STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA
ESTABLISHED 1857

1920-1970

50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE Palimpsest

JANUARY 1971

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.

Contents

Cover

Robert W. Schwab, Iowa City artist, is responsible for the modernistic 50th Anniversary cover.

This issue marks the end of a half century of publishing *The Palimpsest*. To observe this occasion, two articles from the first issue of July, 1920, are reprinted. They explain the purpose of the magazine and the meaning of its title. Dr. Petersen sums up the achievements of fifty years and writes of the individuals who edited and wrote for *The Palimpsest* during that time. A final story gives the reactions of readers from every walk of life—amateur and professional—to the magazine.

Inserted in the center of this issue is a bonus for Society members—a reproduction of the rare January, 1921, issue, long out-of-print. This is as near an exact duplication as today's paper, ink, and type will permit.

THE PALIMPSEST is published monthly by the State Historical Society of Iowa in Iowa City, William J. Petersen, Editor. It is printed in Iowa City and distributed free to Society members, depositories, and exchanges. This is the January, 1971, issue and is Number 1 of Volume 52. Second class postage paid at Iowa City, Iowa.

PRICE—Included in Membership. Regular issues, 50¢; Special—$1.00

MEMBERSHIP — By application. Annual Dues $5.00

ADDRESS — The State Historical Society, 402 Iowa Avenue
Iowa City, Iowa 52240

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

VOL. LII ISSUED IN JANUARY 1971 NO. 1

The Vision

In imagination let us picture the history of Iowa as a splendid drama enacted upon a giant stage which extends from the Father of Waters on the right to the Missouri on the left, with the Valley of the Upper Mississippi as a background.

Let us people this stage with the real men and women who have lived here — mysterious mound builders, picturesque red men and no less interesting white men, Indians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, explorers, warriors, priests, fur traders, adventurers, miners, settlers, country folk, and townspeople.

Let the scenes be set among the hills, on the prairies, in the forests, along the rivers, about the lakes, and in the towns and villages.

Then, viewing this pageant of the past, let us write the history of the Commonwealth of Iowa as we would write romance — with life, action, and color — that the story of this land and its people may live.

BENJAMIN F. SHAMBAUGH

Palimpsests

Palimpsests of a thousand and two thousand years ago were parchments or other manuscript material from which one writing had been erased to give room for another. The existence of these double texts was due chiefly to the scarcity of materials. Waxen tablets, papyrus rolls, parchment sheets, and vellum books each served the need of the scribe. But they were not so easily procured as to invite extravagance in their use or even to meet the demand of the early writers and medieval copyists for a place to set down their epics, their philosophies, and their hero tales.

And so parchments that were covered with the writings of Homer or Caesar or Saint Matthew were dragged forth by the eager scribes, and the accounts of Troy or Gaul or Calvary erased to make a clean sheet for the recording of newer matters. Sometimes this second record would in turn be removed and a third deposit made upon the parchment.

The papyrus rolls and the parchments of the early period of palimpsests were merely sponged off — the ink of that time being easily removable, though the erasure was not always permanent. The later parchments were usually scraped with a

knife or rubbed with pumice after the surface had been softened by some such compound as milk and meal. This method was apt to result in a more complete obliteration of the text.

But there came men whose curiosity led them to try to restore the original writing. Atmospheric action in the course of time often caused the sponged record to reappear; chemicals were used to intensify the faint lines of the old text; and by one means or another many palimpsest manuscripts were deciphered and their half-hidden stories rescued and revived.

On a greater scale time itself is year by year making palimpsests. The earth is the medium. A civilization writes its record upon the broad surface of the land: dwellings, cultivated fields, and roads are the characters. Then time sponges out or scrapes off the writing and allows another story to be told. Huge glaciers change the surface of the earth; a river is turned aside; or a flood descends and washes out the marks of a valley people. More often the ephemeral work of man is merely brushed away or overlain and forgotten. Foundations of old dwellings are covered with drifting sand or fast growing weeds. Auto roads hide the Indian trail and the old buffalo trace. The caveman's rock is quarried away to make a state capitol.

But the process is not always complete, nor does it defy restoration. The frozen subsoil of the

plains of northern Siberia has preserved for us not only the skeletons of mammoths, but practically complete remains, with hair, skin, and flesh in place — mummies, as it were, of the animals of prehistoric times. In the layers of sediment deposited by the devastating water lie imbedded the relics of ancient civilizations. The grass-grown earth of the Mississippi Valley covers with but a thin layer the work of the mound builders and the bones of the workmen themselves.

With the increasing civilization of humanity, the earth-dwellers have consciously and with growing intelligence tried to leave a record that will defy erasure. Their buildings are more enduring, their roads do not so easily become grass-grown, the evidences of their life are more abundant, and their writings are too numerous to be entirely obliterated.

Yet they are only partially successful. The tooth of time is not the only destroyer. Mankind itself is careless. Letters, diaries, and even official documents go into the furnace, the dump heap, or the pulp mill. The memory of man is almost as evanescent as his breath; the work of his hand disintegrates when the hand is withdrawn. Only fragments remain—a line or two here and there plainly visible on the palimpsest of the centuries—the rest is dim if it is not entirely gone. Nevertheless with diligent effort much can be restored, and there glows upon the page the fresh, vivid chronicles of

long forgotten days. Out of the ashes of Mount Vesuvius emerges the city of Pompeii. The clearing away of a jumble from the top of a mountain in Peru reveals the wonderful stonework of the city of Machu Picchu, the cradle of the Inca civilization. The piecing together of letters, journals and reports, newspaper items, and old paintings enables us to see once more the figures of the pioneers moving in their accustomed ways through the scenes of long ago.

The palimpsests of Iowa are full of fascination. Into the land between the rivers there came, when time was young, a race of red men. Their record was slight and long has been overlain by that of the whites. Yet out of the dusk of that far off time come wild, strange, moving tales, for even their slender writings were not all sponged from the face of the land. Under the mounds of nearly two score counties and in the wikiups of a few surviving descendants, are the uneffaced letters of the ancient text.

And the white scribes who wrote the later record of settlement and growth read the earlier tale as it was disappearing and told it again in part in the new account. These newcomers in turn became the old, their homes and forts fell into decay, their records faded, and their ways were crowded aside and forgotten.

But they were not all erased. Here and there have survived an ancient building, a faded map, a

time-eaten diary, the occasional clear memory of a pioneer not yet gathered to his fathers. And into the glass showcases of museums drift the countless fragments of the story of other days. Yet with all these survivals, how little effort is made to piece together the scattered fragments into a connected whole.

Here is an old log cabin, unheeded because it did not house a Lincoln. But call its former occupant John Doe and try to restore the life of two or three generations ago. It requires no diligent search to find a plow like the one he used in the field and a spinning wheel which his wife might have mistaken for her own. Over the fireplace of a descendant hang the sword and epaulets he wore when he went into the Black Hawk War, or the old muzzle loading gun that stood ready to hand beside the cabin door. And perhaps in an attic trunk will be found a daguerreotype of John Doe himself, dignified and grave in the unwonted confinement of high collar and cravat, or a miniature of Mrs. Doe with pink cheeks, demure eyes, and fascinating corkscrew curls.

Out of the family Bible drops a ticket of admission to an old-time entertainment. Yonder is the violin that squeaked out the measure at many a pioneer ball. Here is the square foot warmer that lay in the bottom of his cutter on the way home and there the candlestick that held the home-made tallow dip by whose light he betook himself to bed.

In the files of some library is the yellowed newspaper with which—if he were a Whig—he sat down to revel in the eulogies of "Old Tippecanoe" in the log cabin and hard cider campaign of 1840, or applaud the editorial which, with pioneer vigor and unrefined vocabulary, castigated the "low scoundrel" who edited the other party's "rag."

But most illuminating of all are the letters that he wrote and received, and the journal that tells the little intimate chronicles of his day to day life. Hidden away in the folds of the letters, with the grains of black sand that once blotted the fresh ink, are the hopes and joys and fears and hates of a real man. And out of the journal pages rise the incidents which constituted his life—the sickness and death of a daughter, the stealing of his horses, his struggles with poverty and poor crops, his election to the legislature, a wonderful trip to Chicago, the building of a new barn, and the barn warming that followed.

Occasionally he drops in a stirring tale of the neighborhood: a border war, an Indian alarm, a street fight, or a hanging, and recounts his little part in it. John Doe and his family and neighbors are resurrected. And so other scenes loom up from the dimness of past years, tales that stir the blood or the imagination, that bring laughter and tears in quick succession, that, like a carpet of Baghdad, transport one into the midst of other places and forgotten days.

Time is an inexorable reaper but he leaves gleanings, and mankind is learning to prize these gifts. Careful research among fast disappearing documents has rescued from the edge of oblivion many a precious bit of the narrative of the past.

It is the plan of this publication to restore some of those scenes and events that lie half-hidden upon the palimpsests of Iowa, to show the meaning of those faint, tantalizing lines underlying the more recent markings—lines that the pumice of time has not quite rubbed away and which may be made to reveal with color and life and fidelity the enthralling realities of departed generations.

JOHN C. PARISH

To the Iowa Author for the Most Outstanding Contribution to Literature

WINNERS OF THE JOHNSON BRIGHAM IOWA LIBRARY ASSOCIATION AWARD

*Johnson Brigham	Youth of Old Age	c1934	1934
Ruth Suckow	The Folks	c1934	1935
MacKinlay Kantor	Voice of Bugle Ann	c1935	1936
*William J. Petersen	Steamboating on the Upper Mississippi	c1937	1938
*Frank L. Mott	History of American Magazines	c1938	1939
*Paul Engle	Corn	c1939	1940
Hartzell Spence	One Foot in Heaven	c1940	1944
William L. Shirer	Berlin Diary	c1941	1945
*John T. Frederick	Out of the Midwest	c1944	1945
Darrell Garwood	Artist in Iowa	c1944	1946
Thomas Duncan	Gus the Great	c1947	1948
Bess Streeter Aldrich	Journey into Christmas	c1949	1949
Marcus Bach	Strange Altars	c1952	1953
Esther Warner	The Silk-Cotton Tree	c1958	1959
Wallace Stegner	A Shooting Star	c1961	1962
Calvin Kentfield	All Men Are Mariners Great Wondering Goony Bird	c1962 c1963	1965
R. V. Cassill	The Father and Other Stories	c1965	1968

*Contributors to The Palimpsest.

The Palimpsest In Retrospect

In July of 1920 Dr. Benjamin F. Shambaugh, Superintendent of the State Historical Society of Iowa, sent "A Personal Letter" to members of the Society announcing the publication of a monthly magazine to be entitled The Palimpsest. The primary purpose of the new monthly was to be the "popularization and more general dissemination" of Iowa history in a form that was "attractive" and in a style that was "popular in the best sense—to the end that the story of our Commonwealth may be more widely read and cherished." Dr. Shambaugh pointed out, however, that readers were not to infer that articles in The Palimpsest were any the less "real history" because the subject-matter which they contain was "presented in a style that is more popular and less monographic."

Dr. Shambaugh hoped that members would offer "opinions, suggestions, and criticisms" of this new historical venture. The Iowa press was not slow in responding. The Des Moines *Register* of August 8, 1920, declared the first number of this "unique magazine" was both "readable and artistic" and its career would be "watched with interest by all who know the publications of the State Historical Society." The Des Moines *Capital,* after

explaining the significance of the word Palimpsest, concluded "after we get used to the name, Palimpsest, we shall like it. . . . The State Historical Society is conferring a great obligation upon the people of Iowa by collecting and publishing chapters of our state's early history and settlement."

