The PALIMPSEST

Charles Marvin — Shenandoah Editor

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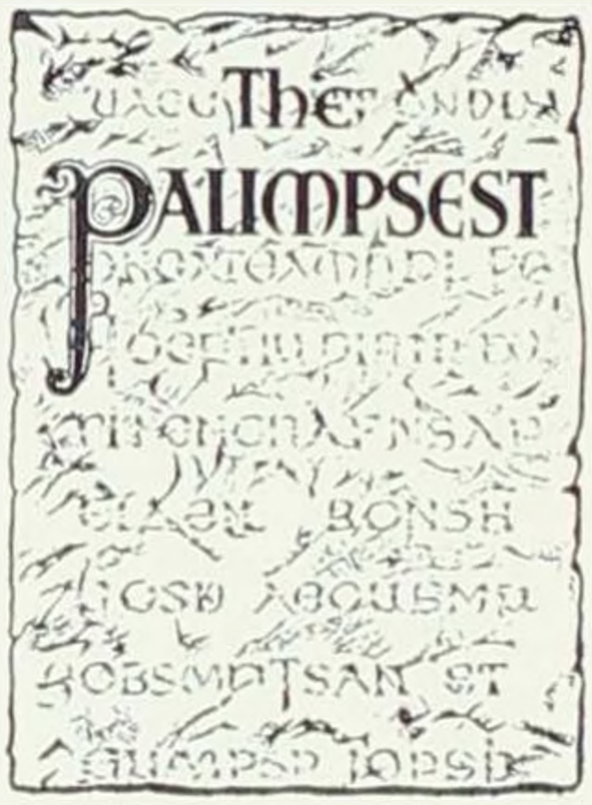

The Meaning of Palimpsest

In early times a palimpsest 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.

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Illustrations

The editor is indebted to the following for pictures—The *Shenandoah Sentinel,* the Public Library, Mrs. J. E. Hawkins, Francis M. Braley, and Robert S. Ross. The State Historical Society Library had the old German colored postcards of Shenandoah in its collection as well as several black and white postcards used in the centerspread.

Author

Merze Marvin Seeburger is the daughter of Charley Marvin, the highlights of whose career as editor-publisher of the *Shenandoah Sentinel* are described herein. She has continued her love of writing throughout a long life, in Shenandoah, Des Moines, and more recently in a column entitled "Pet Patter" which she writes in San Diego.

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THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

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Birth of a Paper

Charley Marvin always wanted to be an editor. He was born on a farm in Ohio in 1857. Farming did not appeal to him, and he never got much farther than learning how to hitch old Dobbin to the farm wagon. He attended country school on Alum Creek but much preferred to go quail hunting or fishing. He was dreaming of a newspaper. Charley came to Iowa and taught school in Marshall and Union counties for several years. Then he edited the *Iowa Teacher* and for a time was a reporter on the *Marshalltown Times-Republican*. He still dreamed of having his own newspaper.

Shenandoah, in 1887, wanted a new paper. The young community, whose Indian name meant Daughter of the Stars, had been transplanted from Manti, which had become a ghost town. Its residents had put their homes and shops on wheels and moved to meet the new C.B.&Q. Railroad when it came through Shenandoah in 1870.

Now Shenandoah was 17 years old and beginning to demand her rights. She wanted a news-

paper that would express her views on this and that — chiefly politics. There had been other papers. In fact, there was one — the *Post* — still on the job. But Shenandoah, like many young ladies, was fickle. She wanted a new one.

So Charley Marvin came because he thought it was a golden opportunity. But he did not know that the birth of a newspaper would bring so many labor pains.

A few days after his arrival, Charley Marvin was down on all fours peering at the underside of his secondhand press. His budget for starting the new paper was small. Cheap presses are temperamental. Charley knew nothing at all about machines of any kind. Driving old Dobbin on the farm and teaching an assortment of country school pupils how to read McGuffey's masterpieces had not prepared him for this.

An exploratory poke with a grease-stained finger here and there produced no results. McUllough, the printer Marvin had brought with him from Union, Iowa, did not know what to do either. He stood looking on hopefully.

"Probably busted something when they moved it up the stairs," McUllough suggested. "Pity you couldn't afford a better place than this old room over the drugstore."

That did not help the situation. Marvin was tempted to swear, but boyhood training in the home of his Methodist circuit-riding grandfather

prevailed. The thing would have to work. He had invested his last dollar in his dream of being a country editor in Shenandoah.

Then Hammond walked in. "C. D. Hammond is my name," the newcomer announced with a bow, "and I'm looking for a job."

Hammond looked like a millionaire hobo. He wore a tall silk hat, spike-toed shoes, and a fancy shirt. His mustache was smartly waxed. A dishevelled Marvin crawled from behind the balky press and hired the newcomer.

Hammond threw his hat on the table, stood his gold-headed cane behind the door, gave his mustache a tweak, and said, pompously, as though still declaiming to his road show audience, "Now let me see what ails yon press."

In 30 minutes he had it working. Hammond was a magician with machinery and type. He could perform miracles with the *Sentinel's* meager equipment. When type was lacking for sale bills or advertisements, he substituted wooden carved blocks or toothpicks and turned out bills or letterheads to compare with fine city printing shops.

Visitors usually mistook Hammond for the proprietor. There was the curious resident who plodded laboriously up the stairs and looked around the cluttered room until he spotted Hammond. He marched right past Marvin, toiling arduously in his worn shirt.

"What's going on here?"

Marvin emerged from behind a type case saying, "We're starting a paper. Hadn't you heard?"

"Heard rumors. What do you call it?"

"The *Sentinel*. It's just a dollar a year. Big bargain."

"What's your politics?"

"Republican."

"Well, I might try it as long as you stay on the right side of the fence. Here's your dollar."

He was the first subscriber, C. H. Gurney. Right after Gurney came H. I. Foskett, H. P. Duffield, I. C. Preston, and the next day, S. A. Thomas, William Bute, and Charles Grafton. Marvin gloated. His dreams were rosy again.

Getting out the paper brought nightmares. There was only type enough for two pages, so these were set up and printed. Then the type was distributed before the other two pages could be run. The Washington hand press had a top speed of 200 an hour, and each paper had to go through the press twice. It took 10 hours to print the first issue. Hammond stayed until the new paper was on its feet. Then he moved on to greener pastures as the manager of a traveling road show.

The first issue appeared November 25, 1887. Much sport was made of it by the older papers in the field it hoped to fill. The *Sentinel* kept growing, occasionally adding a font of type or a new piece of machinery. In two years it was named one of the official papers of Page County.

The new paper had four pages, each seven columns wide, all home print. One page was devoted to Shenandoah local news. The other three were filled with editorial matter and comments. That was the age of personal journalism, when editorial policies were much more important than news. Editorials in that first issue advocated prohibition and women's suffrage. Marvin urged the legislature to submit the prohibition amendment to a direct vote of the people in order to take the question out of politics as soon as possible. He endorsed Allison for the Republican presidential candidate and predicted the nomination of Cleveland by the Democrats. He criticized anarchists and demanded anti-monopoly laws and lower freight rates.

Another member of the *Sentinel* force was the printer's first devil, Joseph O'Day, nicknamed "Roxy." He was a treasure. He stood stripped to the waist, except for a pair of overalls, beside an old tombstone, which had been borrowed from the monument works, and spread a great dipper of printer's ink over it. He passed a printer's roller over it and then over the type forms. The forms were ready for taking proofs or for printing. Presently his body, arms, and face were covered with ink. He looked like a true devil — but how he enjoyed it. He sang at the top of his voice as he worked. Being young and strong, he was promoted to the lever of the press where he could print four papers a minute, a real speed record.

The *Sentinel* moved to a room over the First National Bank. With a growing circulation, the old Washington hand press proved too slow. As soon as the budget would stand the strain, Marvin purchased an ancient Campbell cylinder press. It had more speed but no springs. When four pages of lead type were jerked through the press, the action resembled a battering ram. There was constant danger that the 500 pounds of lead would keep right on going — out through the front window. The old Campbell, which was cranked by hand, required two strong men with plenty of muscle. Even though there was a depression, idle men would disappear up an alley or around a corner whenever Marvin came downstairs with a job offer.

There was no electric power, and taking a horse upstairs to furnish power was out of the question. The only solution seemed to be a rickety, upright steam engine being offered for sale cheap. A foundryman set it in the corner just above the bank's vault. That, Banker Read figured, was the safest place. A brick foundation was built for the boiler. It was covered with sand so a fire could be built under the boiler to heat the water. It was summer and there was lots of work. The press was running night and day.

Then it happened! Heat from the sun and heat from the boiler combined to start a fire in the floor. Banker Read, wildly excited, dashed up and down

yelling orders. He visioned the bank's money burning up. Helpers from the nearby blacksmith shop moved machinery and tore out the floor. Members of the Volunteer Fire Department arrived breathlessly and began pouring water. The blaze was soon extinguished.

Even very young towns have exciting times. Shenandoah was usually very peaceful, with no saloons and no fights. There were loud-voiced arguments over political views or emphatic disagreements about free trade and such things. Nobody was knocked down. There was not much for the marshal to do. He had lots of time to sit and whittle while he discussed candidates with his cronies.

Then the lid blew off. Just a few weeks after Charley Marvin arrived and got the infant *Sentinel* into swaddling clothes, calls for help disturbed the evening peace and quiet. Someone called Marvin. "It's that wild drayman," the caller reported. "Must have got some liquor from Omaha."

Merchant Pine was shouting, "I'll get him. I'll get him. He assaulted my little girl."

The little girl was six — a sweet little miss liked by everyone. The men who had come to see what the commotion was about were off like a pack of hounds after a scared rabbit. They captured the drayman. Then the marshal, in charge of the prisoner, had a new problem. The Shenandoah jail was not very substantial; it was seldom used.

The county jail at Clarinda was too far away to reach on a dark, murky night. The prisoner was locked in the not-too-secure jail to stay until he could be taken to Clarinda.

The marshal was optimistic. The culprit was not. Hearing threatening voices outside, the prisoner tried to crawl out through a window. Angry men were there to grab him. One had tar and another emptied the feathers from a pillow tick. The father of the little girl pursued the feathered culprit with a whip. The marshal plunged into the melee, rescued the prisoner, and took him back to jail.

The Blizzard of 1888

While Shenandoah residents were quieting down, nature was feeling restless. It was time to stir up something. What was stirred up was the famous blizzard of 1888.

January 12 dawned warm and sunny, almost like a midsummer day. Men worked in shirt sleeves and threw open doors and windows. In midafternoon a few people chanced to look out across the winterbare acres west of town. They saw the storm approaching, coming without warning. Men stood spellbound as a dark wall rushed toward them. It looked like the side of a mountain.

In an instant all vision was obliterated. The air was filled with needle-like icy particles. The residents slammed doors and windows shut and donned their heaviest cloaks. The temperature dropped from midsummer levels to zero in a few hours.

A minute after the storm struck, it was impossible to see across the street. People who were caught downtown or visiting neighbors felt their way home along the wooden sidewalks, hanging onto fences to guide them. Those who had wood or coal in sheds close to their homes found their way by means of ropes connecting buildings.

Country people were in grave difficulty. With no fences to guide them, they became lost trying to find their way to barns. Livestock in pastures without access to adequate shelter were frozen in the intense cold.

Many rural school children froze to death trying to find their way home. Wise teachers kept their pupils in the school houses. But trouble waited them there. Fuel was lacking to keep the schools warm throughout the night. Teachers dared not attempt to find the sheds where wood was stored. Huddled together and wearing their wraps, teachers and children gathered around the stoves.

First to be sacrificed were the seats and desks. Bigger boys, at the teacher's request, broke them into pieces and fed them slowly into the fire. When seats and desks were exhausted, books were used to keep a bit of warmth glowing in the hungry stoves. Older girls comforted crying brothers and sisters as they waited the long night through till help finally reached them the next day.

Telegrams filtered into the *Sentinel* office the following day telling of countless lives lost and livestock frozen throughout Iowa, Nebraska, and the Dakotas. Old-time weather students still talk of the blizzard of 1888. They claim that such a storm comes only once in a generation. Iowa had a very heavy snowstorm on February

26, 1912, which piled drifts shoulder high in front of Charley Marvin's office. In 1940 the Armistice Day storm brought death and destruction to the Midwest.

"There'll be another one," Charley Marvin predicted, "but someone else will have to write the story."

Shenandoah had fires as well as blizzards. Night fire alarms brought terror. There were no street lights, and pedestrians going home on dark nights sometimes fell off the walks. Marvin usually carried a lantern, which was often blown out by the wind. There were no waterworks, and everyone depended on wells for drinking water. In case of fire the volunteer firemen grabbed their pants and rushed to their stations. They depended on water from wells and cisterns. The old Blacksnake engine had to be warmed up and taken to the nearest well. Three puffs of the suction pump often exhausted the water, and the fire burned on.

Take the night the Lafayette Hotel burned! Shenandoah had electric light and power by this time, but no waterworks or sewers, no paving, and no cement sidewalks. It was a wild night in March 1892, and a stiff northeast wind fanned hungry flames across the business district.

The fire started in a shack at the rear of the hotel. A passerby discovered it, and quickly loud yells of "Fire, Fire" awakened hotel guests and nearby residents came running. At first no one

thought of ringing the fire alarm bell. A woman carrying a baby noticed the omission. She laid the baby on the sidewalk and began ringing the alarm bell.

Volunteer fire fighters, who were aided by a large percentage of the male population, rushed to the scene. Clanging bells, barking dogs, whistles, and shouts of frightened men fighting to save the town filled the air. The hotel was almost completely occupied, and shrieks of terrified tenants added to the turmoil.

The only water available came from wells that were worked with hand pumps, with a man on each side pumping vigorously. Men formed bucket lines to carry the water to the fire, and volunteers stood on ladders tossing it ineffectually on the blaze. Salt was dumped on buildings and walks nearby to help halt the spread. Salt was thrown in the water, too.

There were no fatalities but a number of narrow escapes. Some hotel residents lost all their possessions. Carl Quimby made a sensational leap for life. He was busy throwing furniture and dishes out of a third-floor window when someone shouted that the roof was falling in. Quimby abandoned the dishes and dived through the window, taking the sash with him. He was only slightly injured.

Marvin slept through the fire. His first knowledge came the next morning when he stumbled

into furniture piled in the street beside the Flatiron Building.

