

The
PALIMPSEST

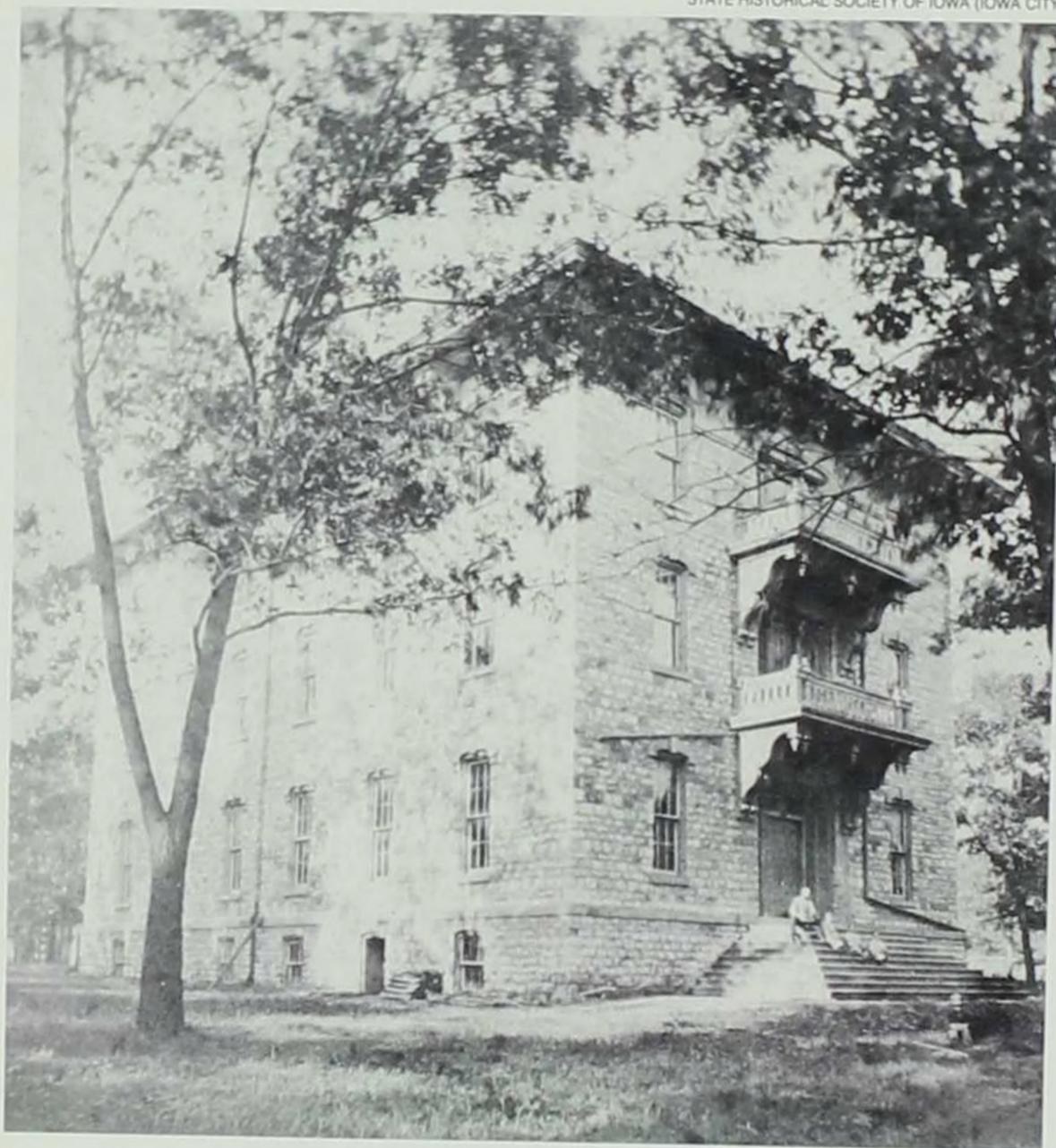
Volume 73, Number 2

IOWA'S POPULAR HISTORY MAGAZINE

Summer 1992 \$4.50



STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA (IOWA CITY)



One of the joys of editing the *Palimpsest* is discovering again and again that historical figures keep turning up as “players” in various events throughout Iowa history. Example #1: In the spring issue, early Iowan Theodore Parvin appeared in two articles; in this issue, he appears again — as a colleague to Silas Totten. Example #2: While looking for photographs for our story on 1940s Davenport, I happened across this 1870s photo of Griswold College in Davenport. Silas Totten, the focus of our first story, raised funds for the college in the 1860s. Example #3: This image of Griswold College was photographed by John P. Doremus, the subject of another article in this *Palimpsest*.

—The Editor



The Meaning of the Palimpsest

In early times a palimpsest (*pal'imp/est*) was a parchment or other material from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete, and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the record of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

THE PALIMPSEST (ISSN 0031-0360) is published quarterly by the State Historical Society of Iowa. © 1992 State Historical Society of Iowa.



printed with soy-based ink on recycled paper

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA (SHSI) is the historical division of the Department of Cultural Affairs of the State of Iowa. The Society operates in two locations, Des Moines and Iowa City. The museum, historic preservation, and a research library are located at Capitol Complex, Des Moines, Iowa 50319, phone (515) 281-5111. Publications, development, field services, and a research library are located at 402 Iowa Avenue, Iowa City, Iowa 52240, phone (319) 335-3916.

THE PALIMPSEST is received as a benefit of an active membership (\$30) or through subscription (\$15). Single copies, \$4.50 plus \$1 postage and handling. For prices of back issues, contact Publications.



SUBSCRIPTIONS/MEMBERSHIPS/ORDERS: Contact Publications, SHSI, 402 Iowa Avenue, Iowa City, Iowa 52240, phone (319) 335-3916.

SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS: *The Palimpsest* (quarterly popular history magazine), *Iowa Historian* (bimonthly newsletter), *The Goldfinch* (Iowa history magazine for young people, 4 per school year), *The Annals of Iowa* (quarterly journal), books, research guides, technical leaflets. Catalogs available.

The State Historical Society of Iowa and the editor are not responsible for statements of opinion made by contributors.

This code (© 1992 State Historical Society of Iowa, ISSN 0031-0360/92/\$1.00) indicates the copyright owner's consent to reproduction of an article for personal or internal use. The consent is granted, however, on the condition that the copier pay the stated per-copy fee of \$1.00 through the Copyright Clearance Center, Inc., 21 Congress Street, Salem, Mass. 01970, for copying beyond that permitted by Sections 107 and 108 of the U.S. Copyright Law. The consent does not extend to other kinds of copying, such as copying for general distribution, for advertising or promotional purposes, for creating new collective works, or for resale.

The

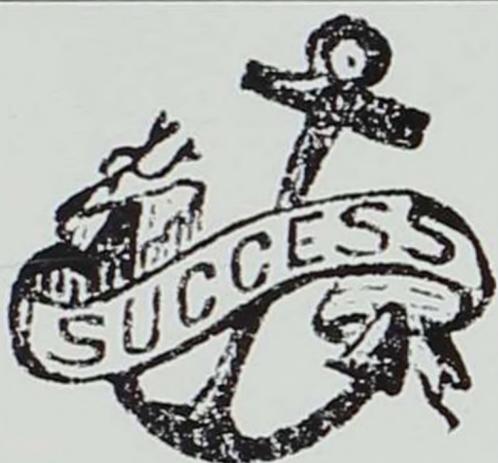
PALIMPSEST

IOWA'S POPULAR HISTORY MAGAZINE

Ginalie Swaim, Editor

VOLUME 73, NUMBER 2

SUMMER 1992



A Mississippi Success 62



COURTESY MARY WEAR BRIGGS

Western Iowa in the 1920s 84



Collegiate Copperheads? 50

COVER: Stereographs and two viewers cover a Victorian parlor table, representing a popular leisure activity a century ago. This issue features Iowa views from the 1870s, photographed by J. P. Doremus. Besides the orange (or pink) Doremus views on the parlor table, the upright box holds stereographs of Yellowstone Park; the book, of the 1893 Chicago World's Fair. (Photo by Chuck Greiner, at Farm House museum at Iowa State University; assistance provided by Glori Wolf.)

- 50 **"Suspicion of Disloyalty": Silas Totten, Beleaguered University President, 1859–1862**
by Anne Beiser Allen

An eastern minister comes to Iowa's first state university during unsettling times.

- 62 **J. P. Doremus and his Floating Photograph Gallery**
by Paul C. Juhl

An 1870s adventure on the Mississippi.

- 64 **The Stereoscope: 3-D View of the Past**
by Mary Bennett

How Victorians spent their leisure time.

- 82 **The Doremus Diary: Dodging Sandbars and Log Booms**

"There was the greatest rattling and cracking ever heard as the side crushed in."

- 84 **The Road by Home: Harrison County, Iowa, in the 1920s**
by Mary Wear Briggs

"Bootleggers quietly toured back and forth on our road. . . . We learned from Pop to identify them all."

- 89 **World War II Comes to Davenport**
by George William McDaniel

Another quiet Sunday: *Sergeant York* was playing at the Capitol, and Sammy Kaye was on the radio.

- 96 **Iowa in 20th-Century Wars: Can You Help Us Save the Stories?**
by Eric Austin, Lora Bloom, and Michael Smith

How do we document Iowans' involvement in war?

“Suspicion of Disloyalty”

Silas Totten, Beleaguered University President, 1859–1862

by Anne Beiser Allen

“THE DAY was one of the dark days of November. The rain fell at intervals while the fog ran along on the ground obscuring the prospects on every side. What we could see was a wash of corn stubble and corn shocks at the side of the road. At last we reached the open uncultivated prairie the *beautiful* prairie so much praised by tourists. But its beauty had departed. Here and there were patches of dried grass, but the greater part had been lately run over by the prairie fires and was the very blackness of desolation. The leaden clouds the drizzling rain the foggy atmosphere bounding the vision and the blackened surface of the ground presented a scene of gloominess, the influence of which it was impossible to resist. That day the world looked dark before us. Our spirits were depressed and in that condition we entered Iowa City on the 20 November 1859.”

In these words, taken from his memoirs, the Rev. Dr. Silas Totten describes his arrival in Iowa City to assume the presidency of the State University of Iowa. The dreary aspect of that scene, with its overtones of foreboding, seems to have symbolized for him his entire subsequent relationship with the state of Iowa and its new university (today known as the University of Iowa).

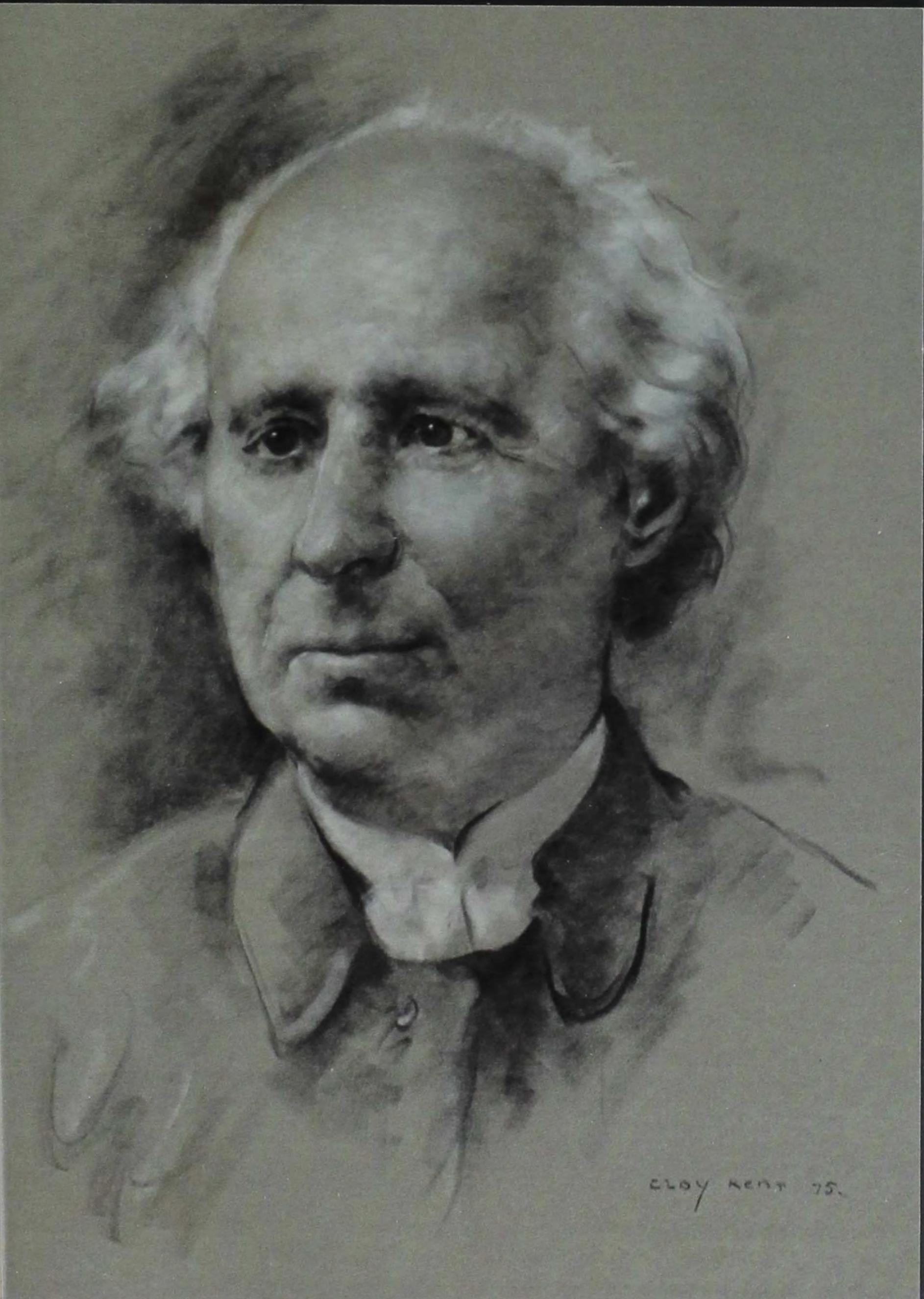
Provision for a state-funded university had

been made by Congress in 1840, two years after the Territory of Iowa had been established. Certain lands were reserved in 1846 to provide funding, and a board of trustees was appointed in 1847. Although Iowa City was originally designated as the site of the new university, various other sites were also proposed, and it was not until March 1855 that the first classes were held. The first president (or chancellor, as he was then designated) was a prominent law professor from Albany, New York, Amos Dean.

During the three years of Dean's tenure, a course of study had been developed, and a preparatory department and a normal school (for the training of teachers) were established. When in 1857 the state capital was transferred to Des Moines, the unfinished capitol in Iowa City was given to the university for classrooms and offices. In the spring of 1858, growing friction between Chancellor Dean and the Board of Trustees came to a head when Dean suggested closing the university for two years, until funding improved and a suitable means of screening prospective students' academic credentials could be devised. While Dean's complaints centered on the poor quality of

Right: Silas Totten, beleaguered president of the University of Iowa in the early 1860s. (Portrait by Cloy Kent, from an early photograph.)

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA ARCHIVES (IOWA CITY)



CLOY KENT 75.

incoming students, and the resultant necessity of spending large amounts of money on the preparatory department (which he felt had no place in the university structure), the trustees objected to Dean's insistence on governing the university in absentia from his home in Albany. In August 1858, Dean was asked whether he intended to move to Iowa and "enter personally upon the duties of his office" when classes resumed in 1859. He refused. Therefore, at the February 1859 board meeting, trustee Maturin L. Fisher was instructed "to open a correspondence with a view to finding a suitable person" to take Dean's place.

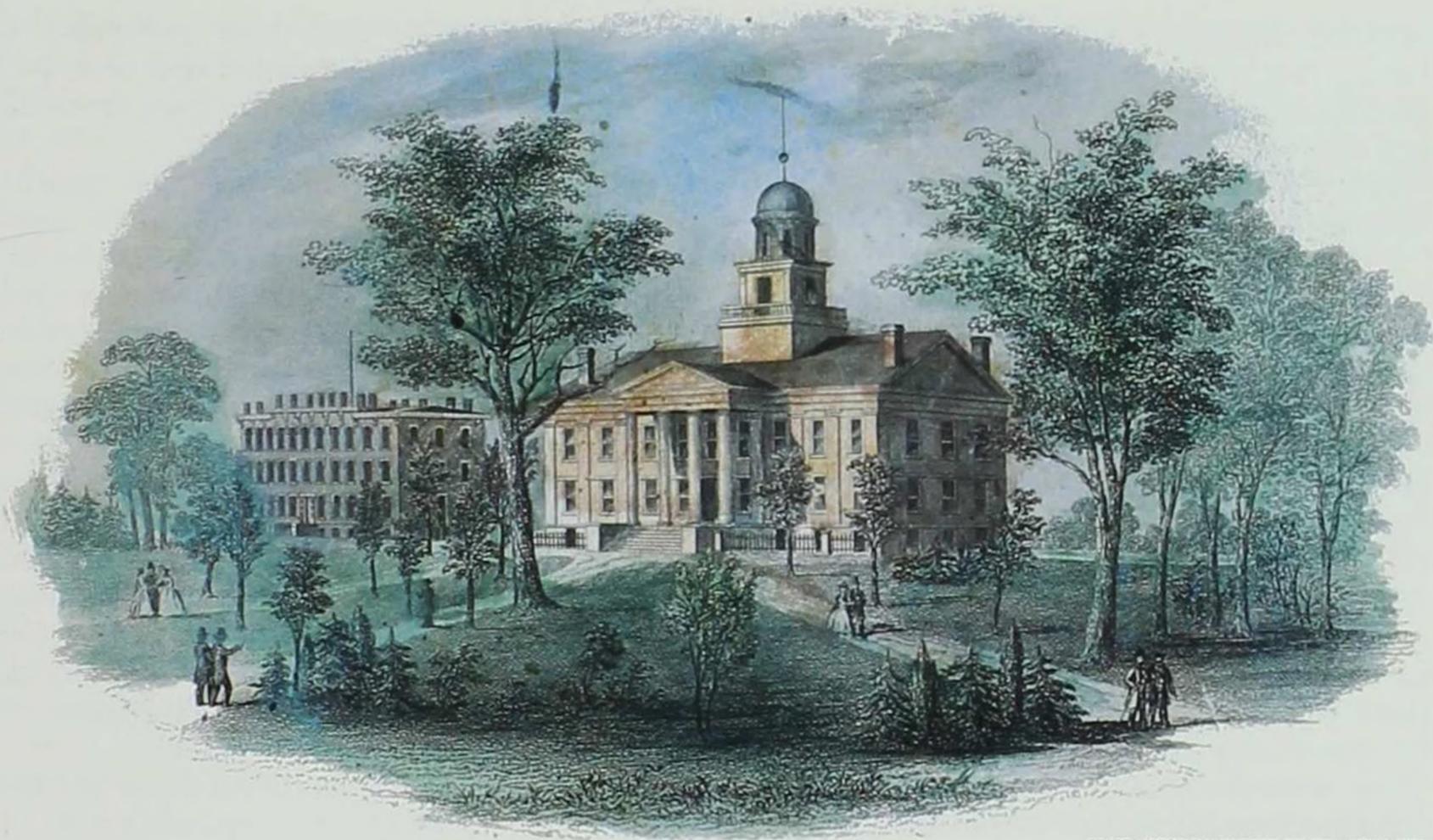
Fisher's choice fell upon the Rev. Dr. Silas Totten.