The new magazine was not overlooked by staid professional publications. In April, 1921, the *American Historical Review* declared that the new magazine was "written in a style which will no doubt draw to the Palimpsest many readers for whom the more sober historical articles have no appeal."

As the years passed THE PALIMPSEST continued to attract favorable comment. In 1927 the Iowa City *Daily Iowan* declared the little magazine had grown "more interesting and useful with each issue." The editor of the New York *Times* asserted on July 29, 1928, that the "appropriately" named PALIMPSEST presented a continual source of unhackneyed and various inquiry into the whole life of the State." The Dubuque *Daily American Tribune* was convinced THE PALIMPSEST contributed much to Iowa history and culture. "We often reflect that of all our Iowa institutions the State Historical Society is quite possibly doing the most to build into the state consciousness that kind of self-respect that Iowans need. . . . Do you read the Palimpsest? It is the delightful little magazine that popularizes bits of Iowa history and

sets them before the average reader each month so that he may feel familiar with them."

On February 21, 1931, the editor of the Mason City *Globe-Gazette* declared:

> I doubt if there is published anywhere a more thoroughly enjoyable magazine for persons possessed of an interest in history than the Palimpsest. . . . Month after month the writers in this remarkable little magazine deal with interesting bits of Iowa history, some of it pioneer and some of it more nearly contemporary. . . . In conception and in execution the little magazine is worthy of the state historical society.

Up to 1948 THE PALIMPSEST used only occasional pictures and maps, but in 1950 the format was changed by the addition of pictures of historical significance. The result was even greater popularity with Iowans. Thus, in 1936 the Society had printed 2,600 copies of Bertha M. H. Shambaugh's *Amana—In Transition*. Two hundred copies remained in 1950 when Dr. Petersen determined to pictorialize the identical 1936 Amana text. The results were electrifying! An edition of 10,000 copies was sold in six weeks. A second edition of 5,000 was sold in six months; a third of 10,000 copies exhausted in a year; and three printings of 25,000 copies each brought the total to 100,000 in 1970.

Other issues have been equally popular, ranging from 15,000 to 25,000, while one issue actually totalled 54,000 copies. When it is remembered

that the monthly printings of THE PALIMPSEST for thirty years barely averaged 1,250 copies, the magnitude of these printings becomes apparent.

The popularity of THE PALIMPSEST was not limited to members of the Society. A new and wider body of readers was being exploited in Iowa schools, where institutional school memberships increased from 30 to over 400 between 1949 and 1965. It was soon apparent that teachers and students alike profited from their reading of THE PALIMPSEST. Thus, in the spring of 1950, Mrs. Bernice Black, an instructor in the Webster City Junior College, took a poll on the popularity of twenty magazines studied by her freshmen students. Included in the survey were the *American Mercury, Atlantic Monthly, Christian Century, Commonweal, Congressional Digest, Current History, Fortune, Forum, Harper's, Life, Look, Nation, New York Times Magazine, New Yorker,* THE PALIMPSEST, *Saturday Review of Literature, Survey, Time, Newsweek, Scientific American,* and *Theatre Arts*. Although pitted against such outstanding magazines, THE PALIMPSEST ranked third in popularity. The students commented that THE PALIMPSEST touched subjects "dear to the hearts of Iowans." They also liked the magazine because its articles "tie the past to the present." The change in format was approved by the students who hoped that the policy would be to continue publication in its "present attractive design."

During its fifty years THE PALIMPSEST has had four editors—John Carl Parish, John Ely Briggs, Ruth A. Gallaher, and William J. Petersen. In addition to editing the little magazine, each of these contributed many articles to it.

John Carl Parish, the first editor, was born in Des Moines and did his college work at Iowa State Normal School and the State University of Iowa, receiving his Ph.D. from the University in 1908. Dr. Parish served as assistant editor for the State Historical Society between 1907 and 1910, during which period he wrote three biographies—*Robert Lucas* (1907), *John Chambers* (1909), and *George Wallace Jones* (1912). Parish also edited *The Robert Lucas Journal of the War of 1812* and the *Autobiography of John Chambers*. One historical novel, *The Man with the Iron Hand,* appeared under his name in 1913.

After teaching at Colorado College from 1914 to 1917, and serving in World War I, Parish returned to the Society as associate editor and as lecturer in Iowa history in the University. His writing skill made him a logical choice to become the first editor of THE PALIMPSEST. He held this position from July, 1920, to August, 1922, inclusive, when he accepted a position on the history staff of the University of California at Los Angeles, where he continued until his death in 1939.

The editorial style evolved under John Carl Parish during the first twenty-six issues of THE

PALIMPSEST, was carried on by his successor, John Ely Briggs. Born on a farm near Washburn in 1890, young Briggs early evinced editorial skill when he served as editor of the Eagle Grove high school annual and the Morningside College annual. After his graduation from Morningside in 1913, Briggs received his M.A. from the University of Iowa in 1914 and his Ph.D. from the same institution in 1916. In 1914 Dr. Shambaugh appointed him research assistant in the State Historical Society, promoting him to research associate in 1917. The Society printed his *History of Social Legislation in Iowa* in 1915 and his biography of *William Peters Hepburn* in 1919.

Meanwhile, in 1917, Briggs became assistant professor of political science at the State University of Iowa from which rank he rose steadily to a full professorship in 1937. He continued to be identified with the State Historical Society, succeeding Parish as editor of THE PALIMPSEST in September, 1922, and continuing in this post through September, 1945, editing 277 issues of THE PALIMPSEST during this period. In addition, Dr. Briggs wrote 54 articles and 184 sparkling philosophical comments that were always a delight to readers of THE PALIMPSEST.

When John Ely Briggs resigned as editor of THE PALIMPSEST in September, 1945, he was succeeded by Dr. Ruth A. Gallaher, who had joined the Society staff as library assistant in 1915 and

had made frequent contributions to both THE PALIMPSEST and the *Iowa Journal of History and Politics,* before becoming editor of the quarterly in July, 1930. Born in Warren, Illinois, in 1882, Miss Gallaher taught school in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Idaho, before becoming a graduate assistant and part-time employee of the Society while working on her doctorate which she received from the University of Iowa in 1918. Between 1918 and 1930, Dr. Gallaher was library associate and made frequent contributions to the Society's publications, including one book—*Legal and Political Status of Women in Iowa* (1918). Dr. Gallaher continued as editor of THE PALIMPSEST until July, 1948, when she retired after thirty years of service for the Society.

In August, 1948, Dr. William J. Petersen became the fourth editor of THE PALIMPSEST. Born in Dubuque in 1901, Petersen received his B.A. from the University of Dubuque in 1926, his M.A. from the University of Iowa in 1927, and his Ph.D. from the same institution in 1930. He was appointed research associate with the State Historical Society and lecturer in Iowa history in the University. During the next seventeen years he contributed over one hundred articles to THE PALIMPSEST and many monographs to the Society's quarterly. In addition, he wrote *Steamboating on the Upper Mississippi* (1937), *Iowa: The Rivers of Her Valleys* (1941), and *A Reference*

Guide to Iowa History (1952). In July, 1947, Dr. Petersen was appointed Superintendent of the State Historical Society and thirteen months later assumed the editorship of THE PALIMPSEST. He continued a frequent contributor to both the monthly and the quarterly, wrote a two-volume history—*The Story of Iowa,* and published widely in other historical magazines. When THE PALIMPSEST was pictorialized in 1950 the initial volume contained more pictures than did the first twenty volumes.

The following box score reveals the contributions of the four editors to THE PALIMPSEST:

	Editorial Years	Issues Edited	Articles Contributed	Editorial Comments
John C. Parish	1920-1922	26	16	26
John E. Briggs	1922-1945	277	54	184
Ruth A. Gallaher	1945-1948	34	51	13
Wm. J. Petersen	1948-1970	270	392	2

The June, 1970, issue marks the end of 50 full years of publication for THE PALIMPSEST. During these 50 years THE PALIMPSEST has appeared regularly each month, touching on all phases of Iowa history. In compiling these statistics, however, we have included all of 1970 through December. A total of 386 different authors has contributed 2,290 articles about which the editors from time to time have written 227 comments. The leading contributors over the past fifty years with the number of articles they have contributed are presented herewith:

EDITORS OF THE PALIMPSEST — 1920-1970

JOHN C. PARISH
Associate Editor, SHSI, 1919-1922
Editor, *The Palimpsest,* 1920-1922

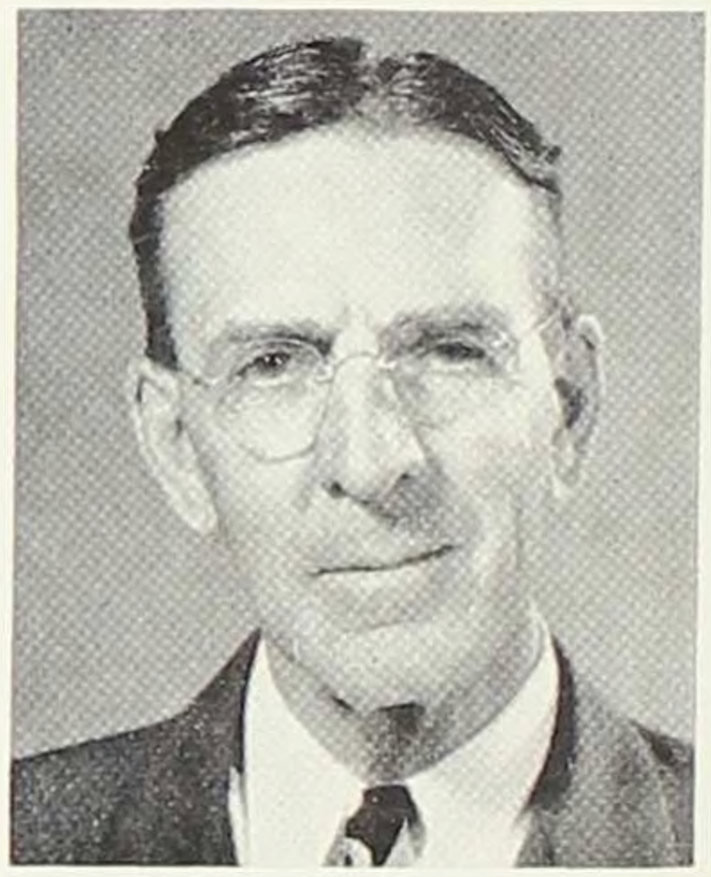
JOHN E. BRIGGS
Professor, Political Science, SUI
Editor, *The Palimpsest,* 1922-1945

RUTH A. GALLAHER
Associate Editor, SHSI, 1930-1948
Editor, *The Palimpsest,* 1945-1948

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN
Research Associate, SHSI, 1930-1947
Superintendent and Editor, 1947-1970

