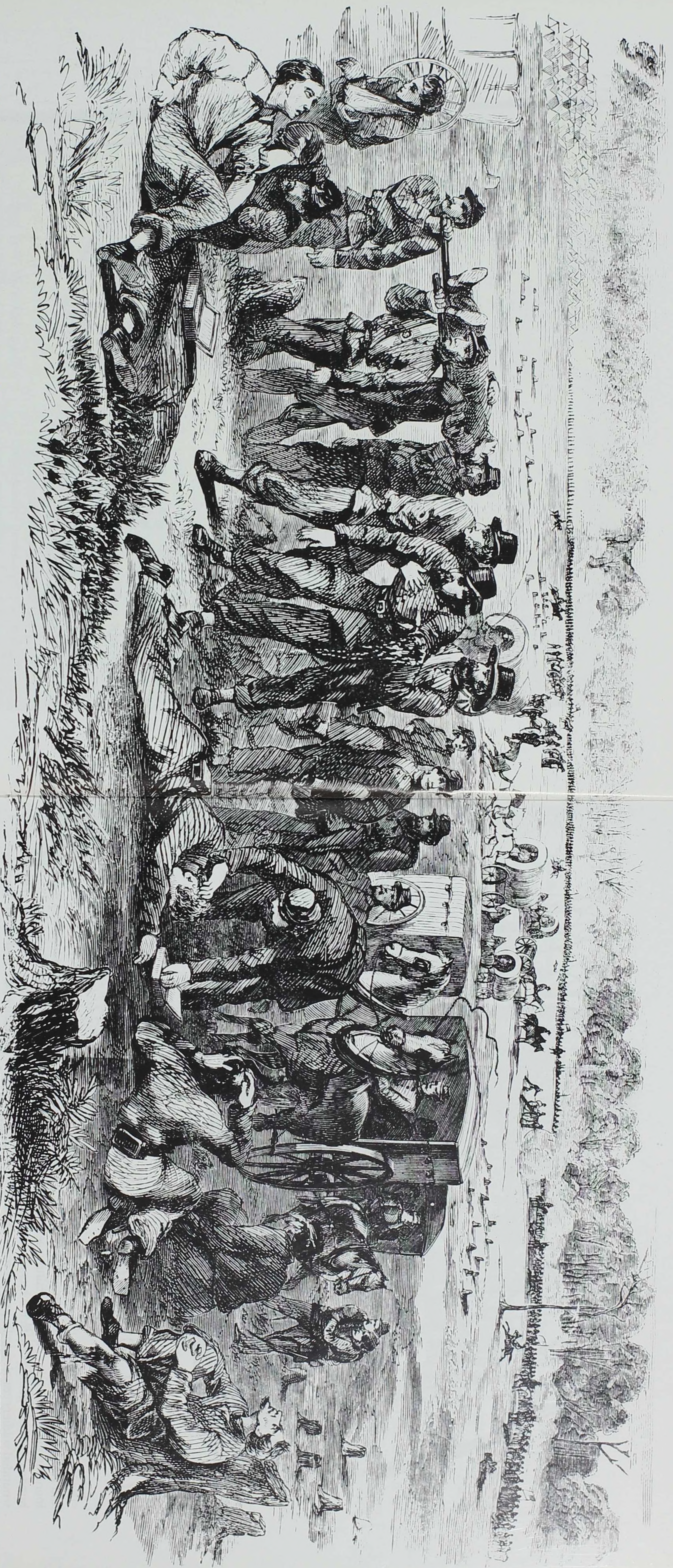


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, PAGE 117

"During the night [of the 7th] rain fell in torrents and our troops were exposed to the storm without shelter. I made my headquarters under a tree a few hundred yards back from the river bank. My ankle was so much swollen from the fall of my horse the Friday night preceding, and the bruise was so painful, that I could get no rest. The drenching rain would have precluded the possibility of sleep without this additional cause. Some time after midnight, growing restive under the storm and the continuous pain, I moved back

to the log-house under the bank. This had been taken as a hospital, and all night wounded men were being brought in, their wounds dressed, a leg or an arm amputated as the case might require, and everything being done to save life or alleviate suffering. The sight was more unendurable than encountering the enemy's fire, and I returned to my tree in the rain."

*Major-General U. S. Grant  
Army of the Tennessee*



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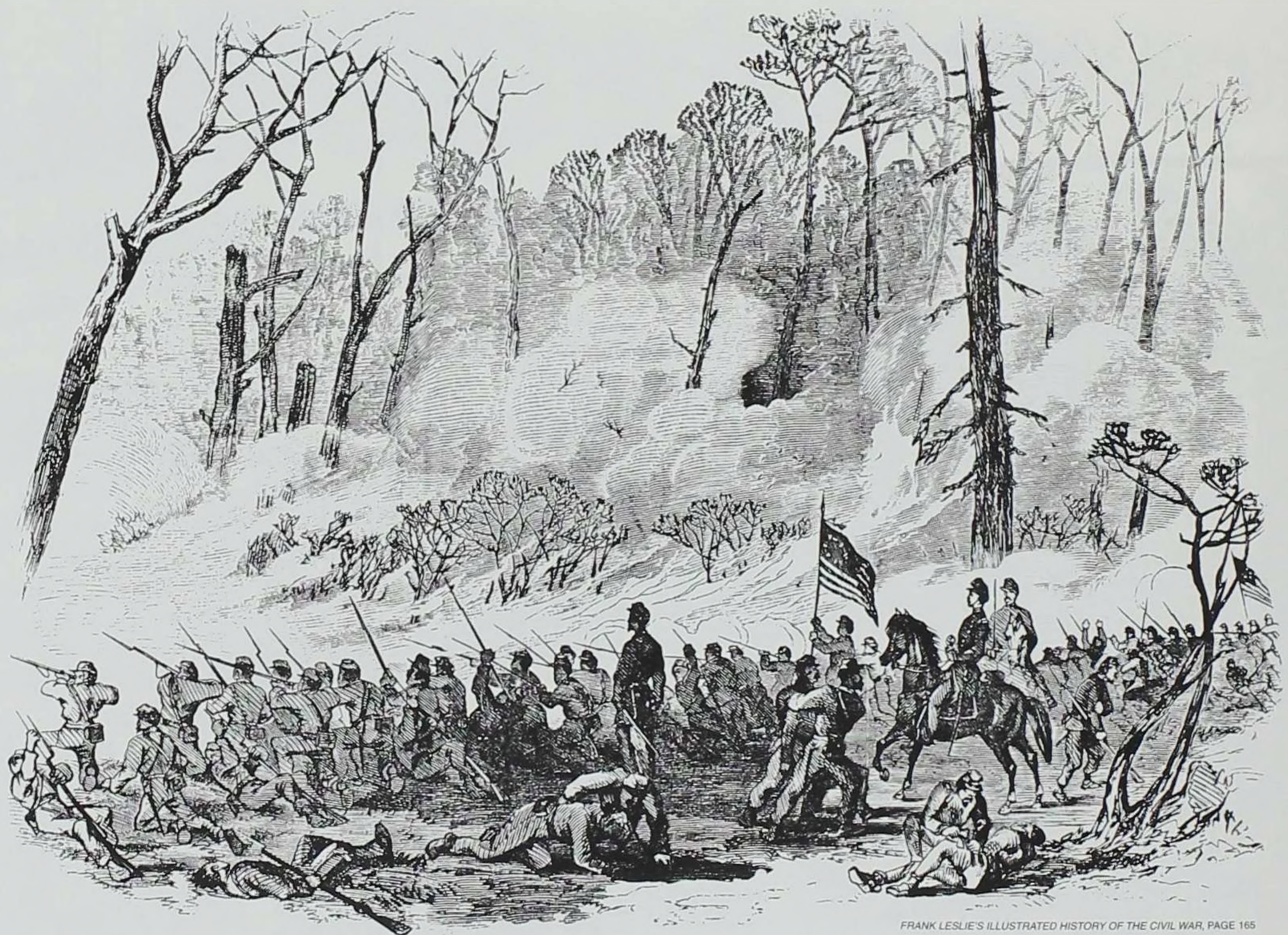
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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, PAGE 165

## *Fire swept through the woods*

"During the battle of Sunday the woods were fired and when we regained our outer camps, Monday, found at one point a pile of corn, containing several hundred bushels, gathered with the husks on. Many wounded soldiers crawled to this pile of corn, seeking more comfortable conditions, and when the fire swept through the woods and over the corn, they could not get away and were burned to death. At another place Monday afternoon I found a bright young boy (confederate) lying badly wounded on a cot in a tent. Facing him, on another cot alongside his own, sat a dead rebel with wide-staring eyes, and underneath the cot occupied by the boy was the body of a union soldier. By dropping his left hand the boy could touch this body, and by moving his right hand a trifle he could touch the other. He said: 'I was badly wounded yesterday, but managed to get into this abandoned tent and climbed up on this cot. Soon after this man on the other cot crawled in, and just before dark this soldier

lying under my cot. They were both hurt worse than I was, but we talked to each other as much as we could for encouragement. Then along in the night this man on the cot talked very low and weak, and after awhile said he knew he was going to die and bid us good-bye. I didn't hear anything after that from the man lying under my cot, and it was awful still from that till morning. When daylight came I found that they were both dead, and I have laid here all day hoping someone would come and help me.'"