BORN ON MARCH 26, 1804, in Schoharie County, New York, Totten had taught with some distinction in eastern schools. The youngest of five sons of a pioneer family, he had originally intended to become a farmer, but when his leg was permanently injured in a farm accident, he turned to teaching. He left home at the age of nineteen, with only five dollars and his parents' blessings to sustain him, a humble beginning that he later felt had helped to teach him the true value of material possessions. Eventually, he earned enough (from carpentry work, teaching, and promoting a spinning machine invented by his brother) to put himself through Union College in Schenectady, New York, graduating with honor in 1830. After three years on the faculty at Union, he went to Hartford, Connecticut, to become professor of mathematics and natural philosophy at Washington College. He continued teaching there after being ordained a minister in the Episcopal church in 1836, and was awarded a doctorate in divinity from Union College in 1838.

Totten was senior professor at Washington College when he was elected its president in 1837; it was during his tenure that the college changed its name (in 1845) to Trinity College, by which it is known today. Although not officially connected to the Episcopal church, Trinity was, in fact, largely controlled by Episcopalians. During this period, the Episco-

pal church was sharply divided between those who sought to restore the elegant liturgies and ceremonials of the pre-Reformation church (the High Church party) and those (Low Churchmen) who regarded any compromise in matters of vestments, candles, or altar ornamentation as contrary to the church's Protestant tradition. Though Totten, whose religious journey had begun in the Dutch Reformed and Baptist traditions, tended toward the Low Church party, his strong aversion to religious extremism of any sort led him to attempt to steer a middle course in the controversy. This resulted, as often happens, in his being attacked by both sides, and in 1848 he left Trinity College, resigning his presidency.

The next few months were anxious ones for the Totten family. Totten had married Mary Isham in 1833, the same year that he began teaching at Trinity College. They had five children: Helen (born in 1835), Anna (1840), Richard (1842), Mary (1846) and Alfred (1848). To support his family, Totten worked for a time with the eccentric Episcopal bishop of Illinois, Philander Chase, helping him to found Jubilee College near Peoria. However, Totten found Bishop Chase too difficult to work with, and returned to the East to try to secure financial support for a school of his own in New York. His financial resources were running low when he was approached by Bishop John Johns (assistant to the Episcopal Bishop of Virginia) and invited to join the faculty of the College of William and Mary, of which Johns had just been elected president. Founded in 1693, this venerable college had fallen on hard times by 1848, due to dissension between the faculty, its governing board of visitors, and the townspeople, and to strong competition for students from other colleges in the area, particularly the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. (Founded by Thomas Jefferson, the University of Virginia was now enjoying the patronage of many of the socially prominent First Families of Virginia, from whose ranks William and Mary had previously drawn the majority of its student body.) During Totten's eleven years at William and Mary, the school began to recover, though it remained relatively small; its student body during this period ranged from 20 to 82, with a faculty of 6. (By comparison,



STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA (IOWA CITY)

This hand-tinted lithograph (1869) presents a romantic image of the University of Iowa a few years after Totten presided. Old Capitol is flanked by South Hall on the left. It is doubtful that the campus was this genteel; until the mid-1860s livestock, as well as students, cut across campus.

the University of Virginia had 645 students at this time, and the University of Richmond, 161. Harvard University had 361 students enrolled in 1856/57.)

AS A PRECONDITION of his employment by the College of William and Mary, Totten had been asked to provide a written statement of his views on the "peculiar institution" of slavery. In his memoirs, he summarizes his statement in this way: "I stated in explicit terms that I did not approve of the introduction of negro slavery. That it was a system begun in ignorance or disregard of human rights, and that nothing now remained but to conduct it in such a way as would tend to the best good of both master and servant. That I did not believe that any good could be done by the immediate abolition of slavery or that prospective measure could now be taken looking to emancipation in time to come, and that as a good citizen I should deem it my duty [to] use any influence I might pos-

sess to make the condition of the slave as good as the circumstances would allow."

While this rather moderate (for the times) position was acceptable to the southern college's governing board in 1848, Totten's northern origin eventually brought him under suspicion by the Virginia press, and in 1853 the *Richmond Examiner* accused him of harboring abolitionist opinions. His students rallied to his support, passing a resolution and writing to the newspaper to deny the accusation. Bishop Johns had led Totten to believe, when he was hired, that he would recommend Totten as his successor when he stepped down from the presidency of the college in 1854. It was clear, however, that public opinion would not support the appointment of a northerner like Totten, and he was passed over in favor of Professor Benjamin S. Ewell, a scion of an old Virginia family.

After sustaining this disappointment, Totten continued to teach at the college, but with growing dissatisfaction. When a fire destroyed the college's main building in early 1859, Totten's proposals for its replacement were

rejected, which seems to have reinforced his feeling that his opinions were not respected by his colleagues. He undertook the task of replacing the college's library, which had been destroyed by the fire, but he also began to seek another post elsewhere.

CAREER dissatisfaction was only one factor in Totten's decision to leave the state of Virginia. The climate in Williamsburg was not considered healthy; during their years there, the Tottens spent their summers either in the North or in the mountains to escape the fevers that were prevalent in the coastal region. (In fact, Totten was not initially attracted to the idea of moving to Virginia for this reason; "If I had not been so poor," he says in his memoirs, "I would have hesitated long before accepting the office.") There were financial considerations as well; in 1859 the board of visitors at William and Mary voted to reduce tuition fees, from which a portion of faculty salaries were drawn. Totten felt he could no longer support his family of seven at this level of pay. The increasing tensions of the times played their part as well; civil war seemed increasingly likely, and Totten was concerned for his family's safety.

In 1858, Totten had received a letter from Chancellor Amos Dean, inviting him to teach in Iowa, and although at the time he had declined, the notion of Iowa as an alternative to Virginia was becoming increasingly attractive. In the spring of 1859, he wrote to Iowa's Episcopal bishop Henry Lee, inquiring whether there might be a church post available in his diocese. Bishop Lee replied that there was a missionary station vacant in Iowa City, and that there were still professorships available at the new university there. He suggested that Totten might like to visit Iowa City to look the situation over.

In July 1859, Totten spent a week in Iowa City, investigating the situation at the university and talking with the vestry of the Episcopal congregation (who were so eager for a rector that they offered him the extravagant salary of \$1000 per year, twice their available funds). Learning that the university presidency was open, Totten applied for that post, as well as for

a professorship. He then returned to Williamsburg, having decided that no matter what position he was offered in Iowa, he would accept it.

His decision was based in large part upon his concern for his family's welfare. In 1845, one of his daughters had been seriously injured in a train accident, and throughout his journals Totten makes frequent reference to the health of his children, which was always of great concern to him. Their education was also important to him; Helen and Anna had been sent away to school in Schoharie, New York, while the family lived in Connecticut. Richard, who had attended the College of William and Mary from 1857 to 1859, could continue his studies at the University of Iowa, where Mary (who had taught herself to read at the age of three) could also be enrolled. Alfred would take classes in the university's preparatory school.

Despite Iowa's obvious advantages, the Totten family left Williamsburg on August 10, 1859, for their customary summer vacation in upstate New York "with sad hearts," knowing that they would not return to Virginia. (With characteristic caution, however, Totten did not notify the William and Mary administration that he was resigning until October, when he felt reasonably sure that the Iowa plan was going to succeed.)

AT ITS OCTOBER 25, 1859, meeting, the University of Iowa's board of trustees selected Totten from a field of three candidates (the other two were a Dr. Lillie and a Dr. Bushnell). The new president was directed to prepare a plan of organization for the university and hire the appropriate professors (one of whom, it was stipulated, should be Theodore Parvin, a former trustee who had been serving as curator since the university had suspended classes in 1858). Totten was to go to Des Moines in January 1860 to address the legislature, explaining his educational philosophy and describing his general plans for the university. His annual salary of \$2000 would not begin until June 1860, at which time he would officially enter upon his duties; until then he would be reimbursed for any expenses he incurred on the university's

behalf, but he would have to support his family from his own resources. To fill in the gap, Totten accepted the rectorship of Trinity parish on an interim basis.

The university that Totten was to head had been closed now for nearly two years. Most of the former faculty had left the Iowa City area. Former trustee Parvin, as curator and librarian, had taken charge of the university's small library and geological "cabinet" (a collection of rocks and other items for use in the natural science courses). The physical plant consisted of the former capitol (still in need of a good deal of work) and the roughed-in structure of a three-story boarding hall (South Hall) under construction just south of the old capitol. The normal school, which had continued to hold classes in the old capitol, was beginning its second full year; it had added a model (primary) school, to allow its students some practical experience in teaching.

Totten worked hard during the next several months. He planned to organize the university into six departments, on a design similar to that used at William and Mary; students could either follow a preset classical curriculum (such as Chancellor Dean had established), or select a course of study in one of the various departments, each of which could determine its own courses and qualifications for admission (in effect, an elective system, which was something of an innovation in the realm of higher education at the time). There was a heavy stress on classical subjects, which the eastern educational establishment (heavily influenced by the clergy) felt were an essential component

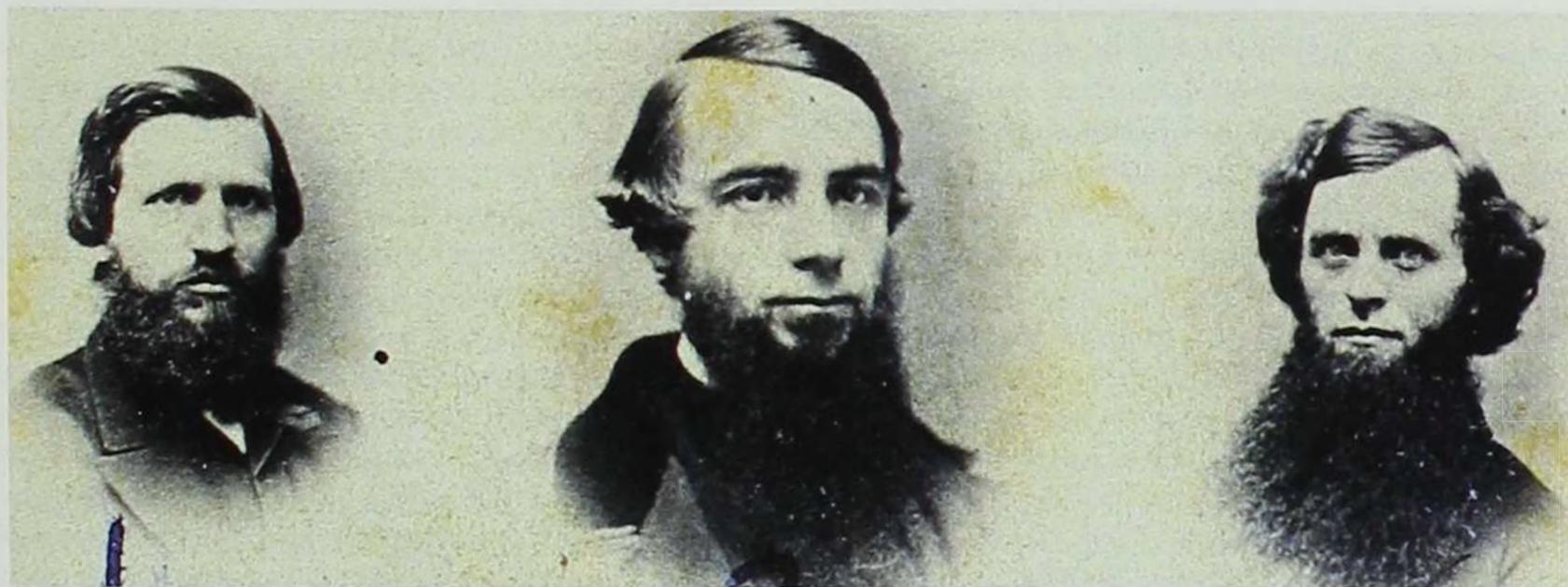
of higher education, but modern sciences were also included.

When he presented his plan in Des Moines, Totten was gratified by the reception it received from the legislators. He felt he would have strong support from Governor Samuel Kirkwood, who mentioned the university favorably in his January 11, 1860, inaugural address. There were, however, a few disquieting moments during Totten's January sojourn in Des Moines; some legislators took him aside during his free time to quiz him on his views of slavery and conditions in the state of Virginia. They refused to believe him when he assured them that, contrary to rumors they had read in newspapers, there had been no recent slave insurrections in Virginia.

Totten later observed that he had made a mistake in returning to Iowa City before the entire legislature had passed the bill he had recommended, which through a series of mishaps was delayed until after the session ended. However, the legislature did vote enough



Totten's faculty included (left) Theodore Parvin, (below from left) Nathan Leonard, Oliver Spencer, and D. Franklin Wells. Totten's appraisal of his colleagues ranged from excellent to eccentric to conceited.



UNIVERSITY OF IOWA ARCHIVES (IOWA CITY)

money to complete the necessary repairs to the old capitol and to place a roof on the new dormitory building before winter.

ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1860, classes were resumed. At first, there were only nine students (of whom Totten remarked that only his son Richard, who had completed two years at William and Mary, was properly qualified). The six departments were headed by five professors: Totten himself taught moral and intellectual philosophy and belles lettres, as well as history and political economy, for which he had not been able to find a professor. The mathematics department was headed by Nathan R. Leonard, former president of Yellow Springs College in Kossuth (a now-abandoned town near Mediapolis in Des Moines County). Ancient languages was first headed by Dr. James Lillie, a Scottish-born homeopathic physician, and chemistry and natural philosophy by Oliver Spencer, a Methodist minister and former president of the Xenia Female Academy in Xenia, Ohio; before the year ended, however, Lillie and Spencer exchanged chairs. Theodore Parvin headed the natural history department. One professor later recalled, "We were strangers to each other, and with the exception of Professor Parvin, were strangers to the people of Iowa City. Two of us were beyond the meridian of life, one about 40, the other two below thirty. All, save the eldest, Dr. Lillie, had more or less experience in college work."

Totten's own assessment of his staff was lukewarm at best; Leonard he thought "excellent," but Spencer he described as a "writer" who knew little of either of the subjects he had been hired to teach. Lillie he considered "eccentric" and better qualified in ancient languages than in chemistry, but more qualified in the latter than Spencer; and Parvin (whom he had had no choice in hiring) he described spitefully as "a small man, physically, intellectually and morally" who knew little of science and operated on tact, charm, and intrigue. D. Franklin Wells, principal of the normal school since it opened in 1856, Totten considered "a half-educated man trained in the nor-

mal school of the state of New York [who] had learned just enough to be conceited." But this was not Harvard, nor even William and Mary; a fledgling university in a frontier state had to make the most of the personnel available.

THINGS BEGAN well enough. With a few minor adjustments to the entrance requirements, the student body of the academic departments was increased to twenty-one (three of whom were women). It was decided to reopen the preparatory department in January 1861 (fortunately, E. M. Guffin, who had directed the preparatory department from 1855 to 1858, was still available, and willing to resume that position). This added 31 more students, and with the 120 students in the normal school, by the end of the spring term the university could claim a grand total of 172 students, half of them women. In 1861/62 enrollment rose to 254, and continued to climb steadily from that point.

Although his primary profession was that of an educator, Totten did not neglect his religious duties as an ordained minister. In June 1860, the university's board of trustees ruled that no member of the university faculty should be permitted to exercise his profession for pay. Totten agreed with this rule, which was intended to prevent members of the learned professions (including ministers, physicians, and lawyers) from neglecting their teaching duties. He resigned his rectorship of Trinity parish, although he continued to serve the church without pay through the winter of 1861, until they found a new rector. He frequently preached at the church, as well as conducting (in turn with his colleagues) Sunday chapel services for the students at the university. One of these sermons, preached in January 1861 and reported in the local press, urged a peaceful settlement of the sectional quarrels then disturbing the nation.

It was his deep moral conviction that war was not an appropriate means of settling political questions that eventually forced Totten to resign from the university. With the fall of Fort Sumter in April 1861, war fever swept the nation, and Iowa quickly became a bastion of Union sentiment. While it was undoubtedly a



HARPER'S WEEKLY (FEBRUARY 28, 1863)

Pro-South Copperheads threaten the Union in an 1863 political cartoon. In Virginia in the 1850s and Iowa in the 1860s, Silas Totten fell victim to the growing conflict between the North and the South.

source of great satisfaction to Totten when the College of William and Mary granted him an honorary doctorate of law in 1861, his eleven years in Virginia had become a political embarrassment. Although he did not make an issue of his pacifist views, his clear lack of enthusiasm for the war led to suggestions in Iowa City that he secretly supported the rebel cause.