MAIN CONTRIBUTORS TO THE PALIMPSEST

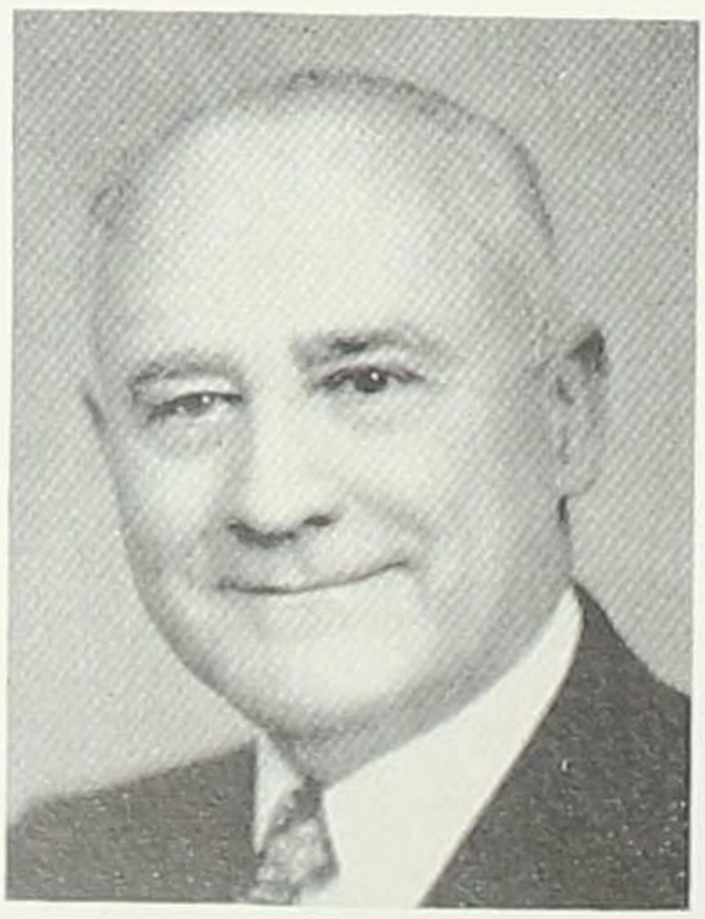
WILLIAM J. PETERSEN
Research Associate -- Editor
1930-1970



JACOB A. SWISHER
Research Associate, SHSI,
1922-1950

FRANK T. NYE
Historian of General Assembly

FRANK DONOVAN
Railroad Historian



BRUCE E. MAHAN
Associate Editor, SHSI,
1923-1929

MILDRED THRONE
Associate Editor, SHSI,
1948-1960

The Palimpsest

JANUARY 1921

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT IOWA CITY BY
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER JULY 28 1920 AT THE POST OFFICE AT IOWA CITY IOWA
UNDER THE ACT OF AUGUST 24 1912

THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE

The PALIMPSEST, issued monthly by the State Historical Society of Iowa, is devoted to the dissemination of Iowa History. Supplementing the other publications of this Society, it aims to present the materials of Iowa History in a form that is attractive and a style that is popular in the best sense—to the end that the story of our Commonwealth may be more widely read and cherished.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH
Superintendent

THE MEANING OF PALIMPSESTS

In early times palimpsests were parchments or other materials 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 records 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.

PRICE—10c per copy: $1 per year: free to members of Society
ADDRESS—The State Historical Society Iowa City Iowa

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOL. II ISSUED IN JANUARY 1921 NO. 1

Lost in an Iowa Blizzard

The setting down of this experience of the earlier years of Reuben and David Williams has sprung from a desire to place on record, while they may yet be told by one of the participants, the details of what has always been, in our immediate family circle, an exceedingly thrilling incident of my father's boyhood days. The dates, places, and other facts of the story are historically accurate. David Williams is now 76 years old and, retired, lives in Gridley, California. Reuben Williams died in October, 1898, at Trosky, Minnesota, in his 62nd year.

The vast grassy prairies of northern Iowa which have since made it famous as an agricultural State, were at first shunned by the early settlers. No doubt the chief reasons for avoiding the prairies was the difficulty of obtaining fuel, and the absence of protection against the cold winds of winter. As settlements became closer, the more venturesome began to establish prairie homes. Across the miles

of bleak plain, then essentially destitute of obstruction of any kind, the winds had opportunity to gain their full force. In winter the deeply drifted snow obliterated all landmarks. Travel from one point to another was often possible only on snow-shoes, although at times the solid icy crust of the snow would carry the weight of a horse.

Blizzards were of common occurrence and fatalities not infrequent. In the face of a blinding whirl of snow all familiar objects vanished. Dependence on sheer Indian instinct, an intuitive sense of distance and direction, was often the only chance of safety. And especially real was the danger if night came on. Reliance on native instinct, however, was not always assurance of a safe return to shelter. From these early days have come down vivid accounts of suffering endured and lives lost. The story that follows, however, is of two boys who passed a night in the teeth of a bewildering snowstorm and yet escaped with their lives. I have heard it told by my father many times and I give the details here in his own words.[1]

IRA A. WILLIAMS

PORTLAND, OREGON, DECEMBER, 1920

The winter of 1856–57 was the hardest the settlers then in Iowa had ever seen. Father had a large family and was poor. We boys all had to work at

[1] This account in a slightly longer form appeared in *The Register and Leader* (Des Moines) February 23, 1913.

whatever we could get to do. Reuben, who was the oldest, had hired out to Mr. Horace Green for a few months. Green lived over on Willow Creek some three miles from our place and about four miles northwest of Masonic Grove (now Mason City). Willow Creek is the outlet to Clear Lake and runs through Mason City. Mr. Green kept a lot of cattle and always had several pairs of big oxen. His house was on the open prairie, without a sign of a tree or other windbreak for protection. Nor had he yet even been able to build any sheds for his cattle.

It was late in December and Mr. Green had gone to Dubuque to get a load of supplies. Halfway across Iowa and back by team in the middle of winter in those days was a long trip and a hard and indefinite task. Even Mrs. Green did not know when he might return. Green's going left her and Reuben to take care of things and look after the stock, and although Reuben was man-grown, I think eighteen or nineteen, he had his hands more than full. I was only twelve years old, but was fully accustomed to doing outdoor work, so I went over to help until Mr. Green came back.

We had had some real hard blizzards before that and there was lots of snow. One of our biggest jobs was watering the cattle. The house was on a spring branch some distance from where this stream joined the main Willow Creek. There had been plenty of water here all along, but the snow had finally drifted in so deeply that it became impossible to keep it open longer for the stock to get down to drink.

I had been there a few days. It was December 28, 1856. The sun rose bright that morning and the atmosphere was as clear as a bell. It was cold but there was no reason whatever for us to expect any great change before night. Reuben and I did up the chores and along about 11 o'clock Mrs. Green said she thought it would be best to take the cattle across to Willow Creek to water them that day. The old watering-hole in the yard was drifted full and, as the day was pleasant, we would save time and easily be back by noon, we thought.

To get to the creek we had to go down the branch a way and then over the point of a ridge between the two streams. This ridge was covered with new breaking and the snow on it was not very deep. We got the cattle across all right and, after a half hour's hard shoveling and chopping, had a large hole in the ice open where they could get down to the water. Naturally, busy as we were, we paid no attention to the sky nor thought anything about the weather. We were out of sight from the buildings yet not over one half or three quarters of a mile from the house.

We had worked hard and were nearly through watering the last of four or five calves that were in the herd. It must have been about one o'clock in the afternoon. Reuben was down dipping out water for the calves with a pail we had carried with us. Without warning of any kind the storm burst upon us. A blast of wind swept down the bank behind

which we were working and in a second we were completely enveloped in the whirling snow that filled the air full.

This didn't frighten us any for it was a common enough experience. Our first thought was to get the cattle back to the house. Buttoning tight our short coats and picking up the shovel and ax, we tried to drive them back the way they had come. It was straight against the wind, which was already so stiff we could scarcely stand in the face of it, and penetratingly cold. They refused to go. We knew that if only some of the big steers would make a start towards home, the rest would follow. But each time we managed to get them headed about they would veer this way and that, and finally come to a determined standstill, their tails to the wind.

If there had been a nice warm barn at home, or even a shed awaiting them, it would have been different. But outside of the low, hay-covered stable where Green kept his horses there was nothing there to break the force of the wind in the least. Behind this and in the lee of a small hay-stack they were in the habit of huddling together, though little more protected than in the open field. An incentive for the animals to face the cutting wind across the bare field in the direction of home was, therefore, all but lacking. With shelter ahead of him a steer will put his head down and buck almost any kind of a wind that does not actually blow him backwards. But to convince them to move against their inclinations proved quite another matter.

Next we undertook to get the oxen started. They were well-broken and valuable animals. To let them stray, of all times in Mr. Green's absence, was certainly the last thing to be thought of. Obedient and willing brutes though they were in the yoke, our commands in the face of the blinding blizzard went entirely unheeded. It seemed like hours that we toiled with those cattle. Reuben had been left in charge of the stock and felt all of a man's responsibility for their safety. He was determined to take them back to shelter. So we kept doggedly at it until we were both tired completely out. It was of no use. The cattle became so badly scattered and the intensity of the storm had increased so much that we were compelled to give up. It had also rapidly grown colder. We were blinded by the snow, and pieces of ice blown from the old snow crust cut our faces like a knife.

So we struck the ax and shovel in the snow and left them. They were found afterwards out there on the breaking. From there I am certain we could have made our way against the storm to the house. I urged Reuben to go home and let the cattle take care of themselves. But he wouldn't hear to going back without them.

A short distance down the other side of the creek from where we had watered the stock was a small grove of crab-apple trees, underbrush and willows. We knew we could get to this and there be protected from the wind. In the hope that the storm might

soon break so that we could go out and round up the cattle before night, we made for this crab-apple thicket. To reach it we crossed the main road running between Masonic Grove and Clear Lake. It was plainly marked in the otherwise unbroken white by the flanking lines of weeds whose tops still showed above the snow. When we came to the road I again remonstrated. Knowing that Reuben in his present frame of mind could not be persuaded to face Mrs. Green without the stock, I suggested following the road to Masonic Grove to wait until the blizzard eased up somewhat. I was getting fearfully cold. He said "No", that we would be all right, still intending, he confessed, to make another trial with the cattle as soon as we warmed up a bit in the shelter of the grove.

Within the thicket the air was quiet, and by "strapping" our hands and jumping about we were soon warm enough. I suppose it was at least three or four o'clock in the afternoon by this time. The storm continued to increase in violence outside. To think of venturing out again after the stock would be clearly foolhardy, yet I could not gain Reuben's consent to go back without them. It had not occurred to either of us then that we ourselves might be in any danger.

Hours passed. Daylight began to fade and we knew that night was coming on. The wind did not reach us, but to keep up circulation in the biting cold we started a path in the snow around a clump

of trees in the center of the thicket. It was perhaps three or four rods around the circle. We took turns. First one, then the other, would take the path and walk, or trot, or run, till our blood tingled. Between times we squatted in the snow, back against a tree, until beginning numbness warned us it was time to run again.

After darkness came on we could tell little about the progress of the storm. An occasional trip to the edge of the thicket, however, was sufficient to assure us of the unabated fury of the wind, and we thought the temperature was still going down. Reuben was finally compelled to abandon hope of getting any of the stock back before morning. What with our continued exercises and intermittent breathing spells, we kept ourselves quite comfortable, and the soft snow was soon packed solid in our little circuit. We did not know the time, but it must have been about midnight when the stars shone out straight above us, and it looked as if the clouds were clearing away.

Within our friendly shelter we could have securely spent the rest of the night. But at the farthest the house was not over a mile away, and we knew Mrs. Green would be exceedingly anxious over our long absence. So Reuben decided that we should leave the grove, the thought that we might not be able to go straight to the Green's house not entering either of our minds. We were warm to start, had our directions true, and knew every inch of the ground.

As I recall it now, I think I begged Reuben to stay where we were until daylight. He was obdurate and we started out. No doubt discomfiture over the loss of the cattle still rankled within him. Outside of the thicket was a raging snowstorm. Confident of our course, we floundered through the drifts, at the start, square against the storm; the sharp hurtling scales of ice cutting our faces and the floury snow filling our nostrils and eyes. On we pushed towards where Mrs. Green's kindly beacon should have guided us to safety. This way and that we turned in the darkness, the sense of our exact whereabouts growing more and more vague, yet certain in the hope that intuition would soon point us to the door. We were lost.