*Private John T. Bell  
2nd Iowa Infantry*



## *It is useless to fight longer*

"Finally Gen. Prentiss, as I heard him describe repeatedly, said, 'It is useless to fight longer. I must stop this slaughter,' and he stepped forward on to a stump and waved his handkerchief in token of surrender.

"Just before the firing ceased one of my boys called to me and said that Lieut. Ferguson had been wounded and I went to where he lay and he lifted his shirt and showed me a horrible wound in his abdomen, which I saw at a glance would prove fatal. A few moments after our surrender was completed I called Ferguson's cousin, Private N. G. Price, and we went to where Gen. Polk and his staff were grouped a short distance from us. . . . I got the General's eye, saluted, gave my name and pointing to Ferguson, said, 'General, the officer lying there is my 1st Lieut. He is every inch a gentleman and a soldier and is my best friend; he is mortally wounded; Private Price here is his cousin and I want to ask if you will permit Price to remain to care for him.['] 'Most certainly,' said the General, 'Corporal Price, you remain with your cousin and if any one attempts to interfere with you tell them you are there by the order of Gen. Polk.'"

*Captain John H. Stibbs  
12th Iowa Infantry*

"As soon as surrender was made, the Confederates shook hands with us, praised the bravery of the captured and promised the best treatment. General Bragg recognized Colonel Shaw of the 14th Iowa as a comrade in the Mexican war, and said, 'This affair'—the defense of the the Hornet's Nest position—'cost us an hour and a half.' The men were ordered to throw down their arms and accoutrements and the officers to give up their side-arms. One young officer . . . tried in vain to break his sword rather than surrender it."

*Author unknown, Special Collections  
State Historical Society of Iowa*

"Every second seemed a minute—every minute an hour; but of such was the army at Shiloh. . . . Shiloh with its little back-woods, log church goes down into history; but what a day and what a name for the slaughter of brother human beings. Sunday—God's day; 'Shiloh'—Hebrew for 'rest—peace.'"

*E. G. Fraker  
6th Iowa Infantry*

## *The true cost in suffering*

NEARLY 110,000 soldiers fought at Shiloh. On the first day, the Union retreated. On the second, the Confederacy retreated, thus failing to stop the Union's advance into northern Mississippi.

The horrifying losses at Shiloh shattered any hopes of a short war. Bruce Catton writes, "For the first time in the conflict, men on both sides came to envision something of the true cost in suffering and death that victory would ultimately entail."

According to historian Robert K. Dykstra, "one of every four Union soldiers slaughtered at Shiloh . . . was an Iowan." —*The Editor*

### Union

#### Strength

Day 1	39,830
Day 2 reinforcements	25,255

*Total engaged* 65,085

#### Losses

Killed	1,754
Wounded	8,408
Captured or missing	2,885

*Total losses* 13,047

### Confederate

#### Strength

Day 1	43,968
Day 2 reinforcements	731

*Total engaged* 44,699

#### Losses

Killed	1,728
Wounded	8,012
Captured or missing	959

*Total losses* 10,699

*Source of numbers: National Park Service*



Reed during the war and late in life.

## Iowa veteran David Wilson Reed commemorates Shiloh

by Timothy B. Smith

DAVID WILSON REED stood proud and tall as he spoke to the crowd gathered at Shiloh National Military Park on November 22, 1906. The crowd surrounding the monument to his regiment, the 12th Iowa Infantry, heard only clear and unfettered pride as Reed pointed and motioned while describing the 12th Iowa's action in the "Hornet's Nest." The 55-year-old veteran reminded his listeners how the regiment and its brigade had "held the Confederates at bay all day long" on April 6, 1862; even 62 Confederate guns had "failed to move the Union forces from their position."

Reed's pride was understandable. [Raised and educated in northeastern Iowa,] he had been a soldier whose most notable experience in the Civil War was being wounded at Shiloh. He was a historian whose work concentrated almost exclusively on that battle. He was an extremely particular man who always strove for truth and accuracy, as his writings on Shiloh show. The monument dedication was, therefore, a fitting culmination of Reed's entire private and professional life.

Reed, the 12th Iowa monument, and Shiloh National Military Park were also parts of a larger phenomenon. The decade of the 1890s was a period of memorialization and remembrance of Civil War soldiers. During a time of national healing after many years of war and violent reconstruction, the North and South seemingly set aside the racial issues that had divided them for so long and focused instead on issues they could agree on. Memorialization of the war changed the face of the American landscape as monuments went up all over the nation, veterans' reunions became commonplace, and Congress established national military parks and battlefields commemorating Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Antietam, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Shiloh. Those parks provided Americans with tangible links to their common heritage of courage, bravery, and honor.

Congress established Shiloh National Military Park

in December 1894. Reed's old friend David Henderson, a congressman soon to be Speaker of the House, authored the legislation that created the park. The congressman had fought at the battle, and his brother Thomas had been killed there and now rested in Shiloh National Cemetery at Pittsburg Landing. Thanks to Henderson's influence, Secretary of War Daniel S. Lamont appointed Reed as the park's secretary and historian.

In 1880, the survivors of the 12th Iowa had elected Reed at their first meeting and charged him to write a history of the regiment. Large veteran turnouts at reunions provided Reed with oral evidence he needed to clarify any confusion about the Battle of Shiloh in the *Official Records'* reports and letters. He also spent countless days wandering the battlefield alone, looking for signs of action and militarily advantageous positions. He found much physical evidence, such as tent rings and sinkholes. Somberly, too, he noted that physical evidence of regimental burial grounds remained.

Although Reed was the recognized authority on Shiloh, his historical interpretation of the battle and his marking of troop positions were not without controversy. Inflamed passions of elderly men and their fading memories combined to produce disagreements over when, where, and how certain events happened. Most of the controversy resulted from interpretation of



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



**The Iowa monument on the far right is one of several in Shiloh National Military Park. David Wilson Reed's extensive research determined placement of a few hundred pieces of artillery, 651 tablets marking Union and Confederate campsites and troop positions, and numerous explanatory signs.**

the historical record. In most cases, Reed prevailed. He instituted a set pattern of interpretation, most of which centered on the importance of the Hornet's Nest and Sunken Road, the position his regiment had held.

In the years that followed, Shiloh veterans acknowledged their debt of gratitude to David Wilson Reed; so have hundreds of historians who have written about Shiloh, millions of visitors who have enjoyed the park through the years, and untold numbers of Civil War buffs. Reed was indeed the "Father of Shiloh National Military Park." He served the longest tenure of

any commission-era employee, he was responsible for much of the park's physical monumentation, and he was the chief historian of the battle. If not for him, Shiloh National Military Park would not be the national treasure it is today. ❖

*This is a brief excerpt from Timothy B. Smith, "David Wilson Reed: The Father of Shiloh National Military Park," Annals of Iowa 62:3 (Summer 2003), published by the State Historical Society of Iowa. To order the complete article, contact the editor: 319-335-3931 or Marvin-Bergman@uiowa.edu.*

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE; SHSI (DES MOINES)



Reed during the war and late in life.