When the paper was published two days later, there was not a word about the fire on the first page. That page was filled with political stories, editorials, and comments. The fire story occupied a modest column on an inside page. Having absorbed all the political news and views, the subscribers could read about the fire that had threatened to destroy the town.

Being a volunteer fireman was hard work. There were no teams to pull the equipment. The men felt sorry for themselves and thought they were unappreciated. Once they resigned in a body, but they were soon back on the job, lured by promises of improved equipment.

The New Home

After the old steam engine burned a hole in the floor and nearly fell into the bank, the *Sentinel* needed a new home. The new building was next door to the Hunt Hotel. There was a window between the *Sentinel* composing room and the hotel kitchen. Mattie Long, head cook at the hotel, was an amiable soul and would pass leftover pies through the window to the girls in the composing room. Charley Marvin had a nose as keen as a hunting dog which often led him to the composing room just in time to get a slice of the pie.

The double front doors of the *Sentinel* office opened into all the activity. There was no feeling of spaciousness. A partition separated the front and the back offices, as they were called. A railing, with an entrance midway, marked off the editorial sanctum.

Editor Marvin had a roll-top desk at the rear and on top sat a weird filing cabinet consisting of hundreds of little boxes in which small pamphlets and letters could easily be lost. On one side of the desk was a hook on which the editor hung proofs. On the other side, on the floor, was a giant wastebasket, always overflowing. The editorial chair, an old-time swivel model, some-

times threatened to go over backwards. A swinging shelf, at one side of the desk, carried the double keyboard typewriter, an old Smith Premier, incredibly dirty.

Charley's helper sat at a kitchen variety table nearby when he was not uptown trying to persuade reluctant merchants to use bigger *Sentinel* advertisements. Mondays and Thursdays Charley was not there. On those days he went to Farragut and Essex to call on the merchants, preachers, doctors, and lawyers for news. Later he added Clarinda, the county seat and Shenandoah's bitter rival, to his schedule.

The gasoline engine was optimistically installed in the new building. But it continued to have cantankerous spells. Even Wallace Ross, who could fix anything, failed when he tackled the mulish engine.

The next venture was a water motor. It worked as guaranteed but used more water than the Mount Arbor Nurseries did for irrigation. It emptied the town water tower the first night. It needed a Niagara Falls to furnish enough water to run. The *Sentinel* kept it one month.

Then electric motors came in and Marvin bought the first one in town. It ran at night only, as there was no daytime power. Marvin sold the old water motor for junk.

Many small town weeklies had a handy way of saving work and expense. They used patent in-

sides. Instead of buying blank newsprint, they purchased paper which was already printed on one side. Thus only one trip through the press was necessary. Marvin took pride in starting the *Sentinel* with all home print in 1887, and he kept it up through the rest of his life.

After the papers emerged from the press, inky, and sometimes slightly askew, they had to be folded by hand. Often a school girl could be hired cheaply for this job. After a few years the editor's daughter, just two weeks older than the *Sentinel,* took over this task after school in the afternoon.

There were no Linotype machines then. Type was set by hand, usually by a girl who sat on a high stool and placed the type, letter by letter and line by line, in the compositor's stick she held in her hand.

One of Charley Marvin's assistants was A. S. Bailey, who had been an Iowa editor when Charley was still a boy in short pants playing in the woods near Alum Creek. Although Bailey spent long hours at his old typewriter, he would lend a hand at running the little job press when work stacked up in the composing room. He did not care much for this job. He would bring in the finished product, grumbling, "Here are your letterheads. I don't see what's your hurry. They're only two days late."

Bailey had one failing. He had an uncanny trait for getting the paper into trouble while try-

ing to do good for someone. Once it was necessary to call in a lawyer to keep the *Sentinel* out of a libel suit. But one of the happy memories is the staff's observance of Bailey's 75th birthday. It all came about because Editor Marvin had asked Bailey to write the story of his life for the paper.

On that day there was an unusual air of activity about the *Sentinel* office. Bailey could not understand it. Harry Knight, the foreman, was tearing around like a young colt, and even Millie Fletcher, who wrote society and collected bills, was helping in the back office. Bailey was anxious to help, so he was given some proofs to take to the Andrews store. When the old man returned, half an hour later, the office staff was lined up in the front room — Editor Marvin, Foreman Harry Knight, Millie Fletcher, and Jimmy. Even the office cat came to see what was happening. Bailey looked from person to person in bewilderment. Then Knight spoke up:

Mr. Bailey, the *Sentinel* folks all wanted to do something for your birthday, so here's the story of your life in book form. Whenever a chapter ran in the paper we came back or stayed overtime to print it on book-size sheets. Mr. Marvin wanted to help so he sent 'em out to be bound. The first books just came and we had to get you out of the way so we could print some jackets. Here's the first dozen. There's 300 altogether, for you to sell or give to your friends.

Old Man Bailey reached out to take the book, but

he could not see it. His eyes were far too misty.

Politics was an obsession with newspaper editors around the turn of the century. Editor Marvin plunged headlong into the battle. Every day he wrote columns against the Democratic administration and every night he joined enthusiastically in Republican rallies.

Almost everybody took part in the rallies. Even the women were getting into the game. A battle of the decade developed between two women — Kittie Laws and Lottie Granger. Both were candidates for county superintendent of schools, and they knew how to organize support. Modern politicians could take lessons from them. It was 30 years before women had the vote, too. Marvin was in that fight. It was a natural for him. His mother was an ardent believer in suffrage for women from the time Carrie Chapman Catt first unfurled her banners.

As campaign time arrived, lining up the voters became more important than getting the news. While Marvin did not want to run for office himself, he was always working to help elect someone else. The campaign of 1896 reached a new high. Bryan, the silver-voiced orator from Nebraska, stirred up a demand for free silver. McKinley, calm and dignified, rallied the conservatives around his banner. The Democratic slogan was "sixteen-to-one" and local leaders scouted the countryside seeking 16 white horses and one black

to lead the parade, symbolizing the 16 parts of silver to one of gold. Beautiful young ladies were enlisted to ride the horses. McKinley won on a gold standard and high tariff platform.

McKinley defeated Bryan again in 1900 but did not hold office long. On September 6, 1901, he was shot by Leon Czolgosz, and the first extra of the *Sentinel's* career told of the assassination.

Election night was always an occasion of great suspense and excitement. There were no radio reports and no voting machines for quick tallies of votes from larger towns. The *Sentinel* office was the center where politicians gathered. Big sheets of paper had been prepared in advance and the office soon filled with cigar smoke as the watchers waited impatiently for the telephoned returns to be recorded. Excitement built up as first figures came in but, amazingly, there was little betting — just a few freakish bets, such as not shaving for a month.

Marvin wrote the figures on the big chart with heavy black crayon. Then he posted it in the window for passersby to see. None of those in attendance thought of going home until the last precinct was heard from.

Marvin was often urged to run for office. Republican adherents assured him he could win in a walk. He would have none of it. His only reward for years of ardent political labor was the postmastership. A highly prized plum, the job

was given to one of the more active supporters with each change of administration. The appointment was for four years, and the incumbent usually was reappointed unless there was a change in the party in power. Marvin found the salary was attractive and, besides, he could divide his time between the post office and the paper.

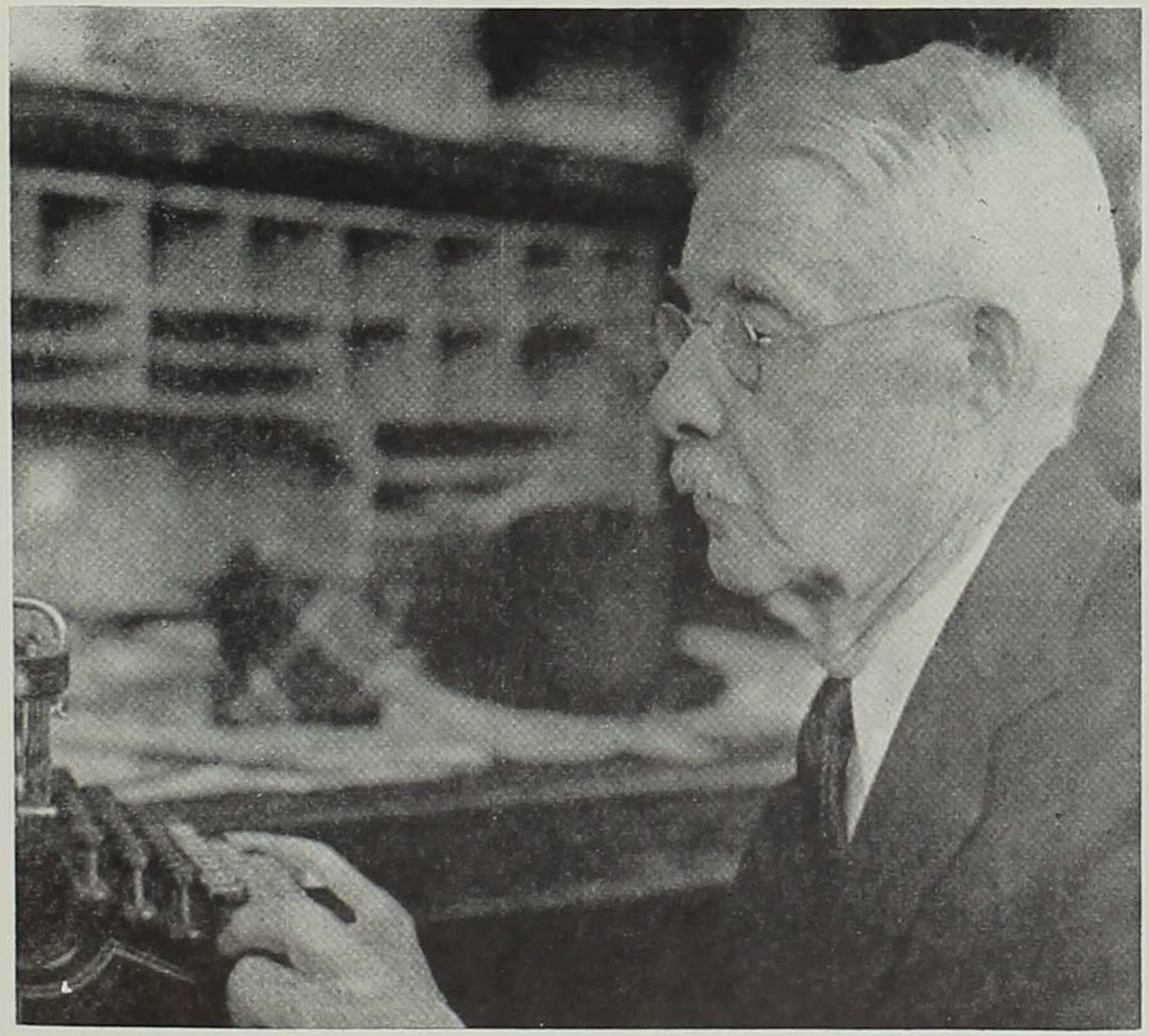
When Marvin began his duties, the office was located in a narrow, shabby old store building on the main street. With the rise of nurseries and seed houses, the business of the Shenandoah post office multiplied at a tremendous rate. It advanced from third to second class, and the old store building was outgrown. There was an appropriation for a new building. Marvin's salary went up, too. He saved the money and it helped pay for a new *Sentinel* Building later.

Free mail delivery came in during Marvin's administration. There were two carriers at first. The real thrill came with rural free delivery. A few forward-looking farmers had dreamed of free delivery to bring the letters and newspapers to their homes. The idea was deemed so visionary that even the papers did not mention it. An ambitious farmer, hearing that an experiment might be tried, visited his neighbor; and they prepared and sent a petition to the postmaster general asking for an experimental route at Shenandoah.

Several months later, a stranger arrived in town and asked to see the postmaster. Marvin had not

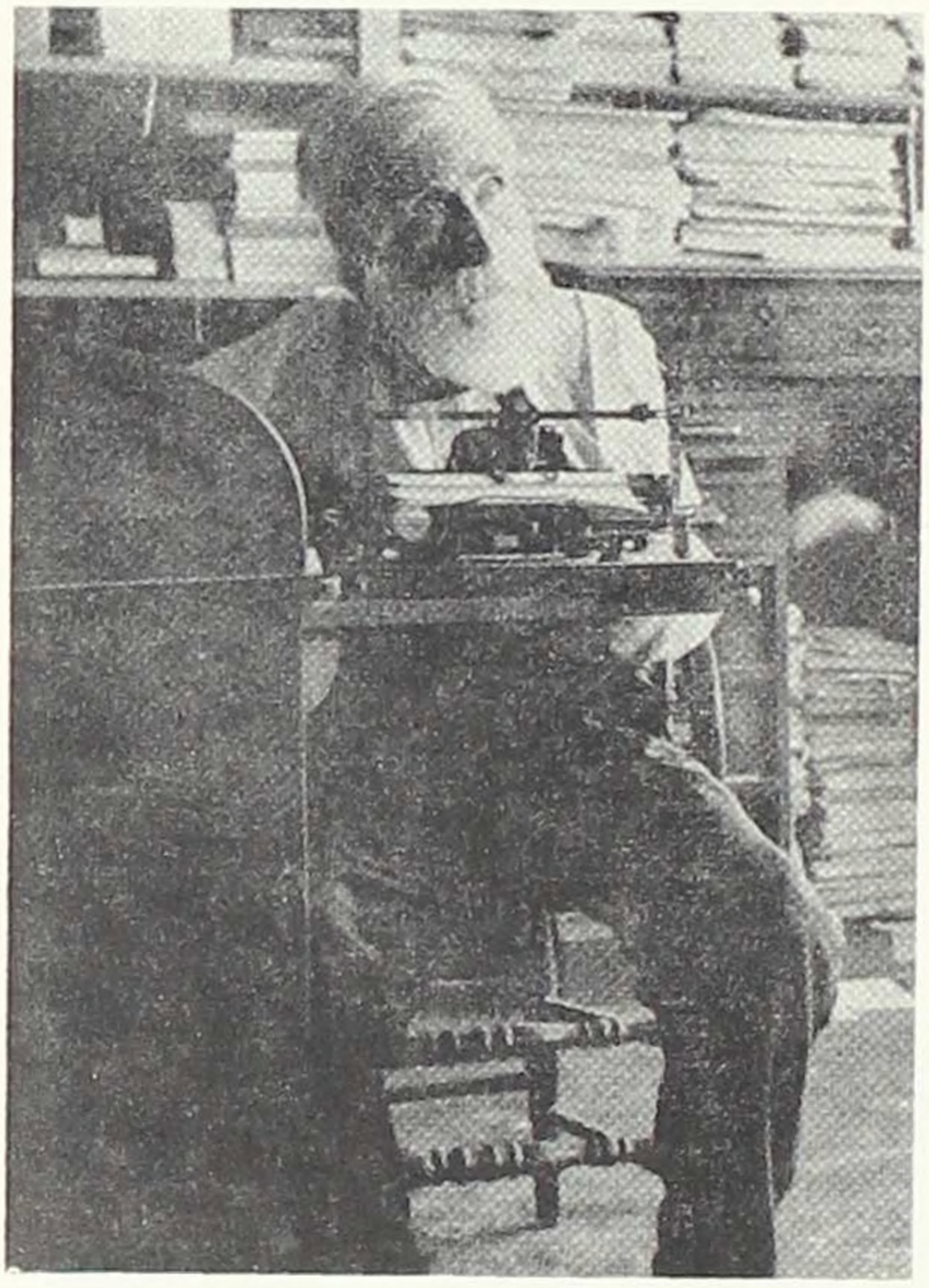
CHARLES MARVIN
(The year he started the *Sentinel*)