Failing to find the house, our next thought was, of course, to return to the crab-apple thicket. But it, too, was not to be found. The wild blackness of the night had swallowed it up. Once voluntarily scorning its kindly protection, it now eluded us; and we were left to fight alone our one-sided battle with the elements.

It was almost impossible for us to realize that we were actually lost. Here we were in a region, every foot of which was familiar ground in time of calm. And yet, so completely was the recognition of all familiar landmarks closed to us that, in our bewilderment, we knew neither north, south, east, nor west. The realization, however, that shelter must be found was not slow in coming, for the exertion

of merely keeping in motion was rapidly telling on me, and the gripping cold was sinking to the marrow. To stop anywhere within the sweep of the wind we knew must mean certain death. To go aimlessly on and on in the face of the storm was equally certain to mean pure physical exhaustion, and then — but although Reuben's maturer mind may have sensed already the tragic possibility, through his cheering encouragement no thought of such an ending came to me.

We went with the storm. Long, long we blundered ahead. Reuben half dragged, half carried me on. One step the snow bore our weight, the next we floundered in it. At last, after what seemed miles, we tumbled down a steep bank. I had been begging Reuben to let me stop. I was tired out, cold and sleepy. Only too well did my big brother recognize these symptoms. He had urged me on, talked to me, chaffed me, dragged and pushed me along, all but kicked and pommeled me, anything to ward off and stay the progress of the cold which was slowly but surely stiffening my very blood.

Behind the bank where we had fallen the wind did not reach with its full fury. I told Reuben I was going to rest here. I could go no further. All of his arguments were of no avail. My feet were numb. I was completely exhausted. I could not walk, and he, though strong as an ox, saw disaster ahead for both of us if he undertook to carry me. I wanted to go to sleep.

Out of the wind a little I lay down in the snow. All the way along Reuben had clung to me with first one hand then the other. I do not think I had any mittens. I know I tried to keep my hands from freezing by walking with them in my pockets. Reuben's hands were bare. While he was dipping water for the calves he had soaked two fingers of the glove on his left hand and they had frozen stiff. He took his gloves off while we were in the crab-apple thicket and stuck them up in the crotch of a tree. We found them there afterwards where he had placed them.

I do not know how long I lay there. The snow quickly drifted over me. Reuben did not give up, but kept moving all night long. He paced back and forth in the snow. I can only recall that he constantly talked to me. So long as I would answer, he knew I was awake. We had heard of persons saving their lives by burrowing into the snow out of the biting wind. In my benumbed condition I did not reason. But I am certain that Reuben was thoroughly conscious of the danger of this. It was plainly now a drawn battle for our lives. Chagrin over the loss of the cattle had nerved rather than weakened him for the struggle. And an indomitable pride of responsibility for me bore him up against the almost irresistible desire to rest and to sleep that now beset him.

Throughout the night his vigil did not cease. I must have fallen asleep. It seemed to me I was

warm and comfortable. The snow had covered me over completely, only the toe of one of my boots remaining in sight to show where I lay buried. They were new boots with red tops that my uncle had given me when I started to walk to Iowa from our old home in Illinois the summer before.

Daylight slowly came. As surroundings began to be visible, the place appeared more and more familiar. Yet it was not until near sunrise that Reuben could make out that we were within calling distance of one of the houses in Masonic Grove (now Mason City). It was fully four miles back to the little crab-apple grove, though how much farther we had wandered since leaving it we would never know.

I was brought back to a drowsy consciousness by being pulled out of the snow by Reuben. The air was so cold it seemed fairly blue, and its cutting bitterness struck into my flesh like steel. The rising sun shone large and the guardian sun-dogs, one on either side, betokened the keenness of the opening day. I tried to walk, but my feet were dead. As if wooden, my benumbed body refused to respond to a still more feeble will. Reuben's efforts to get me towards the house were fruitless. The last I recall was hearing him shout to some one.

When I came to I was in bed. My hands were being rubbed with snow. My new leather boots had been cut from my feet which now rested in melting ice. As full consciousness returned, I learned how we had at first been taken for Indians; and how,

when it was known that we were actually in distress, Mr. James Jenkins and Mr. Tenure had come out and carried me in. Dr. Huntley had been at once sent for. Reuben had followed me into the house and had gone straight to the fire. Both of his hands were frozen stiff, as were mine, and his feet were clumps of ice. I have heard him say that he never again suffered such anguish as the soul-crazing pangs of returning feeling that racked his chilled body while he stood there beginning to thaw out. All attention was at first given to me, of course, and it was only after I was seen to be out of danger that it appeared to any one that Reuben might be at all badly frozen. The torpid pallor of pain and exhaustion already showed in his twitching face and he reeled at every step. The doctor at once applied ice to his hands and feet. Though belated, this measure probably saved to him the use of these members. Casings of solid ice formed around our feet, then slowly melted away as the blood sluggishly gained its way into them again.

It was hours before the frost was all drawn out. Much of this time I was in a partial stupor. I think neither of us suffered much severe pain after the first aching paroxysms were over. But the very joy of relaxation after the terrible strain of the past night was in itself overpowering. I roused repeatedly from a disturbed sleep in which I was again struggling with the raging storm, again going through, in all its horror, the frightful experience of the night before.

Word was at once sent to Mrs. Green that we were safe. She was thus prepared to break the news to mother and father who happened to drive over early that morning. It had been one of the hardest storms of the winter and they, knowing that Mr. Green was away, had come to see how we boys were getting on. As he unfastened the ox-team, father jokingly called out, "Don't see anything of the boys this morning; frozen up, are they?" "Guess they must be", Mrs. Green replied, in the same bantering tone, "They've been since eleven o'clock yesterday morning watering the stock over on the Willow, and they're only four miles away in Masonic Grove now". Even she was not then aware of how perilous an experience traversing that four miles had been to us.

So father at once came on down expecting to take us back to Green's to hunt up the lost cattle. Mrs. Green's anxiety was one of genuine motherly interest in us boys, as much as of responsibility for the security of her husband's property. She told mother that morning how she had kept a light in the window the night through, and of how she rang the old cow-bell for us. When darkness came on and we did not return, she knew we were in trouble. All through that wild night she kept up the vigil. She had gone out into the storm and clanged the old bell until out of breath, and until the sting of the frigid blast drove her back to the fireside. Over and over, and as long as strength held out had the plucky

woman kept it up. We have never wondered that its feeble tones failed to reach our ears in the howling storm, though how close to its call we may really have been we shall never know.

The days that followed were languishing ones, but physically sturdy as we were, recovery was fairly rapid. Medical attention was of course necessary. Although present day anaesthetics were then unknown and surgical instruments crude, we have never attributed to their absence the fact that we found ourselves crippled for the rest of our days. The ministrations of a devoted mother through the long days of convalescence, and encouragement and care from a father of stern but devoutly religious temperament, were the inspiring influences which made seem so much worth while the life that had been spared us.

Early Cabins in Iowa

A creaking, canvas-covered wagon slowly came to a halt as the oxen, tired from the long journey, ceased straining at the yoke. The driver looked about him at the expanse of prairie, unbroken except for the timber which fringed an occasional water course. Far behind lay his old home. Days before he had crossed the Mississippi, and leaving the busy river town had pushed westward until he had passed all signs of habitation and reached this virgin prairie. Nowhere was a sheltering roof to be seen except the covered wagon whose protection was given to the women and children. The only table upon which to partake of the plain meals of corn bread and bacon was the green earth.

But this sketch is not biographical; nor does it deal with the unique. All up and down the Iowa frontier this scene was being repeated. Sometimes a lonely wagon made its way to the edge of the unknown; sometimes a group of neighbors or related families made the venture together. In every case the pioneer's first thought was to prepare a home. It would be a dwelling place for his family, a fortress against the Indians, a nucleus for civilization. Under these conditions building the cabin came to be an event of great importance and produced a thrill of pleasure that could hardly be understood by those who had never suffered the same privations.

The first home was necessarily a simple affair. In the prairie country where wood was scarce and sod was plentiful, the easiest house to build was the sod shanty. The materials were procured by taking the breaking plow into the low land where the sod was heavy and plowing a furrow from sixteen to eighteen inches in width. This was cut into sections, eighteen to twenty inches long, which were then laid like brick. The roof was usually made of large rafters covered with prairie hay or grass and covered again with sod. Often the structure had a board floor, and usually one door and one window. It is surprising the amount of genius that could be expended in the construction of a sod shanty. For this reason, there was great difference in the appearance and arrangement of these cabins. Some had an air of comfort, convenience, and even neatness, which gave them a genuine homelike appearance. Others remained as they were at first — simply holes in the ground.

Even in the wooded districts finished lumber was not to be had and labor was dear. As a result the architecture of the home entered very little into the thoughts of the early settlers — it was shelter they wanted, and protection from the stress of weather. The settler had neither the money nor the mechanical appliances for building himself a modern house: he was content in most instances to have a mere cabin.

Of dwellings made of timber, perhaps the most

primitive were the "three faced" camps. These structures — sometimes called "cat faced" sheds or "wickeups"— consisted of three walls made of logs in their rough state — the fourth side being left open. The first settler in a community who had to build his cabin without assistance selected small logs that he could raise to the walls alone, but after neighbors came larger logs were used. Across these walls, poles were laid at a distance of about three feet apart, and on these was placed a roof of clapboards which were kept in position by weight-poles. The only floor in the camp was the earth, and the structure required neither door, window, nor chimney, for the open side answered all these purposes. Immediately in front of the cabin was built a huge log fire which served for warmth and for cooking purposes. These "three-faced camps", built apparently in a hurry to afford a resting place for a family without a home, were temporary in most cases and were soon supplanted by more complete dwelling places.

The claim cabins proper, which followed these first buildings, required some help and a good deal of labor to build. House raisings were frequent and became social as well as industrial events. After the logs had been cut into the desired length according to the dimensions of the house, they were dragged to the building place by horses. The neighbors were then called upon to assist. Four men were selected to "carry up the corners", and

the work began. As the logs were lifted up a "saddle" was hewn upon the top of one log and a notch cut in the underside of the next to fit upon the saddle. By cutting the notches in the larger end of the log a little deeper and alternating the butt and top ends the walls of the cabin were carried up approximately level. At first the logs were put together with the bark on. As the idea of decoration and elegance increased a place was chipped along two sides of each log. Finally the inside and outside of the cabin walls were hewn so as to present a flat surface.

When the house-walls had reached a height of seven or eight feet, two gables were formed by shortening the logs gradually at each end of the building near the top, and fastening each log to the one below or to the roof logs. The roof was made by laying very straight small logs or stout poles from gable to gable at regular intervals and on these were fastened the clapboards very much in the same manner as modern shingles, only with fewer courses, as the clapboards were perhaps four feet long and generally about two and a half feet to the weather. Weight poles were laid over the whole and were secured by long wooden pins, driven into auger holes, which kept them from slipping down toward the lower edge of the roof.

When this sheltering roof was completed the small cracks between the wall logs were stopped with "chinking". The spaces were filled in with split

sticks of wood, called "chinks", and then daubed over, both inside and outside, with mortar made of clay which had straw or hay mixed with it to keep it from crumbling and falling out. In this way the cabin was made comfortably warm during the long cold winter.

Sometimes an opening was left for a door when the logs were laid, but usually the door space was made by cutting an aperture of the required size in one side of the room. The doorway was not always provided immediately with a door, but instead the most simple contrivances that would serve the purpose were brought into requisition. In some cases a quilt, blanket, or skin was spared for the purpose of guarding the entrance. There is an instance in which a table is said to have served as a door also, being taken down and used for a table, and rehung as a door after meals. As soon as convenient a shutter of some kind was provided. Sometimes this was a thatched frame work, but more often it consisted of two large clapboards or puncheons, pinned together with cross pieces and wooden pins. The door was hung on wooden hinges and held shut by a wooden catch. Through a hole above the latch a buckskin thong passed which when pulled lifted the wooden bar thus allowing the door to open. For security at night this latch string could be drawn in, hence, as an expression of welcome, there arose the saying: "The latch string is always hanging out".