## Iowa veteran David Wilson Reed commemorates Shiloh

by Timothy B. Smith

DAVID WILSON REED stood proud and tall as he spoke to the crowd gathered at Shiloh National Military Park on November 22, 1906. The crowd surrounding the monument to his regiment, the 12th Iowa Infantry, heard only clear and unfettered pride as Reed pointed and motioned while describing the 12th Iowa's action in the "Hornet's Nest." The 55-year-old veteran reminded his listeners how the regiment and its brigade had "held the Confederates at bay all day long" on April 6, 1862; even 62 Confederate guns had "failed to move the Union forces from their position."

Reed's pride was understandable. [Raised and educated in northeastern Iowa,] he had been a soldier whose most notable experience in the Civil War was being wounded at Shiloh. He was a historian whose work concentrated almost exclusively on that battle. He was an extremely particular man who always strove for truth and accuracy, as his writings on Shiloh show. The monument dedication was, therefore, a fitting culmination of Reed's entire private and professional life.

Reed, the 12th Iowa monument, and Shiloh National Military Park were also parts of a larger phenomenon. The decade of the 1890s was a period of memorialization and remembrance of Civil War soldiers. During a time of national healing after many years of war and violent reconstruction, the North and South seemingly set aside the racial issues that had divided them for so long and focused instead on issues they could agree on. Memorialization of the war changed the face of the American landscape as monuments went up all over the nation, veterans' reunions became commonplace, and Congress established national military parks and battlefields commemorating Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Antietam, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Shiloh. Those parks provided Americans with tangible links to their common heritage of courage, bravery, and honor.

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Right: Although many hatcheries were owned by commercial poultry breeders, one in Iowa City was run by hobbyists. The black-and-white photos show an Iowa City hatchery operated by university literature professor Irving King and poet Ralph Littrell. The photos depict the operation: hatching the eggs; punching holes in the shipping crates; (next page) packing the chicks; running the office; and, finally, introducing the babies to the wide, wide world.

SHSI (IOWA CITY)



A sales catalog from the large-scale operation of Edwin and Leone Holmes in western Iowa.



SHSI (IOWA CITY)



## One Chick, Two Chicks, Three Chicks More!

by Timothy Walleck

Warm weather turned a farm family's thoughts to a new growing season. For many Iowans, that meant planting acres and acres of corn and beans, or turning over the garden. But particularly for farm women and their children, this was the time to think about raising chickens. Chickens and eggs were great commodities to sell for cash or to barter for groceries, clothing, canning supplies, or store credit.

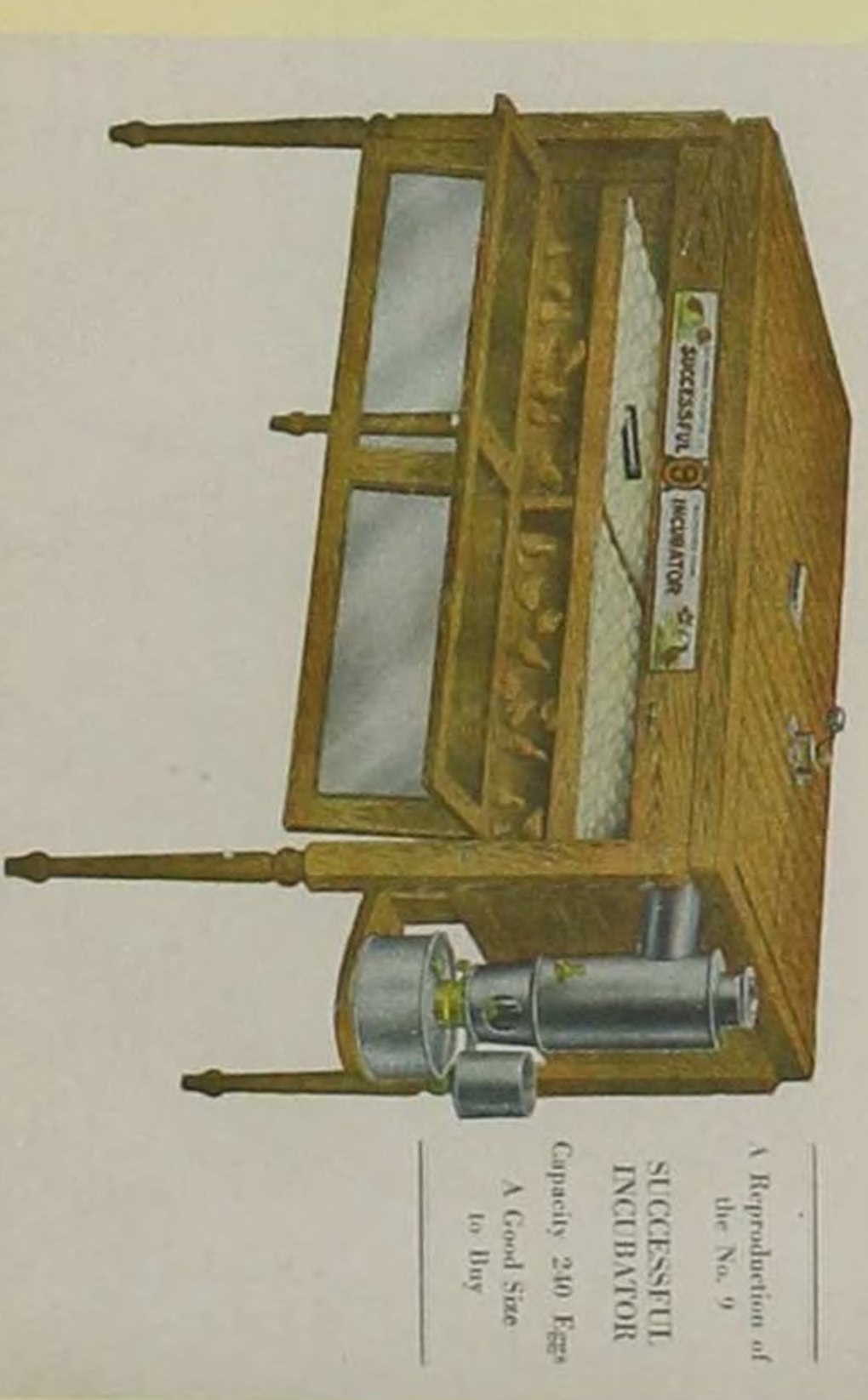
There was no question that the poultry and egg business was a wise investment, or so said the numerous publications and catalogs that reached the farm family's mailbox. "Give the poultry business half the energy and attention required by any other business or job," proclaimed Frank Foy, a breeder in Clinton, "and the profits will be as certain as night and day."

So, in the poultry business, exactly which came first? The chicken or the egg?

Either. Fertilized eggs could be ordered and then hatched in your own incubator or under heat lamps. Or you could purchase chicks or adult stock and have them shipped to you. After a few months of growth, the young males ended up as Sunday dinners and many of the young females headed for a future as laying hens.

It all began with the purchase of stock from a well-qualified, highly regarded breeder, according to the catalog for the Frank Foy Poultry Farms. "The hen that lays eggs regularly day after day, week after week, month after month can be likened to a government bond on which you receive a regular, never-failing dividend on your investment."