BERTHA MCCAUSLAND MARVIN
(Loyal helpmate of Charles Marvin)

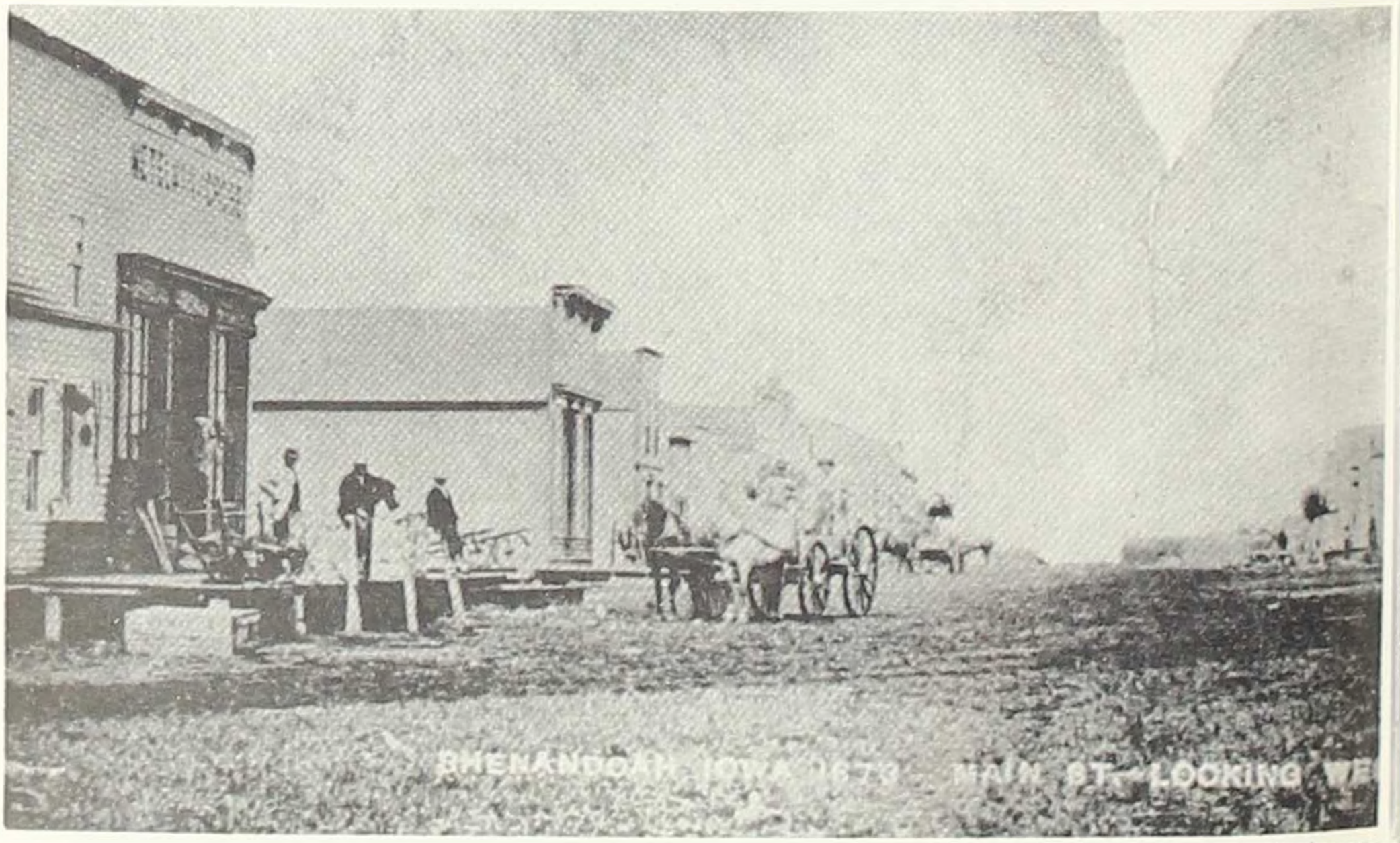


Photos courtesy Merze M. Seeburger

C. N. Marvin—Master Editor-Publisher Award—1941. He had "worked hard—lived honorably—thought soundly—influenced unselfishly." Marvin had served Shenandoah 54 years as founder and editor of the *Sentinel*.



A. S. BAILEY, pioneer newspaperman, went to work as usual at the *Sentinel* on his 75th birthday. Nobody seemed aware of his presence and it seemed to him they felt he was in their way. He was sure the numerous petty jobs which took him away from the office that day were simply manufactured and only meant that he was about to be sacked. Instead, the *Sentinel* staff had secretly had his reminiscenses specially printed and bound in book form as a surprise birthday gift. The 75th proved to be just about Bailey's happiest birthday!



Photos courtesy Merze M. Seeburger

Shenandoah was christened on August 6, 1870, upon completion of the first house by I. N. Holcomb. It received its name from the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, and its principal street was named Sheridan after the famous Civil War general. The settlers from Manti moved to Shenandoah following the arrival of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

Photo courtesy Mrs. J. E. Hawkins

Sheridan Avenue, looking west of Elm Street in horse and buggy days. The domed building on the corner has always been a landmark to citizens and visitors alike.

Photo courtesy Shenandoah Sentinel

Sheridan Avenue in horseless carriage days. The 80-foot wide street was laid out in the original plat, thus assuring ample parking and two-way traffic in modern Shenandoah.

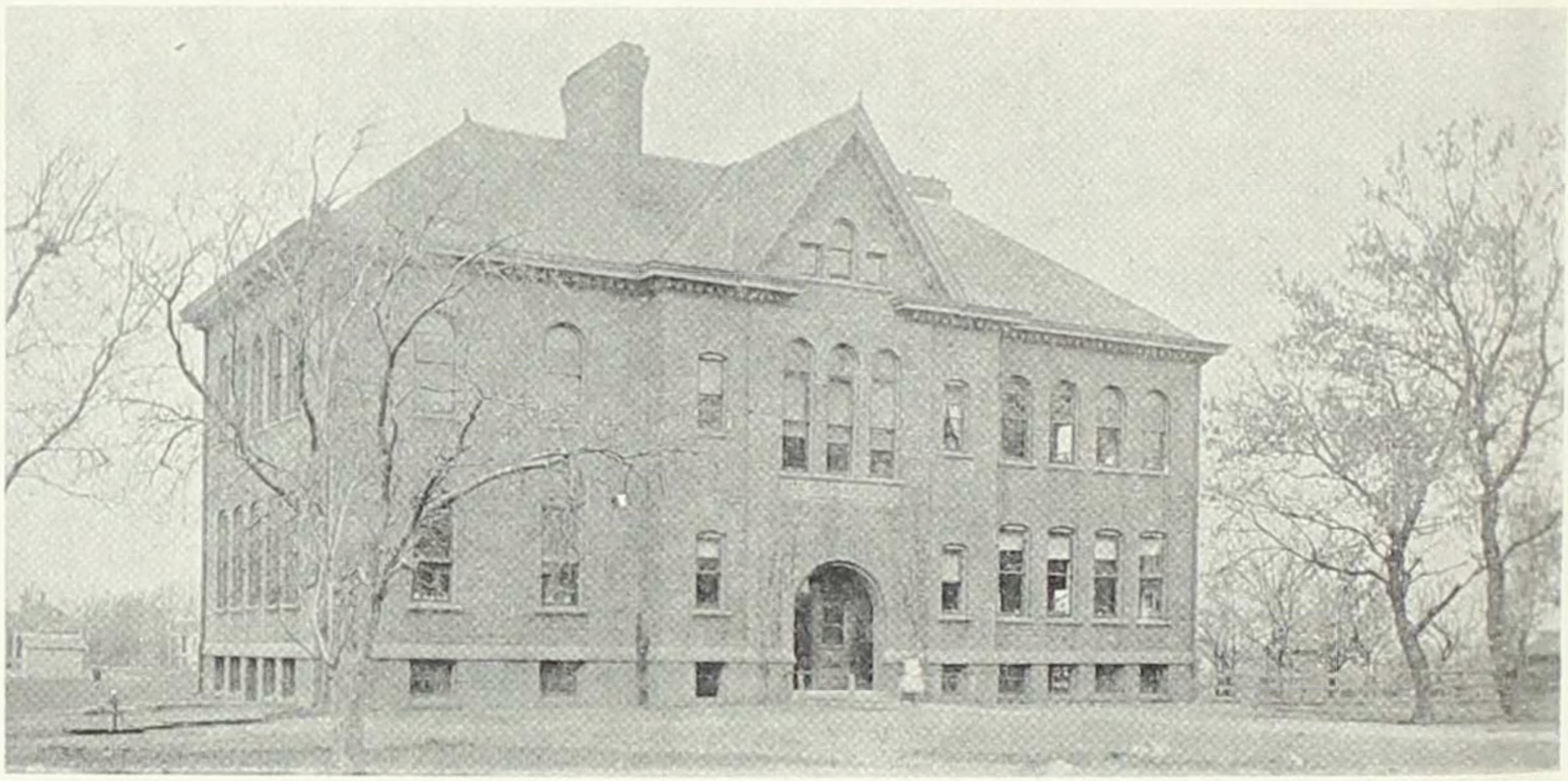


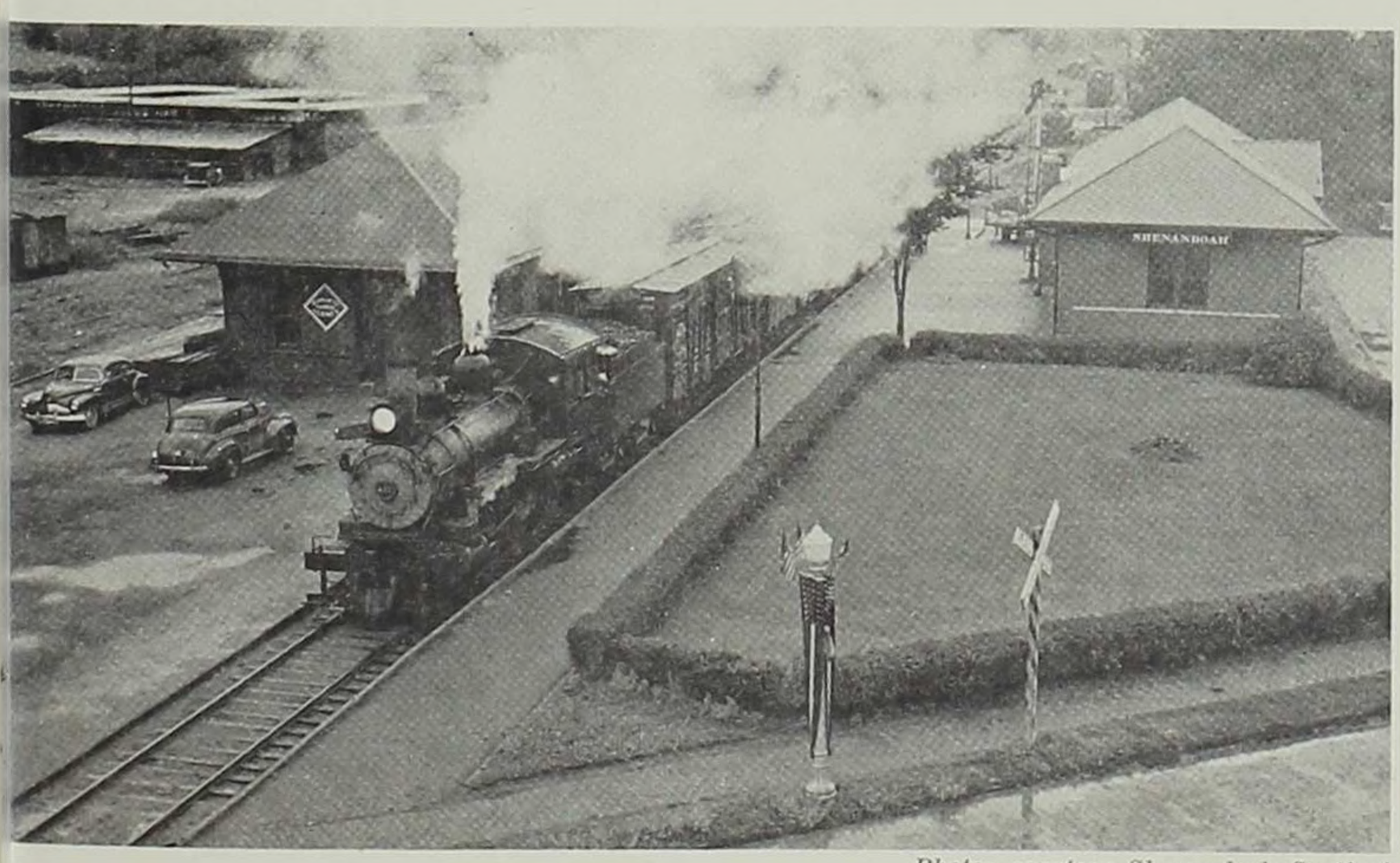
Photo courtesy Mrs. J. E. Hawkins

Broad Street Grade School was completed in the fall of 1904 at a cost of $10,000. Education has always been of primary importance and the 4-room school relieved pressure on Shenandoah High School. The first school was taught in 1870-71 by Mrs. S. E. Field in a 12 x 14-foot room containing but one window.