Frequently there was no window at first. Later

when duties became less pressing, a hole about two feet long was cut out of one of the wall logs. Whenever possible the window was on the south side and could be left open during the summer at least. Greased or oiled paper pasted over sticks crossed in the shape of a sash was often used as a substitute for window glass. It admitted the light and excluded the air, but of course lacked the transparency. Even greased deer hide was sometimes used.

The chimney of the western pioneer's cabin was not built of stone or brick, but in most cases of split sticks of wood and mortar made of clay. Space was provided by leaving in the original building a large open place in the wall, or more often perhaps, by cutting one after the structure was up. The fireplace — at least six feet wide and frequently of such dimensions as to occupy nearly the whole width of the house — was constructed in this opening. It was planked on the outside by butts of wood notched together to stay it. The back and sides were built of stone, of wood lined with stone, or of stone and earth, the stone-work facing into the room. A large flat rock in front of it, called a hearth stone, was placed level with the floor to protect the puncheons from brands that might roll out of the fire. For a chimney, or flue, any contrivance that would conduct the smoke upward would do. Some flues consisted of squares of sod, laid as a mason lays a wall of bricks and plastered on the inside with clay. Perhaps the more common type was that known as the

"cat and clay" chimney. It was built of small split sticks, two and a half or three feet in length, carried a little distance above the roof, and plastered, both inside and outside, with a thick covering of clay. Built as they were the burning of a chimney was a frequent occurrence in cold weather.

Other accessories were added as soon as possible. The clay which had previously served as a floor and which had been beaten hard and smooth by this time was overlaid with a "puncheon" floor consisting of slabs hewn from logs. After the floor was laid the upper surface would be smoothed off with an adz. As a final touch of elegance a few more logs were sometimes put on the building making an upstairs or loft which was reached by a ladder secured to the wall. Other families built a better roof or an additional room.

During all of this building process there was ordinarily no sound of hammering of nails or rasping of the saw, only the dull thud of the ax. The pioneer was often forced to build his cabin without nails, screws, bolts, bars, or iron of any description. Wooden pegs were hewn from the logs; the hinges and even the catch for the door were wooden.

The living room was of good size, for usually it served the purpose of kitchen, bedroom, parlor, and arsenal. In other words the loom, spinning wheel, chairs, beds, cooking utensils, and other furniture were all arranged as snugly as possible in this one room. With an ax and an auger the pioneer met all

pressing needs. The furniture varied in proportion to the ingenuity of the occupants, except in the rare instances where settlers brought with them their old household supply.

The articles used in the kitchen were few and simple. Lacking the convenience of a cook stove, the work was done in and about the big fireplace. The utensils of a well furnished kitchen included an iron pot, a long-handled frying pan, a skillet, and sometimes a coffee pot. Often a later improvement was found in the shape of an iron crane swinging from the side of the chimney and carrying on its "pot hook" the kettles or iron pots used in cooking.

Sometimes a mantel shelf was made by placing clapboards across strong wooden pins fitted into holes bored in the wall logs. This shelf might hold kitchen or table-ware, the candlestick with its deer tallow candle and possibly an old clock. If the family were lucky enough to have an abundance of table-ware, a series of shelves with perhaps a cheap cotton cloth as a curtain might be built for a china closet.

The necessity of finding a more convenient and comfortable place than the ground upon which to sleep, produced the "prairie bunk". This "one-legged" bedstead, now a piece of furniture of the past, was improvised by the pioneer in a unique manner. A forked stake was driven into the ground at a proper distance from the corner of the room and upon it poles, usually of hickory, were laid

reaching from each wall. These poles where they touched the walls rested in the openings between the logs or were driven into auger holes. Upon these poles slats of clapboard were placed, or linden bark was interwoven from pole to pole. Sometimes an old fashioned "cord bed" was made by using basswood bark for the cord. On this framework the housewife spread her straw tick, or piled the luxurious mound of her home-made feather bed. Such a sleeping place was usually known as a "prairie bedstead", but sometimes it was called a "prairie rascal".

Beds of this sort, however, were for the grown-ups. Children were stowed away for the night either in low, dark attics, among the horns of elk and deer, or in trundle beds which would slip under the larger bedstead in the daytime.

It was easy enough to improvise tables, bureaus, and chairs. Often a packing box answered the purposes of the first two, while smaller boxes of the same kind served as chairs. Real chairs were seldom seen in the early cabins; but in their place long benches and stools were made out of hewn planks. These stools were often three-legged because of the difficulty of making four legs so that all would touch the uneven floor at the same time. The benches were but hewn slabs with a couple of stakes driven slantingly into each end on the under side; and the tables, in some instances were simply larger and higher benches.

In one corner were the loom and other implements used in the manufacture of clothing; while the clothing itself was suspended from pegs driven in the logs. As there was no storehouse, flitches of bacon and rings of dried pumpkin were suspended from the rafters. Over the door was usually hung the rifle and with it the powder-horn and hunting pouch. Luxuries were rare even among well to do people and seldom was there so much as a strip of rag carpet on their floors although they might have large tracts of land, numerous head of stock and many bushels of corn.

Occasionally one found on the frontier a cabin with more complete and comfortable furnishings. Mrs. Semira A. Phillips describes as follows her uncle's cabin in Mahaska County:

> Their cabin had but one room, but that room was larger than cabins generally were. I think now it was eighteen feet wide and twenty feet long. I know they had in it four ordinary sized beds, and a trundle-bed which was kept under one of the big beds in the daytime and drawn out at night for the children. The style of bedstead used then was so high from the floor to the bed rail that there was ample room under a bed to store many trunks and chests and boxes and bundles. It was customary to hang a valance around which hid all these unsightly things. Women in that day and stage of the country's history learned how to manage and utilize room. My uncle's cabin had a very large fire-place, six feet wide at least. That fire-place was built up, back and jambs with stone and mud. The top of the chimney was of mud and split staves or sticks. The

floor was puncheon and the roof clap-boards. There was a door in the south, a small window in the west end by the fire-place, and another small window in the north. My aunt had a loom and all other necessaries for making cloth. While the weather was warm the loom was kept in a shed at the back of the house. That shed had a clap-board roof, and the floor was of elm tree bark laid flat on the ground with the rough side up. My uncle and aunt were both good managers and could make the best of their crude surroundings.

Another account tells of a big cabin with a single immense room below, with whitewashed walls and carefully scrubbed puncheon floor, and a room above for sleeping purposes. An interesting feature of this home is described as follows:

> A little way from that big log house was another of less pretentions which was used as a kitchen and dining-room. There was a big wide fireplace with crane and hooks and a long table covered with a snowy cloth.

It is interesting to note that the first three United States Senators from Iowa spent part of their lives in log cabins. George W. Jones came out to Sinsinawa Mound in what is now southwestern Wisconsin in 1827. Returning the next spring, he slept under his wagon one night and the next morning set the ten or twelve men whom he had hired, at work chopping down trees. Two days later he slept in the log cabin that had been completed in that time. He carried up two corners of the house himself —

the first manual labor he had ever done. The cabin was forty-nine by seventeen feet, having an entry of fifteen by seventeen feet. Each room had one door and one window only. The flooring was of planks brought from St. Genevieve, Missouri. When Augustus Caesar Dodge was a boy the Dodge family lived for eight years in a rude log cabin. This home was built entirely from hewn timbers, without a particle of sawed lumber, and was equipped with a puncheon floor and a clapboard roof.

James Harlan, the third United States Senator from Iowa, has given us a description of his boyhood home in Indiana and the account is typical of the methods of house building throughout the Middle West. Their first cabin was made largely from a single tree. The trunk of this tree was five or six feet in diameter, and when the tree was felled, served as the back of the "camp". A few feet in front two forked branches were driven into the ground, a beam placed across the forks, and smaller poles were laid from this beam to the trunk of the tree. This structure was then covered with strips of bark, several feet in length, overlapping like shingles, and the sides were hung with bed-clothing. This makeshift was replaced in about a week by the more typical log cabin. This must have been a busy week for in that time the father of Harlan had not only collected the materials from the forest and with the assistance of six neighbors raised the walls; but he had completed the further tasks of chinking the logs,

building the fireplace, and constructing a stairway to the loft.

When Robert Lucas, first Governor of the Territory of Iowa, visited Iowa City in 1839, the most commodious cabin in the town served as his headquarters. It boasted of an attic for a lodging room, and into this loft one must climb, by means of a primitive ladder, through a very small opening in the upper floor.

Among the historic cabins of Iowa which are still existing, that of Antoine Le Claire is perhaps the most memorable because of the events that transpired there. At the signing of the treaty with the Sac Indians in 1832, the section of land on which the treaty was signed was set aside and given to Le Claire on condition that he build his home thereon. Soon after, while there still was no city of Davenport, Le Claire erected what was then a most pretentious home. The house was built of hewn logs, boarded over. It was a story and a half high with three gables. To-day the house stands at the rear of 420 West Fifth Street in Davenport. After it was moved, a second story was added and the roof replaced. This building might not be recognized as a log cabin but for the fact that here and there the siding has been torn off revealing the logs of the first story.

The old log cabins of the early settlers in Iowa have now all but disappeared. They have been replaced by less picturesque though more practical

dwellings. Once in a while a vacated cabin is to be found among the trees along the river or on the sheltered slope of a prairie hill. In some cases, the old houses are still seen among the farm buildings, somewhat away from the present house and now used as summer kitchens or work shops. Others, after three quarters of a century, are still occupied — standing as a mute testimony of work well done.

MILDRED J. SHARP

Comment by the Editor

WEATHER

As far as the weather goes we are all communists. It rains on the just and the unjust, and the sunshine has no favorites. And so, being the common possession of mankind, it is not surprising that it is the common topic of conversation, and that "good morning", "bon jour", "buenos dias", and the like furnish the customary greeting the world over. As a topic it has its good points. It has variety and is spiced with adventure and excitement in the form of cloudbursts, tornadoes, and blizzards. Its future is an unfailing subject for speculation; its present is a convenient and unresisting object for our curses, and its past is a prime field for reminiscence.

Mr. Williams' story of an early Iowa blizzard has raised in our mind a few questions we have often asked but never have had answered satisfactorily. Is the country changing its climate? Is there less snow and a milder temperature than in the good old days of sleigh-riding and Thanksgiving skating? Or does our mellowing memory recall only the high lights — the occasional drifting of snow over the fence tops and the dropping of the mercury into the bottom of the tube — until we think of these phenomena as the ordinary winter program?

To try to satisfy our curiosity we have spent a

little time burrowing among the early meteorological reports and the recent reports issued by the Iowa Weather and Crop Service. We have not emerged triumphant but here are a few facts: Professor T. S. Parvin published in the *Report of the Geological Survey of the State of Iowa* for 1870 a discussion of the climate of Iowa with tables based on careful records kept by him, first at Muscatine and later at Iowa City, for the years 1839 to 1869. With regard to temperature he states, "During a residence of more than thirty years in central eastern Iowa, I have never seen the mercury rise to 100 degrees nor fall below 30 degrees". The lowest temperature he records as —30°, on January 18, 1857, during the same bitter winter in which Mr. Williams' blizzard occurred, and in which, two months later, terrible weather prevented Major William Williams and his relief expedition from immediately following up the band of Inkpaduta which had perpetrated the Spirit Lake Massacre.