There were a number of large- and small-scale hatcheries in the Midwest. Clara Berry of Berry's Golden Rule Poultry Farm in Clarinda in southwestern Iowa, advised farm families to buy from members



SHSI (IOWA CITY)

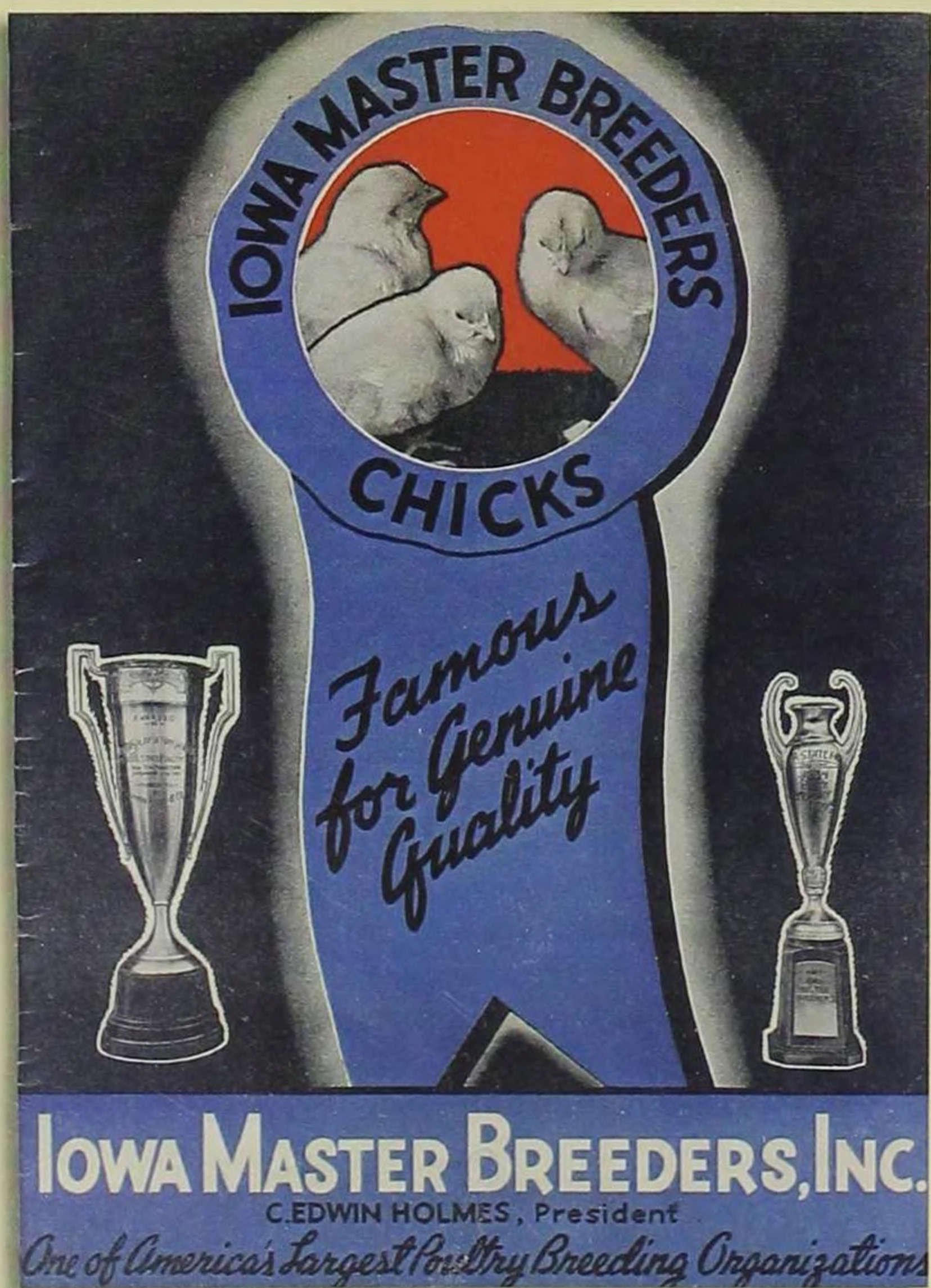
Poultry catalogs often advertised incubators like this one, as well as brooder stoves, feed hoppers, egg crates, lice killer, egg testers, and, of course, grit and grain. This ad is from the 1923 catalog of the Des Moines Incubator Company.