Photo courtesy Shenandoah Sentinel

Shenandoah was proud of Western Normal College, a 4-story brick structure completed at an estimated cost of $30,000 in the fall of 1882. Building and its contents were destroyed by fire in December, 1891. Nearly $50,000 was raised and this, with insurance money, built the new structure (pictured above) opened in 1893. Enrollment soared to 650 students in 1911-12. Fire hit again on April 12, 1917, and the college closed. The class of 1917 finished the year in the Methodist Church basement. Insurance of $25,000 was used to build a new high school.

The Burlington & Missouri Rail Road ran the first train through Shenandoah on August 1, 1870. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and Wabash lines still carry freight for Shenandoah industries. The Wabash became a part of Norfolk & Western in 1964.



Photos courtesy Shenandoah Sentinel

A C. B. & Q. freight train passes the Shenandoah station in 1946. A boulder in the small park area marks the spot where President Theodore Roosevelt made a speech on April 8, 1903. Shenandoah has no passenger service today.

There was business for a Wagon & Carriage Works until well into the 20th Century. The Economy Stock Powder Company is now located on this site.

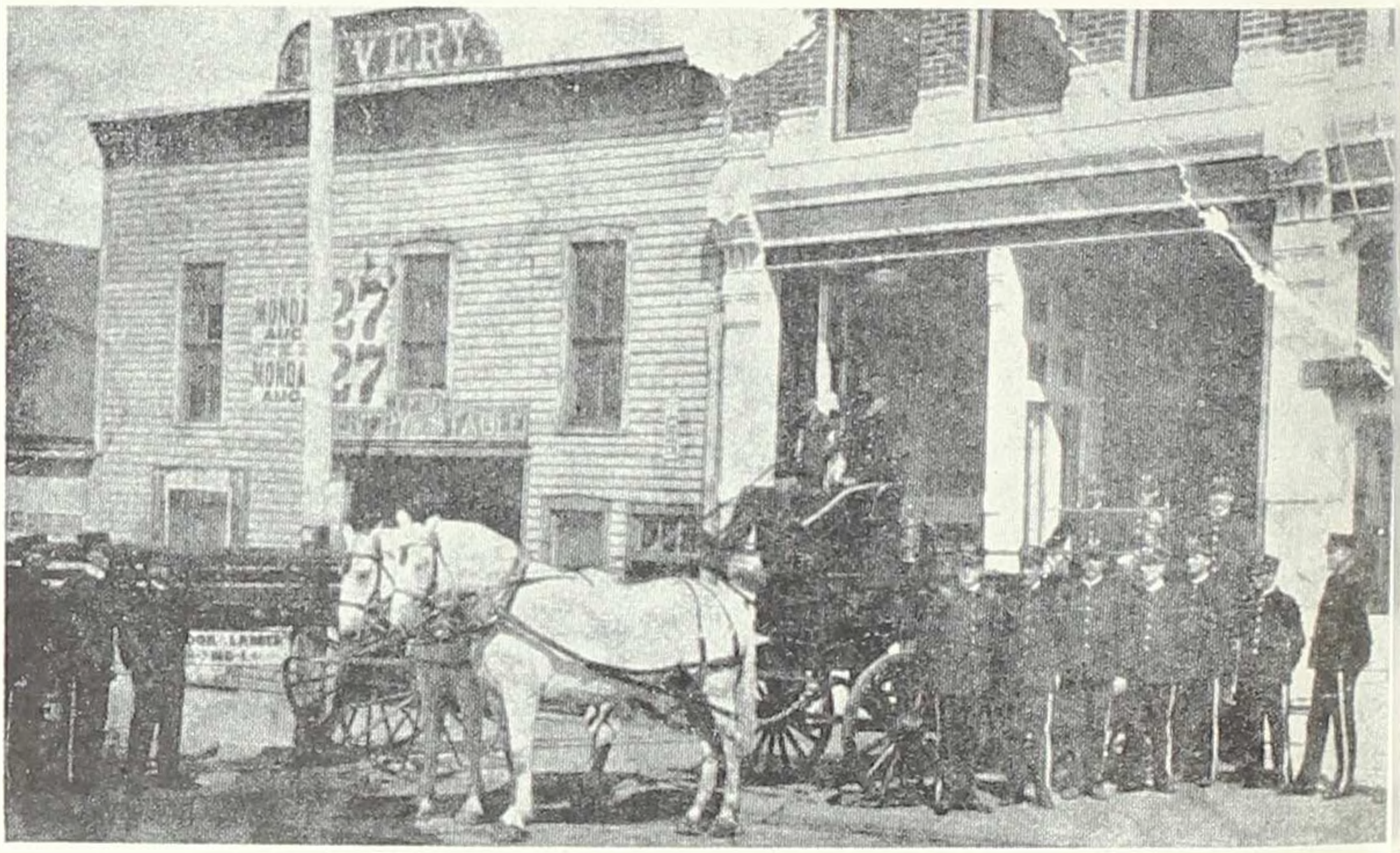
Photos courtesy Shenandoah Sentinel

S. P. Carpenter operated the first lodging house in 1870 where the Delmonico now stands. He built the Shenandoah House on the same site, claiming it to be "the finest hotel in Page County." The town boasted one hotel and two restaurants in 1875. The Valley House, an early Shenandoah hotel, was erected in 1880. By 1897 such hotels as the Delmonico, Hunt, and Shenandoah, attracted a large share of the traveling public in southwestern Iowa.

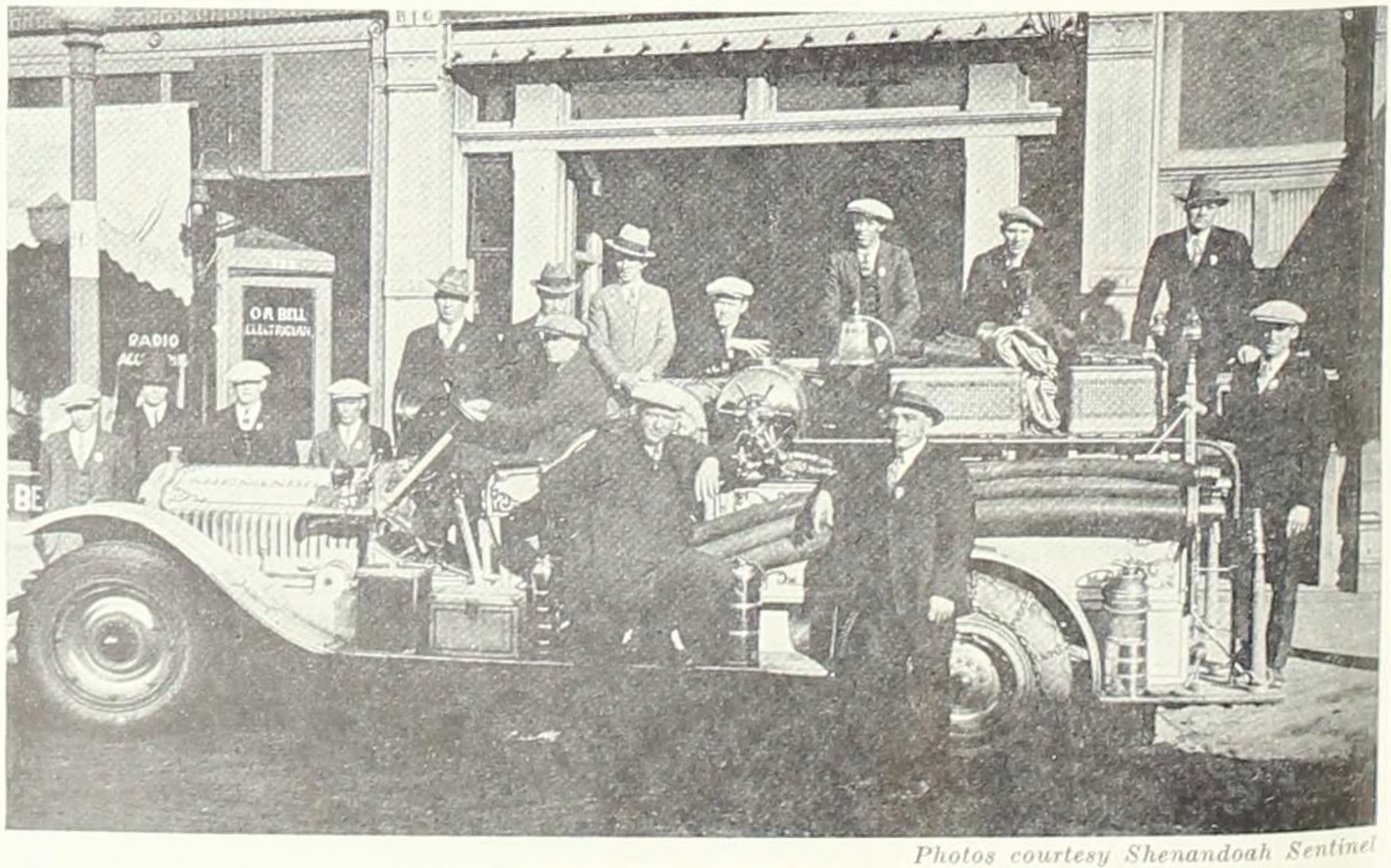
Civil War members of the 23rd Regiment, Iowa Infantry Volunteers, gathered for a reunion in Shenandoah.

Photos courtesy Vetta L. Johnson

Co. E of the 51st Iowa Infantry Spanish-American War veterans hold a reunion in Shenandoah. Colonel C. V. Mount, a veteran of the Civil War, commanded this company.



The Shenandoah Fire Department. The town secured its first fire apparatus in 1876. In 1877 the City Council limited the fire company to 25 members. In 1878 a hook and ladder building was fixed up for $25. In 1880 the fire department was described as "inefficient" and "practically useless." A fire engine was purchased in 1883 for $1,500. A hose cart, fire hats, rubber coats, lanterns, spray nozzle, and an iron triangle fire alarm had been acquired by 1884. It was not until 1906 that Shenandoah provided for a paid fire department.



Photos courtesy Shenandoah Sentinel

Shenandoah's new fire truck. The word "Radio" instead of "Livery" indicates a different era. Note chains on back wheel for muddy streets. Whenever fire equipment is brought out, old or new, it always seems to attract an interested crowd.

The Shenandoah Fair Association was incorporated in 1879. Harness racing was a popular sport.

Shenandoah's fire horses always ranked high at the Firemen's Tournament race. The Fourth of July was a popular time to hold such races.

State Historical Society Photo Collection

The United States Mail ready to move by stage coach in 1912. Old Dobbin was still the most dependable means of travel and continued to be until Iowa began to pull itself out of the mud a decade later. The U.S. Mail was still a novelty in a parade.

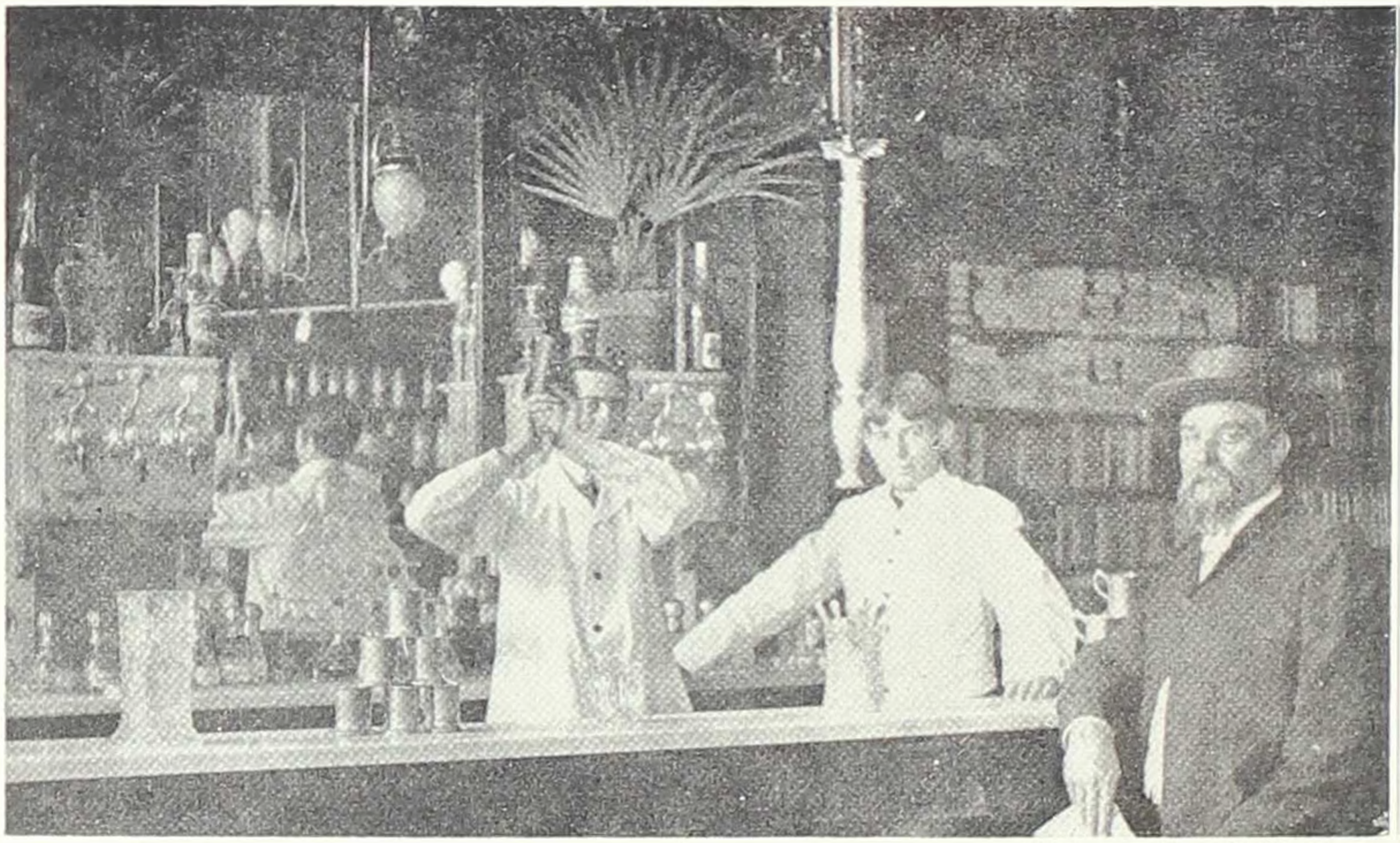


Photo courtesy F. M. Braley

Soda jerks earned their money making a chocolate malt at the Jay Drug Store. Sundaes and sodas of many kinds were also served in tempting form.