Professor Parvin makes a tabulation of annual and monthly snowfall by inches for a period from 1848 to 1869 inclusive. The average annual snowfall for this period was 33.23 inches, the highest was 61.97 inches in 1868, the lowest 7.90 in 1850. The greatest monthly fall of snow in the period was in December, 1848, and amounted to 29.52 inches. Apparently this nearly exhausted the supply for in the two years immediately following (1849 and 1850) the totals for the entire years were only 9.41 and 7.90 respectively.

Turning now to more recent times, it appears that much lower temperatures are occasionally to be found. The Iowa Weather and Crop Service recorded in December, 1917, a temperature of 40 below zero, and in January, 1912, the thermometer at Washta in Cherokee County was reported as registering 47 below. This month of January, 1912, was commented upon by all observers. Professor A. J. Smith at Iowa City reported it to be the coldest month since observations began at that station in 1858, over a half century before. The average annual quantity of snowfall for the State in inches is reported by the Iowa Weather and Crop Service. For the ten years from 1909 to 1918 the average annual snowfall never was less than 23.4 inches nor more than 49 inches. The average for the ten years was 32.67 inches. And yet the Report for 1912 states that at Earlham in Madison County the station recorded a total amount of 77.2 inches for the year.

But these are only sample figures. To draw conclusions one must go deeper and wider. We recommend the subject as an interesting and useful one for study.

J. C. P.

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

Established by the Pioneers in 1857
Located at Iowa City Iowa

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY

The Quarterly Journal of History
The Palimpsest — A monthly magazine
The Public Archives Series
The Iowa Biographical Series
The Iowa Economic History Series
The Iowa Social History Series
The Iowa Applied History Series
The Iowa Chronicles of the World War
The Miscellaneous Publications
The Bulletins of Information

MEMBERSHIP

Membership in The State Historical Society may be secured through election by the Board of Curators. The annual dues are $3.00. Members may be enrolled as Life Members upon the payment of $50.00.

Address all Communications to

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Iowa City, Iowa

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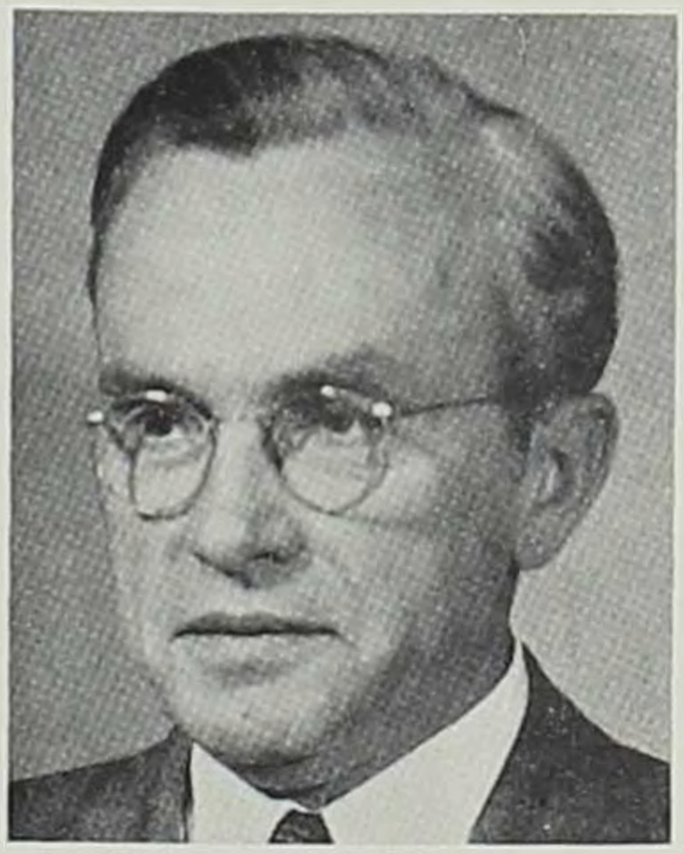
1911-1946

JACK T. JOHNSON
Professor, Political Science,
SUI, 1940-1952

PHIL STONG
Iowa Author



DONALD R. MURPHY
Editor of *Wallaces Farmer*

HERBERT HOOVER
Iowa-born President

HOMER CALKIN
U.S. State Department

A Centennial Tribute to the

State Historical Society of Iowa

IOWA CITY, IOWA

IOWANS have always been a breed a little apart from other Midwesterners. The first settlers—God-fearing farmers from older parts of the country—gave Iowa a character it has never lost: a Puritan cast manifest in fervor for evangelical religion, temperance, moral reform, and above all, education. In 1847, a year after Iowa came into the Union, a state university was founded; ten years later the legislature chartered a state historical society and made an appropriation for its support.

In order to "rescue from oblivion" the memory of the early pioneers, the State Historical Society of Iowa was charged with establishing a library, promoting the study of history, and publishing "information relating to the description and history of Iowa." A fine library, soon to be housed in the Society's new building, and long shelves of publications attest to the diligence with which the Society has pursued these objectives.

Throughout its history, the State Historical Society of Iowa has emphasized research and publication. A complete collection of its imprints would include more than 150 books and pamphlets, fifty-four volumes of the *Iowa Journal of History*, a scholarly quarterly which, under various titles, has been published in eighty-three of the Society's one hundred years, and thirty-seven volumes of the *Palimpsest*, a unique popular monthly. No field of Iowa life has remained untouched, and while high standards of scholarship have always been maintained, many publications have been sought by readers beyond the Society's five thousand members.

States older than Iowa may have larger historical literatures, but no state has had its past so thoroughly explored and so widely disseminated by its own historical society.

No. 14 of a Series of Essays on DOORWAYS to AMERICAN CULTURE by PAUL M. ANGLE and EARL SCHENCK MIERS prepared for the KINGSPORT PRESS, Inc. which appeared in PUBLISHERS WEEKLY on February 4, 1957.

Name	Articles	Name	Articles
Petersen, W. J.	392	May, George	22
Swisher, Jacob A.	125	Gingerich, Melvin	20
Donovan, Frank	87	Keyes, Charles R.	20
Nye, Frank T.	80	Mott, Frank L.	20
Mahan, Bruce E.	71	Cheever, L. O.	20
Briggs, John E.	60	Jordan, Philip D.	18
Gallaher, Ruth A.	58	Parish, John C.	17
Wilson, Ben Hur	57	Haefner, Marie E.	16
Calkin, Homer L.	35	Grahame, Pauline	15
Throne, Mildred	30	Ross, Earle D.	15
Johnson, Jack T.	29	Pownall, Dorothy A.	15
Kuhns, Fred I.	27	Robeson, George F.	14
Wright, Luella M.	27	Richman, Irving B.	13
Shambaugh, Benj. F.	25	Bergman, Leola N.	11
Frederick, John T.	22	Lyon, Bessie	10
Rutland, Robert	22	Hoffmann, M. M.	10

Most of the above contributors were either full-time or part-time employees of the Society. Dr. Jacob A. Swisher was a regular contributor to both the monthly and quarterly while serving as research associate of the Society between 1922 and 1950. Dr. Bruce E. Mahan wrote most of his articles while associate editor of the *Iowa Journal of History and Politics*. Ben Hur Wilson compiled his unusual record while a high school teacher at Joliet. Jack T. Johnson was a part-time employee while Frederick Kuhns, Robert Rutland and George May were full-time employees. Since 1950 the railroad articles of Frank Donovan and the reports of Frank Nye on the General Assembly have been both popular and useful.

Other outstanding Iowans have contributed one or more articles including such men as Johnson Brigham, J. Brownlee Davidson, Virgil Hancher, Harry Hansen, Marcus L. Hansen, W. Earl Hall, Herbert Hoover, Frank Luther Mott, Louis Pelzer, M. M. Quaife, Irving B. Richman, Earle D. Ross, Carl E. Seashore, Sam B. Sloan and Henry A. Wallace. On the inside back cover are the names of 386 contributors to THE PALIMPSEST during its fifty year history.

The material covered during these fifty years embraces 25,484 pages of accurate, readable, and significant historical material. In addition, there were 2,457 pages of black and white pictures, 178 pages of color pictures, and 2,416 pages devoted to covers. During the fifty years 8,412 individual pictures and 126 maps were used. Fully 787 colored pictures have been printed since color was introduced in 1960. All this has served as grist for editors, magazine writers, radio and television commentators, and school and study club programs. In the years ahead THE PALIMPSEST will continue to explore the varied facets of Iowa history and present them accurately and colorfully to its ever-increasing family of readers.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

The 50th Anniversary

Fifty years have passed since the first issue of *The Palimpsest* appeared in July of 1920. When one considers the number of famous magazines that have fallen by the wayside during this period (and particularly in the past decade) an editor cannot help being pleased that *The Palimpsest* has survived and actually gained in popularity and significance with each passing year.

To commemorate the 50th anniversary of the founding of *The Palimpsest* we are reprinting the long out-of-print January, 1921, number, not a single copy of which is available today for binding purposes to fill requests of librarians and others who wish to complete bound volume sets. This number has been stitched into the center of the January, 1971, issue and may be pulled out quite easily for binding. Meanwhile, present-day members may wish to compare the 1921 issue with various numbers of today's magazine.

One might point to a change in the general character of this early *Palimpsest,* with its simple but dramatic tale of two boys lost in a snowstorm in the Mason City area, and the detailed, comprehensive, and beautifully illustrated number entitled "Of Time and the Weather" which ap-

peared in January, 1969. Undoubtedly the 1921 issue will be enjoyed by readers. But it is less likely to be preserved than the latter with its historical data, cartoons, perpetual calendar, and weather statistics covering the period from 1873 to 1968. The reactions of Society members to the January, 1969, number of *The Palimpsest* may be illustrated by the following letters. From Fort Wayne, Indiana, Mrs. Irma Zagel wrote on February 13, 1969:

> The Palimpsest came today. It is the best ever! The cartoons! The drawings! The old station in Dakota City! The weather records, the calendar—really it is a veritable treasure. Don't see how your Society can put out so fine a magazine every month. Everything is perfect—the format, the print, aside from the highly interesting material.

Two days later, Mrs. Harry R. Lewis wrote from Fort Dodge:

> This is to say "Thank you" for the very fine January Palimpsest. I always enjoy your magazine about our good state, but this last month's "Of Time and the Weather" is the finest of all I have looked at and read. It is such a treasure to have the Perpetual Calendar; that alone is worth the price of membership in your organization.

The interest of individuals in special topics has been attested by thousands of letters over the years. Thus, Reverend John D. Clinton of Des Moines, having read the Civil War number "twice," declared it was a "super" production. The same feeling was recorded by the late W. W.

Waymack, *Des Moines Register* Pulitzer Prize winner, when he wrote that he had gained much personal satisfaction from the Civil War number:

> I like this issue not only as a history of Iowa participation in that conflict, but also as an excellent "refresher course" in the war as a whole. Doubtless each reader has had, or will have, his own special appreciations, subjectively determined. One of mine is the maps that you used. Perhaps I've seen these maps, or more or less similar ones, in the past. If so, I don't remember them. Those that you selected for the PALIMPSEST gave me the best visual picture of the campaigns, especially in the sense of relating the Western campaigns to the Eastern, that I think I've ever had.

In addition to Civil War buffs, there are railroad and steamboat buffs, religion and education buffs, Indian and military buffs, baseball and football buffs. There are also political and social history buffs, agricultural and industrial buffs, and many more. One rarely knows which issue is likely to gain the most enthusiastic support until letters begin to pour in about it.