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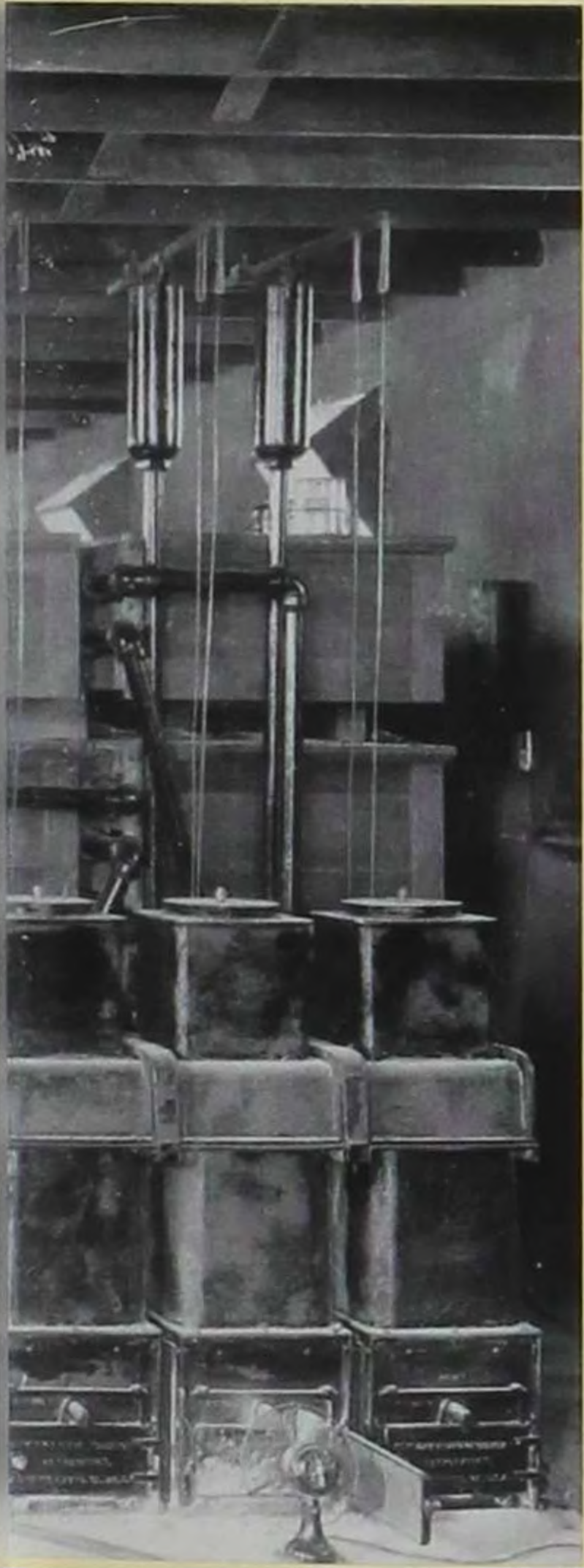
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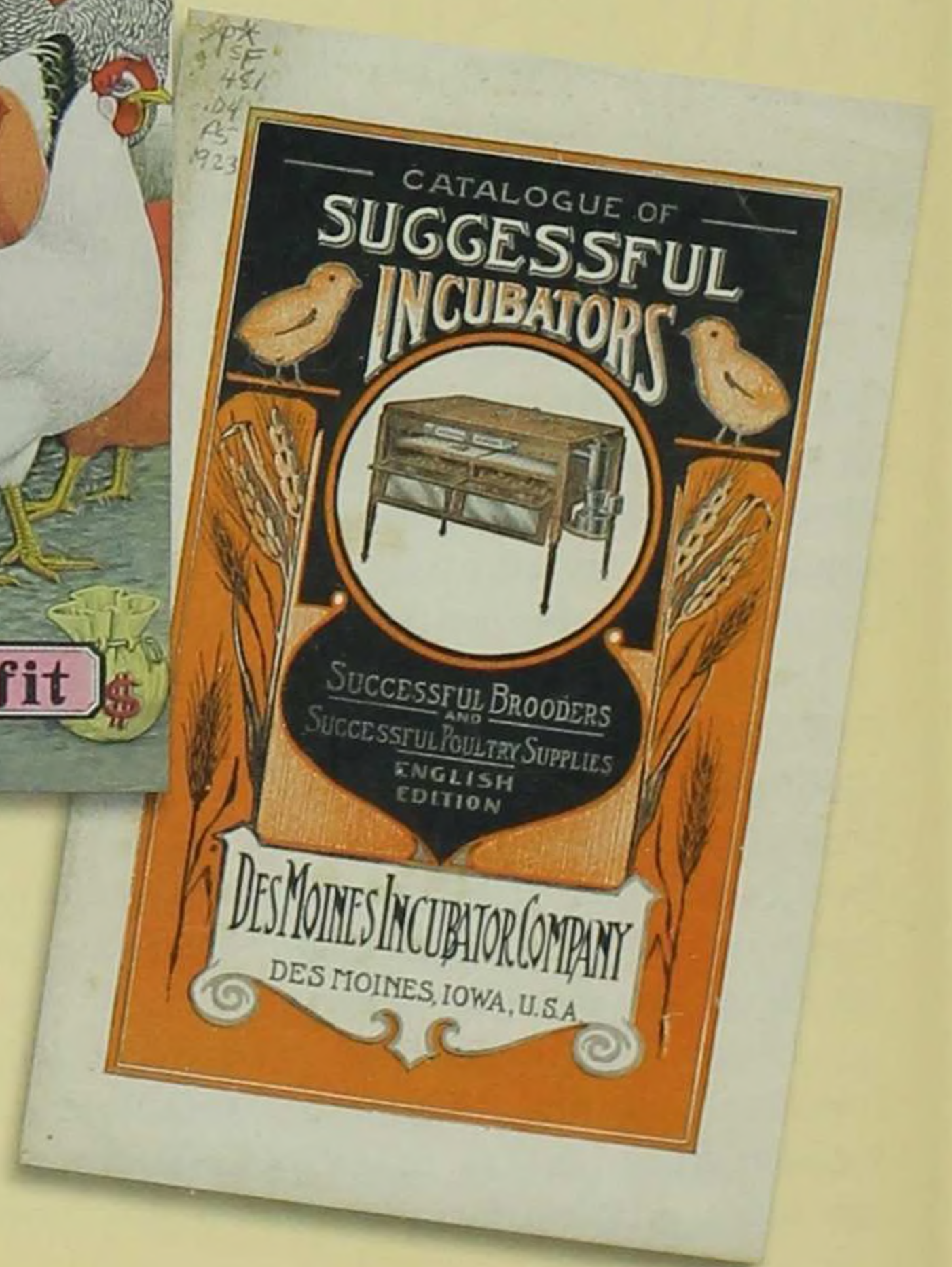
