

# ohioana



*In This Issue:*

Lowell Thomas • W. M. Kiplinger • Joe E. Brown • Calvin Kyle  
Jean Starr Untermeyer • David Dietz • Burton E. Stevenson  
Russel Crouse • Stevan Dohanos • Judge Florence E. Allen  
Milton Caniff • Jeanette Eaton • Rev. Ralph W. Sockman • and many more.

FALL, 1959 — Celebrating Our 30th Anniversary



## OHIOANA: OF OHIO AND OHIOANS

A quarterly published by  
 THE MARTHA KINNEY COOPER OHIOANA LIBRARY ASSOCIATION  
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Membership is open to all who believe in the things the Association stands for and are willing to support its work.

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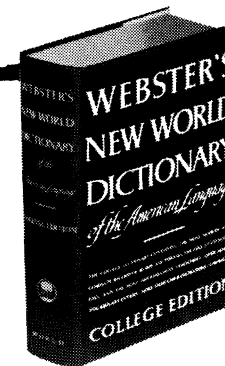
WHAT DOES IT MEAN? HOW IS IT PRONOUNCED? WHAT IS ITS ORIGIN?

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 of excited curiosity  
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THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cleveland and New York



## See How Our Garden Grows

A resourceful woman planted the seed of an idea in a whirlwind year: the seed, a library of books by Ohioans and about Ohio, the year, 1929. And from this tiny seed, zealously nurtured by devoted friends, a garden of bright perennials flowers the year round.

Spring brings our Pilgrimage and the gathering of County Chairmen to mind the membership garden. In all the Seasons comes OHIOANA, bright with the gay colors of its variegated cultural bouquet. Early Fall ushers in the YEARBOOK, sweet with the savory promise of another day. Then the garden bursts in full bloom for our "Flower Show": the Annual Meeting, with its awards for "best annuals" (literature) and "perennials" (the citations and career medals). Our Library is a Winter Garden for browsing and study. Here anxious care is given to very "special species" like the maturing OHIO AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS.

To Martha Kinney Cooper, who planted the seed, Florence R. Head, who skillfully cultivated it, and their hundreds of faithful assistants through the years, OHIOANA and all the other flowers bow their heads in grateful tribute. See how our garden grows.

EUGENE D. RIGNEY  
Chairman  
Board of Editors

# ohioana

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Pewter Making in Early Ohio  
As One Celebrity to Another

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This issue (along with the world itself, of course) is so full of a number of things and there is so much to say about them, that here is a brief scanning.

(1) To point up our 30th Anniversary the publication date was held back from early September to early October, thus bringing it nearer the date of our annual meeting, October 24.

(2) Every year, beginning with 1943, the Library has awarded one or more Ohioana Career Medals to nationally distinguished Ohioans. All of the twenty-one living recipients have been invited to attend the meeting this year, and also to contribute an article to this issue. Every such article has been designated by a little reproduction of the medal awarded to the writer.

(3) The Library has long felt the need of an authoritative history of its founding and development; now we have it in part. The history of the founding and the first year is told herein by Mrs. Cooper, our

founder and guardian angel. The story of the development of the Library from 1930 to date will be told in a future issue by Mrs. Head who

### Some asides from the managing editor—

was for 25 years the devoted and brilliant Executive Director.

(4) Whatever benefits the Library may receive from celebrating its 30th Anniversary are at once reflected onto the writers and composers and artists of Ohio. It has little excuse for existence except to focus as much recognition as possible on the creative spirits of our state. Hence we feel no modesty in blowing our own horn. The sound will glorify others rather than ourselves.

(5) As much of the program of the 30th Anniversary meeting as was definite at the time of going to press is included in this issue. A complete program will later be mailed to every member—complete, that is, save for the names of a few last-minute guests who haven't promised to be with us but said in all probability they would be. Complete or not on paper, the program will be in reality one that every member will enjoy and look back upon with an increased pride in his state and its great people.

## The Importance of Putting Deeds into Words

By CALVIN KYTLE



LET ME SAY FIRST how nice it is to be briefly out of the insurance world of loss ratio, claims history, and premium volume and to be instead among you people who, I take it, are more concerned with lost antecedents, history unmodified, and just plain volumes.

I'm with you this afternoon to praise you, and to praise you sincerely. I'm not quite sure, really, why Dr. Marvin asked me in particular to do this, although I am glad that he did, and honored, too. An organization like yours deserves to be told from time to time that its work is appreciated by the vulgar world of commerce. And certainly it is good for someone of that world, like me, to have the chance to meet with an organization like yours to be reminded of what, in the last analysis, we're all in business for.

*The Vice-President—Public Relations of Nationwide Insurance, who lives in Columbus, spoke most eloquently at the Workshop and Tea for the County Chairmen of the Ohioana Library, held at the Governor's Mansion. His remarks follow, in abbreviated form. Mrs. Kytle (Elizabeth Kytle) is the author of Willie Mae, reviewed in the first issue of this magazine.*

I have read some of the leaflets published by your Association and I gather that this is your thirtieth anniversary year. Congratulations. I also have been impressed by your statement of purpose: "To honor Ohio writers and composers, and to acquaint the public with their attainments." I am all the more impressed by the fact that so much of your work is directed toward honoring *living* Ohio authors and composers, and publicizing their good works while they can enjoy the royalties.

### State Pride

It's not rare for people to have pride in their state, in its history, its politicians, its scenery, its movie and sport stars. But to have pride in the authors and artists and composers, and to organize that pride into a sort of adult fan club is something special indeed. I think the existence of the Ohioana Library Association speaks very well for the people of Ohio. I think it has something quite important to say about their sense of values.

In fact, I feel most personally that your activities, and those of others like you, are one of the few comforting signs in a world that often seems indifferent and abusive to works of the mind and spirit. To honor our intellectuals in a time of

anti-intellectualism, as you're doing—this is no little accomplishment. And to encourage authors to keep on writing and people to keep on reading when there seems to be a natural conspiracy to have them do anything else but—this is, it seems to me, a really noble purpose. I'm convinced that the best hope we have for hanging onto our senses in times like today is in cultural efforts like yours—and I could be easily persuaded that dependent on the direction and success of such efforts is the survival of anything in our civilization worth saving.

Why do I say this? Because only through books—good books—and through its art does a society come to understand itself; not merely express itself but understand itself. Only in books can the meaning of our lives and times be fully articulated and preserved. In drama, music, paintings, great sermons, sure. But these are the fleeting media, limited in their impact to the span of emotion and by the retentiveness of the eye-mind. And for understanding, for that kind of understanding which conditions the functioning healthy society, we need something to have with us, to hold, something permanent to refer to. Here in a book can be the orderly analysis of events that are otherwise too complicated, too fast-occurring, too diverse in both cause and effect, for us to interpret. Here in books are the facts of our environment, the realities we live with; here are the ideas that provoke us to action; here in books are the clues that will lead us to our own private answers to history's most private questions: "What is it all about?" "What am I here for?"

#### We Act Before We Think

There has never been a time in history

when our need was greater for what good books can give us. For unless we can keep perspective, unless somehow we can find a governing principle in the seeming chaos of contemporary events, we will lose our direction and our lives will have no purpose. This is our peril. And the peril is compounded by the fact that the momentum of what we have come to call the Technological Revolution is causing us to act before we think. Perhaps more accurately, it is causing something to happen today before we have come to understand what happened yesterday. It is not merely that we are living in fast-changing times; what is not so popularly understood and yet is already one of the facts of life is that the *rate* of change is accelerating.

To appreciate this, you need only consider that it took man 10,000 years to move from the Agricultural Revolution to the Industrial Revolution; it took him only 150 years to move from the Industrial Revolution to the Technological Revolution. It is estimated that mankind has been affected more by the revolution that dates from 1945 than it was by either of the two revolutions preceding. Fundamentally affected. The result, moreover, has been to push us into an era of continuing revolution, in which every new day requires us to take another notch in our psyches, to shake our values before using. In a time of such furious change, of push-pull pressures, of yes-but decisions, of problems that seem too big to comprehend, much less resolve, no wonder most of us are nervous or numb.

And yet it is precisely because things are the way they are today that I say the time has come for a Back to Books Movement. Truly, never before have we need-

ed more urgently to have our own experience interpreted for us. It is one thing to act—to shoot a rocket to the moon, to send a ship under the polar ice, to introduce a machine that can reproduce its own kind, to put into a single capsule enough explosive to blow up the earth. It is quite another thing to explain why we're doing such things, and still a different thing to show the relationship of one to another so that, together, they make for a kind of cosmic sense. Yet this is what books and great writers can, and must, do for us—to stabilize a frame of reference on which our statesmen can build platforms and the rest of us can build hopes.

#### It's So Important

This is why I say that in times like these it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of putting deeds into words. This is why I think it's so important



that authors be encouraged to write and be told they're appreciated, and why it's important that book-reading among Americans be made as routine as breakfast.

And yet, sadly, the facts are hardly encouraging.

During the last year and a half I have come to know a fine American writer named David Karp. My company, Nation-

wide Insurance, has hired Dave to work with our president, Murray D. Lincoln, on an "as-told-to" biography. We expect to have the book out either late this fall or early next year. I promise you, this is the only commercial you'll find in these comments, but I do hope that, once the book is published, the Ohioana Library will see fit to give it its blessing. But about Dave Karp—Dave is an especially gifted young man and, what is just as important, also a very energetic one. He is able to turn out quite successful television shows (he's probably best known as the author of a widely publicized Playhouse 90 script, "The Plot to Kill Stalin") and still find time to do serious fiction at no sacrifice of art or integrity.

#### Author of Four Novels

What is important to remember about Dave Karp is this: Within five years he has written four novels, each dealing provocatively and perceptively with a major theme: "One", on the welfare state; "The Day of the Monkey", on colonialism; "All Honorable Men", on intellectual freedom; and "Leave Me Alone", on social conformity. The sad fact is that none of these books has sold more than 3,500 copies in its original trade edition. In America, that is. In England, they've all been best-sellers. "Leave Me Alone", interestingly enough, sold more copies in Johannesburg, South Africa, than it did in all America. When he visited England for the first time last year, he was met at the pier by reporters from the *London Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*.

Now why does what Dave Karp has to say have meaning to thousands of Englishmen but to only a handful of Americans? Why should he have a popular audience in London but, as the press-

agents would call it, only a small devoted following in the United States? Part of the answer, I think, can be found in an article on America's book-reading habits published in *The Saturday Review*. Here are some facts pulled from that article:

Among college-educated Americans, one-fourth has not read a single book in the last year. Among those whose formal training ended with high school, almost three-fifths have not cracked a book in the last year.

Today, at any time, only 17 percent of the adults in the United States may be found reading a book. In England, 55 percent of the population at any given time may be found reading a book.

Twenty years ago 15 percent of our houses had built-in bookshelves. A fairly recent survey indicates only 12 percent of the houses erected in the past ten years have them. Forty-two percent of the houses in America are without bookcases or bookshelves of any kind. Of course, it doesn't follow that books in book-

shelves are read. A survey by one of America's leading publishers revealed that 84 percent of the families purchasing their encyclopedias had not opened so much as a single volume within one year after they'd bought it.

Only 13 out of every 100 citizens borrow books from the public library. In the judgment of the director of one of the largest circulating libraries in the world, only 5 percent of the books borrowed by this 13 percent of the populace are good reading. Eighty-eight percent are low-level material, and seven percent intermediate. If the United States had the same proportion of libraries per capita as Sweden there would be in this country not 7,500 public libraries but 77,000.

It is when I contemplate these statistics and when I think of the vastly talented but deplorably unappreciated David Karpis in America that I say Thank God for organizations like Ohioana. At least, here in Ohio, our David Karpis, whatever their names, are not going unrecognized or their books unread. Thanks to *you*.

### A CHRISTMAS QUARREL

"A little child shall save us!"  
Long years at Christmas time  
Complacent poets gave us  
This comfort, couched in rhyme.

On highway and in eyrie  
Starved orphans wander wild.  
Should not our Christmas query  
Be: Can *we* save the child?

JEAN STARR UNTERMAYER

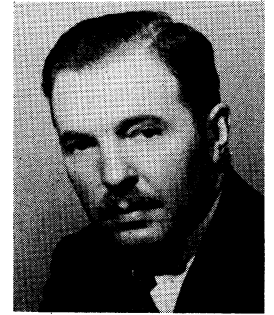
*Jean Starr Untermeyer, a native of Zanesville, is the author of several books of distinguished verse and the translator of THE DEATH OF VIRGIL by Hermann Brock. Her home is in New York.*

First Science Editor in the U.S.

## NEWSPAPERS AND SCIENCE



By DAVID DIETZ



Mine has been the satisfaction of seeing a personal endeavor grow into a recognized profession.

This September the National Association of Science Writers celebrated its 25th anniversary with a dinner in Atlantic City. I had suggested the formation of the organization 25 years ago and had been elected its first president because I had been the first newspaperman in the United States to hold the title of science editor.

In 1934 the association had 14 members. Today it has some 150 active members and an equal number of associate members.

I had become the science editor of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers in 1921. In 1923 I started a daily column on the subject of science and to date I have written about seven million words in it.

Over the years I have often been asked what led me to devote myself to the popularization of science in a newspaper column and in books.

I guess it was a compromise between DAVID DIETZ, *science editor of the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, was born in Cleveland and now lives in Cleveland Heights. He is a graduate of Western Reserve and the winner of a Pulitzer Prize in Journalism, among a very long list of other honors. He received an Ohioana Career Medal in 1958.*

my love of science and my love of writing.

### Too Young To Read

My father was an enthusiastic amateur astronomer and I can recall looking at the pictures in his books before I was old enough to read.

My first formal introduction to science came in a course in Physics in old Central High School in Cleveland. I finished the year with a grade of 99.

You might wonder why I did not go on to become a physicist. The answer is simple. The summer I finished high school, I got a job on *The Cleveland Press*. I have been on the editorial staff of that newspaper ever since.

During my four years at Western Reserve University, I served as college correspondent during the school term and as a cub reporter during the summer. I covered Case Tech, across the fence from Reserve, as well as my own college.

I wrote my first science article in 1915 while a freshman at Reserve. It was an interview with the late Dr. Dayton C. Miller, then the professor of physics at Case and a world-famous authority on sound waves.

### The Silly Green Cap

Wearing the silly green cap that Reserve freshman were required to wear, I

(concluded on page 83)



MARTHA KINNEY COOPER



*How it all began . . .*

## The Founding of the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library

By MARTHA KINNEY COOPER

THE OHIOANA LIBRARY, as it is today, represents thirty years of work by unnumbered interested and dedicated Ohioans. The desire to help authors receive needed publicity and recognition for their writings originated many years before the actual start of the collection. Belonging to several cultural and literary clubs in Cincinnati, and greatly interested in books, I had counted the writers and composers there among my best friends. It had been distressing to see gifted citizens without honor, while flagpole sitters and marble shooting champions were receiving awards. In private life I was able to do little to promote their interests.

When Mr. Cooper became Governor of the State in 1929, we began our residence in the Mansion—then at 1234 East Broad Street, Columbus. Having been reared in a home where the library was the most important room, the library at the Mansion was a distinct disappointment, with its unused books—few, if any, by Ohio authors. At that time the thought

came to me that these bookshelves should be filled with the works of the writers of our State, in order to display them to the many people who daily visited the Mansion. Much thought followed as to the best method of procedure and a number of people were queried. Many letters had to be written and much detail handled which could not be taken care of at the Mansion.

While attending an Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs Meeting at Dayton, and looking over their display of books under the charge of Mrs. Depew Head, a Federation member and Field Representative of the Ohio State Library, my project was mentioned to her. She evidenced great interest, and with her literary experience and background, appeared to be the person best fitted to help with this new work. Mrs. Head brought to her tasks untiring labor, a brilliant mind and stimulating ideas. From then on, we kept a close association in the endeavor to build the library.

### Never Done Before

MRS. COOPER sends from her historic home, *The Pines*, in Hyde Park, Cincinnati, her own account of the founding of the library named in her honor. The article was written especially for this issue of the magazine. She received an Ohioana Career Medal in 1949.

Turning to Governor Cooper, we learned it would be impossible at that time to obtain State funds to start a book collection, and the financial burden would have to be borne by me personally. Such a library, as I had in mind, had never before been assembled for any State, al-

though minor ones had been started. The decision was made to start gathering together the books of Ohio writers with the idea of working toward as complete a collection of their works as possible.

One of the first steps taken in our organization program was to invite to the Mansion a group of outstanding men and women, representing different fields of activity, to discuss the feasibility of building a Library representing Ohio authors. Those attending, including Mrs. Head and myself, at this meeting, held October 5, 1929, and the fields they represented were:

Mrs. E. B. Taylor—Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs, Lima. (Literature).

Mr. Merton Ferson—Dean, College of Law, Cincinnati. (Law).

Dr. W. O. Thompson—President Emeritus, Ohio State University, Columbus. (Religion, Philosophy).

Dr. C. G. Williams—Director, Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, Wooster. (Agriculture).

Dr. Carl Hamann—Dean, College of Medicine, Western Reserve University, Cleveland. (Medicine).

Dr. Ben Arneson—Department of Social Sciences, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware. (Social Science).

Professor A. A. Atkinson—Professor of Physics and Physical Engineering, Ohio University, Athens. (Physical Science).

Dr. C. B. Galbreath—Secretary, Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, Columbus. (Ohio Historical Society).

Mrs. Clara Keck Heflebower—Cincinnati Branch of American Pen Women (Later the National President). (Pen Women).

Dr. Spurgeon Bell—Director of Busi-

ness Research, Ohio State University. (Finance, Industry).