Under-estimating a printing order is just as likely as over-estimating it. An editor can only hope that a few copies will remain at the end of twenty-five, indeed, fifty years, to take care of the needs of libraries and schools which may be binding whole sets of *The Palimpsest*. During the first twenty years, a printed edition rarely exceeded 1,500 copies, of which 200 was an over-print. In 1970, with membership above 10,000, the over-

print alone was approximately 4,000 copies. Even with this increased number there have been just as many issues go out-of-print in recent years as in the period from 1920 to 1940.

Since 1920 the editors of *The Palimpsest* have depended primarily on contributions from experienced writers, most of whom have been trained historians. Thus, of the thirty leading contributors to *The Palimpsest* over the past half century, twenty-one had Ph.D. degrees, chiefly in history or political science. Of the remaining nine, all were college graduates, several of whom had taken advanced degrees in special fields. Contrary to the opinions of the uninitiated, a veritable galaxy of notable authors have contributed to *The Palimpsest* since its founding in 1920.

Of the nine contributors, one might single out individuals who not only held one or more college degrees, but also have achieved a reputation far beyond the boundaries of Iowa. Thus, Frank T. Nye, of the *Cedar Rapids Gazette,* has been recognized for years as one of the top political commentators in Iowa with thirty years' experience in recording State government. His sparkling accounts of the work of the General Assembly from the 54th (1951) to the 63rd (1970) stand in sharp contrast to the dull monographs written on this subject. Frank Nye is the fourth leading contributor to *The Palimpsest.*

The contributions of the late Frank P. Dono-

van, Jr., to the history of Iowa railroads has been substantial and highly valuable. Railroad buffs from all over the United States have written for copies of his outstanding works, half of which are out-of-print at this time. Few, if any states, have had their railroad history done as completely as Iowa. The State Historical Society could make a valuable contribution by bringing together in book form the railroad writings of Donovan.

It is not only the railroad issues of *The Palimpsest* which go out-of-print. Other issues, such as those on Indians, the Amanas, the Hoover Birthplace, the Spirit Lake Massacre, and the Pioneers, have been depleted all too soon. In a few instances reprints, with the addition of pictures, maps, and pertinent references, have been reproduced after a decade or more has passed. Several numbers have passed the 100,000 mark, while a number of others are approaching this unbelievable figure.

The December, 1970, *Palimpsest* was devoted to the Hopewell Indian culture at Toolesboro. The print order for this issue was 22,000 copies, printed in anticipation of a heavy demand. Over 2,000 copies went out on special orders within the first week. It is likely the 11,000 overrun will be exhausted within the first five years.

The wide variety of publications mailed to Society membership has impressed many educators. On April 30, 1959, Professor Charles Duffy of the University of Akron wrote:

I have been a member of the State Historical Society of Iowa long enough for me to see that the organization has able, scholarly, and vigorous leadership.

The articles which appear in *The Palimpsest* cover a wide variety of topics and are of value to those whose interest lies in the history of the State of Iowa. These articles interest us today, but will be of enormous value to the cultural and intellectual historian to come. The conservation of material available in our time means that the future historian will have at hand the documents needed for his work. For much of this material he will have the assiduity of such organizations as the State Historical Society to thank.

Ten years later, in 1969, Professor Francis Aumann of Ohio State University wrote in a similar vein on the vast residue of information that has been impounded in *The Palimpsest* and has been made available to historians, teachers, and the interested public. According to Aumann:

> . . . The State Historical Society of Iowa has indeed a proud record of distinguished publications in every facet of life of the commonwealth of Iowa and you personally have made an unbelievably rich contribution to this record.

It is natural for folks to express delight about an issue of *The Palimpsest* relating to their own hometown. Thus, Frank Killian, secretary of the Muscatine Chamber of Commerce, expressed his deep appreciation for the September, 1964, issue dealing with Muscatine. According to Killian: "The Muscatine *Palimpsest* has become our prize piece of literature in the promotion of our city."

Henry B. Hook, of the Davenport *Times-Democrat,* expressed equal enthusiasm for the September, 1967, issue on Davenport. After spending a "precious hour" with it he wrote, "I knew it had to be good because you wrote it. I found it to be really superb."

Dubuque-born Broadway Playright Dick Bissell described the Dubuque issue as a "dandy" while Librarian Elsie Datisman found it a "needed tool for the reference department." F. Robert Woodward, Jr., vice president and general manager of Station KDTH of Dubuque, summed up his own feelings on the Dubuque issue and others on March 4, 1965: "I should like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the marvelous job that you are personally doing toward preserving and publicizing the heritage of our State."

Like Killian at Muscatine, the Dubuquers felt their *Palimpsest* number a fine asset when they went to Chicago and other Eastern cities to try and attract industries to Dubuque. Since city numbers are written primarily as history for the general reader, it is rewarding to find *The Palimpsest* reaching a wider audience outside the State, one that could well play a key role in enticing some industry to select Iowa for their new plant.

It is another thing when Iowans wax eloquent about an issue devoted to the hometown of someone else. On December 17, 1964, the editor of *The Palimpsest* was cheered by the following

from W. Earl Hall of the Mason City *Globe-Gazette*. "Your Dubuque *Palimpsest* is one of the greatest ever, in text and art." Of the same number, Harry and Genevieve Mauck of Council Bluffs declared: "Congratulations on another year of outstanding publications. This Dubuque issue is a honey." Mrs. Mauck, incidentally, did an outstanding number of *The Palimpsest* on her own hometown of Council Bluffs in September, 1961.

Over the past decade the Society has published a number of issues of *The Palimpsest* on important historic sites that have been designated a *Registered National Historic Landmark,* sponsored by the United States Department of the Interior through the National Park Service. Frequently, although not always, the bestowal of this honor has received impetus as a result of an issue of *The Palimpsest* devoted to the subject and sent to the National Park Service. The following historic places are illustrative:

1. Herbert Hoover Birthplace	August, 1962
2. Amana Villages	March, 1963
3. Sergeant Floyd Monument	March, 1964
4. Grenville Dodge Home	November, 1966
5. Effigy Mounds National Monument	May, 1961
6. Toolesboro Mound Group	December, 1970

Other sites will be added in years to come. Among those recommended by the Superintendent of the Society, and about which *Palimpsest* issues have appeared in the past, are Julien Du-

buque's Grave and the Dubuque Shot Tower, the Gardner Log Cabin and Spirit Lake Massacre Museum, the Lucas Home in Iowa City, and the Harlan-Lincoln Home in Mt. Pleasant. It is worth noting that six of the nine Historic Places recognized by the National Park Service have been honored with special numbers of *The Palimpsest*.

It would appear from the above that many numbers of *The Palimpsest* possess a regional, if not national significance. Indeed, it would not be difficult to demonstrate that as many as 50 Historic Places have been the subject of special treatment in *The Palimpsest,* many of which merit consideration for Registered National Historic Landmarks. The Department of the Interior has taken a membership in the Society to assist it in developing the Mormon Trail, Lewis and Clark Trail, and the Upper Iowa as a "Wild River."

Personal contact with scores of interesting contributors represents one of the many rewards that have accrued to the present editor as he rounds out the 270th number of *The Palimpsest*. Letters from many notables constantly cross his desk.

Harry Hansen, for example, wrote the April, 1956, issue of *The Palimpsest* under the title *Davenport Boyhood*. A graduate of Davenport High School and the University of Chicago, Hansen was one of a group of war correspondents who followed the German Army into Belgium in 1914. On September 17, 1964, he wrote as follows:

Have read your presidential number with much profit; you are getting some wonderful material out of the archives and into the *Palimpsest*. The photographs are superb. I marvel how big and chesty T. R. looks especially against a background of Boy Scouts, for he really wasn't very big and in his final years seemed quite shrunken. . . .

That's a wonderful picture of F. D. R. turning to Jim Farley; the expressions on their faces are marvellous; Jim always has that contemplative look and you don't know whether he is cooking up a political deal or counting Coca Cola bottles. Apparently all the presidents and candidates laughed heartily except Herbert, who had a hard time being jovial.

Always alert to the unusual in *The Palimpsest*, Harry Hansen seemed to find time to write his impressions of various numbers. How he did it was always a mystery to the editor, who had become familiar over the years with Hansen's long string of books, his numerous contributions as Literary Editor on such newspapers as the *Chicago Daily News* (1920-1926), the *New York World* (1927-1931), and the *New York World-Telegram* (1931-1948). Many readers will recall him as the editor of the *O. Henry Prize Stories* (1933-1940) and of the *World Almanac* (1948-1965). Despite such a productive work load, Harry Hansen wrote, as recently as 1971, that he "constantly marveled at the variety of stories handled in *The Palimpsest*."

It is the wide variety of material embraced in

the first fifty volumes of *The Palimpsest* that make it the rich storehouse of Iowa history referred to by Professors Duffy and Aumann. It is this same variety of historical information that led those two outstanding American historians—Paul M. Angle and Earl Schenck Miers, to include the State Historical Society of Iowa publication program in their "Doorways to American Culture." The introduction to the twenty-three institutions singled out for this honor reads:

> *Doorways to American Culture* gives emphasis to those institutions in America, which through their publications, have made available a vast resource of national intellectual wealth.

Smithsonian Institution
Library of Congress
American Antiquarian Society
American Philosophical Society
United States Congress
American Geographical Society
The Huntington Library
New York University Club Library
National Geographic Society
Essex Institute
American University Presses
New York Public Library
Colonial Williamsburg
State Historical Society of Iowa
Grolier Club
Foreign Policy Association
Massachusetts Historical Society
Chicago Historical Society
Minnesota Historical Society
State Historical Society of Wisconsin
Historical Society of Pennsylvania
New York Historical Society
Indiana Historical Society

It does not take a professional historian to recognize the importance and value of *The Palimpsest* as a veritable treasure trove of Iowa history. On November 13, 1959, Senator William H. Harbor of Henderson penned the following:

Having been a member for several years I can truly say that the material sent to the members is worth many times what we are assessed. It is good for one to be able to go back into history to see the trials, tribulations, as well as the good times experienced by our ancestors. To many our state has had a rather drab and uneventful past. That is, until they are truly informed about the former years. Yes, this is money well spent.

The following comment by Thomas W. Duncan, a noted Iowa author, was written to the editor of *The Palimpsest* on April 30, 1965:

One way or another I see a lot of publications from various historical societies, and without question yours are head and shoulders above the rest. They are invariably interesting without sacrificing accuracy.

A nationally known Civil War historian, Dr. Bell I. Wiley, in a letter dated December, 1970, gave the editor of *The Palimpsest* his personal opinion of the importance of writing accurate popular history:

During my years on the National Civil War Centennial Commission (1957-1966), I had the opportunity to get a close-up view of the imaginative and effective work that you and your associates were doing to dig out and make available in attractive form information about the rich heritage of your state and region, not only as it related to the Civil War but to all other major episodes of the past.

One of your greatest contributions, in my opinion, is your ingenious work, through supervised tours, exhibits, workshops, lectures and publications, in making history come alive, and thus giving it an appeal which makes it understandable and attractive to ordinary folk. This ac-

cords with my long-held and very strong conviction that since history is made by all sorts of people, it ought to be presented in a manner that is both comprehensible and appealing to them—the layman as well as the specialist, the lowly as well as the big-wig.

This is why I write articles for *Civil War Times* and *American History Illustrated,* and why I accepted the invitation two years ago to become Chairman of the advisory Board of the National Historical Society. This is also why I have such a highly favorable opinion of your society's magazine—*The Palimpsest.* You demonstrate in that publication that history can be both authoritative and interesting and that it can serve the masses as well as the privileged.