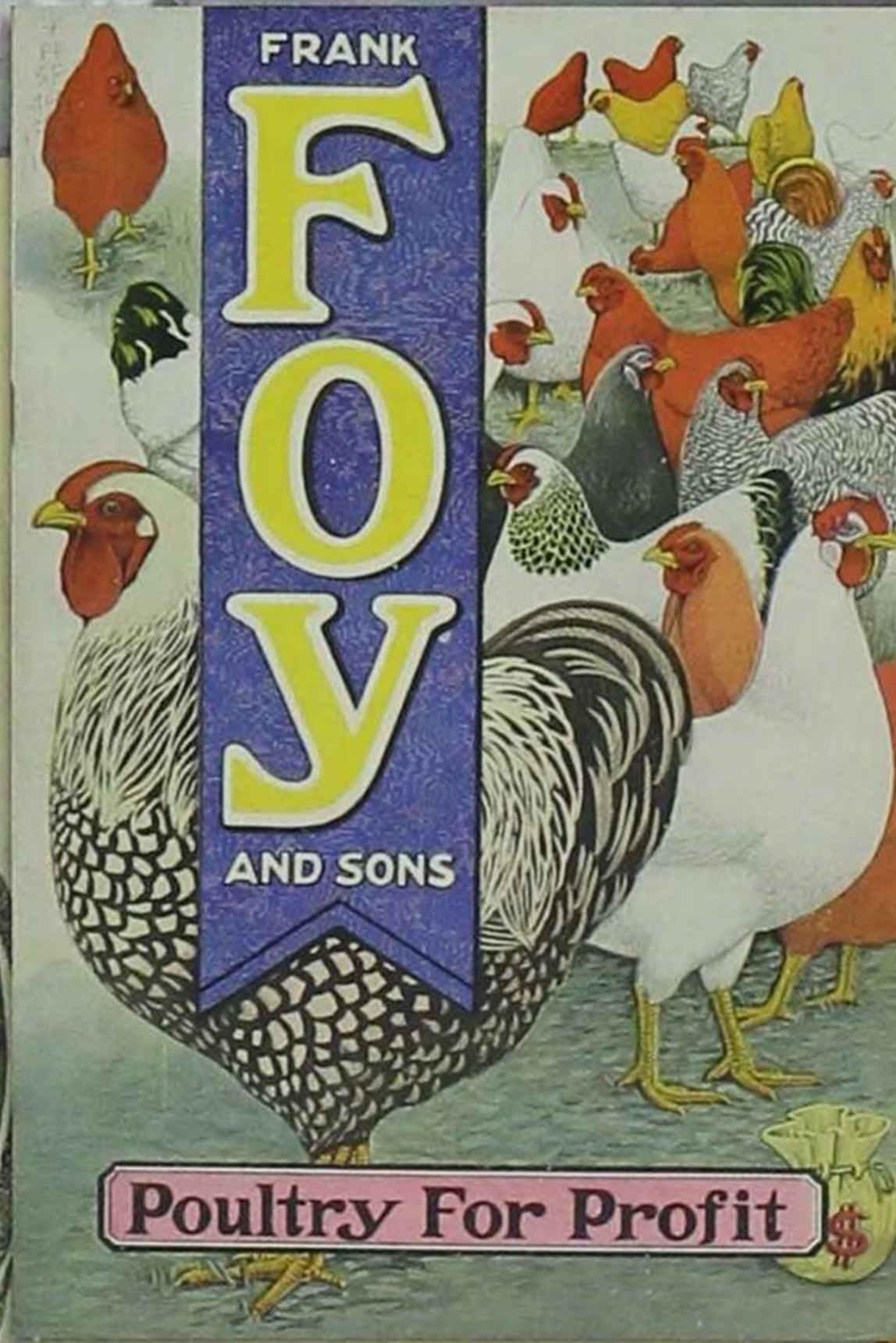
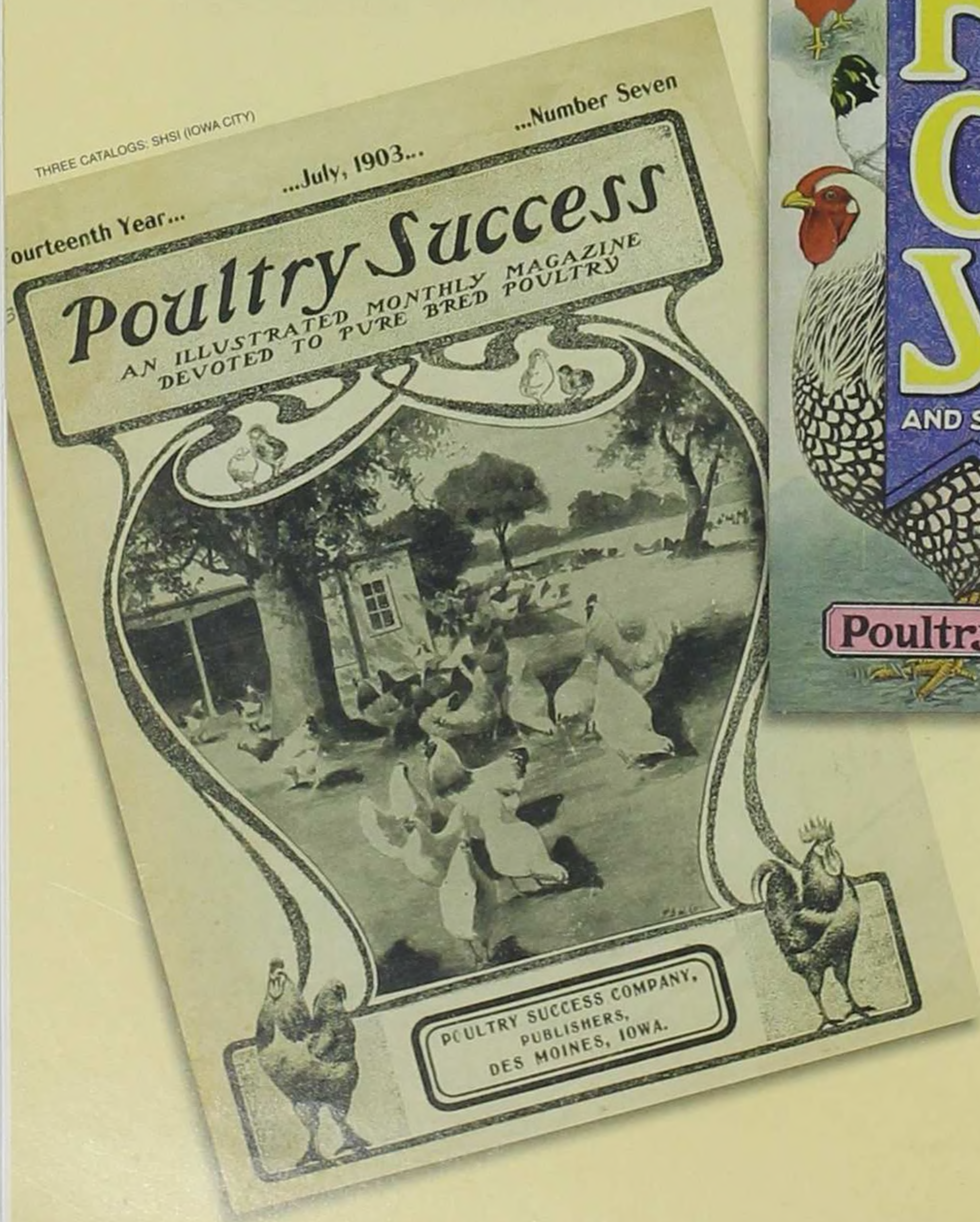
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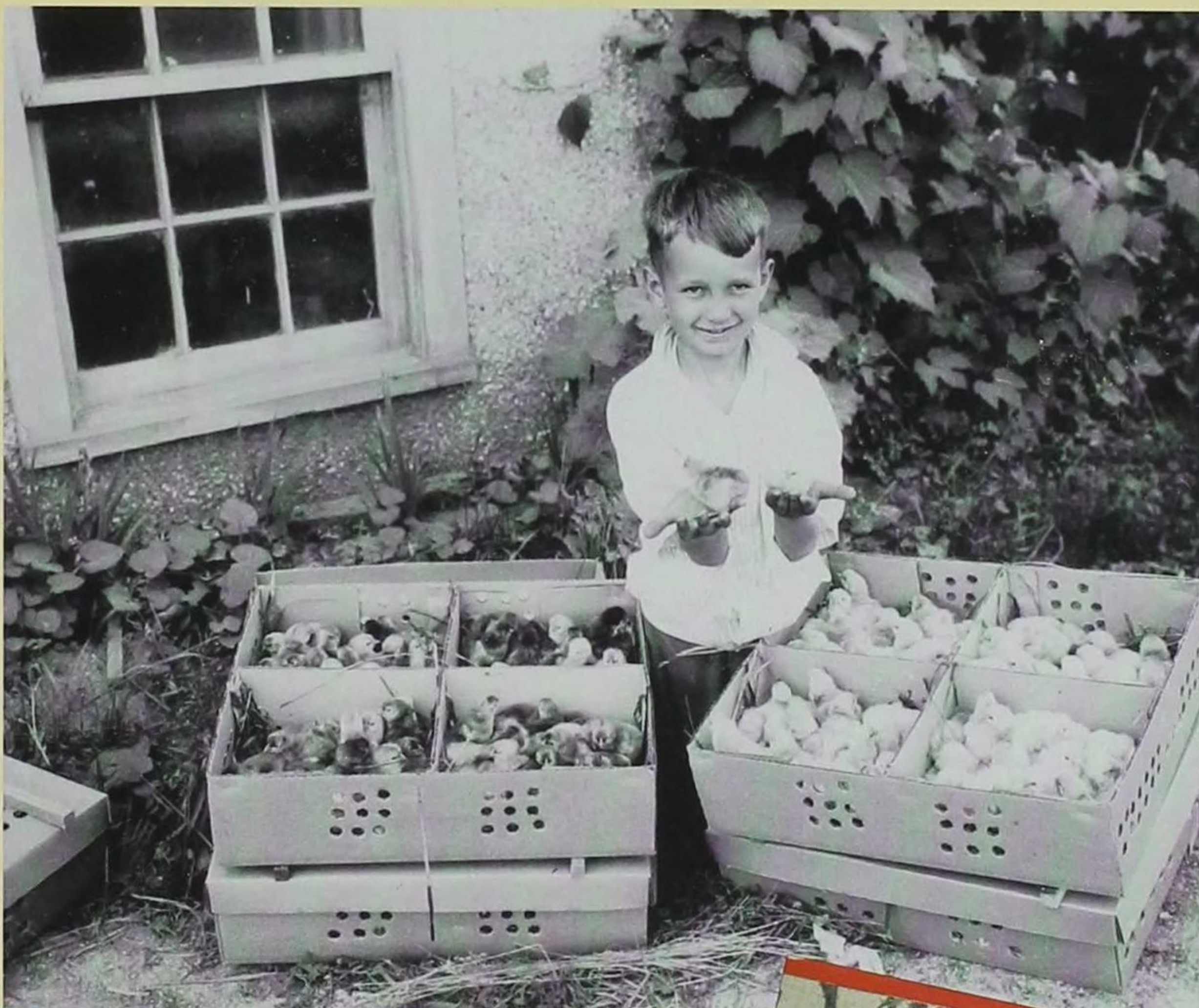