The Rev. Hubert Brockman, S.J.,—President, St. Xavier University, Cincinnati. (Catholic Literature).

Mr. Warren Perry—Secretary, Mahoning Valley Industrial Association, Youngstown. (Finance, Industry).

At this first meeting approval was given for the founding of an all-Ohio Library, and those present who had written books promised to donate them and interest other writers in doing so. Mrs. Taylor offered use of the files of the Federation, containing 500 names of Ohio writers. These were invaluable in starting our own files.

Four objectives were established at this first meeting:

(1) To acquaint the public with the great number of writers, in all fields of writing and creative work, who were Ohioans or had lived a reasonable length of time in Ohio.

(2) To collect this Ohioana and keep it together in one place (Governor's Mansion) where all could enjoy it.

(3) To honor and give recognition to the writers who have contributed so much to the culture, beauty and education of our State, and

(4) To keep a permanent catalogue and collection of all Ohio writers, and of distinctive books about Ohio, at the Mansion and the State Library.

No books would be for general circulation. The name of the library—The Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library—was adopted at this first meeting. Also, Henry Turner Bailey, Director of the Cleveland School of Art, was to be commissioned to design a bookplate.

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## Delta Omicron Founded at Cincinnati

*Ohioans Long Prominent in Professional Music Fraternity for Women*

By JANET C. MEAD

*of the Ohioana Library Music Committee*

DELTA OMICRON, International Music Fraternity has just celebrated its fifty years as a professional fraternity for women in the field of music. Cincinnati was chosen for the Golden Anniversary Triennium Conference, for it was there at the Conservatory of Music in 1909 that the Fraternity was founded by three undergraduate students from Columbus—Hazel Wilson, Mable Dunn and Lorena Creamer (now Mrs. McClure, associated with Ohio Wesleyan University and the one living founder).

These young women, sensing the need of music affiliations with other women students, organized Delta Omicron for students with the purpose of creating and fostering fellowship through music. Further purposes have been to encourage excellence of performance and the appreciation of good music, and to give material aid to needy and worthy music students. Developing this last purpose, the fraternity maintains a Foundation supplementing an Endowment Fund through which are made possible loans, scholarships and awards, as well as the promotion of an extensive philanthropic program which includes national and international projects.

A studio has been built at the MacDowell Colony and practice studios at the National Music Camp and Deerwood Music Centre. Awards and scholarships open to high school students are offered

at four music camps. Scholarships at Berkshire Music Centre, Aspen School of Music and String Chamboree are available to Delta Omicron members, as well as a graduate scholarship in the field of sacred music.

### Music Composers Library

During the triennium just passed there has been established a Music Composers Library, the contents of which are the creative work of Delta Omicron members. Among those listed are three Ohio women, Margaret McClure Stitt, Lois Myers Emig and Edna Frankl. The Library now contains over 1100 items, mostly music, with a few books and printed articles about music. All items can be borrowed by Delta Omicron members. Mrs. Edward G. Mead of the Ohioana Library Music Committee is Chairman. She has catalogued the Library and compiled a 50th anniversary publication.

Beside Mrs. Mead and the founders, Ohio claims many prominent Delta Omicrons. The National President, Mrs. Milton Petzold (Roxine Beard), daughter of a Westwood Methodist Minister, was brought up in Ohio and educated in part at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and Ohio Wesleyan University. Other Ohioans include three Cincinnatians, Anna Marie Gantner, Second National Vice-President; Mary Eleanor Vaughan, National Chaplain, and Dorothy Pietzuch, Editor of the *Whistle*, the Alumnae publication. Jane Wiley Kuckuk, Editor of

(concluded on page 112)



# "I Love Ohio"



By JOE E. BROWN



IT IS ALWAYS A PLEASURE for me to write or talk about a state I've always loved—Ohio. Although I now reside in Los Angeles and regard that community as my home, there is always a warm and glowing spot in my heart for the Buckeye State.

After all, it is the state of my birth. It is the state of my boyhood, and it is the state in which I have received many honors and of which I have only the fondest of recollections. You know, no doubt, that I was born in Holgate up in Henry County. The Brown family moved from Holgate to Toledo when I was still in baby clothes and it was in that city that I spent my early years. At the age of 10 I ran away from home and joined an acrobatic troupe with a circus.

I was billed as the "boy acrobat" and suffered many aches, pains, broken bones and the pangs of cold and hunger with

JOE E. BROWN, one of our greatest comedians, is a native of Henry County. He has told the heart-warming story of his life in LAUGHTER IS A WONDERFUL THING (Barnes, 1956). He received an Ohioana Career Medal in 1945.

that act. But I continued and worked without complaining because I knew of no other way of life and thought the hardships were just a part of the whole scheme of things. I suppose, too, that the love of show business inherent in me had a lot to do with my carrying on. Incidentally, I opened in a brand new play for me, "Father of The Bride," in the summer theater in Traverse City, Michigan, on the night of my last birthday, July 28th.

Between seasons I always returned to my Toledo home, where I indulged in my love for baseball by playing with numerous semi-professional teams, swimming at old Toledo Beach and visiting with friends. Vaudeville followed the circus, and then came burlesque, musical comedy, motion pictures and television.

### Many Reasons for Loving Ohio

But back to my love for my old home state—Ohio. I have many other reasons besides those already mentioned for loving it.

Holgate gave me a big day and named a baseball field after me. "Happy" Chandler, now governor of Kentucky,

but then the head man of all baseball, was on hand for the occasion. So were many other notables, including the gal to whom I have been married all these years, Katherine McGraw Brown.

Toledo had a Joe E. Brown day for me. It was held on December 7, 1945, and embraced a banquet, a public reception in the Civic Auditorium (to which even Holgate sent a delegation), a visit to the Auto-Lite plant where I once worked, between seasons on the stage, and a program at the University of Toledo, during which I was given an honorary Master of Arts degree.

Columbus is also one of my favorite cities. I opened "Harvey," the stage play I learned to love and which I played for over five years, in the state capital. That, of course, was an occasion I'll never

forget. Besides, I have many good friends residing there, including Major General Robert S. Beightler and Brigadier General Charles Craig.

In addition to my Master of Arts degree from the University of Toledo, I also was awarded an honorary degree from Bowling Green State University in May of 1949. For my war tours and entertaining of troops, I was named Doctor of Humane Letters.

Recently I played "Harvey" in Dayton, another great Ohio City, in a summer theater project. So you see, with so many vivid memories of the Buckeye State constantly kicking around in my noggin, it is always a joy for me to return there, to shout its praises and to profess my love—"I LOVE OHIO"—

## THE MARTHA KINNEY COOPER OHIOANA LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

is happy to announce the winners of its

# 1959 OHIOANA BOOK AWARDS

for the best book published in 1958 by an Ohio author in the following classifications

- ★ FICTION — Anne Chamberlain (Washington County) for THE DARKEST BOUGH (Bobbs, Merrill Co., Inc.).
- ★ NON-FICTION (Contemporary) — Sally Carrighar (Cuyahoga County) for MOONLIGHT AT MIDDAY (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.).
- ★ NON-FICTION (Historical) — Arthur M. Schlesinger (Franklin County) for PRELUDE TO INDEPENDENCE (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.).
- ★ JUVENILE — Jeanette Eaton (Franklin County) for AMERICA'S OWN MARK TWAIN (William Morrow & Co.).

and by a non-Ohioan in the classification

- ★ OHIO SCENE — Alfred Byron Sears for THOMAS WORTHINGTON (Ohio State University Press).

## AN INCIDENT IN ANDALUSIA



By LOWELL THOMAS

WE WERE FLYING the Moroccan mails, and were on our way from Paris to Fez in an open cockpit, two-seater Breguet. It was after we left Alicante, in Spain, that things began to happen.

Ahead of us is a haze, evidently, a sandstorm. Our pilot, young Paul Noailhat, has on a cloth mask that completely covers his face except for the slits through which he peers. It protects him from the desert sun, and flying sand. Also, it gives him a man-from-Mars appearance.

For an hour or so we fly at seven thousand feet, above the Spanish desert, and then cross a range of barren mountains. We plan to come down for essence at Murcia. But, that city eludes us—for a while. Instead, south of Murcia, just as we are about to fly over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the motor gets tired and starts banging as though it will shake itself loose. We circle as long as we dare and then make a landing in the sand. The pilot hopping out, pulls off his mask, fur-lined boots and flying suit, and strikes off in search of some habitation—hoping to find a telephone, and get

*The author of nearly half-a-hundred books, LOWELL THOMAS, a native of Woodington in Darke County, is even better known as a broadcaster. He received an Ohioana Career Medal in 1951.*



Alicante to send out a relief plane. My companion, a Latocoere mechanic, who is being transferred from Perpignan to Fez, and I seek the shelter of our lower wing.

Although the desert seems uninhabited, soon people appear, men wearing brown leather aprons, and with heavy curved knives in their hands.

Two hours later Noilhat comes back with news that he found a phone, and that a plane is on its way. In it we hope to fly on to Malaga, then to Tangier, by way of Gibraltar. After that to Rabat, and Fez.

### Granada, June 1.

Well, here I am sitting on a balcony at the fabulous Alhambra—of all places. I didn't get to Morocco after all, and at present I am not a bit unhappy about being here on this Moorish balcony. I'm pleased that I'm not somewhere on the Milky Way, strumming a harp.

For months now, while roaming the skyways of Europe, I've spent some time—too much, no doubt—wondering just what it would be like to be in a crash. What would be left of us if the plane went into a nose dive, and the pilot failed to pull us out. Now I know!

When Noailhat returned from his trek across the desert in search of a phone, the three of us stretched out in the shade of the lower wing for another half hour, to

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get what relief we could from the furnace-like heat. At two-forty-five we heard the hum of the relief plane, and a moment later saw it circling a mile above. Noailhat seized a pile of fagots he had gathered, held them under the engine, opened a valve, soaked them with gasoline, touched a match to them, and sent up a column of smoke as a signal to let the other pilot know the direction of the wind, and where to land. In the second plane were the chief of pilots from Alicante and a top mechanic. Instead of trying to fix our ship, they switch the mail and all our baggage into their plane, so we can hurry on without further delay, to "Gib", Tangier, Rabat and Fez.

In a few minutes the five of us transfer the mail and Noailhat, the mechanic from Perpignan, and I are in the second ship ready to take off. Our faces by now ablaze from flying across the desert, and from our unscheduled stop in the desert. Andalusia, in summer, is as hot as the Sahara.

### Just In Time

Waving adios to the chief of pilots and his mechanic, across the desert we bounce along a fairly level stretch for a couple of hundred yards. Beyond that are boulders, olive trees, and a mule. Nearer and nearer come the boulders, trees and mule. Still we fail to leave the ground, although we are running with throttle wide open. Noailhat cuts the switch just in time.

Swinging 'round we taxi back. There is a heated discussion in French, with the chief from Alicante. Noailhat insists that he had used every bit of power he has. The chief turns to the Perpignan mechanic sitting in the rear cockpit between my knees, asks him whether it will make

much difference if he climbs down and waits a few days; and, then tells him to climb out. But as he is throwing his leg over the cockpit the chief changes his mind, tells him to climb back, and orders Noailhat to take a longer run this time. Maybe, maybe we'll get into the air. If so, fine. If not—then the mechanic will have to get out and proceed later.

Once more we go roaring over that bumpy stretch of desert. This time with better luck—so it seems, for a moment. Two thirds of the way across the flat toward the olive trees, we bounce into the air and start to climb. My companion from Perpignan smiles and gives a sigh of relief. He's anxious to get on to Fez, and not have to wait over in Andalusia. A second or so later we are three hundred feet or so above the olive trees. But we're not climbing! We start a turn to the right, and there's something about it that tells me we're in trouble. Turning in the air, you always bank either one way or the other. That's one of the elemental laws of travel in three dimensions. But, we are turning flat! And losing speed. A split second later she noses down. The eyes of the mechanic, facing me are wide with terror. He screams. Then the crash. A terrific shock and a roar.

From blazing sunlight we are in a world of blackness. Not a physical black-out. Diving into the desert we had thrown up the earth like the eruption of a volcano. The moment we hit the pilot yells, the mechanic yells, and for all I know I may be yelling too. At any rate, we all have the same thought—that the plane is in flames.

We all three jump at the same time. Dive would be a better word. Head first from that open cockpit. Never in my life,

except maybe one midnight in Berlin when a machine gun started spitting, did I move with such speed. Scrambling to my feet I stagger a few yards to get clear of the plane, expecting the fuel tanks to explode. But the pilot and mechanic stay where they fall. Judging from their groans they can't get up. While the engine makes unearthly noises, death gasps, gasoline pouring from the tanks, in cataracts. Luckily they don't explode. Probably because the pilot switched off his ignition the moment she nosed over. This was not his first crash.

I got to Noailhat first. He had been in the front cockpit, the 'golden chair', right behind the engine, so I imagined he'd be in worse shape. He was holding his head. I pulled the mask off his face and saw a bulge on his forehead. He was also clutching his chest, as though he might be injured internally. After hauling him out of range of the gas tanks in case they went up, I picked up the mechanic, who also seemed to be in a bad way, with blood streaming down his face.

In a few minutes, the crew of the relief plane reach us, from where they were a quarter of a mile away.

As each minute passes, the mechanic, who had been sitting in the rear cockpit with his knees interlocked in mine, grows weaker and weaker and his face begins to puff up; both eyes swollen shut. I stretch him out in the shade of one of the smashed wings. By now the gasoline has all run into the sand and there's no longer danger of fire.

#### Counted His Own Pulse

For the first five or ten minutes after the crash I felt no effects. Apparently no bones broken. I had been too busy, to think of anything but my less lucky com-

panions. But now that the airmen with the other plane have gone off in search of water, things begin to swim before my eyes and I crumple too. Sven Hedin, in Stockholm, had given me a copy of his 'My Life As An Explorer', and the night before, in an estaminet near the Marseilles aerodrome, I had been reading the chapter on where he lost his way in the Central Asian Desert of Taklakaman, and of the days when they struggled across the sand-dunes without water and food. How he had lost hope of getting out alive, and as he grew weaker and weaker counted his own pulse as a scientist might watch the development of some laboratory experiment. I do the same, and find it doing the 'double-quick', almost too fast to count. Then the aches and pains start to develop. But, I also feel a glow of exhilaration. In fact, I am hilarious, and want to laugh, laugh in the idiotic way that I had on another occasion, when gas knocked me out on the Italian front. Yes, when I look at the plane and see how wrecked it is, I want to do a Highland Fling. It seemed incredible that any of us could have gotten out of that one alive.

The shock had smashed the tail assembly and broken the fuselage as you would snap a stick over your knees. The wings crushed and twisted. The undercarriage and wheels flattened as though there never had been any. The mail and baggage compartments, shaped like torpedoes and suspended from the lower wing, smashed to smithereens. As for the Moroccan mails, they are scattered over the desert. The propeller seems to have vanished into thin air. (Expect a piece about eighteen inches long that I still have on the wall at home). Even the engine is broken in two. Every part of that World War I

Breguet wrecked except the two cockpits.

Providence had smiled on us. When you go into a nose-dive at three hundred feet, generally you are for it. I probably would have danced for joy, had it not been for my companions.

While waiting for the water, I took snapshots of the crash. I had been holding my Graphlex camera, so it suffered little from the shock. But the pilot and mechanic were looking so miserable that I didn't take any pictures of them.

When water arrived we poured some of it down the throat of the mechanic, who now was unconscious. A motherly Spanish peasant woman moistened her apron and held it against his forehead and washed the blood off his face.

We piled the scattered mail in a heap. Then in a springless Spanish cart, drawn by two ponies, we were hauled across the desert to the little town of Alcantarilla in the Province of Murcia, about fifty miles inland from Cape Palos and the seaport of Cartagena. I had ended my jaunt from Paris to Fez in a valley between ranges of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in Andalusia.

In Alcantarilla they took us to a little Spanish inn called the "Hospedaje y Casa de Comidas," where they gave us cognac and a bed. Several Spanish doctors came, dressed my companions' wounds, closed

their shutters to darken the rooms, and forbade anyone to enter. The doctors said they were sure they would recover shortly and would be well taken care of at a local hospital. It was so hot in Alcantarilla, I found it difficult to sleep. So I caught a night train for the mountains.

Ever since reading Washington Irving's *Alhambra*, as a youngster, I had wanted to visit the romantic, Moorish city of Granada. That dream comes true, unexpectedly, thanks to our little incident in the desert. As I tossed sleeplessly in the heat at the 'Hospedaje y Casa de Comidas,' in Alcantarilla, I had visions of sitting beside a Moorish fountain in the Court of the Lions, with breezes blowing in from the snow-capped mountains and a languorous Andalusian beauty strumming a guitar. Here I am in Granada, at the Alhambra. No maiden with a guitar. But, it's a wonderful world.

Some months later I had a letter from Noailhat. He had recovered and all but forgotten the crash. The mechanic okay too.

Since then I have flown 'round and 'round the world more times than I can remember, but the nearest I came to joining Gabriel's Squadrons—or joining the kiwis in Hades—was that Latocoere flight from Paris to Fez with the Moroccan mail.

