

## We Have All Gone Away

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however, the brawls, confrontations, and the soldier's hell-raising mirrored what was happening between other camps and towns in both the North and the South.

All training camps had their ethnic regiments but of particular interest in the Camp Randall story are the Scandinavian regiments and the disapproval their inherited life-style drew from the recruits whose social and cultural backgrounds were more commonplace and acceptable.

Camp Randall differed from typical training camps in that it was used for a short period of time as a Confederate prisoner-of-war camp. The attitudes of the trainees and the people of Madison are very enlightening and interesting.

The well-written and scholarly treatment coupled with a discerning use of primary sources makes *Soldiers When They Go* an exceptionally fine work in the area of local history. Furthermore, Mattern's timely referrals to the national scene give Camp Randall a deserved significance beyond the unwarranted provincialism which too often dominates local history.

LORAS COLLEGE

THOMAS W. HURM

*We Have All Gone Away*, by Curtis Harnack. Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1981. pp. 188. Photographs. \$6.95.

The title, *We Have All Gone Away*, reveals the theme Curtis Harnack, head of the Saratoga Falls, New York-based Yaddo foundation for the arts, develops in this story of his Iowa boyhood. His family, namely his widowed mother, saw education as the apparent key to future success and happiness. As Harnack remembers, "She understood that we must seek out like-minded individuals, who were to be found in larger towns and cities. . . ." The author understandably did not choose the life of a Hawkeye agrarian.

Harnack's autobiography revolves around a relatively prosperous farm near Remsen in Plymouth County during the New Deal years. The writer's experiences differed little from those of most other bright, hard-working lads who grew up on the rural Middle Border. Life offered the cycle of farm chores and a few special events—a summer fishing outing and a Christmas pageant. Included, too, are Harnack's sketches of his clan. His own immediate family lived with an aunt and uncle and their children. And an assortment of other relatives inhabited the immediate area. Their joys and sorrows are duly chronicled.

## Book Reviews

*We Have All Gone Away* is one of the finest works of its type in print. It certainly is a stronger piece than either Harvey M. Sletten's *Growing Up on Bald Hill Creek* (Iowa State University Press, 1977) or Loren Reid's *Hurry Home Wednesday: Growing Up in a Small Missouri Town, 1905-1921* (University of Missouri Press, 1978), two similar publications that have rightfully received favorable reviews. Not only does Harnack develop his central theme with great skill, but his prose is pellucid. Moreover, he writes with a great deal of wit; the chapter "Queen of Hearts" describing an incompetent school teacher, a Miss Flock, is hilarious. That essay alone makes the price tag a bargain. *We Have All Gone Away* was originally published by Doubleday in 1973, with a large-type edition by G. K. Hall the same year. Iowa State University Press, in bringing out a paperback version, has manufactured another handsome volume.

THE UNIVERSITY OF AKRON

H. ROGER GRANT

*Finally It's Friday: School and Work in Mid-America, 1921-1933*, by Loren Reid. Columbia and London: University of Missouri Press, 1981. pp. viii, 292. Photographs, index. \$14.00.

*Finally It's Friday* is an engaging memoir of Loren Reid's life as a student in Iowa in the 1920s and early 1930s. Reid attended high school in Osceola and earned degrees at Grinnell College and the State University of Iowa before beginning a distinguished teaching career that eventually brought him to the University of Missouri at Columbia, where he is now professor emeritus of speech and dramatic art. In this reminiscence he describes campuses that seem to have been immune to the worries of the outside world and provided passage between life at home and entry into the routine of earning a living—happy, somewhat sheltered places dominated by the life of the mind. Reid's experience was social as well as intellectual, but most impressive here are the author's vivid recollections of professors whose classroom teaching set standards of taste and judgement that lasted a lifetime. Reid shares his memories with us in a style that is witty and learned, conveying a feeling for the mood of Iowa in the twenties, at least among the state's college students.

Aside from its considerable literary merit, what makes *Finally It's Friday* so distinctive a memoir is that its author was already earning a living when he attended college. Osceola *Tribune* editor

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