The Civil War was noticeably affecting the university population. Although overall enrollment at the university was growing, the number of male students began to fall significantly as young men enlisted in the army. In 1860/61, the ratio of male to female students was 86 to 86; in 1861/62, it was 118 to 136; in 1862/63 it had dropped to 101 to 187.

For some students still enrolled, the focus shifted from academics to war. Students gathered in the Athenaeum building at Clinton and Market streets "for war exercises"; several of them volunteered in May 1861 with Company B of the First Iowa Regiment; and by the war's end some 124 young men had enlisted directly from the university. In October 1861 it was suggested that the university create a professorship in military tactics and civil and mili-

tary engineering (although due to lack of funds this suggestion was not adopted). Vigorous debates were held under the aegis of the Zetagathian Society (a student organization of which Totten's nineteen-year-old son Richard was a founding member) on such subjects as "Resolved, That our present national difficulties can never effectually be settled by compromise" and "Resolved, That it is wrong to condemn and oppose acts of the president which have a tendency to close the war."

The war had a financial effect on the university as well. The high cost of raising and equipping military regiments meant that it was necessary for the state to cut back expenditures elsewhere. Funds for all aspects of university administration were shrinking and often delayed. Totten's salary was cut from \$2000 to \$1500 and then to \$1200 (only slightly higher than the \$1000 salary paid an ordinary professor). Although he was given permission to share with the other professors in an equal division of tuition fees (which had also been lowered, from \$4 per course ticket to \$2), Totten was distressed. On his departure from the College of William and Mary, he had observed

that he could not support his family on a salary of \$1300; once again, he felt himself to be tottering on the brink of financial disaster.

TOTTEN WAS also increasingly concerned about the situation with regard to his older son. While some sources state that Richard Totten was one of the young men expelled from the Zetagathian Society in early 1862 for "copperhead" (or pro-South) sympathies, subsequently forming a new society of southern-sympathizers called the Ciceronian Society, there is little hard evidence to support this allegation. Zetagathian Society records list Richard Totten as president for the spring semester of 1862, and a society report dated September 26, 1862, states that "Mr. Totten, as chairman of a committee to obtain a new Hall for the society, reported that he had obtained one on the following conditions, viz: All furniture, books, etc., in the room to be left undisturbed, and *no filthy habits to be allowed.*" These references seem to suggest that Richard Totten was still a member in good standing in the fall of 1862.

Nevertheless, Richard Totten was regarded with suspicion by those who felt that every able-bodied Iowa youth ought to be bearing arms. On an evening in early August 1862, a rally was held at University Square (now known as the Pentacrest), at which speeches were made by such prominent figures as Governor Samuel Kirkwood, standard-bearer of the Iowa Republican party. In his memoirs, Totten recounts that a few days later when Richard was downtown, he was asked if he intended to enlist, and when the young man gave an evasive answer, the rumor spread that he had said "only a d—d fool" would enlist. The town marshall advised him to slip quietly away from the business district, but after he did so, a crowd of drunken revelers went to his home to look for him.

In a letter, sixteen-year-old Mary Totten describes what happened next: "It was a moonlight evening [and] my Sister and I sat down in the parlor . . . about ten o'clock Alfred [Totten's younger son, then fourteen] came running in from the gate and locking the door behind him called for a light. He then loaded

his guns and meanwhile told us that there was a mob approaching the house coming after Richard. R. had gone away and had escaped them, but they not knowing it were running toward the house with frightful shouts, drunk evidently, and drink-crazy — suddenly they stopped — when within about twenty feet of the gate — for the space of fifteen or twenty minutes they remained standing there, occasionally surging about as if about to press on anew. As near as I could judge, peeping through the blinds, there were about two hundred at the least. We were much frightened. Sister, who had been sick most of the day, was seized with a nervous trembling, which she could not control. . . . And now as I looked from the window the crowd with shouts and cries of a different nature was pouring off towards the town, leaving behind them my Mother, of whose presence among them we had not before been aware. . . . We ran out to her and . . . obtained [the following] account . . . Richard had found [Mother] and Father at a friend's and on telling them in what a situation he was the three started for home. They reached the outer gate just as the mob was coming. . . . Sending the others back my Mother came on alone. Stepping in front of the crowd, she said, waving her hand, 'Stop here! come no farther! what is your business here? what do you want?' The foremost, a burly looking Irishman with a large hammer in his hand, replied with an oath, 'We're lookin' for a secessionist, one Totten.' 'There is no such person here,' said she. 'that is my name and all of *my* family are loyal people. you've come to the wrong place, there's no secessionist here.' Then she flattered them a little, shook hands with one of them, ridiculed them and finally scared them with hints of firearms and of determined resistance & legal punishment. 'The Governor'll pardon us,' said one. 'Yes, but can the Governor bring you to life again after you're shot dead?' After a few more words — some well disposed person said, 'Come away, boys, let's leave the lone woman to herself. Hurrah for a treat!' And so they went away. When they reached the corner they set up a shout, 'Here he is — we've got him.' We thought then that R. was in their hands — that was a mistake — it was Father whom they had

met. Their drunken leader cried out, 'Here's Mister Totten, he's a good Union man.' 'Yes,' said Pa. 'Hurrah for the Union.' With that they gave three cheers for the Union — and shortly afterwards scattered. R. did not return home till the morning."

"I had known that people called me secessionist but I did not regard it," Totten later recalled. "Now the rabble had caught it and made it dangerous."

A FEW DAYS LATER, when the board of trustees convened for its August meeting, Totten had made his decision. He knew that he had lost the support of Governor Kirkwood, who preferred to have a university president whose views were more in line with the Republican administration's policies. There had been recent changes in the board's membership; most of the trustees were now strong supporters of the Republican party, and one of them had indicated to Totten that the recent "clamor" against him, whether based on truth or not, made it expedient for Totten to resign, for the good of the university. Totten himself believed — though there is no indication that he was correct — that there was a plot afoot among the Methodists on the board to replace him with Professor Oliver Spencer, a Methodist minister and outspoken supporter of the war effort.

Concerned for his family's welfare, financially insecure, and convinced that he had lost the confidence of the majority of the board of trustees, Totten on August 23, 1862, submitted his resignation. "Gentlemen," he wrote, "It appears that the condition of the funds of the University is such that it becomes necessary to reduce its expenditures. For this reason, and for private reasons not necessary to mention here I hereby tender to the Board of Trustees my resignation of the office of President of the State University of Iowa. I am gentlemen with great respect Your Obedient Servant, Silas Totten."

The board accepted his resignation, voting "unanimously to express their high appreciation of the diligence and ability with which Dr. Totten has discharged the duties of his Office during his brief connection with our

To the Board of Trustees of the
State University of Iowa
Gentlemen—
It appears that the
condition of the funds of the University
is such that it becomes necessary to reduce
its expenditures. For this reason and
for private reasons not necessary to men-
tion here. I hereby tender to the Board
of Trustees my resignation of the office
of President of the State University
of Iowa
I am gentlemen with great respect
Your Obedient Servant
Silas Totten
Iowa City August 23^d 1862

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA ARCHIVES (IOWA CITY)

Totten's letter of resignation referred to "private reasons not necessary to mention here." He submitted the letter soon after a local mob questioned the Totten family's loyalty to the Union.

institution and their regret at the existence of circumstances which constrain him to tender his resignation." They voted to grant Richard Totten the degree of bachelor of arts (upon application of Silas Totten and recommendation of the faculty). Then they elected the Rev. Oliver Spencer president of the university.

By resigning his university position, Totten had solved one of his problems, but the others remained. He needed to find another job, quickly, as he had not yet received his salary for the year. (A month later he would finally receive the \$1100 owed to him, plus \$56 for "expenditures made about the premises occupied by him" and \$2 for "cutting down weeds.") Also Totten was still concerned about Richard's future. There were rumors that a draft was imminent, and Totten (like many another father in his position) worried that his son might not be "constitutionally fit to go to the camp." He wrote to Bishop Lee, asking if there were any parishes vacant in the diocese. Lee replied that the best he could do was to arrange for Totten to serve as delegate to the

church's national convention in New York, and afterwards to engage in a fund-raising campaign for Griswold College in Davenport, which had closed due to lack of funds. Totten was not sanguine about his ability to raise the amount of money necessary, but he agreed to try; as the bishop's agent, he was entitled to a percentage of the funds raised as his fee. He arranged for his family to move to Davenport, presumably to escape further harassment, and then he boarded the train for the convention in New York. Meanwhile, he began writing letters to various acquaintances, inquiring about a possible teaching position for Richard — preferably in Canada. (After the war, Richard Totten would follow his father into the Episcopal ministry, attending seminary at Berkeley Divinity School in Middletown, Connecticut.)

TOTTEN'S attitude toward the war was fairly representative of that of many of the Episcopal clergy. Although Bishop Leonidas Polk was serving as a Confederate general, most of his fellow bishops felt, with Totten, that "the church ought not to meddle with the affairs of this world, not at least in its organized capacity." The specter of a divided church was deeply disturbing to those charged with its supervision. The Rev. Phillips Brooks, then a young minister, wrote of the 1862 convention, "it was ludicrous, if not sad, to see those old gentlemen sitting there for fourteen days, trying to make out whether there was a war going on or not, and whether if there was it would be safe for them to say so." The convention eventually passed three resolutions on the matter, which in effect stated, first, that the church should respect the civil authority and continue to offer prayers for the government; second, that while not condemning those who supported the rebellion, the church regretted the discord which their rebellion had brought about; and third, that the church would pray for a "speedy and complete success" of the war, and a "restoration of our beloved Union." (This cautious attitude served its purpose; the Episcopal church was one of the few major Protestant denominations that did not split into northern and southern factions — divisions that have carried over well into the latter part of the twentieth century.)

The convention over, Totten applied himself to fund-raising for Griswold College, and while he "found the business exceedingly disagreeable," he succeeded by March 1863 in raising the stipulated amount. He returned home by way of Decatur, Illinois, and in September he and his family settled in that city, where Totten accepted a call as rector of St. John's Church. There he is said to have also established a school for young women, assisted by his wife and two older daughters, which was moderately successful.

Three years later, the family moved to Lexington, Kentucky, where under the auspices of the Diocese of Kentucky he opened another school for young women, Christ Church Seminary, which would operate successfully until 1884. During this period, Totten also served the Diocese of Kentucky as a missionary-at-large, conducting services at various locations around the state. It was on such a journey, in October 1873, that he suddenly became ill. Although he reached the parish to which he was headed, he was unable to officiate. He died on the 7th of October.

SILAS TOTTEN was a man whose fate it was to never be properly appreciated for the diligence and capabilities he brought to the positions he held — a fact of which he was himself all too aware. His memoirs, written with a clear eye for detail and for the unexpected humor sometimes to be found in a situation, are filled also with the bitter complaints of one who time and again found his best efforts rejected by those whom he tried to serve. His dedication to the principle of compromise does not seem to have carried over into his dealings with people; a fellow clergyman who knew him well said, "With an intellect as cold and as clear as an icicle, there was yet a soul within [Totten], which I verily believe, would have taken him to the block, or to the stake, in witness of the truth of his convictions." Yet he was not a dour personality; during that stress-filled spring of 1861, when young male students spent more nights practicing their military drill than their Latin verbs, they could often cajole "good old Dr. Totten" into telling stories in class instead of quizzing them on their studies.

Totten's educational philosophy, which he explained in his plan for the University of Iowa and in other writings, contains many elements with which modern educators would agree: "The ability to read," he contended, "is the key with which [a person] may unlock the storehouse of knowledge." He supported universal access to education: "I would no more turn a youth out of College for poverty of intellect than for poverty of purse. Let him have an opportunity to make the most of the talent which he possesses, whether it be great or small." He identified three stages of education: reception, cultivation, and acquisition; the state, he contended, has a particularly strong interest in the first, in which general knowledge is spread through the common school, and the third, in which the bounds of knowledge are extended through original research in the university setting.

He was a firm advocate of formal education for women, preferably in a coeducational setting. "The sexes," he wrote, "are a mutual restraint upon each other in the family and in society generally and it would be strange if their association in the same school under proper restrictions would be injurious." He felt that corporal punishment in a school was ineffective; results came, he said, not from the severity of the punishment but the firmness, kindness, and consistency with which it was administered. Although he was a minister himself, he believed that a university "is for all religious denominations [and] can therefore teach the creed of none."

Totten published two books, *A New Introduction to the Science of Algebra for Use in Colleges and Academies* (1836) and *The Anal-*

ogy of Truth, in Four Discourses: Together with a Discourse on the Connection between Practical Piety and Sound Doctrine (1848). He also produced occasional pamphlets on religious and educational themes.

BECAUSE TOTTEN was not, as his eulogist the Rev. J. S. Shipman noted, "a man of salient points [or] showy peculiarities," historians have tended to dismiss him as a weak administrator, a man who was not up to the challenges he faced. Yet, as one writer remarks of Totten's years at Trinity College, "in view of the sweeping changes" that took place at the school during his tenure, "and assuming that the changes were for the better, the Totten Administration must be regarded as one of the most dynamic decades in the College's history. And it would be hard to believe that all of this progress was made in spite of President Totten. Certainly some of it must have been *because* of him."

The same judgment may be made of his influence on the University of Iowa. Although his presidency lasted only two years, he succeeded where Amos Dean had failed in placing the school on a viable footing. His departmental organization, though it was abandoned under the pressure of rising enrollments in 1865, is not too different in concept from the modern university format. He established a solid framework upon which the university has continued to develop. To dismiss him, as many writers seem to do, as a mere time-server with dubious political credentials, would be unfair to the memory of a man who could legitimately claim to have been one of the founders of the University of Iowa. □

NOTE ON SOURCES

The phrase "suspicion of disloyalty," quoted in the title, appears in Mary Totten's letter describing the mob in August 1862.

Primary sources consulted include the Silas Totten Papers (University Archives, Swem Library, College of William and Mary); University of Iowa catalogs, Zetagathian Society records, and minutes of the University of Iowa Board of Trustees (University of Iowa Archives, Iowa City); and material provided by Robert M. Chapman, a descendant of Silas Totten. Other sources include Thomas H. Benton, *1867 Commencement Address* (Davenport, IA, 1877); Vernon Carstensen, "The State University of Iowa: The Collegiate Department from Its Beginning to 1878" (University of Iowa diss., 1936); Anne W. Chapman, "The College of William and

Mary, 1849-1859: The Memoirs of Silas Totten" (The College of William and Mary thesis, 1978); Josiah Pickard, *Historical Sketch of the State University of Iowa* (reprinted from the *Annals of Iowa*, April 1899); J. S. Shipman, *In Memoriam: An Address Delivered in Christ Church, Lexington, Kentucky, Sunday Morning, October 12, 1873* (Lexington, KY, 1873); Theodore Waner, *History of the Zetagathian Society of the State University of Iowa* (Iowa City, 1911); Samuel Watson, "Silas Totten, DD, LLD," from *Iowa Historical Record* (Oct. 1895); Glenn Weaver, *The History of Trinity College* (Hartford, CT, 1967); and various other documents and sources regarding the early history of the University of Iowa. An annotated copy of this manuscript is held in the *Palimpsest* production files in Iowa City.

J. P. Doremus and his Floating Photograph Gallery

by Paul C. Juhl

NO ONE CAN BE SURE when the idea first came to John P. Doremus. It may have been when he crossed the Mississippi River on one of his return trips to Mitchell County, Iowa, in the late 1860s or early 1870s. It may have occurred to him while working in one of his nicely appointed photographic studios in New Jersey — or perhaps as he sought out vistas to photograph in the New Jersey hills and valleys surrounding Paterson, his native city. At any rate, it was an idea that would consume several summers of his life in the 1870s and early 1880s, and would create an unparalleled photographic history of the Mississippi River valley.

The idea was an ambitious one. Doremus planned to build a “floating photograph gallery.” The gallery — an elaborate flatboat — would be equipped with cameras and house a darkroom and studio as well as living quarters for Doremus. In this floating gallery, Doremus would travel down the Mississippi from the river’s source in Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico, capturing the beauty of the river and documenting the lives of the people who lived along it.

Being a businessman as well as an artist, he hoped to profit from his investment of five thousand dollars by selling his photographs in the popular new format called stereographs (or stereo views). In anticipation of the investment return, Doremus named his boat the *Success*.

Although Doremus was certainly no stranger to the Midwest, his roots were in the East. Born on July 21, 1827, near Paterson, New

Jersey, to parents of old Dutch families, Doremus’s first career was that of a painter-glazier, a skill he learned as an apprentice. In 1852, at the age of twenty-five, he married Sarah Schoonmaker and, two years later, the first of their seven children, Harry, was born. In 1856, the young couple and their son accompanied Sarah’s brother to frontier Iowa, where they settled near the newly platted village of Riceville in Mitchell County, Iowa. That autumn the family encountered first-hand the rigors of life on the Iowa prairie. A prairie fire on October 2 “covered a wide stretch of country, and destroyed the stacks of grain and hay of the few early settlers,” according to an 1883 county history. “Mrs. Doremus [*sic*] saved their house, after the supply of water had run out, by pouring milk on the angry flames.”

After the birth in Iowa of their second son, the Doremus family evidently decided to return to the East. Back in Paterson, New Jersey, Doremus switched careers and entered the relatively new profession of photography in 1863 and perfected his skills throughout the decade. His diary, started in 1867, documents the expansion of his New Jersey portrait studios; by the mid-1870s, two sons, Harry and Leonard, had entered the business.

Prospering as a portrait photographer, Doremus undoubtedly saw the artistic and financial potential of innovations such as the stereograph, which used twin photographs to create a sense of depth. Doremus was intrigued by this format, realizing that the perception of depth would enhance landscape photography. The overwhelming popularity of



MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE

John P. Doremus and his family gather to view stereographs — a leisure and educational activity of thousands of American families in the late nineteenth century. From left: Martha (“Mattie”), wife Sarah, Annie, John P., Harry, and Leonard. Doremus’s family sometimes shared his photographic adventures on the Mississippi.