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#### NEWSPAPERS AND SCIENCE

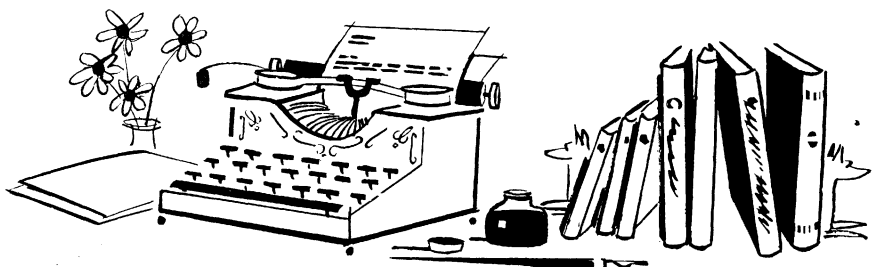
(continued from page 73)

trudged up the stairs of the Physics Building to Dr. Miller's office. He received me with the same courtesy he would have given an eminent visitor from a European university.

My article was well received by the

late Victor Morgan, then the editor of the *Cleveland Press*, and it pleased Dr. Miller. It marked the beginning of a friendship that lasted throughout the rest of the eminent scientist's life. His encouragement had a great deal to do with my decision to devote myself to the popularization of science.

# NEWS AND NOTES



THE LAST AND SIXTH VOLUME of *Stark County Story* is scheduled to come off the press about December 1. It will be the third part of Vol. IV and will be entitled *The American Way of Life*. This will be the longest book, about 1040 pages, of this outstanding county history and will be priced at \$9.00. Like the previous volumes this one will be well illustrated and will probably go out of print quickly.

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ROBERT D. BUCK, Director of the Intermuseum Laboratory in Oberlin, has been made the first Chairman of the newly-formed International Institute for the Conservation of Historic and Artistic Works—American Group. Mr. Buck has been a lecturer since 1958 in fine arts at Oberlin College.

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ALBERT M. BROWN, Executive Director of The Community Temple (Congregation Beth Am) of Cleveland Heights, has just had published by Walter H. Baker Company of Boston his one-act comedy for men, *Ab, Men!* Mr. Baker probably holds the record in Ohio for writing plays for children, of which he has had more than 50 published. The August issue of *Author and Journalist* contains an article by him "Writing Plays for Boys and Girls."

A \$3000 PRIZE COMPETITION, limited to college faculty members, for the best mystery suspense novel, has been announced by Dodd, Mead and Company. The closing date is December 1, 1959.

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IF A BOOK telling in part of life as a Confederate prisoner of war on Johnson's Island in Sandusky Bay can be called "Ohio material," then Ohio Civil War buffs will get double pleasure from *A Portion of My Life: Being a Short and Imperfect History Written While a Prisoner of War on Johnson's Island, 1864*, by William M. Norman. The publisher is John F. Blair, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

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ABOUT ONE-HALF of the first edition of *Ohio Town Names*, by William D. Overman, Ph.D., of the Firestone Archives, has already been sold. The book gives the story of the origin of the names of over 1200 Ohio cities, towns and villages. Dr. Overman has just finished a complete revision of the articles on Akron and Barberton for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

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THE FIRST Junior High School in the United States was opened in Columbus 50 years ago this September.

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SCHEDULED for fall publication is *The Story of The Negro Retold* in a revised edition by Charles Wesley and Carter G. Woodson. It is a text book for Senior High Schools published by Associated Publishers. Dr. Wesley is President of Central State College at Wilberforce. The same authors and publishers brought out late last year *Negro Makers of History*, also a text.

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THE OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE of General Anthony Wayne, 1792-1796, will be published by the University of Pittsburgh Press under the title *A Name in Arms*. The title comes from a line in a letter by Wayne to his son in which he wrote "It has been my lot to acquire a name in arms." The correspondence has been edited by Richard C. Knopf, historian of the Anthony Wayne Parkway Board. To make the work available at a reasonable price, the Board is seeking contributions to keep down the publication cost.

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ALTHOUGH it is published by the Frontier Press Company of Buffalo, New York, the popular encyclopedia known as *The Lincoln Library of Essential Information* has important Ohio connections. The President of the Frontier Press Company is Verne E. Seibert, of Columbus, and his predecessor, who held the position for ten years, was the late H. Claude Goff of Cincinnati. The new Editor is Clyde W. Park, also of Cincinnati. He and Associate Editor Ruth H. Tarbell have been in charge of the latest (1959) edition, which is just off the press.

TWO CINCINNATIANS, Toyo Suyimoto and Margaret Stockwell Talbert, have poems in a new anthology *Japan: Theme and Variations*, a collection of poems by Americans published by Charles E. Tuttle Co. of Rutland, Vermont, and Tokyo, Japan.

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ANOTHER and very helpful contribution to the distressingly short supply of material about Ohio's canals is *Old Canal Days* by Gilbert F. Dodds, Research Editor for the Franklin County Historical Society. The publication is the Society's Special Bulletin No. 3 (May 1959), is well-illustrated, and contains much information seldom found in print. What Ohio needs (with the kind permission of Tom Marshall's cigar smokers) is more about its wonderful old canals!

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SOME 1500 COPIES of a recording entitled "The Songs of Arthur Shepherd" have been distributed free by the Music Department of Western Reserve University, thanks to a special gift to the University. The recordings have gone to libraries, universities, conservatories and to other institutions all over the world. They are not yet available to the general public. The Ohioana Library is happy to have received one. Mr. Shepherd for 25 years was Chairman of the Music Department of Western Reserve.

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MARY ELIZABETH LEDLIE of the Toledo Public Library has been chosen a member of the Newbery-Caldecott Awards Committee for 1959-60. The committee selects the two Juvenile books outstanding for literary quality and for illustrations.



RICHARD S. KIMBALL, prominent New York architect, a native of Oberlin where his father was a member of the music school faculty, has been appointed the new Director of the American Academy in Rome. Mr. Kimball holds two degrees from Yale, is Vice President of the Yale University Council, Associate of the National Academy of Design, and a Director of the Edward MacDowell Association.



SCHEDULED FOR SEPTEMBER publication is Vol. II of *Our Home Town Memories*, by Hazel and Chalmers Pancoast. The book is full of interesting information and pictures relating to Newark where Mrs. Pancoast lived until her death, and where Mr. Pancoast still resides. The edition of Vol. I of *Our Home Town Memories* has been practically exhausted.



ONE OF OHIO'S best-known librarians, George J. Blazier, Head of the library at Marietta College, has retired after 45 years of service. He has been succeeded by Richard K. Gardner of Cleveland, until recently a member of the Michigan State University advisory group in public administration to the government of Vietnam.



THE NEW HIRSCH BOOK STORE at 614 Adams Street, Toledo, was the subject of a 2-page article with two large photographs in the June 1 issue of *Publisher's Weekly*. The store, representing a \$100,000 expansion, will offer a self-service operation as modern as the store's aluminum and glass front. Mr. Hirsch is a Civil War buff who is carrying on a business founded by his father in 1911.

JAMES WRIGHT, an Ohio poet, is the author of *Saint Judas*, which has been chosen by the Wesleyan University Press as one of the four volumes with which it has started a continuing program of publishing original works of poetry. The books will appear in both cloth (\$3.) and paperback (\$1.65) editions. Mr. Wright's first book *The Green Wall* appeared in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, with an introduction by W. H. Auden.



GIBERT DODDS of Columbus reports that a scroll placed in the cornerstone of the State Capitol in 1839 described Ohio as the sixteenth state, admitted in 1802. Nowadays, 153 years after the event, we say Ohio is the seventeenth state, admitted in 1803. Is this progress?



HOMER W. KING, an editorial writer on *The Democrat and Chronicle* of Rochester, New York, is working on a biography of a little-known but important Ohio-born journalist. Colonel John A. Cockerill, a native of West Union and editor of newspapers in West Union, Hamilton, Dayton and Cincinnati, "provided the motor power by which the distinguished but eccentric genius of Joseph Pulitzer was propelled into a journalistic triumph."



HUBERT BONNER, Professor of Psychology at Ohio Wesleyan University, has an October 1 deadline for his forthcoming *The Psychology of Personality*. He is the author of several books in that field. A native of Austria, he has been a resident of Ohio since 1914.

JEAN GOULD of Toledo, the author of several biographies for young people, is now working on an adult book about Franklin D. Roosevelt to be published by Dodd, Mead in a year or so. Emphasis will be on Roosevelt's suffering from polio, from which she also suffered.



CATEAU DE LEEUW, co-winner of a 1958 Ohioana Citation, is under contract to write a book for boys which will be woven around a lad with a packhorse brigade supplying Anthony Wayne's string of forts in Ohio in 1794. Her latest published book is *One Week of Danger*.



The *New York Times* list of "One Hundred of the Year's Best Books: A Selected Guide" contains four books written by, and one book edited by an Ohioan. The first four are James Thurber, *The Years With Ross* (Atlantic-Little, Brown); Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., *The Coming of the New Deal* (Houghton-Mifflin); Wilfred E. Binkley, *The Man in the White House* (Johns Hopkins); Nelson A. Glueck, *Rivers in the Desert* (Farrar, Strauss & Cudahy). The edited book is Tom Burns Haber, *Complete Poems of A. E. Housman* (Holt). A Cleveland publisher, World Publishing Co., brought out three other books on the list: *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter*, *Kenneth Grabame*, and *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy*.



The next National Library Week is scheduled for April 3-9, 1960.

ROBERT PORTUNE of Cincinnati has signed a contract with Doubleday & Company for his second novel, *Show Me The Way*, which deals with the racial question. His first book, *The Old Man and the Sky* dealt with current educational methods. He is now teaching at Oak Hills High School.



A FABLE designed as propaganda for the preservation of the original statehouse fence still standing at the site of Ohio's first capitol in Chillicothe has been written by David K. Webb of the Ross County Historical Society. Using the pen name Alonzo Finley Kercheval, Webb entitled his fable *The Apathetic Foxes*. He describes it as "an old and truthful account of how the apathetic foxes of Pawpaw Ridge lost their tourist trade, and dignity too." Other pen names which have been used by Webb are Erasmus Foster Darby and John Pithcomb Thomas.



HANDBOOK PUBLISHERS, INC., of Sandusky, founded in 1932, which publishes, among other things, the widely used *Lange's Handbook of Chemistry*, has been purchased by McGraw-Hill Book Co. of New York.



VELMA VARNER of the World Publishing Company of Cleveland has been elected a member of the Board of Directors of the Children's Book Council, Inc. The 1959 Children's National Book Week will be November 1-7.

# Let's Write our Local History NOW



By W. M. KIPLINGER

A great contemporary journalist, whose eye is often on the future, shows that the old days of "our town" are full of interest and value for us.

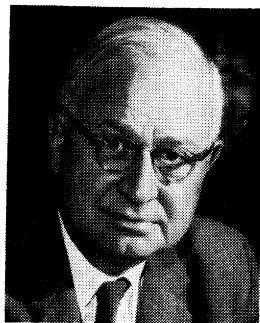
**YOUR TOWN** is an old community. The start of it may go back 150 years, which is old by the time standards of most states. Your town has a past and a history that is fascinating, marvelous, romantic and thrilling, if you have eyes to see and a mind that is receptive to the things that are close-by, if you can understand that distant fields are NOT the greenest.

Furthermore, history is being made by our times—today and yesterday, as distinguished from years ago—history that will appear exciting in retrospect some years in the future. Trouble is, the facts that go to make up history sometimes get scattered or evaporated before they get written down into permanent form and when they are reassembled later on they may have gaps in them. The remedy is to get them now, assemble them now, and that's the point of this discussion.

Imagine a few examples: The story of the oldest store in your town is full of interest, for it shows what people bought and how they lived, and if you wish to

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WILLARD M. KIPLINGER of the famous *Kiplinger Washington Letters* is a native of Bellefontaine, Logan County. In 1955 he received an Ohioana Career Medal. Some of his reminiscences appeared in the first issue of this magazine.



call this social history, well and good. Your reform mayor. The time the city council overturned, and made a new order. The floods. The paving program. The occasion when an outside factory came to town, and why. The prices of things that people bought. The passing of the front porch. The garage on the site of the early livery stable. The library when it came, and what it has done.

## The Old Settlers

The old settlers, whose stories can be had from their grandchildren now, but not later, for even grandchildren get old and pass on. That crime wave and how it scared the community, and how it came about. The PTA and what it accomplished. The new school and the changes which it brought. The local men who made good and got famous, and how come. The tracks in the streets that used to have the "traction" that bounced along to the next town. The old railroad station, and the times it has seen.

All these topics are fairly earthy and are meant to be so, just to drive home the realization that history is not necessarily of Presidents, Parties, Congress and Wars, but that it is also of grass roots, the home town, the individuals of interest, even though they were not giants or geniuses.

If you have children you know all

about how they think the world began when they were born, and how unaware they are of the past. They even think it mildly preposterous that you were ever as young as they are now. They can't imagine what life was like before the days of television, or the family car, or the bathroom, or the school bus, or the movie, or the electric stove. You know how you want to tell them of the past, and how bored they are. But the time will come when they WON'T be bored, when they will go seeking those stories of the past as their own background, their own heritage, and they will regard it as a part of themselves. The question is, Are you doing now the job of assembling what they will want, of having it ready?

## What To Do About It

What can you do? Well, you can join the local historical group. You can go to the library and see what's available. You can pore over old local newspaper files. You can look at the old news and also the old ads. You can round up some old folks with good memories, and listen and take them down. You can raise a little fund, not much, and pay someone to make a job of all this, or at least to take the lead, with a number of other folks as backers-uppers.

You can assemble stories of the recent past which the local newspapers probably would like to have for publication from week to week. Publication of fragmentary stories about this & that will stir up others and they will come across with stories and recollections of their own. It will become a game, a sport, a hobby.

Perhaps the school authorities will get interested and the high school kids will

help gather and write. Perhaps the Junior Chamber of Commerce will take it on as a project. Perhaps one of the service clubs will give it a bow. Such interest begets interest, just as three logs burn when they are nestled up together.

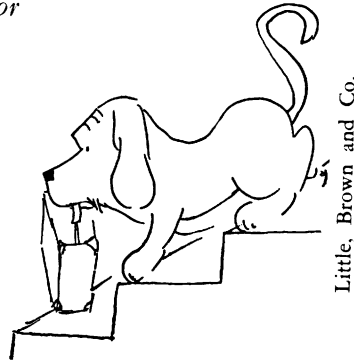
## You Can Contribute

I know many towns to which all this applies. Some are big, most are small. I don't mean to rule out the big cities, but most of them have historical projects already under way, well advanced. Still, they may need your help, and you CAN contribute if you have lived there over a number of years.

My professional field is the national scene and the international scene, but the more I try to get my arms around them and their complexities, the more I realize that the reasons for a lot of political and economic trends lie smack in the local community. The origins of ideas are there. The motive power is there, and don't go kidding yourself into thinking it isn't true just because the far-away national or international stuff gets the publicity play. Don't under-play your own home hown, and do get busy and collect a bit of its uncollected history.

Also you'll get a sense of how the pioneers are not all dead and buried, how there are pioneers today in all sorts of fields. You may be one of them. Is this exaggerated romanticizing? Not a bit of it, if you will only see yourself and the doings of today in the perspective of history. Play at it a bit—for fun.

# It Takes a Fine Book To Keep a Memory Green



Little, Brown and Co.

THE YEARS WITH ROSS by James Thurber. Little, Brown and Company, 1959. Pp. 310, \$5.00.

James Thurber, generally considered Ohio's greatest living author, is a native of Columbus whose drawings and writings have long been favorites of New Yorker readers.

In England, when you say you're from Columbus, they say: "That's Thurber's town." When you mention the *New Yorker* they don't say: "That's Ross's magazine," but they probably should. Everybody else connected with it made a reputation, and this book should help his.

Ross was not an easy man to help. He was rude and ungracious and had the gift of being unpleasant to all, high and low, at first meeting. On continued acquaintance, this got worse. Reading this account is like being told about some wonderful person you've never met, and perhaps it's just as well. There are only two times you feel sorry for him: at the end, and when he lost the thirty thousand.

Ross fired more men of talent than most editors. Thurber was one of the

Reviewed by MAHONRI SHARP YOUNG, novelist and Director of the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts, who is noted as critic and wit.

few who outlasted him, but even those he fired—those that are quoted, that is—agree that he was the ablest editor they had ever known. He was certainly the rewritingest. A perfectionist in details, he was a follower of Fowler and a mean man with a comma. As Ogden Nash says, he was "an almost impossible man to work for."

What somebody called a Gee-Whiz guy, he was interested in small facts about the big city. He read nothing except what went into the magazine, and prided himself on his ignorance. William Blake. "Who he?" Boasting a mind "uncluttered by culture," he said: "There are only two phony arts, painting and music." Actually, this understated his prejudices; he felt the same way about the theater. He was an aggressive low-brow—"nobody's going to make me arty"—who insisted that the magazine should "carry only the advertisements of the smartest local shops and products."

### Looked Like An Indian

Stanley Walker thought he looked like an Indian. He was born in Aspen and brought up in Salt Lake City, where he attended some presumably Gentile Military school unknown to this Mormon reviewer and worked on the *Tribune*. He was editor of the *Stars and Stripes*

and he edited the *New Yorker* from the beginning until his death in 1951—that was his life.

The author does not attempt to make a Thurber out of him. He remains angular and refractory. There is a history of the magazine and a great deal of house gossip about the difficult boss. Even the nice things he said are remembered, they were so few. The book is dropping with names and full of nostalgia for the good old days, which run pretty much up towards now. Over it all is the Thurber golden glow, and the sudden glory of the stories: "They aim those things at me"; "White is being quiet about something";

"I don't want you to think I'm not incoherent."

Without Ross there would have been no *New Yorker*: he deserves, and will not get, much more of the credit for what many people consider the best magazine of our day. It is the only one that has become proverbial: "You should send that in to the *New Yorker*."