State Historical Society Photo Collection

A postcard advertisement from Bauer's Bargain Store informed citizens it had an "endless variety" of such things as "Fall Dress Fabrics, Dry Goods, Blankets, Comforts, Underwear, Yarns, Furs and What Not. You will be tickled to death with our prices."

George Jay's Drug Store welcomes a couple of cash customers. Dutch Treat or not, both seemed plump and well-satisfied.

Photos courtesy F. M. Braley

John Jay and George S. Jay, sons of the druggist, propelled themselves about town on a two-wheeled bicycle. The bicycle era found many devotees in Shenandoah.

Photo courtesy Mrs. J. E. Hawkins

Queen's float in the Flower Show parade. Since Shenandoah proudly boasted it had "the largest nurseries in the world," the emphasis on flowers was natural.

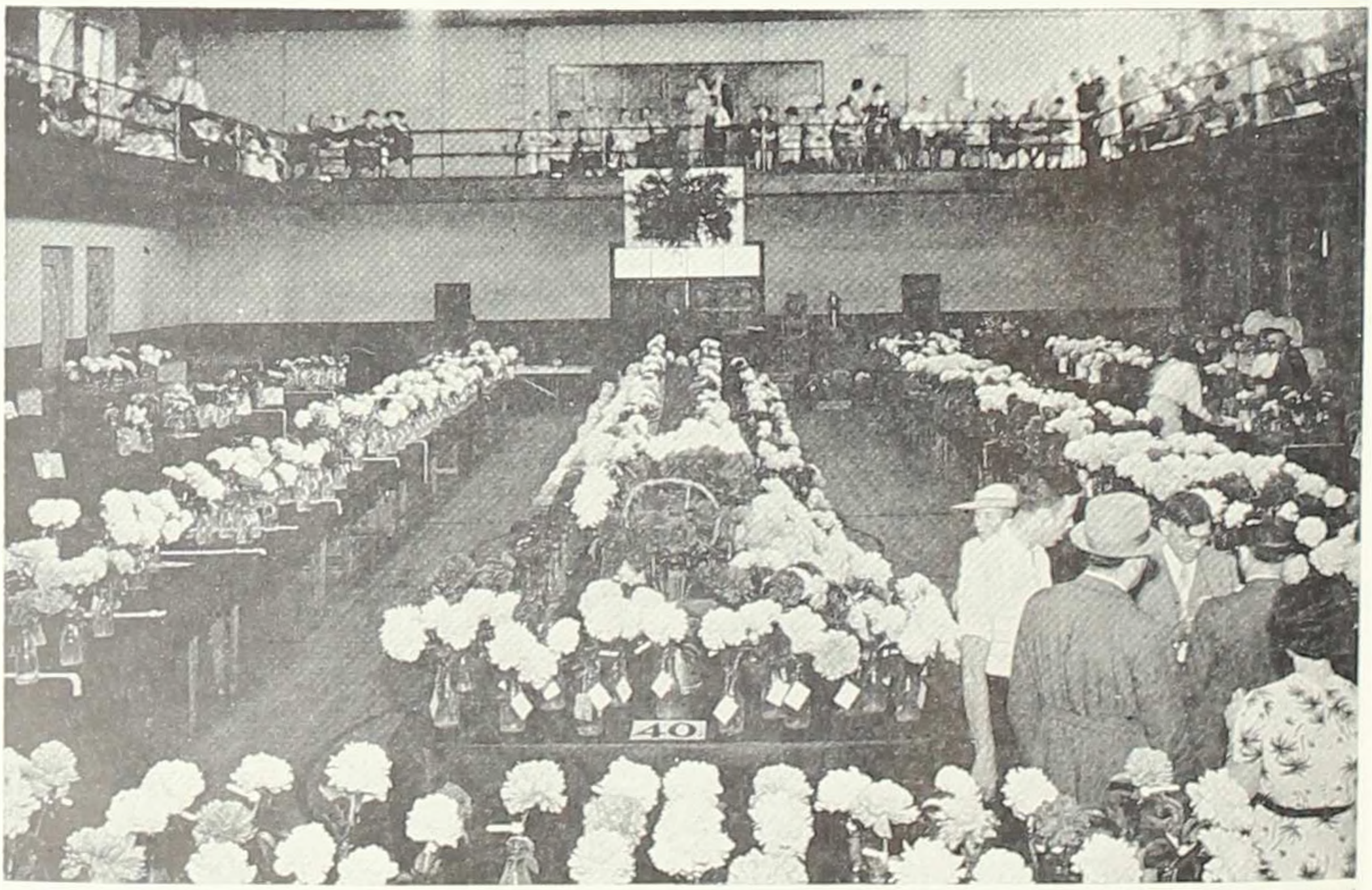
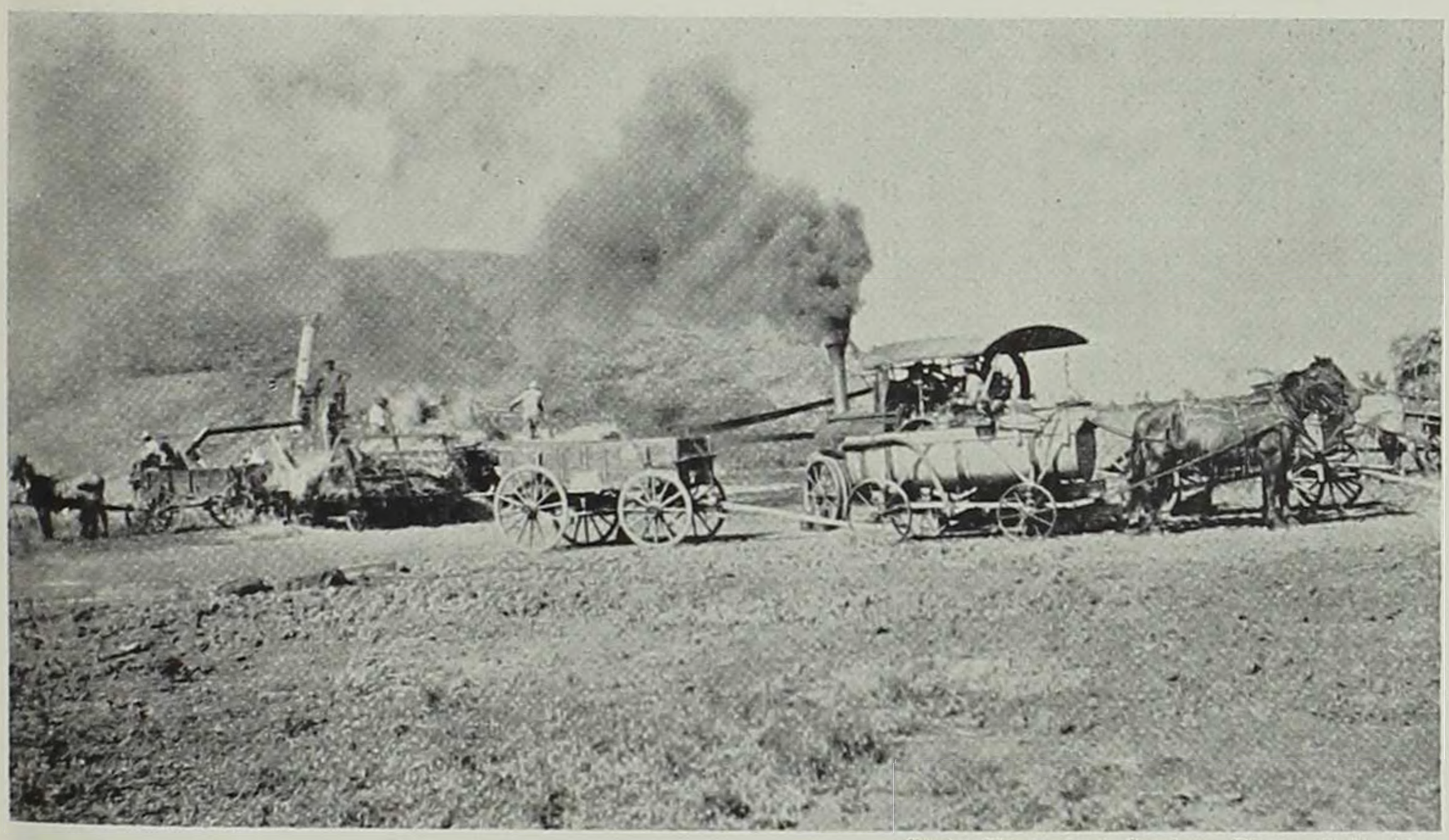


Photo courtesy Shenandoah Sentinel

Flower Show display at the Shenandoah Armory. Competition for the "best of show" was keen in Shenandoah at all times.



State Historical Society Photo Collection

Threshing on the E. L. Williams farm. Although the emphasis has been on flowers and seeds, other forms of agriculture have been followed in Page County.

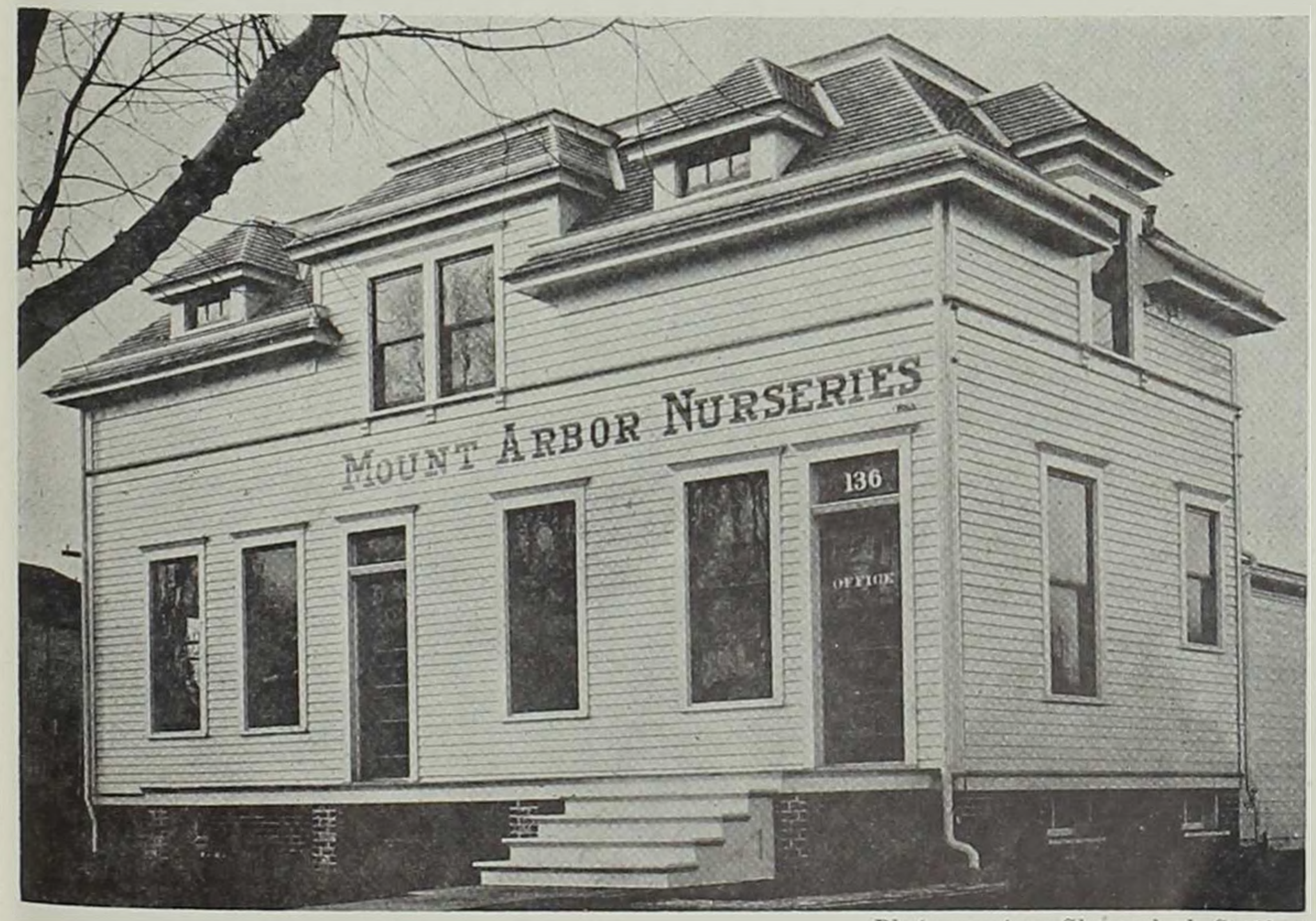
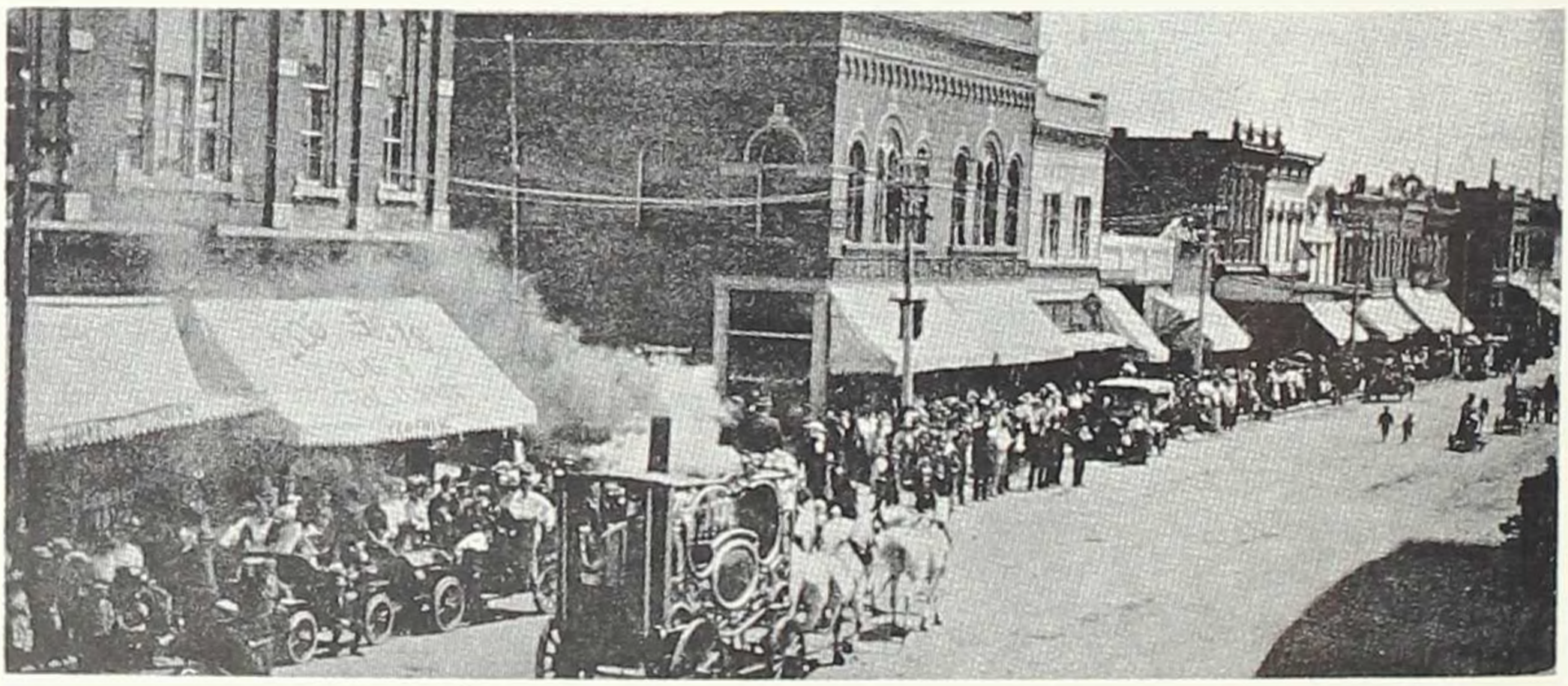