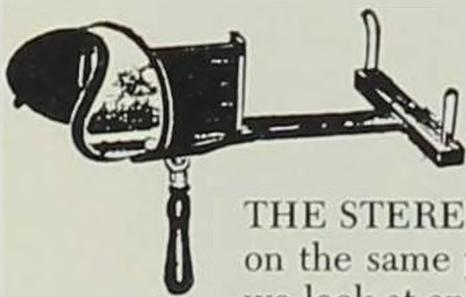
the stereograph had created a steady market for new material, as more and more Americans spent evenings in their parlor viewing local, national, and foreign scenes through hand-held or pedestal stereoscopes. Doremus apparently concluded that stereography was an ideal way to capture and market the natural beauty of the Mississippi River valley. His prosperity as a portrait photographer probably allowed him to take this risk.

Doremus makes no mention in his diary of his grandiose plan to photograph the Mississippi, although entries indicate that he maintained his ties to relatives and friends in Iowa. A diary entry enroute to Riceville in July 1872 suggests that his photographer's eye was alert to the beauty and visual appeal of the river. He writes on July 13th, "Took a good bath at bath house on Mississippi after which went with George in buggy to Rock Island to see the government works [the federal arsenal], then to town of Rock Island, then back by ferry and a ride up the bluff. Have a splendid land and water view." Doremus would later include several of these views around Davenport in his stereograph series.

In the late winter of 1873/74, Doremus again left New Jersey to visit midwestern relatives, and in the *Minneapolis Daily Tribune* of March 13, 1874, we find an announcement of his dream: "A FOUR YEAR TRIP. Mr. John P.

Doremus of Paterson, N.J., a practical photographer, is in the city and is making preparations to take a trip down the river for the purpose of taking stereoscopic views of the scenery. He has been engaged for some time in supplying this class of views to the wholesale trade and now proposes to take a series of views which he thinks will be more popular than any in the market. He will have a flatboat built here at once, 65 by 85 feet in size large enough to carry his apparatus and his house and will start from below the falls early in the spring. Before he goes, he will take a number of views of the scenery in this city and vicinity. His trip will extend to New Orleans and will take four or five summers to complete."

AFTER CONTRACTING for construction of his boat, Doremus returned to New Jersey to ship nearly two tons of freight to the Twin Cities. This included cameras and stands, glass (probably a high-grade, pre-sized glass for glass-plate negatives), and household goods, such as a marble-top table, bedding, and canned fruit. By mid-July 1874, the *Success* was ready to be launched, a mile below the Falls of St. Anthony in Minnesota. Although the *Success* was apparently not the only floating photograph gallery — Doremus mentions a few others in his diary — it may well have been



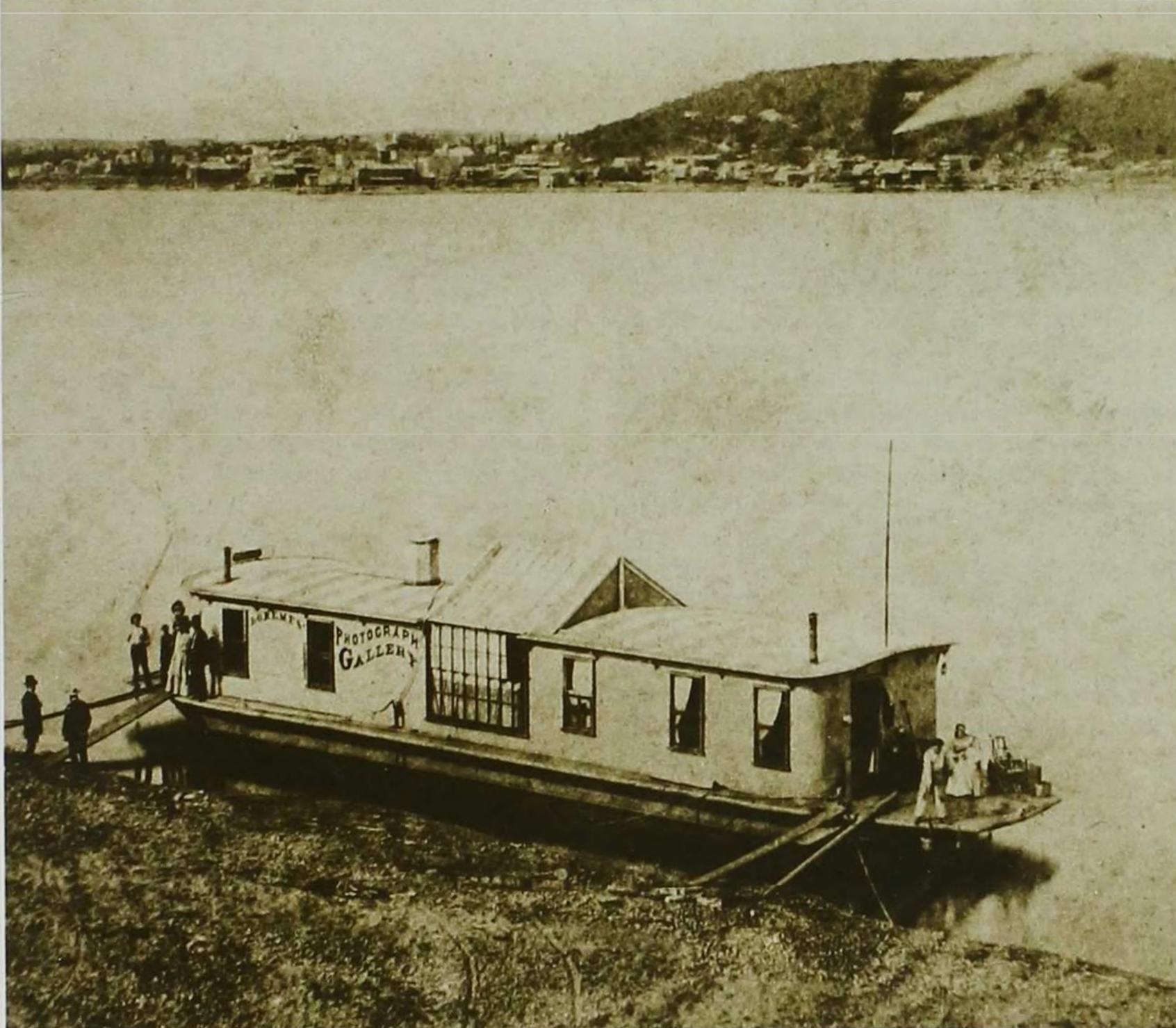
The Stereoscope: 3-D View of the Past

THE STEREOSCOPE was designed to work on the same principle as the human eye. As we look at an object, each eye sees a slightly different view. Our brain combines the two views into one view that is three-dimensional. The inventors of the stereoscope determined a similar effect could be created by placing twin photographs set side by side on a mount. By viewing this stereograph through a special lens or a hand-held stereoscope, a single image with depth or dimension could be seen.

The most successful views had a distinct vanishing point that helped create a sense of depth perception. Sometimes people or animals were

included in the composition to give a sense of scale. The photographer used a special camera with twin lenses about 2½ inches apart, approximately the same distance that separates human eyes.

Stereography was introduced in America in 1850, soon after its invention in England. Photographers, excited by the possibilities of a three-dimensional image, took to the field. A steady market for this new form of photography encouraged many, like Doremus, to create images that document the nation's emerging industrial and urban landscape along with remote frontier scenery. Between the 1860s and 1910, millions of stereographs were produced, including over a thousand views of Iowa.



MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—LA CROSSE

The *Success* (summer 1875) across from Hudson, Wisconsin.

There were really two distinct periods of popularity for stereographs (or stereo views). The early innovators, working from the mid-1860s to 1880, created unique regional documents of a particular locale or famous landmarks. The style and quality varied and often reflected the idiosyncratic tastes of the individual photographer. Later, around the turn of the century, a huge commercial market developed as stereographs were mass produced and distributed. These images, intended to appeal to a broad audience, placed less emphasis on local scenery. The subject matter varied widely from standardized views to ridiculous (and sometimes racist and sexist) humor. Still, stereographs were designed to be both entertaining and enlightening.

Stereographs were immensely popular as a form of home entertainment and an important educational resource in the days before radio and television. Leisure time was limited and vacation trips

were not as common so families would gather together to take fantasy trips by looking at boxed sets of views of Niagara Falls, Yellowstone, or the Chicago World's Fair. Geography lessons in school and at home were enhanced with photos of exotic places such as Egypt or the Far East. Many public and school libraries across the nation acquired large sets of stereograph cards for educational purposes.

Stereo photography is significant because the public eagerly adopted this new source of visual information. In an era when many people were self-educated, these views served as an important supplement to their daily reading of books and illustrated magazines. The views captured a record of daily life or a glimpse of faraway places, as well as reflecting the dominant values in this period.

—Mary Bennett, audiovisual archivist,
State Historical Society of Iowa

the most elaborate. "The whole affair [is] finished off in the best style," he writes, "with projecting roof handsomely [bracketed] and the corners of the cabin rounded in first class steamboat style." The eight rooms sported "a profusion of moulding on ceilings and sides."

With local help hired, Doremus launched the *Success*. In 1874 and 1875 he photographed Minnesota and Wisconsin, and in 1876 he turned his camera toward Iowa. By now he had added another vessel to his "flotilla," a 15 × 45 foot boat to be used as a printing gallery and workroom. His season on the river lasted as long as the river was navigable; in the winter he returned to New Jersey. In the summer his family would sometimes join him on his adventure.

Although it's not clear whether the boat was self-propelled in some way, Doremus maneuvered the *Success* downriver by the current or was towed by ferries or steamboats. Other times he anchored the *Success* and set off in a rowboat, ambitiously crisscrossing the river to post advertisements, find customers, or photograph new sights. "Left Trempealeau [Wisconsin] at 7 a.m. The wind was up stream and it rained some," he writes on May 7, 1877. "Made La Crosse, Wisconsin at 11. Sold no views. After dinner I started and reached DeSoto, Wisconsin, 45 miles further at 7 p.m. Got lost in Coon [Slough] and missed Victory, Wisconsin by taking the wrong channel. Made 66 miles today." Another time he reports a "splendid run getting to Burlington, Iowa 27 miles about sundown, the longest run I ever made in one day without being towed."

Doremus's diary portrays the Mississippi as a busy commercial thoroughfare churning with steamboats, lumber rafts, ferries, and occasionally other commercial enterprises. (He photographed an umbrella maker's boat and comments about "Proctor's floating gallery built in imitation of mine.") The diary also conveys a sense of adventure and danger: rough waters and summer storms, sandbars and snags. "We went through the Devils Elbow, a crooked place in the river very much dreaded by raftsmen at midnight," he records for October 7. "We got along very well going on shore only once when a tree caught us and took one of the brackets off." Other times the

river traffic itself posed danger: "Harbored down near shore as we were in the channel and in danger from rafts and steamboats. We are getting negatives ready and silvering paper for printing tomorrow."

Besides photographing landscapes and towns for stereographs, Doremus apparently also photographed individuals in the popular carte-de-visite and cabinet card formats. A room on the *Success* was fitted out as a studio, and his promotional pamphlets assured the public that "the inhabitants of the smaller towns where an artist cannot find constant employment, will be enabled to have their likenesses taken in the multitude of styles known to the art." Yet for the bulk of his work he used the special stereoscopic camera with twin lenses. The diary suggests that during winters in New Jersey, he produced the stereographs by pasting a pair of nearly identical photographic prints onto rectangular cardstock preprinted with his name and logo. On February 27, 1877, he notes, "Have been home near two months. Have had a thousand small pamphlets printed describing my Mississippi trip for gratuitous circulation. Bought stock, printed a lot of stereos." His optimism seems warranted; by the previous September he had sent home seven hundred dollars earned on the *Success*.

Ready for his 1877 season on the river, Doremus left New Jersey for the Midwest and was soon "fixing up my boat [with] carpenters making alterations." On March 6 he notes, "The river is almost all covered with floating ice. My boats are firmly frozen in and the floating ice rattles against that which is stationary making a noise at night like the rattling of a lot of light wagons over the frozen ground."

PROUD OF THEIR majestic river scenery and local landmarks, midwesterners undoubtedly bought his stereographs. A stereoscope and a pile of stereographs were commonplace in American parlors, and retailers and families alike were probably eager to buy new views from Doremus. "Just sold a gross of stereos to Seymour & Co., price \$12.00," he notes in April, and two days later, "This morning after selling a



Detail from Doremus stereograph

gross of views, I started and rowed across the lake [Pepin?] in the face of a hard wind and waves like steamboat rollers to Hudson, Wisconsin. Got there in time to sell a few views." Customers also included steamboat captains; in May 1877 Doremus writes, "Left Sabula and after going a short distance was overtaken by the steamer J. W. MILLS with a raft. They wanted some pictures taken."

Stereographs were often marketed in sets or series, and avid collectors could check the typeset "back list" (pasted on each card) to see what other views were available in that series. According to an advertising brochure, Doremus intended to photograph an assortment of "wild western scenery, embracing views of towns and cities, lumbermen sorting logs and building their rafts; scenes on the 'Diamond Jo' line of steamboats, and a number of beautiful and picturesque bits of scenery." On all counts, he succeeded; Doremus's first seven series featured 197 scenes between Minneapolis and Keokuk. He photographed from a variety of vantage points — grain elevators, the Dubuque shot tower, the Clinton water works tower, rooftops, aboard steamers, and from sandbars. The fifth, sixth, and seventh series include Iowa scenes; beginning with view #130 one can follow the course of his trip during the summers of 1876 and 1877. The diary entries often mention the places photographed.

After 1877, Doremus headed downriver, continuing his dream to photograph the Mississippi to New Orleans. Less is known about these later years. Some stereographs exist of Missouri sights, and in August 1879, a Mitchell County (Iowa) newspaper refers to his floating gallery in Randolph, Tennessee.

John Doremus did return to Iowa in 1883 at age fifty-five to look after land interests and establish a photography studio in Riceville. The *Mitchell County Press* of August 16, 1883,

reported that he was "commencing the erection of the largest set of farm building[s] in the county" and that an architect was preparing house plans. Three months later, the newspaper reported that Doremus was refitting a store as a photograph gallery and assured readers that he "is a first class artist and will get the business in the locality."

But within two years, the Doremus family decided again to move back to New Jersey. Although John Doremus retained some financial interests in the Mitchell County area, it appears that he never returned to Iowa. He did, however, continue to winter in the South and it was there in January of 1890 that he died of acute gastritis.

No doubt, some Doremus images are still to be located in family collections of stereographs tucked away for nearly a century after their popularity waned. Many of Doremus's stereographs, printed on orange cardstock, are easily identified by his logo, an anchor draped with a banner labeled "SUCCESS." And by many measures of the good life, Doremus and his floating photograph gallery were a success: he had combined business sense, ingenuity, adventure, and artistic sensibility. Certainly he was a witness to the variety of livelihoods once supported by the Mississippi River and the towns that thrived or lazed along its shores. Today, all that remains of the Doremus floating gallery are the yellowed pages of his diary and the well-worn stereographs held by public archives and private collectors. Yet his words and images create a fascinating portrait of river life in Iowa and the upper Midwest in the 1870s, and document the life and contributions of one of America's innovative pioneer photographers. □

Turn the page to begin a visual trip down the Mississippi, as photographed by J. P. Doremus.

MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE



MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE



Top left: Pontoon bridge at North McGregor (now Marquette), Iowa (August 1876).

Bottom left: Point Estes near confluence of the Turkey and Mississippi rivers. (Date unknown. Doremus wrote in his diary about rowing up the Turkey River in October 1876.)

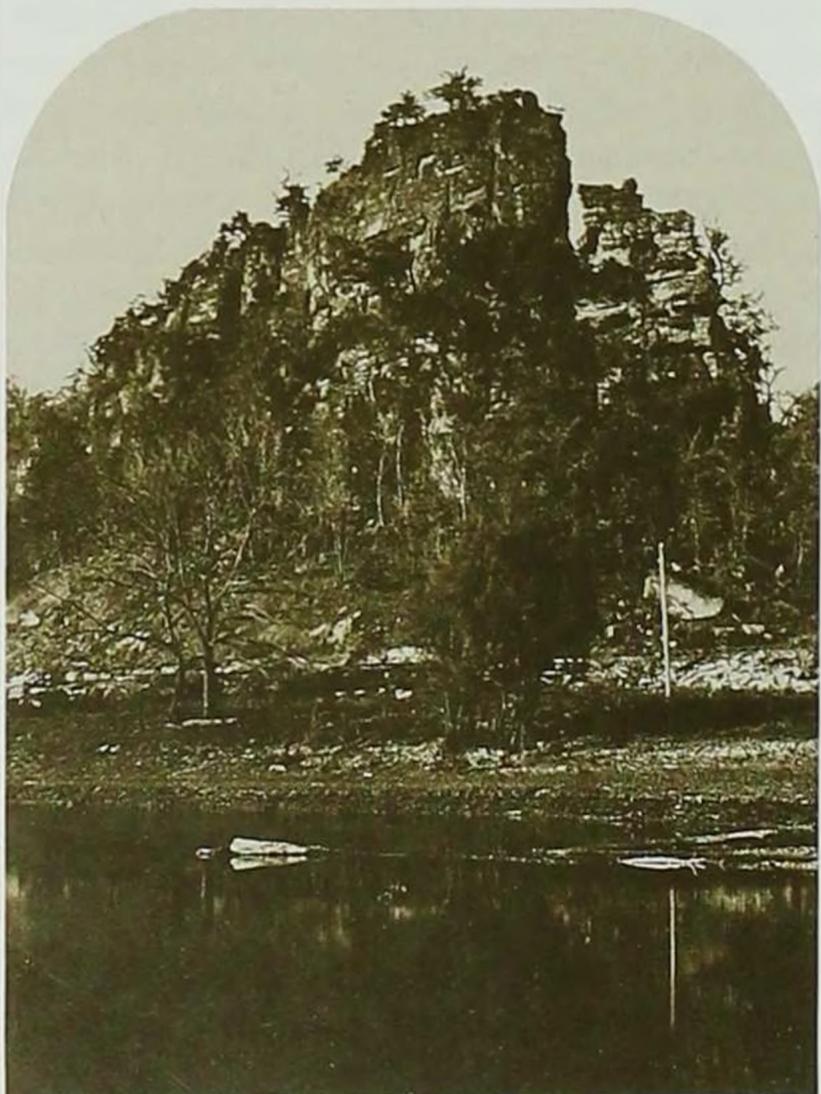
Above: The stereograph is labeled "Glen of the Pictured Rocks." On August 24, 1876, below McGregor, Doremus wrote, "The wind was up stream this morning, but we managed to get half a mile further to the pictured rocks where I took several negatives."