Thurber of course can write wonderfully about anything, but here he has a subject very close to his heart, his life and his career. Most people are remembered because they get mentioned in memoirs; Ross is now pretty sure to be because he has a book about himself by Thurber.

### OHIO POETRY DAY SPEAKER

Jean Starr Untermeyer of New York will come to Columbus October 17 to be the speaker at the twenty-second annual meeting of Ohio Poetry Day, held in the Southern Hotel. Her topic will be "A Nest of Singing Persons."



Jean Starr Untermeyer

Miss Untermeyer was born in Zanesville, and educated at the Putnam Seminary there, later pursuing special studies at Columbia University. She is author of *Growing Pains* (1918), *Dreams Out of Darkness* (1921), *Steep Ascent* (1927), *Winged Child* (1936), *Love and Need* (1940). She is translator of Oscar Bie's *Schubert the Man*, and of Hermann Broch's masterpiece *The Death of Virgil*, a work on which she spent five years. In 1940 she was appointed to the Ford Maddox Ford Chair of Creative Literature, Olivet College, Michigan.

Miss Untermeyer has the distinction of being the first woman to speak at the Ohio Poetry Day banquet in its twenty-two years, and has been preceded by such poets as Dr. John Crowe Ransom (1938), Dr. Robert Hillyer (1949), Jesse Stuart (1953) and others of eminence. Following Miss Untermeyer's talk this year, cash awards will be presented to the winning poets in eleven contests, sponsored by friends of Poetry Day.

Tessa Sweazy Webb, 151 8th Avenue, Columbus, is founder-president of this event which marks the official Poetry Day in Ohio. The meeting is open to the public.

# OHIO LYRIST: Teller Of Tales

*A Tribute to Jake Falstaff,  
the Poet and Novelist of Summit County*

By MARIE KUHN



ARE YOU ONE of the many who have "gone to meet the Spring" with Reini Kugel, through the poetry of Herman Fetzer, known to his readers as Jake Falstaff? In the opinion of the late Ted Robinson he was the finest lyric poet Ohio has ever produced.

Have you, through his prose writings, enjoyed the adventures of THE BIG SNOW at JACOBY'S CORNERS (I hope you said Jacoby's with a long O and accent on the second syllable, for that is the way it is said in Copley Township), or have you been lured BACK TO WAYNE COUNTY with Chet Sherbondy?

If you've only nibbled PIPPINS AND CHEESE from his newspaper columns, surely you would like to visit the Ohio haunts of Jake Falstaff.

## A Worthy Sister

At Chanticleer Farm, so frequently mentioned in his column, I first met his sister, Frieda Meyers, her husband and children. To find the farm we used his

MARIE KUHN (*Mrs. Oliver Kuhn*) of Hartville, is so devoted to the writers of Ohio that for the past score or so of years she has been photographing their homes and gathering copious biographical material about them. Among her other honors she holds the Ohioana Chairmanship for Stark County.

own directions: "Chanticleer Farm lies between Marshallville and Doylestown. I catch a glimpse of it from the right hand window of the south bound train about a mile and a half before we get to Marshallville." Frieda is a worthy sister of a noted brother. She is a wonderful wife and mother, an artist of ability, grower of some of the most beautiful African Violets in the world, and the finest kind of friend. With her a party was arranged to visit the birthplace of her author-brother.

Our mothers and we made the party. Both mothers had lost sons who had known each other in their work on Cleveland newspapers—our brothers, who had died only a few months apart. Not far from Maple Valley School, where Herman (not Falstaff to Frieda or her mother) learned to read, we found the small frame home, Frieda's birthplace, too, on Hawkins Avenue in Copley Township, where, in Herman's words: "On the 24th day of June, in the year 1899, it being the season of the first haymaking, and a morning of dense fog, I was born, the son of a young farmer and his younger wife." These parents were Levi and Lydia Fetzer.

It was Herman's wife, the former Hazel Stevenson of Akron, who was responsible for publication in book form of most of his writings, after his death. Her auto-

graphs in my copies make them the more valuable.

## Coffee Pot Church

The Grandpa and Grandma Nadeli of the books in real life were the maternal grandparents, John and Magdalena, Meyer. On a country road, southwest of Doylestown, is an impressive new brick Apostolic Christian Church, successor to, and on the site of, the little frame Coffee Pot Church, where Grandpa preached, now moved to a field across the highway. It was the Coffee Pot Church because lunch with coffee was served after preaching. A lane beside the church leads back to the well-kept cemetery, where appearing boldly on one of the stones are the names John and Magdalena Meyer. Per-

haps a few miles east is the Jacoby's Corners (with its Summit County name) of the books, just beyond is the Meyer home, where, as Lemuel Hayden, Falstaff grew the memories that blossomed into the stories of nostalgia for the family life in an Ohio valley, more than a generation ago, of harvesting in the summer and butchering in the winter. In various directions, not far away lived the uncles, aunts and cousins, relatives of reality and story.

From 1899 to 1935 is a short life span. In the cemetery at Canaan, another Wayne County village, near the later graves of Levi and Lydia Fetzer, is a stone bearing only those dates and the words: "Herman Fetzer, known as Jake Falstaff."

## PRIZE POEM



A POET wrote an ode;  
The ode was rather odd . . .  
So odd that it was bad,  
So bad that it was booed!  
But critics, over-awed  
By this so bad an ode  
(Which no one understood . . .  
Which no one could decode)  
Pronounced that it was good!  
Ah, well . . . I knew they would!

—JOE NEWMAN

*Joe (Joseph S.) Newman of The Cleveland Press contributes another bit of light verse. He hails from New London, Huron County.*



# My First Encounter with The World's Rough Side



By BURTON E. STEVENSON

AFTER SUPPER that evening (for so we called the evening meal in those days) I went out to swing on the front gate for a while. It was early spring of 1880 in Chillicothe, and I was eight years old. And while I was swinging there, a boy I knew came past and stopped to talk. He told me he was on his way up town to get some newspapers to sell. He told me he could buy ten copies of a paper called the *Leader* for thirty cents, sell them for five cents apiece, and make twenty cents.

Of course, there was sharp competition from other boys, but sometimes he could sell as many as thirty or forty, for he had built up a list of regular customers. Saturday was always a good day, since it was then that the farmers and their wives drove in from the surrounding country, the men to talk about the weather and the crops, and the women to sell their chickens and eggs and butter and vegetables, and to do their shopping. For Chillicothe was then a quiet, elm-shaded, agricultural town and a wonderful place to live.

*Celebrated Novelist — Librarian — Anthologist, BURTON E. STEVENSON is "Mr. Books" in Chillicothe where he was born. He received an Ohioana Career Medal in 1949.*

The *Leader* was a weekly paper published every Friday evening, owned and edited by George H. Tyler, quite a famous newspaperman in his day, who, ten years later, gave me my first job as a reporter. In fact, for more than fifty years, my wife and I have been living in the remarkable house he built on the edge of a hill looking down over the town of Chillicothe, across the Scioto valley to the river and Mount Logan.

## Golden Days

I had never before earned any money except by doing chores around the house to accumulate penny by penny the twenty-five cents I needed to buy the monthly copy of *Golden Days*, of which I was a devoted reader, and this seemed to me a splendid opportunity to branch out into pastures new. So I went back into the house, explained the venture to my mother, and she staked me to the thirty cents needed to start in business.

The newspapers were sold to newsboys at the Horney & Chapman bookstore on West Second street, on the exact spot it still is. I knew very well where it was, for it was there I purchased my copy of *Golden Days* every month, looking longingly at the shelves upon shelves of books, for in those days a bookstore was a bookstore, with sets of Dickens, Thackeray,

Scott, and several sets of Shakespeare always in stock, as well as practically all of what we now call the classics, but which were then everyday reading for many people.

Well, I hastened thither and got my ten copies of the *Leader*, and started out to sell them. I soon had sold nine and had forty-five cents in my pocket—the largest sum I had ever been master of. I remember perfectly just what happened—you might say it was etched deeply on my memory! I was standing in front of what was then Mosher's grocery on South Paint street, and the windows were lighted because dusk was falling. I had my single paper under my arm, and one hand in my trousers' pocket, holding my precious earnings, when a man came along and took my last paper, giving me a half-dollar and taking my forty-five cents, which I counted out to him. If I had not happened to have that forty-five cents, I'd have had to go into the grocery to get that half-dollar changed. Perhaps the

man asked to make sure I had the change—I don't remember.

## Another Ten Papers

It was still early enough to do more selling, besides I wanted to get an early start Saturday morning, so I ran back to the bookstore, asked for another ten papers, and proudly handed over my half-dollar. The clerk took one look at it and handed it back.

"It's a counterfeit," he said.

I shall never forget the shiver that ran down my back. Indeed, I still shiver a little at the remembrance of that instant—my first taste of the world's cruelty. I remember just how the man looked—a tall, slender, well-dressed, youngish fellow, clean-shaven, rather good-looking,—but how despicable!

I still have that half-dollar, so tarnished now that it would not deceive even an eight-year-old boy, and I often wonder what happened to the man who gave it to me.

## BOOK PLATES FOR BOOK LOVERS

An interesting and unusual Ohio concern is the Antioch Book Plate Company which has been at Yellow Springs for thirty-three years. It produces book plates for every taste in all sorts of designs: wood cuts by Lynd Ward, drawings by Rockwell Kent, intaglio prints, personal monograms, special interest designs, typographic designs and many more. Collectors of book plates are well acquainted with its work.

BLANCHE THEBOM, the Metropolitan Opera singer who hails from Toledo, has been elected a trustee of the Institute of International Education.

## ONE OF THE FIFTY BOOKS OF THE YEAR

THE BEAUTIFUL EDITION of *Many Moons* by James Thurber, designed by Philip Reed and printed by A. M. & R. W. Rowe, which was described in the Spring issue of this magazine has been selected as one of the Fifty Books of the Year as sponsored by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

DORA FLICK-FLOOD, a native of Cleveland, now living in New York, has recorded an album of piano solos under the title *Waterfalls*, published as Standard LP 406. Three of the eight solos are her own compositions.

# PRELIMINARY PROGRAM OF OHIOANA DAY

In the Neil House ..... Columbus, October 24, 1959

MORNING MEETING, 10:00 A. M.

(Junior Ball Room)

Greetings

Reports

Election of Five Trustees

Adoption of New Constitution

Citation to County Chairman of the Year

Introduction of County Chairmen

Musical Interlude: Compositions by Ohio composers sung by QUARTET from Ohio State University, under the direction of PROF. JOHN H. MUSCHICK of O. S. U. Music School

Citations to: DAVID K. WEBB

and

JAMES R. HOPKINS

Ohioana Book Awards to: ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER

SALLY CARRIGHAR

ANNE CHAMBERLAIN

JEANETTE EATON

ARTHUR B. SEARS

LUNCHEON and AFTERNOON MEETING, 12 Noon

(Main Ball Room)

Invocation

Luncheon

Introduction of Distinguished Guests:

Present and former First Ladies of Ohio

Previous winners of Ohioana Career Medal

25-Year County Chairmen

Winners of Awards presented at morning meeting

Ohio Authors and Composers of the Year

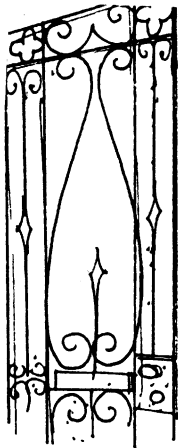
Other guests

Musical Interlude: Violin composition by ARNE OLDBERG, a native of Youngstown, played by ANDREW LINKO of Capital University.

Ohioana Career Medal in Music to ARNE OLDBERG

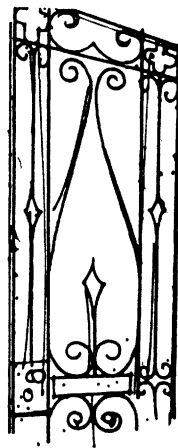
Ohioana Career Medal of 1959 to:

ANDREW CORDIER, born near Canton, the Executive Assistant ("right hand man") to the Secretary-General of the U. N.



"... enter into our  
gates with thanksgiving."

## OHIOANA LIBRARY NOTES



Pearl Davis Hendrickson (Mrs. A. L. Hendrickson) of Terry, Montana, is a contributing member of this library, who writes a charming poem expressive of her regret at being unable to go on the Pilgrimage on June 20. She lives on a ranch a good many miles from a railroad and finds that at the age of 78 she can't work as hard as she used to.

○ ○ ○

A considerable number of unsolicited contributions to the library in memory of the late Governor Myers Y. Cooper have been received. The trustees will use the money to buy a showcase to display some of the library's valuable books and other treasures. Friends of the Governor who desire to do so may still contribute. Checks should be made payable to the Ohioana Library and mailed to Room 1109, Ohio Department Building, Columbus 15.

○ ○ ○

Miss Mary L. Spining, the Ohioana Chairman for Clark County, wrote as follows: "I do not play bridge or golf. Ohioana year books are my game."

Every member will be sent full information about the Library's great 30th Anniversary meeting and luncheon for Ohio authors and composers on October 24 at the Neil House. If you are a member and fail to receive the information by October 10, please let us know.

○ ○ ○

One of the judges for this year's Book Awards, whose work keeps her in close touch with authors, writes us: "I was most interested to see that some of the authors, so many of whose books I've read for a long time, come from Ohio!" Telling the world about Ohio books and authors is what we are in business for!

○ ○ ○

Total attendance at the Ohioana Pilgrimage, which this year went to Gallipolis, was 98 persons, a gain of 20% over last year's attendance. One or two members have indicated they are tired of the Pilgrimages. We would appreciate hearing what our members think about this. Write us and tell us your views.

*Noted Ohioan, Foremost Woman Jurist*

## A TRIBUTE TO JUDGE FLORENCE ALLEN

By ALMA BEVIS  
(Mrs. Howard L. Bevis)

FOREMOST AMONG AMERICAN women jurists, Judge Florence Ellinwood Allen is retiring after twenty-five years of service on the bench of the Sixth District U. S. Court of Appeals.

Foremost in her thoughts as she rummaged through her many files of invaluable records of the struggle of American women for political recognition was the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library.

Judge Allen has been a loyal supporter of the Library since its inception. Now she plans to give to the Library the papers and manuscripts that tell Ohio's story in the campaign for woman suffrage in which Judge Allen played a leading role.

In these files there is also a collection of the cartoons by Hal Donahey which appeared in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* through the years when a handful of earnest women were little by little winning over to their cause the majority of American men who held in their hands control of voting privileges in the United States. These cartoons were of inestimable value in the suffrage campaign, for humor is a powerful weapon

MRS. BEVIS, a native of Cincinnati now living in Columbus, was for a number of years president of this Library Association, and is now its Secretary.

in fighting prejudice and long-established tradition.

### Laughed Opposition to Scorn

Nearly four hundred years ago the Spanish novelist, Miguel Cervantes, made the world laugh at the mock-heroics of Don Quixote who, clad in mediaeval armor, roamed La Mancha tilting with windmills as he sought to rescue damsels in distress. Cervantes' readers laughed and immediately lost interest in the fantastic romances of chivalry that were the sole literary fare of the age. Their laughter began a new era in European literature. So Mr. Donahey's humor laughed to scorn the opposition to woman suffrage and helped win Ohio's ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Through the kindness of Judge Allen the Donahey cartoons will become part of the Ohioana Library's treasured collections.

From girlhood Judge Allen has been devoted to the interests the Ohioana Library seeks to foster in Ohio. Her early ambition was to become a concert pianist. To prepare, she went to Germany and studied the masters.

Literature, too, intrigued her. When quite young she published a little volume of verse. It contains one poem which in

a way foreshadowed her career as a jurist. That poem is in honor of the law.

Respect for the law and meticulous interpretation of its precepts have characterized Judge Allen's long service to her state and to the nation.

Her wide experience in campaigning for woman suffrage brought her in touch with men and women all over Ohio. It contributed in no small measure to her election when she sought and won a seat on the bench of the Ohio Supreme Court. In that capacity she merited the respect and admiration of her fellow-jurists as one who based her decisions not upon privilege of sex but on strict adherence to the law of the land. Judge Allen became the leading woman in the field of interpretation of American law.

In 1934 President Roosevelt recog-

nized her preeminence by appointing her to the U. S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth District.

Now, after a quarter of a century on that bench, during the latter part of which she has served as Presiding Judge of the four-member Court, Judge Allen is voluntarily relinquishing her duties. Having been appointed for life she will continue to be at the service of the nation if called from retirement to active duty as occasion may demand.

In grateful appreciation of Judge Allen's devotion to the United States and to the State of Ohio, the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library salutes her: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: An article by Judge Allen appears elsewhere in this issue.

## FOREST ROSE REPRINTED

*Forest Rose* by Emerson Bennett, one of Ohio's most popular historical novels, is again in print. First published in 1848 and out of print for the past thirty years, it has been republished by the enterprising members of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Lancaster as an act of state pride. It appears in a substantial buckram binding with an attractive dust jacket and sells for \$3.00, with a 10% discount to schools and libraries. Orders may be sent to Box 252, Lancaster.

The book's exciting adventures center around Lewis Wetzel, famous Indian fighter, and take place along the Ohio River, the Hock Hocking River, and finally on Mt. Pleasant, or Standing Stone, in Lancaster.

## HORNS O'PLENTY

There's one thing that Louis Armstrong, the New York Philharmonic, and the boy next door taking trumpet lessons all have in common. They all use instruments made by the H. N. White Company of Cleveland. In fact, the White Company turns out almost 400 brass instruments every week—including the seventy-six trombones—which are sold all over the world—to big name bands, small jazz combos, and the thousands of high school and college bands all across the land. "The Ohio Story," sponsored by The Ohio Bell Telephone Company in a fascinating documentary, "Horns O'Plenty"—shows how the big brass bands really begin with the hand-built, precision tested instruments made by the White Company in Cleveland.