Photo courtesy Shenandoah Sentinel

The Mount Arbor Nurseries. In 1908 Mount Arbor Nurseries advertised 600 acres of "the hardiest and most desirable Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Shrubs, Roses, Forest Tree Seedlings, etc." The advertisement further declared Mount Arbor to be the "best equipped and most complete Nursery Establishment in the Central West."

Photo courtesy Shenandoah Sentinel

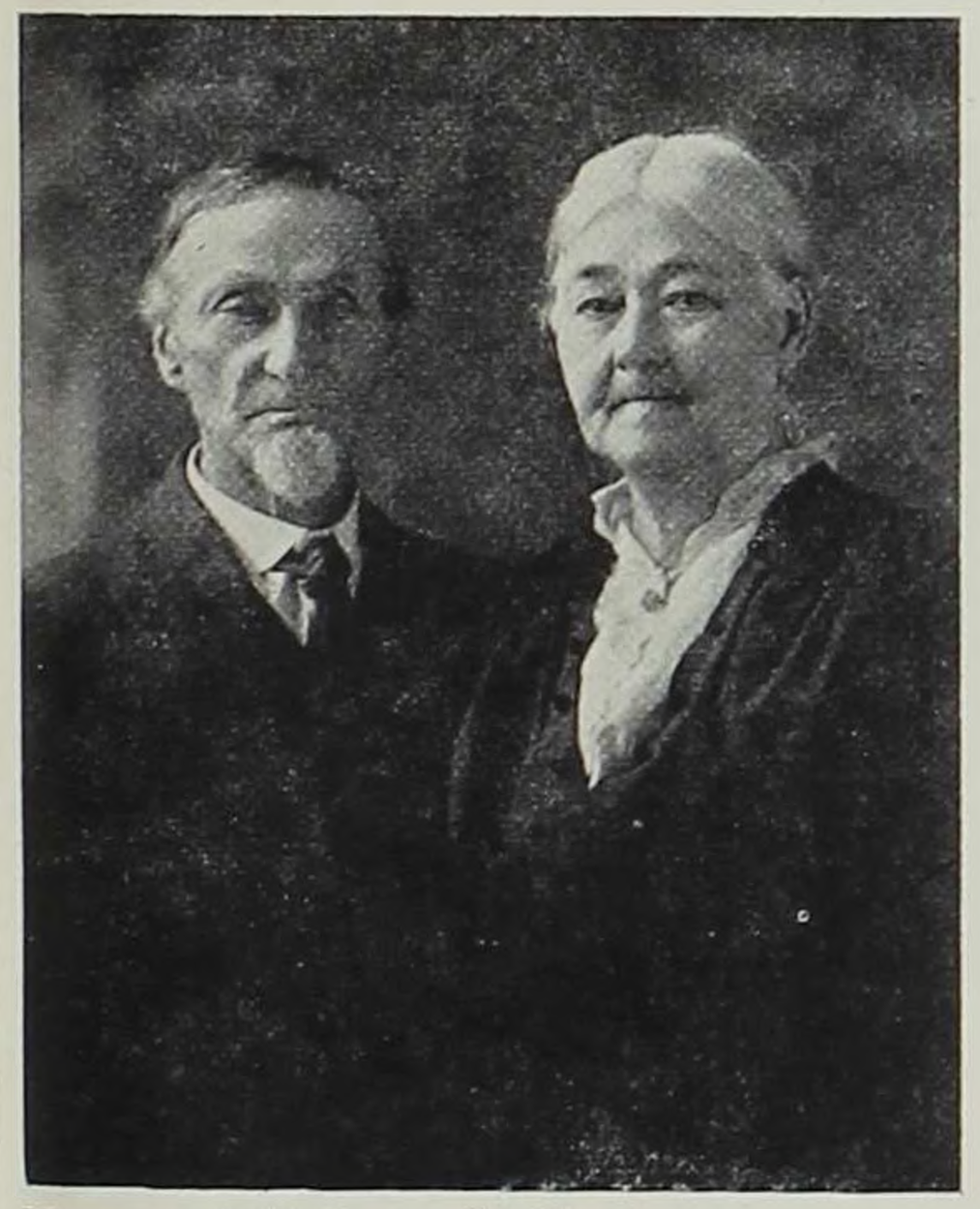
Hog sale day in the 1930's at Shenandoah was advertised over radio. Farmers streamed in from all directions bringing their porkers. The Radio Hog Yards was opened in 1931 and named for Shenandoah's two stations—KMA and KFNF.



Fourth of July parade drew a big crowd. Shenandoah was rarely eclipsed in properly and enthusiastically observing the birthday of the Nation.

State Historical Society Photo Collection

A favorite spot for high school class parties was Porter's Lake, a short distance out of town. Recreation of all forms was enjoyed—picnicking, boating, and roller skating.

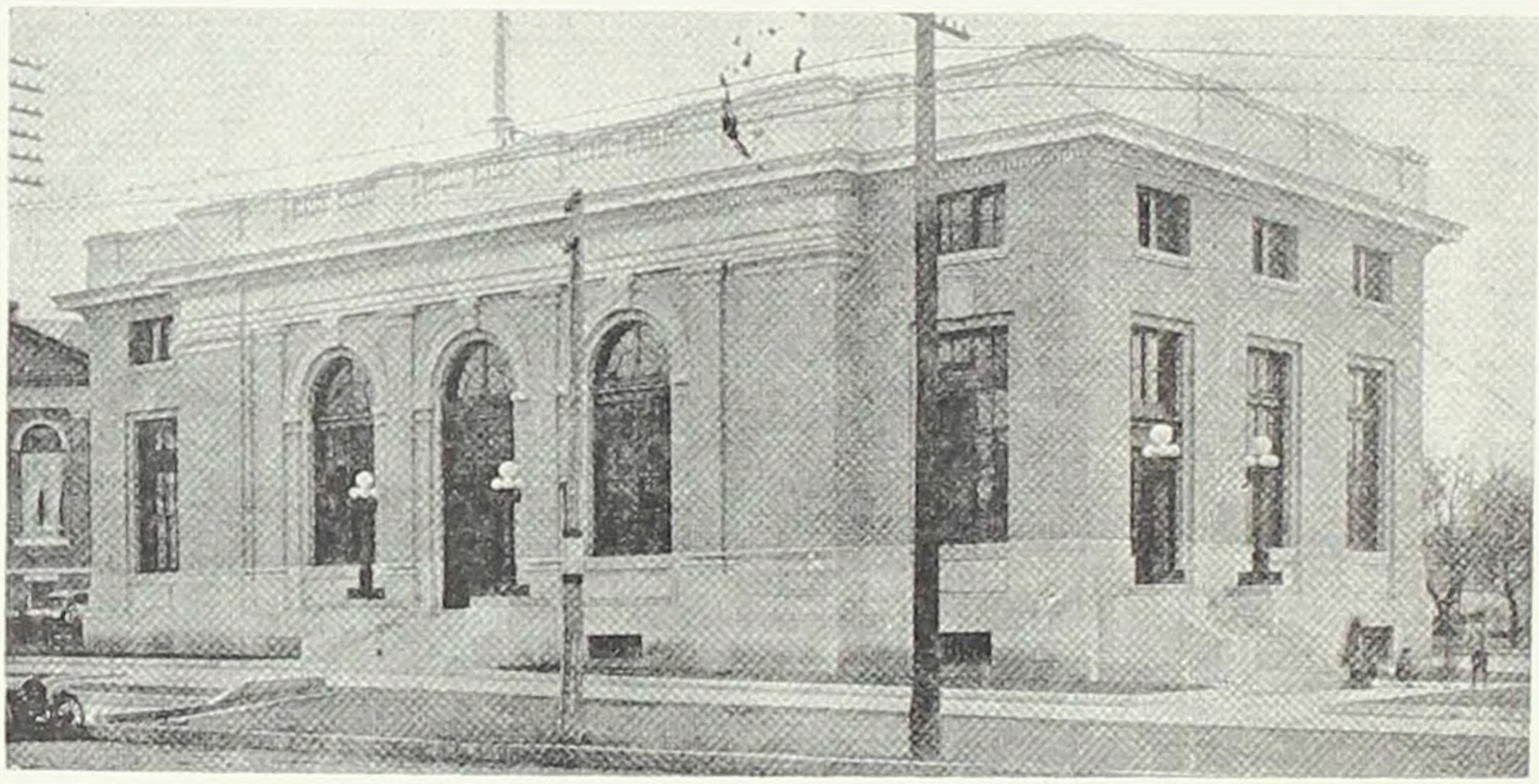


Henry and Catherine L. Hand are representative of those people who put their community above themselves. The Hand Hospital stands as a monument to their memory.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Fishbaugh represented a well-established family and looked every bit of it in their Sunday best. The family had extensive banking interests.

Photos courtesy Robert S. Ross

Seated in her rocking chair with the familiar mending basket in her lap, Mrs. Louis Fischer chats with one of her pet canaries, perched on her out-stretched hand. The tablecloth is one of her hand painted creations. The Fischer farm, three miles east of town, is still in the family.



State Historical Society Photo Collection

The United States Post Office, Shenandoah, as it appeared in 1912. The first mail was distributed out of O. S. Rider's store during the winter of 1870-1871. Charles Marvin served as postmaster from 1897 to 1906. The salary he received did much to strengthen his beloved *Sentinel*. This building now serves as the City Hall. The post office moved into a new building in 1964.

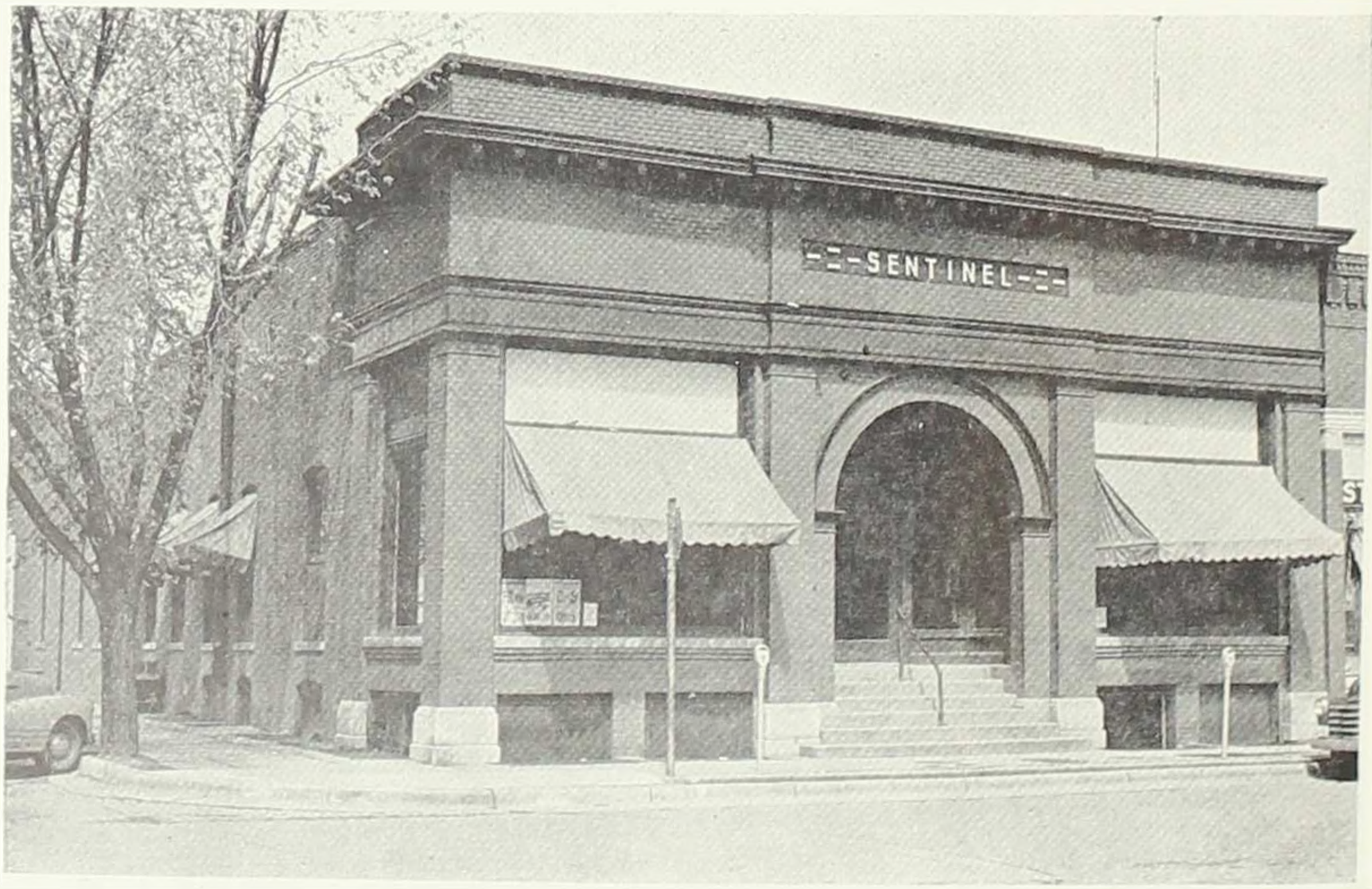


Photo courtesy Merze M. Seeburger

The *Sentinel* building, constructed in 1906, looks the same in 1967. The *Sentinel's* senior editor, R. K. Tindall, came to the paper from the University of Missouri School of Journalism as a young reporter under Charley Marvin in 1914.

heard of the petition. When the stranger said he represented the postmaster general and had come to lay out an experimental route, Marvin, in his excitement, did not wait for his hat. He raced to the livery stable, rented a rig, and they drove out to the farmer's home. With his help, a route was mapped out. Then they drove over the route and found it acceptable.