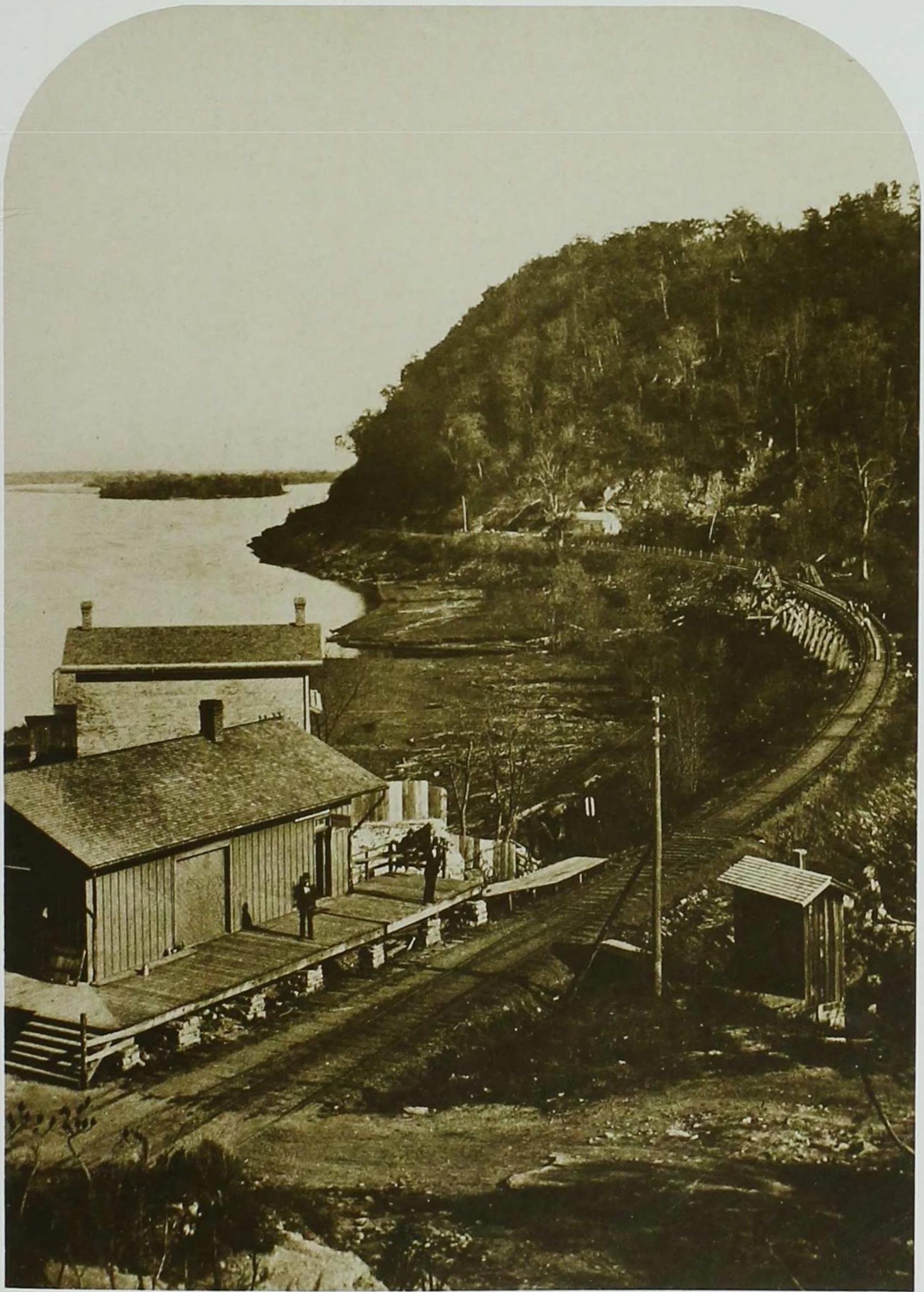
Opposite: Depot at Buena Vista, Iowa (summer 1876). Doremus often traveled by train to inland towns, to advertise his business or to visit acquaintances in Riceville, Iowa.

Stereograph manuals often advised photographers to include a person in the image to provide scale, or to set up a shot with a distinct vanishing point to enhance the sense of depth.

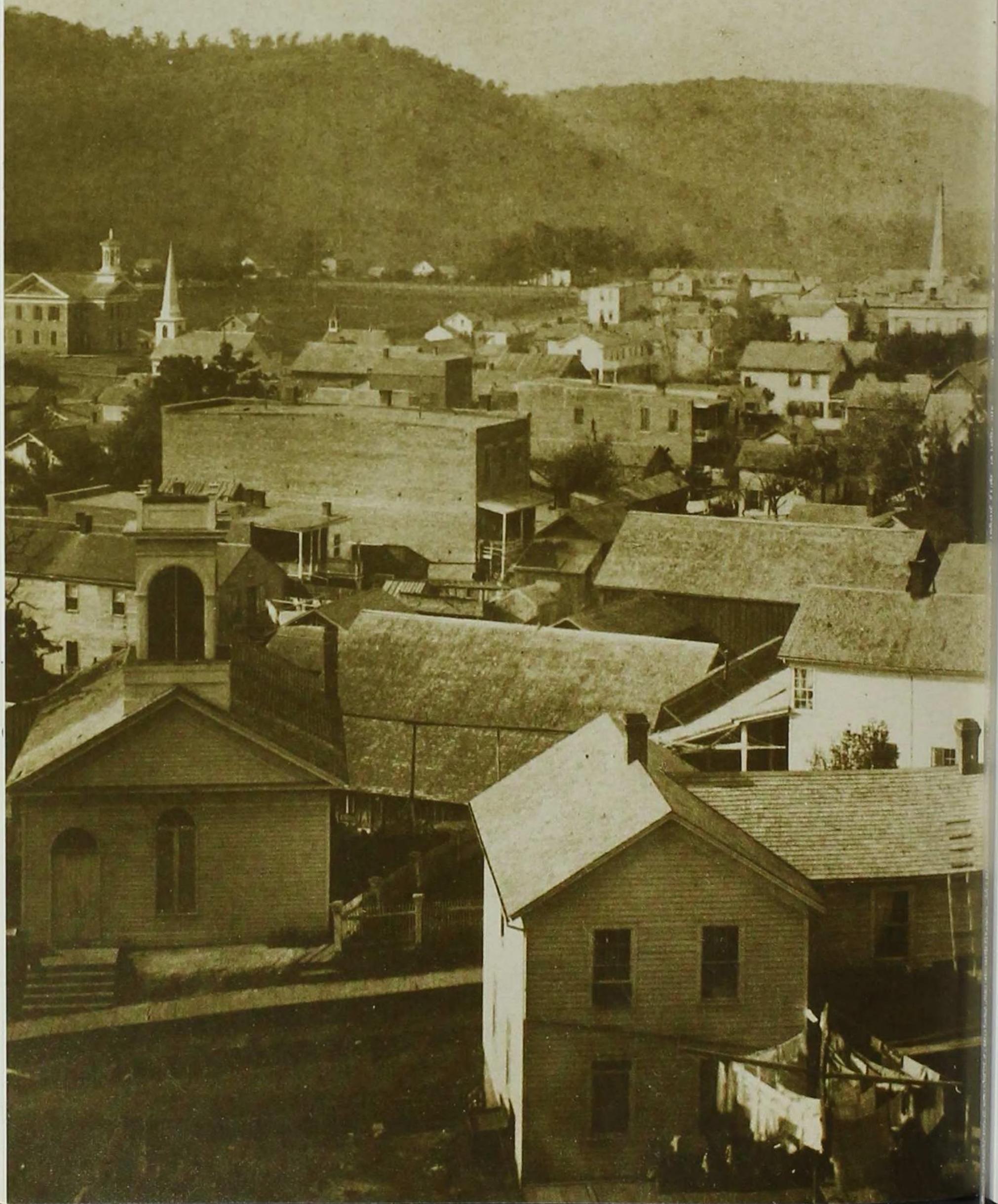
Note: A stereograph, or stereo view, has twin images mounted side-by-side (see back cover). The following images represent only half of each stereograph.

MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE





MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE

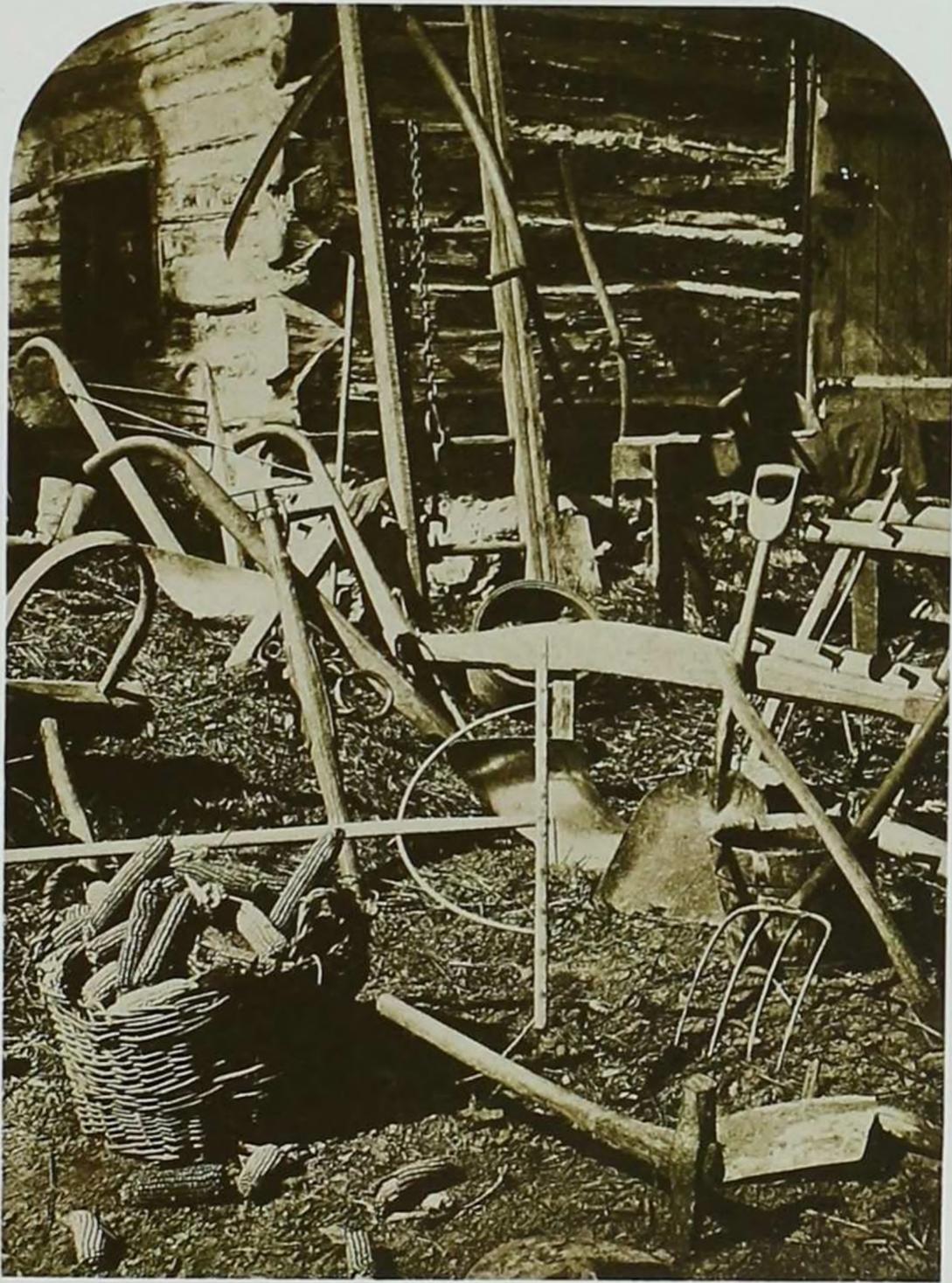




BOTH PAGES: MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE

Above: In the foreground, a man relaxes on a hillside overlooking Buena Vista, Iowa (summer 1876).
Left: Lansing, Iowa (August 1876).





BOTH PAGES: MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE

Both pages: Barnyard scene and farm implements, near Buena Vista, Iowa (summer 1876). Above: note the man in the window. Many of Doremus's images document occupations, as well as urban and natural landscapes.



MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE



MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE

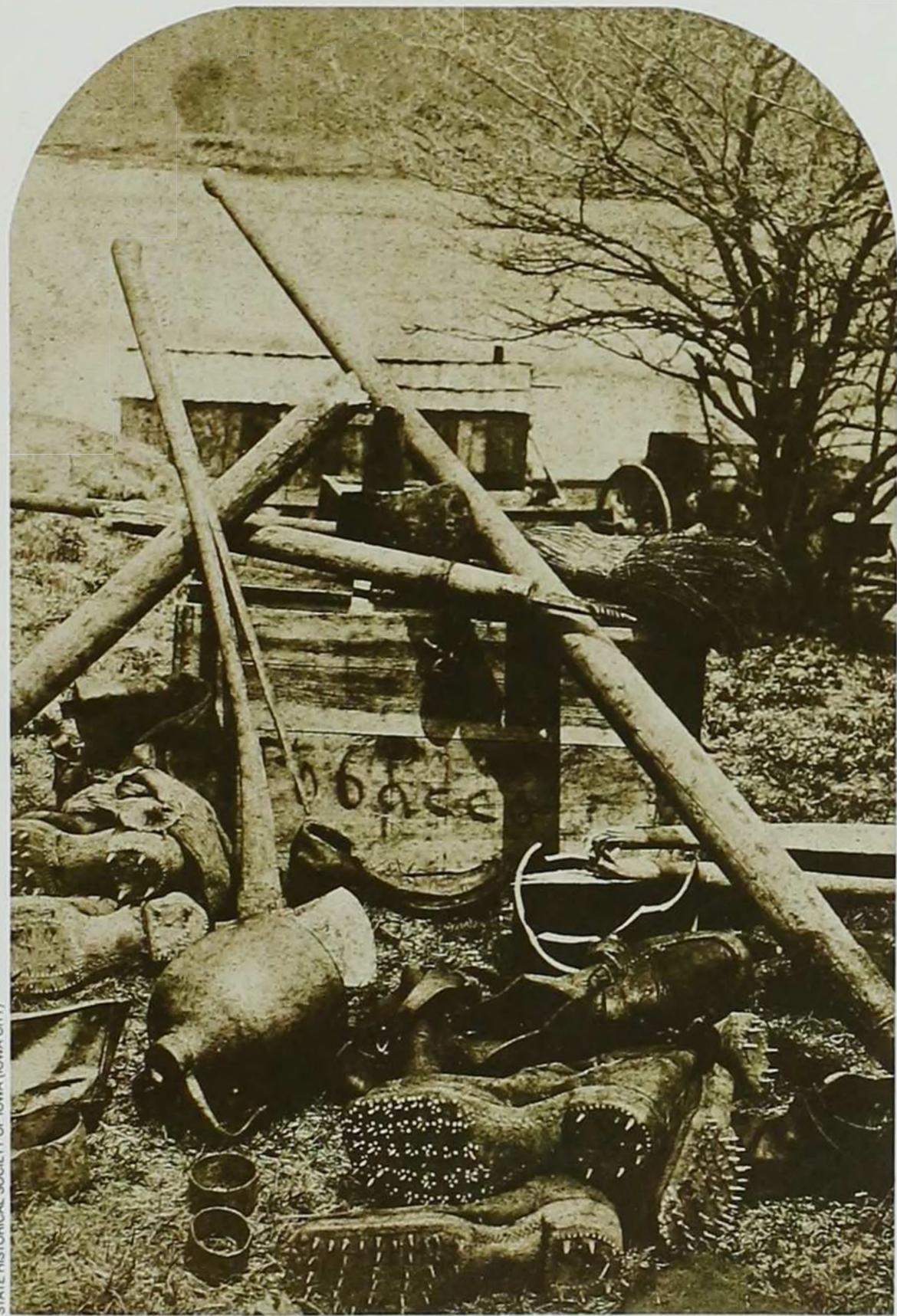
Vessels on the Mississippi ranged from elaborate to primitive. Above: The *Success* — frozen in the Mississippi. The replica of a camera on the roof was probably an advertising gimmick. The small boat behind the *Success* had a printing “gallery” and workroom. (See Doremus’s description of the *Success* below.) Opposite: A wanigan (a floating work area), used by cooks for a steamboat crew (on the St. Croix River, about 1876).

“The boat is a little palace in itself, complete in all its appurtenances. The deck is 18 × 76 feet, on which there is built a miniature house. Upon entering the inside of the boat, one is ushered into the reception room 8 × 16 feet, fitted up handsomely with marble top table, water cooler, and oil paintings, chromos, carved brackets, etc., showing taste and lavish expenditure. — Two doors in the left lead, one into a toilet room six feet square and the other into a room 6 × 9 feet, for the use of Mr. Doremus. Folding doors open into the operating room 14 × 30, at the end of which is a door leading to a private dining room and private parlor 8 × 14 feet, one door from which leads to a state room 6 × 7 feet with two [berths] in it. Another door leads to a kitchen 7 × 11 feet, connected with which is a large sized pantry and a storeroom. — Under all is a hold three feet deep, well ventilated by air shafts, to be used for storage. The whole is finished in the best style, with projecting roof handsomely bracketed. Inside there is a profusion of moulding on the ceiling and sides of the room, each room to be moulded and painted in a different style with regard to the best artistic effect.”