## The Day I Almost Didn't Go To Columbus



By RUSSEL CROUSE

It would not really have been any great tragedy if I hadn't gone to Columbus that particular day but it seemed so at the time. However, I did get there. I'll tell you now so this won't be a suspense story. I was ten going on eleven at the time which makes the whole thing practically pre-historic, anyway.

The trip to Columbus wasn't any great novelty. I had been there before and I was to go again many times. My father was chairman of the Board of the Ohio State Institution for the Blind, a position he held for seventeen years. He was appointed by Governor McKinley and the position meant a great deal to him because he was very interested in the blind and the work of giving them a good education in spite of their handicap.

My father was a good friend of Governor McKinley's. He was a newspaper man by profession but he really was a

RUSSEL MCKINLEY (BUCK) CROUSE was born in Findlay and lived also in Toledo and Cincinnati. He and Howard Lindsay are perhaps the most successful collaborators ever seen in the American theatre (LIFE WITH FATHER, STATE OF THE UNION, ARSENIC AND OLD LACE, CALL ME MADAM, etc.) In 1952 he received an Ohioana Career Medal.



politician at heart. At the time this incident happened he was editor of the Toledo Times.

He was a dyed-in-the-wool Republican. In fact it went a little deeper than the wool. It included the hide. I was brought up to think that William Jennings Bryan was some kind of monster. Dad was at one time Chairman of the State Republican Committee and as such made minor local history. He presided at one of the state conventions and in closing announced that Mrs. Annabelle Highnote would sing "America" and that everybody would join in the chorus. Of course, there isn't any chorus and he never heard the last of it.

## Big Wigs and Farmers

He was always attending Republican dinners and I remember one he told about which has stuck in my mind over quite a span of years and don't ask me how many, however. This was evidently a meeting to butter-up the farm vote, for it was attended by Republican big-wigs and farmers.

I believe it was in Columbus. Anyway for dessert there was watermelon, only this watermelon wasn't just plain watermelon. Some gourmet had thought of a sort of coup de grace for the menu. He had taken the watermelons involved, the



night before, cut a plug in them (remember the days when the grocers used to let you cut a plug and pull it out to see whether the melon was ripe.) This time the gourmet had poured into the plug-hole a hefty spike of catawba wine, then plugged it up again and put the melons on ice.

When they were served as dessert to the farmers, smiles greeted the surprising but apparently pleasant taste. Dad used to tell about the farmer who sat next to him, who very slyly slipped all the seeds off his plate and into his coat pocket. If watermelons tasted like that he wanted to grow a few.

That has nothing to do with the trip to Columbus that I almost didn't get, but the whole story isn't very important so I just threw all that in for good reminiscent measure. If you don't want to be bothered just go back and cross it all out.

**Congenial Men**

The Board of the Ohio State Institution for the Blind met once a month—always the first Monday in the month. Dad went to every meeting. I think it was a sense of duty in the first place, but he had a good time at those meetings, too. The board members were congenial men—there was "Doc" Robinson of Ironton, who later was Warden of the State Penitentiary, I believe. There was Charley Flumerfelt, from Fremont or Tiffin or somewhere. And there was George Hayes, who, was, I believe, the first Negro appointee to public office in the state, a fine man whose opinion Dad valued on many subjects, not just that of the Board's work. I don't remember the others—they changed from time to

time—but the Board meetings always were pleasant.

As I say, Dad always went to them but he never liked to make the trip from Toledo to Columbus on the old T. & O.C. Railroad alone. I had two sisters, one older, Grace, who is now dead and one younger, Mildred, who now lives in New York. He always took one of us with him. The meetings being on Monday this meant we had to be taken out of school for the day to make the trip so I enjoyed it even more. The Institution was a big rambling building, which still stands and serves, in Columbus, and I had great fun running up and down the halls. It operated on a system of bell signals. The bell rope hung in the great hall and I used to ring it from time to time and never got caught because even the school officials and teachers were blind and couldn't see me.

Well, this particular Monday it was my turn to go to Columbus with Dad. He took me with him to the office where he had to get some work done before leaving. We had a couple of hours before train time so he said to me: "Here's a dollar. Go get your hair cut and bring me back the change."

**I Took Everything**

So off I went. They had to put a special seat in the barber's chair for customers my size so up I climbed and had towels put around my neck and tucked in and the barber started to work. The haircut didn't take very long and when it was finished he asked me whether I wanted a shampoo.

"Sure," I said. I was willing to take anything he offered. So I got soap suds over my head and in my eyes, too,

when I bent over the washbowl and had the suds washed out.

"Singe?" he asked. And I accepted with alacrity. He lighted a piece of paper and touched my hair, here and there.

"Shine?" asked George Hightower, the colored shine boy, and I took that too.

"Toilet water?" asked the barber and I nodded. I got it. It was very "loud" toilet water, too.

Finally he dusted the itchy hairs out of my neck and I handed him the dollar and waited for my change. I didn't get any. It seems that all these things had been extra. I hadn't known that. It was bad enough that hair cuts had been raised from 25 cents to 35 cents but a dollar! I sneaked back to my Dad's office and sat down. He finally looked up.

"What happened to you?" he asked,

"you smell like a field of new-mown hay."

It was then that I confessed. I told him all.

He looked at me sternly.

"A dollar," he said at last solemnly. "I guess you've used up your train fare. I guess you can't go to Columbus."

My face and my spirits fell. My lower lip trembled a bit. Then I thought of something.

"Please, Dad," I said. "I'll make it up. I won't get another haircut for six months."

That did it. A big smile broke out over Dad's face.

"I'm afraid in that case some circus would kidnap you for the Wild Man From Borneo," he said. And I knew that I was going to go to Columbus. And I did. But for a minute I thought I wasn't going to make it.

**HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS**

Over the years the Board of Trustees has been proud to honor friends of the Ohioana Library whose interest and support have entitled them to special distinction. Such persons have been elected to Honorary Life Membership. Their names are:

- Aldrich, Miss Laura E. ....Cincinnati
- Armstrong, Miss Lucy .....Wooster
- Bechtel, Miss Elizabeth .....Wooster
- Clark, Mrs. J. E. ....Columbus
- Furlong, Mr. and Mrs. Harold.....Painesville
- Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh .....Columbus
- Kennedy, Mrs. June F. ....Columbus
- Nida, Mr. Jack .....Columbus
- Peirano, Mrs. Frank L. ....Columbus
- Spitler, Miss Maude .....Dayton
- Williams, Mrs. D. W. ....Columbus

## An Ohio Boy With Unblurred Eyes



By STEVAN DOHANOS

I OWE A LOT to my Ohio boyhood. When I was a kid in Lorain County I began collecting with a passion impressions and images of the face of America. It wasn't with the idea of being an artist: that had never occurred to me then.

I was a first generation American—and, even as a small boy,—trying desperately to be part of the little Ohio town of Lorain, which to me *was* America. My father came from a remote Hungarian village to seek his fortune in the New World. Chance brought him to Lorain; when he landed in New York he heard they needed men to work in the Ohio steel mills. That's how I happened to be born in Ohio—instead of in a little place in Hungary with the funny sounding name of Bacska.

I grew up in the rigid traditions of Hungarian family customs on one hand—and surrounded by America on the

STEVAN DOHANOS, a native of Lorain, is outstanding as artist and illustrator. His work in its wholesomeness and sincerity expresses the finest qualities in American life. He received an Ohioana Career Medal in 1952. The next year and again in 1957 he contributed the art work for the cover of the OHIOANA ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR YEAR BOOK, and this year his contribution adorns the cover of this issue of our magazine.



other. I was glad for the culture and customs my people had brought with them from Europe—but I wanted to be an American . . . fast! I did the things American kids all over the land do. I played marbles in the spring, and made stilts, and played baseball. Once in a while I went to movies on Saturday afternoons. I saved my money for small pleasures like candy bars. I worked in grocery stores and peddled papers on street corners.

### A Brash Decision

When I was seventeen, and an office boy in a steel mill, I began to draw in earnest. It was then I hit on art as a career. This was a brash decision. I'd had no formal training—in fact, I'd never even seen an artist. A hit-and-miss period followed—a job-to-job process of finding my way, of learning my craft. Painting the living canvas of America remained a bright, faraway daydream.

One small achievement on top of another—like stacked saucers in a French café—brought me in an unspectacular way to Cleveland. I had my sights on being an interpreter in pictures of the America I knew.

It has been said that “. . . most American artists have a primordial urge to go to New York, just as salmon fight their way up the Columbia River.” I was no

different. As soon as I could make the grade, I left Cleveland and went to New York.

A few years of trial and error in the Big City led me to a milestone in my life: my first *Saturday Evening Post* assignment in 1937. I'll never forget the excitement of landing in this showcase of American illustration for the first time—of being a running mate of men like Norman Rockwell and Harold Von Schmidt! The *Post* kept me busy from then on—and kept a critical eye on my work. I kept drawing on my stockpile of boyhood memories of small Ohio towns—the subject I knew best. From them it was easy to distill the qualities of Anytown, U. S. A., that everyone could recognize.

### Interviewed by an Editor

After a respectable number of Dohanos covers the *Post* decided to introduce me editorially to its readers, and an editor was sent to interview me in New York. We met for lunch and talked through cocktails and dinner—a marathon performance during which the tablecloth became gray with my pencilled diagrams, and (as the editor remarked)

the waiters grew beards. He took voluminous notes while I rambled on about my recollections and ideas on practically everything: art, esthetics, my boyhood in Ohio, and my fascination with everyday objects. After seven hours, we parted and he gathered up his notes and hurried to catch a train.

Next day he phoned that there had been a minor catastrophe—he had left his notes on the train, and would have to do the piece from memory. Summing up his most vivid recollections of our conversation, he began with a three-word description of me as the title of the piece: “Boy From Ohio.” I was, he reported, “an Ohio boy with the unblurred eyes of a kid from the hinterlands.”

No tribute could have pleased me more.

That's still about where I stand today. I've been away from Ohio for a long time now, yet my memories of growing up there are the basis of my stock-in-trade. The eyes of “the kid from the hinterlands” have taken a slight beating—I've passed from bi-focals to tri-focals—but I'm still trying hard to live up to my favorite citation, “an Ohio boy—with unblurred eyes . . .”

### “Especially Beautiful Work”

Mrs. Mary Louise Coleman, formerly of Springfield and now of Murray Street, Westport, Connecticut, who had a successful career in bee keeping, has of late been equally successful in the field of book-binding. She recently won first prize in that category for “especially beautiful work” at an Exposition held in the Pen and Brush Club of New York. Her career in book-binding is the ninth major interest in which she has excelled professionally. She is the author of *Bees in the Garden* and *Honey in the Larder*.

# MY GREATEST EXPERIENCE



By FLORENCE ELLINWOOD ALLEN  
Senior Judge

UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS  
For the Sixth Circuit



MY LIFE HAS HAD MANY wonderful experiences. But to me the most wonderful was my election as judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the first election when women voted in Ohio, November 6, 1920, the first election after the United States Constitution had been amended to enfranchise women. This was the first time in history that a woman was elected to judicial office.

For a number of years I had worked actively in the woman suffrage movement and had been attorney for the Cleveland Woman Suffrage Party in the East Cleveland municipal woman suffrage case. "If we get the vote," I sometimes thought, "I'll run for the legislature." But until the ratification of the Suffrage Amendment women did not have the vote. In the summer of 1920 ratification by just one state was still required. The Amendment was before the Tennessee legisla-

JUDGE ALLEN is a native of Utah who has called Cleveland her home since her youth. She received an Ohioana Career Medal in 1948. On another page will be found a tribute to her by Mrs. Howard L. Bevis.

ture but the outcome was uncertain. When Tennessee finally ratified in August of 1920, the measure passed by a change of one vote.

As the Tennessee decision drew near, friends in the Woman Suffrage Party asked me to run for a common pleas judgeship. It was too late in the year to enter the party primary; in Ohio it is quite usual for judges, because of the nonpartisan character of the office, to secure nomination by petition. To accomplish this a large number of names were required on a petition to secure a judicial nomination. "If I run," I said, "will you help me with the petitions?" They said they would.

### Announced Candidacy

When Tennessee ratified the amendment women could not only vote, but could become candidates for public office. So, about August 18, 1920, I announced my candidacy for the Court of Common Pleas.

As Assistant Prosecutor I was in charge of the grand jury of Cuyahoga County. That was a big task, for in one term the grand jury might return as high as 800 indictments, which I had

to draw. If I resigned I could not support myself during the campaign. I must campaign and at the same time carry on my work.

The petitions, which had loomed as such a task, in this case proved to be simple. Joe Monck, veteran printer, printed my petitions without charge. Later I learned that Tom Johnson, the great mayor of Cleveland, had said to Joe Monck, "When I am gone take care of the women." Joe Monck certainly took care of my campaign.

### Charming, Tactful Women

The next problem was to get persons to circulate the petitions and secure signatures. This was made easy for me because the Woman Suffrage Party carried the petitions. Many of these charming, tactful women got men to carry petitions. Mrs. C. W. Stage, herself beloved, and the wife of Cleveland's beloved Billy Stage, and Mrs. John Stockwell, granddaughter of Rufus Ranney, Ohio's great jurist, took my petitions throughout the city, getting men and women to circulate and sign them. They visited every police station and made friends with the police. In the little diary which covers those days I find a note saying "Detectives Ruff and Francke took petitions." These were two of the finest detectives on the force.

Then I began to think about organization. I consulted Elizabeth Hauser, of Girard, Ohio, one of the truly great leaders of the woman suffrage movement. She said, "Don't have an organization." We went ahead on that basis. Miss Zara DuPont handled innumerable details but we had no manager.

Then followed an incredibly busy

time. I would work at the grand jury, frame my indictments, handle arraignments in court, and then go out in the late afternoon. I began to speak all over the county. On a typical day, after I left the grand jury, I visited a meeting of Mather College girls, the Pythian Temple, the women lawyers, the Ad. Club, Mt. Pleasant School, Watterson School, and the Business Women's Club. Other people covered many meetings. I had been a Democrat but had resigned a Democratic committee position because I believed the judgeship should be completely nonpartisan. In this campaign, Burr Gongwer, chairman of the county Democratic committee, spoke in my favor. Meanwhile I had powerful Republican friends. Rose Moriarty, later a member of the Ohio Industrial Commission, and Ohio member of the national Republican committee, planned the campaign. Ben Karr of the Cleveland *News* wrote an editorial endorsing me.

### I Told My Age

Judge Willis Vickery of the Court of Appeals of Ohio gave me an out-and-out endorsement. Walter Flory and Herman Nord, lawyers of standing, spoke for me in meetings. The street car union had previously selected me as an arbitrator. They knew me and liked it that I told my age when I was heckled in open meeting on whether I was old enough to be a judge. The Union backed me throughout. The Business and Professional Women's Club and most women's organizations endorsed me. *The Farm Journal* ran fine stories. The churches let women hold meetings advocating my election.

Every Cleveland paper, *The Plain Dealer*, *The News* and *The Press*, gave

me repeated and outspoken backing both in the news and in editorials. No woman could have won such high office without the friendship of the press.

All of this sounds personal and yet it was not personal. I was the beneficiary of the entire woman movement. Susan B. Anthony and her generation, Harriet Taylor Upton and Elizabeth Hauser of Ohio, gave me not only the right to vote but the right to run for office. They had also achieved one other amazing thing. Two decades of newspaper editors in Ohio had been educated to the justice of the woman suffrage cause. So when Tennessee ratified and I ran for judge, fairminded men were in the editor's chair. Erie Hopwood, Victor Morgan and Ben Karr supported me, not for myself personally, but because of the justice of having women actively participate in government.

**Led the Field**

Thanks to all these forces, without

organization, without money, without experience, I led the field of ten judicial candidates in Cuyahoga County in 1920. You can understand why I think it was wonderful.

In two years a vacancy appeared on the Supreme Court of Ohio. Again it was suggested that I run for this, the highest judicial office in the state. Some of my friends thought I was too young. I called Erie Hopwood, managing editor of *The Plain Dealer*, whose integrity and judgment made him a leader in the state. I asked him whether I should run for the Supreme Court of Ohio. Erie Hopwood said, "Why not?" I also thought, "Why not?"

What I have told of my entrance into judicial office seems to be my most wonderful experience. For it, as well as my later judicial experiences, I thank the men and women of the entire state.

**THEIR NAMES SHALL BE HELD IN REMEMBRANCE**

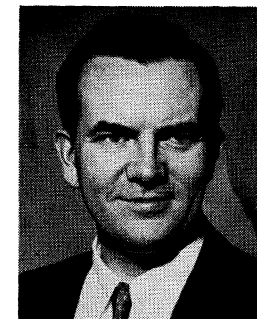
The names of friends of the Ohioana Library for whom Memorial Memberships have been established are always green in our memory. Such memberships have been established for the following:

- Bromfield, Mrs. Louis .....Lucas
- Cooper, Hon. Myers Young .....Cincinnati
- Halter, Mrs. Nora L. ....Fremont
- Hansen, Mrs. Hermione Z. ....Akron
- Helflebower, Mrs. Clara Keck .....Cincinnati
- Peirano, Mr. Frank L.....Columbus
- Sullivan, Miss Sarah L. ....Cincinnati
- Teeter, Mrs. Lulu S. ....Westerville

**... Who Is Looking Over My Shoulder**



By MILTON CANIFF



In their detached way the obituary pages of the *New York Times* put a measure on people which is usually more lasting than carved stone. When William Addison Ireland of Chillicothe and Columbus, Ohio, died in 1935 the *Times* gave him more space than the president of a famous Eastern college who passed away at about the same time.