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THREE TOP PHOTOS: SHSI (IOWA CITY)







BOTH IMAGES: SHSI (IOWA CITY)

of the International Baby Chick Association. "We are interested in safeguarding our customers," she explained, "because we do know that there are a great many fakers in the chick business and we don't want to be classed with them."

On the same side of the state, Leone and Edwin Holmes operated Iowa Master Breeders, Inc., in Onawa. They advised buyers to do business with any of the Master Breeder hatcheries in Iowa, South Dakota, or Nebraska. Distance mattered little. A shipment of Master Breeders chicks reached President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's farm in Hyde Park in only 36 hours. Shipments to Alaska, British West Indies, and Ireland took a bit longer.

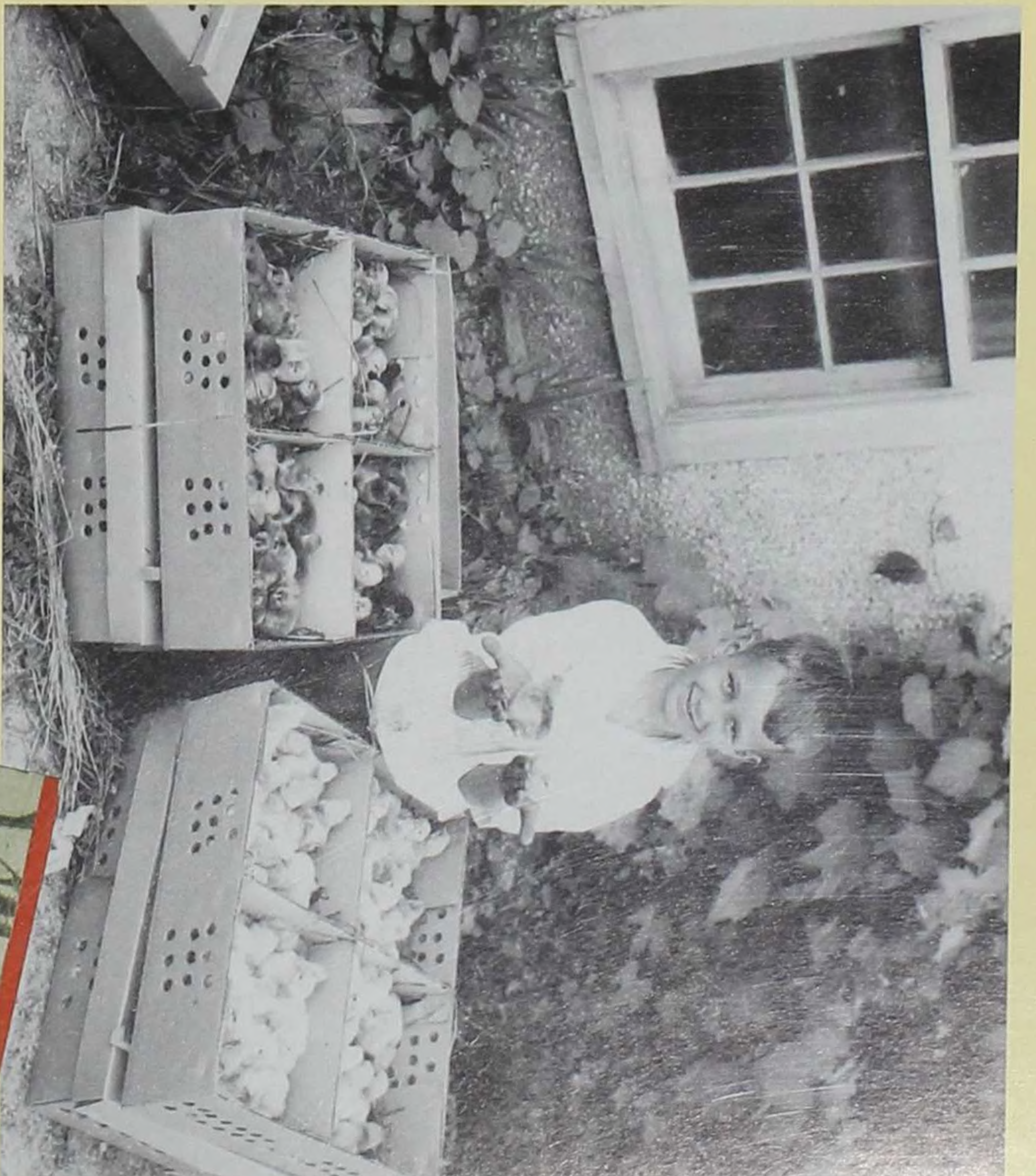
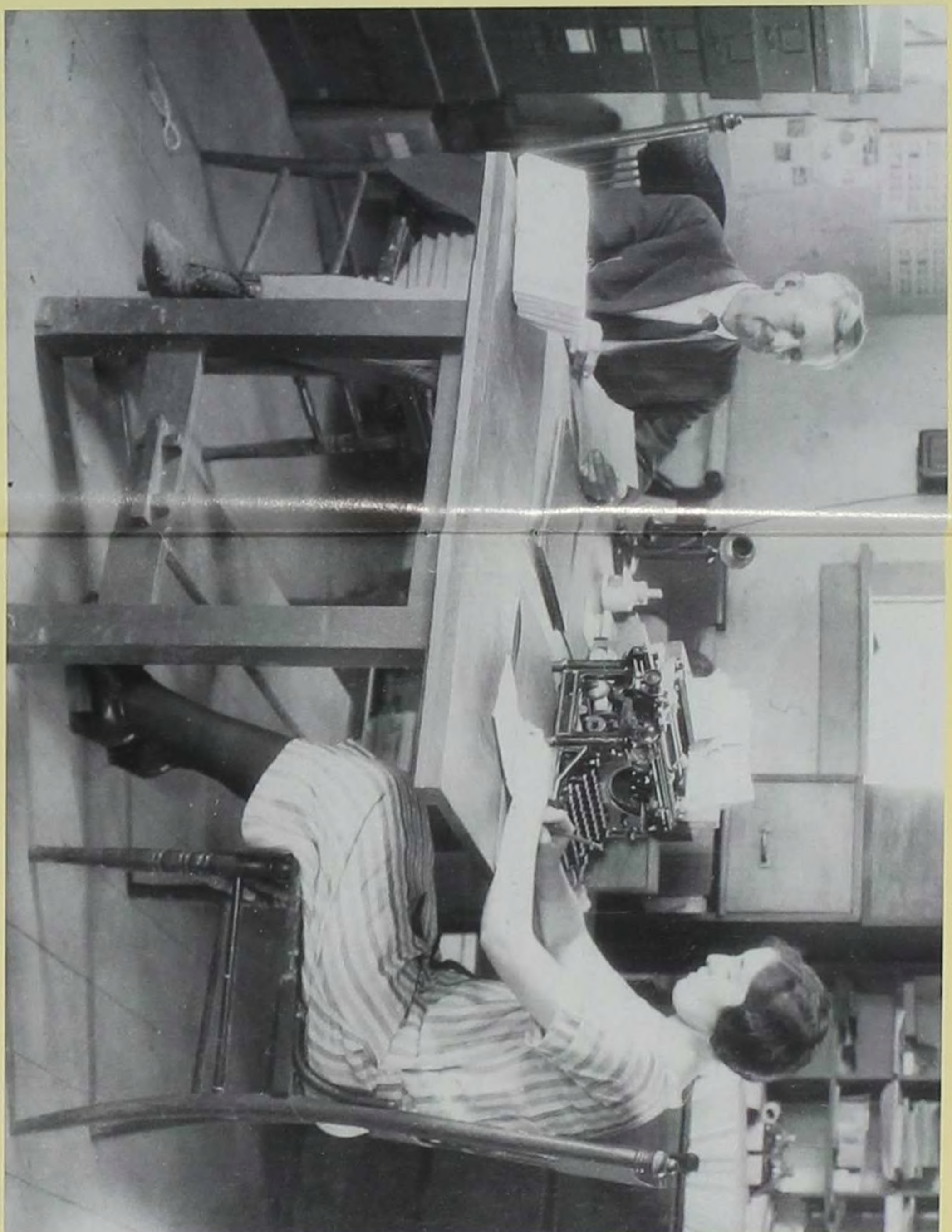
In his memoir *Childhood on the Farm*, George Kisner recalled the arrival each spring of a hundred baby chicks that his mother had ordered from a hatchery in Independence. "They came by mail in large flat



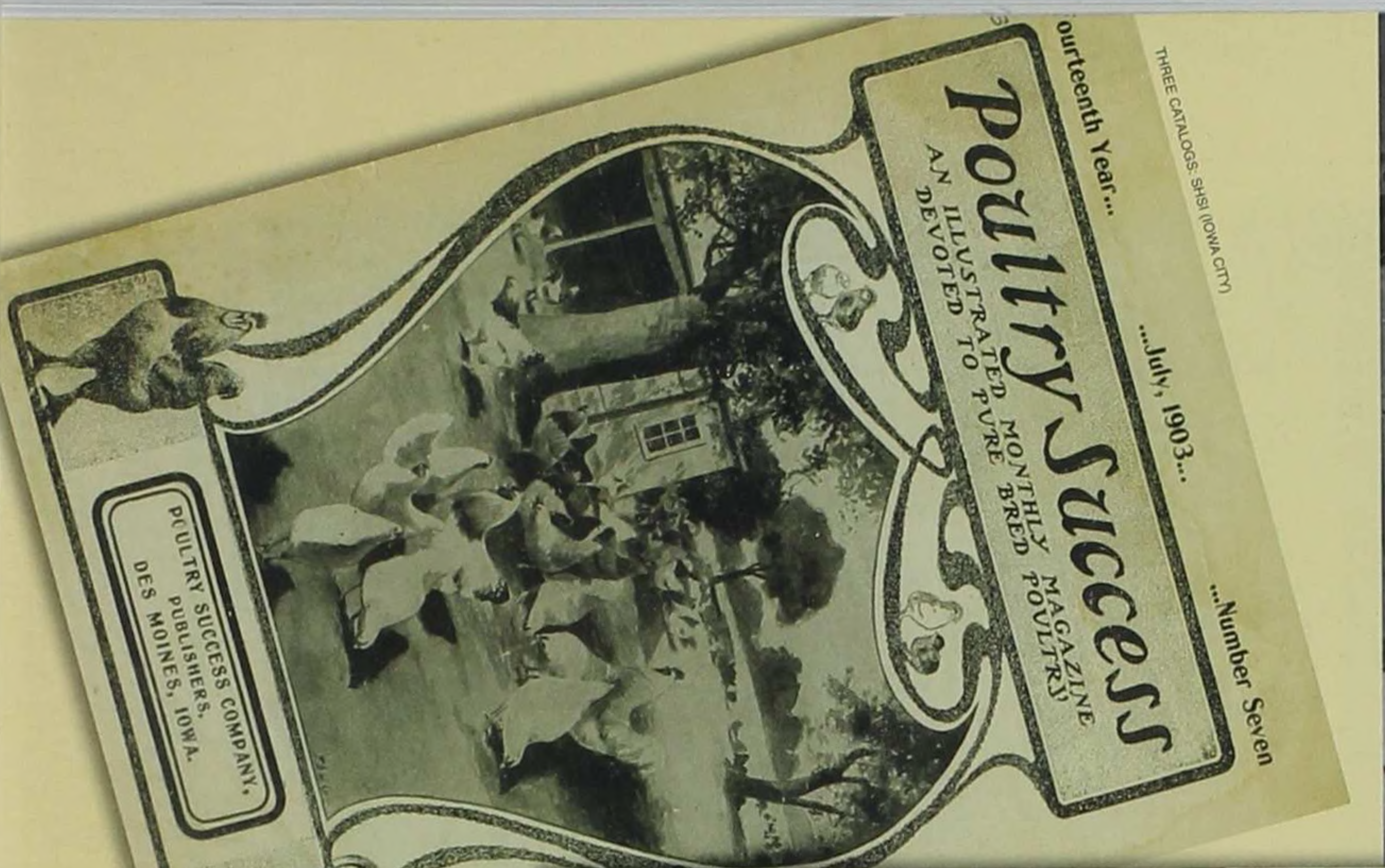
Raising poultry was a source of pride, profits, and year-round food for the farm family. The work was often undertaken by the farm women, with help from their children.