(From Doremus’s 1877 pamphlet, *Floating Down the Mississippi: A Work Descriptive of the Past and Proposed Journeyings of an Artist engaged in Photographing the Magnificent Scenery Along the Father of Waters.*, quoted in *S&D Reflector* (March 1988).)



The *Le Claire Belle* towboat with log raft (about 1877).



STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA (IOWA CITY)

"Played Out? The remains of the River Driver's equipment at the end of the cruise." Doremus photographed objects used by the workers who rafted logs down river: spiked shoes, poles for coralling logs, keg, and tobacco chest.



MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE

Drilling a well (location and date unknown).

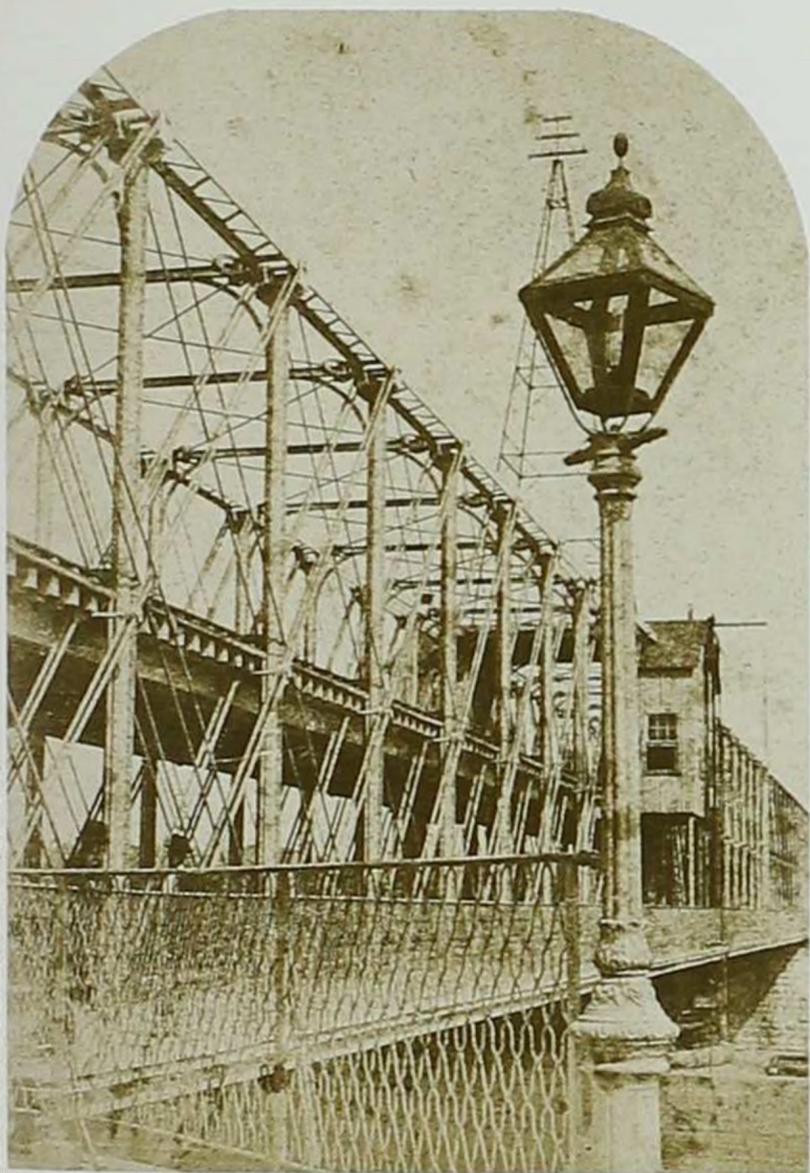


MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE

The steamer *Iowa City* towing a raft of logs, bound to a sawmill (about 1877).

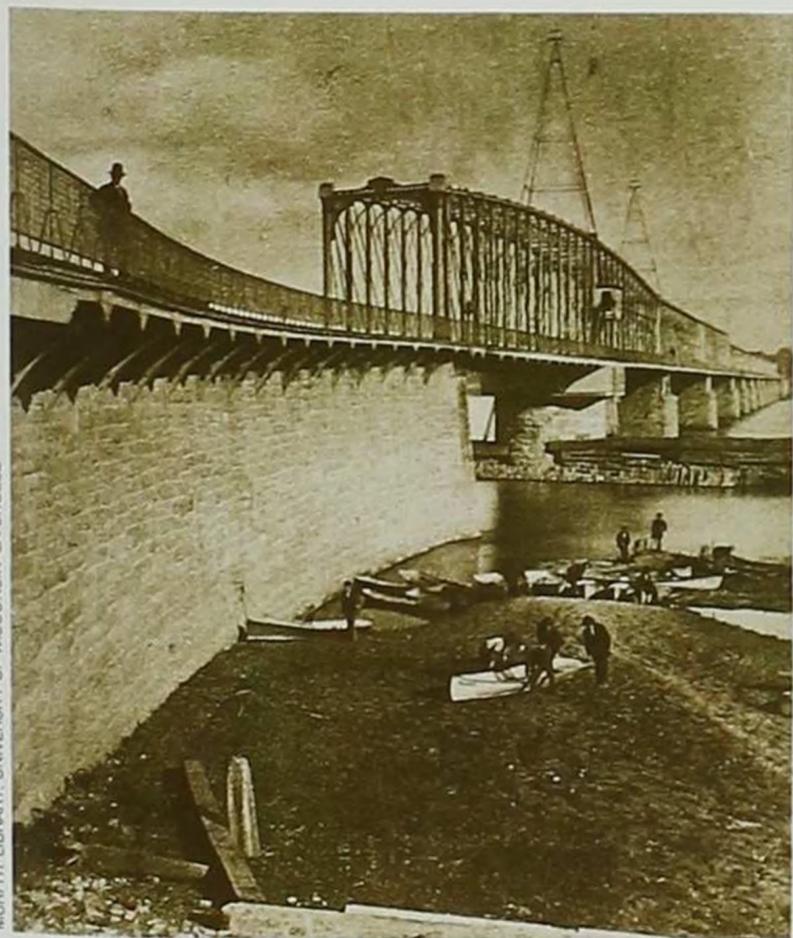


Muscatine, Iowa (September 1877).



STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA (IOWA CITY)

Right: Lists on back of Doremus stereographs. Above: Bridge from Davenport, Iowa, to Rock Island Arsenal (1877 or 1878). Below: Bridge over the Mississippi at Keokuk, Iowa (September 1877). Bridges worked well as subject matter for stereographs because the vanishing point enhanced the depth of the view.



MURPHY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-LA CROSSE

The following Comprise the Sixth Series.

- 185 View of Victory, Wis.
- 186 Ferry boat at DeSoto, Wis.
- 187 Clayton Cascade, Clayton, Iowa.
- 188 Lossing Waterfall, Clayton, Iowa.
- 189 Guttenberg, Iowa.
- 140 Big Spring, Guttenberg, Iowa.
- 141 Fairy Dell, Guttenberg, Iowa.
- 142 Glen Haven, Iowa.
- 143 C. D. & M. Railroad Bridge, Turkey River, Iowa.
- 144 Point Estes, Turkey River, Iowa.
- 145 Cassville, Wis.
- 146 Buena Vista, Iowa.
- 147 Point Lookout, Buena Vista, Iowa.
- 148 View down the Mississippi from Buena Vista, Iowa.
- 149 Barn Yard scene, Buena Vista.
- 150 Farming tools of the olden time.
- 151 Lansing, Iowa.
- 152 Scenes on a raft towed by steamer Iowa City.
- 153 Savanna, Ill., from the bluff.
- 154 Savanna, Ill., from the elevator.
- 155 Savanna, Ill., from the river.
- 156 Building the winter bridge of the Western Union Railroad at Sabula, Iowa.
- 157 Transfer boat of the W. U. R. R. in winter quarters at Sabula, Iowa.
- 158 Pork Packing Establishment at Sabula, Iowa.

The following comprise the Seventh Series.

- 159. View of Dubuque, I., from the Shot Tower.
- 160. Railroad Bridge across the Miss. at Dubuque.
- 161. View of Clinton, Iowa.
- 162. R. R. Bridge across the Miss. at Clinton, Ia.
- 163. View of Port Byron, Ills., from Le Claire.
- 164. View of Le Claire, Ia., from Port Byron.
- 165. View of Rapids City, Ills.
- 166. Coal Mine at Rapids City, Ills.
- 167. Steamer Robt. Ross, coaling up at Hampton, Ills.
- 168. Steamer Iowa pushing a raft.
- 169. View of Davenport, Ia., from the Tower of Rock Island Arsenal.
- 170. Davenport, Ia., from the tower of School House.
- 171. Dav. Bridge, Upper or Railroad Section.
- 172. Dav. Bridge, Lower or Carriage Road section.
- 173. Interior views of Dav. Water Works.
- 174. Cathedral of the Diocese of Iowa, Davenport.
- 175. Episcopal Cathedral and Bishops House, Davenport, Iowa.
- 176. Griswold College, Davenport, Ia.

ROCK ISLAND ARSENAL.

- 177. Government Bridge from Davenport, Iowa, to Rock Island Arsenal.
- 178. View from the Tower of Storehouse A. Main Avenue, entrance gates, &c.
- 179. Near view of Entrance Gates.
- 180. Commanding Officers Quarters
- 181. Shops A, C & E. (Main Avenue)
- 182. Pump House.
- 183. Col. Rodman's Monument.
- 184. Entrance to Cemetery
- 185. West Front of Armory, Shop B.
- 186. Interior of Shop A.
- 187. Bridge from R. I. Arsenal to Moline, Ills.

- 188. View of Andalusia, Illinois.
- 189. View of Muscatine, Iowa.
- 190. View of Burlington, Iowa.
- 191. R. R. Bridge across Miss. at Burlington.
- 192. View of Montrose, Iowa.
- 193. Sternwheel Steamer Ashland.
- 194. View of Keokuk, Ia.
- 195. Bridge across Miss. at Keokuk, Ia.
- 196. Repairing the Lower Lock of Des Moines Rapids Canal.
- 197. Cabin of Passenger Steamboat Golden Eagle.

The Doremus diary:

Dodging sandbars & log booms

Doremus's diary begins in 1867. The following entries are excerpts from his years along the Iowa portion of the Mississippi River.—The Editor

Thursday, Oct. 12th [1876]. Took views about Buena Vista Tuesday and Wednesday. Today I went on the ARKANSAS with the LADY ANNIE to Cassville. Rowed up the Turkey River, telegraphed down for my apparatus and took ten negatives of the bridge and bluff. Got back to the boat at six o'clock. Went back on the railroad cars, leaving my boat on the Turkey River.

Saturday, Oct. 14th. Put my small boat on the railroad cars and went to the Turkey River station. Rowed from there to Cassville, Wisconsin. Took some views from the top of the Dennison house where I had to tie my dark tent and camera fast on account of the high wind. Rowed back about four o'clock.

Monday, Oct. 23rd. Reached Savanna, Illinois about 9 o'clock. I was in my dark room developing and they cast off too soon and the wind took us on shore a half mile too far up. Laid there until sun-down and started but ran upon a rock and stuck.

Tuesday, Nov. 7th. Sent to Capt. E.J. Chacey, Albany, Minnesota, a tinted stereo of his boat HELENE SCHULENBURG and the WHITMORE towing rafts at Lansing.

Tuesday, Dec. 5th. Went to Sabula this morning and took some negatives of the pork packing establishment. Will came in a hurry to tell me there was 16 inches water in the hold so I walked back leaving him to bring the things by the train. Have got the ferry pump in and a man pumping her out now at 10:30 p.m.

[Doremus returned to the East Coast on December 21, 1876; within two months he was back on the Mississippi.]

Sunday, March 11th [1877]. It has been extremely cold but the weather moderated this morning and about noon it commenced to snow and is snowing hard now. Had a conversation today with Capt. McCracken regarding the Diamond Jo Line of steamers. The owner is Jo Reynolds who first started in business buying furs and skins along the river carrying his scales with him. He wore a large diamond breastpin from which he got the name of Diamond Jo. His steamers are called the Diamond Jo Line.

Wednesday, May 23rd. Took negatives from the tower of the Clinton water works in the forenoon and of the bridge in the afternoon. Lost my Dalmeyer stereo tubes (\$80) in the river. Offered a reward of five dollars and got them again.

Thursday, May 24th, 1877. Started at 5 this morning. Current took us wrong at the bridge, so we went the wrong side of the pier and into a boom filled with logs. I got my anchor up stream. Hired four men and pulled up and into the channel. Took up anchor and started down. The steamer LITTLE EAGLE with a raft overtook us so I bargained with them to take pictures of their boat for them and have them tow us to Princeton, Iowa. . . .

Monday, July 16th. The steamboat which was to tow us to Davenport having stopped running, forced us to start down the rapids on our own hook this morning. We pulled across the river and got along very well until after dinner when the wind rose and we tied up. I swung the hammock on shore under some crabapple trees and the rest of them, Al, Hattie, and Lizzie set up the arches and commenced playing croquet. After supper we started again. We kept a little too close to the Iowa shore for fear of being blown to the other side and ran on some rocks which projected under the water letting the hull of the Wanegan [raft with a shelter for sleeping or preparing food] go over but raking the top. It knocked it in some and knocked down all the shelves on that side and took out the same corner that was taken out last year. There was the greatest rattling and cracking ever heard as the side crushed in. The things on the shelves came rattling down. We got to Davenport and tied up at half past ten.

Friday, Sept. 7th. Took in \$3.00 this morning as I told the people I was going away immediately at noon. Proctor's gallery came along and we tied all the boats together and floated down in a big fleet. . . . As we were starting from Port Louisa, a man called out to know if we wanted help, as he wanted to work his passage down. I told him to jump on. His name is Jas. Williams. We got down to New Boston, Illinois about dark.

Wednesday, Sept. 12th. Found that our new man James Williams had decamped during the night taking the old LADY ANNIE which we lately called the MATTIE. He took plenty of food and a new rubber coat belonging to me and some clothing belonging to Al. I telegraphed to Keokuk, Iowa to



COURTESY PAUL C. JUHL

The *Lady Annie*, a dinghy named after one of Doremus's daughters. The *Success* is in the background.

have him arrested if going down the river and sent postal cards to Iowa towns down the river. Took some negatives of Burlington, Iowa before dinner. We started about sundown and got about six miles down the river.

Thursday, Sept. 27th 1877. Left Montrose, Iowa this morning having hired two men to go along to the beginning of the Des Moines canal. The bottom of the river here is all smooth rock. We ran on the rock soon after starting, but hauled off with the anchor and crab and by that time there was a steamer aground in the narrowest part of the channel below us and another on the rocks still farther down, so we had to wait an hour or more until they got off. Then before we got through that place we saw another stuck and before we got to the canal we saw another big steamer with barges aground on the rocks, so I think we did very well. Reached Nashville, Iowa at 11 o'clock.

Sunday, Oct. 14th. As the wind was up stream yesterday morning, I took the railroad cars and started down to La Grange, Illinois for the *LADY ANNIE*. Started up river with her at 10 o'clock. Eight miles up my mast broke. I cut down a small tree with my pocket knife and made a mast and got to Canton, Missouri for my dinner. . . . At dark I stopped and got some supper from some wood chipper and started out hoping to reach Gregory Landing, Missouri and stop for the night. Before I got there the wind got up, so I up sail and went for the gallery. As there was a thunderstorm coming up, it was rather dark and I had to feel my way around the sand bars. (Got to my boat about 5 hours after dark).

Editor's note: After Doremus passed Iowa, he continued to record his travels in his diary. He encountered yet more entrepreneurs on the river — a gunsmith and candy boat, several medicine boats, a junk boat whose operator bought rags and old iron, and showboats.

He also encountered more danger on the river: Near Bolivar, Mississippi, he writes: "We are near a weak place in the levee and a large body of convicts are working at it cutting brush and trees and wheeling earth. . . . It is raining hard and they are in the mud and swamp up to their knees. The river is 15 ft. or more above the surrounding country and we are near the top of it and look down on the houses in town. If the levee should break at the weak place, we would shoot across the country and the *SUCCESS* would never see the Mississippi River again." Another time he notes, "We soon lost sight of land in the fog, got in a big eddy and started on a voyage in search of the North Pole."

Doremus did more than navigate swift currents and shoot photographs; he nursed feverish passengers. "Will and Lizzie are getting better and I have struggled on alone until now, 3 meals a day to be carried to each besides drink, medications, oranges, lemons, lemonade etc.," he writes in October 1879. "Three beds to make, my own meals to cook, wood to collect and saw and split, pictures to take, my own courage to keep up which is the hardest of all."

Yet his travels had lighter moments. He writes of sharing whiskey with hospitable captains; of passing by "noble" plantation houses; and always of photographing and selling images.

By the diary's end, he had succeeded in reaching New Orleans — in fact, he had been towed back up to St. Louis and was now headed south again. The last entry is for September 27, 1881, as Doremus, suffering from malaria, writes, "Pulled off [a sandbar] and remained at anchor all night. . . . I am so weak I can hardly move and my heart is way below zero. All alone. . . . Stopped about dark just above the eddy at Columbus, KY." Doremus lived another eight years.

NOTE ON SOURCES

Ralph R. DuPae, research consultant at the Murphy Library, University of Wisconsin-LaCrosse, transcribed the entire Doremus diary (1874–1881) and made this material available for research. John P. Doremus's great-great-granddaughter, Charlotte E. Doremus of New York City, gave permission to quote from it. Mary Noble of Iowa City provided useful material on Mitchell County. Biographical information was provided by the Passaic County Historical Society (Paterson, N. J.)

The Road by Home

Harrison County, Iowa,
in the 1920s

by Mary Wear Briggs

IN THE 1920s, when I was six or seven, the road past our Harrison County farmhouse was dirt. Plum bushes grew along the bank, providing me a secret hiding place, a cool, shaded playhouse in the summer. Wild roses scrambled up the bank, their mass of fragile, pink flowers hiding their strong, thorny ancestry. Clumps of blue spiderwort fought for space in the green sod. These roadsides were my "hands-on" natural science lesson. In the early spring I watched in the prairie grass on the roadside by our pasture corner for the first lavender pasqueflowers, in summer for the ripening chokecherries. I dug in the high road bank for shells, bones, and layers of black charcoal from an earlier time.