How Billy Ireland became such a national figure as the cartoonist for a single newspaper, with no syndication (beyond the frequent international reprinting of his work from the *Columbus Dispatch*) is a tribute to the potent probings of the witty pen of the Ohio boy who once drew chalk pictures on the sidewalks in the home town he never forgot.

I am sorry for the newer generations of Central Ohioans who will never know the thrill of seeing something in Ireland's **PASSING SHOW** page in the *Sunday Dispatch* which instantly crystalized their own thinking. He could portray such a commonplace and familiar item as the

MILTON CANIFF, a native of Hillsboro, is one of the most successful cartoonists in America. His *Steve Canyon* is to millions of followers almost more real than reality itself. He received an *Ohioana Career Medal* in 1954.

garbage disposal truck-train then in use by the city in such a way as to show it to be positively romantic. He called it the "Hyacinth Express."

**Good Advice**

Ireland's most telling advice to me came in a phrase about eating—although I never once had a meal with my mentor.

I had appeared in a couple of college plays at Ohio State and I was flattered to receive a call from the manager of the stock company then incumbent at the Hartman Theatre asking if I would be interested in joining a similar organization being formed to appear in another city. I went to the top floor of the *Dispatch* building to consult the master. Bill was able to produce such prodigious amounts of work by setting his cartoon idea at home the night before and doing only the finished drawing in his office downtown. Hence he had time to talk with anyone.

I did not even phone for an appointment, but barged in, as did anyone else on the staff. Ireland always gave his visitors two glances—one of recognition at entrance, the other a warm look with his goodbyes. Between the two he seldom took his eyes from the board.

On this particular day the Santa-like figure was seated as usual on the edge of



the chair, large sheet of paper held to the drawing board by a single thumb tack. His glasses were on the end of his nose and he held the bottle of drawing ink in his left hand as he swiftly stroked in the firm lines, holding the pen quite loosely, far back from the tip (he rarely used a brush).

#### "Actors Don't Eat Regularly"

I tried never to waste Ireland's time (although he never once rejected me or showed any impatience with my presence). I stated my problem and he said, "Stick to your ink pots, Kid, actors don't eat regularly." Since he had first recommended me for a job five years before, Ireland had never given me a direct order. Although it was couched in terms of counsel, I knew he meant it as sincerely as if it had been a notarized deputation.

Although he gave the sincere impression of enjoying his work, W. A. I. once said to me that he got so sick of grinding out a daily cartoon that he needed to break away frequently. The result of these excursions was always such a delightful graphic travelog in a subsequent PASSING SHOW that *Dispatch* readers waited patiently for the return of their drawing-board Pepys. To retain the continuity of the space, the newspaper's management eventually hired Ray Evans, Sr., to FILL THE GAP while Ireland was on holiday and sick leave. Evans sublimated his own fine style to that of the man who started so many of us in our profession.

Ray Evans, Jr., now carries on the tradition of the strong editorial drawing presented in the open, homey cartoon style of Billy Ireland which has become a hallmark of the *Dispatch*. Twenty-four

years after his death in 1935 there are a dozen other artists on newspapers around the nation who reflect the influence of the good hand. While I was on the *Dispatch* staff it was a real problem to avoid imitation of so successful a practitioner. Since there was no thought of replacing Ireland I knew I must work up a technique of my own and eventually strike out from Columbus and the comfortable wing of such an inspiring example as Bill.

#### No Formal Training

Having no formal art training, Ireland experienced his roughest moments when he attempted to draw straight figures. However, he never skirted an idea because the picture included things he found difficult to delineate. He would plow into the problem and make his point, sometimes (as during World War I) when the composition included serious and realistic aspects in addition to the broad comedy which was his forte.

I joined the *Dispatch* staff in 1925 and left in 1932, returning at infrequent intervals until the sad occasion in 1935 when Billy took the last trip to his beloved Ross County.

The sharpness of Billy's wit and the warmth of his good offices linger in such fine focus after all this time that I find it hard to believe he will not be sitting in his room on the top floor of the newspaper's building when I re-visit the place today.

There is only one original drawing on the walls of my studio. It bears no signature, because the artist never actually put his name on the PASSING SHOW, but the familiar Shamrock is formed by the curling smoke from a camp fire.

I never forget who is looking over my shoulder as I work.

## To See What Happens Next



Irwin R. Blacker

TAOS by Irwin R. Blacker. *World Publishing Company*, 1959. Pp. 478, \$5.75.

*Irwin R. Blacker, a native of Cleveland Heights, holds degrees from Ohio University and Western Reserve. He lives with his wife and three daughters in New York where he is a free lance writer and TV writer and researcher. His novel Westering was published by World in 1958.*

The strength of this long (478 pages) and expensive (\$5.75) tale is the suspense with which Mr. Blacker invests nearly every page of the book. Author, according to the jacket blurb, of "some 40 network television plays," Mr. Blacker knows how to make the reader turn the pages eagerly, to see what will happen next. This may not be the highest achievement of which a novelist is capable, but it is, on the other hand, not a feat to be despised.

Centering around the New Mexican uprising of August, 1680, *Taos* is an his-

*Reviewed by Prof. ANDREW WRIGHT, English Department, The Ohio State University. Dr. Wright is a native of Columbus who has studied in this country and in England. His Joyce Cary: A Preface to his Novels was reviewed in the Summer Issue.*

torical novel in the sense that Mr. Blacker has read books about the southwest and has reproduced as well as conflated certain facts which he has found useful in the telling of his tale. Sir Walter Scott, the inventor of the historical novel, retold the facts of history, even (like Mr. Blacker) taking certain liberties; but Scott's works are anguished and exciting explorations into what Scott regarded as a glorious past, and at the heart of his best novels are great characters: Henry Morton of Milnwood (*Old Mortality*), Rob Roy (*Rob Roy*) and Jeanie Deans (*The Heart of Midlothian*).

Mr. Blacker, on the other hand, is not interested in history except as it contributes atmosphere to the telling of his saga. And he is not interested in character at all; at least, none of the figures, black, red, or white, appearing in his pages bears any resemblance to any human being known to this reader. Here, for instance, is one piece of characterization, and it is typical: "Something stirred inside him. . . . Years behind him and old campaigns, but it was there—the churn of blood that preceded action. Only it was different now. Now he had something to lose."

#### Suspense is Achieved

The book is episodic rather than

tightly knit. Suspense is achieved not by development toward one large catastrophe, but through the presentation of many scenes designed to shock, terrify, or excite the reader. *Taos* contains seduction, rape, murder (cold and hot blooded), miscegenation, childbirth, storms, drowning, fire, revolt, explosion, stabbing, and crucifixion. There is love, hate, joy, sorrow, jealousy—even obesity. There is a cast of thousands. According to the dust jacket, *Taos* is "a brutally realistic novel of a whole culture in revolt." The actual reader of the book may take a less excited view.

For readers desiring the vicarious satisfactions of lust in action there is plenty of spice like the following: "He had never seen the woman before, but when she laughed softly in his face he knew he had heard her only a short time ago, for hers was the laughter . . . that made him question the wisdom of celibacy and sainthood." For readers fond of atmosphere there is the curious patois which Mr. Blacker employs: "If he waited for the supplies and made the jornada to distri-

bute them, his task would be that of a mensajero, a mere messenger, and not a visitador with authority." For sadists there is: "She [Beatriz, the White Witch] struck him [Jorge, the Negro slave] across the face again and again with her hands, her fists, and tore at his black face with her nails, leaving streaks of red and then blood. . . . Eventually she wearied." For addicts of philosophy or rather philosophizing there is this: "How does a man judge circumstances? Is survival victory enough? . . . At what cost does one polish his own honor? With whose blood?" Or: "If victory was the removal of evil, what assurance was there that good would follow? Or was victory only the making of a great emptiness, the creation of a void into which men must pour their futures if the costs were to have meaning?"

Altogether, *Taos* strikes me as being a waste of a talented writer's time and effort. I for one very much hope that Mr. Blacker's next novel will look not simply into the chronicles of the southwest, but beyond them, into the character of human beings.

## DELTA OMICRON FOUNDED AT CINCINNATI

(continued from page 77)

the official publication, *The Wheel* of Delta Omicron, is from Middletown.

Marion Morrey Richter, National Chairman of Radio, was born in Columbus. Her mother was the founder of the Morrey School of Music and her father established the Department of Bacteriology at the Ohio State University. Among the National Honorary members chosen from outstanding women musicians are Ethel Glenn Hier and Margaret

Speaks. The National Patrons chosen because of national or international prominence include Karl Eschman of Denison University, Edward G. Mead, Composer in Residence at Miami University, and Harvey S. Firestone, Jr. Delta Omicron is proud to number among its patronesses Mrs. Myers Y. Cooper, Founder of the Ohioana Library.

JANET C. MEAD

*What it takes to write a biography  
that appeals to adolescents—  
by one who has written sixteen of them.*

## A Biographer's Comment

By JEANETTE EATON



We probably all know adolescents who dislike or distrust adults. They suspect them of dark schemes of control or reform of youthful plans. But, met on a printed page, a grown-up may produce a very different effect. For one thing, dull, self-satisfied, preachy characters are not chosen by biographers. Oh, no! Only the gifted and heroic are selected. Such people always have adventures to capture the imagination. A young reader can admire them freely. Not one will walk off the page to scold, question or command. Moreover, if the writer is honest, the hero or heroine may show such endearing faults as temper or egotism to offset nobility and genius. A few of them even have humor.

JEANETTE EATON was born in Columbus, earned an A. B. at Vassar College and an M. A. at Ohio State University and held a number of jobs in a number of cities before she settled down to writing. She now lives on Hungry Hollow Road, Spring Valley, New York. Among her biographies are those of Washington, Franklin, Lee, Napoleon, Ghandi, Eleanor Roosevelt, Louis Armstrong and David Livingstone, which received in 1948 an Ohioana Honorable Mention. Her *America's Own Mark Twain* is the winner of the 1959 Ohioana Award for Juvenile books.

The six women I've chosen to write about vary greatly. Only one of them, an impish young lady, had much or any humor. They made up for the lack by being adventurous and lovable. Who could demand anything more of Jeanne d'Arc than the inspired intelligence and courage that made her glorious?

Of the ten men on my record sheet Ghandi was doubtless the most spiritually guided. But I have a strange affection for that daring, head-strong show-off, Buckey O'Neill of Arizona who never really grew up. It delighted me to find that the Father of Our Country was such a dandy and that he loved the theatre. I'm sorry he read practically nothing but books on agriculture. For there were exciting books shipped over from England at that time—books devoured by the youthful Franklin. Yet so great was Washington's presence and purpose, so charming were his manners and elegance, that the cultivated young Frenchmen who followed Lafayette to America didn't give a hoot about his ignorance of literature.

### The Person of Action

And there it is—the sure-fire subject of biographical interest to the young is the person of action. To see how a human being translates his faith in freedom or religion or his love of country into

deeds is ever a thrilling story. On the other hand, the life of a thinker, a dedicated artist or scientist appeals most strongly to maturity. For their adventures are of the mind and spirit. However, if boys and girls learn to enjoy biography, the men and women they become are likely to be fascinated by such a magnificent study as J. W. N. Sullivan's *Beethoven* or Gamaliel Bradford's sketches called *Bare Souls*.

Anyone who writes for youth nowadays has to compete with the effortless

entertainment offered by radio, television and the cinema. Anyone working in the field of biography has also to compete with writers of stories. So it is an enterprise rewarding in other ways than by either renown or financial return. But how rewarding it is! The research, the travel, the study of a period and the endeavour to penetrate the mystery of personality—all these factors make a vocation such as mine an ever enriching experience.

### THE FOUNDING OF THE LIBRARY

(continued from page 76)

After the procedure for establishing the Library had been formulated, Mrs. Head, from her office at the State Library, sent publicity throughout the State, and letters to writers, other individuals and organizations, asking them to contribute acceptable books. These brought many fine responses, and new bookshelves built along the walls of the solarium at the Mansion began to be filled.

#### Many Others Helped

Besides the original committee, many other people joined us in different phases of the project, including Mr. Paul A. T. Noon, State Librarian. Lists of Ohio writers were sent from several Libraries, although most names or information had to be found through days of painstaking research, which continued to be one of my main duties for many years after our return to Cincinnati. These were sent to County Chairmen, when they were later appointed, to help them secure the books of the authors of their counties.

The path was uncharted. Mrs. Head

shared the vision of a Library helpful to writers and of value to the State. Her interest and enthusiasm never flagged.

And so, with many people working together, by the first Annual Meeting of the newly formed Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library, in 1930, there were 600 books in the collection and over 2000 names and data in our Authors' files. We had built on a firm foundation.

"All have a share in the beauty,  
All have a share in the plan;  
What does it matter what duty  
Falls to the lot of a man?"

Someone has blended the plaster,  
And someone has carried the  
stone.

Neither the man nor the master  
Ever has builded alone.

Making a room from the weather,  
Building a house for a king;  
Only by working together  
Have men accomplished a thing."

## A FORETASTE of GOOD THINGS to COME



*Samplings from some of the contributed articles which will appear in the Library's book edited by Dr. William Coyle*

In the volume OHIO AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS, which we expect to have ready for publication late in 1960, sketches of about one hundred notable Ohio writers will be contributed by persons especially familiar with their careers. We have been delighted with the response to our requests for contributed sketches, and we feel that they will add both variety and significance to the volume.

The brief excerpts below are just a random sampling of the sketches already received.

#### RUSSEL CROUSE

In 1951 Mr. Crouse was given an honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts by Ohio Wesleyan University. He thereupon stated that this answered the question "Is there a doctor in the Crouse?" This anecdote is included as an encouragement to all young Ohioans who some day hope to be writers.

*Howard Lindsay*

#### ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

He has actively participated in Democratic politics at the local, state, and national levels. I know personally, from his extraordinary help to me in the 1952 and 1956 Presidential campaigns, the depth of his thought and the vigor of his action. He is probably as well informed as any man about the functioning of American political institutions, and he may be found wherever and whenever the good fight for the free society calls. His weapons are ideas—made instruments of action by his remarkable control over the words which express them.

*Adlai E. Stevenson*

#### MARTHA FARQUHARSON FINLEY

To be as angelically reasonable as Miss Finley's own Elsie Dinsmore, one must not condemn Miss Finley but rather her era; if her output wasn't what the times demanded, the Elsie Dinsmore series could not have survived. Martha Finley, like the bustle, was the product of her time. She is to be ridiculed no more, and no less, than the authors of the slush currently found acceptable by no small portion of our adult population. She is the spiritual ancestor of some of our most popular writers.

*Jacob Blanck*

(concluded on page 118)

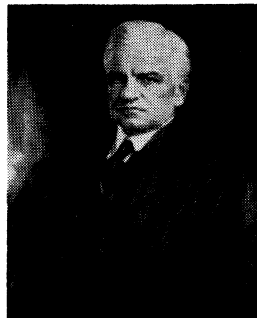
## A LIBERAL SUPREME COURT JUSTICE FROM OHIO

THE LIFE OF MR. JUSTICE CLARKE: A TESTAMENT TO THE POWER OF LIBERAL DISSENT IN AMERICA by Hoyt Landon Warner. *Western Reserve University Press*, 1959. Pp. 232, \$5.00.

DR. WARNER is a native Clevelander and professor and chairman of the Department of History at Kenyon College, Gambier. He has three degrees from Harvard.

IT HAS NOT BEEN MANY years past that it was a common complaint of students of American government that, Warren's *History* and Beveridge's *Marshall* aside, there was a lamentable dearth of scholarly study of the Supreme Court—particularly in the area of adequate biographies of its Justices. Since then, however, top-notch scholars such as Mason and Fairman have entered this field and labored to fill the gap. Now Dr. Warner has made a further and excellent contribution

Reviewed by JAMES A. GORRELL of Columbus, a partner in the law firm of Vorys, Sater, Seymour & Pease and a trustee of the Ohioana Library. He holds the degree of B. S. (magna cum laude) and LL. B. from Harvard where he was on the Board of Editors of the *LAW REVIEW*. He served in the Army at the Nuremberg trials.



Mr. Justice Clarke

with this highly competent biography of Mr. Justice Clarke. It is a solid work based on obviously extensive and thorough research, but it is also a very well written and quite readable one.

John Hessin Clarke was born in New Lisbon [now Lisbon] on September 18, 1857. His father was a successful lawyer, prosecuting attorney and common pleas judge in that community. After education in the local public schools and graduation from Western Reserve he entered the practice of law in New Lisbon in 1878. Two years later, however, the nearby and more thriving community of Youngstown attracted him and he moved there to practice and also acquire an interest in the local Democratic newspaper, the Youngstown *Vindicator*.

Both by birth and inclination a Democrat of the liberal (within the context of the times in which he lived) persuasion, he became active in Democratic politics. His growing reputation as a good lawyer and fine speaker led, in 1896, to a partnership in the Cleveland law firm of Williamson and Cushing. There he rapidly became a highly successful railroad lawyer while at the same time becoming an ally and political lieutenant of Cleveland's liberal Democratic mayor, Tom Johnson.