"Well," said the visitor, "I have two more days to spend here. Let's lay out another route." They did.

Many of the farmers did not believe that rural free delivery would materialize. But the routes came. Delivery started in March 1900. It was a great day for the farmers, and Postmaster-Editor Marvin went around with his head in the clouds for days. City mail delivery did not begin until December of the following year.

As the town grew, the paper expanded. So did Marvin's duties. He needed more help. U. G. Reininger took over the business end and saw that the *Sentinel* kept within its budget.

The Easy Chair

In those early newspaper days, news was incidental. The editorial policy was the important thing. Subscribers took the paper because they agreed with its editorial policy. The news was an extra bonus. Through the years news grew in importance, but it was the editorials that counted.

Charley Marvin was blissfully happy when writing editorials. He figured the editorial department should have a name, and so his opinions began appearing under the title "The Easy Chair." The Easy Chair was not a rocking chair, not even a platform rocker like the one he loved to relax in at home when he had the time. It was a worn swivel chair which creaked when he turned and had to be used with some degree of caution lest it flop over under the impulse of sudden movement. But Marvin liked it and there he sat when scribbling notes or pounding out stories and editorials.

Marvin never had ambitions to become a distinguished writer. He was content to be a country editor. However, many of his writings were widely copied and won him a wide and favorable reputation. He loved a scrap and was thrilled when he could do battle with any or all newspapermen in the area. Instead of his serious editorials, his-

torical articles, and other writings, it was a simple story which brought him national attention, written idly while on a vacation in Ohio.

One of the fringe benefits editors received in those days was railway passes for themselves and their families. Marvin's annual free ride took him back to Ohio to visit his old home on Alum Creek. The oak tree, he had planted in the front yard as a boy, had grown inches each year. Now he could sit in its shade and wait for inspiration. But none came, not even an idea. An editor without an idea is in a sad frame of mind. He wandered down to the old creek, sat down on the bank, and racked his brain for an idea for that overdue letter to his paper.

Then he heard the croaking of a big bullfrog who disputed his possession of the spot on the bank. At last Marvin pulled scratch paper out of his pocket and scribbled a fantastic story of the big bullfrog whose croak was loud as thunder.

For weeks afterward the story was copied by papers from Maine to California. "How silly," was Marvin's comment. "Why couldn't they copy something worthwhile." One admirer sent him a gigantic green frog made of iron. It arrived by prepaid express. The frog was 14 inches high and bore this note, which was tied around its neck, "Could this be your frog?" The big iron frog sat in Marvin's living room for years.

Sometimes trouble walked in the door. Like the

day Mrs. Jones came raging into the office threatening to sue the *Sentinel*. Her face was red and her voice shook. She pointed an angry finger at Marvin. He wondered whether to seek refuge under the table or rush for the nearest exit.

"What's the matter?"

"You made me the laughing stock of the town. You — — —"

"Why don't you tell me what it's all about?"

"This!" She thrust a torn page from the *Sentinel* angrily into Marvin's face. "Just read this."

Marvin read this announcement:

"Mrs. Jones will have her pants on display in her garden Tuesday afternoon. Friends are invited to call and admire them."

"My PANTS!" wailed Mrs. Jones.

Marvin tried to explain that it was just a mistake. "The L had been left out of plants."

But Mrs. Jones could not be consoled. She left the office wailing, "MY PLANTS, my beautiful plants."

Marvin went home for the rest of the day.

Interesting stories did not walk into the *Sentinel* office every day. Marvin and his assistants hunted for news throughout the *Sentinel* territory. Marvin made his towns by bicycle. Farragut and Essex were about six miles away — a nice ride on good days. He claimed the exercise kept him in fine condition. Clarinda, the county seat, was farther away — 19 miles — and he made it weekly

in the caboose of an early morning freight train, returning by passenger train in the evening.

These weekly trips to other towns did not quite cover the field. News was needed from other communities in Page and Fremont counties, which the *Sentinel* called its territory. Country correspondents were the answer. They were not hard to find. Every community had a woman, or sometimes a man, who was delighted to send in a weekly letter telling of the doings of the neighbors. They were paid at the end of the month for the string of news sent in.

Some of the correspondents were excellent, but there were problems, too. In fact, country correspondents were the bane of Marvin's life. They wrote poems of appreciation for every little thing done by friends and neighbors and ended every description of a party with the statement, "A good time was had by all." Sometimes a correspondent would take a sly dig at someone, and the paper would lose several good subscribers.

Some lacked a news sense. There was the big wedding that the correspondent was told to report in full. The next week's letter came in with no mention of it. A telephone call was in order.

"Why didn't you write up the Smith wedding?"

"Oh, there wasn't any news about it. The groom didn't show up. Guess he changed his mind."

You never can tell what will happen around

a newspaper office. Some strange people drift in. There was the red-faced man who came in one morning with a big smile on his face and approached Editor Marvin.

"You want a news item?"

Marvin reached for his note pad and pencil.

"I got the smallpox."

Marvin jumped a foot, knocking his papers to the floor. "You get out of here!" His savage tone frightened the man, and he fled out the door.

The hastily summoned constable raced after the man and overtook him three blocks away. The man was right. He did have smallpox but felt pretty good and decided there was no reason to stay home.

After a peaceful week, Marvin was alone in the office one day when a gray-haired man came in and tossed his battered straw hat on the table. Marvin scented a story — a stranger in town.

"Guess I'll go to work here a few days."

"What — what did you say?"

"Guess you don't know me?"

"Guess I don't," Marvin agreed.

"I'm Dixie Dunbar."

Marvin gulped in surprise.

"Yeah. I met you five years ago when you were on the *Marshalltown Times-Republican*. Fine office you got here."

Dixie Dunbar discovered an apron behind the door and slipped it on. "Got some copy?"

Marvin produced a sheet of copy and handed it to the visitor who promptly went to work setting type.

Dixie Dunbar was the last of the tramp printers, and it was his proud boast that he had worked in every printing office in the United States. Nobody ever disputed his claim. He had a photographic memory and never forgot a face or a name. Three days later Dunbar hung up the apron. "I guess I'll move on now." Marvin paid him three dollars, and Dixie nonchalantly caught the afternoon freight to Hamburg.

Dunbar was not the only surprise employee. One day in came a seedy looking individual who wrote on a pad that he was deaf and dumb, but a good printer and needed a job. Marvin, always sympathetic with fellows down on their luck, hired him.

The new man worked steadily every day for three weeks without making a sound. Foreman McUllough and the girls in the composing room discussed him freely, as they were confident he could not hear their comments. The fourth week he came to work one morning and greeted the foreman, "Hello, Cully." From that time on he talked incessantly.

Even Marvin was surprised one evening when two Chicago reporters, a man and a woman, representing rival papers, showed up at his office.

"We got a tip," the man explained, "that John

D. Rockefeller's father is living around here under an assumed name."

Marvin did not think so.

"You've read Ida Tarbell's *History of the Standard Oil Company?*"

"Yes."

"We think Rockefeller's father lives around here some place. Do you know anybody that fits the description?"

Marvin did not. The three discussed every old-timer that Marvin could suggest. Only one was of the right age and background. It was Uncle Johnny Phipps, who lived with his son on a farm near Farragut.

Marvin was skeptical, but the male reporter engaged a livery team to drive out to the Phipps farm at 8:00 o'clock the next morning. When nearly there he met the lady reporter coming back.

Uncle Johnny Phipps was not Rockefeller's father. That story was just a rumor started by an ambitious reporter. But Uncle Johnny became a celebrity in his own right. When he was 100 years old he joined the Elks Lodge in Shenandoah. Three years later he went with the Shenandoah Elks to Red Oak to help install their new lodge. He marched in the parade as sprightly as the youngest member.

For many years an unusual character turned up at the *Sentinel* office every few months. He was a storybook character come to life — an

old-time peddler, who was humped from years of traveling through the country with a heavy pack on his back. His name was Olson and he had come from Sweden as a young man and had traveled the road ever since. He was known as Charley Five Drops because of his habit of taking just five drops of liquor in his drink.

Charley had no regular home. When he came to the Shenandoah vicinity, he built himself a tiny shack of discarded packing boxes on some vacant and unwanted land. He cooked his own meals and read by the light of a lantern.

What did he read? Greek and Latin classics! He carried his books in his pack. When weariness would overcome him, he would sit on a curb, his pack beside him. Opening the pack, he would take out a book, Cicero's orations, perhaps, and for an hour would read intently, oblivious to curious passers-by.

He never told where he obtained his fine education. Often during his travels he wrote to Charley Marvin, whom he admired greatly. The letters were beautifully written, with polished language and a fine, flawless script such as an artist might use.

Fairs and Anniversaries

Shenandoah was a progressive town always seeking ways to draw attention to itself. The Fair Association eagerly leaped to the front and soon claimed to have the best fair in Iowa except the State Fair. The *Sentinel* published a daily during the three big days of its run. The *Sentinel's* great claim to distinction was the Baby Show. That was Marvin's idea.

It was no ordinary Baby Show. It had uniformed nurses to measure and weigh the young hopefuls. On the day of the widely advertised show, visitors thronged the enclosure, shoving each other around to get a better view of the three old bachelors selecting the prettiest baby between six months and two years. The names of the bachelor judges were not revealed in advance. That was part of the surprise.

Fifty or 60 infants were usually entered, each proudly held by his fond mother. They sat on benches within a roped-off enclosure beneath tall shade trees. Each baby wore a numbered registration tag. There were babies bright and smiling with flower faces beaming from pink organdy or white lace dresses; babies tired and hot, crying in spite of mothers' efforts to bring back the smiles;

and bright and shining colored babies among the white. Once a cross-eyed baby cooed happily.

The reward was a five dollar gold piece, and the winner was made known only after the judges had fled the scene. The judges were fast putting distance behind them when Editor Marvin pinned the big pink ribbon bow on their bewildered choice. It was often difficult to persuade three bachelors who had not previously served to agree to enter the arena. A lawyer, a doctor, and a merchant made a capable group, but they would be embarrassed for weeks thereafter.

The Baby Show was not the editor's only fair week activity. He was in charge of the concessions. For 10 days before the fair began, the newspaper office was host to a series of weird visitors seeking the choicest spots for their stands. Lemonade vendors, fortune tellers, the dog-faced lady, hot dog and candy vendors followed one another through the portals and were assigned by Marvin to their proper spots.

As there was no reason to assume they would stay in their assigned locations, Marvin would get up in the mornings and race to the fairgrounds on his bicycle to see who had moved his stand during the night. Then the arguments followed, with Marvin threatening to call the police. Muttering angrily, the concessionaires moved back, but the next day the procedure was repeated.

The fair was not the only exciting event of the

year. There was the annual Firemen's Tournament. Fourth of July was a great day for the firemen. It was not because of the danger of fire, though they took that in stride when necessary. It was tournament day. There were no powerful motor-operated fire wagons to race around the track. These wagons were drawn by horses — the best the cities could afford.

Towns such as Shenandoah had only one salaried fireman. It was his duty to look after the fire horses and drive them to the fires. The rest of the department was composed of volunteers. Larger cities had more teams, more money, and more men.

The horses achieved great distinction. They were the heroes and received the adulation of the populace. It was all because of their speed. They were trained and admired as our derby horses are today. Soon it was beneath their station in life to race to fires. Their duty was to compete in the tournament held each Fourth of July, really a two-day event with the final races held on July 5. Winning teams received prize money and medals. Back home a lively team of farm horses took over the plebian task of pulling the red engine to the fires.

Shenandoah had a crack team, Prince and Boli, for tournament use. They were a handsome, spirited pair, that had been purchased after much investigation, discussion, and dickering. The Des Moines Fire Department had a prize team, Jack

and Jack, a handsome pair, that had formed the habit of winning most of the honors, but Prince and Boli gave them some bad days.

One year the tournament came to Shenandoah, and the populace turned out en masse to watch the races. On the second day after the final events had been run, tired men and horses headed home by train or overland. The merchants in Shenandoah, who had invested heavily in fireworks, were disappointed. They offered the left-over racket-making material at reduced prices. Within an hour the town was bedlam. Residents who had gone home wearily to supper hurried back. Young people, and many not so young, emerged from stores with arms full of fireworks. Cautious souls fled from the streets. Fireworks went off in every direction in a blaze of light and thunderous noise. It did not stop until the last firecracker and Roman candle were gone.

Editor Marvin, the next day, sat down in his Easy Chair at the *Sentinel* office to ponder why the firemen and their crack teams were out of town on the most dangerous days of the year — firewise. Of course, a few stalwart volunteers remained behind, along with the stand-in farm horses. With the coming of motor-driven fire engines, years later, Firemen's Tournaments vanished from the calendar of events.

The editor's mail was one of the highlights of his day. He never knew what to expect. Some-

times there were checks and subscription renewals. The next letter might complain that the paper was no good and was not wanted any more. Marvin got one letter which said, "You're a great man. I like your editorials. You should run for president. I'll vote for you." He framed that one.