One of the most highly regarded graduates of the University of Iowa history department is Dr. Melvin Gingerich, nationally known editor of the 4-volume *Mennonite Encyclopedia* and the *Mennonite Quarterly Review.* Dr. Gingerich also is well-known to thousands of Society members through his book—*The Mennonites in Iowa,* and his splendid digest of this volume which appeared in the May, 1959, issue of *The Palimpsest,* a beautifully illustrated number, now in constant demand. Dr. Gingerich's scholarly career was launched through his State Historical Society publications. Let him tell his own story:

Now that I am retired and have time again to turn to my special interest in Iowa history, I have been reflecting on the unique role the *Palimpsest* has played through the years. I know of no other historical publication that has covered so wide a range of subjects as has yours. Political,

social, economic, cultural, literary, religious, ethnic, frontier, and biographical history, as well as other areas, have been covered. The wide use of the *Palimpsest* in the schools and the extensive membership list of the Society prove that you have met a popular demand for this type of material.

From a personal point of view, let me express my appreciation for the opportunity the *Palimpsest* has given me and other young Ph.D.'s to get our specialized articles published. As I review the list of writers, I am impressed with the quality of these scholars. Let me as one who has been the editor or associate editor of several scholarly and popular historical journals for several decades add my own testimony by saying that I have been impressed with the way in which you have struck a balance in presenting articles that are both scholarly and historically sound while at the same time popular in the best sense of the word.

One might continue at length quoting the testimony of readers of *The Palimpsest*—"that the layman as well as the specialist, the lowly as well as the big-wig" find the magazine of interest. Suffice it to say that a ten-fold increase in Society membership and a 25- to 100-fold increase in circulation point up the enthusiasm Iowans have maintained in *The Palimpsest* for over half a century. For this loyal support the present editor will always be grateful.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

The Palimpsest's Authors, 1920-1970

Ainsworth, Peter
Aitken, Walter W.
Alderson, M. H.
Aldrich, Charles
Anderson, Arthur L.
Anderson, Myron S.
Ashton, J. W.
Atwater, Caleb
Aumann, F. B.
Aurner, Clarence R.
Babbitt, Charles H.
Bailey, Belle
Baily, Matie L.
Barnhart, Cornelia M.
Barrows, Willard
Bates, Katherine
Battell, Fred C.
Beall, Walter H.
Beardshear, William M.
Beckhelm, Paul
Bell, Edith M.
Beltrami, G. C.
Bennett, H. Arnold
Bereman, T. A.
Bergman, Leola N.
Berry, Don L.
Betterton, William F.
Black, Jean P.
Bliven, Bruce
Bowers, Luther F.
Braden, Waldo W.
Branch, E. Douglas
Breckenridge, Mrs. H. C.
Briggs, John E.
Briggs, Shirley A.
Brigham, Johnson
Brown, H. Clark
Brown, Harriet C.
Brown, Mabel E.
Brown, Owen
Buffum, Hazel P.
Burrell, Harry G.
Burrows, J. M. D.
Buxbaum, Katherine
Byers, S. H. M.
Bywater, Archimedes
Calkin, Homer L.
Carlson, Gretchen
Carlson, Mrs. Irve
Carpenter, M. F.
Carstensen, Vernon
Catlin, George
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Chase, Charles P.
Cheever, Lawrence O.
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Clement, Jesse
Clifton, C. C.
Coffin, Lorenzo S.
Cone, Carl
Cooper, Vernom
Cowman, Evangeline S.
Crawford, Bartholow V.
Cummins, Tait
Davidson, J. Brownlee
Davis, Fred
Dentan, David
Dill, Homer R.
Disque, Ned
Doak, Frances
Dodge, Grenville M.
Donnel, William
Donovan, Frank P., Jr.
Donovan, Josephine B.
Dubell, Susan I.
Dugan, Ruth E.
Duncan, Jim
Dunlap, Rhodes
Dyall, Martha T.
Edmundson, J. D.
Edwards, J. G.
Ekdale, Edith H.
Engle, Paul
Ensign, Forest C.
Eriksson, Erik M.
Erwin, A. T.
Evans, Ramona
Fatland, Mrs. O. S.
Fay, Barbara B.
Ferguson, William R.
Fishburn, Jesse J.
Foster, T. Henry
Fox, James
Fremont, J. C.
Frederick, John T.
Fulton, A. R.
Galer, R. S.
Gallaher, Ruth A.
Garver, F. H.
Gardner, Flora C.
Garretson, O. A.
Geary, Thomas C.
Gill, Adelaide
Gingerich, Melvin
Girardin, E. de
Glazier, Willard
Grady, Al
Grahame, Orville F.
Grahame, Pauline P.
Grahame, Russell C.
Graves, Sarah E.
Green, Florence
Grover, Wayne C.
Gue, Benjamin F.
Gwynne, Charles S.
Haefner, John H.
Haefner, Marie
Hall, Reeves
Hall, W. Earl
Hancher, Virgil M.
Hansen, Harry
Hansen, Marcus L.
Harrison, Hugh
Hart, Irving
Hawley, Charles A.
Haynes, F. E.
Hearst, Gladys W.
Heizer, E. P.
Henely, Louise M.
Herold, Elaine B.
Hickman, C. Addison
Hildreth, A. B. F.
Hileman, R. G.
Hilmer, Gertrude
Hodges, Fletcher, Jr.
Hoeltje, Hubert H.
Hoffman, Phil
Hoffmann, M. M.
Holt, Edgar A.
Holy, T. C.
Hoover, Herbert
Hopkins, John A., Jr.
Horack, Katharine
Houser, Hazel E.
Howard, Winifred M.
Huftalen, Sarah G.
Hughes, H. D.
Ingmanson, J. Earl
Irish, John P.
Jack, Frances E.
Jackson, Donald
Jagnow, Albert A.
Jepsen, Laura
Johnson, Donald E.
Johnson, Jack T.
Johnson, William S.
Johnston, Clarence S.
Jones, Mrs. Lauerence C.
Jones, Louis T.
Jordan, Philip D.
Kaloupek, Walter E.
Keck, Inez
Keeney, Charles C.
Kelley, Harry E.
Kelley, Henry C.
Kelm, William E.
Kelso, Hugh E.
Kenison, Mrs. F. R.
Kern, Jean B.
Keyes, Charles R.
Kintzle, Clarence A.
Kirby, Chester H.
Kirkpatrick, Charles D.
Kirkpatrick, Keith
Koop, Theodore F.
Kreiner, Carl B.
Kuhns, Frederick I.
Laird, Charlton G.
Latrobe, Charles J.
Lazell, Fred J.
Lea, Albert M.
Levering, N.
Leysen, Ralph J.
Lincoln, Mrs. S. E.
Lloyd, Frederick
Logan, Wilfred
London, Jack
Lorch, Fred W.
Lovell, Miriam F.
Ludwig, Mary C.
Lyon, Bessie L.
Lytle, Harry J.
MacBride, Dorothy
MacBride, Thomas H.
MacMartin, Faye B.
Margaret, Helene
Mahan, Bruce E.
Mahaney, Paul J.
Main, W. F.
Malbin, Gladys
Mann, T. E.
Martin, Richard
Mauck, Genevieve P.
Maxson, Virginia
May, George
McCarty, Dwight G.
McGrane, Bert
McIntosh, Lois A.
McKusick, Marshall
McMurry, Donald L.
McNally, Sherman J.
McNamara, Agnes
Medary, Marjorie
Meredith, Mabel M.
Meyer, Marie E.
Meyers, F. W.
Middaugh, Ruth B.
Mills, George
Mills, Mrs. Ray
Millsap, Kenneth F.
Mitchell, J. Leland
Moeller, Leslie G.
Montzheimer, O. H.
Morrill, Charles H.
Mott, Frank L.
Mott, Vera
Mullin, Frank A.
Mumford, Mrs. Lloyd S.
Murphy, Donald R.
Murray, Charles A.
Murray, Janette S.
Murray, Ray
Murray, William G.
Nauman, E. D.
Nelson, David T.
Nichols, H. E.
Nicollet, J. N.
Norem, Enoch A.
Nye, Frank T.
O'Connor, Henry
O'Donnell, J.
Ollivier, Lois M.
Orvis, Melissa
Ottersberg, Gerhard
Overton, Richard C.
Parish, John C.
Parker, Addison M.
Parker, Daniel M.
Parkhurst, Clinton
Patton, R. A.
Peckham, Edward L.
Pelzer, Louis
Pelzer, Mildred W.
Perkins, George D.
Petersen, Bessie R.
Petersen, William J.
Peterson, Harold D.
Pickett, B. S.
Pierce, I. H.
Plaehn, Erma B.
Plambeck, Herb
Pollock, Margaret
Pownall, Dorothy A.
Price, Eliphalet
Price, Hiram
Pye, Mrs. Charles F.
Quaife, Elvin L.
Quaife, M. M.
Qualley, Mary
Quigley, Iola B.
Rae, W. F.
Ramsey, Jasper H.
Ray, W. G.
Read, Allen W.
Reed, C. A.
Regur, Dorothy Wagner
Reid, Don
Reuter, Bertha A.
Rhodes, Milton
Richardson, David N.
Richman, Irving B.
Richter, August P.
Rischmueller, Marian C.
Robeson, George F.
Rogers, Frances L.
Root, Mrs. Frank S.
Ross, Earle D.
Ross, Russell M.
Russell, Walter
Rutland, Robert
Schick, Joseph S.
Schlicher, Raymond J.
Schmidt, G. Perle
Schmidt, Louis B.
Schrader, Gus
Seashore, Carl E.
Seeburger, Merze M.
Seerley, Homer H.
Shaffter, Dorothy
Shambaugh, Benj. F.
Shambaugh, Bertha M. H.
Shannon, Ralph
Sharp, Mildred J.
Shaw, E. K.
Shepard, Hugh H.
Sherlock, Wallace E.
Sherman, Jay J.
Sherman, Roy V.
Shimek, B.
Skinner, Alanson
Sloan, Sam B.
Sly, Blanche C.
Smith, Ada G.
Smith, C. R. F.
Smith, Frederic C.
Smith, Gordon
Smith, Luther
Smith, Ophia D.
Snyder, Charles E.
Spencer, Dick, III
Starbuck, Winifred
Stevens, Ruth W.
Stong, Phil
Storing, James A.
Stout, Velma C.
Stuart, Granville
Sullivan, Roger
Swartzendruber, J. F.
Swisher, Jacob A.
Taber, John H.
Taylor, Landon
Taylor, Loren
Taylor, Wilson L.
Teakle, Thomas
Teeters, Wilber J.
Teraberry, Hazel B.
Thomas, Benjamin F.
Thompson, Arthur T.
Thornton, Harrison J.
Throne, Mildred
Tillinghast, B. F.
Titus, Lydia A.
Tjernagel, H. M.
Tjernagel, N.
Tjernagel, P. G.
Tobin, John W.
Trachsel, Herman H.
Treneman, James
Trowbridge, Arthur C.
Turner, Job T.
Twain, Mark
Tweito, Thomas E.
Usher, Isaac
Vail, Theodore N.
Van der Zee, Jacob
Van Ek, Jacob
Ver Steeg, George
Von Hein, Charlotte
Wagner, Dorothy
Wallace, H. A.
Wallace, Jocelyn
Waters, Geneva
Waymack, W. W.
Weaver, James B.
Wedel, Mildred Mott
Weeks, E. W.
Weld, Laenas G.
Whitley, Cora C.
Whitley, Mrs. Francis E.
Wick, B. L.
Wilcox, Francis O.
Wilkie, Franc B.
Wilson, Ben H.
Wilson, Eric
Wilson, Frank R.
Williams, Ira A.
Witter, D. R.
Wortman, F. A.
Wright, D. Sands
Wright, Luella M.
Wuerffel, L. C.
Wylie, Charles C.
Wylie, Helen
Wylie, Robert B.
Wyman, Helen B.
Yoder, Sanford C.