Dr. Warner analyzes very perceptively

how Clarke was able to maintain this delicate balance between professional conservatism and political progressivism. Although at times he had to meet in politics the charge of "railroad lawyer," it harmed him no more than did his political connections in his professional career. The root of the matter, of course, was his universally acknowledged integrity. Clarke always properly maintained that his personal political views were of no concern to his clients and were not purchased with the fee for his services. By the same token Clarke just as clearly recognized that his personal political philosophy could not in any way influence his advocacy of his client's cause. Had he taken any other position he would have been an unfaithful lawyer and certainly an unsuccessful one. He was neither.

### Takes Hughes's Place

Dr. Warner describes in some detail Clarke's career in Cleveland, his appointment in 1914 to the U. S. District Court there and finally, in 1916, his appointment by President Wilson to fill the vacancy on the Supreme Bench left by the resignation of Charles Evans Hughes.

Quite properly the core of Dr. Warner's work is his analysis of Clarke's opinions while on the Court and the mark he left on its work. It is perhaps natural that the approach to his work on the Court is more from the standpoint of an historian than a lawyer. Unfortunately, perhaps, for Clarke he sat on the Court with two of the giants of its history,—Holmes and Brandeis. Even a very strong light would be somewhat pale before the brilliant glare shed by these two.

The picture which emerges from Dr.

Warner's skillful delineation of this, the most important phase of Clarke's career, is that of a Justice, who, although he cannot claim a place with the "greats" in the Court's history, still ranks as good as most and better than many.

He was most generally on the "liberal" side in the questions which came before the Court except on the burning issue of free speech which arose out of the Palmer and similar crusades as an aftermath of World War I. Here he was the spokesman, in fact, for the conservative, or, to use a now rather meaningless word, the reactionary position. In the celebrated *Abrams* case which went to the very roots of the problem of the limits of free speech in a democracy, Clarke wrote the majority opinion upholding strict curbs on that right. History, however, has all but forgotten his majority opinion and instead remembers Holmes' brilliant dissent wherein he spoke both for himself and his colleague Brandeis. If a paraphrase of Dr. Warner may be permitted, Clarke was a progressive but a "clean shirt" one. He found it hard to be sympathetic with the "unwashed" type of character involved in the *Abrams* and similar cases, regardless of the issue involved. Too, he was not as sensitive as we are today to the dangers, in Dr. Warner's phrase, of "administrative despotism." Dr. Warner summarizes this political ambivalence of the Justice in these words with which he concludes his brilliant analysis of his subject's work on the Court:

### The Paradox of Clarke

"He acted in response to the deep emotional antipathies which characterized not only his own thinking

but that of many of the progressive elite. This emotional attachment to a particular position which strengthened his 'liberalism' in the social welfare opinions could also weaken his 'liberalism' in the free-speech cases. This was the paradox of Clarke, the 'liberal' judge."

In 1922, not yet 65, Clarke, for reasons which even Dr. Warner does not make clear, resigned from the Court. For the next few years he was a leading and active partisan in the cause of U. S. adherence to the League of Nations. Although this cause was destined for ostensible failure, perhaps in its larger sense of educating the American people to the

necessity for international cooperation it may have been one of his more solid achievements.

The Justice spent his declining years in San Diego maintaining a constant correspondence with friends and an active eye on Democratic politics. In March of 1945 he died at the age of 87.

The composite which emerges for this reviewer from Dr. Warner's treatment is that of an highly intelligent, hard-working and meticulously honest craftsman of the law. Cold in personality and, to some extent, a bit both of a prig and a snob, he was nevertheless basically a "good" man. Perhaps not a towering but certainly an important figure in both Ohio and United States history.

### A FORETASTE OF THINGS TO COME

(continued from page 115)

JOHN JAMES PIATT

Piatt is not a poet who sets the soul on fire. One does not go to him for general optimism, exuberance, or for lines of high emotional pitch. Some of his verses are mere fanciful exercises. But there is a freshness in his better pieces which arises from personal experience and from memory—the kind of newness which only a Western poet could supply and which led to overly enthusiastic appraisals of his writings.

G. Harrison Orians

DELIA SALTER BACON

In 1857 her book, *THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE UNFOLDED*, was published in London, with a tongue-in-check preface by Hawthorne in which he confessed that he had not read the book. Nobody will blame him for this, because it is one of the most unintelligible books ever printed. But like many other books that are often more spoken about than read, it started a whole new chapter, the end of which is not in sight, in the history of human superstition.

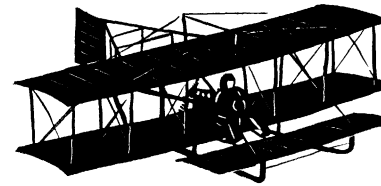
Richard D. Altick

CHARLES WADDELL CHESNUTT

During the decade of the nineties he spent all his spare time in writing, and in 1900 and 1901 even closed his business office in order that nothing might stand between him and his ambition to bridge the race problem. His contribution was at once simple and profound. He wrote about Negroes as human beings, as persons, not as types or subtypes. This was indeed a new departure in literature for no white writer had done this and the colored race had as yet no recognized literary spokesman.

Helen M. Chesnutt

## THE WRIGHT BROTHERS in the HALL OF FAME



By Rev. Ralph W. Sockman

FROM MY DECK CHAIR just off the coast of France, Ohio looks better than ever. Distance does not destroy boyhood roots. The work of Ohioana is most praiseworthy in its efforts to combine local loyalties with large outlooks. In that combination is one secret of America's strength.

Some day I hope to write for you a brief article about Ohioans in the Hall of Fame for Great Americans, of which I have been the Director since the death of President James Rowland Angell in 1948. Let me here tell you of one situation immediately before us at the Hall of Fame.

According to the By-Laws of the Hall, no candidate is eligible for election until he has been dead twenty-five years. This lapse of time allows the dust of controversy to settle and true fame to be attested. The elections are held every

DR. SOCKMAN, nationally known Methodist clergyman, writer and radio preacher, is a native of Marion. He received an Ohioana Career Medal in 1954. So that we might have a message for this Anniversary Issue of the magazine, he was kind enough to break into his vacation mood and write the following.

five years, and the choice is made by a College of Electors, composed of 150 very distinguished persons.

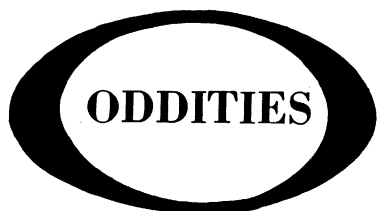
In 1955, Wilbur Wright had been dead a quarter of a century and was therefore eligible. He was elected by a large vote. But when we came to install his bust, the aviation leaders almost unanimously agreed that Wilbur should not be placed without Orville. The brothers were so intertwined in their work that they should be immortalized together. Suggestion was even made that the two figures should be sculptured in the same bronze.

### Changed the By-Laws

Hence New York University, which is the custodian of the Hall of Fame, changed the By-Laws, permitting the Electors to vote on Orville in 1960, instead of 1970, at which time he would have been eligible. This is an incident of which very few Ohioans know.

While I, as the Director, have no influence in the elections, I would predict that Orville Wright will be elected in 1960. Also Thomas A. Edison, another Ohioan, will have been dead twenty-five years by that date and is almost sure to

(Concluded on page 124)



FOR OHIOANS TO PONDER

*(Readers are invited to ask queries as well as to answer them.)*

Paul F. Laning, the well-known rail fan and rail historian of Sandusky, wants to know about the gauge used in the wheels of "burden wagons" in northern Ohio around 1840-1850. He has a hunch that the wagon gauge determined the gauge of 5'4" used on the Sandusky, Mansfield and Newark Railroad.

Q

Daniel Clancy, 4469 Johnstown Road, Gahanna, is seeking the names of persons who have written about the Civil War, or its veterans, in newspapers, books or other media. Such persons are eligible for membership in the Civil War Press Corps.

Q

One of our readers is collecting odd personal names of Ohioans. He also collects old military medals. Who will help him?

Q

R. Max Gard of R. D. 4, Box 75, Columbiana County, wants to know what happened to the records and relics once collected by the Columbiana County Pioneer Association. The last time they were heard of was in 1906. Now that a new county historical association is being formed, the records and relics of the old one are needed.

Q

ANSWER: Another men's literary club of long standing in Ohio has been added to the list given in our last issue. It is The Literary Club, organized 1893 in Springfield. Does anyone know of others?

Q

Erasmus Foster Darby, who uses the name David K. Webb for all practical purposes, is interested in legends concerning pre-historic creatures in the Ohio valley. Who can supply him with some? For further information, see the Editor's Note to his *The Mammoth Legend* published by the Ohio Valley Folk Research Project, Ross County Historical Society, Chillicothe.

## RUTHERFORD B. HAYES AND EDUCATION



TEACH THE FREEMAN: The Correspondence of Rutherford B. Hayes and the Slater Fund for Negro Education, edited by Louis B. Rubin, Jr., *Louisiana State University Press*, 1959. Introduction, Notes and Index. Vol. I, 1881-1887, Pp. LV+236; Vol. II, 1888-1893, Pp. 302. \$10.00.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, native Ohioan, nineteenth President of the United States, was a moving spirit in the education of Negro-Americans in the period following his presidency, the post-Reconstruction era. He had long manifested an interest in assistance to education in the South. After his administration had ended "The John F. Slater Fund For The Education Of Freeman" was organized.

This fund had its beginning in the action of John F. Slater, a merchant of Norwich, Connecticut, who set aside, under the direction of a Board of Trustees, the sum of one million dollars, the income of which was to be used to

*Reviewed by* DR. CHARLES HARRIS WESLEY, *President of Central State College at Wilberforce since 1942, who holds a B. A. from Fisk, an M. A. from Yale and a Ph. D. from Harvard, as well as a number of honorary degrees. He is the author of several books in the field of history.*

promote the education of Negroes in the Southern states. His general object was "The uplift of the lately emancipated population of the Southern states, and their posterity, by conferring on them the blessings of Christian education." This cause was regarded by him as a Christian duty and a patriotic service.

The majority of the letters in these volumes tell the story of the organization of The Slater Fund, the approach of Leonard W. Bacon, a Congregational Minister, to Hayes suggesting his participation, and other matters in correspondence between Atticus G. Haygood, J. L. M. Curry, agents for the Fund and President Daniel Coit Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, a member of the Slater Fund Board, with Mr. Hayes who became the Fund's first president.

### Helped the Leaders

The author gives appreciation for the results of the work of the Slater Fund which helped Tuskegee to function long enough for Negroes to take over the leadership of the Negro people. He states that it helped to make possible the accession to leadership of Booker T. Washington, and that Robert R. Moten, James Weldon Johnson, Benjamin Brawley, Channing Tobias, Kelly Miller and other 20th Century leaders secured their education in part at schools which The



Slater Fund helped to keep alive between the 1880s and 1890s. This may be regarded as an exaggerated claim and yet there is a part truth in this statement.

Dr. Slater shows that just as Booker T. Washington had his opportunity through Tuskegee Institute, which was assisted by The Slater Fund, so W. E. B. DuBois who attended Fisk University in the 80s also had an opportunity through The Slater Fund, which was assisting his institution, to study abroad between 1892 and 1894.

The final letter in Volume II is from Dr. DuBois in Berlin, Germany, expressing his gratitude for a scholarship and for the memory of their late President Hayes through whose initiative his case was brought before them, and "whose tireless energy and singleheartedness for the interest of my race, God has at last crowned." Then in noteworthy words he closed the letter with this: "I shall, believe me, ever strive that these efforts shall not be wholly without results." This sentence was so significant in Dr. Rubin's opinion—and it is—that he used it as the caption for Section XIII in Volume II as follows: *Shall not be wholly without results.*

#### Need for Evaluation

The work of The Slater Fund and of similar foundations interested in the education of Negro-Americans has yet to be evaluated and described objectively. The work of these Slater pioneers who are described, and who describe themselves, in these letters was a precursor of the work of later years. This foundation began with the betterment of the mass of the Negro people in view and the hope through industrial training of lifting them as a group. At the same time it helped un-

wittingly, on the one hand, to assist the man whose leadership led to the development of emphasis upon industrial training and work, and on the other, to assist the man who motivated the change in Negro life from second class citizenship toward first class citizenship and from a restricted educational objective to the educational objectives of American life.

With a stretch of the imagination the inference is made by the author, in quoting the biographer of Hayes, that The Slater Fund through its aid to Dr. DuBois assisted in the organization of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the attainment of the goal of no discrimination in public education, as decided by the U. S. Supreme Court in 1954. It is also of interest to observe that a letter states that John F. Slater made personal donations to Berea College which was in his day the only college south of the Ohio River admitting white and negro students to its classes on equal bases. Mr. Slater also expressed regret that the Fund had not included this college in its first distribution of funds, although it provided industrial training. This could raise the question concerning the Fund's attitude on the education of both ethnic groups in the same institution.

There is careful scholarship in the editing of the letters and an introduction of value. Footnotes appear here and there which are helpful and unobtrusive. Students of the work of Hayes in his years following his presidency will find these letters of considerable value. Interested and thoughtful readers of Education and Race will find how these factors were related in this period, and also by implication why and how they should not be related in our day.



## MORE LAMBS FROM OHIO

Sixth installment of a series of biographical sketches of Ohioans who are members of the Lambs, America's oldest theatrical club.

*By Russ Johns, a Lamb from Chillicothe now living in New York where for years he has been directing radio programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System.*

### 12. ELLIOTT NUGENT

Elliott Nugent's reply to my request for biographical information was short, starting with "I think I'm already in the Ohioana Library"—and well he might be. The Nugents, J. C., father, and Elliott John, son (the John has long been dropped out of his name) were for many years leading personalities both in the theater and in Ohio. Any theater *Who's Who* sets forth in detail their many accomplishments.

Elliott modestly listed some of his activities as "Stage actor and playwright; picture director; stage director and producer, and occasional TV appearances." Then he added "I also shave myself!"

Elliott made his natal appearance on September 20, 1899, in Dover, Ohio, and I am sure it was a success from the start. My first encounter with the Nugent family was when I interviewed Elliott and Margaret Speaks (who's a native of Columbus and known from coast to coast for her lovely voice). It was a radio interview at the New York World's Fair, and between the two of them, all I had to do was to sit back and listen to a lot

of good talk, much of it about Ohio.

Any theatrical performance bearing the Nugent name is said to bring out what is known as "the carriage trade." That day in 1919 when Elliott Nugent was graduated from Ohio State University was certainly a fortunate day for the theater and the Lambs.

### 13. MAC PERRIN

Mac Perrin was christened "George," in a little town in northern Ohio called Maumee, near Toledo, but until I started to write this piece about him, I didn't know he had a given name other than "Mac." If he is ever called "George," no one at the Lambs has ever heard it, and he has been a Lamb since 1947.

Mac is a musician and a good one. He writes, composes, arranges for both orchestra and voice, plays piano, accordion, Hammond organ, and sings. Though not, as he says, at the same time! Following eight years with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, he spent two years in the U. S. Navy in World War II, of which he is very proud.

Today he owns his own business called "Perrin Enterprises," turning out jingles for radio and TV. Many of those you hear and see may be from the Perrin Company. Mac also has found time to do recordings for Epic records, including "Gentlemen Be Seated," (a complete

minstrel show on a long-playing record); "Here Comes the Showboat"; "Basso Profundo"; and an album of Irving Berlin's songs called "Let Me Sing and I'm Happy." If you look through your list of records, the name of Mac Perrin will probably be on some of them. All members of his family are musically inclined, and now Mac is grateful to his mother for insisting that he practice those interminable piano scales.

Whenever any kind of entertainment is planned at the Lambs, Mac's name is one of the first in the cast, always willing, and always very able. With commuting as it is in New York today, no one knows how he manages to get all his work done. But he does. And in his words, "Although I work in New York and live in New Jersey, I still call Ohio my home." Which isn't a bad title for a song, and I hope that some day Mac Perrin will write it!

#### 14. LOUIS TANNO

Louis Tanno was born in Columbus at the turn of the century, then moved to Euclid, where he lived for twenty-five years. Grammar school and four years of high school followed in Cleveland, at East High. His studies covered a rare combination, dramatics and business education. (Both have paid off!) In high school he was cheer leader, played bass in the H. S. band and forward on the varsity basketball team. During those summers, when nearly every kid worked, Louis was employed by John D. Rockefeller, Sr., at Mr. Rockefeller's Forest Hills estate in East Cleveland, raking hay and playing caddy on the Rockefeller private links. Several times John D. gave Louis one of those famous dimes, which Louis guarded as souvenirs, secretly! This employment yielded a college ed-

ucation at Ohio State, where he majored in Business Administration and Finance, with a minor in Education.

The theatre first won out, with a job in stock for thirty-five weeks in Utica, New York. Winter and summer, stock was very popular and for many years Louis played in many cities—Cleveland, Seattle, Pittsburgh, Atlantic City, Hollywood and numerous other places. Vaudeville followed, with Beverly Bayne and a French star named "Janet of France." Broadway was next, the goal of every actor. "Pursuit of Happiness," "Dinner at Eight," "Service for Husbands" with Raymond Hitchcock, and "Leaning on Letty" with Charlotte Greenwood.

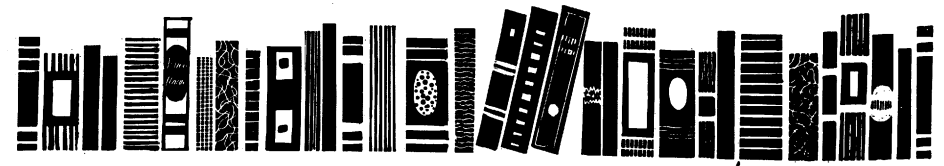
Tarrytown, New York, has been Louis Tanno's home for twelve years, where he is Associate Professor at Marymount College. Like other Buckeyes, Louis says, "I make my home in Tarrytown and at The Lambs, but still have a very warm spot in my heart for Columbus and Cleveland.