Coughing, sputtering Model Ts crept up our south hill, then gained speed to vanish down the hill on the north. Squawking chickens ran helter-skelter into, under, or in front of the cars. At times, foolish ones ended with a flutter and kick by the side of the road. This unrolling panorama of western Iowa, with the personalities who stopped by, was my education — and my entertainment. In many ways, the road by our house showed me the world.

In Iowa paved roads and blacktops were unknown. Even travelers on the great Lincoln



Frank and Nora Wear with children Walter, Francis, Mary (the author), and Loyola by their 1923 Model T.

Highway, twenty miles to the west, were greeted by six inches of pulverized dust in the summer; in the spring, by axle-deep mire. (It wasn't paved until 1929.) When it rained on our country road, especially in the spring, the wheel tracks deepened into ruts. Drivers struggled to keep their wheels balanced on the high ground between the ruts and the side of the road. Four-foot-deep washouts encroached into our narrow road, running jagged ditches from side to side for "city slickers" (as Pop called them) to jolt into, breaking an axle. Grinding the gears, neighbors pushed their own cars out of the mud. Many times our Sunday company abandoned their mired-down car down on the hill, arrived at the door barefoot, covered with mud, carrying their shoes and stockings.

Winter roads were usually too rutty or filled with snow for cars to travel. Sleigh runners were added to buggies or spring wagons, and horses hitched up. Deep drifts were left to melt unless the farmers shoveled their way out. If the draws filled with snow, sometimes a neighboring farmer cut the fences so the team and bobsled could make its way easily across the windswept fields to get flour for bread, kerosene for lamps, or coal for heating stoves.

On this Harrison County road — now graveled and graded — hoboes and peddlers, farmers and bootleggers, gypsies and circuses passed by the Wear farm, offering entertainment and a worldly education to a watchful seven-year-old.



ALL PHOTOS COURTESY THE AUTHOR

When winters were severe, the farmers kept their cattle and horses fenced in near the barnyard and cattle barns, far from the open gates and cut fences.

If anyone unluckily got stuck in the snow or mud, my brothers, Walter and Francis, pulled them out with logchain and mules. Handshakes were exchanged with neighbors. Strangers sometimes offered fifty cents or a dollar.

When we went to the Harrison County Fair in Missouri Valley, my father, Frank Wear, liked to take a route through the hills. He complained that the cars went too fast on the Lincoln Highway (the maximum speed was thirty-five miles per hour, and ten miles for trucks). But one year the Boyer River bridge washed out, and we had to take the Lincoln Highway. The county fair was a popular event, so the highway was crowded with cars. Dust was so heavy we were unable to see what was ahead. Everyone rode in open touring cars (celluloid side curtains were only used in winter). When we arrived at the fair, our sweaty faces were smiling mud pies. My mom, Nora Wear, had to wash our faces, ears, and necks, brush my long braids, and redo my sister Loyola's long curls.

OLD CANVAS-COVERED TRUCKS appeared on our road in the spring, with fish laid out on ice chunks in the back. In those days the uncontrolled Missouri River periodically flooded out on the "flats," leaving ponds of wriggling fish for easy taking by seine or net. Mom loved fresh fish, perhaps a taste left from her Irish ancestry, at Dungarvin by the sea. The only fish we knew during the year was canned salmon or dried salted cod, so the fish peddlers were always welcome. Mom liked bass and bluegill, but probably settled for catfish and carp when the supply was low.

In spring and fall the scrap-iron man, the junk man, and the rag man also pulled in our lane, offering to buy old iron or any junk we might have. The Raleigh and Watkins men showed their spices, flavorings, patent medicines, and a popular salve. Advertised as "Good for man or beast," this salve became the cure-all for our scratches and cuts. An extra can was kept on a shelf in the barn for the tears and sores on the horses' flesh, and for cracked teats on the milk cows.

Wagons (moving general stores) laden with dry goods, pins and needles, long black stockings, pots and pans, and yard goods drew Mom

to the road. Some peddlers came on foot. After a few years of walking with his pack on his back, one of these peddlers set up a store in our hometown of Persia. (Until recently the store was managed by the third generation.)

The front yard fence became my "three-penny seat" as the circus wagons crawled past to set up the yearly one-ring show in a pasture near the next town. As I watched, an elephant, show dogs, perhaps a tiger or lion, and beautiful horses tethered to colorful sideshow wagons slowly disappeared over our hill.

Gypsies in their long, black wagons — later in black, expensive cars — one following the other, mysteriously appeared on our front road. I stayed back and peered around the house as they rode by.

ALL PASSING AGENTS and roamers soon became Pop's friends. He invited them in for a meal, unannounced. They slept in our house, in the hay mow, or in their cars — then disappeared in the morning. Many times Mom had

only the simplest of food to go around: fried potatoes, boiled eggs, a two-quart jar of canned tomatoes, and, from the pantry crock, "float" (a kind of pudding, submerged in thick cream and sugar). One evening an itinerant sign painter painted lovely flowers and mottoes such as "There is No Place Like Home" and "Home Sweet Home" on old remnants of wallpaper as four curious children watched. We kept those paintings on the wall for years, and played games saying the mottoes backwards. Some storytellers, in the shadow of the aladdin lamp, told about herding sheep on the high plains of Wyoming, or of visiting the Cripple Creek mines or far-off California.

Pop, easy prey in the spring for the traveling nursery man, dreamed of his orchard hanging with fruit. Most of his purchases became blighted hopes, unbearing trees. The four Delicious apple trees and the peach trees blossomed beautifully, then gave up and rested for the summer. We had one faithful sour cherry; the two sweet cherries refused to bear. One wonderful Wealthy kept us in pies and applesauce. Oblivious to the orchard on the north, our self-seeding apricots spread along the garden fence, faithfully filling two-quart



Peddlers selling medicines, extracts, and spices traveled country roads to find customers, as did other itinerants.



Neighbors sharing summer field work took relief in cold lemonade and ample lunches, prepared by farm women and carried down country roads and across fields by farm kids. Above, cutting and binding grain on the Wear farm, 1918.

canning jars for us and buckets given freely to the neighbors.

Often hoboes from the Milwaukee railroad in the valley climbed our hill. They came in rags. In winter they wore thin, worn coats, one on top of another, with many layers of pants. Their feet were padded with straw and newspapers, then wrapped in burlap sacks and rope. They usually showed up shortly after the noon meal. Mom kept a well-scrubbed aluminum plate for their serving. The plate was filled with whatever we had left from dinner: meat, potatoes and gravy, vegetables, milk, even the last piece of homemade pie. They waited patiently on the steps, saying very little. Only their eyes lit up when we brought out the food. None were turned away, even during depression years when all we had to give was bacon gravy on homemade bread and fried eggs. We were never afraid of these men, just curious. My mother called them "the poor souls."

Pop was always drawn to the road by the passing horse traders leading wild horses from the West. He always favored foxy horses and had bought a pair of broncos, Dan and Pat, back when he delivered mail before he and Mom married. Now his heavy work team was Belgian sorrels, Bob and Mike.

On the road, farmers gathered together and drove their cattle to waiting railroad cars in town. Our collie, Ballie, would run back and forth along the front yard fence, yapping and growling, protecting our gate. Pop sent us to the house as the riders whistled and yo-ed the cattle down the rutted road. Country children learned early to respect the bulls and the mother cows with young calves.

BAREFOOT WITH LONG BRAIDS hanging down my back, I would trudge down the dusty road to the field at haying time. Mom always cooked special dishes for the six or eight neighbors that traded work with my dad. It became my job to carry the mid-morning and mid-afternoon lunches to the men in the hayfield. I enjoyed the walks, as I watched for bob-o-links, meadow larks, and bluebirds. Grapevines hung down the banks giving me a chance for a free-hand swing. While the men worked their way toward me, I waited under a grove of cottonwood trees, listening to the leaves whispering and rustling like gentle rain — a cooling sound on a hot day. When the men stopped to eat the sandwiches and cakes or pies, their red bandanna handkerchiefs flashed as they swabbed their sweaty foreheads. Under a tree or in the shade of the hay bundles, the men stored a brown and white crockery water jug, plugged with a corncob. They all drank from the same jug — probably mixing various brands of chewing tobacco as they swallowed. They always appreciated the fresh-squeezed lemonade I brought them. Despite their joshing around, I knew making hay was hot, hard work.

SOME NIGHTS our road carried fear. The Ku Klux Klan was revived in the 1920s in the Midwest. Its activities were directed against blacks, Jews, Catholics, and foreigners. Hooded, all in white, they marched down Main Street in our town, then burned their crosses on neighbors' hills. Pop's stories built vivid pictures of the

event. Being the head of a Catholic family, he stewed for months, fretting because some of them were his neighbors. I had nightmares of crosses burning in our yard, or blazing across the road. This notice in the *Harrison County Democrat* on December 24, 1925, did little to alleviate my fear:

HARRISON COUNTY KU KLUX KLAN NO. 53
extends the season's greeting to each
and every one and wishes you
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Thieves parked on our hill one night, then climbed through the fence, crossed the orchard, and stole Mom's young Plymouth Rock fryers from the chicken house. (Imagine someone bothering to steal chickens now!) Chickens were unidentifiable so they could be sold alive in any town. The thieves probably made five dollars for their night's work.

On Saturday afternoon in winter, or Saturday nights in summer, we recognized each neighbor in the caravan headed for town. We also noticed which neighbor stayed in town past chore time and which came home weaving from side to side on our road. Mom never went to town, partly because of Pop's ultimatum, "Children don't belong in town running the streets." Then, too, women had no place to visit or wait for their men. They never went into pool halls, bars, harness shops, or garages where men could hang out. Willards, the grocery and dry goods store, had little room for gossiping, so Mom stayed home, and we with her. She did her visiting by telephone on our party line.

Bootleggers, on warm summer evenings, quietly toured back and forth on our road in their shiny black cars with a "hootch" chest on the back. They followed dances, carnivals, and picnics up and down the valley. We learned from Pop to identify them all, as we sat on the front porch steps or on a blanket on the lawn.

When Pop knew prohibition would become law, he took the afternoon train to Omaha, and bought two or three wooden cases of beer and a case of whiskey. (He also thought prohibition would soon be over.) During those prohibition days, Pop tried each year, to Mom's consternation, to brew beer in the cellar — sometimes

fairly successfully. Other times we would hear the explosions as the bottles shot the caps off.

DURING MY GRADE school years, the road was my route to the Leland Grove country school. I walked the mile and three quarters down into the valley. One of my teachers there loved to dance and had won a Charleston contest. During noon hour she would teach the various steps to me. I spent hours practicing them at home on our hardwood dining room floor.

I was not old enough to dance in public dance halls, but my folks usually attended celebrations in our neighboring towns, and then I could at least watch the dances at the open-air pavilions. On those dance nights, I knew where the bootleggers were parked by the steady stream of dancers out of the hall into the darkness. There, shocked, I saw my first stumbling, drunken woman, held up by her men friends. With silk hose fashionably rolled below her knees, her wobbling legs were pointed in different directions, and her red, high-heeled pumps turned and twisted in the grass. Inside the band played and the dance crowd sang, "Barney Google with His Goo, Goo, Googly Eyes."

In our Model T late in the night, we returned home from these celebrations to a hot, stuffy house. Loyola and I slept together upstairs, under the eaves, in a poorly ventilated room. Often we grabbed a quilt, descended the stairs, and spread it on the floor by the front door, in hopes a breeze might find us. I would prop up my head in my hands, elbows on the hard wooden floor, and look out through the screen door into the night. The coons in the orchard hoo-ed. Down in the pasture hollow their friends answered. Fireflies danced and courted around the spirea bush. The empty road rested, streaked with shadows in the quiet night. □

World War II Comes to Davenport

by George William McDaniel

WHEN PEOPLE in Davenport, Iowa, awoke the morning of December 7, 1941, they had little reason to suspect that this day would be any different than countless other Sundays in their lives. Picking up the morning *Democrat and Leader*, a Davenport resident would have smiled to read that the weather was forecast to be fair and warmer with fresh, southerly winds. The high temperature would reach thirty-eight degrees, not unusual for the beginning of December. In a box in the lower corner of the front page, the newspaper continued to count down the number of shopping days until Christmas, while urging readers to buy defense bonds and stamps. The minutiae of daily life in early December 1941, gleaned from local newspapers, portray a quiet eastern



West Second Street

Summer or winter, Davenport stores attracted shoppers along busy West Second Street (here, circa 1930–40). In early December 1941 newspapers, the optimism of holiday ads belied fears of war between the America and Japan.

Iowa city anxious about the international situation but largely focused on living peaceful lives.

To be sure, the newspapers were filled with the dangers of war with Japan. Negotiations were under way to avert war, but United States' insistence that Japan pull out of China had proved to be a stumbling block. The banner headline in the *Davenport Democrat and Leader* that morning announced, "F.D.R.

Sends Note to Jap Emperor." But the paper had carried banner headlines about the continuing negotiations all week.

Inside the paper the editor urged that there be no compromise with the Japanese on the issue of China. Hoping that Japan would be guided by wise counsel, the editor warned, "Any other course will bring the military strength of not only the United States, but also Britain, to her door. What that will mean,

Japan had better ponder before it is too late."

The front page mostly comprised news of the 829th day of the war in Europe. One story noted that Great Britain had declared war on Hungary, Finland, and Rumania. Another told how the British Royal Air Force had used American-built Tomahawk warplanes in the Libyan offensive. On the Russian front, German troops battled the Red armies in deep snow and "paralyzing cold."

Stories hinting at war were sprinkled throughout the paper. Two days before, Leon Henderson, head of the federal Price Control Administration, had told 550 Quad-City business leaders that Davenport and neighboring cities on the Mississippi would likely play an important role in the coming war. Industrial manufacturing was sure to prosper with the need for war machinery, and increased food production would benefit the farm implement industry. Already this was reflected in figures released by the Work Projects Administration. In the last year, the number of Iowans employed by the New Deal program had dropped from about 23,000 to 15,000. As industry geared up for the war, fewer Americans needed government relief jobs.

Other stories, too, showed this readiness. St. Ambrose College in Davenport announced that three graduates of the Civilian Pilot Training program had been placed as flight instructors in various branches of the armed forces. Moreover, a long list of students in the program awaited placement with the army or navy. The European war had touched St. Ambrose in yet another way: a feature on music professor Robert Hernried told how he had fled his native Vienna in 1939.

Yet the two events that weekend that had the most profound consequences for history went unreported. On December 6, Vannevar Bush, head of the federal office of Scientific Research and Development, convened the first meeting of a small group assigned to explore the possible use of uranium 235 as a weapon of war. From this group would come the Manhattan Project and the atomic bomb.

And on the night of December 7, seven hundred Jews arrived in the Polish village of Chelmno. The next morning the first groups were loaded into closed trucks and driven to a

nearby woods. There, the exhaust system was redirected into the back of the trucks, and the Jews were gassed, their bodies dumped into pits. Hitler's SS was beginning to find efficient means for the final solution, the mass extermination of Jews and other "undesirables." The Holocaust had begun.

THE SOCIETY PAGES said nothing of the war, but announced typical social events. At 4:00 that Sunday afternoon Janet Anne Heim would marry Harold Dethlefsen at the First Presbyterian Church. Also that afternoon Catherine Harney, born in 1855, would celebrate her eighty-sixth birthday. Her party would coincide with the beginning of the fifth American war in her lifetime.

People who lingered over the paper that Sunday morning before church probably checked out the ads for holiday gift ideas. Hills Dry Goods store advertised a "Santa Claus Special" — a chair, ottoman, and table for \$19.95, or fifty cents a week. M. L. Parker department store suggested buying "impeccably tailored" gabardine and flannel robes for men and "flattering, swirling-skirted" housecoats for women. Penney's offered handkerchiefs ("The Always-Welcome Gift!") at a variety of prices. Shoppers could also add pieces to their Fostoria dishware for prices ranging from twenty-five cents to \$7.95. On sale for \$167.50, the Philco "Music on a Beam of Light" would bring Christmas music into the home.

Reflecting the optimism of the holiday gift ads, retail sales were good nation-wide, up about 35 percent from the previous year. In part this was because of a rising industrial payroll and an increase in farm prices due to defense spending. But another reason for a rise in holiday consumer spending was voiced by a New York merchant who said that many people feared that 1941 may be the "last chance for a real Christmas for many years."

The sports pages still carried a few college football scores. That evening at the St. Ambrose College Bees football banquet, a

sell-out crowd would hear Notre Dame coach Frank Leahy praise the Bees and show films from Notre Dame's undefeated season.

If there was still time before church, the comics provided a momentary diversion, with the adventures of Superman, Popeye, Joe Jinks, Etta Kett, or Brick Bradford, who was engaged in mortal combat with a giant frog. Before the day was over, many may have wished for a man of steel or a spinach-eating "sailor-man" to set the world aright.

PUTTING the paper aside, many Davenporters went off to church. According to a Gallup Poll that weekend, Americans in overwhelming numbers did not want to hear about war from the pulpit. This trend had started in 1939, shortly after the beginning of the war in Europe. "Stop talking about the war," one man had pleaded. "I wish ministers knew how sick and weary college students are of hearing the war dominate sermons." Another man said it was the duty of clergy to present "eternal spiritual values."

Davenport pastors apparently followed the trend. At the Central Baptist Church the Rev. A. R. Strasen spoke on "Partnership with God," and his colleague at Third Baptist preached on "The Steadfastness of Faith." Rev. E. Wesley Perry, at St. John's Methodist asked "What Is Christianity?" Churchgoers at the Zion Lutheran Church would hear Rev. Louis G. Krebs speak on "Happiness of Hunger" at the 10:30 service, and on "Hunger Nach Gerechtigkeit" at the 11:30 German-language service.