Some editors grew scraggly whiskers and worried frowns. Others stayed young in heart and kept their sense of humor. Charley Marvin had imagination.

Marvin's flight into fancy was the series known as the Aunt Belinda letters. They discussed local and national affairs in a folksy, misspelled way and became the most popular feature of the paper. Marvin wrote the letters at home, on unfamiliar scratch paper and addressed and mailed them to himself. Even the fellow members of the *Sentinel* staff were unable to solve the puzzle of Aunt Belinda's identity. The letters continued to arrive, sporadically, for several years. No one ever discovered the identity of the author.

A typical Aunt Belinda letter started out like this:

> Deer Editur Marven: The other da Abner caim hoam carrin a tipe wrighter, the masheen I meen, not the gurl. The gurl wuz wauking along bi his side an He sed, Belinda, I've brot you a stenografter so you can wright moar for yure litery pusutes. I askt her whare she had grafted befoar an she sed she had rote letturs for Henery Field an Jim Doaty. She woar noaz glasses an dimond rings

an chude gum. I wuz suspishus uv the gurl, but I sed I wood giv her a trile. I toald her to copi a letur I rote onto the tipe wrighter. She sez to me, Miz Slocum, du yu objeck if I currekt yure spelling? I sez to her, when I wuz a gurl I red the spellin buk thru fore times an wunst I speled the hole skule down, an I aint goin to hav no red heded upstart az chuse gum tell me how to spel.

Belinda went on to discuss her opinions on local affairs.

Subscribers grew enthusiastic over Aunt Belinda. If she failed to send a letter every week, it was almost a calamity. Marvin was sometimes sorry he had invented her. He tried every way short of having her die to dispose of her. Finally, very slowly, like an old soldier, she faded away.

Rivalry developed among some letter writers. The Democrats of southwestern Iowa clamored for a mouthpiece. The answer was the *Shenandoah World,* with W. D. Jamieson, commonly called Billy, as its editor. He had a desk by the front window and called his editorial column "The Window Seat." There he commented on who and what he saw on the street. It was the candid camera of the day and some of the people wrote letters of violent protest. But the feud was all good natured. Billy Jamieson called his wife the Squaw and his house the Wigwam. He competed against Colonel William Peters Hepburn for Congress and won an upset victory. He held office for one term and then Republicans regained the seat.

Boys grew from short to long pants, young ladies came out in society, and papers grew from weeklies to semi-weeklies and tri-weeklies. While Editor Marvin had raised a few gray hairs the *Sentinel* had been growing up.

July 1893 was a great year in the *Sentinel's* career. After weeks of discussion and figuring, it became a semi-weekly, publishing four pages on Tuesday and eight on Friday. When the paper was 12 years old and feeling in fine fettle, Marvin called his force together and they decided to celebrate. They would publish a special edition. The employees went to work with vim and Marvin scarcely took time out to eat and sleep.

On June 20, 1899, it appeared — the first anniversary special edition of the *Sentinel*. There were 50 pages of feature articles, especially of local history, with pictures and advertising. The production was a tremendous undertaking for the little staff of 14 people, including the editor, office boy, and devil.

As the *Sentinel* grew, more help was needed. Compositors were hard to find and space was at a premium. Then automation got a foot in the door. After much head scratching and pouring over the budget, Marvin bought a Linotype.

It was a great day in the *Sentinel* office when that first Linotype machine arrived. It could set more type than several girl compositors. It was the most expensive machine in the *Sentinel* plant,

and every day visitors came to see it in operation. Farm visitors were frequently spellbound spectators. Marvin was especially thrilled with the young westerner who was visiting an uncle and came in to see "that there machine you got." After watching for a long time he took off his big hat and said respectfully, "Wall, now, Mr. Machine, you do be almost human. I'm mighty proud to meet yuh."

Presently the *Sentinel* was 18 years old and had united with its ancient rival — the *Post*. The *Sentinel* and the *Post* consolidated April 1, 1905. A new corporation took over the stock, equipment, and subscription lists of both papers. It now became the *Sentinel-Post*. It was still a semi-weekly and was published Tuesday and Friday. Henry Deater, former editor of the *Post*, became secretary and assistant manager of the new company.

Equipment and business increased till the publishing plant bulged at the seams. A new building was needed. Marvin built one. His salary as postmaster contributed largely to the financing of the plant.

The new home was completed in February 1906. After moving into the new quarters, the *Sentinel-Post* had "open house." The public was invited and thousands of subscribers and friends from the *Sentinel* territory thronged the building to see the machines at work. A 24-page souvenir booklet was given to each visitor.

The opening had much publicity and even a Chicago machine factory tried to get into the act. They shipped a surprise folding machine to attach to the press. "We thought you would like to include this in your new equipment," they explained. The bill had not been allowed in the *Sentinel* budget, but the new convenience found itself quite at home, and no one could think of sending it back.

Editor Marvin and his assistant, Henry Deater, spent hours studying the situation. Was the *Sentinel* ready to blossom out as a full-fledged daily, or should she play safe and continue to appear three times a week. After many conferences the daily won.

The *Sentinel-Post* was growing social minded as the years added up. When it was 28 years old, the staff decided to celebrate once more. They would entertain all the employees, especially the country correspondents from other towns, at a big party to add spark to their enthusiasm. Fancy invitations went out to everyone on the payroll, big or little, for the gala event — *Sentinel-Post* Day, Shenandoah, June 26, 1915.

They came. They saw everything. They ate everything — everything on the menu, that is. The word "banquet" was a slight misnomer, but there was plenty of ice cream and cake and no one went away hungry. They talked about the big party for weeks.

Master Editor-Publisher

More years piled up. Fifty years an editor and Charley Marvin received his greatest honor — the Master Editor-Publisher of the Iowa Press Association. Marvin was prouder of that award than he would have been of a million dollars or a seat in the United States Senate.

Marvin kept on going until he was slowed by a wobbly heart. But even a heart attack was something new to write about in his Easy Chair:

Doctors and women are Queer.

Especially the women. After a man has lived with a woman for forty or fifty years you would imagine he would be able to know all there is to know about the species, but it is not so.

You have perhaps been coming home regularly every evening to be greeted something like this: "Say, Big Boy, where have you been? Playing golf? Well, if you need exercise you can mow the lawn or dust the car, or maybe tie up the rose bushes."

Then all at once something happens and you get a solar plexus blow and pass out of the picture temporarily. Maybe it's a car accident. Maybe you met up with Joe Louis. Maybe you got in an argument with a New Deal Democrat when you should have tackled something easy. Or maybe you just got upset and dizzy.

That's the way it happened with me. The last thing I remember was wanting to sit down in the Court House at

Clarinda. There wasn't any chair handy. Then I heard a woman screaming, "Help, help, Man overboard," or words to that effect. . . . When I came to I was holding a first class reception in the clerk's office. I was the center of the stage at the Court House for the first and only time in my life. . . .

Marvin recovered but gradually eased out of the more strenuous jobs on the paper. He sold the controlling interest in the Sentinel-Post Co. and turned over the management to younger men. He still wrote the Easy Chair editorials. He was never too old or too tired for that.

A real country newspaperman never loses his instinct for the good news story. He never forgets to write of what is happening around him. "The printer's ink just won't wash off your fingers," Marvin explained.

And so it was when he lay in the hospital speculating on what lay beyond the pearly gates, he greeted the nurses each morning with "What's new today?" and demanded to be propped up in bed. There he wrote his last editorial, on "Illusion or Delusion," but alas, the compositors could not decipher it.

Marvin wrote "30" on his last copy, July 8, 1941.

The *Sentinel* continues under the direction of Willard D. Archie, who was publisher for many years and now serves as president of the Sentinel Publishing Company.

Tri=Weekly Sentinel=Post

VOL XXXV SHENANDOAH, IOWA SATNRADY, JUNE 24, 1916 NO. 37

EXTRA

Company E Goes at 6:40 Sunday

Soldiers Entrain in the Morning on Special Leaving Shenandoah For Camp Dodge

Company E will leave at 6:40 o'clock Sunday morning by special train for Camp Dodge ready for Mexican duty. The train will start from Shenandoah over the K & W, pick up the band at Clarinda and join the special train at Villisca. The Burlington special will arrive in Des Moines at 1 o'clock and will bring the companies from Red Oak, Corning, Glenwood, Villisca, Shenandoah, Creston and the band from Clarinda.

The rousing farewell for the departing soldiers will be given as planned by the mayor, C. A. Wenstrand, and the Commercial association.

Secretary of War Baker has issued orders to all army departmental commanders to send to Mexican border all militia available immediately upon their organization without waiting for completion of the mobilization of the separate states. It is thought the Iowa troops will be sent to the border soon after their mobilization.

Seventy-six men had enlisted this morning to go to Camp Dodge under direction of Captain Howard Ross and Lieutenant Merle McCunn and Lieutenant Ray Cleaveland. Other men will be recruited. The required number was sixty-five but volunteers are still joining.

Earl Ferguson, attorney, who accompanied Company E in 8 to Camp Dodge and later to the coast as war correspondent for several newspapers, will make the speech to the boys in the morning. The business people and the residents are urged to respond with patriotism in the morning and be at the depot to bid the Company E men Godspeed.

The seventy-six who will go from Shenandoah are:

Howard W. Ross, captain
Merle McCunn, First Lieut.
Ray Cleaveland, Second Lieut.

Sergeants:
George Greenway
M. E. Beach
E. W. Chase
George Criss
Elmer Wilbur
Ben Nealy, Jr.

Corporals:
Hugh McKee
Vernie McCunn
Roy W. Pear
Charles Hamilton
Robert Pond

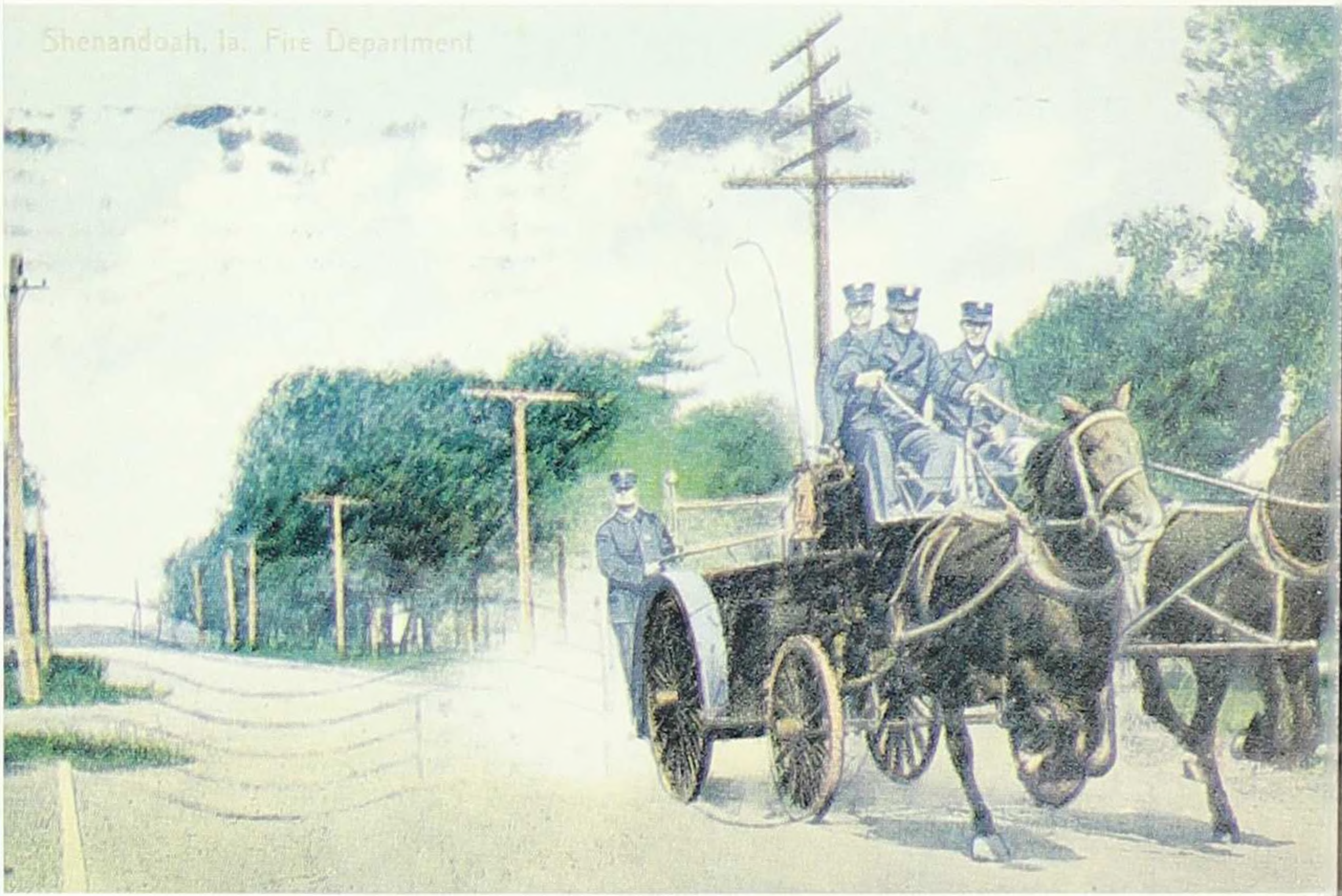
Cooks:
Russell Collins
Robert Collins

Musicians:
H. Harris
M. True

Privates:
George O. Arnold
Arthur Ashbaugh
Guy D. Adams
Charles E. Ashmore
Paul Burham
John H. Bettis
George L. Bush
Oscar Brown
Ralph R. Chase
Ernest E. Clark
P. Clabaugh
Floyd Doty
George Early
Pierce Flowers
Morris E. Glass
Charles B. Gilmore
Elmer Grimm
Clipton Grimm
Robert George
Arthur Haines
John E. Hensley
V. M. Irby
Lee James
Grover Knight
Odie V. Knight
Harry Kendall
William Leady
Henry A. Miller
Rollo Miller
Fred Mitchell
R. McKay
W. McKean
Arthur B. Nye
Andrew Nelson
Lawrence Neal
Charles Navert
Roy Proctor
Fred Ratliff
Floyd Roberts

(Continued on page 2)

Shenandoah, Ia. Fire Department



First M. E. Church, Shenandoah, Ia.