### THE WRIGHT BROTHERS

(continued from page 119)

be elected. He was put in nomination by Herbert Hoover, one of the Electors.

Some states have been very active in promoting native sons for the Hall of Fame. Ohioans might get busy if your library would care to suggest it. Nominations are open until April 1, 1960, and the balloting is conducted between April 1 and November 1, 1960, at which time the announcement will be made of those elected to America's highest niche of fame. Only 83 have been elected so far in our whole history. Not more than seven can be chosen at any one election.



## THE LATEST BOOKS Part I: by Ohio Authors

Published either (1) in late 1958 and not listed in OHIO AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS—1958 or (2) in 1959, or (3) announced for early publication.

- AMES, DELANO .....Knox Co.  
FOR OLD CRIME'S SAKE. *Lippincott*. As a result of a London newspaper contest seven people win a trip on the Continent. They question their luck when blackmail and murder accompany them.
- ARQUETTE, CLIFF .....Lucas Co.  
CHARLEY WEAVER'S LETTERS FROM MAMMA. *Winston*. Text of thirty-four humorous letters read on the Jack Paar show.
- BELL, THELMA HARRINGTON .....Cuyahoga Co.  
CAPTAIN GHOST. *Viking*. A retired sea captain, recluse in an old Victorian house, helps three delightful children turn a fallen tree into a sailing vessel. Later the children solve the mystery of the sinister stranger and their new friend. Ages 9-12.
- BERKEY, BEN B. ....Cuyahoga Co.  
JUMBO, THE STORY OF HIS LIFE. *T. S. Denison*. Jumbo's life from baby elephant to largest in the world, his travels from Africa to France, England, and the United States as the star of the Barnum and Bailey Circus is a true story, beautifully written and illustrated by the author. Ages 8 up.
- BOESCH, MARK .....Franklin Co.  
KIT CARSON OF THE OLD WEST. *Farrar*. A new Vision Book that offers another thrilling life story, that of Kit Carson, scout, trapper, and three-time explorer with John C. Fremont. Ages 9-15.
- BRAGDON, ELSPETH .....Hamilton Co.  
ONE TO MAKE READY. *Viking*. Twelve-year-old Minta dislikes the idea of going away to school in the fall, but she changes her viewpoint after an eventful summer gave her a new sympathy for other people. Ages 10-13.
- BRECKLING, GRACE JAMISON .....Cuyahoga Co.  
RIVER OF FIRE. *Pageant*. The setting of this story of romance, adventure and political intrigue is Central America where Rusty, an American girl, is on her way to rescue a friend married to the young dictator who is dominated by an old relative.
- BREIG, JOSEPH A .....Cuyahoga Co.  
THE FAMILY AND THE CROSS. *Regnery*. The Stations of the Cross and their relation to family life. The author is Assistant Managing Editor of the *Catholic Universe Bulletin* in Cleveland.
- COSGROVE, MARGARET .....Lucas Co.  
WONDERS UNDER A MICROSCOPE. *Dodd*. How a microscope works, how to use it and where and how to buy one are explained. Illustrated by the author. Ages 8-12.
- DE LEEUW, ADELE & DE LEEUW, CATEAU .....Butler Co.  
APRON STRINGS. *World*. Marylou struggles to find maturity and love in spite of overly protective parents in this story of her first experience in a dress shop where she learns self-reliance and independence. The authors were winners of an Ohioana citation in 1958. Ages 12 up.

- DE LEEUW, CATEAU .....Butler Co.  
ONE WEEK OF DANGER. *Nelson*. How two young Kentucky boys go hunting and outwit the Indians, only to find themselves in a worse predicament in the clutches of a notorious outlaw. The author is the winner of a 1958 Ohioana Citation. Ages 8-12.
- DYER, FLORENCE WELEVER .....Lucas Co.  
HEART THROBS. *Pri*. Pub. Poems dedicated to the author's daughter and her own friends who have brightened her shut-in years.
- EAGER, EDWARD .....Lucas Co.  
MAGIC OR NOT? *Harcourt*. The Winner of an Ohioana Award of 1957 for Juvenile Books has written another story about real children in a Connecticut town, and an old well which many believe to be a real wishing well. Ages 8-12.
- EARLS, WILLIAM T. ....Hamilton Co.  
MILLION DOLLAR PROFILES. *The Insurance Field Co.* Intimate biographies of twenty-seven of the most famous life insurance salesmen of this era.
- EPSTEIN, BERYL (& Epstein, Samuel\*) .....Franklin Co.  
THE FIRST BOOK OF MAPS AND GLOBES. *Franklin Watts*. How to make, read and understand maps of all kinds is made clear in this book of *The First Book Series*. Ages 9-13.
- FERRIS, FRANK HALLIDAY .....Cuyahoga Co.  
THE PERPETUAL MIRACLE. *Bobbs-Merrill*. Studies in the teachings of Jesus. Dr. Ferris served as the pastor of the Fairmount Presbyterian Church in Cleveland for nineteen years.
- FISHER, SYDNEY NETTLETON .....Franklin Co.  
THE MIDDLE EAST. *Knopf*. An up-to-date history of one of the world's most critical areas. A selected bibliography after each chapter and 15 maps are included. Dr. Fisher is Professor of History at The Ohio State University.
- FLORA, JAMES .....Logan Co.  
CHARLIE YUP AND HIS SNIP-SNAP BOYS. *Harcourt*. Charlies needed companions so he cut his cowboy friends out of colored paper. The author was an Ohioana Award Winner of 1956 in the Field of Juvenile Books. Beautifully illustrated by the author. Ages 4-8.
- GLUECK, NELSON .....Hamilton Co.  
RIVERS IN THE DESERT: A HISTORY OF THE NEGEV. *Farrar*. The present day rebuilding of towns and cities rising at ancient sites is related by the author who has been doing archaeological work in the Negev for six years. Dr. Glueck is President of the Hebrew Union College—Jewish Institute of Religion in Cincinnati. He received an Ohioana Career Medal in 1956.
- GOLD, HERBERT .....Cuyahoga Co.  
THE OPTIMIST. *Atlantic-Little, Brown*. Burr Fuller regards himself as a free individual but life sets traps for those who have too much pride in themselves. His maxim was "make your own luck" and he was proof of it. Only in his marriage did he admit failure. Mr. Gold was an Ohioana Award Winner in 1956 for Fiction.
- GRANT, JAMES J. ....VanWert Co.  
MORE SINGLE-SHOT RIFLES. *Morrow*. Information about the most popular American and foreign single-shot rifles with advice for selecting, collecting and remodeling, as well as little known facts about the famous Frank Wesson rifles and those of Milton Farrow. Illus. Announced for 1958 but not published until 1959.
- GURNEY, GENE .....Lucas Co.  
FIVE DOWN AND GLORY. *Putnam*. A history of American air aces from World War I through the Korean conflict. Edited by Mark P. Friedlander, Jr. With an introduction by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker.
- HABER, TOM BURNS (Ed.) .....Darke & Franklin Cos.  
COMPLETE POEMS BY A. E. HOUSMAN, WITH A HISTORY OF THE TEXT BY TOM HABER. *Holt*. This definitive Centennial Edition of Housman's poems includes several unpublished poetic fragments. Dr. Haber is Professor of English at The Ohio State University. He is also a Trustee of the Ohioana Library Association.
- HAMILTON, EDMOND .....Mahoning Co.  
THE STAR OF LIFE. *Dodd*. Cast out into space during the twentieth century, Kirk Hammond awakes one hundred centuries later to find the entire world and the human race completely changed. Mr. Hamilton has been writing science fiction since 1926.

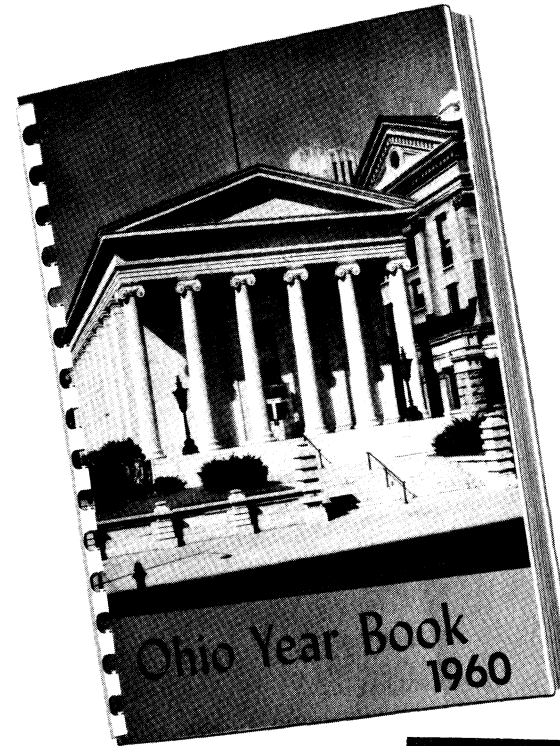
\* Indicates author is not an Ohioan

- HORWICH, FRANCES R. ....Putnam Co.  
THE MAGIC OF BRINGING UP YOUR CHILD. *McGraw*. A wide variety of questions that parents ask about their children are answered in this "how-to" book. Much practical advice is given with anecdotes and examples of parent-child relationships.
- JAFFA, HARRY V. ....Franklin Co.  
CRISIS OF THE HOUSE DIVIDED: AN INTERPRETATION OF THE ISSUES IN THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES. *Doubleday*. These debates were originally published in Columbus largely because of the activity of Ohio Republicans after they had been turned down by an Illinois publisher. The arguments of the great protagonists are reconstructed in their historical setting. Dr. Jaffa is Associate Professor of Political Science at The Ohio State University.
- JOHNSON, HAROLD and JOHNSON, GRACE .....Mahoning Co.  
THE BROKEN ROSARY. *Bruce*. Two young reporters combine romance with sleuthing to achieve a solution in which the "broken rosary" furnishes a clue in this story of crime, romance and political intrigue.
- KLENKE, SISTER M. AMELIA (and Holmes, Urban T. Jr.\*) .....Franklin Co.  
CHRÉTIEN, TROYES, AND THE GRAIL. *The Univ. of North Carolina Pr.* A culmination of ten years of research and study, this book will appeal to specialists. The thesis is that the poem "Conte del Grail" written in the 12th century is a Christian allegory, contrary to leading authorities. Sister M. Amelia is chairman of the French Department at the College of St. Mary of the Springs. She has contributed Part II of the book.
- MATSON, RUTH A. ....Cuyahoga Co.  
GARDENING FOR GOURMETS: GOOD EATING FROM A SMALL BACK YARD. *Doubleday*. Planning a garden, what to plant indoors and out, with 50 recipes for special ways of preparing garden produce.
- MATTHEWS, E. PAUL .....Coshocton, Franklin, Delaware Cos.  
BEYOND THIS DAY. *Vantage*. The lost continent, Atlantis, of 12,000 years ago, is the subject of this novel. Mr. Matthews is a research engineer with North American Aviation in Columbus.
- MORKEL, GORDON F. ....Crawford & Richland Cos.  
HARVEST OF THE BITTER SEED. *Dorrance*. In this novel medicine was Mark Kaler's obsession. He takes to writing and gives his message to all who are suffering. Dr. Morkel practices medicine in Mansfield.
- MORRIS, MARY (& Morris, William\*) .....Franklin Co.  
THE WORD GAME BOOK. *Harper*. Hundreds of word games, fun to play and instructive as well, for every member of the family. Scrabble and Cross Word puzzles are also included.
- PALLAS, NORVIN .....Cuyahoga Co.  
THE STOLEN PLANS MYSTERY. *Wasbburn*. The seventh book of a series about the teenage reporter, Ted Wilford. This one has to do with the missing plans of an electronic computing machine, a department store Santa Claus who thinks he is a Robin Hood, and other distressing situations. Teen-age.
- PASCHALL, ALMA .....Clark Co.  
PUSH BUTTONS. *Triangle Pub., (Dallas)*. In her fourth volume of poetry the author devotes a section to Space Ballads. Many of the poems have appeared in the *Columbus Dispatch* and other publications.
- PLATT, RUTHERFORD .....Franklin Co.  
1001 QUESTIONS ANSWERED ABOUT TREES. *Dodd*. The author, a native of Columbus, presents in question and answer form a wealth of information on trees and tree products, pests, and diseases. Included also are a collection of poems about trees and a list of state and famous trees.
- ROTHSCHILD, ALICE .....Columbiana Co.  
BAD TROUBLE IN MISS ALCORN'S CLASS. *Scott*. A magnet and money disappear from the Second Grade classroom. How the culprit was caught and corrected provides the climax to this exciting story. Ages 6-9.

- SPRAGUE, ROSEMARY .....Cuyahoga Co.  
DANCE FOR A DIAMOND STAR. *Walck*. Torn between two roles, that of ballerina of the Opera Ballet, loved by all Paris, and that of the wife of a young nobleman, Maria de Camargo must make her choice. Ages 13-18.
- STOGDILL, RALPH MELVIN .....Van Wert & Franklin Cos.  
INDIVIDUAL BEHAVIOR AND GROUP ACHIEVEMENT. *Oxford Univ. Pr.* A new theory of organization achievement. Dr. Stogdill is Research Associate in the Bureau of Business Research, The Ohio State University.
- THOMAS, NORMAN .....Marion Co.  
THE PREREQUISITES FOR PEACE. *Norton*. A program of disengagement at points of tension, a strengthening of the U. N., and other steps are suggested. Mr. Thomas was an Ohioana Award Winner in 1952 for his A SOCIALIST'S FAITH.
- THURBER, JAMES .....Franklin Co.  
THE YEARS WITH ROSS. *Little. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.* Reviewed in this issue.
- TUFTS, GEORGIA .....Lorain Co.  
CATRINA AND THE CATS. *Lothrop*. The story of fifteen cats that lived in a mansion with Catrina and the cats. An original approach in story telling by a fifteen-year-old Oberlin high school girl who also illustrated the book. Ages 8 and up.
- VANCE, MARGUERITE .....Cuyahoga Co.  
WILLIE JOE AND HIS SMALL CHANGE. *Dutton*. Willie Joe was the only ambitious one in a family of indolent Kentucky artisocrats. How his dream of becoming a naval officer is realized is the theme of this story. Ages 9-12.
- WARNER, HOYT LANDON .....Cuyahoga and Knox Cos.  
THE LIFE OF MR. JUSTICE CLARKE: A TESTAMENT TO THE POWER OF LIBERAL DISSENT IN AMERICA. *Western Reserve Univ. Pr.* Reviewed in this issue.
- WARREN, HARRIS GAYLORD .....Butler Co.  
HERBERT HOOVER AND THE GREAT DEPRESSION. *Oxford Univ. Pr.* A history that attempts to evaluate the Hoover Administration and to deal with the domestic problems of the Depression.
- WEITZ, NORRIS (Ed.) .....Franklin Co.  
PROBLEMS IN AESTHETICS. *Macmillan*. An anthology for beginning students in aesthetics. Dr. Weitz is Professor of Philosophy at The Ohio State University.
- WERNER, HAZEN G. .....Franklin Co.  
CHRISTIAN FAMILY LIVING. *Abingdon*. How to put the teachings of Jesus to work in the home in all aspects of family life is here presented. Dr. Werner is Bishop of the Ohio Area of the Methodist Church. Pub. late 1958.
- WHITE, CHARLES MCKINLEY .....Trumbull Co.  
YOUR DENTIST AND YOU. *Amer. Pr.* A book to improve the patient's understanding of the importance of dental care throughout life. Dr. White is a practicing dentist specializing in orthodontics and children's dentistry in Warren.
- WHITEHILL, JOSEPH .....Franklin Co.  
THE ANGERS OF SPRING. *Little*. A first novel about a profession hitherto unexplored in fiction: electronics engineering. Mr. Whitehill is a native of Columbus.
- WISTERT, FRANCIS M. .....Lucas Co.  
FRINGE BENEFITS. *Reinhold*. A timely book, with material concerning all common forms, and many uncommon forms of fringe benefits, by the Vice-President and Director of Industrial Relations of The Electric Auto-Lite Company of Toledo.
- WRIGHT, ANDREW .....Franklin Co.  
JOYCE CARY: A PREFACE TO HIS NOVELS. *Harper*. Reviewed in Summer issue.
- YAGER, ROSEMARY .....Ross Co.  
THE FOUR BRONZE HORSES. *Caxton*. Reviewed in the Summer issue.

## The Beautiful and Practical Engagement Calendar Year Book

Edited by The Ohioana Library



# OHIO YEAR BOOK

# 1960

For Ohioans in Ohio and  
Ohioans Everywhere

This Year's Theme:

This year's Engagement Calendar Year Book pictures some of the newest points of scenic interest in the state, as well as some of the old favorites shown in a new light. Each picture is accompanied by an informative 300-word article giving authentic information about the subject of the picture, written by a recognized authority.

The 4-color picture on the cover is of the Montgomery County Courthouse in Dayton, generally considered to be the finest Greek Revival building in Ohio. Among the other places pictured are the biggest barn in the state; the Dawes Arboretum; an old S-bridge; salt mine under Lake Erie; home of Daniel Decatur Emmett, composer of "Dixie"; pictures of famous statues by Gutzon Borglum and George Grey Barnard. A map on the back cover locates every point pictured.

128 pages, 36 illustrations, map, spiral bound  
and gift boxed — \$1.50, plus Ohio sales tax.

Order from your local bookstore — or from The Ohioana Library — or from a local organization using the book as a money-raising project.

(If you order from The Ohioana Library, add 5c sales tax and 9c postage.)