THREE TOP PHOTOS: SHSII (IOWA CITY)



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Mrs. Berry's 1930-31 Barqueins Golden Rule Poultry Farm Garrison, Iowa



SHSI (IOWA CITY)

Heaters or heat lamps were set up in brooder houses to keep newborn chicks and ducklings warm. Below: an unidentified farm woman is greeted by her flock of hens.

boxes with holes in the sides to let in air," Kisner wrote. "We picked them up at the post office and their cheeps could be heard as soon as we stepped inside."

That's when the real work began. George's mother, Ethel Rafferty Kisner, would quickly transfer the birds to the brooder house, where the temperature was kept at a constant 80 degrees. "She would carefully lift out each chick and dip its beak in water before setting it free. These were day-old chicks and had never before

eaten or drunk. The brooder house was situated close to our family house and she would go out frequently at night to check on her brood.

"When the chickens were about 6 to 8 weeks old, she would sell off the roosters as fryers to a place in Clear Lake, Iowa," George remembered. "By that time they would have been moved into a much larger house and roamed freely about the farmyard."

There was no question of the importance of Ethel Kisner's business. "As I look backwards," her son concluded, "it seems to me she did more to support the family with her lowly chickens than my father did with his cows and pigs." ❖

*Timothy Walch volunteers at the State Historical Society of Iowa and writes frequently for this magazine.*

NOTE ON SOURCES

Ethel Kisner's poultry operation is described in George Kisner, *Childhood on the Farm* (Keota, Iowa: Printers Workshop, [2006?]). In addition to the poultry catalogs shown here, the libraries of the State Historical Society of Iowa have hundreds of sales catalogs related to domestic life, agriculture, business, industry, and many other facets of American life. The information on the Iowa City hatchery shown on pages 36-39 was compiled by Tim Weitzel and appears at [www.icgov.org](http://www.icgov.org). Search for "King-Littrell-Palmer."



SHSI (IOWA CITY)

# One in a Million

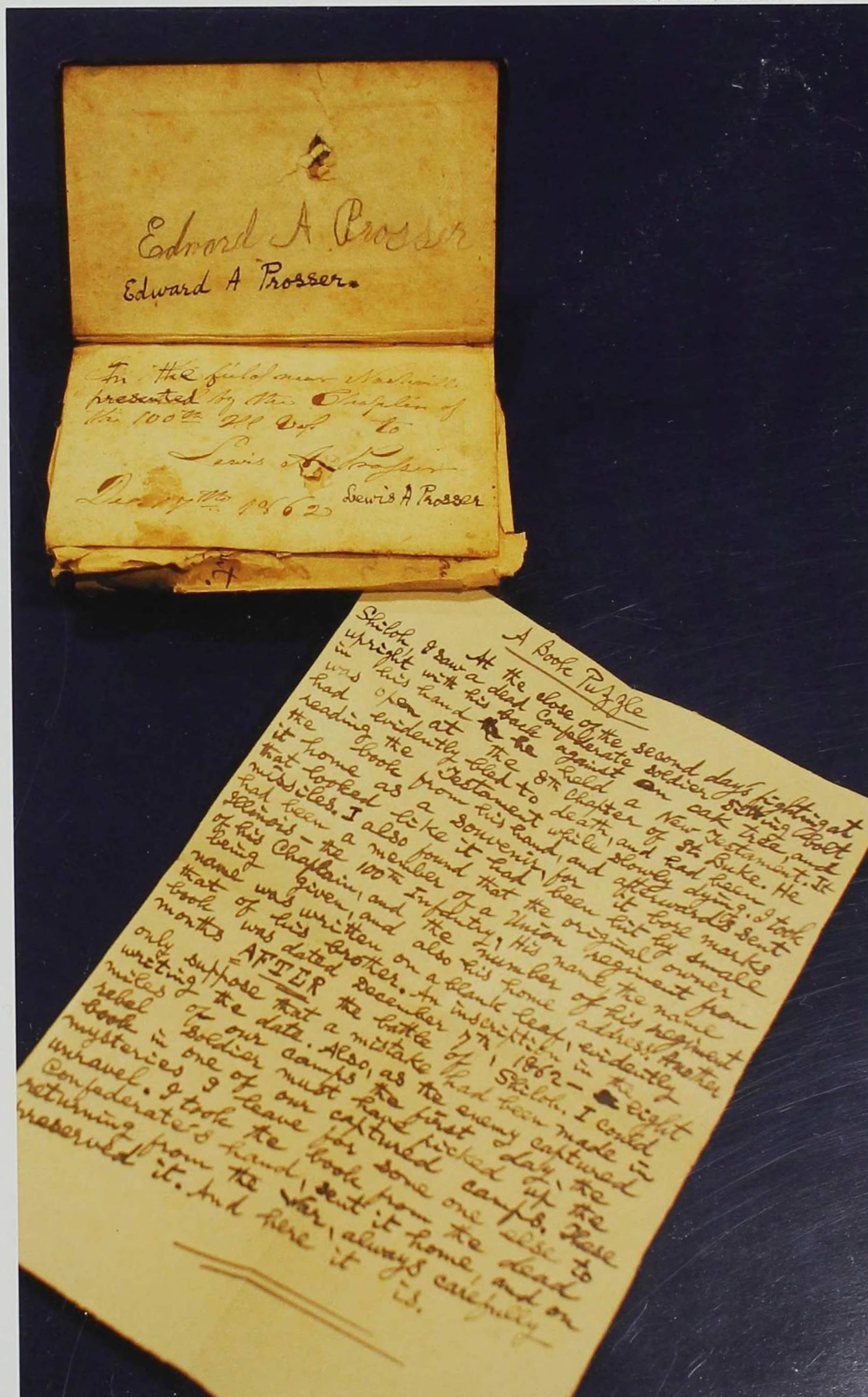
Among the millions of items in the State Historical Society of Iowa is this small Bible and enclosed note.

Written by Henry C. Parkhurst, the note says this: "At the close of the second day's fighting at Shiloh, I saw a dead Confederate soldier sitting bolt upright with his back against an oak tree, and in his hand he held a New Testament. It was open at the 8th Chapter of St. Luke. He had evidently bled to death, and had been reading the Testament while slowly dying. I took the book from his hand and afterwards sent it home as a souvenir for it bore marks that looked like it had been hit by small missiles. I also found that the original owner had been a member of a Union regiment from Illinois—the 100th Infantry. His name, the name of his Chaplain, and the number of his regiment being given, and also his home address. Another name was written on a blank leaf, evidently that of his brother. An inscription in the book was dated December 7th, 1862—eight months AFTER the battle of Shiloh. I could only suppose that a mistake had been made in writing the date. Also, as the enemy captured miles of our camps the first day, the rebel soldier must have picked up the book in one of our captured camps. These mysteries I leave for some one else to unravel. I took the book from the dead Confederate's hand, sent it home, and on returning from the war, always carefully preserved it. And here it is."

The note and Bible are among the hundreds of artifacts you'll see in our new museum exhibit "Iowa and the Civil War: Nothing but Victory." Located in the State Historical Building, 600 E. Locust, Des Moines, the museum is open Monday-Saturday, 9 a.m.—4:30 and Sunday, 12-4:30. For our library hours in the building, visit [IowaHistory.org](http://IowaHistory.org).

—The Editor

SHSI (DES MOINES), PHOTO BY JOHN ZELLER



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