Following church the family might have planned to go out for dinner (a sixty-cent beef tenderloin dinner at the Mississippi Hotel Grill), and later take in a movie. The Capitol theater featured Gary Cooper in *Sergeant York*, the story of the Kentucky mountain boy who became a World War I hero. Adult admission was forty cents before 2:00 and fifty-six cents after. For only eighteen cents, one could see Cary Grant and Irene Dunn in *Penny Serenade* at State Theater. Those wanting even lighter fare could consider a double feature at

the Garden: *Life Begins for Andy Hardy* with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, and *Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day* with Lew Ayres and Loraine Day.

But most people probably stayed at home for a quiet afternoon with family. If they wanted entertainment, the radio would offer the Chicago Bears/Chicago Cardinals football game, or Sammy Kaye's Sunday Serenade. WOC's "Wake Up, America" program had scheduled a lecture on "Can There Be a Substantial Reduction in Non-Defense Expenditures of the Federal Government?" Music lovers could hear the New York Philharmonic with Polish pianist Artur Rubenstein.

It was, in other words, an ordinary Sunday in December.

IT WAS ALREADY past noon in Davenport when people in Hawaii began to stir. Intelligence officers already at work translated coded messages routinely received at various listening stations throughout the Pacific. Most felt that if Japan did attack it would be to the south, in French Indochina or the East Indies. At the big naval base of Pearl Harbor ninety-four United States battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and auxiliaries were lined up on Battleship Row. At the four air bases, hundreds of American planes were lined up wing tip to wing tip, the easier to protect them from expected sabotage. There was little reason to think that Americans in Hawaii would not spend their Sunday as normally as Davenporters were spending theirs.

MOST IOWANS remember precisely where they were when they heard the news that afternoon that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor earlier that morning. For some, their radio programs were interrupted. Others received phone calls, or the next-door neighbor ran over to pass on the news. Davenport became part of a national community gathered around the radio for the latest news. Reactions ranged from shock to disbelief to worry for friends or



STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

Poster No. 15 from the U.S. Office of War Information in 1942 shows one response to the Japanese attack of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. After the attack, Davenport newspapers in December 1941 reflect the new focus of a nation officially at war. (The poster is part of a new exhibit on the Pacific theater; see inside back cover.)

family in the Pacific, including 111 men from Scott County.

MONDAY MORNING, December 8, was more than the beginning of a new work week; it was the beginning of a new era. Davenport newspapers reported no "hysteria or false enthusiasm," just a "calm realization that the American people had a new job to do." At 11:30 A.M. Iowa time, President Franklin Roosevelt entered the chamber of the House of Representatives and began his war message: "Yesterday, December 7, 1941 — a date which will live in infamy — the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan. . . ."

Although Congress quickly passed a declaration of war that Monday, Davenporters had not waited for the president or Congress. When the navy recruiting office opened that morning, two men were already in line. At the army recruiting office a man on crutches walked in to enlist. Before the day was over more than a hundred men had registered or re-enlisted. Leonard Kinman of Milan, Illinois, had served aboard the *Arizona* until his discharge the previous month. Now he wanted to "avenge the deaths of [his] shipmates who lost their lives on the *Arizona*." Within a week the Selective Service System began to review the status of those classified "3-A, married." Men with "self-supporting" wives were likely to be drafted soon; those with dependent wives, parents or children would be held back.

LIFE IN DAVENPORT changed quickly. All private airplanes were grounded and pilots' licenses were suspended. Armed guards took up posts at Cram Field, Davenport's municipal airport. The pilot training program at St. Ambrose College was suspended until the citizenship of the students could be determined. Most industrial plants posted extra guards to prevent sabotage.

Mayor John H. Jebens issued a statement about the "treacherous acts of Japan" and demanded "revenge for Pearl Harbor." Sacrifice would be necessary if the "dark powers of

DAVENPORT PUBLIC LIBRARY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS



treachery and brutality" were to be defeated. "We are all Americans — first, last, and all the time," he said, and he urged citizens to show their loyalty by flying flags and buying bonds.

All Japanese citizens were placed on curfew, although it was not certain if any people of Japanese ancestry lived in the area. (In Iowa City, however, the police checked up on all Japanese students and told them they must report to the police station daily.) In response to Germany's and Italy's declarations of war on America on December 11, a German alien was arrested in Davenport — one of five arrested in Iowa and sent to Fort Des Moines. A similar arrest order went out for Italian aliens, but no arrests were made in Davenport. The Federal Bureau of Investigation soon took over investigation of aliens and let it be known that any



The Davenport Commercial Club is decked in bunting as a group of supporters sends off departing draftees (1943?). The "Good Luck, Buddy!" banner is signed by various war-related groups in Davenport.

considered "dangerous" would be placed under "constant surveillance."

On Tuesday, December 9, Davenport's Contemporary Club speaker was Unitarian pastor Charles E. Snyder. He took as his topic "When the War Drums Sound," but he spoke mostly of the period to follow the war. A new world order must be constituted, he said, to ensure that there would be no future war. He called for an organization of nations, an international police force, fixed currency, and lower trade barriers.

Most people, however, had more immediate concerns to contend with than a post-war world order. On Wednesday, Company A, 6th Illi-

nois Infantry was called to active duty to guard the Centennial and Government bridges against sabotage.

In Des Moines, Governor George Wilson called a council of war. Leaders of veterans groups, the National Guard, and others with military experience in the state met to determine whether a home guard was necessary. Not waiting for the governor's orders, local World War I veterans had already organized a local defense unit. Spanish-American War veterans across the Mississippi in Rock Island met to renew the oath of allegiance they had taken in 1898.

The following Sunday, the first Sunday of the

war, preachers dropped all reluctance to talk about war. One spoke of "The Crisis Before Us"; another, "The Bible and Sergeant York."

AFTER DECEMBER 7, the Davenport newspapers showed a new focus. Stories about local men in the Pacific appeared daily, and by December 16, the first reports of deaths would reach home. Davenporters began to adjust to a war-time life, in which war news would dominate the front pages of their newspapers for the next four years.

Yet life went on, played out by ordinary people and ordinary events. Newspapers continued to carry the stories of births, deaths, ball

scores, and the comics (Brick Bradford got away from the giant frog). The Friday after Pearl Harbor, Lawrence Welk and his orchestra played the Orpheum Theater in downtown Davenport, and new double features appeared on the movie screens.

Life did go on, but in some ways it irreversibly changed. The war that was announced in banner headlines in December 1941 would end nearly four years later in nuclear explosions, ushering in the Atomic Age. □

NOTE ON SOURCES

Primary sources are the *Davenport Democrat and Leader* and the *Davenport Daily Times* for the entire month of December 1941. This detailed look at Davenport was inspired by Stanley Weintraub's approach in *Long Day's Journey into War: December 7, 1941* (New York, 1991).

Iowa in 20th-century wars — **Can you help us save the stories?**

The State Historical Society of Iowa seeks donations that document Iowans' involvement in twentieth-century military affairs. The Society has little that documents the activities of soldiers in the two world wars, Korea, Vietnam, and the several smaller conflicts in the Caribbean and the Middle East. We have even less that documents the homefront, such as veterans and protest groups, women's contributions, war production, and rationing programs. And we have nothing that documents the activities and significance of a peacetime draft and the maintenance of a standing army.

The Society is interested in acquiring collections of personal papers, organizational and business records, photographs, and objects that will fill these gaps in our collections. Photographs, diaries, letters, or other kinds of personal writing can provide valuable insights on the impact of those wars on soldiers and on those who remained at home. Representative weapons and equipment (especially field uniforms) reveal details about the day-to-day life of an Iowa soldier. Business and farm records show how wars abroad affect farming, manufacturing, and the distribution of goods and services. The records of organizations devoted to veterans' affairs, peace and protest causes, and refugee relief and civil defense not only document the impact of war on our society, but also show the broader social and

cultural significance of maintaining armed forces in times of peace and the military's role in our lives and social values.

We welcome your inquiries regarding potential donations. Before calling the Society, gather all the background information you can about the items you wish to donate. Include a description of the items, their physical condition, and amount of material you might want to donate. Anything you know about the creation of the materials and their subsequent history and ownership is also important. Then call the Society's curators about objects (515-281-5111), or our manuscript archivists about papers and photographs (319-335-3916 or 515-281-5111).

Because the Society doesn't accept all materials, we will first evaluate your materials based on their content, condition, significance to Iowa history, and relationship to existing collections, and then decide whether to accept the donation. In general, we discourage restrictions on the access, use, or disposal of materials donated to us.

We will be glad to talk with you about your materials and to help you decide what might be appropriate for donation to Society collections.

—Eric Austin, Lora Bloom, and Michael Smith
State Historical Society of Iowa staff

CONTRIBUTORS

Anne Beiser Allen is a free-lance writer who "settled temporarily in Iowa City in 1969," she explains, "and somehow never left." She has written about a variety of unusual people, including Friendly Lucas, wife of Iowa's first governor, for the Spring 1992 *Palimpsest*. She stumbled across the story of Silas Totten's disastrous experience with the University of Iowa while preparing a historical retrospective for Trinity Church in Iowa City, where Totten had briefly served as rector.

Mary Wear Briggs spent her childhood on a farm in western Iowa. She holds degrees in education and art, and has taught in Denver, Colorado, and in Chester, Elma, Strawberry Point, and Missouri Valley, Iowa. Now retired, she lives in Missouri Valley and enjoys her grandchildren, attending elderhostels, square dancing, and traveling.

Paul C. Juhl is originally from rural Webster County, Iowa, and now lives in Iowa City. He holds degrees in history and education. Currently the curriculum coordinator for Keota, Iowa, public schools, he is a collector of early Iowa stereographs. Much of his collection is available through reproductions and copy negatives at the State Historical Society of Iowa (Iowa City). The Doramus collection comprises over sixty views.

George William McDaniel is associate professor of history and chair of the Department of History and Geography at St. Ambrose University in Davenport. "World War II Comes to Davenport" developed from a presentation last November for the Putnam Museum in Davenport. McDaniel has written extensively about Iowan Smith Wildman Brookhart, and was a long-time member of the State Historical Society Board of Trustees.

SUBMISSIONS

The editor welcomes manuscripts and edited documents on the history of Iowa and the Midwest that may interest a general reading audience. Submissions that focus on visual material (photographs, maps, drawings) or on material culture are also invited. Originality and significance of the topic, as well as the quality of research and writing, will determine acceptance for publication. Manuscripts should be typewritten, double-spaced, and follow *The Chicago Manual of Style* (13th edition). Please send two copies. Standard length is within ten to twenty manuscript pages, but shorter or longer submissions will be considered. Although the *Palimpsest* presents brief bibliographies rather than footnoted articles, footnotes should appear in the original submission. When using newspaper sources, please cite page as well as date of issue. Include a brief biographical sketch. Because illustrative material is integral to the *Palimpsest*, the editor encourages authors to include photographs and illustrations (or suggestions). Please send submissions or queries to Ginalie Swaim, Editor, *The Palimpsest*, State Historical Society of Iowa, 402 Iowa Avenue, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

LETTERS FROM READERS

Politicizing the Palimpsest?

Your reference to "popular history" and your reprinting of Spencer Crew's article ["People, Places, Perspectives: Another Look at the Founding Fathers," Winter 1991] imply that you intend to politicize the publication. By politicize, I mean that emphasis will shift to "left out groups" that usually have been left out because they were insignificant to the main themes accompanying Iowa settlement and development. . . . To substitute analysis and narrative for perspective is nothing more than advocacy. . . . What is best for America is not emphasis on diversity but instead, emphasis on unity. . . .

Van I. Renoe, Hampton, Iowa

Reply

We do not intend to politicize the *Palimpsest*, but we do intend to continue to discover and share the history of all Iowans with our readers. And we're pleased to occasionally offer our readers a chance to step back and consider how historical materials are collected, what sources are interpreted, and therefore what history is disseminated—a view that Spencer Crew provided in the Winter 1991 *Palimpsest*.

—The Editor

Correction: In the Winter 1991 *Palimpsest*, Mary Hudecek's embroidery sampler (page 183) does not include hardanger, a cutwork technique closely associated with Norwegian folk arts, not Czechoslovakian. The *Palimpsest* regrets the caption error and thanks reader Susan C. Woodford for pointing it out.

MORE ON IOWA HISTORY

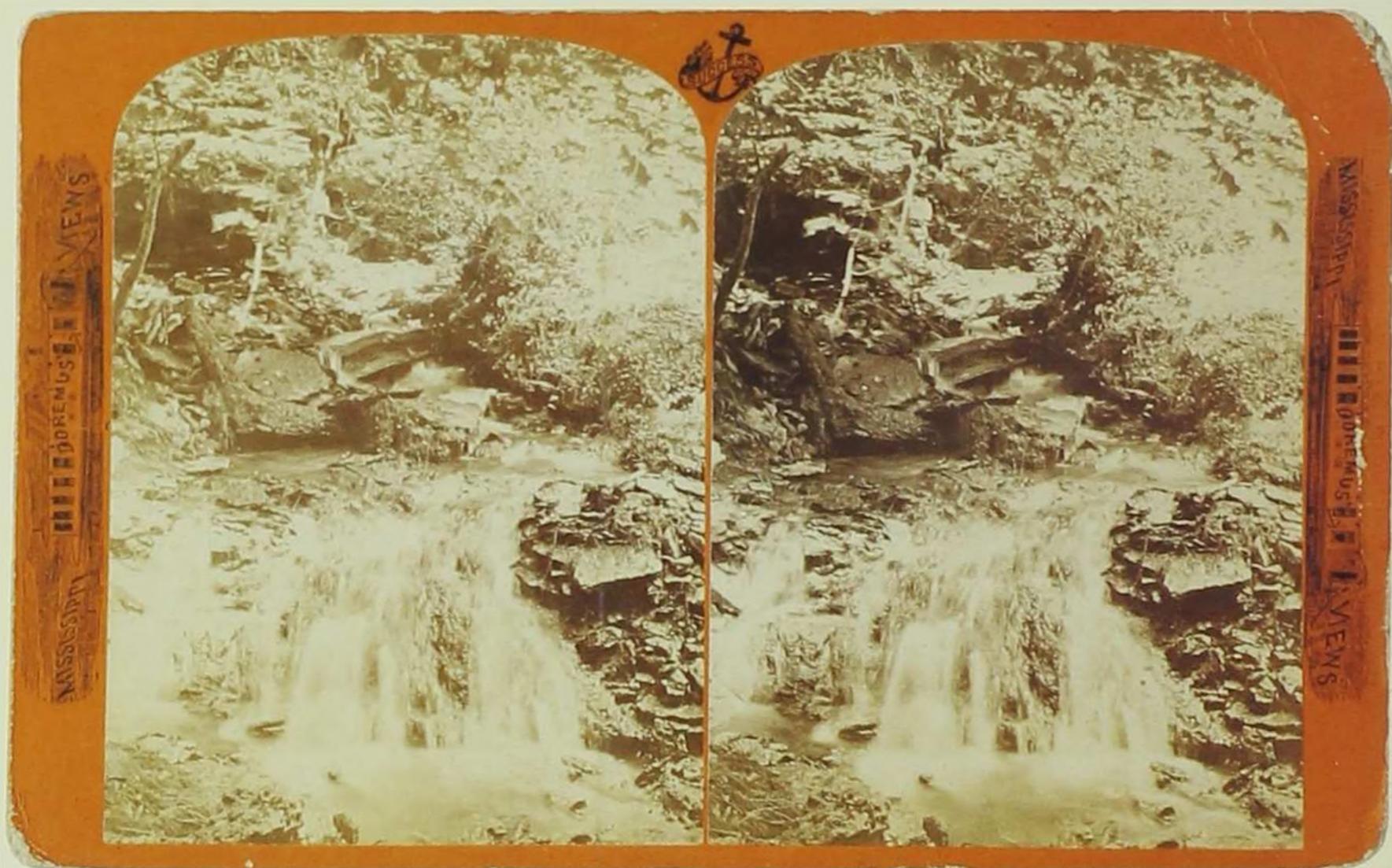
The summer 1992 *Annals of Iowa*, our scholarly history journal, will feature an article by Rebecca Conard on the transformation of the original goal for state parks. Originally conceived as a way to protect places of natural beauty, they became in the 1920s areas for public recreation. Also in the summer issue four historians exchange ideas about an important new book on this region: *Nature's Metropolis: Chicago and the Great West*, by William Cronon. Copies are sold at Reflections of Iowa (the Historical Building gift shop in Des Moines) for \$6, or by mail (\$6, plus \$1 postage) from Publications Order, State Historical Society of Iowa, 402 Iowa Avenue, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

"MEMORIES OF THE PACIFIC"

The World War II poster on page 93 appears in "Memories of the Pacific" in the State Historical Building in Des Moines this summer. Housed in a floor-to-ceiling case in the Iowa Veterans Hall on the third floor, the new exhibit tells the story of Iowans' involvement in the Pacific theater during World War II. The exhibit also features maps, photographs, flags, banners, weapons, army-issued kits for writing letters and mending clothes, and pieces of the USS *Iowa* silver service. (The entire silver service will be exhibited this fall.)

The subscriber has built a Floating Photograph Gallery, at a cost, with its appurtenances, of over \$5,000, intending to take views of the Mississippi and its tributaries, from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico.

DETAIL FROM BACK OF DOREMUS STEREOGRAPH



Big Spring, Guttenberg, Iowa (above), is among hundreds of midwestern scenes photographed by J.P. Doremus during his ambitious, adventurous project in the Mississippi River valley. Doremus marketed his photographs in the popular stereograph (or stereo view) format. Viewing the twin photographs through a stereoscope, which added a realistic sense of depth to the image, was a common pastime in America a century ago. (Actual size, 7" x 4³/₈"; courtesy Paul C. Juhl)

THE PALIMPSEST (ISSN 0031-0360) is published quarterly by the State Historical Society in Iowa City. Second class postage paid at Iowa City, Iowa. Postmaster: send address changes to State Historical Society of Iowa, 402 Iowa Avenue, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.